

연담



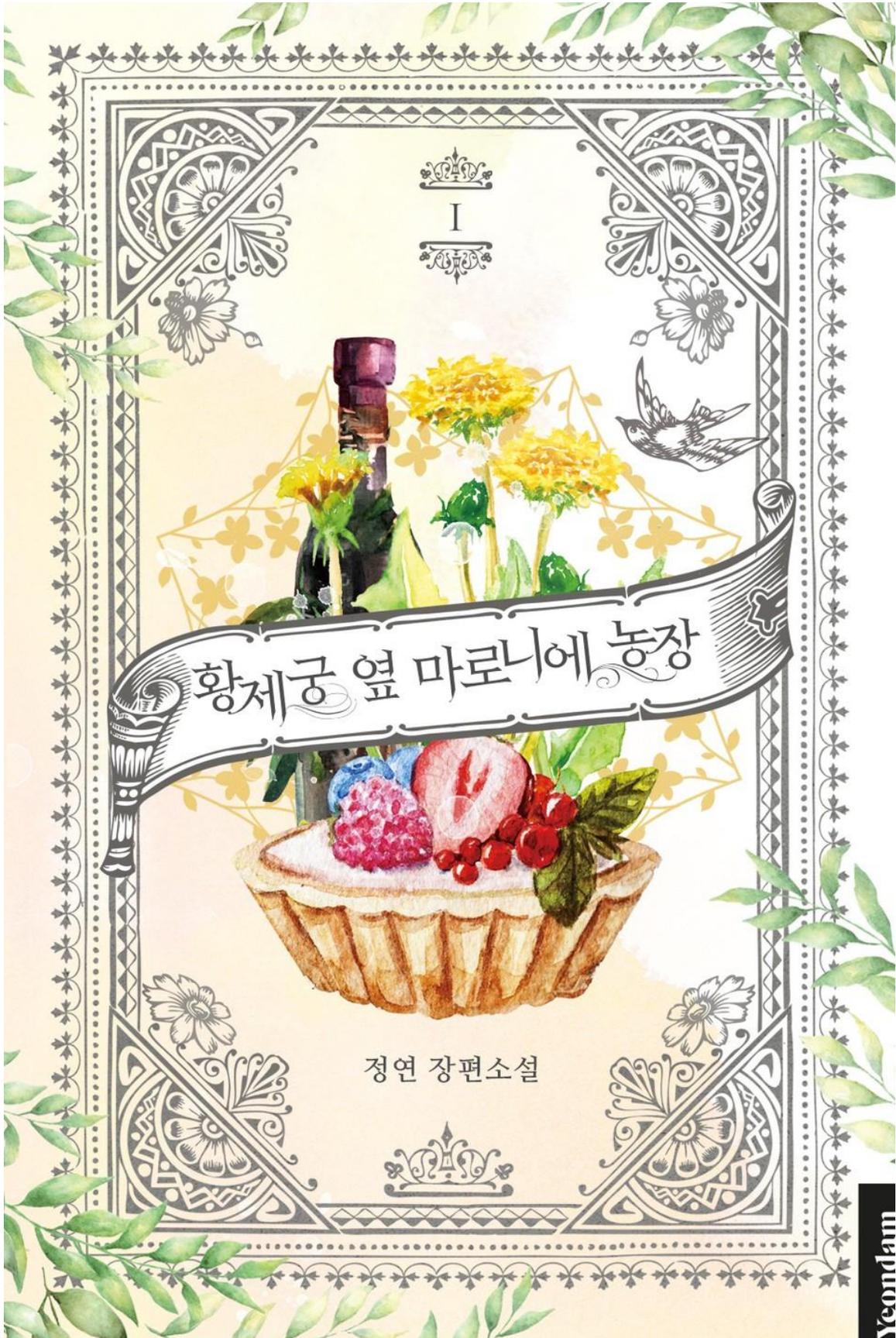
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Yeondam

Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace - Volume 1

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Prologue: Hand of the Sun

Belmont in the southern part of the Bratanian Empire.

A travel wagon was running over the muddy road in heavy rain. The cover was tattered, the crest of the family was worn out, and the letter 'M' looked just like two pillars. The wagon stopped in front of a farmhouse as it ran through the forest of horse chestnuts that had become greener from the rain.

Tang Tang!

The knock on the door resounded through the heavy rain. Martin and his three children, who were having a free afternoon, looked at each other in amazement.

There are no guests coming to this house.

Farmer Carl Martin opened the door a little and looked out, puzzled.

“Who show?”

The guest rolled back the black raincoat. He was a handsome old man with half-white hair curled back like a lion.

“Fly.”

"Ah!"

Carl recognized. It was a gambler I met at the market in Seongan four years ago.

“Baron Mayfield!”

“I haven’t forgotten either. This precious friend who prevented a good villager from losing his cow to a scam. Hey, did you say you'd repay the favor somehow? I'll give you that chance today. This kid here.”

Karl was startled.

A small shadow, buried in the bottom of Baron Mayfield's raincoat, suddenly appeared forward. He was wearing the same black raincoat, so I didn't know.

“She is the only granddaughter left behind by her son and wife. I'm only eight years old now. That's why I can't take you to 'El Dorado'.”

“‘El Dorado’ yo... .. ?”

“This time, I’m going to do it right. Come on, Hazel. You should listen to your uncle and aunt and stay healthy.”

The baron bent his knees, pulled the raincoat's hat back, and quickly kissed the boy's cheeks. And it vanished like a storm, just as it came.

Only the child was left behind.

Martha Martin looked at her husband with a puzzled expression.

“Honey, you... .. .”

"Sorry. I'm really sorry."

Karl didn't know what to do and prayed over and over again. However, Martha's angry face was not easily resolved.

How could an innocent husband have such an accident?

She saw what Baron Mayfield's wagon was like. And now, with those sharp eyes, he was looking at every detail. The figure of a girl standing in a dark house due to heavy rain.

Dark brown hair that Grandpa himself would have combed until it was shiny and tied a ribbon. A white face with green eyes down.

But the lace on the dress under the black raincoat was frayed. The shoes were very cute, but the colors of the laces were subtly different. All of this was a good indication of Baron Mayfield's plight.

Like a Belmontian who was worried about the rainy season next year, Martha made a quick decision.

She would take on this child forever. A woman from a fallen noble family!

It was as if a stone had been placed on his chest. Martha said a bit chilly because of her worries and pressures.

“As long as you live here, you are also a child of this house. So you have to work. Emily, Bell, and Noel all work here.”

“Yes, Mrs. Martin.”

The little girl answered calmly. But you never know when your true colors will be revealed.

Martha knew what the children of noble families were like. No matter how noble he was, he could never see a child behaving in vain.

Fortunately, Hazel wasn't a fool.

Hazel was always quiet. At the end of the sentence, always add 'Mrs. Martin' or 'Mr. Martin' to respond politely. He was always careful with his mannerisms as if he had to

make a minimum noise, and always cleaned up his surroundings when he got up from a seat. It seemed that he had trouble eating at someone else's house.

Martha's heart pounded slightly. But he soon made up his mind.

“You have to work too. To live in our house.”

Every time she saw Hazel, she said it like a habit. It wasn't about giving a thumbs up. When I was ten, I was really going to have a job.

There was a lot of work on the farm. Fourteen-year-old Emily, twelve-year-old Bell, and ten-year-old Noel, diligently helped, were not enough. Martha had to run frantically all day, from house to field, from field to barn. therefore... . . .

“... . . May I, Mrs. Martin?”

“Yes.”

Without listening to the child, he responded dryly and kneaded the bread dough. After baking two large country breads for the six of us for dinner, he began to clean up the mountain of laundry. After struggling for a long time because the stains that the youngest son Noel had dipped in muddy water on his trousers didn't come off, Martha thought abruptly.

Wasn't that Hazel earlier?

The child, who had always had to speak, opened his mouth and spoke for the first time. I asked Martha something.

What was it?

As I recollected, I suddenly heard a loud noise from the barn.

What is to come has come.

Martha was heartbroken.

The dangling stake stood out clearly in front of my eyes. Peter, a three-year-old mischievous mongrel dog, told me to fix the fence before it attacks the coop. Because of Karl, who had been procrastinating, I had a three-month hiatus. Martha threw away the laundry and hurried to run.

And what she saw... ... It was not a tragedy in which feathers and blood were scattered among the collapsed chicken coops.

My husband and children were gathered in a small vegetable garden next to the barn. Bean sprouts lined up along the straight furrows. Martha was bewildered by the unexpected sight.

“Wasn’t it all swept away by the rain? But how... ... ?”

“Hazel replanted!”

Noel exclaimed.

“I didn’t know you were going to throw it away! Everyone was busy, so he did it himself!”

Martha couldn't keep her mouth shut.

Just thinking about those beans made me sick to my stomach. The children were so terrified that I gave them a handful, and I grew them until the stems matured and green leaves sprouted. But it was ruined by a sudden heavy rain. I threw out the whole thing that was tattered with muddy water, but in what harmony is it revived like that, with roots in it and standing upright?

“How did you do it? How the hell?”

“I just... .”

Hazel stuttered eagerly in reply.

“I sat down and looked around. Just as we are all different, each of these little beans is different. So I touched it and I felt it. Who should water how much, who should cover how much soil, and who should put how much sunlight in. He did that and patted me to cheer up, and one by one, I felt refreshed.”

The Martins looked at each other in surprise.

Plants and animals can recover quickly if only the essentials are met. Especially the younger you are, the more resilient you are. But even so, is it possible for an eight-year-old child to do this with such an intuitive sense of what each crop needs?

It's inexplicable. no. There was one thing I could explain.

“Agate del Sol!”

The couple cried at the same time.

It was a legend passed down among farmers.

Once in a hundred years, a 'mano del sol', or peasant with the hands of the sun, is born. Miracles happen when you farm with those hands that have mystical powers. The dying crops are in full bloom, the animals are giving birth to their young, and the crops are ripening abundantly like a golden sea.

“Definitely. Surely it is.”

“To see the sun’s hand like this!”

The Martins and their three children both touched Hazel's hand. It was a face of reverence beyond wonder.

The eight-year-old was a little scared. But he didn't seem to have done anything wrong. Hazel looked at their faces, hesitated, then gathered up the courage to speak.

“Hey, can I try something else?”

"of course! Sure! What would you like to do?"

“Wave it up and down... . . . .”

“You mean tall! Come here!”

Carl quickly took the child with him. Martha and her three children also rushed in.

From the next day, Hazel secretly started following them.

The Martin family found out. This quiet-looking girl had been observing all that was going on on the farm in the meantime. And I was very curious about it all.

“Ask if you have any questions.”

Hearing Carl's words, Hazel poured out his words as if he had been waiting. He asked questions non-stop.

The couple taught me everything. about the soil. About how to determine the weather by looking at the shape of the clouds. of various grains and crops. Hazel absorbed everything like a sponge.

There was something really special about this kid.

Norma, a cow who is always violent and nervous, quietly entrusted herself to only Hazel. As soon as Hazel got up early in the morning and started taking care of the hens, the eggs were unusually thick and thick. Noel was amazed every time he put an egg in the basket.

“Even the lord can’t eat eggs like this!”

It wasn't just that. As Hazel kneaded the dough, the bread swelled up to the point where it broke through the bowl. I quickly learned how to make flavorful smoked meat. The stew was difficult, but it took days and nights to crawl to learn how to properly flavor it.

Martha was happy that Hazel liked to cook. It wasn't because things were going down. As the child stayed in the kitchen for a long time, his skinny limbs had changed. I could see at a glance that my stomach was full like a branch of a spring day.

One day, Martha was surprised to see Hazel running out of the drizzle of horse chestnut forest with Emily, Belle, and Noel, picking up wild mushrooms in a basket full of mushrooms.

When did you become so adorable?

Hazel has changed a surprising amount. A rosy blush rose to his cheeks, and his eyes twinkled like the first stars to rise over the farm fence. Emily and Belle's braided hair each morning added to the cuteness. She was so different from the girl who was standing in the doorway wearing a black raincoat that it was impossible to see her at all.

Martha realized. When someone who was unhappy becomes happy... ... Those who watch can also get a thrilling happiness that can't be felt anywhere else.

But there is no eternal happiness. When you run through the dazzling forest, everything seems like it will last forever, but there is always an end.

The whole world is frozen in winter. A harsh wind blew through the snow-covered horse chestnut forest. But the Martin family's farmhouse was as warm as another world.

After eating five toasted apples with caramel sauce, Karl nodded in the house's one and only armchair. Martha, Emily, Belle, and Hazel sat crawling around the fireplace. The women of the Martin family have been obsessed with knitting for some time. People and animals, as well as all seasoning containers in the house, were knitted with the momentum to surround the scarves.

Noel was sitting by the window, concentrating on building a tower with matchsticks. Then, the moment I suddenly looked up, I found a travel wagon running towards the snow.

Everyone doubted their eyes.

In the perplexed silence, Hazel jumped up. A shaggy wool scarf fell from the width of her skirt.

Tang Tang!

Then there was a knock on the door.

Karl opened the aesthetic door.

Just like half a year ago, Baron Mayfield was standing there.

The baron had more gray hair than then, and the cloak he wore looked as old as his age. It was clear that he had not met the goddess of fortune on his trip to the gambling city of El Dorado.

Still, he returned to fulfill his responsibilities for his one and only granddaughter.

“Somehow, it’s later than I thought. It really bothered me.”

The baron looked around the house with a modest remark.

“But what about Hazel?”

The Martin family looked around in bewilderment.

"no? Were you just there?"

“Where have you been?”

The baron felt the family's attitude was somehow awkward. So I scoured the farm. Moments later, he found a haystack of very cleverly different heights in the barn.

“Hazel!”

The Martin family sighed. They could only look down on the ground. Just like when the child hid into the barn earlier.

Finally, Hazel, who was dragged out covered in straw, shouted desperately.

“I will live here!”

"what?"

Baron Mayfield looked down at his granddaughter in bewilderment.

“I will live on this farm!”

Hazel was so desperate. Karl, who had not seen it, intervened with a very perplexed face.

“This little girl has to farm. He was born with a natural talent.”

The baron looked at me as if this was the sound of banging a stick. He shook his head and cut it off.

“This child is the only heir to Baron Mayfield.”

At that moment, Hazel knew it was all over.

Having to leave this beautiful farm. For an eight-year-old child, it was too much of a misfortune. The sun seemed to hide forever, and the whole world seemed to go dark.

Hazel looked back with steps that did not fall.

Belmont was too far away. Perhaps this will be the last

didn't cry He had only been on the farm for a little over half a year, but before he knew it, Hazel had become a country man to the bone.

“Uncle Karl. Aunt Martha. Emily's sister. Bell's sister. Noel's brother. Goodbye everyone.”

He grabbed the hem of his skirt, bent his knees, and said goodbye resolutely.

Belmontians don't say sentimental words when parting. Instead, they give you a large basket. A basket as big as your heart.

The carriage ran.

Hazel leaned out the window and looked out. Karl, Martha, Emily, Belle, Noel... . . .  
Behind them, the farm grew smaller and smaller.

I understood that there are times when we have to part no matter how sad we are, just as the white flowers embroidered in the horse chestnut forest will all wither when the time comes, and everything will wither and be covered with thick snow.

Just one thing.

I have a dream.

Hazel made a decision.

Someday I will definitely have a farm like this.

\* \* \*

Time passed as the flowers bloomed and fell and bloomed and fell. So, 11 years have passed since the day a little girl said goodbye to Belmont's farm while holding back her tears... . . . .

Rochelle, a small town in the middle of the Empire.

A lady was sitting at the window of the municipal bank.

She was bouncing the abacus with an expressionless face, with her dark chestnut hair curled up without a single strand of hair like the rest of the bankers. Luminous green eyes wandered here and there. Then, when I saw the newspaper brought by the customer at the window next door, it suddenly flashed.

There was an advertisement in the corner of

“The farm  
sells cheaply” . Below it was a price engraved on the door.

[ 8,000 gold ]

The salary of the last banker was 12 gold. Assuming that the money is collected without spending a single penny in the future, it will take 55 years.

seventy-four years old

Hazel sighed.

I had a dream I had been longing for since I was eight years old.

Having your own farm.

However, it was too big of a dream for a woman of a fallen aristocrat who had no inheritance to inherit. He worked recklessly and tightened his belt, but the salary was too low and the land price was too high. Apart from the farm, he did not know how long he would have to collect to buy even a small field.

need to save more even more!

Then the manager passed by. When I saw that the hand was stopped, I opened my eyes. Hazel quickly bounced the abacus again.

After a while, the bell rang announcing lunch time. The bankers, who were tired of the endlessly repetitive simple tasks, hurriedly arranged them with happy faces. Rosalind in the seat next to him stretched and turned around.

"Today, too?"

"Huh."

Hazel nodded.

It's been two years since I started working at a bank, but I've never been to a restaurant with colleagues for lunch. Buttered bread was enough. It was 5 silver in front of the bank, but when I walked six blocks to the bakery under the bridge, it was 3 silver instead of a thin

layer of butter spread like a mesh. If you save 2 silvers and fill 50 times, you get 1 gold. We saved money and went for a walk, one stone and two groups.

As he left the bank door, Hazel loosened her tight hair. Brown hair fell over her shoulders. He also loosened the button on his neck blouse. This short time to bask in the sun and feel the wind was the only pleasure of the day.

With that thought in mind, as soon as she had just descended the stone steps, Hazel stopped.

An old man was waiting impatiently across the street. The old man saw this and ran to greet him with open arms.

“Hazel!”

A colorful shirt with a straw hat with a large brim. Trousers rolled up to the knee and tied with a ribbon. Slippers with a hole in the front for bare feet. This grotesquely dressed old man, whom every passerby glanced at was Baron Archibald Sebastian Mayfield.

"grandfather... ..?"

Hazel was bewildered. Grandpa, who suddenly appeared after a year and a half, was of course happy to tears, but I had to ask first.

“It’s still April, so why are you dressed like that?”

“I’m leaving for Mamanuka right now.”

Baron Mayfield frowned. And he lowered his voice and whispered.

“Finally, I did it! This time it's real!”

Hazel looked at the grandfather whose face was remembered with excitement, as if looking at a customer's book, with unimpressed eyes.

Grandpa wandered around and appeared out of nowhere if he had forgotten about it. He gave away strange souvenirs such as a hat with the name of a city he had never heard of, an exotic insect powder called a panacea, and a ring with a can opener popping out when pressed.

Still, Hazel loved his grandfather, but... ... Just because you love me doesn't mean you have to believe all the bullshit.

"Yes. Yes. We'll talk later. Fortunately, today is a non-overtime day. I'll give you 5 silver here. Have a cup of coffee at that cafe. Let's go shopping together at the market later. I'll bake meatloaf and make blueberry pie for dessert."

"Oh, sweetheart."

The baron tenderly patted the cheek of his granddaughter, who was so thrifty but never spared anything when it came to hospitality.

"No one in the world would refuse your moist, rustic meatloaf and pie topped with blueberries. But now is not the time."

Baron Mayfield pulled out a piece of paper from the briefcase he was wearing on his side and held it out.

"What's this?"

"Land Documents."

The baron answered proudly.

"Is not your dream to farm? Finally, that dream has come true. You have a farm in front of you."

"Yes?"

Hazel was dumbfounded.

You must have heard it wrong. He wants to own a farm so much that he now has hallucinations. Hazel blinked and asked again.

“What did you just say? What happens?”

"Farm! You have a farm!"

“Isn't it a hallucination? However... . . . Oh, I see. It's a dog named 'farm'. Or a toy set.”

“Where's the puppy with the land document! Not even a toy set! A real farm, Hazel. It's a gift from my grandfather.”

“I can't. You don't like me farming, do you?”

“Since my only granddaughter has been singing for over 10 years, this old man has to bend over. Besides, if the farm is our family's real estate, that's a different story. Anything can be a noble hobby. you are gardening In other words, edible plant gardening. Oh, this is fine. Please tell me in the future.”

"So... . . . Is this a real farm?"

“Actually, it's still just a garden. But in the future, you can grow it as a farm. You will definitely like it. All conditions are perfect. sunshine all day long. flat and smooth ground. A small farmhouse that is small enough to live alone. The best location with everything a short walk to the carriage station, shopping street, promenade, cafes, restaurants and more!”

“Hold on, Grandpa.”

Hazel, who had been listening hazy, came to her senses.

“Isn’t the last one weird? Why is the farm there?”

“Yeah, it’s in the middle of the capital.”

"Yes?"

“That’s not important. Honey, sweetheart. When will we, the unlucky Mayfields, ever own land again? If we lose it this time, when will we get the land again?”

Baron Mayfield said suddenly with a gloomy face. Hazel’s heart sank.

“What do you mean? Who is trying to take our land?”

"okay. The truth is, once upon a time, there was a house that this grandfather was lucky enough to win a bid for at a very low price in the capital. It was a small house with a garden. However, in the end, the owner of a very high-status house bought all the land around it to build and repair the mansion. All that’s left is us A great man in power will, of course, not let us grow a farm in his mansion. Well, if the owner doesn’t show up by May 2nd, it will be regarded as unoccupied land and will just be wiped out!”

“This is ridiculous! No matter how powerful, can it be done?”

Hazel looked at the date and screamed again.

“If it’s May 2nd, it’s only three days later!”

“I found out too late. But there is still hope. We’ve put all the documents proving our legal qualifications here. If you hurry, you will arrive just in time. So go ahead We have to protect our land and your farm.”

“My farm... . . . .”

Hazel was dumbfounded again.

As usual, you would have quickly noticed that Grandpa's words didn't match.

-Finally, I had one.

Baron Mayfield certainly said so. But those words have already been pushed to the far side of the distant memory. There was only one thought in Hazel's mind.

my farm. It's my farm... . . . .

It was then that I saw the land document in my grandfather's hand.

He avoided his gaze without realizing it. Because I couldn't believe it. But now I had the courage to take a closer look.

'Hazel Edwina Mayfield'.

The moment he saw his name clearly written on the land document, his mind flashed. my heart fluttered

"Oh my gosh!"

Hazel hugged Grandpa tightly.

"It really is a land in my name! I can't believe it! Isn't that a dream?"

"Of course not! Come on, look here. Aren't you sure about all the documents?"

"sure! very sure! I can say with confidence from my two years of experience in loan screening at a municipal bank! Don't worry, Grandpa! No one can take this land from me as long as my name is written on it!"

"okay. I thought so."

The baron stroked his granddaughter's hair with a loving hand.

"It's all for you. Even if it's hard, be patient and persevere. When you come back, I will buy you a really big farm as you wish."

"no. I've only had one. What farm would you buy me for two?"

"Um, yes. right. Then good luck."

The baron turned and walked away.

Even after his grandfather in his straw hat and shorts had completely disappeared, Hazel just stood there.

I heard my heart pounding. The heart, who had not even felt its presence while commuting to and from the bank, was arguing violently.

"Oh My God! Oh My God!"

I had no mind at all.

Hazel moved forward with a hazy feeling. The dazzling sunlight, the occasional breeze, the sound of birdsong, passersby... . . . I knew that this moment would be etched in my memory forever and vividly, like those who suddenly encountered great fortune.

When I got back to the bank, the manager was staring at me.

“You are three minutes late! Besides, what's the outfit? You think this is a pawnshop? If that's the case, stop right now!”

Every time the manager stir-fried, he imagined this moment.

"Yes. I will quit.”

It's a real voice. I couldn't believe it.

The whole bank was as quiet as a mouse dead. Everyone looked at them as if their eyes were about to pop out. Hazel banged her resignation on her desk, just as she had imagined it thousands of times! put it down It was a lot more exciting than I had imagined.

“Mayfield!”

The manager shouted in embarrassment, but Hazel left without looking back. I went straight to the rented house and left the room, and the owner's grandmother opened her eyes.

“Even if you still have a full month’s rent left? I won't give you a penny until a new tenant comes in.”

"I do not need it!"

Hazel ran up the stairs. In a large suitcase, he placed a chest of treasures, including seeds, bulbs, fertilizers, dried herbs, and cooking ingredients. He also swept away some of his hand-made kitchen utensils and the remaining ingredients, such as milk, jam, butter, and smoked meat. Then he jumped down again.

Hello, rent a house for 2 gold per month.

When I arrived at the shared carriage stop, there was a driver holding a 'To Avalon' sign and shouting.

“A carriage to and from the capital! One more minute!”

I thought I was lucky and got on it quickly. The horse-drawn carriage departed immediately. Hazel grabbed her bag and looked out the window.

From then on, a very long and boring time began. The carriage drove at full speed, but to Hazel, it felt like an oxcart. I don't know how many times I fought the urge to jump and run.

One day passed, two days passed, and on the third day, the gray walls were finally visible. They had finally arrived in Avalon, the capital of the Bratanian Empire. May 2nd. I set the date exactly as my grandfather said.

But from then on, the carriage did not move.

Hazel opened the window and looked out. The road was clogged up with wagons and daggars coming out of the capital. The passengers groaned.

“Why are you so upset?”

“It used to be clogged, but it's worse today, isn't it?”

“Because of the Victory Day celebration. The festival ended last week, but now everyone is going home.”

The driver informed

We're almost there! Hazel got up impatiently.

“I'm going to get down and walk.”

“Where are you walking? It’s been a while since I’ve seen you.”

"it's okay."

I grabbed my suitcase and jumped out of the carriage. They all stared at the young lady in a brimmed hat, blouse and long skirt, walking swiftly while dragging a huge bag.

When I was a banker, my stamina was always low, but now my strength has risen. Hazel walked and walked into the gates.

I stopped there for a while.

A wide, straight road stretched out to the end. Pedestrians walked through the neatly decorated shops. It was lively yet orderly. An old man who was taking a leisurely stroll with his granddaughter saw Hazel, raised a bottle of wine and exclaimed cheerfully.

“Grand Cavalier!”

Hazel looked up puzzledly.

“... ..?”

“It means toast to His Majesty the Emperor. Welcome to the capital city, miss. If possible, it would have been better if you had come in time for the Victory Day commemoration week. Because His Majesty, the only 'Grand Cavalier' of the Empire, wiped out the remnants of the barbarians who had invaded the border two years ago... ..”

“Oh, it’s okay if you don’t explain. How do I not know that? At that time, there was a special job offer at Rochelle Municipal Bank, so I was able to get a full-time job with a salary of 12 gold.”

“Then you’re from Rochelle, then?”

"Yes."

Hazel nodded and looked around again.

"It was the first time I came to the capital when I was young, but it has changed a lot. Originally, there was a dirty stream running through here, and the huts weren't close together, didn't they?"

"right! I have a good memory! This place was pushed out last year."

"Oh my gosh! The bums here were known for being wild and violent, right? It would not have been a riot."

Instead of answering, the old man grinned. Hazel realized.

"I said something stupid. Your Majesty the Emperor is going to rebuild this city. Who dares to rebel against him?"

"Of course every time. The vagabonds packed themselves before the announcement of the move came out. I took care of destroying the house so that it was easy to dismantle it, and after collecting the trash in one side, I left. Sir Siegwald came in person just in case, but there was nothing to be done."

"What if Sir Siegwald?"

"It's the commander of the Lightning Knights. The Saxon Spiegel family... ."

"Ah, the elf family?"

"no. it's a bear The powerful Berserk clan."

“Is that so?”

Hazel gave up the butt and spoke frankly.

“Actually, I don’t know. A newspaper came to the bank every day, but I was also busy reading agricultural pages during lunchtime. Wouldn't it be enough to know politics to be able to have a simple conversation with a neighboring farm owner?”

Then I was startled.

“You are the first person I ever met in the capital. I want to talk more, but I have to go quickly. What I have been dreaming of for 11 years is waiting for me.”

“Eh? really?”

"sure. So, where is the Monmouth Street? If you know that, you can look at this map and get directions.”

“Only cross two alleys this way to go to Monmouth.”

"thank you!"

Hazel walked quickly behind the old man who was staring at him with wide-eyed eyes.

Even though the festival was over, the excitement in the capital was still not gone. Flowers and ribbons fluttered on the trees along the roadside, and the number 'IX', which symbolized the emperor, shone brilliantly.

“Hmm. 'Grand Cavalier'... . . .”

Hazel muttered.

Grand Cavalier refers to the master of the sword, who has only three in the whole world. One is a legendary hermit. The other is the ruler of the distant northern peoples. The last one was Ramstein IX, the emperor of this Bratanian Empire.

The young emperor, who was only 22 years old, along with his close friends, the commanders of the Holy Knights, started the war of conquest from the time of the Crown Prince and stabilized the border. In addition to that, he was receiving full support from the people because he had achieved all kinds of dazzling achievements. Besides, Meredith, who took a vacation last year to see the National Celebration, said... ..

"Crazy! It's really cool!"

... .. said

Meredith painstakingly described how handsome His Majesty the blonde emperor was. But since the age of eight, Hazel, who has been more interested in a handsome potato than a handsome man, is the only bank teller to hear the story while yawning.

Just because the emperor is handsome doesn't mean that taxes go down, right? Even if you were to be trampled on to death, you should have touched the hem of your clothes once. Aren't Grand Cavaliers scary? You could kill someone with just your eyes. Also, more potatoes than men.

By the way, what kind of potato grows best in this climate of the capital?

Thinking of the emperor, his steps, which had slowed without realizing it, became as fast as a lie when he shifted to the thought of farming. Hazel dragged her suitcase and marched like a gale. I didn't even know that the passers-by who enjoyed the afternoon walk were startled and swerved from side to side.

As I walked, walked, and walked like that, a sign for '9th Street' passed by.

"Ah?"

eyes lit up.

Hazel pulled out the land document and double-checked the address. where the farm will be. The address of the site where the owner of a very high-status house was building a mansion was obviously 1st Street.

“Now it’s all over!”

I was so excited that I ran. 9th avenue, 8th avenue, 7th avenue... .. 3rd Street, 2nd Street... .. And finally number one!

feet stopped Hazel looked at the building in front of him.

It was just as my grandfather said. It was a jaw-dropping mansion. As it was the residence of the powerful, even at this moment, visitors were constantly entering. Some reported something to the guard standing at the entrance.

Hazel hesitated for a moment, but soon made up his mind.

I'm a legitimate landowner.

boldly entered.

From there, I had to be very focused. Hazel pulled out a detailed map that had been stuck in the paperwork. The owner of this mansion bought all the surrounding land and plowed it up, so it was a map marked by lot to avoid confusion.

The Mayfield estate was the 79th of the parcels numbered from the entrance. Hazel slowly counted through the snow. Garden, fountain, long promenade, guarded by soldiers, statue of Ramstein I, five-story annex, maze garden, unidentified government office, fountain, library, training ground, back annex, soldiers, pond, another government office, flower garden... ..

“Are you here?”

Hazel stopped.

It was a great garden that reproduced the Pegasus crest of the Bratanian Empire. In the middle of the torso of Pegasus with its wings wide open, there remained an area surrounded by a temporary wall with a 'under construction' sign posted.

Hazel walked over there. I saw the stakes the landscapers had driven to mark the boundary. A name was clearly engraved on it.

'Mayfield'.

My heart was pounding. The moment I saw that the family surname was written like that there, the slightest anxiety that I wondered if all of this was just a dream disappeared.

“Here! here!”

Hazel exclaimed, remembering his face. For that moment, it seemed that only the other earth and himself existed in this world.

“This is my farm!”

I looked around with infinite emotion in the golden sunlight.

Although it was not a forest as I had dreamed of, it was a land surrounded by a deep green garden. Beyond that, there were large and small classical-style buildings in the background. It was a pity that it was not Mother Nature, but it had its own charm. If there's only one problem, it's this gigantic palace that exudes too much presence right next to it... . . . .

Wait a minute.

Hazel looked at him puzzledly and rubbed his eyes.

A huge golden dome-shaped roof. Four towering towers.

The building, which was newly built with white shiny marble, was definitely a palace. But why did you build a palace inside the mansion?

for a moment. Come to think of it... . . . .

Everything that had passed by while I was here came to mind like a lantern. Soldiers, statues of Ramstein I, the ancestor of the present imperial family, government offices, libraries, and a parade ground for knights. Preoccupied with the farm, he saw clearly with his own two eyes and did not notice anything strange.

1. Bush Strawberry Pie in a Cup of Fragrant Coffee

Hazel Mayfield was not interested in politics.

It may not be something to be proud of.

How stupid can you be! This is not a mansion!

Hazel was astonished.

“The 'owner of a very high status'... . . . Was he the emperor?”

But I was very positive about it. In short, this is it. If you get hit by a person in high places while passing by, you will look at that person's face. If you hit it twice, you'll memorize your name. If you get hit three times, you'll turn on the lights and keep an eye on that guy for how long he'll be there.

With that being said, the fact that Hazel, a small citizen among small citizens, can live without any interest in how the country is going means that the country is going well.

So is it okay?

It was Hazel's wish to live without caring about 'the people up there' for a long time to come.

However, that wish was shattered one spring day at the age of 19.

Hazel stared blankly at the 'Mayfield' sign stuck in the middle of the imperial palace.

Everyone knew that the young and ambitious Emperor Ramstein IX was undertaking a major overhaul of the capital. The first thing he touched was, of course, his own house.

The old imperial palace where Hazel held his grandfather's hand was built hundreds of years ago. It was old, uncomfortable, and above all cramped. In any way, it did not fit the prestige of Bratania, a great empire that encompassed the east, west, north, and south.

So the emperor bought the land surrounding the existing imperial palace. Both the great nobles and commoners gladly sold their houses at the request of the heavenly Emperor. There was only one person who did not cooperate.

Simple swollen gambler. Baron Archibald Sebastian Mayfield.

“Ah, Grandpa... ..”

Hazel shook her head with a pale face.

“This is nonsense. We cannot fight the Emperor. Just like the vagrants under the castle walls, you have to lift the white flag. That is wise.”

I muttered, startled.

Suddenly, his body was approaching the side door of the temporary wall. It wasn't just that. Without realizing it, his right hand was on the doorknob.

Hazel quickly lowered her hand. But it didn't move. Instead, both eyes moved spontaneously and fixed on the ground that looked inside the gap.

someone whispered

Hazel, can you see it? that's the land Earth. There is only one land in the world, your land in your name.

Hazel pushed back the side door as if possessed and entered.

It was all overgrown with weeds. A small house stood on a heap of wild grass. As my grandfather said, it was a small house, but large enough to live alone. and... . . .

I looked down.

Soil was visible through the thick grass. My heart was beating fast.

“Don't be surprised. I am your master.”

He murmured like a spell and touched the ground. I dug up the dry top soil with my fingertips.

A fresh feeling hit me. This land was rich in nutrients. In addition, they were allowed to rest without growing crops for a long time. Now, please, it seemed to be hanging around asking for something to be planted.

"Ah!"

Hazel immediately lost her temper.

-As long as my name is written on the land document, no one can take this land from me!

Didn't he swear that with his mouth? Country people don't swear. because it is cursed. Once you put it out of your mouth, you must keep it.

His blurred eyes could see the old nameplate of this house. At that moment, I was seized by a strong impulse.

Hazel opened her suitcase and took out a chalk made from lime powder. I wrote it on the nameplate exactly as I dreamed it countless times every night.

'Marronnier Farm'.

An indescribable emotion flooded me.

A sunny southern farm surrounded by horse chestnut forests came to mind. The friendly faces of Uncle Karl, Aunt Martha, Emily, Belle and Noel seemed to be in sight.

Finally, I have a farm.

Of course, the neighbors are terrifying, but... ... Let's change your thinking!

Hazel pulled out a favorite card.

Will you tremble and do nothing, or will you start running the farm you've been dreaming of for 11 years?

Not to mention the choice. Even his Majesty the Emperor would not be able to forcibly expel the legitimate owner of this land. If you get kicked out, there's nothing to worry about. Hazel's feet have already taken root in this land, so by that time he'll be dead already!

As I thought about the extremes of a nineteen-year-old, I put my worries away at ease. What's left is... ... It was just a new house and new land.

My heart swelled up again.

"Let's begin!"

Hazel walked into the house.

The door screamed loudly.

Among them, I found stems of familiar shapes. It was a potato stalk with lush green leaves.

Potatoes grew well here with plenty of sunlight. Soon you will be able to harvest delicious spring potatoes. Hazel was delighted with the unexpected gift.

The condition inside was serious. Dust piled up all over the place, and the walls shattered revealing bricks. Thousands of people went to look in and the floor was dirty.

Instead, the bedroom had a large window, as Hazel had dreamed of. The wood-burning oven in the kitchen was large and sturdy. There was also a bonfire and some firewood left, so it could be used immediately by wiping off the dust. When I opened the cupboard, there were pots, pans and bowls.

“Look at the house the family lived in.”

Hazel looked excitedly. I thought of how to decorate this house like a farmhouse. I opened the treasure chest with a fluttering heart.

There are still a couple of hours left before the sun goes down. First, I put on a straw hat and went out with valuable agricultural tools and seeds in a basket.

Hazel looked around the sea of weeds waving in the afternoon sunlight.

The kitchen-side backyard was lush with vegetables and herbs such as celery and chicory. Rosemary, peppermint, sage, and so on were all planted by housewives. Lavender has buds. I was already thrilled to imagine that purple flowers would bloom.

Next to it, Hazel planted a seed from the treasure chest.

Foxmint, which has abundant vitality, can be used by plucking the leaves after a fortnight. In addition, anise, basil, lemongrass, wyvern's claw, etc. were all planted with herbs useful in the farmhouse.

Now the rest are weeds. You can push it away.

Hazel sat down with a hoe.

Farmers are usually very sick of weeds.

But Hazel had fun too. From a young age, for some reason, even the smallest roots were pulled out at once with the touch of a hand.

“Actually, the word weed is not correct. Surely you will be of some use as well. I just haven't been able to find it yet. But right now I have to plant the vegetables... . . .”

Hazel steamed while muttering to the weeds. I forgot about the passing of time and fell in love with it... . . .

I didn't even dream of doing that.

Outside the temporary walls that surrounded this little house with a vegetable garden, across the grand gardens of the Imperial Palace, some people were coming.

They were officials in black uniforms with golden belts and court servants.

\* \* \*

Cecil, a young court official, was a talented person who passed the selection test with the top score.

As expected, there was a lot of work inside the palace. Under the frosty command of the esteemed minister of the palace, all kinds of royal ceremonies and money transfer, clothes and meals of the imperial family, health care, book purchase and collection management, art, carriage and horse carriage, management of the imperial treasure, etc. had to supervise.

As I ran around without opening my eyes like that, in the afternoon, my body felt as heavy as cotton soaked in water.

But today was different. Cecil's steps were light as if flying. The same was true of the royal court servants who followed.

“That troublesome house 79 is now over!”

"no? Who else sneaked in and smoked?"

Cecil ran and swung the door open.

“That’s it. It was a thorn in my eyes every time I passed the great garden. Now I can push it away coolly!”

“It would have been nice if it had been like this earlier. It's a saying between us, but isn't it very different even between rich and poor people? If it was like His Majesty the Emperor, there would be at least one thatched cottage like that.”

"I know, right. What a big deal you are commanding us to meet the deadline. After all, today is the last day.”

As they were walking around chattering, they found an unexpected sight. In the end, the side door of the temporary wall that wasolates the land 79, which could not be purchased, was open.

The fact that there was a space surrounded by a wall in the middle of the Imperial Palace was not good, even for aesthetic reasons. Servants and laborers secretly drank alcohol and had secret meetings there. Even a certain nobleman was caught trying to bribe the monopoly of alcoholic beverages in the palace and was scorned.

What unfolded in front of Cecil and his attendants, who opened their ax eyes in anticipation of such a flight, was an unexpected sight that was not expected at all.

In the middle of lot 79, a dark brown haired girl in a straw hat squatted. With a small tool in one hand, she skillfully mowed the grass to make a clicking sound. The ground in front of me became flat in an instant, and piles of grass piled up like a mountain.

The washroom was bewildered.

“What are you doing here?”

Hazel, who was obsessed with weeding, lifted his head at the unfamiliar voice.

A young nobleman stood tall in front of him. After that, the servants of the imperial palace came rushing in.

what is to come has come

But Hazel was proud.

“I’m making laver.”

"Yes?"

"The first step is to remove weeds before planting the crops. It's the basics of farming."

kindly explained

Oh, I see.

The palace official, Cecil, nodded in surprise.

"Are you farming? Are you sure you want to start farming here?"

"Yes."

"Oh My God! What am I doing now? He answered so well that I didn't even know he was insane. Let's get everyone out of here."

Hazel jumped up.

"You can't get me out. Do you know who I am?"

"There are no really scary people who say that. Even if the young lady is the only daughter of the Gold Dragon, would it work? This is His Majesty's garden."

"Of course, I am not the only daughter of the Gold Dragon. But there's only one person your Majesty can't drive out. Mayfield."

Everyone was surprised. Sesil, the palace official, asked in surprise.

"The lady... . . . The owner of this land that we couldn't find even though we tried all kinds of means... . . . You mean Archibald Sebastian Mayfield?"

“He is my grandfather. You gave me this land.”

Hazel sprinted inside and out with a briefcase.

“Here is the land document. And this is a document notarizing that my grandfather bestowed the land to me. This is my identity document that shows that I am my grandfather’s granddaughter and the only heir.”

Cecil turned through the documents one by one. Then I couldn't keep my mouth shut. It was as Hazel expected.

"how is it? Are you sure?"

“It is, but... . . . .”

Cecil was very perplexed by this startling situation.

It's real! A real landowner has appeared!

He looked at Hazel, messing around with his well-combed hair.

“Miss Mayfield, please forgive me for my disrespect. Hopefully, I didn't know that the owner of the land would appear on the last day. We, the Imperial Palace of the Bratanian Empire, would like to purchase this land. The surrounding land was purchased at an average price of 480 gold per lot. But if Ms. Mayfield wants it, she's willing to pay up to 600 gold, the maximum of her budget.”

“... . . . .”

Hazel shut her mouth.

A small and rustic farmhouse, a herb garden next to the kitchen, the soil under your feet, sunlight, wind... .. Everything has already been engraved in the mind with a splendid brilliance. Hazel was already deeply in love with this little farm.

I could never give up. No matter how huge and terrifying the opponent is.

“I can’t sell it no matter how much it costs. This is my farm.”

Saying so, Hazel plunged the weed-clearing shovel into the ground.

The royal family's office was silent. The little girl in a straw hat looked like a huge mountain. As a typical civil servant who digs only with books, he felt the difference in fighting power.

I'm not the one to deal with.

Cecil turned around and ran. The servants hurriedly followed.

Watching the fluttering silk uniform and the clouds of dust that followed, Hazel had a foreboding of the storm.

But even if a typhoon rages... ..

I turned around and looked down at the ground.

I will do what I have to do.

Hazel sat down again with the hoe. I started pulling weeds.

\* \* \* The

'Golden Hall', the main building of the Imperial Palace of the Bratanian Empire.

A solemn atmosphere permeated the conference hall supported by golden columns under the vividly painted ceilings depicting the grandiose scenes of the founding myth.

The conference hall was largely three-tiered. First of all, a lot of bureaucrats sitting in line. On the podium beyond that, the ministers of each department and the 4 Holy Knights Commanders who make up the 'Baekrimwon', a government advisory council directly under the emperor. And on the splendid throne of all people, Ramstein IX, Emperor of the Bratanian Empire, Iskanda sat. He was the only 'Grand Cavalier' in the Empire, called the reincarnation of a war god.

Sometimes even great genes can make a failed combination. However, in his case, the strong and masculine charm that has been passed down through generations of the imperial family and the enchanting beauty of the empress, who was famous for her beauty, were successfully harmonized.

Besides, he was strong-willed. It was the exact opposite of the prodigal and selfish Emperor. At times, he seemed too savvy, and he was afraid of when the decree would fall, but his Majesty's new emperor's personality gave the court a fresh stimulus.

Most court women were passionately in love with the young emperor, who had just turned 22. Only a few gave up prematurely, foreshadowing the bitter thorny road. They were wise. The emperor's crimson eyes had never looked at any woman. Only like this, I stared at the report.

It was. The reign of Ramstein IX was the period in history with the greatest number of women envying reports.

The Emperor said after carefully scanning the last page of the report.

"okay. Relief for the poor in Balkhas has been well done."

"I'm coming to you, Your Majesty."

"next. An interim report on the development of a new weapon using light?"

An old-fashioned bureaucrat walked out politely and presented his papers.

A solemn atmosphere where no one dares to breathe.

Suddenly, the emperor raised his head.

"what?"

They all followed the emperor's gaze and looked behind him. There stood Cecil, a pale-faced palace official.

I had no idea that the State Council meeting was still going on. So I unknowingly grabbed the guard and said, 'Still? I need to see the minister of the palace urgently!' , but His Majesty the Emperor heard the words with a surprisingly sensitive hearing.

“What’s going on?”

“Yeah, uh... ..”

The room felt it again. Indeed, it was difficult to escape the eyes and ears of His Majesty in this imperial palace. It was wisest to confess the earliest. So, in desperation, he went forward and shouted.

“Your Majesty, actually... .. As part of the victory commemoration project, when the Imperial Palace was extended, did not build a new Chingung Palace and create a large garden next to it? Among the large garden construction sites, there is one site that was decided to be incorporated into the national land after the deadline for the announcement had expired as of today... ..”

“You mean number 79?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. No less than that, someone who is the owner of the land has just appeared. They say they want to farm there.”

"what?"

At this absurd news that struck the solemn convention hall, many noble officials roared with laughter.

“If you have been selected as the site of the Imperial Palace, you should know it as an honor and give up the land!”

“Agriculture in the middle of His Majesty’s garden? I’ve never heard of such a crazy thing!”

"Let's not be sincere, let's do something really vulgar. This is a vice known as 'albakgi' that is prevalent among speculators.”

“What is it?”

“The owner insists on not selling the part of the site included in a major construction plan, such as a road or a housing complex. Since we can't proceed without removing it, we have no choice but to raise the price. Then you make a profit out of it.”

"her! Was there such a way? How shameless it is.”

At the aristocratic bureaucrats who were making noise, the emperor looked at them coldly.

“Even though everyone has tried it, it’s as if you don’t know how to remove the shichimi. In particular, seeing that the Minister of Finance works harder than anyone to pretend not to know, it must have been done many times.”

The treasurer's face turned red.

“Your Majesty, I... ..”

“To take advantage of the other person’s urgent circumstances to take advantage of it. That in itself is a matter of punishment, how much less within the imperial palace?”

The emperor hardened his face.

Do you want to farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace? That was such an absurd idea. I never dreamed it would be true. Like everyone else, of course, I thought it was a speculator's false excuse.

“It’s a bummer! I don’t know how it was until now, but in the era under Jim, such a bad practice must be eradicated! You did something very stupid. He will receive no compensation. As punishment for greed, I will cast you naked and set you as an example!”

The royal family was perplexed.

“Your Majesty, uh, that’s... .. The land owner is a woman. A young girl, not even twenty years old.”

The emperor was bewildered. The palace secretary asked quickly.

“Shall we just delete that remark from the minutes?”

“... .. no. It cannot be.”

He looked back at the room.

“Are you really a young woman?”

“Yes. Besides, when I looked at the documents, I saw that he was a nobleman.”

The ministers and officials were astonished.

“Is that con artist a Bratanian noblewoman?”

Ticks were heard everywhere. The great nobles asked Cecil with a look of disbelief.

“If you are a noble, which family is it?”

“It’s called Mayfield.”

“Is this the first time you have heard of such a name?”

“Looking at his appearance, he was no different from ordinary people. It must be a fallen noble.”

“Even if you’re down, you still have your pride! How is the noble girl of the Empire?”

"stop! stop!"

The emperor raised his hand and stopped the commotion.

“Isn't that what he wants us to talk about now? You want to arouse interest and stand at the center of the topic. So, a dictum! From this moment on, let everyone in the Imperial Palace completely ignore lot 79 and that unscrupulous speculator! Such a person never even existed in the first place!”

"Yes! your Majesty!"

They all answered together.

Baengrimwon on the podium, that is, the four Holy Knights Commanders who make up the Emperor's National Advisory Council, also watched this brief commotion.

Lorendel Blenheim of the High Elves had a white face frowned in contempt. Luis Gallardo, a high-ranking vampire 'Noble One', laughed and had fun. Sigwald Saxon Spiegel of the Warbears kept his mouth shut, as always. Cayenne Lunbard, of the Golden Catsie family, quickly lost interest and glanced at the golden cat's eyes.

A minister was sitting next to them. Neatly swept silver hair. Eyes that seem to cut like a knife through the one-piece glasses. He was the iron-blooded Count Albert, instead of the royal housekeeper who was in charge of everything inside the palace.

The minister of the palace looked at Cecil with a very annoyed face. As soon as the State Council broke, he went immediately and rebuked this new bureaucrat.

“What a shame this is!”

“I have nothing to tell you. But the owner of the land is no joke. I can't speak because of the proverb, but... . . . .”

“Noisy! I couldn't solve it like that!”

The minister of the palace gave a cold glance and went to the emperor.

“To have a speculator break in right next to His Majesty's sleeping palace, and not anywhere else, to cause such a commotion. As a minister of the palace, I cannot raise my head. I will take responsibility for this and clean it up immediately.”

“I see. Obviously, they're still rookies, so they're not clumsy. If the minister of the palace came directly... . . . .”

At that time, the wives of the great aristocrats beckoned from behind. Instead of the palace, I finally thought of it.

“Ah, your Majesty. More important than those trivial things, there are more important things right now.”

"what is that?"

“It’s the ‘Flower Ball’ that will be held soon. Which lady and ballroom will you enter? ... .”

"Athena."

Sure enough, the emperor didn't even think about it again and immediately gave his cousin's sister's name. As the minister of the palace, it seemed that the gastrointestinal disease would recur.

“Your Majesty, not this time. Please choose another girl other than the Grand Duchess.”

“It doesn’t work. Aren't you going to think I'm interested?"

“Then how about you? Even if it's a lie, wouldn't it be nice to light a pink smoke screen in this barren imperial palace? Anyone is fine, so why not try acting like you're interested? If you don't want me to die while tormented by so many ladies who are trying to somehow present their daughters or nephews to your Majesty through me... ... .”

“Sounds useless.”

“Your Majesty, if you are the head of the company, you should try dating. Please pay attention to the flowery ladies of this court... ... .”

“There is only one girl I should be interested in. A woman who will become the future Empress of Bratania.”

The emperor just cut it off.

The minister of the palace had a headache.

It wasn't that I didn't understand. I understand the problem.

It has been 30 years since he entered the Imperial Palace. In the meantime, I have been watching the previous emperor vividly. What kind of humiliation the supremely beautiful and good majesty of the Empress had to go through due to the wiles of the princes. What kind of hardships the young prince had to endure.

Therefore, it is understandable that he is so strict in his determination not to be like his father. However, what can be said about the matter of the resignation of the Empire!

“Don't be preoccupied with useless things, just do what you have to do.”

The emperor turned around. Beyond the fluttering cloak, the side face that seemed to have been arrogant from birth disappeared. The faces that many women in the court had drawn countless times with sighs were straight without a single flaw. He had been through so many battles, but no one had touched a single grain of it.

Instead of the palace minister, it was kind of distasteful. Since the days of a baby prince wrapped in silk cloth, he has been serving with all his heart and sincerity, but for this moment, he wanted to pinch that cheeky cheek.

Unless some miracle happens to His Majesty... . . . .

The minister of the palace once again felt a headache.

It seemed that all the ailments the doctor had told me would be over. Ah, 'it' was such a desperate moment. I wish I could take just one sip, please.

“Shut up... . . . .”

He walked with a frown on his face. The palace officers murmured from behind.

“Now it’s a big deal.”

"That speculator girl, the attempt was good, but it's going to be very shattered."

“Because I’m not the type of person who sees you as a woman. The person who was still bloody has become even more bloody after 'That Day'."

Outside the window, in the corridor of the imperial palace as the sun was setting, they looked at the back of the god Noh, who was driving the tornado.

“The wind will blow.”

\* \* \* At

that moment, Hazel was obsessed with something.

It was just weeding.

It was so fun to see the grass plucking out, I didn't even realize the time was passing. It was getting dark and I couldn't see the hand in front of me until I stopped holding my hand.

"Ah."

Hazel was surprised to realize that the sun had already set. When I looked around, the weeds that had been pulled up so far formed a mountain. Although we couldn't finish weeding, this is enough to make good use of the time before sunset.

That's a good thing... . . . .

Why didn't anyone bother?

Hazel tilted her head.

I didn't know what happened. The official ran so hastily, why is he still quiet?

After thinking for a while, I took it easy again.

nothing to worry about It's not like anyone came in right now.

Today was the first day. In order to eat hot soup in the evening and close my eyes, I had to do something about it quickly.

Hazel turned around. The outside work was over and it was time to do the housework.

I pushed the creaking door and went inside, and a sight that could only be described as an abandoned house unfolded before my eyes. A mountain of things awaited. But it was fun.

"ruler! What are we going to do?"

Hazel shouted and looked around.

... ... I didn't see anything.

Yes. I had to turn on the fire.

I fumbled through the clutter in the corner of the kitchen and found an old lamp. A burnt candle was inside. It was difficult to find matches in a suitcase full of many objects, so he pulled out a bushel and lit it.

Hazel liked the light. So I picked up pieces of candles from here and there and lit them all. A warm light illuminates the house. And dust from walking around.

“Collock!”

Hazel coughed and went outside again. Weeds were collected and tied to a stick to make a temporary broom. After folding a clean cloth in half, covering her mouth and tying it at the back of her head, she started cleaning.

Cleaning was a field I was confident in.

The dust that had dried up and accumulated one after another disappeared. Most of the furniture was broken and had to be put outside, but the table was still usable. One chair survived.

Through mopping with all their might, they regained the original wood color, not the gray color. The wood-burning oven soon took off its dirt and turned into a dazzling luster.

When I got to that point, Hazel under Heaven was struggling too.

“Let’s get some rest.”

Whether it was rainwater or whoever received it, there was clean water.

Hazel made a fire in a wood-burning oven and boiled water. I opened the treasure chest and took out the rabbit-patterned refreshment set I cherished and cherished. Tonight, I thought rosehip tea would be good to relieve fatigue.

It was just about to be enjoyed, served with buttery biscuits.

Suddenly bang! A sound rang out. Soon there was the sound of footsteps. Hazel's eyes widened with the biscuit in her mouth.

who comes who come

I got up reflexively, hesitating, and suddenly I thought.

Why are you nervous? Is this my house?

Hazel sat down again. I looked at the door proudly.

"welcome."

The door creaked open.

The visitor was an elderly official. She combed her silver hair that looked reddish in the light of the lamp behind her back and wore single-piece glasses. Medals flashed on the chest of the official uniform decorated with golden decorations.

Hazel noticed right away.

“Are you the superior of the official who came before? anyway... . . .”

He tried to explain his rightful claim to the house, but he didn't even look to Hazel. For some reason, he seemed to be completely ignoring people. It wasn't just that. As he walked in, he glanced at the nameplate, but... . . . .

"Farm? Useless for anything like that... . . . !”

so spit out

Hazel doubted her ears.

What did I just hear?

Feeling terribly insulted, he looked directly at the high official.

Then I was surprised

I've never seen anyone look so tired. Besides, it was embarrassing. He must have skipped dinner like himself.

Hazel completely forgot what was going on with her temper.

It's not always friendly guests coming to the farm. People such as the customs officer, for example, visit each time. Aunt Martha made sure to treat whoever it was.

"i See. After all, you are the first customer of this horse chestnut farm."

Hazel jumped up. One more rabbit teacup was hurriedly taken out, and the wrong thing tumbled out. It was a bag of coffee beans that I received when I quit my tutoring three years ago. The high-ranking official jumped back, begging for the bag to touch his feet.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Hazel quickly picked up a coffee.

Put a pouch of rosehip tea leaves in a new teacup, bring it to a boil, and pour in still hot water. I also took out more biscuits.

"I was drinking tea. We'll talk after we eat."

But he didn't even pretend he saw it.

It was a biscuit that I ate only on days when I thought I was going to die because banking was so hard. Besides, even though I gave up the only chair in this house. He just passed by with a cold face.

Hazel was shocked.

It wasn't an illusion. After all, he was treated as an invisible person.

\* \* \*

Instead of the inside of the palace that came like a storm, Count Albert was stunned.

According to Cecil, she was a young girl who was not even 20 years old. She was a really small, brown-haired maiden.

How hot is the action on such a topic? He pulled out all the weeds from the garden, hung a nameplate saying it was a farm, and cleared out the house.

“Huh! Are you really going to live?”

When I started talking to myself, she responded immediately.

"sure. It's my house. You know no one can kick you out.”

The minister of the palace was furious.

You have no idea what you're doing right now.

Should I say that young people these days have no brain? I couldn't stand it any longer. Someone has to piss off this brazen speculator girl.

But the proverb is the problem.

The minister of the palace hastily looked around.

A straw hat hung on the wall above the table. He turned around and said towards it.

“Your master is so shameless.”

Hazel was stunned.

“Why are you talking there?”

“Your master does not know the seriousness of the situation! There is nothing else to be greedy for. Using the construction of the imperial palace to aim for a thousand bucks. You dare to confront His Majesty the Emperor? Gero-kun is not afraid of His Majesty. Yes? right?”

“You are completely misunderstood. I have no intention of selling this land. I was very surprised because it was, after all, next to His Majesty the Emperor's palace... . . .”

"haha! Shichimi peeling! His Majesty has already seen through the blatant examination and issued a maxim. No one is allowed to talk to your master, and no one is allowed to talk to you. It is a social death penalty.”

“Isn't that a real death penalty? So that's it. There will be no impact on farming.”

“Still, your owner keeps talking about farming and talking nonsense. Tell him that it would be better to wake up from that vain dream as soon as possible. I will be kicked out as soon as the sun rises tomorrow.”

“Because I have the rightful ownership of this land!”

"great! Let the law deal with the law!”

he shouted

“Did you know that ownership is not everything? Within the Imperial Palace, there are independent laws. Your master doesn't know that I am the minister of the palace. I'm memorizing all the laws that everyone has forgotten because it's been so long. You can find dozens of reasons to immediately demolish the house and foreclose the land. Shall we start with the Imperial Palace Sanitation Law first?”

The minister of the palace took out a portable writing instrument and took notes while scanning the surroundings with sharp eyes.

uh?

Hazel was perplexed.

It wasn't a threat. This guy was real.

must be stopped!

While in a hurry, I said I don't know, and fluttered the curtain next to me. A white cloud of dust rose.

“Cool! Cool!”

The minister of the palace, coughing loudly, withdrew.

“Can't you tell your master to stop right away! I mean, I have a dust allergy!”

“I thought so. Neat old gentlemen are usually like that. Or does a dust allergy make a neat old gentleman?”

"stop!"

The minister of the palace eventually raised the white flag.

I came screaming to see you kick me out on my own right now.

In this noxious cloud of dust it was impossible to investigate. Most of all, the precious glasses had become hazy.

done. Anyway, this is a temporary fix. It's just a last resort.

“Tell me to prepare to be kicked out tomorrow!”

He coughed and walked out.

Hazel just stopped holding her hand. A thick layer of dust slowly subsided.

What do we do?

Why the hell? Why is Hazel misunderstood as such a con artist?

Once upon a time, even on the Martin family farm, there were tax collectors who came to the farm with a hard face with such a misunderstanding. However, after receiving the warm hospitality of Aunt Martha, they quickly resolved the misunderstanding and returned home smiling.

It would be great if I could do that.

Hazel looked at the table.

Rejected, tea and biscuits covered in white dust were scattered.

I felt like crying.

The minister of the palace was too strong an enemy. It was more ruthless than all the collectors who visited Martin's farm put together.

Was the human right?

He never showed any emotion after entering the house. no. After all, there was only one time. When Hazel accidentally dropped a coffee bag.

Oh wait.

Hazel shook her head.

Before, I wasn't so nervous, so I didn't think deeply about it. Why was the minister of the palace so terrified back then?

In fact, Hazel was also surprised. Because coffee is expensive. It's too bad if it spills.

But the minister of the palace is not poor. A single gold button on his clothes could buy him dozens of cups of coffee. So it's not like it's a pain.

Then why were you so jealous of a snake?

Do you have a coffee phobia?

Is there anything like that in the world?

All kinds of products from nature and the various reactions of people who eat and drink them. Hazel has been interested in it since childhood. If there was any curiosity about it, I couldn't contain it. No matter what my grandfather said, I had to figure it out before my intuition was released.

Hazel jumped up. I hurriedly followed the minister of the palace, who had just run out.

There must be some secret here!

The minister of the palace has not yet gone far.

Beyond the walkway outside the temporary wall, I could see his back. He was dusting off the dirt as if he was very sick.

“What a tiring day!”

After wiping off all the dust, I walked again with my back straight.

The palace officials chatting in front of me found him. They panicked and spilled the coffee they had in their hand on the floor.

Hazel's eyes almost popped out.

no! That expensive coffee!

The strong aroma of coffee spread through the night air. The palace officials waved their hands in embarrassment. The minister of the palace was annoyed towards them.

“Don't do this!”

It's not because of fear.

Hazel realized.

That complexion and attitude of the minister of the palace... . . . A light came on in my head. At that moment, I forgot that I was following and ran away.

“Minister of the Royal Palace!”

shouted out loud

The minister of the palace stopped in surprise. This voice must have been her. That shameless landowner.

But why have you been following me?

“Did you get banned from coffee? So you can't eat it no matter how much you want?”

What followed, he was surprised once again. Without realizing it, I shrugged my shoulders.

Hazel watched the reaction carefully.

done. got it right

"like! As you said, you must come tomorrow! You didn't even touch the refreshments I served today, did you? As a landlord, I felt very bad! You'll never be able to say no this time!"

After declaring war, they pulled out.

The minister of the palace couldn't stand it anymore and looked around. Across the promenade of the great garden, I could see the back of the young lady disappearing in a flash.

He frowned silently.

“What is it, girl?”

Returning quickly, Hazel went out into the backyard. I found what I was looking for there and dug a basket full.

I picked only the best and thought about it while I washed it and dried it.

I need refreshments to accompany.

The biscuit in the treasure chest was a luxurious refreshment for Hazel. But when I think about it again, I feel a sense of self-reflection.

I should have put more effort into preparing it.

I had flour and sugar. There was some butter that wasn't farm butter, but was of good quality. However, the main material was missing. Hazel left the house again.

What did you say about the golden rule? The guards of the imperial palace did not say anything to the young lady, who was walking through the gardens wearing straw hats and carrying baskets. The gazes of the nobles who happened to meet them just slipped by.

It was very convenient. Hazel was able to explore the Imperial Palace to his heart's content, not caring about anything. Then I finally found something good.

In a gloomy corner of the maze garden, wild raspberries were overgrown.

He said that it was okay to pick the fruit, except in the fence, in the greenhouse, and in the private garden of the detached palace. It's because it's cleaner than it's ripe and it gets kicked in the shoe. When I was a child and visited the Imperial Palace with my grandfather, an old attendant told the visitors that.

that is great!

Hazel rejoiced and walked towards the raspberry.

But it was then.

“... .. I do not know. You have to look at the sky to pick the stars.”

A crowd in bright dresses appeared from the darkness. They sat down on a bench in front of the thicket of raspberries and chatted.

“After all, you’re saying that you’re going to the ball with Grand Princess Arpejo as well? I’m really envious.”

“What are you envious of? The reason the Grand Duchess can be with your Majesty is that your Majesty has no knowledge of your cousin's sister's heart. If you find out that you are longing for it with all your heart, you will be kicked out immediately.”

“But at this rate, the Grand Duchess will be your Majesty, right? He's clever enough to never go out of his way... .. Besides, you're so pretty. I've never seen anyone so beautiful in my life. If only I could live with that face for just one day.”

"me too. If only I could become Grand Duchess of Athena Arpege for just one day and walk while holding Her Majesty's hand."

“My wish is not like that. I wish your Majesty was not the Emperor, but an ordinary knight. No, I just wish I was poor.”

"Ah! Poor Miss Langford! I'm in love with you more than anyone. Please don't tell anyone. If you want to keep seeing your Majesty from afar.”

They sighed and smirked as they continued talking.

Hazel hid quietly in the dark. It wasn't because I didn't want to be found out. It wasn't even a new hobby of eavesdropping on the court's rumors.

There is only one reason. For when I startled these girls and they jumped up, the berries of the bush were trampled down by rainwater.

It was. There was only crops in Hazel's mind.

The girls talked for a while and then left.

Hazel quickly came out and picked the bush strawberries. It was a place that no one touched, so it was full of fluffy, plump fruits. After picking the basket full, I looked down happily.

this is it

He came back after stepping on the night dew and started working in earnest.

Trimmed, roasted, ground, kneaded, baked, etc... ... While I was busy going back and forth, and while I was completely absorbed in my thoughts, the light of dawn was blurry and bright.

\* \* \* In the

dim dawn light, the minister of the palace was tossing and turning.

- You'll never be able to say no this time!

The exclamation of the blatantly fallen noble aristocrat, who dared occupy the garden site next to the Emperor's palace, did not leave his mind.

What the hell is that?

I turned over and over and over and then just got up.

Anyway, I had to wake up early today. I will drive out the unscrupulous speculator before the morning routine begins. Then I will report to His Majesty that it has been 'cleaned up'.

The minister of the palace hurriedly prepared and left the official residence.

In front of the main building of the Imperial Palace, the guards were having a changing ceremony. As he passed by, he hinted at the captain of the guard.

“Before we go to rest, let’s go to the construction site of the great garden for a moment. We have to do some demolition work.”

"all right."

Then he hurried his steps. Following the dew-drenched promenade, I entered a small piece of land surrounded by a temporary wall.

The old house was quiet.

that is great. Even if you don't wake the intruder, just one look will reveal dozens of violations.

The minister of the palace, who secretly pushed the door, stiffened on the spot.

"welcome."

Hazel, who was sitting at the table, jumped up. He had stayed up all night, so there was a shadow under his eyes, but his expression was full of vitality.

“Did I tell you last night? You'll never be able to say no this time!”

Saying so, she introduced the refreshments on the table.

It was coffee.

The thick coffee in a white teacup was steaming hot. A sweet scent filled the whole house.

Instead of the Ministry of the Interior, there was a lot of dissatisfaction.

“Hey Goyan! Knowing I can't drink coffee!”

Then Hazel rolled her eyes.

“Drink once. This is different.”

“... ..”

In fact, his sensitive sense of smell had already been felt. This coffee is something different from regular coffee. I can't pinpoint what's different, but... ..

It didn't look like it would be harmful.

The minister of the palace carefully grabbed a cup of hot coffee.

When was the last time you had coffee?

The strong aroma of coffee was lovely to tears. Instead of the palace, Count Albert took a sip, fully savoring the scent.

And I was surprised.

"What is this?"

Hazel replied.

“It is the coffee of the common people.”

“Coffee of common people?”

“Coffee made with chicory.”

The minister of the palace looked at Hazel, who spoke with twinkling eyes, with a puzzled face.

“Chickory. If it's chicory... . . . .”

It's definitely a name you've heard of.

He managed to get the proper noun out of that little dictionary of miscellaneous knowledge in the corner of his head.

'Chicory: a weed that grows in colonies anywhere.'

But you made this coffee out of it?

I couldn't believe it, so I tried it again.

It was thick, yet soft and savory. Neither his nose nor his tongue judged it to be unmistakable coffee. It seemed like a lie.

“How could this be?”

“If you roast chicory root and make it into a powder, you can use it as a substitute for coffee. Because the taste is very similar. There are differences, of course, but I know how to roast well so that it tastes like persimmon.”

“I did... ..”

I was amazed and froze when I heard it.

What am I doing now?

I was so obsessed with coffee that I broke the decree of His Majesty the heavenly emperor. He had spoken a few words with the young lady who had fallen out of the maxim.

The minister of the palace went into a panic and turned white.

Then the young lady casually pointed to the table in front of her.

There was a straw hat.

It was deliberately placed there in advance. Was he deliberately considering that he was talking to that hat, not her?

Huh, true. look at this girl

Instead of the palace, it seemed as if he was possessed by something.

Suddenly he was sitting in a chair. Holding the warm cup in both hands, he sips and sips the very delicious coffee.

“I think I’m going to live now!”

A burst of admiration erupted.

“How much I have missed this taste and scent! is it so. I'm actually a coffee addict. No matter how much the Imperial Palace was like a battlefield, drinking a cup of coffee made me feel like a lie. So I drank an average of seven or eight cups a day.”

"Wow! It's only going to get rid of you."

"that's right. Eventually, at some point, I started to suffer from vertigo and nausea. My heart was pounding and I couldn't sleep at night. The doctor warned me that if I didn't stop drinking coffee right away, I could suddenly collapse and die. From that day on, the misfortune began. How painful it was to quit drinking coffee that I used to put in my mouth every day. Do you know what was the most difficult thing in particular? It was just that the people below me, when they see me, make a fuss and throw away the coffee. How much hurt each time!”

The minister of the palace complained to Straw Hat.

“Actually, there have been times when it was so hard that I secretly took a few sips. But I don't get it inside every time. My stomach was twisted and my heart was pounding. But this is different. This coffee... ... No matter how much you drink, your stomach will feel at ease!”

"that's right."

Hazel smiled and nodded.

“Chicory is a healthy vegetable. Chicory root aids digestion and strengthens the stomach. As I said before, chicory coffee is the coffee of the common people. It was discovered by poor people who could not afford expensive coffee. But it's good for the body, isn't it a gift from nature? Even a weed that looks useless must have some use.”

Hearing that, the minister of the palace realized.

“I did! That was it! Now I know.”

“What?”

“It would not take a lot of work to stir-fry grass roots and make them into powder. The lady went through all that hard work to let me know that she couldn't sleep at night. It gave me enlightenment and I wanted to eat one. Hearing that farming is useless for anything, the medicine went up!”

"Yes?"

This time Hazel was bewildered.

"no. That's not the reason.”

"no?"

The minister of the palace looked at Hazel with a puzzled face.

“Then why is that?”

“Of course, I was hurt by saying that it was useless, but I quickly forgot about it.”

Hazel replied.

“The reason I’ve been making chicory coffee all night is because you’re a guest at this horse chestnut farm. It's also the first guest. So, anything is good, so I wanted to treat you to something you would like.”

Then he laughed softly.

“You eat one. It's ridiculous. I just love to do it. I love farming so much. Until yesterday, I was scolding the manager and bouncing the abacus! I am so happy!”

The minister of the palace was at a loss for words and looked blankly at the young lady in front of him.

“Oh, I remembered it because I was served, but yesterday I neglected it too much. As a farm owner, I am ashamed.”

Hazel turned around.

On the counter next to the wood-burning oven was a large bush strawberry pie. It's not hot when you put it in your mouth, but it's cooled down just right so that the sweet taste of the bush strawberries and the savory taste of the pie crust are well balanced.

The moment Hazel put this delicious pie down on the table, Hazel used to be more dignified than the Queen.

“It goes very well with coffee. Try it.”

There is no greater joy than the moment when someone else eats a carefully prepared meal.

The minister of the palace was bewildered at the sight of this young lady with her big eyes wide open and looking forward to it.

I don't really enjoy sweets. Should I do some acting?

With some hesitation, I cut a small piece and put it in my mouth, and I was surprised again.

“Isn't it sweet? no no. It tastes sweet, but it's not overpowering and it's natural. Gero-kun without sweetener?”

"sure. The sweet juice is plump and full, so no sugar is needed. Do you know where you picked these ripe bush strawberries? This is the Emperor's Grand Garden right here."

“Is that really true?”

“I will tell you. Where are you... . . . .”

As we chatted happily with a straw hat in between, we ate half of the large pie. I also drank three cups of chicory coffee.

“Have another drink!”

“No, all right. too full.”

The Minister of Home Affairs waved his hand toward the Straw Hat. The nervous wrinkles on his forehead were taut, and the lead-colored complexion was tinged with reddish vitality.

Hazel nodded.

"like. Now you are ready to talk.”

"Huh? Isn't it a story you've been doing?"

“It's a really important story. Please listen. I thought that if you talk step by step, you will understand. Let me explain how I have the rightful title to this land. First of all, I am not trying to sell this land expensively. They really want to farm.”

“... . . . I know.”

"Yes?"

“I must have misunderstood.”

In lieu of the palace, Count Albert became very ashamed.

The image of himself who came to this house last night without knowing anything and threatened him. And now, without looking straight into the eyes of Miss Mayfield, who is full of pure goodwill, the ridiculous situation in which we have to talk with a straw hat in front of us.

“I will go.”

"Yes? Already? Wait!"

Hazel quickly reached out. Paper bags of chicory coffee powder that had been roasted all night and a basket of large bush strawberry pie were handed over to the minister of the palace.

The minister of the palace came out blankly.

The captain of the guard was waiting with his men. As Noh Daeshin just passed by with a bewildered face, he called out loudly.

"dismissal? dismissal! Count Albert?"

"Why?"

“Why? did you call Because of the demolition work.”

"iced coffee."

The minister of the palace raised his hand.

“Dissolve.”

"Yes?"

The captain of the guard looked at him with a puzzled face. "dismissal!" I called again, but the minister of the palace, holding the basket tightly, was already in deep thought and did not hear anything.

\* \* \*

Crown Prince Cecil glanced at his superiors.

I was prepared for a firestorm on site 79. But, isn't it that the respected minister of the palace is unexpectedly going to work with a bright and reddish face? It was like drinking coffee to the fullest.

Please, have you ever done it?

But that couldn't be. If you can get coffee, it can't be that good. I'd be upset right away.

Then why are you in such a good condition?

I suddenly had a terrifying thought.

glare half-tone. A phenomenon in which a person gets better before going on a road of no return.

Oh no.

Cecil shuddered.

He was a fearful boss, but no matter how upset he was, he was someone I truly respected. Anyone in the palace would do that. So please... . . . .

“... .. Perfect.”

Cecil was startled by the sudden words.

"Yes?"

“Very perfect. the best.”

“Hey, it’s unlikely, but are you talking about my report?”

"you're welcome. This pie.”

Cecil then realized that there was a small plate on the desk instead of the palace interior. The tiger-like boss savored it as if it was very tasty and ate it sparingly.

“What pie? It’s the first time I see it.”

“It’s a bush strawberry. did you know That your majesty's great garden is so overgrown with berries?”

"no. I had no idea.”

“I didn’t know either. Hmm... .. okay. I haven't been to the Imperial Palace at all.”

“Are you a bush strawberry?”

"What are you talking about! What a fun person! It's just that there weren't any interesting people at all! Didn't I just say that bush strawberries are plentiful? How dull! This is useless for nothing... .. !”

The minister of the palace said the words that had become a habit again, but then stopped.

“I have decided not to use these words again.”

Cecil's eyes widened.

The surprise didn't end there.

The Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications canceled all urgent tasks, but opened the thick book <The Grand Palace of the Imperial Palace> with thousands of pages.

“Why are you memorizing things over there?”

“I just have something to check.”

The minister of the palace found a certain phrase after a while and shook his head.

"okay. So did it.”

Then he smiled softly.

“It seems that a new wind is blowing in the Imperial Palace... . . . .”

\* \* \* The

wind blew and the broom that had been parked outside slumped over.

Hazel got up without sewing the bedspread. When I opened the door, something bumped into me.

It was a basket that was given to the minister of the palace. I lifted it up and something inside made a rustling sound.

I opened it.

Inside was a thick envelope with the words 'Count Lysander Albert to the Straw Hat instead of the palace interior.'

“You are a very funny person.”

Hazel opened the envelope.

In a letter written several times with calligraphy, the Minister of Home Affairs sincerely inquired about the Straw Hat's well-being. Is there any part where the straw has come out, and whether the bugs are bothering you? . . . .

Then he politely apologized for what happened last night. He said that he had been so nervous because he had not been able to drink a sip of coffee all day, and was tormented by a boss who was stubborn and not listening to his advice.

“Oh, I understand. I don't understand.”

Hazel sympathized deeply with the memory of the grumpy manager of the Municipal Bank of Rochelle. Then moved on to the next chapter.

There was written an old story told to Straw Hat.

Hazel's eyes widened as he read with interest.

Eventually, he couldn't contain his excitement and jumped up. Without noticing that the only chair in this house had collapsed and thrown to the ground, I hurriedly ran outside.

\* \* \*

Marianne, an employee of the Imperial Household Agency, looked out the window and was startled.

"Oh! Oh!"

A lady with dark brown hair wearing a straw hat was walking by.

Marianne was a first-timer. However, since official notices including impressions had already come down, we could recognize them right away.

“What should I do?”

“What do you do, what do you do? Just ignore the instructions. Pretend you can't hear me even when I'm talking to you.”

The staff of the Imperial Household Agency prepared their hearts and minds. But Hazel comes in and smashes the paperwork! When we put it down, everyone flinched.

Hazel said.

“You have to see this. I am an invisible person, but this document is not transparent.”

That's it. The staff looked at the documents hesitantly. Then I was startled.

'Application for opening a palace salon'.

The document said so.

“In principle, private property cannot exist within the Imperial Palace, but there is one exception. It's a salon for aristocrats. A wonderful law enacted by King Ramstein II, who actively embraced new cultures through trendy salons. Although all of them were forgotten after many years, they are absolutely effective under the Imperial Palace Law. So no one can force me out. If you have any disagreements, you can speak to this straw hat.”

No one responded.

Hazel was elated.

Thank you, Minister of Home Affairs.

After giving thanks in my heart, I returned home. Under the large plaque that reads 'Marronnier Farm', I added a small amount with chalk.

'Salon'.

Hazel Mayfield was very pleased.

2. Fresh potato and sweet and sour apple tart in May

Ramstein IX, Iskanda woke up.

As I walked on the curtain of the bed in the recess behind the magnificent pillar, I could see the scenery inside the huge room at a glance.

Under the beautiful ceiling depicting the heavenly world, a dazzling bedroom decorated with antique patterns by writing gold like paint on ivory wood.

One of Iskanda's favorite things in this bedroom was the window. It was especially nice in the morning when the sun came through the huge front window. He relaxed lightly while listening to the quiet stillness more pleasantly than any other splendid music.

Then he went to the front window under the curtains nicely rolled up by the attendants and opened the window wide. As usual, I took a deep breath in anticipation of the clean, fresh air... .

An unfamiliar smell came over me.

Iskanda looked down.

An unbelievable sight was reflected in his crimson eyes.

During the construction period, I got used to seeing it and the temporary wall that looked like a part of the garden disappeared. So, in the middle of the Pegasus, the symbol of the Empire, the old house that had been occupied was clearly visible. A girl in a straw hat was wandering there, sprinkling something from a large sack.

The epicenter of this strange odor was there.

Iskanda was startled and waved the bell.

“What does this smell like?”

The servant who came running was very apologetic and answered.

“I smell manure, Your Majesty. Manure is... .”

“I know what it is! Isn't that fermented filth? I mean, why is the smell of manure entering my room! What the hell-”

Iskanda swallowed the back words.

Didn't he just make a maxim about 'her' with his own mouth? It should be mentioned through something else. for example... . . . .

“Where the hell did the walls of the construction site go?”

“The guards cleared it last evening.”

"no! Why?"

“We don't even know.”

Iskanda was amazing.

“Did you enter the palace instead of the palace minister?”

"Yes. Here it is.”

Count Albert stepped forward instead of the palace interior. Iskanda asked him.

“What happened?”

“That's it. I was surprised to find out, and it seems that an application for the establishment of a salon in the palace has been submitted in that area.”

“A palace salon?”

“I didn't know either, but about 200 years ago, there was a law enacted during the reign of Ramstein II. In principle, private property cannot exist within the Imperial Palace, with only one exception. It is a salon for aristocratic women. This is based on the universally accepted notion that 'the owner of a salon is the owner of the salon, and in the salon she

exercises absolute power as king'. It is a disgrace, but even the emperor of the empire knows that he cannot forcibly evict a noble woman who opened a salon on a private property.”

"What are you talking about? How can you not even be the best expert on Imperial Law?"

“Yes, Your Majesty. It was said that even monkeys would fall from trees, and then they were attacked by a blind spot. It is truly deplorable.”

The minister of the palace breathed a sigh of relief. Iskanda stared at him like that.

“Lysander, do you have anything to hide from me?"

“What are you talking about?"

The minister of the palace made a face that he did not understand English.

Even while I was doing that, the smell was still lingering. Does this make sense? The smell of savory manure spreads in the background of this magnificent scenery of the bedroom of the emperor of the Bratanian Empire.

The status of the country has fallen to the ground!

Iskanda got angry and pulled the bow off the wall.

"your Majesty! Hunting is prohibited in the palace! Animals and people... ..!"

“Things are fine!"

A sharp arrow flew in an instant and hit the manure battery. I saw the startled woman in the straw hat.

But in the next moment, clapping and liking it, isn't it?

The sack exploded, and manure was scattered everywhere. It was like shooting arrows with the emperor's hand and scattering them instead. The savory smell spread more intensely throughout the room.

no shit... . . . .

Iskanda was perplexed.

Then, according to the morning routine, the servant brought the newspaper. However, he seemed hesitant for some reason.

I had a bad feeling.

Iskanda snatched the newspaper and unfolded it. I saw a knight with a head engraved on it.

"The King of Conquest, conquered!" The

emperor's sculptural face was wrinkled without mercy.

\* \* \*

"Oh, how funny that must be!"

The sound of husky laughter echoed through the royal palace's dance hall.

I thought this

Iskanda looked at Louis with a bitter face.

Heir to the empire's historic vampire family. The only woman among the four right-handers who assist the emperor. However, even though he was disguised as a man, he became a knight and followed the battlefield. The incarnation of pride that shines as much as a high self-esteem. Sir Louis Gallardo, who wields a flamboyant flamberge and fights valiantly than anyone else, sets a model for all knights.

Iskanda loved and trusted such a friend Luis as much as her own life... . . . .

Seeing her long red hair waving her shoulders and smiling with tears in her captivating purple eyes, made me want to kick her in the shin.

Iskanda said bluntly.

“If there is an opportunity to make fun of me, I will never let it go.”

“But this newspaper article is such a masterpiece!”

Lewis just wiped away the tears and straightened his back.

“Don’t be too angry. That's what you'd hoped for. Don't you always come to counseling with a serious face? I want to get closer to the people.”

“It wasn’t like this! what's this!”

“Why? The emperor who stole the yard from the side in one day! How human are you?”

Iskanda bit her lip. I didn't want to respond anymore.

"done. Forget it. no waste of time If you leave such a vulgar scammer alone, they will self-destruct themselves.”

Lorendel Blenheim said coldly.

He was the quietest and softest of the five gathered here. However, as he was from a noble high elf family, he was so full of contempt that his pale green eyes would turn blue if someone showed a vulgar and snobbish attitude.

“If you just showed me those eyes, I could destroy you right away. If it wasn't for the situation where I was treated like an invisible person by the emperor's decree.”

19-year-old Katsie, who hasn't taken off her t-shirt yet, mumbled Cayenne Lunbard.

“Coming out, it was a wonderful thing to do. As Lorendel said, the speculator will soon destroy himself. The public gets bored quickly. The newspaper will cover another topic tomorrow. Those kinds of people wither and die as soon as they lose interest. Besides, have you seen that house? There was a big hole in the ceiling and it was blocked off with a plank. If you leave it alone, it will collapse on its own. Don't worry, Iss. After a few days, if you open the window, you will be able to see the plain ruins... . . . .”

The cat fairy boy was startled while talking.

Somehow, something was strange.

As usual when arguing for a long story, the long cat's claws protruding out of nowhere were grinding on the beautiful elm tree in front of him. To 'General', the national treasure 354 of the Empire.

“How did you find out about that hole? right. You are very interested in all the trees in the world.”

Lorendel, who loves trees like an elf, nagged.

“The poor general will surely go wrong because of you. I'd like to replant it sooner rather than later.”

"sorry. If I concentrate, Catssy's habit will pop out without me knowing... . . . ."

Everyone rushed, patted the tree, and put the peeled bark back on, making a commotion. Iskanda alone still had a serious face.

Sir Siegwald Saxonspiegel, a war bear race, looked into the eyes of such a friend and nodded once. Silent, he spoke with his eyes.

It is not always easy to rule a country. But this is how you learn, so be strong. I'll buy you a drink later... . . . .

"okay. I was stupid."

Iskanda turned around.

"See you later."

He strode out of the gym. When the fluttering crimson cloak had completely disappeared, Lorendel rebuked immediately.

"You were teasing me, Louise."

"It was too much for me to see."

Cayenne helped. Siegwald also silently looked at him.

Lewis shrugged.

"okay. I'm helpless. As Iss said, when you get a chance to tease like this, you can't miss it. But everyone should know this. That such an irresistible prankster is far better than the optimists who vaguely say that everything will be fine!"

“What else are you trying to say?”

"Is can't stand being teased."

“Are you kidding me like that, knowing that?”

“You know that, so you’re kidding me! So, everyone is too slow. Since we've talked about manure, let me explain it with a similar analogy. Now, this situation is similar to that a dog came into the room and had a bowel movement. But everyone folded their arms and said, 'If you wait, it will disappear by itself.' I am doing it! Well, yes. If we wait and wait, we will have to weather and disappear someday. But do you really need to put up with that stench? look good everyone After all, this Luis Gallardo is the only one who comes out to help a friend when he is in trouble.”

Lewis clapped his hands.

10 or so members of the Holy Flame Knights in black cloaks, who were always moving, suddenly appeared.

“The imperial palace of the Bratanian Empire is not a place where those who want to gain attention are free to gossip. Make sure you realize it was a good idea to set foot there.”

The knights responded vigorously to the solemn command given by raising their purple eyes that were relentless towards the enemy.

"Yes! Commander!"

They turned around. The hem of the pitch-black cloak fluttered and marched without a sound.

\* \* \* At

that time Hazel... . . .

"Oh My God... . . ."

I was very perplexed.

While cleaning the bedroom, I found a plank in the corner of the ceiling. When I knocked on the beams, I immediately saw an open space as it broke. I took the ladder I found in the barn and climbed it onto the roof.

There was a big hole in the roof.

It was a big deal. The broken part of the frame had to be reattached quickly, and it had to be draped with straw or straw.

"Well... . . . you can do it. you can do it."

Hazel encouraged herself.

First we had to find wood.

I carefully stepped down the ladder. But the moment I stepped on the last step, it broke.

"... . . ."

you can do it.

Hazel got a hammer and a piece of wood from the barn. I hit the broken part of the ladder with a nail and hit it hard.

right!

But not even a tenth of it went in. It was the same when it came down again. it lacks power.

By the way, it was already lunch time.

This morning stuffed with biscuits and water. It was because he was busy giving the fields the manure he had found in the barn. No matter how invisible he was, he didn't want the people of the imperial palace to frown at the smell of manure, so he deliberately sprinkled manure early in the morning.

However... . . . .

Hazel glanced into the basket.

An arrow accidentally flew to help.

The sack is old and as tough as cowhide. I was really lucky. Would it be an unexpected bonus to farming in the Imperial Palace? Besides, this arrow was of very good quality, although I don't know who it was. It was a sturdy metal that did not rust.

After lunch, I'm going to use this to make kitchen tools.

Hazel went to the field.

They planted the good seeds that had been carefully selected and kept in the well-pulverized land.

Of course, even spinach, the fastest growing, had to take 35 to 40 days. Instead, there was a present the house had prepared for Hazel.

It was a lush potato.

Those with yellow stems, lying on their side and dry leaves, are ready to be harvested. Hazel took a rake and dug up the potatoes that had been buried in the ground.

The seeds weren't that thick because someone didn't pick the flowers on time. But potatoes ripen well in good, sunny soil. It was so generous that a basket was not enough, so I had to bring a bag of sacks.

Hazel looked down happily at the sack full of fresh potatoes.

“What are you going to do with this?”

The menu was very important as it was the first proper dish to be prepared at the Marronnier Farm.

A good idea soon came to mind.

There is something just right for potato dishes that will boost your energy. potato pancakes

Hazel decided to slice these fresh potatoes into thin slices and bake crispy potato pancakes. It will be served generously with cheese and a fresh herb salad. And to commemorate the first meal, I should pick up a bottle of cider.

Drawing up the great menu, Hazel became happy.

But that's not all. For a perfect meal, there are some things you need to prepare first. It's just dessert.

After eating a dish, the thought of dessert tends to crave right away. Besides, whatever you bake, it will taste even better if you leave it at room temperature for a while.

What dessert would you like to make?

pie. Hazel wanted a pie.

There was still one piece of bush strawberry pie left in the cupboard. But when I smelled it while roasting it, it looked like it had already been eaten.

So what kind of pie do you make?

Hazel looked out the window.

The guards removed the wall blocking the construction site, and instead left a fenced area like some kind of containment area. Beyond that, the grand garden of the Imperial Palace was clearly visible. There will also be other wild berries that will serve as ingredients for the pie.

Hazel put her straw hat back on and grabbed the basket.

Aristocrats and officials occasionally encountered on the promenade still acted as if Hazel was invisible. So Hazel was able to roam the garden without any restrictions.

After passing the well-manicured flower beds and a huge fountain, a forest appeared. In fact, there were only a few dozen trees, so it was too small to be a forest... ... It wasn't that important. Next to the statue of a lion, he found trees full of blue fruits.

Hazel was very happy.

It was the apple of May. Everyone thinks they are bitter green apples or inedible fruits, so they just pass by. But if you know how to cook it properly, it's a very tasty fruit.

Hazel was excited and brought a basket full of apples.

When I got home, I opened my bag and took out my favorite knife.

When the night market opened in Rochelle, a foreign artisan who didn't understand the language spread out a stall. He was surprised when Hazel picked up this knife at once and gave it to him cheaply. This little knife is so sharp and sturdy that it's perfect for trimming cooking ingredients.

May apples with hard flesh were peeled, seeds removed, and the hard inside was cut out. It was when I was cleaning everything up like that.

Suddenly, a cool feeling hit my spine.

Hazel stopped her hand.

An energy sharper than this blade had been transmitted through the air. Something appeared outside.

I went out with a creepy feeling.

A great garden beyond the fence. Along the promenade, knights in pitch black armor were marching. The bright red blood-lined cloak fluttered ominously along her modest gait.

Her face was as white as wax and cold, and her eyes were eerie. This feeling that presses from all directions even when there is no sound of footsteps.

Hazel finally realized what that feeling was.

was to live

Knights advancing with their cloaks fluttering like a blood mist hidden in the darkness.

They were the Holy Flame Knights, commanded by Sir Luis Gallardo, among the four Paladins protecting the Empire. As the name suggests, they are knights that use the power of holy flames. It consists of vampires, mixed vampires, and humans who look like vampires.

Everyone knew that they were great knights who were loyal to the Empire. However, the marble-like face without a single blood and relentless eyes used to chill the atmosphere of the crowd.

Then they appeared at Hazel's farmhouse. They entered one by one without a sound through the wide open door. This old, crumbling house has been turned into a stage for a horror play. It became an atmosphere in which it would not be strange if something terrifying happened right away.

Hazel was perplexed.

“Hey, why are you here?”

Of course, the Holy Flame Knights did not raise an eyebrow. They breathed a cool breeze and surrounded the kitchen where Hazel was now standing. Then he just stood there like a ghost.

“... ..”

It was utterly disconcerting.

“Ah, I got it. Are you trying to kick me out by putting pressure like this? Yes, it is in vain. Because this farm is legally part of a salon... ..”

Hazel, who had been talking over and over, suddenly realized.

The salon is always open. Anyone can come in. The same goes for the vampire knights, of course.

“Ugh... .. I see.”

Hazel muttered.

I'm just saying that, I have no choice but to do my own thing.

I picked up the knife again.

As the atmosphere changed, the blade, which had been fine until now, looked creepy for nothing. The reflection of herself on the lid of the pot also looked like a woman who had made up her mind to kill anything.

Trying to get rid of those crazy thoughts, Hazel even trimmed the apples.

After peeling off all the skins of the apples in May and removing the inside, I cut the flesh with a fresh scent. It was the ingredient to make the sauce for the apple tart. Hazel took out a large pan, put an apple, and poured a cup of cider. Sprinkle lemon juice on it, add plenty of sugar, and put the pan on the fire to boil and mash.

The knights stared at the whole process with expressionless faces.

“If possible, would you please try this cider? I want to cool off.”

Unbeknownst to me, a muffled sound came out.

How are you? Can't you hear it anyway? 'Cause I'm an invisible person

Hazel opened the cupboard. At that moment, the unfamiliar door leaf slammed and fell. White dust rose from the whitewashed wall.

I was a little humbled because there were so many eyes to see.

“This house is not being demolished, it is being repaired. It's hard to tell the difference between the two.”

Saying so, Hazel took out an egg wrapped in straw. Crack it in a bowl and pour in flour. Sprinkle with a little salt and mix well. Take out the finished dough and pat it flat.

Now this pie dough needs to be aged for an hour or so. In the meantime, I decided to cut the potatoes.

I glanced at my pocket watch and it was already 1:00. Because of the atmosphere of fear, my hands were a little slower than usual.

By the way, don't those knights go to lunch?

It was then that I felt a buzzing sound.

I looked out the window and saw another group of knights approaching. They were quite young in age.

"Seniors!"

"Did you finish your morning training?"

"Yes. Go eat. We will take care of this."

"I get it."

The knights who were pressing Hazel turned around and left. The new knights took their place.

Are you trying to put pressure on me all day like this?

With that thought in mind, I was cutting potatoes, when suddenly a sound resounded in this quiet house.

squeak.

Hazel flinched. Unconsciously, he raised his head and looked at him.

The young knights of the Holy Flame Knights stood like marble statues. I didn't know who the sound was coming from. Everyone stood solemnly, as if nothing had happened.

But there was definitely a squeak.

Of course. From what I heard, this shift came right after morning training. After all, don't boys turn their stomachs off right away? After intense training, you will die of hunger.

Let's change your thinking!

Hazel pulled out another card that was essential to managing the mental health of a small citizen.

Those knights come and stand here as they please. So I can think of my own. These are the guests of our house. One, two, three... ... Nine guests came to me. It's because I'm so hungry that I'm staring like that.

As soon as I thought about it, the fear disappeared.

Hazel was a good guest. It has always been a dream come true for a large number of guests.

What menu will you serve to them?

immediately came to mind

I stopped slicing the potatoes, took out a large pot and boiled water. They dragged the whole potato into a sack and washed it all. Put it in a pot, add salt and bring to a boil.

Cream is poured over potatoes that are ripe enough to mash on their own. I cut the butter into large chunks and put it in. Lastly, I added some salt and pepper, and a little bit of the herb powder made by Martha's method.

Authentic country-style potato dish is complete.

Hazel was satisfied.

Of course, this is not all. Today's guests are hungry boy knights.

I opened a large suitcase from Rochelle. He pulled out a long piece of paper tightly wrapped in paper.

When I'm not in the mood, it's meat.

Smoked the way Aunt Martha taught me, this pork was very tender and chewy. I'm sure everyone will like this taste.

Now it's your turn to serve.

When I collected all the dishes in the cupboard, there were ten. The wooden spoons and forks left behind by the families who lived in this house were returned one by one in front of each person.

Hazel put plenty of potatoes in each jagged bowl. Thickly sliced smoked pork was also generously served. Finally, when garnished with green herbs from the backyard, it turned into a very tasty farmhouse meal.

The knights were still pressuring in silence. Either way, Hazel said cheerfully.

“I prepared it for you. Of course, 'in principle' you won't hear me. I can't even see myself. But this food is definitely here, right? Everyone knows that fairy tale, right? A bowl of delicious porridge was placed in a house without an owner. Hungry guests can eat as much as they want.”

There was no reaction.

“Uh, um... . . . Is the time of hunger gone already? do it your way I made it for 10 people and I'm so hungry. Excuse me first.”

Hazel sat down on the only chair in the house. First, I scooped out the potatoes with a spoon and took a large bite.

"Ah! tasty!"

Among the knights, one of the knights with black hair fixed his gaze involuntarily.

Julien Lafayette was so hungry

that she woke up late and could not even eat breakfast before entering the palace. Besides, there was intense practical training today. In a state of starvation, I waited anxiously for lunch. However, there was news like the blue sky. It is said that the senior knights are skipping lunch as they are performing certain duties according to the commander's urgent order.

In this situation, how can newcomers themselves eat first?

So I went to take a shift with my seniors.

The urgent task given to them was to go to lot 79 and put down a hard line. In other words, the Emperor had to put pressure on the subject he had issued a dictum to, so that he could no longer be stubborn and raised the white flag.

Applying psychological pressure to the opponent is a specialty of vampires. So I confidently took turns with my seniors. But there was a problem.

It was hunger.

Julien's stomach rumbled uncontrollably, almost breaking the mood. I was clenching my teeth to prevent that from happening again, but this woman suddenly... . . . .

I started making food.

Julien was a typical nobleman.

For him, food was something that, when the time came, was prepared on its own on a luxurious table. This was my first time watching the cooking process. In fact, I didn't even know it was a dish. After washing the muddy lump, I cut it and made a porridge, and took out the meat like a piece of wood and sliced it.

I was watching what you were doing... . . . .

When the young lady who was the target of hard suppression put a spoonful of the porridge in her mouth, her eyes twinkled and her face turned red. She shouted that it was delicious and ate it diligently. I also took a sip of apple cider. When I saw the pieces of meat being chewed up, it looked very chewy. Oh, this lady really enjoyed it... . . . .

Thunder thundered in Julien's ship.

Hazel glanced at him.

“Don't be stubborn and eat. It's just food that's left in the salon, isn't it? It is prepared for the guests.”

Then, the potatoes and meat were piled in until the cheeks swell.

As she gulped, Julien followed, gulping the air. Now I was on the verge of losing my mind. He leaned on the table like he was about to collapse.

I do not know. I think I'm going to die like this

It didn't matter if this dubious dish consisted of starch grass and wood chips. once had to live. Losing his temper, he hurriedly grabbed a wooden spoon, scooped out a spoonful, and put it in his mouth.

and... . . . .

Julien was shocked.

It was the first time I had ever tasted it.

The very thick and savory thing went down smoothly like silk. A perfect blend of buttery and creamy flavors. And the smell of fresh herbs that arouse the taste buds.

no! How in the world does it taste like this?

Julien's eyes widened.

Now that I looked, the meat, which looked like a piece of wood, was showing off its juicy pink flesh.

I picked it up fresh and put it in my mouth. At that moment, the fragrant smoked flavor bursts out from among the chewy meat.

How the hell did you cook it? It's just pork, how does it taste like this?

After savoring the mellow taste, Julien ate the white porridge again. The flavor of the savory smoked meat still lingering in my mouth, and the buttery savory flavor of the savory flavor blended into my heart. The hand holding the spoon moved wildly.

“Julien! Crazy?”

I barely woke up to Emilio's loud voice. Everyone was staring at Julien as if he had chewed on his shoe.

“How do you eat this, no matter how hungry you are? Spit it out quickly!”

“Spit it out? Are you crazy? Why are you spitting something so delicious!”

"what? It's really delicious?"

Oscar asked with a puzzled face. It was an unbelievable expression. For a moment, Julien rolled his eyes.

"no. It was a lie. This is really not tasty. Never eat it.”

I will only eat it!

shouted in my mind.

However, these were all paladins of the Empire. Their excellent fuselage vision did not miss the moment their comrades' eyeballs rolled. Seeing Julien desperately clenching his bowl and spoon, doubts filled their faces.

"where."

Richard dunked the lump in his bowl and tasted it. In an instant, both eyes grew as big as a tray.

"no? Is it delicious?"

“These children are playing.”

Cicero cooked it and tasted it. Then I was astonished.

"uh?"

Everyone tasted it ahead of time. The moment they swallowed, everyone's eyes fluttered wildly.

"what! Why is this delicious?"

“This is my first taste!”

"I can not stop!"

Everyone stood up with their bowls and ate them in a frenzy.

Hazel was very happy.

Several guests come to the farm to taste their dishes and give thumbs up saying they are delicious.

It was one of the scenes I had dreamed of since I was a child. Although it wasn't in the dream that the owner was treated as an invisible person, it doesn't matter anyway.

Fresh potatoes and smoked pork are always right too.

“There is more here. So many.”

Hazel took a spatula and scooped out the potatoes. I also took out another piece of smoked pork and cut it up. It felt like my hand was flying.

It was a really exciting moment.

\* \* \* The

main building of the Imperial Palace 'The Hall of Laurel'.

Under the ornate chandeliers in this large hall, the dining room of the Imperial Knights. A tall knight with red hair sat at the top of the long table.

A 22-year-old lady who looks like a very handsome man.

It was Sir Luis Gallardo, the commander of the Holy Flame Knights.

“It’s too late.”

She glanced at the hall clock. It was already three o'clock.

I felt sad.

In order to alleviate the anxieties of the dear Emperor, he ordered his subordinates to suppress them hard. However, because of that, the lunches of the seniors were delayed, so the freshmen voluntarily took turns.

In fact, there was a practical training this morning.

In addition, the restaurant misunderstood that the meal was over and threw away all the food, so we had to prepare it again. So lunch time was delayed by an hour.

Of course they are knights. On the battlefield, starving is nothing.

Even thinking about it that way, it made me sad. Besides, you volunteered for a shift out of the thought of your seniors.

Lewis was proud that he had not taught his men wrong.

She also skipped lunch in the hopes of encouraging them to eat together after a long time. He was usually a strict commander, but he was paying close attention to that point.

Then came the youth knights.

“Are you doing well?”

They were surprised to see the manager waiting.

Like the seniors who traveled the battlefield with the leader, they also looked up to her as a hero. So, I abandoned another career path. With just the thought of becoming a subordinate of Sir Lewis, he passed a fierce test and joined the Knights of the Holy Flame.

When such a manager tapped each shoulder one by one, everyone was so happy that they didn't know what to do.

“Are you very hungry?”

"no! Commander!"

As soon as they sat down, the royal court servants carried food like lightning.

The restaurants of the Imperial Knights were originally famous for their good food.

An extra-large silver tray was placed first on a white high-quality linen tablecloth. Fresh seafood such as lobster, shrimp, scallops, and oysters were piled up on a tray covered with ice.

The main course of the day was a direct fire grilling of three meats: chicken, beef, and lamb. On one side, grilled sea bass was prepared with a thick sauce and fresh raw ham. The basket was piled up like a mountain of bread, as white as the cheeks of an angel. In addition to that, the menu seemed to collapse with all kinds of side dishes that are good for appetizing.

However... . . . .

I thought everyone would rush right away with the momentum to eat even the bowl, but for some reason, it was delayed. I couldn't even lift a fork.

Lewis felt even more wretched.

“Are you that hungry?”

"no! Not that!"

The knights hurriedly raised their forks and knives. Everyone at the same time held out their hands and tried to attack the food in front of them.

However... . . . stopped hesitating.

Lewis looked at his subordinates with a puzzled face.

Julien Lafayette said in a crawling voice.

“I can't even eat it.”

"what? Why?"

"please forgive me. I couldn't stand it. It was so delicious. After being tempted and negligent, we all decided to voluntarily cut our salaries this month. And whatever punishment you give me, I will accept it sweetly.”

“Lord Lafayette, what the hell are you talking about? Can't you talk straight?”

Lewis was heartbroken.

“Is the vampire desire awakening and attacking even livestock?”

“Oh, not that. Absolutely not.”

“Then what did you do?”

“This is the field that sent us. That house. There was food.”

“So, did you eat and drink without permission?”

“no. It was edible.”

Julien explained, being careful not to violate the maxim.

“During the mission, a loud rumble echoed through my stomach. Then, after a while, the food appeared in front of us. I didn't want to eat it, but it's prepared for us, so you can eat it as much as you want. Uh, I mean, I heard that cosmic sound. It's a shame, but I was so hungry that I lost my temper. But what is this? It's so delicious!”

“I ate four bowls too.”

“I ate completely. I almost ate even the plate.”

The other boy knights also burst into words at that moment, and they clashed.

Lewis was bewildered.

So, that rogue lady cooked this shift. Is this it? Are you making this fuss because it's so delicious?

It was really unfamiliar to see everyone making a fuss without leaving out a single person. They're not the guys who make a fuss.

“유난 떨지 마라. 배고파서 그렇게 느껴졌겠지.”

"no."

Cicero said vigorously.

“We do this for a reason. I would like to ask you one thing. Have you experienced any new flavors recently?”

“Hmm, well.”

“It was only when I came to the hall and treated these foods that I could clearly understand. Don't you think there's something wrong with our diet? Oh, don't panic, Chef Giorgio. Your cooking is great. The problem is us.”

“Are we the problem?”

“Who of us doesn't know the taste of lobster with lemon or grilled beef tenderloin? You know it all. 'It's fresher today.' 'Today's meat quality is not the best, it's just the best.' And it's just mechanically graded. Of course, the first bite is delicious. But the second time, the taste is 60%, and the third is 30%. From then on, I just fill my stomach. Such is the diet of the royal family and aristocrats. It may be a leap, but I even think that it is not polite to food. We need a change in our diet.”

“Hoo... . . .”

That's a sensible insight.

Lewis nodded in empathy and paused. I glanced up and down at Cicero, who vomited a fever.

“Sir Ironhand? When asked about tactics, he just stuttered. Why are you talking so well today?”

“That's it! It was a dish that made even a shy person like me a great orator. The moment I put it in my mouth, it felt like I was being hit with my tongue. It was really exciting.”

At this point, Lewis was even slightly curious.

“What the hell was it?”

“I don't know what it is. To us, it was like washing a lump of dirt, heating it, and cutting wood.”

"what? Are you a witch?"

“It's not like that.”

The knights chattered again. Julien came out again.

“I don't know what the muddy lump is, but the wood is definitely pork. not a witch. But it is true that the food in the house exerts a certain magic. OMG! for a moment! Come to think of it, the 3rd group we switched to is in danger!”

"What should I do? The moment you put the food in your mouth, it's over!"

“It must be stopped!”

No, what the hell?

Lewis was stunned.

Putting this and other aside, no matter how unintentional, are you being treated like that at the scene? If the 3rd group eats anything right now, it's really a big deal.

she jumped up

“Let’s go and talk about the disciplinary issue.”

“Yes, chief.”

He left the knights with their heads bowed again and left the hall.

People walking around the palace in the afternoon were startled by the sight of the Holy Flame Knights Commander and fled to either side.

The sight of her running like a gale with her red hair fluttering, admired by so many girls, reminded her of her nickname, 'The Red Lion of the Battlefield'. Everyone's eyes widened and they looked back at him.

Lewis quickly crossed the garden and arrived at the scene.

Pour, drink, I imagined something like a messy devil's banquet.

The scene was quiet.

He passed through the vegetable garden lined up and approached the old house. Next to the nameplate 'Marronnier Farm Salon', the front door was wide open.

Lewis walked in. No one was there.

I looked around the shabby house. His gaze stopped on the old table.

A golden tart was laid out.

It was an apple tart with apples cut into thin slices and wrapped around like a giant rose. To see if it was ripe, one piece was cut into a fan.

This tart must have been made by that rogue.

The overall glaze and dark brown edges seemed to have been well-baked, in the eyes of Louise, a self-proclaimed dessert expert.

But is it that magical taste?

lie.

Lewis picked up the crumbs next to the tart pieces and put them in his mouth.

“... .. Huh?”

It tasted completely unexpected.

She looked down at the apple tart with a puzzled face.

Unbelievable!

Without realizing it, Lewis grabbed a fan-shaped piece of apple pie and took a bite.

Sweet and sour juice burst out of the ripe apples. She was finally able to grasp the reality of the sensation she had just felt.

Fresh!

I was about to shout out loud.

I have eaten so many apple tarts that I get tired of them. No, of all kinds of tarts, cakes, sweets, and chocolate, I haven't tried it.

But this was the first taste.

The fresh taste of the flesh you can feel the moment you put it in your mouth. The sweet taste of applesauce softly envelops it. Everything was in great harmony in the tart, baked to perfection with genius craftsmanship.

Even compared to the most recent desserts from the finest pastry chefs, this is a win-win. can't even compare If it was just an apple tart, this would be 'Apple!!! Tart!!!' All the ingredients came alive in the mouth and made a strong assertion.

So that's what Cicero said.

Lewis, once again, was deeply sympathetic.

Their taste buds were weary.

The best food in the capital is overflowing within reach of just reaching out, so at some point I didn't feel that anything I ate was delicious. It was just mechanically grading and filling the stomach.

But it's really delicious! Really delicious!

Suddenly, Lewis was picking up a new piece of tart.

I couldn't quite stop. This is good food. Eat a lot. My body was commanding me to do that. Another piece, another piece. I was devoured by the sweet and sour taste and ate it without realizing it.

"coffee!"

"Here you go."

As if waiting, something popped out.

“... ..!”

Lewis was surprised that the liver had fallen off.

A young lady with dark brown hair in a straw hat was standing right next to her with a cup of coffee out there.

When did you come in? I didn't even feel a clue!

He was caught at the scene without even having time to escape. The scene where the leader of the Holy Flame Knights of the Empire steals tarts.

A piece of tart got stuck in his throat.

“Cool! Cool! Cool!”

Luis Gallardo was buzzing.

\* \* \*

Hazel looked at the intruder coughing.

After feeding the young knights well, a new shift came.

Hazel worked hard to make applesauce under their pressure, boiled apples and baked tarts. While working in the field while the tart was cooling, I came in briefly to bring a basket.

However... . . . .

Someone was eating his apple tart.

He was a very handsome knight with long red hair and enchanting purple eyes. Judging by the decorations and decorations of the uniform, his status seemed very high.

But why are you doing this here?

It was embarrassing for a moment, but the sight of him eating so deliciously with his eyes shining brightly took his attention. The knight even licked off the dirt on his finger as if it was a waste.

is it so. eat a lot.

Hazel watched with delight. Then, at the moment when I felt like I was going to be choked, I quickly poured over the chicory coffee I had left in a cool place.

"Here you go."

The knight was terribly perplexed.

Oh, should I have said hello first? But anyway, I'm an invisible person, so what?

“Certainly, it would be surprising to see that the coffee mug is levitating by itself. But don't worry, just inhale. You're going to need a lot of coffee right now.”

In fact, it was.

Lewis needed coffee very much now. It was a very embarrassing situation, but I quickly took it and drank it before it went away again.

The coffee was cold enough to drink. I don't know what kind of coffee beans were used, but it was a very delicious coffee with a unique flavor. It calmed my stomach and prepared me to add sugar again.

Oh, I want to eat again!

Lewis thought hard. Somehow, I wanted to get the rightful right of that apple tart, which was still in half, and destroy it.

But there was no way to say that. Because this girl had a banter.

Such a stupid edict! How the heck did you communicate my intentions like this!

Lewis scratched his head.

she didn't know While he was suffering like this, his eyes were fixed as if nailed to an apple tart. That his gaze was on the verge of burning the tart as it is.

I want to eat!

He was screaming like that with his whole body, so he was in deep agony without knowing that there was no need to say anything.

Hazel looked at such an uninvited guest with a happy face.

What if you baked a tart carefully for dessert time, but someone came in without permission and ate half of it?

It is natural to be upset and angry.

But Hazel didn't.

There was nothing more enjoyable when someone ate deliciously prepared food. 'tasty!' 'It's really delicious!' Every time I admired it, life seemed to be exhilarating.

So, when this trespasser ate the tart deliciously, I was rather excited. Besides, the other half want to eat like that!

Eat whatever you want!

Hazel wanted to say that. And I wanted to hear how and what part of the tart is delicious.

So I quickly took off my hat.

“There is no one in this room, but instead there is a straw hat that can understand people.”

"Ah!"

Lewis, who was moaning, was happy.

“I am proud of a Straw Hat that understands people. From now on, will you tell the master everything I say? I want to apologize first. To come in without permission and eat the dessert. Originally, I was only going to taste it, but it was so delicious that I lost my temper.”

Hazel smiled broadly.

“I'm glad you liked it!”

He quickly handed over the one and only chair in this house and said.

"Sit. And eat it all."

Lewis was thrilled and sat down quickly. Hazel took a bite out of the tart he had cut and served on a wooden plate.

“It’s also a masterpiece!”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“It’s a straw hat. Maybe your master makes tarts like this? I think desserts should always be sweet. Do you know what happened last time? Well, I thought it was custard pie, but it was lemon pie! He was so angry that he nearly killed the pie by dragging him to the square. When a dessert tastes even a little sour, I get angry. However... ..”

Lewis swallowed the apple slice.

“What the hell is this tart? It's a whole new world! It definitely has a sour taste, but it is very tasty! I guess it's because it's sweet. The taste of the apple itself was very well preserved without adding anything! And this apple! I wish I could know the breed name!”

“It’s just a wild apple... .. said Straw Hat.”

“Really, Straw Hat? Do you really think wild apples have such a luxurious taste?”

“If you hear an apple saying that it is luxurious, you will really like it. This apple has no official name and is usually called the Apple of May. I found a few trees next to the lion statue in the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace.”

“You mean it wasn’t a landscaping tree, it was a fruit tree? If it were an apple or an orange, everyone would have already competed to pick it up. Did no one know this?”

"Yes. Everyone doesn't know. Fruits that look like green apples open in May and fall off quickly. No one paid any attention. Except for the farmers. Farmers always put anything in their mouth at least once. I don't give up right away even when it's bitter and bitter. I somehow find a recipe. I learned from Aunt Martha. May apples need to be simmered several times over low heat until the flesh is translucent. That way, the bitter taste goes away and it becomes so delicious.”

"AHA... ..”

Lewis listened in admiration.

“The indomitable apple tart! I want to call you like that. The tenacity and experimental spirit of the farmers is wonderful. Hearing the explanation makes it even more delicious. I especially like this applesauce. Of course, these tarts are the best, but if you can't make tarts, I think it would go well with sweet vanilla ice cream. Spread it on milk bread and it will make a refreshing sandwich for an afternoon refreshment. Oh, it would be nice to put it in carbonated water and drink it cold!”

Hazel looked at this red-haired knight who was seriously considering it with a happy face.

“You are a knight who really likes desserts... ..” thought Straw Hat.

“That’s right, a straw hat.”

Lewis chuckled.

“I really like dessert. I live like I don't like it, and since the seal is released, I can't control myself even more.”

“Why are you pretending not to like me?”

“I did it as a child.”

Lewis shrugged.

“When I was just a knight. Some cowardly bastards who can't beat me with their swords talk like this when they see me eating dessert. 'You are also a woman.' How I hated hearing that in my young heart. I pretended not to like dessert.”

"Yes?"

Hazel was startled.

“Are you a woman?”

"uh?"

Lewis was also confused. It felt like my head was just twisting. She quickly turned to Straw Hat.

“Your master doesn't know who I am?”

Having said that, I looked stupid.

of course! Because I didn't even introduce myself. As the only daughter of a famous vampire family with a long history, she has been a celebrity since she was born, so she never thought that the other person would not know her.

You have made a huge mistake.

Lewis got up in a hurry.

“Louis Gallardo, commander of the Holy Flame Knights. I am a 22-year-old woman.”

He politely saluted and introduced himself.

Hazel was surprised again.

I knew he was going to have a high position, but he's a general manager, right?

He is a famous person who might have been included in the list of questions for the Rochelle Municipal Bank entrance exam. When such a huge giant suddenly popped out in front of my eyes, I was stunned.

"Oh yeah. Yes it was... . I think I've heard of one of His Majesty's closest associates disguised as a man. But I never really dreamed of it. You look like a real male knight!"

"That's because my family was against it, so I joined as a man... ."

Lewis scratched his head.

"But that doesn't mean I've become a man even at heart! If it's okay with you, I just want you to think of me as your neighbor who uses a knife."

"I beg your pardon? Are you really going to be Straw Hat's next door sister?"

Lewis saw a mischievous light flash in Hazel's green eyes.

It was clear that the absurd situation that the maxim had fallen had not broken the spirit of this young lady in the slightest. Rather, it was treated as a joke.

You're older than it looks!

Lewis was deeply impressed.

but. So, farming within the imperial palace is causing an unprecedented situation like this.

But, as everyone said, it wasn't for the money or to get the attention of the social world. The eyes of this Straw Hat girl smiling brightly as she cut the apple tart into large chunks were unadorned and fresh. The inside was transparent enough to see through.

Just like this tart!

Louise laughed and ate the tart very deliciously. Then I suddenly thought.

By the way, why is it so dark outside the window? Maybe the sun has just set?

I glanced at it and was surprised.

Knights in black cloaks were attached to the window in pitch black.

They were putting pressure on Hazel in the field. But since she didn't come out for a while, I was puzzled and looked inside the house.

and found

Their knight leader kept talking to the Straw Hat, sitting close to this 'hardly suppressed target' and devouring the tart.

Everyone's pupils shook wildly. Everyone was asking with their eyes.

What the hell is this situation?

Lewis was sober.

What am I doing now?

She looked back at her memories.

Everything was hazy from the moment I put the apple tart in my mouth.

no. It did come to mind in bits and pieces.

I had a friendly conversation with Straw Hat. He threw away the dignity of the knights commander and asked him to think of him as the sister next door... .

I was full of goosebumps.

"Unbelievable! I can't scold those guys. The cuisine here is... . It is a natural disaster."

Lewis jumped up.

"Sir, excuse me!"

He left behind a word and ran away.

"Hey... ."

Hazel looked at the door with a puzzled expression.

Come to think of it, the guest who just served the tart was the head of these vampire knights. He will be the heir of the strongest and most fearsome vampire aristocrat, which the clan calls 'Noble One'.

But it didn't upset me. Vampire Lord. A very high nobility. The emperor's closest aides. The commander of the Holy Knights, who made a breakthrough in his major... . None of those things mattered.

Sir Luis Gallardo was a tasting genius!

She gave detailed impressions while analyzing Hazel's dessert with sincerity. I also worked hard to come up with ideas on how to make it taste better.

To a cook, such a taster is like a treasure. I have been longing for a chance to one day meet someone with such a talent and chat with each other over the freshly prepared dish... .

“Why did you go away? I have to eat something else... .”

Hazel muttered angrily.

I was so annoyed that I suddenly found it.

Outside the window, knights in black cloaks were still standing there. They murmured in shock.

“Natural disaster level?”

“No, how delicious it is... .”

Their gazes were fixed as if nailed to the kitchen, as promised.

Hazel's eyes gleamed with emptiness.

“Would you like a taste?”

“... .”

In the face of the renegade of the respected leader, the third group eventually collapsed. The vampire knights crept inside.

Hazel was happy.

I quickly opened the lid of the pot where the boiled potatoes were still left.

\* \* \*

That evening.

The first floor of the Sun Palace of the Imperial Palace of the Bratanian Empire.

The four Holy Knights Commanders, who were closest to the emperor, gathered in a hall that actually served as a resting room despite the nameplate 'State Advisory Room'.

The high elf was holding on to an old lute and studying the sheet music. War Bear and Golden Catsie were playing a card game.

Lewis, who had been sitting on the sofa alone after refusing the offer to play together, muttered abruptly after being dazed in thought.

“That girl is so fresh... . . . .”

Everyone shouted in surprise.

"Louis!"

"uh?"

Lewis was bewildered for a moment, but soon realized.

“Oh! Not that I have fresh blood, I mean... . . . .”

As I tried to explain, I remembered the maxim and paused.

"what? Why do you stop talking?"

Cayenne, who was urging, suddenly remembered something. The golden cat's eyes narrowed.

“Oh, I know what it is. As I was passing the corridor earlier, two brothers from the Iron Hands were talking about strange things. Anyway, whoever got caught eating apple tart like crazy in the old house of the 79th lot this afternoon. No matter who he was, he said something absurd. Now the puzzle is put together.”

"what?"

Lorendel looked at Lewis with a puzzled look.

“Who was it who said that he would go on behalf of us who didn't know what? What did you say you were going to solve for your friend right away? You yelled like that, and then you went there and received a treat?”

The idyllic eyes of the high elf race froze again. Lewis was sweating.

“It's not... . . . Everyone is misunderstood. I went and looked and he wasn't a speculator. I really liked it and wanted to farm. Coincidentally, the land was only within the Imperial Palace. You'll understand when you see it for yourself. He's a really good and harmless soul. As much as that apple tart!”

I tried hard But what came back was only a cold reaction.

“I am really disappointed with you.”

Lorendel quickly turned her head as if she didn't want to deal with him any longer.

When this high elf did that, he felt as if he had really committed a great treason. Even if it's like throwing candy wrappers on the street. In that sense, Lewis feared Lorendel the most. It was more frightening than Iscanda, the only Grand Cavalier in the Empire.

“Lewis is in a mess right now.”

Meanwhile, the cat elf boy started psychoanalysis.

“When you get food and eat it, you naturally develop intimacy. Lewis is now inadvertently using that intimacy as a basis for judging the morality of the giver. Think about it. Would you be crazy to think that a really good, harmless soul could farm in the Imperial Palace?”

Are you crazy?

Lewis paused to argue.

In front of the uncompromising eyes of her friends, she came up with the idea. When I first heard this news, I thought it was funny and the reason why I felt a certain kind of resentment.

“If you are really nice and harmless, how can you use the blind spot in the law to use the high-level tactic of being recognized as a salon?”

Bookworm Catsie's words pierced the corner. Lewis couldn't answer.

Yes. Anyone can see it's high He possesses professional legal knowledge, analytical ability to read and calculate plates, and a relentless drive. There was no connection at all with the innocence of the Straw Hat Lady that Lewis had witnessed.

... ... There are hundreds of thousands of people of that type in the Imperial Palace. Foxes in sheep's masks.

“He is a cunning man.”

Siegwald said a word heavily. When this reticent, prudent, conflict-averse pacifist warbear rarely speaks openly, he's always right.

Still, something wasn't quite right. But I couldn't pinpoint what it was. Then she heard a voice in her heart.

'done. You just don't want to admit that you've been fooled. Calm down, Sir Luis Gallardo.'

My heart stinged.

Iskanda tries to get rid of all the evils and bad habits of the Emperor's era. The four of them were determined to give their all to empower them.

Lewis is free to do whatever he wants. But Sir Luis Gallardo, commander of the Holy Flame Knights, cannot do that.

Since the age of 14 when he joined the Knights Templar dressed as a man, whenever personal and duty collided, Lewis chose his duty without hesitation for a second.

However.

Nevertheless.

Again, something wasn't quite right.

The three looked at Lewis, who was confused, without a word.

“I’ll buy you that bread.”

Again, Sigwald's heavy words rang out.

"Nope. Thank you, but it’s okay.”

Lewis got up and left the conference room.

When I saw the yellow dress of the noble young-aer who was leading the way, I remembered the apple tart again. But this time, he wasn't thinking about the fantastic taste.

There was something special about it besides the taste. I have a feeling that this absurd feeling I am feeling now has something to do with it.

What the hell is that?

Lewis was troubled.

It was very difficult to find something without knowing what you were looking for.

Lewis roamed the Imperial Palace in the evening for even the faintest clue. He stared at the kitchen where the imperial chefs were busy running around, and stared at the exotic trees of the imperial conservatory for a long time.

He looked at each of the bureaucrats leaving the palace after work, and watched the noble ladies who were zealous for social activities in the evening with their faces half-covered with fans.

Everyone was bewildered because they did not know why the Holy Flame Knights Commander was doing this.

Soon after, Lewis reached the Crescent Palace.

He still had no clue.

She sat in an emerald bell-roofed pavilion, her head resting on a marble column.

Now I see that he was not alone in this yard. Through the long shadow of the swan statue, the face of Count Lysander Albert appeared instead of the palace.

“... .. This place is empty, so it would be better to build an arch. No, listen to this whole third act. Your Majesty said you don't like gold plates.”

He was decorating the garden while dealing with the landscaper, the screenwriter, and the chief servant who had followed him.

Lewis thought.

You're getting ready for the ball.

Even though he would have been running around all day, the complexion of the minister of the palace was vivid and his eyes were clear. It was in its heyday. He took another few seconds to glance at Lewis, doing three or four things at the same time.

Lewis got up Booth.

Of course, her status was much higher, but to Louis, who had been visiting the Imperial Palace since childhood, the Minister of the Interior was like a strict uncle.

“Count Albert... ..”

The moment I approached you to say hello.

The vampire's excellent sense of smell, which had been extremely sensitive even without dinner, caught a certain smell.

It smelled like coffee.

It wasn't just coffee. Coffee with a unique flavor made by roasting unidentified coffee beans. It was the same coffee in the teacup handed to her by the Straw Hat Lady at Marronnier Farm.

why... ... ?

Lewis was surprised. At that moment, his head suddenly turned.

Professional legal knowledge, analytical ability to read and count plates, and unstoppable momentum.

Why didn't you think of that?

Who can have all three! Except for Count Lysander Albert instead of the snarky palace interior!

My heart was pounding. He had discovered a secret link between the two who were completely separated.

Lewis exclaimed excitedly.

“Marronnier Farm!”

The minister of the palace, who was examining the script for the dance play, reacted to the sudden resounding words with a flinched, unwittingly. It will be... ... Over the past few days, the name has been etched into his mind over and over again every time he sips his harmless cup of coffee.

I heard you!

The minister of the palace looked at Lewis with a puzzled face.

Lewis saw that the minister's eyes trembled. This made the answer clear.

“Count! How could you do that!”

“Shh, be quiet.”

The minister of the palace was sweating profusely.

“I did it because I had an idea, so please don’t criticize me.”

“I’m not blaming you! I didn’t even know that, I just thought he was a cunning tactician!  
Oh, dear! I’m sorry, what do I do?”

The minister of the palace looked at Lewis again.

Wasn't that a criticism?

Rumors did not spread well because of the proverb, but I heard that the hot-tempered knight commander, who was closest to the emperor, sent his men to the Marronnier Farm to press them.

But how do you come out like this?

oh oh

he realized

"Right. Sir Lewis must have tasted the food."

"Yes. But there must have been someone older than me!"

The two exchanged glances of their secret conspirators for a moment.

"The person who cannot speak the subject is not a speculator."

"that's right. I have no interest in money."

"I am not interested in the social world. I didn't even know who I was. I really like it and want to farm."

"Because I have a legitimate right to the land. No one can take that right away."

"that's right! right!"

Lewis seemed to have cleared a 10-year-old jam. Even instead of the palace minister, he was making that kind of expression.

"It's only the two of us who know the truth."

"Yes. Still, I'm out of breath. It was really lonely. no one believes me It turns out that the ruse was the Count's handiwork! Oh My God! I can't even tell my friends about this... ... ."

"okay. Keep it a secret."

The two went to a dark bench and sat down.

The minister of the palace talked about how he got chicory coffee from the Straw Hat Lady. Lewis couldn't help but burst into laughter at the point that he gave instructions on how to do it through a letter to Straw Hat.

“It is. That’s how you helped.”

Lewis nodded.

“But one question arises. Why did you do that?”

“Because it was a reward for coffee.”

“That’s not it. You’re asking the real reason. I know. The Count is just like me.”

“In what way?”

“In the sense that you are not acting as Lysander Albert, but as a minister of the palace. Every decision can be considered a political move. Still, there must be a reason why you reciprocated in that way, right?”

“Good to see you.”

The minister of the palace nodded slowly.

“Before I tell you why, let me ask you one more thing. Why have you been wandering aimlessly without leaving the palace until this time?”

“Yeah... . . . .”

Lewis shrugged.

“It was because I wasn’t sane. Even if I say that I have been deceived by my cunning acting because I yielded a hundred times... . That apple tart was so weird. At first, I was fascinated by the amazing taste and didn’t know it, but the more I thought about it as I was criticized by my friends, there was something special about it.”

“You saw it right.”

The minister of the palace nodded his head.

“I know what it is. I thought about it and realized it. It looks like we were served there, but it's not. What we were really treated to... .. It was a happy time.”

“A happy hour?”

"exactly."

The minister of the palace continued to speak slowly.

“In retrospect, it was truly a warm welcome. There we ate delicious food that we couldn't taste anywhere else, heard strange stories about agriculture and nature, and had open-hearted and unadorned conversations. I was able to wash away the stains. That's why Sir Lewis felt so absurd. Our minds know it all. You know you had a really happy time there. Others should feel it too.”

he said at once.

“The Imperial Palace needs her.”

Lewis just listened in surprise.

Count Lysander Albert is a compass.

I've been watching him since I was a kid. He was born to be loyal. All the judgments he made pointed in only one direction in any situation.

If so, this is the way for the Imperial Palace, and furthermore, for the Emperor.

“Louis, would you agree with me?”

The minister of the palace asked, looking straight at Lewis.

Even so, from the moment he learned of Straw Hat Lady's innocence, Lewis was determined to back her side. However, I was very happy and reassured that the minister of the palace gave me such a wedge.

“I will do my best.”

Lewis got up and saluted.

The steps out of the Crescent Palace were very light. I've never felt so refreshed and refreshed lately. Lewis happily went to the Holy Flame Knights' dance hall.

And there he discovered an unexpected situation.

“... .. No! I'm too low!”

“Then I'll give you two tickets to the first class of the opera house.”

“That's not enough! I'm curious too!”

The subordinates did not even leave the palace, but gathered in one place and talked.

At first I didn't know what to do. Hiding their presence and watching, they saw that they were dealing with the order of 5 groups to go to the scene at lunchtime tomorrow.

Lewis was stupid.

It was not against the rules of the Knights Templar to change the order for a fee. But what's the point of an urgent mission that everyone says you like, becoming a ticket with a golden label?

“Good job.”

The Knights of the Holy Flame Knights were startled and scattered. I expected to be rebuked for my behavior, but the respected general manager turned around without saying anything.

Everyone was puzzled. Among the boy knights who were lurking in the corner while watching the old men's black deals, Julien got up the courage to ask.

“Is it over?”

“It's over.”

“Then the punishment for what we did during the day... ..”

“There is no such thing. By the way, there will never be any in the future.”

The boys exchanged glances. Julien asked again.

“Then can I act autonomously on the matter?”

“What are you talking about?”

Lewis then ran away.

The boy knights looked at each other and smiled.

After a while, a group of knights in black cloaks appeared from the Holy Flame Knights training ground. They disappeared in one direction, disappearing as if buried in darkness.

It was the direction of the horse chestnut farm.

\* \* \*

Hazel picked up plenty of thinly sliced fresh potatoes and put them on the pan.

Butter was melted in the pan above the wood-burning oven. When the potato touched, it made a crackling sound and was cooked right away.

I had to keep an eye on it because it was so thin that it would burn out even if I took my eyes off it for a while. Still, Hazel liked it this way. This made crispy and delicious potato pancakes.

Season with salt and pepper, then turn over and cook again. Bake until golden in the middle and dark brown at the edges.

When the potato pancakes were finished, the wooden barrel was opened. There was cheese in it.

First, drain the yogurt made by fermenting milk. If you mash it with salt and let it ripen once more, it becomes a creamy and soft cheese. As an excuse to eat quickly before it spoils, it was luxuriously plentiful.

Sprinkle with parsley powder and garnish for a delicious look. When I served it with cider leftover from drinking during the day, it became a well-prepared table for myself.

Hazel proudly raised a wooden fork.

Also, sunshine is the best. Thinly fried, crispy potato pancakes with soft cheese, you won't get tired of eating it no matter how much you eat.

Shall we try this again tomorrow?

Hazel thought.

Would you like to come tomorrow too?

My heart was thrilled.

“I hope that you will come to suppress the hard line tomorrow as well!”

Hazel looked out the window at the moon and prayed. The intention of hard suppression had already become strange.

anyway... . . . .

After a leisurely meal, Hazel washed the dishes.

Now the water is almost gone. Tomorrow, as soon as you wake up, you will have to fetch water. So I had to go to bed early.

"Ah! It was a rewarding day."

Hazel went to bed, feeling pleasantly tired.

Back when I was at the bank, I was tired of having to wake up the next day, so I always slept late. But now that I am a farmer, I had to go to bed at 10 like a farmer. Hazel lay up straight and yawned.

But then, something caught my eye.

"Oh!"

Hazel took a breath.

I had completely forgotten that I had discovered a large hole in the roof this morning. I ate well and started cooking potatoes to get up and repair, but at that moment the Knights of the Holy Flames attacked.

“... ..”

I looked up with a puzzled face.

Should be. If it rains in a few days, it's a big deal.

Hazel got up, chasing fatigue.

But at that moment, the night sky that was visible through the hole shrunk by one span.

Are you less awake?

Hazel rubbed her eyes and looked again.

The night sky shrunk by another span. It wasn't an illusion. The hole is getting smaller.

“What happened?”

The good fortune was gone.

The hole in the roof is not a creature. It cannot be suddenly reduced in size. If so, then something is going on up there.

“What’s going on?”

Hazel tilted her head and stood up.

As soon as I opened the door and stepped out, I stopped. Something was strange.

I soon realized what was strange.

There was a mountain pile next to the house.

When I got closer, I saw that they were firewood. The discarded furniture I put out on the first day I came to this house had turned into a pile of firewood and piled up.

"what... .. ?"

Hazel was bewildered.

Then I found it again. A ladder that was supposed to be in the barn was leaning against the house. I looked around and saw that the broken bottom hem was intact. Someone nailed it to a new sturdy tree.

"weird. Am I awake right now?"

I climbed the ladder and looked up. And I was surprised. The hole that had been drilled in the roof was nowhere to be found.

Hazel was very embarrassed.

"What happened?"

Obviously this roof was broken. The wooden frame was broken and the old owner of the house had it roughly covered with planks.

However, someone put a new tree there, connected the frame, and covered it with straw as closely as possible to the surrounding area.

whoever?

I felt like I was possessed by a fairy.

Then something slipped through me. It was so fast I couldn't see it closely, but it was like a thick dark mass.

“... .. ?”

Hazel stepped down the ladder and opened the door.

And once again I was surprised.

The wall lit by candle light is white. The paint had peeled off and the walls were freshly painted with dust. The nail was sticking out and the crooked areas of the wood were also leveled.

Hazel's wide-open eyes stopped in one place.

It was a cupboard.

The door leaf that had fallen off when it was opened during the day was stuck again. I approached it and slowly opened it.

There was a single white rose in the cupboard. And there was one note.

'The knights of Bratania will surely repay you.'

It was written in small letters below it.

'It was so delicious!'

Hazel's face brightened.

"Ah!"

they were A vampire knight who suddenly moves in a cloak of darkness.

Come to think of it, didn't everyone see dust rising from the wall and the cupboard door slamming down?

He must have done everything he could to fix the roof.

It warmed my heart as I imagined the scene where they sat around with their pale faces, giving off a gloomy atmosphere, and fixing the creatures.

Hazel smiled and read the note over and over again.

Before it rains, I have to fix the roof somehow by myself. It's nice to be happy that the worries that weighed heavily on my heart were cleared up, but... ... Most of all, it was so nice to be able to exchange each other like this.

This solemn imperial palace was also inhabited. I was really happy to know that.

Well, it's a place where people live... ... .

It was ironic that he felt it through vampires.

\* \* \*

Iskanda had a dream.

I opened the box, and a spring-loaded clown came out and slapped me in the face. It came out even when I put it in. When I put it back in, it came out again. I kept putting it in endlessly, and then my eyes opened.

"in a bad mood... . . . ."

It was an unfamiliar nightmare. The aftertaste was very bitter.

I woke up wanting to brush it off quickly. There was a good way. Breathe in the fresh air and appreciate its condition.

Iskanda opened the window wide. Then I was terribly surprised.

The troublesome lump in the middle of the great garden was strange.

I had no doubts that the house would be worse than yesterday, but what is this?

The large hole in the roof was filled like a ditch. The exterior walls were also painted clean. Garbage piled up on one side also disappeared, and instead, a pile of firewood to be used for the next full moon showed off.

"Why the hell?!"

The emperor's scream echoed in the quiet bedroom.

Iskanda looked down in shock. Then I found something.

The red-haired knight was walking with his hands in his pockets. Lewis had entered the palace early for some reason.

"Louis!"

He called out his friend.

"Come up quickly!"

After a while, Lewis came up. Iskanda dragged her to the window.

"Look at that! that house! Wasn't it a lung until yesterday?"

Lewis blinked.

"Huh? Was it?"

"So did Cayenne! There was a hole in the roof! It was sealed with a board, but it broke and opened up!"

"Well. I don't know? You really don't know?"

Lewis worked hard. He escaped, leaving the emperor in disbelief.

she was honest

The subordinates just played around making some repairs to a house that no one lived in. that's not a bummer Cancer, not like that.

Lewis chuckled.

When I said that I was going to act autonomously, I wondered if it was possible that they were just attacking and begging for food, so I followed them secretly.

But what

In the dark, the subordinates secretly removed the trash, cut firewood, and repaired the roof, killing the spirit in the dark. When the Straw Hat Lady came out, she sneaked in and repaired the inside of the house.

The knights of Bratania will surely repay you.

He kept the iron rules he always emphasized. Lewis was proud again at the thought that he had not taught his subordinates wrongly.

With light steps, she entered the large garden next to the Imperial Palace. The gardeners of the Imperial Palace continued walking along the well-manicured promenade.

In the distance, the water of the fountain glistened transparently. There was also a gentle breeze blowing. A small house could be seen over the fence under the branches of spring like a light green curtain.

Lewis made his way through the garden, which had plenty of morning sunlight, and went inside. There was no one behind the slightly open door.

Where did you go?

she looked around I went out again and looked around and finally found it.

A lady in a straw hat was walking with her hands holding a large wooden bucket of water. Then I put it down for a while.

Lewis went there quickly.

“What water bottle is left on the promenade? I have to clean it up.”

She flashed the water bottle. Hazel was startled.

“Louis!”

It was really nice to meet you unexpectedly. I thought I'd never see you again.

I wanted to tell her, the leader of the Holy Flame Knights, about the exciting thing that happened last night, but I thought I already knew, so I stopped... . . . .

“I was able to get clean water from the Griffin Head drinking fountain in the maze garden!”

Another exciting story.

“That’s great!”

Lewis punched the straw hat. Now, just looking at this hat, the knight commander's stiff tone automatically fell off. When you see the dogs and cats in your home, it is similar to talking in a short tongue without your knowledge.

Before entering the house, I stopped by a small herb garden in the back yard. Next to the empty seat by pulling out chicory. Where Hazel had sown seeds, already tender buds were raising their heads, pushing the soil away.

great job. great job.

Hazel stroked everyone once. Then I glanced at Lewis. asked quietly.

“By the way, what time does the tough crackdown start today? I'm curious about the straw hat.”

be pitiful

Lewis thought.

In fact, he came like dawn to let me know. Even so, the situation in which vampires, mixed-vampires, and vampire-like humans silently put pressure on them and then go out of their way to pay for food would be stressful.

Lewis said to Straw Hat.

“I don't do that anymore.”

Hazel flinched.

“... .. why? Did His Majesty cancel it?”

“Hey, that's... ..”

Lewis hesitated a little.

“Can you tell your master? It wasn't the Emperor's order. It was my order. I knew it was right. But now I know. Marronnier Farm has a good reason to be here, so you shouldn't pressure them to disappear.”

“okay? That's fortunate... ..”

Hazel rolled her eyes.

“Anyway, the suppression is over.”

Lewis reiterated that Hazel's disappointment was unintentionally and unnoticed.

“It’s completely over! Say that!”

Then as I turned around, a word flew from behind.

“By the way, you left a piece of tart yesterday.”

Lewis' feet stopped.

I woke up and sat down at the table.

Hazel collected the roasted chicory powder. It seemed like it wasn't enough, so I made it as thick as possible. Then I took out the apple tart piece I had stored well.

Lewis fixed his gaze as if possessed.

The delicious juice oozes out more overnight, giving it a good shine. When I put it in my mouth, the well-baked portion was crunchy and I was salivating as I imagined the apples of May bursting out in full. Besides, white snow powder was sprinkled on the golden tart today. Its appearance was absolutely captivating.

“I found powdered sugar. It was sandwiched between a bunch of sausages and a jar of dried tomatoes.”

Hazel said.

I was so curious about how the powdered sugar melted on that sweet-and-sour pie, I couldn't stand it. Lewis cut the pie and quickly put it in his mouth. As the taste spreads in my mouth, I close my eyes.

“I am so happy!”

she was fed up

“You must be crazy! How the heck could you turn around leaving this behind yesterday?”

“Don’t do that anymore.”

Hazel looked at Lewis.

“I mean, I’m happy, but I realized it a long time ago. Anything that makes you happy is the best thing in the world. You should never miss it. When I was forced to leave the farm at the age of eight, I swore I would never do that again.”

"right. right. That’s really true.”

Lewis nodded eagerly. And I savored it for a long time until the last bite of the tart.

That evening.

Lewis returned to his home on 2nd Avenue after leaving the palace and released his sword. He took off his heavy uniform with decorations and put on a soft silk robe. It was a moment of returning to a 22-year-old noblewoman, as if she were a man.

Lewis thought as she sat on the vanity and combed her red hair with a pure gold comb.

I have to repay you too.

Instead of the palace, Count Albert and his subordinate knights all reciprocated. But this Luis Gallardo cannot be overlooked.

As I pondered, a thought came to my mind.

She quickly went to her desk.

After a while, the butler who came to pull the curtains was surprised.

A young lady who had only swung her sword since she was a child, who was surrounded by books, was sitting at her desk for some reason. He was writing something very hard, muttering the swear words he had learned on the battlefield every time the ink just smeared and got on his hands.

The butler looked at him with puzzled eyes for a while.

next day. Lewis also visited the Marronnier Farm.

Hazel got up as he was cleaning the pot with brick dust on a cloth.

“Louis! Are you hungry?”

“It’s not... . . . .”

Lewis turned around. He said to the straw hat hanging on the wall.

“Would you like to play with me this Sunday? I will tell you all the sights of the capital. You can buy pretty ribbons at the shopping street, explore the cafe streets, take a cruise on the river, eat seafood and ice cream that is the capital’s specialty, and enjoy the night view from the tower! Now, I’ve been planning everything here by the hour!”

All night long, he held out the little wad of paper.

But Hazel... . . . .

"No."

Without even looking at him, he refused.

This Luis Gallardo gets rejected?

It was the first time something like this had happened. Embarrassed, Lewis shouted, forgetting that he had to speak to Straw Hat.

“You don’t like pretty ribbons?”

"no."

“Then you don’t like cafes, cruise ships, seafood, ice cream, and night views?”

"no."

“Then why are you refusing?”

“There are areas that have not been tilled yet. I have to plow the field on Sunday.”

“... ..”

Lewis was frustrated.

I am defeated by farming!

Not knowing what to do, I just rolled my feet and said abruptly.

“Then can I help you with the plowing?”

"like!"

The answer came back in 1 second.

Lewis realized.

Oh, that's how you do it.

A bright smile appeared on his pale face.

3. At the

bedside of succulent beef stew and pilgrim syrup , birds chirped loudly.

Hazel opened her eyes in the sunlight pouring in from an angle.

"Oh! It's late!"

got up like a slap.

The scenery in the room was reflected in the still hazy eyes.

Instead of the old and gloomy wallpaper of a rented house for 2 gold a month, I saw a wall painted white. Instead of the musty smell that stung my nose, there was the fragrant smell of a pillow made of hay.

Oh, I moved.

Hazel sighed in relief.

There was no furniture yet, but sunlight and wind came in, so it did not look flat. I stretched out and slowly got out of bed.

The reliable wood-burning oven in the kitchen gleamed with no dust. Under the wooden cupboard hung pots, copper pots and pans. Although the table is old, the color and grain of the wood have been restored by vigorously wiping it with water brewed with black tea.

Hazel went out.

The herbs in the small field next to the kitchen were green and fresh today.

I planted new chicory, but the seeds are too old to show any signs of sprouting yet. Instead, the fox mint planted on the first day has already grown to the size of a knuckle.

It is also good land.

I put my hand on my forehead and looked around.

Today, weeds must be removed and watered. There, too, delicious vegetables will soon sprout. Other than that... .. Well. It would have been better if it had a chicken coop, a barn and an expansive grain field like the Martinga Farm in Belmont... .. Now this seemed like a dream.

As a farm just starting out, it was great.

Hazel went into the house after examining the field carefully. I thought while cleaning the dust by sprinkling tea leaves on the floor.

Let's eat egg toast.

Half of the flour from Rochelle's rented house is now left. I took out some of them and baked bread once.

As soon as you take it out of the oven, tear it apart and say, "It's hot! Hot!" The bread that you eat while shouting and eating is the best. You don't know how delicious it is without butter or jam.

So I ate half and put the other half in the cupboard. Hazel took the bread out and cut it into two pieces.

- Egg toast is good for your brain.

Aunt Martha said so, and occasionally made this egg toast on everyone's breakfast menu. It was a day mainly for children to study arithmetic, but even on days when Uncle Carl made a mistake, such as selling a goose at an exorbitant price, this egg toast came out the next morning... . . . .

Hazel smiled as he thought of Uncle Carl, who had only earned his face without saying a word each time.

Because of those childhood memories, Hazel used to make egg toast whenever he thought about it.

It was also simple to make.

First, with a spoon, press the middle of the bread firmly to make a round place for the egg to fit. Add a little bit of milk, sugar, and salt to the egg, and then immerse the bread in it. Crack a raw egg in the middle of the bread soaked in egg water and bake it in a pan.

While the egg toast was cooking, Hazel opened the coffee bag that had been dropped on the floor in front of him instead of inside the palace. After confirming that there was no rancid odor due to exposure to air, it was brewed in hot water.

A cup of coffee on egg toast. Paper and fountain pen with the mark of the Municipal Bank of Rochelle.

'Thinking of the morning' was completed.

It was Hazel's name.

The half-boiled yolk oozes out when I cut the middle of the overcooked bread to turn brown. It was quickly taken out of the pan and white steam came up.

This time should not be missed.

Hazel put a piece of hot toast in her mouth.

The salty yet nutritious taste of the yolk and the sweet taste of the bread blended nicely. The warm pieces gently passed over and filled the empty stomach with ease.

great. that is great.

I lowered my passing score and picked up the fountain pen.

The problem we had to think about today was about Sunday.

On Sunday, Sir Lewis decided to come to help with the fields.

At that time, I was so engrossed in wiping the pot with brick powder on a cloth dipped in vinegar, I just thought it was good and didn't know the real meaning.

But now I know.

The real meaning is this.

The first worker to come to the horse chestnut farm!

On the farm, when it gets too busy, the workers are called. It's a busy day on the farm. A delicious special dish is served for lunch on that day. Everyone sits around and eats while chatting.

Delicious special dishes.

Hazel's hand drew the picture on its own. Meat and vegetables simmering in a large pot with handles on either side.

It goes without saying that a special dish is a stew. A large chunk of beef simmered in a rich tomato sauce with a hint of red wine. All kinds of tasty vegetables. All of these are always appealing.

Hazel wanted to cook Lewis a stew. Most of all, Hazel wanted to eat. After a long time, I wanted to cook delicious beef stew and eat it either on top of chewy country bread or with a dip. I couldn't stand the thought of that warm yet strong taste.

There are people who have to eat what they want to eat. No matter how many hours you go to a restaurant and wait in line for hours, or stand in the kitchen to make your legs hurt, and prepare dozens of ingredients, you will never be able to get the ecstasy of the food out of your mind until you eat it somehow. .

Of course, after eating, another ghost quickly clings to you... . . . Anyway, Hazel wanted beef stew.

Stew is confident. I have boiled it hundreds of times since I was a child. Even with your eyes closed, you can enjoy the authentic rural taste. but... . . . .

Hazel wrote down the ingredients on a piece of paper.

beef. beef broth. tomato. celery. onion. carrot. potato. mushroom. pea. red wine. time. Rosemary. Laurel leaves... . . . .

"does not exist. does not exist... .."

The paper was full of scissor marks. The only thing in the cupboard is potatoes, herbs and red wine.

"Hmm... .."

Hazel tapped the table.

Vegetables in the garden that are planted now can only be harvested in summer. So, if you want to make a living, you have to shop slowly.

the problem is... ..

So, the real hard problem with egg toast is... ..

What would happen if you went outside the Imperial Palace?

Maybe innocent people talking to me and getting hurt?

Hazel began to ponder the scope of the law.

\* \* \*

Iskanda began to ponder the extent of tolerance.

'The news' reached his ears quite late. Rumors did not spread properly because of the prohibition. When he succeeded in interpreting the ambiguous words that obscure the subject, Iskanda became angry and called for Lewis.

“No matter how playful it is! To make fun of me, you’re even deliberately on her side!”

“What kind of woman?”

Lewis opened his eyes and asked.

“I haven't talked to any woman in the last few days. If someone you can't see is visible to you, you'd better call the imperial physician instead of me.”

After giving advice with a brazen face, she left.

The aphorism will hold you back!

Iskanda felt her blood pressure rise sharply after a long time.

His dream was to become a not-so-bad emperor.

It wasn't difficult. Just do the opposite of what your father did.

Had it been the Emperor, the house would have been pushed away without a second thought. The landlord would have shed blood and tears, and the compensation, which was only a penny, would have been eaten by this bureaucrat and other bureaucrats in the middle.

Iskanda didn't want to do that.

Construction of the imperial palace was the first major project he undertook after ascending the throne. I wanted to show that times have changed. I wanted to make it as fair and fair as possible. I personally wanted it, but I also needed it.

Now the people of the Bratanian Empire should have been told just that. The story of how the state took care so that no one would feel unfair. I wanted to restore a little bit of the trust that had been ruined by my father.

But how can that heart be used in this way?

Iskanda had no doubts that the owner of lot 79 had nefarious intentions. Other than that, it was because he was not convinced that he refused the sale with a single blow even though he had agreed to pay the price of the land well.

He didn't understand. If you love it, you can. That if you accept something as a soul, it can be.

Iskanda was well aware of many things in the world, but had no idea that such feelings existed. So I felt betrayed.

Abusing the Emperor's generosity!

Because the opponent is a young girl, the whole country could be made funny, so I hoped that she would realize it herself and step back.

But the idea was wrong. It wasn't the time to be like this.

“I said Mayfield... ... ?”

Iskanda frowned, deep in thought.

\* \* \*

Luis Gallardo was a fashion pioneer.

Anything she wore looked classy. Sometimes, he gave a point with bold colors to formal attire, and sometimes he boldly used props that no one could have thought of. When she tried some novel fashion, it became fashionable in all probability.

But the fashion of that day was... .. It was too complicated.

Everyone who came to the Imperial Palace on Sunday looked at them with their mouths wide open.

She was wearing a very rustic red vest with a dull earth-colored shirt that no one could digest. He wore black boots under his baggy trousers that were rolled up to his knees.

What caught the eye more than anything else was the pitchfork hung from the back to the shoulder at an angle.

Lewis really liked this farmer's fashion. While enjoying people's gaze to the fullest, he waited for the two subordinates who were selected as today's helpers.

Soon they came.

One is Angelo "Monk" Giovanni.

Hearing that this knight, who was half-vampire, was nicknamed a monk, everyone frowned, saying that he was profane. Then when I saw him, everyone reacted the same way.

"AHA."

Angelo Giovanni was the best of the four Paladins. Both cheeks were hollow and the waist was thinner than the bride before the wedding. Lewis picked him as number one among his men who wanted to take him to Marronnier Farm.

Another was Henry Dunby. He didn't have a special nickname. It was healthy and tasted good. But his father was a farmer.

Lewis was a little nervous about trying out farming for the first time. So I decided to take the farmer's son with me.

Henry Dunby exclaimed as soon as he arrived.

“This is so stupid! People don't talk to Straw Hats! I can't do that!”

"then?"

“He will do it!”

Then he took out a hunting hat and showed it. Lewis was amazed.

“Be strict, too. You know farming, right?”

"sure!"

Lewis was in a good mood.

The weather was sunny and the wind was cool. I had no doubts that I could go to Marronnier Farm and have a wonderful day like this.

But that dream was immediately shattered.

Two shadows popped out from behind the giant topiary in the great garden. These were Sir Siegwald Saxon Spiegel, commander of the Lightning Knights, and Sir Cayenne Lunbad, the commander of the Storm Knights.

The two looked at Lewis in his farmer's outfit and pitchfork with astonished faces. Cayenne asked sternly.

“What are you doing now?”

Lewis' two men froze. Lewis said quickly.

"it's okay. it's okay."

“It’s okay, what’s okay?”

Cayenne took a temper.

“Let’s talk!”

The two grabbed Lewis, one arm from each side, and dragged him to the royal palace. It was a completely traitorous look.

“What are those clothes!”

Sigwald shouted first. It was very rare for a pacifist War Bear to speak first. It was that amazing.

“It’s a shame that Lorendel didn’t see this!”

"that's right! I think we're lucky! Had he been caught, he would have been despised throughout the high elves' long, long lifetimes! It will go down in history forever! Hundreds of years later, I will recall this moment and say! How stupid was Lewis back then... .”

Cayenne, who was just about to spread the word, stopped. As usual when he is distracted, he suddenly put out the sharp claws of the Catsie race again and grinded them on the tree in front of him.

The beautiful tree in front of you, National Treasure No. 354, General.

Just as he was about to withdraw his hand in embarrassment, one of the general's large branches broke and fell to the floor.

“... ..!”

Everyone was astonished.

Cayenne's face turned white. He immediately sat down on a branch in a lightning-like motion.

Siegwald said.

"wake up."

“... ..”

“There’s no use hiding it. wake up.”

Cayenne happened aesthetically.

After interrogating Lewis, it didn't matter what he did. Everyone was in contemplation and looked down at the floor.

The branches were dry and twisted, curled up in the dirt. The leaves were yellow from the edges.

Lewis picked up the branch and looked at the tip. The inside had turned black.

“The general is rotten!”

She screamed.

When I looked up again, I saw that there were not one or two yellowed leaves among the thick leaves of the tree. The wooden posts were hollowed out and infested with insects.

Sigwald was confused.

“The general is sick. I can't, so why?”

"Yeah! I can't do that!"

Lewis clicked his tongue and looked at Cayenne.

“So, you said you did something. Why can't you change that habit? The Holy Knights Commander is damaging the national treasure! What if I get caught?”

“I know it well because it has been presented at a conference. According to the Act on Special Cases concerning the Management of National Treasures, the higher the status, the more severe the punishment. This is because those who can freely visit the Imperial Palace Treasure Vault are the easiest to touch on the National Treasure. As the commander of the Holy Knights of the Imperial Advisory Council under the direct control of the emperor, we are the highest level... .”

Cayenne's face turned white again.

“It's a resignation. I have to give up the position of commander of the Seongpung Knights.”

Lewis was sober.

It was not the time to be silent. No matter how much you pull it off, experts will undoubtedly find traces of Catsie's scratching. No one in the imperial palace knew that not

one or two trees were dried up and killed by the commander of the Seongpung Knights because of his hand habit. When this fact becomes known to the outside, it is the end.

“There is only one way.”

Siegwald said.

“We have to heal the general.”

“But how?”

Cayenne was already in a state of panic.

In the chaotic eyes, everyone's finger pointing, the dishonorable and humiliating retirement ceremony, the heartbreaking parting with the Knights of the Holy Wind, and the life of being locked up in a manor as a naughty child came to mind.

When the commander of the Knights Commander came out for the first time from the Runebard family, which has produced only wizards for generations, how happy were all the Catsies of the Nine Hills!

“I don't want to be kicked out... . . . But how do we fix the general? Did you fix the tree?”

“Lorendel would have done it.”

“Are you sane?”

Lewis dismissed Siegwald's comments.

“To bring him in is just to destroy him. Lorendel is dead. Even when he wakes up, he can't lie! 'I have something to hide' with reddened eyes. and advertised, and if someone poked me, they would blow it away.”

“It is, but... .”

“I know one.”

she said cut off.

Siegwald and Cayenne faced each other.

"no way... .”

"No."

Lewis frowned.

“You guys, aren’t you treating me like a witch? I’m an agricultural expert, so I’m just going to show it to you. You have to go down to see it. We have nothing to lose in this situation anyway.”

It really was. I didn't know when someone would come in and see the general's condition. It felt like hugging a bomb.

Let's catch some straw.

Lewis threw the gamble with a desperate heart.

\* \* \* At

that time, Hazel was working in the fields.

Stew was not ready in the end. No matter how much I thought about it, it was unreasonable to come to the grocery store while under the ban. It seemed that there would be people who would get caught up in needlessly.

So, I decided to just dust off the ingredients in the house.

First, I baked two large country breads. In the vegetable garden where there was chicory, I plucked endive, beet leaves and arugula. A fresh salad with cheese and smoked sausage were served, and the plan was to serve them together by frying the potatoes in butter.

But Lewis didn't come.

what?

I blinked in embarrassment and was pulling the grass, when I heard a sign from the back of the house. It seemed like someone was coming closer while talking.

I left the homie and went quickly.

Finally, Lewis arrived.

Through a note shoved in the doorway, Lewis said that he would bring two men today. One is a subordinate who is too weak and wants to feed him something delicious. The other is a subordinate who is good at farming.

indeed.

The blond boy knight following Lewis was very clever, but his face was blurry and he died blue. It looked like it was about to fall.

Another knight walking next to him was very strong. He had dark eyebrows, a closed mouth, a strong yet very aristocratic face, and taller than Lewis, so Hazel seemed to have to look up for a while.

One is really bad and the other will do a good job.

Hazel nodded and looked up, then suddenly stiffened.

They were not wearing the uniforms of the Knights Templar. The color of the uniform and the color of the cloak were also different. But the medals and epaulets were the same as Lewis... . . . .

Not Lewis' men.

They are the commanders of the Holy Knights!

That tall and strong man was not a human, but a Berserk clan, half-human and half-beast of superhuman strength. It must be the commander of the Torpedo Knights of the War Bear race, whom my grandfather, whom I met as soon as I arrived in the capital, spoke of. And another one... . . . .

Are you an elf?

The thought crossed my mind for a moment, but it wasn't.

Her hair curled up slightly above her head, like an animal's ear, and her slender pupils glistened in the afternoon sunlight.

I knew right away when I saw it. This boy was Katsy. Among the Catsies of the Nine Hills, they are the Golden Catsie race with golden fur.

When two more commanders of the Holy Knights suddenly appeared, Hazel was stunned. I asked without knowing.

"what brings you here... .. ?"

Siegwald and Cayenne looked at the girl in the straw hat.

There stood a simple farmer.

The two had similar thoughts at the same time as to how well they were able to make that stubborn expression characteristic of a rural person, but also gently warn against 'the high-ranking people from abroad'.

Unless he's a rare acting genius, he's a real farmer.

In the former case, he would not have suffered from being treated as an invisible person, but would have gone to a theater company earlier and seized all the rich and noble films he wanted.

So, are you a real farmer? ... ?

Then Lewis patted them on the shoulder.

Oh.

As I said before, they went to the pyre and sat down as if there was no one there.

It was really funny when I tried to do it. However, this is the only way to quickly inform the situation when conversation is not allowed.

Lewis opened his mouth.

"Today, for some reason, I used the secret passage and ended up coming to the back of the house. What do you do anyway? The general is sick. We, General Leonhard Maximus

Reutenberg, are National Treasure No. 354, the elm tree, and have been serving as the mascot of the Imperial Palace dance hall used by the emperor and the knights of the National Advisory Council, but he suddenly fell ill.”

Hazel looked up in surprise.

what? What is this awkward line?

It was like playing a play.

“It’s all my fault.”

The Knight Commander, Katsy, also accepted it awkwardly like the lines of a play.

"I've been harassing you by grinding your nails on the general's torso. It is highly probable that that had a major impact on the general's illness. I really didn't know it was going to be like this. There has never been a tree stronger than the general in this imperial palace. I took good care of you, so why the hell?"

“I took good care of you too.”

“Me too.”

The three sighed as the ground was gone. Lewis spoke again.

“Anyway, it’s a big deal. If this fact leaks out, Cayen will have to return his post as the commander of the Seongpung Knights in accordance with the Special Act on the Management of National Treasures. With a high position comes great responsibility.”

“But it’s embarrassing. It was not that Cayenne sold or destroyed the national treasure. The general just got sick for a while. We need to get better soon.”

“But we don’t know anything about trees, do we?”

"uh? Siegwald, Cayenne. look over there There's a straw hat over there! Anyone who wears such a fine straw hat must be an expert with a deep knowledge of trees. I want to ask that person. Have you ever healed a sick tree?"

Hazel finally understood the full story. I knew very well what trouble they were going through right now.

"I have fixed it."

The three of them almost jumped at the answer.

Lewis was very happy. I got up quickly from the pile of firewood.

"Owners of such a great straw hat must be busy, but it would be great if you could follow us while saving the cats, vampires and bears!"

Having said that, I hurried to the front.

Hazel followed the three knights in a somewhat bewildered mood.

I went out of the farm fence and drilled through the dark path of the maze garden. In an instant, we came to a place with an artificial waterway. Siegwald flashed the water-spitting dolphin statue. One huge slab at the bottom of the canal went down.

There was an underground staircase.

"There are several secret passages in the Imperial Palace. This is one of the most unknown passageways. As we expanded the Imperial Palace, we connected it to the old passage, but if you go to the end, it leads to the theater."

Lewis pretended to be talking to himself and explained.

I walked down the dark underground passage for a long time. Finally, another staircase appeared. I went upstairs and my eyes were wide open.

It was a very spacious land.

A knight doll wearing a helmet and armor was standing on the field where the grass had been cut short. I could see the targets running straight ahead. On one side, all kinds of unheard of weapons were lined up.

This was the royal palace dance hall. It is a place where the emperor and the commanders of the Holy Knights train.

When I turned around, I saw an elm tree in the middle of the resting chairs that I made to sit around.

Lewis explained, pretending to be talking to himself again.

“The history of that tree goes back to Ramstein III. A civil war broke out between the two princes over the succession to the throne. When Ramstein IV was ambushed, he managed to escape through a secret passage to the gymnasium. But my brother's enlisted men attacked me right away. Ramstein IV managed to survive by hiding behind a thick tree and fighting. The tree, who protected the next emperor by being stabbed countless times, was later given the title of lord and general. It is so strong that it has held up well over the years.”

"i See. It would be great for nail polish.”

“What do you say? It sticks very well to your nails... . . . .”

Cayenne bit her tongue and quickly shut her mouth.

Hazel glanced at the tree.

One large branch fell off, but it covered the flat part with it as if Lewis was touching the thick hair of a bald old woman. But the disease could not be hidden.

This tree was very painful just looking at it. There were rot-like spots all over the body. The leaves turned yellow. The fact that several leaves had turned black stood out, indicating that the condition was serious.

“I have to get my hands on it right now. But I'm out of my mind and I'm here empty-handed. I need a small sharp knife, five bottles of wine, rubbing alcohol, and a clean cloth.”

Lewis, Siegwald and Cayenne hurried away. After a while, the things we ordered were prepared in a hurry.

Can you really fix it?

The bear and the cat stared at each other with pounding hearts.

Hazel went right into surgery.

Elm bark is good for rhinitis and bronchitis and has an anti-inflammatory effect that treats inflammation. The precious shells were rotten in several places. Hazel tore them apart one by one and cut out the rotten parts underneath with a sharp knife. In order not to leave germs on the spot, I wiped it thoroughly with a clean cloth moistened with alcohol.

The three watched with breath.

It's definitely not something I've done once or twice. Like a seasoned surgeon, wherever Hazel reached, the exact area to be removed was cut. But there were too many rotten spots. It was extremely cumbersome work.

Sweat began to form on Hazel's forehead. By the time it was all over, dark brown hair was clinging to her forehead. With everyone watching, Hazel took the wine's stopper with a very familiar skill and drank it.

Did I tell you to bring it for a drink?

Cayenne was perplexed.

Did you run me a drinking errand?

Then Hazel crushed the cork with a stone and minced it with a knife. He sealed a hole deep in the tree with it. Everyone's eyes widened. Cayenne asked without knowing it.

“Why cork... ..?”

“The material for cork is the bark of oyster oak.”

Hazel replied.

“So, instead of the bark, you can become the tree’s clothing. For wine used in the Imperial Palace, it must have been made of high-quality and strong cork. They want to dig deep and protect the dangerous area with it.”

Then he put his hand into the hole inside and scraped off a bunch of bugs. Cayenne groaned and screamed inwardly, but Hazel scraped it off without a frown. And it was also antibacterial.

Eventually, the operation was over when the sun was setting.

“Now all the pain is gone. From now on, it's up to the general. You have to recover yourself. I'll give you a good night's rest, then I'll see you tomorrow morning.”

Hazel said.

The three nodded quietly.

dawn the next day.

There were no people in the Imperial Palace garden at this time, so there was no need to use the secret passage. Hazel, wearing a black cloak, followed Louis, Siegwald, and Cayenne to see the general.

And I was surprised.

... .. no?

It was a curious thing.

There was no traffic at all. The general was still in pain.

The three knights were discouraged.

“Why are you still sick?”

“Is it too old?”

“Now what?”

Hazel lifted her hand from the tree.

“I’m going to wait one more day and see.”

“What if someone comes and sees this tree in the meantime?”

Cayenne bit her lip, pondering, then raised a hand.

Katsy's hallucinatory magic was activated.

Using magic puts a burden on the environment, so you have to pay a high magic tax. However, the hallucinatory series is excluded from that.

An opaque magic curtain surrounded the space around the general. said Cayenne.

“I put it out of consciousness for a while. But if someone comes to you thinking they want to see this tree, the magic will be broken.”

“Oh, His Majesty, Empress Dowager! You like this tree!”

Lewis responded to Siegwald's words.

“After all, you don't go for a walk these days. Ys is busy with what she's doing, and Lorendel wouldn't come alone.”

they disbanded

I did get some more time with this. But Hazel couldn't understand English at all.

The souls of plants and animals are not complex. If you treat the painful part, you will get better soon. No matter how you look back, there were no mistakes during the operation. Well done thoroughly.

The vegetables next to the kitchen were getting fresher day by day, and they were proud to put them anywhere. Herb buds also grew vigorously. The vegetable garden seemed to sprout sooner or later. Everything was going well.

But why doesn't that tree do what it always does?

Hazel was very upset.

The next day, everyone went to see the general like dawn. I had so desperately hoped that I would now recover my energy, but there was still no improvement.

Hazel was frustrated.

“Why the hell... .. !”

Cayen sighed as he looked at this Straw Hat lady, even more discouraged than he was. He looked into the air and spoke to himself.

“You have done enough. Thank you enough for that. Now I will prepare my heart and just accept it.”

“... ..”

I didn't know what to do. Hazel shuddered back and thought.

Can not be done. It would have been absolutely unacceptable for the general to die like this, or for the commander of the Seongpung Knights to be caught up in a scandal even though I had not seen him for a few days.

Hazel lay on the hay bed, pondering and pondering.

I think I'm missing something. What is it?

Over there, I heard the nightingale crying somewhere in the Imperial Palace, and I tried to reproduce it from the beginning step by step. Then I suddenly remembered what they had said.

- There has never been a tree stronger than the general in this imperial palace. I took good care of you, but why the hell?

- I took good care of you too.

- Me too.

Hazel jumped up. A lightning bolt of realization came.

What you've done so far is wrong!

I just put on a robe over my pajamas and ran out without a hitch.

This is not a pest!

As I ran, I recalled old memories.

Hazel was, of course, very interested in trees from an early age.

When I was thirteen, I went to the mansion of an old gentleman named Godfrey every Wednesday and dictated the autobiography he dictated. It was very boring, but there was one pleasure. On the way to the mansion, there was a site where an orchard was being built.

Each time Hazel passed by, he would stand for a long time and look around. Planting and caring for trees was very exciting. Even so, it was a time when all knowledge was absorbed like a sponge.

While looking hard, one day I saw workers treating trees that looked very sick. Hazel walked over quickly, turned on the lights in her eyes, and looked at her. Even in the horse chestnut forest that will one day surround his farm, if a tree gets sick like that, you have to treat it, so I wanted to study it in advance.

“Why are you here? Where are you sick? what is that? What are you doing now?”

The workers were puzzled by the little girl who came too close and peered into the tree. Even if I asked him to go away, I persisted in asking him without going, and he finally explained it to me.

“These trees are not sick. Even though it is not a pest, it is easy to be mistaken for a pest, which is a symptom that bothers many farmers. This is it... .”

Recalling the memories of that time, Hazel ran even faster.

The guards of the Imperial Palace saw 'she' running swiftly like a bright night-eyed wild cat, preoccupied with something.

But according to the emperor's decree, they should have seen nothing. I couldn't even raise a report to the superior. Because the subject cannot be written.

They were in agony and followed him secretly. I stopped only after seeing 'she' passing through various buildings and small gardens and heading to the dance hall in the area where the old imperial palace used to be.

No matter how much trouble 'she' is, she will not be able to do anything there. It was because there was a lamp hanging in the dance hall indicating that the commanders of the Holy Knights were studying martial arts.

We didn't see anything.

Fearing the Emperor's decree, the guards hurriedly withdrew.

Seeing the dance hall in the dark, Hazel hurried even more. My heart was so rushed that I jumped in without realizing that the lights were hanging outside and the inside was bright.

Then Cayenne sighed.

“... . I can't help it. Because it is self-sufficient.”

While lamenting about his situation, he noticed that he had forgotten to lock the door and got up.

At that moment, Hazel jumped in.

uh?

Not only Cayenne, but also Lewis and Sigwald, who were so worried that they did not even leave the palace and watched the general's condition, were astonished.

Hazel rushed and ran through the dirt beneath the general. I rubbed my fingertips to shake it off, then drank it with my tongue to taste it. And excited.

“It is, too!”

The three holy knights looked at them with their mouths open.

Their only hope seemed to have finally caught on!

But there was one problem.

There was no straw hat over her brown hair that came out of her sleep.

how do you talk

Cayenne hesitated, but only one thought came to mind. Among the books I had brought to read while nursing the general, I opened a novel and looked through it.

There was just the right dialogue. So I read it out loud.

"I'm going to ask the Lady, what's going on now?"

"I finally figured it out!"

Hazel exclaimed excitedly.

"I'll explain later! I'm glad everyone is here! I need lime powder right now! And dwarf cauliflower! They grow well and have broad roots, so you need 30 or 40! Go to a flower wholesaler where ordinary people go, knock on the door and ask!"

Lewis, Siegwald, and Cayenne ran out like lightning.

In the meantime, Hazel carefully dug the ground with the pole of the gymnasium. Even the roots of the trees were not in good condition. But, strangely enough, there were very healthy and strong rhizomes here and there.

"thank God. There is hope."

Hazel muttered.

After a while, the three returned. It was past midnight, but everything was prepared as requested. do it There would be nothing that the commanders of the Imperial Paladins could not find in the capital here.

Now time is a problem.

Hazel hurriedly sprinkled the ground with lime powder. And he dug the ground using one of the weapons lying around the gym. In fact, it was a kind of halberd that the emperor had been collecting from the north. They all rushed to dig together, and planted dwarf cabbage seedlings in the ground around where the general was standing.

Soon the work was finished.

"I'm done."

Hazel brushed off her muddy hands.

But what did you do?

Lewis, Sigwald, and Cayenne stared at Hazel with curious, dying faces. When their eyes met, the three quickly turned their heads. Because in principle there is no one there.

카옌은 다시 소설책을 들고 읽었다.

"I'm going to ask the Lady, what was that action just now?"

Hazel replied.

"A cure for addiction."

"Poisoning?"

Everyone was surprised. Lewis exclaimed.

"Who was trying to poison you?"

"that's right. The general almost got poisoned. Because of the poison called 'friendship'."

"I beg your pardon?"

Cayenne asked, forgetting to go through the novels.

What the hell are you talking about?

Everyone was curious, so only Hazel's mouth was staring at him. A poison in the name of friendship almost poisoned the tree? I didn't know English.

The conversation began in earnest while looking at the distant mountains.

“I thought about it. The reason why a tree that had always been strong suddenly became ill was because at some point there had been a change. change in the surrounding environment. I guess there must have been some event that made everyone concerned about the health of this tree at the same time.”

"right. that day."

Siegwald said. Cayenne further explained.

“Because the other day, I sharpened the nails on the general’s body in front of everyone. If you keep doing that, the general will be wrong because of me, and everyone said one word at a time.”

His face turned red. It was because he remembered what he had been saying about this young lady in front of him... . . . .

“I thought so.”

Hazel nodded.

“So that day, after hearing everyone’s words, he suddenly became anxious and did some kind of action. But it wasn't alone. Two other people came to this place secretly and did the same thing. I was nagging, but on the inside, I was worried that the general was really wrong and my friend would be in trouble. That action is 'fertilizing'. Everyone secretly bought fertilizer and gave it to the general.”

The three were surprised.

"what? Did you too?"

"All together?"

"You mean I wasn't the only one who gave you fertilizer?"

That's what it was, but the real thing was different.

"The problem was the fertilizer."

Hazel said to them.

"Tell me. What kind of fertilizer did you buy?"

"The most expensive one."

The three answered at the same time and were surprised again.

"In which store?"

"The biggest store ever."

At the same time, I answered and was surprised.

"That's it!"

When the reasoning was right, Hazel felt proud.

"Everyone bought the same fertilizer from the same store. The price of fertilizer is there anyway. The most expensive means large capacity. No matter what kind of fertilizer it was,

there wouldn't have been a problem if three large sacks had been sprayed... . . . In particular, it was boron fertilizer. As a result, there was too much boron in the soil, which caused poisoning.”

“Boron poisoning... . . . ?”

"Yes. No matter how you look at the symptoms of boron poisoning, it is similar to pests and pests, so farmers who do not know this often lose precious trees while only working to get rid of pests. It was the first time I'd ever seen a tree this big, so I didn't know it. How much substitute fertilizer was poured... . . . .”

The three did not raise their heads. Even though Hazel was speaking out of genuine admiration.

After all, my grandfather's saying, 'Life is a real battle' was true. It was really different when I actually jumped into farming. If some special conditions had not been met, this would never have happened.

I'm sure you'll be observing such a special case in the imperial palace, which used to be scary. I was very happy to acquire another agricultural knowledge.

Of course, unless you're worried about General.

Hazel looked at the withered tree under the moonlight.

“First, I sprinkled it with lime to prevent boron from being absorbed into the roots. And these dwarf cauliflowers will be the salvation knights. It is famous for its crops that are particularly good at absorbing boron. This can cure boron poisoning. Give me a little more time. If you are a general, you will definitely do it.”

"okay... . . . .”

Lewis, Siegwald and Cayenne nodded.

Then I realized later.

At first, obviously, we started looking at the distant mountain, but sooner or later we started talking while facing each other. His Majesty's Majesty's dictum had become fuzzy.

no. There was still a hole to get out of.

“He, he, the gown... ... ! A gown that speaks very well!”

Lewis hastily fixed it.

The commotion of the night ended like that.

Hazel was very tired. But now I was able to sleep with my legs stretched out.

General, stay strong.

I cheered in my heart and buried my face in the pillow.

\* \* \* The

next day I woke up early.

For the past few days, round and round clouds have piled up in the blue sky. It meant that the weather would continue to be sunny.

Some people said that things get out of hand if there's something to be concerned about, but Hazel was different. When I calmed down, the fields used to be clean. After tidying up the vegetable garden that will soon sprout, there is still time left even after a day's worth of chores.

Hazel lay on the bed and peered through the farm equipment flyers from Rochelle. He spent his time watching the apple shredders, sawdust makers, and wheeled fertilizer spreaders that would be completely useless to him.

But no news came.

It was the same the next day. Lewis didn't show his face either.

The three of them will be using all the means and methods that the imperial paladin commander has right now to completely blockade the imperial palace's rehearsal hall... . . . .

in the morning of the fourth day.

I was sitting blankly on the bed when I heard a bang.

Hazel got up quickly and looked out.

It was Lewis. With a very excited face, he was banging on the door that wasn't even closed.

This time, I did not forget the straw hat and went along with it.

It was early in the morning, so I sneaked across the quiet imperial palace, and everyone was there. All three of them had black under their eyes, but they pointed to a part of the general with a bright face.

There was a very small, yellow-green shoot sprouting up there.

The end of the disease and the beginning of the recovery period are parallel, but there is a very sharp and clear line between them. Anyone who has ever cared for a sick person with a burning stomach knows this. Once you have crossed over to this world, you can stop worrying about going back.

The general had definitely crossed over to this world.

It didn't wither now. The dead leaves fell off the rainwater and became flat, but it looked like they had just gotten thinner. No one can question the general's health.

Toxins were driven out of the soil. Even the shadows of nightmares were driven away.

A deep sense of relief and a strange sense of solidarity between those who secretly accomplished difficult things together filled the space with pride. All smiled and looked at the old elm tree.

Cayenne murmured.

“Friendship is a good thing, but sometimes the feeling of being for a friend can be poisonous unintentionally.”

Then he was startled by his words.

This clever Catsie often found her enlightenment in the wrong place. In hindsight, what they had just gone through certainly meant something.

Contrary to his appearance, the contemplative War Bear also fell into thought. He also seemed to have feelings.

But before they could say anything, Hazel had already turned and walked away. The back figure with the straw hat disappeared quickly.

Siegwald and Cayenne were bewildered.

"already?"

“Are you just going?”

Lewis replied.

“Originally. He's done with his work, so he wants to get back to his beloved farm quickly.”

"However... ..”

I haven't even said thank you yet.

Cayenne swallowed the words. can't say thank you That would be against the Emperor's decree.

disgusting adage.

Sigwald was also thinking the same thing, and his face was frowned in dissatisfaction.

Lewis looked very good. Hazel had no choice but to return to the farm. It was because there was something that came to mind when I saw the small sprouts sprouting from the general.

Maybe today... ..

The pace was getting faster.

When the servants who were sweeping the palace's grand garden saw Hazel, they quickly turned around and pretended they didn't see it. It's a shame because I knew in advance that the objects of the maxim would appear randomly around here. My heart almost stopped when I thought that a ghost wearing a straw hat had appeared.

Other than that, Hazel returned to the farm in the middle of the garden, unintentionally surprised by the cheating men and women who lied about going to the dawn exercise and secret talks in the maze garden, or the squirrel biting the tree fruit.

I went straight to the vegetable garden. Slowly my feet stopped.

On the first day I came here, the garden where I plucked grass and sown seeds while arguing with Cecil of the Royal Palace. In Hazel's field, which he had been caring for every day, a green color could be seen along the neat furrows.

sprouts will sprout

Hazel squatted in front of him.

Eggplant, tomato, pumpkin, and corn all sprouted safely. Hazel lightly touched the little bud that protruded through the dirt. It was very soft and soft.

great job!

Hazel was thrilled.

It is natural for seeds to sprout after planting and watering them. But if your bastard does everything everyone else is doing, you're like, "Aren't you a genius?" Would you say it feels like a thrill? I wanted to hold onto this person and that person and brag about it.

Once again, I was moved to have such a good farm. And I thought.

I need to make compost.

When it grows to a certain extent and young leaves appear, I wanted to give them a nutritious meal. If you compost it the farm way, it will thrive. Not the expensive fertilizers sold in stores... . . . .

Well, I saw that.

Hazel thought about it while collecting wood ash.

When I dug up the ground before, there were definitely some rhizomes that supported the general under his feet. It was also a very strong and sturdy tree, but someone added extra strength to it.

There was another person who secretly gave fertilizer.

There are four Holy Knights commanders in total. There was at least one person who knew how to properly use fertilizer. It was obvious who it was.

A friend of the trees, an elf.

\* \* \*

Lord Lorendel Blenheim, the commander of the Holy Wood Knights, stared blankly at the large elm tree in front of him.

"What is this?"

Unknown round lumps surrounded the General, National Treasure No. 354.

Those are obviously edible vegetables. It was an aesthetic sense that could not be understood at all, for it was a decoration of the general.

Meanwhile, Iskanda was bewildered when she discovered that the halberd brought from the north had dirt on it.

"what's this?"

The two looked at each other with puzzled faces.

“What has happened here in the last few days?”

"I do not know."

Lorendel looked around the arena.

"I'm pretty sure they didn't develop biological and chemical weapons."

The high elf's neat face frowned slightly.

Lewis, Siegwald and Cayenne made an offer to him a few days ago. It was about whether or not to work together to develop chemical and biological weapons using the sticky saliva of the Orcs. Lorendel, of course, refused. Orc saliva! For several days, they did not even approach the area around the gymnasium.

Then, there was news to tell Siegwald in a hurry.

There is a big wildfire in Basel. Fortunately, the fire was extinguished, but the power of the Torpedo Knights, a powerful Berserk clan, was needed to fix the scene. When Iskanda and I came to deliver the news, everyone had nowhere to go and only the gymnasium was shaped like this.

“Something is strange.”

Lorendel murmured.

“Come to think of it, isn't it suspicious that the two of them are suddenly hanging out with Louise again? Perhaps... . . .”

"No way."

Iskanda dismissed it.

“Until a few days ago, we all criticized Lewis together. It's funny that I'm suffering, so Lewis mobilizes his subordinates to play weird plays and pranks.”

“It is, but... . . . .”

Something caught my mind.

Anyway, I had to tell Siegwald the important news quickly. They sent someone to the mansion and they entered the palace like dawn. I didn't know where I was stuck.

Iskanda and Lorendel left the dance floor. It was when I was wandering around looking for Siegwald, and came to the gloomy forest behind the Sun Palace.

“... . . Because I really wanted to dig and hide!”

“I saw it too. Your face turns red.”

Cayenne and Louise's voices were heard. Siegwald said, “Ummm.” And a low affirmation was heard.

“You were like that back then. I'm going to die soon. If you lose interest, you will wither to death... . . . ! I was just having a lot of fun. But you will get this kind of help!”

Lewis spoke again. Although the subject was intentionally omitted, it seemed to be talking about the owner of the land in the middle of the imperial palace.

But can you help?

Iskanda and Lorendel looked at each other with puzzled faces.

no way... . . . .

The two quickly walked over to it.

Lewis, Cayenne, and Siegwald continued talking without knowing anything.

“Everyone should have known about this. That's why you shouldn't talk about things you don't know.”

"Yes it is. But who was talking about dog poop?"

“... . . . .”

“Anyway, what I want to say is this. 'Friendship is a good thing, but sometimes the feeling of being for a friend can be poisonous unintentionally.' We've always been on the side of Ys. I thought maybe it could be poison.”

Iskanda and Lorendel stopped as they approached.

Cayenne continued.

“Isn't it? I thought it was a good thing at the time to issue the ban, but it turned out that it wasn't. This incident has really brought me to enlightenment. If we get it wrong, we could be something like boron fertilizer for Ys.”

"okay."

Siegwald agreed.

“I agree to some extent. How does farming give you this kind of realization? It might not be bad to have such a space in the Imperial Palace.”

"I know, right. Really, who can force you out? It's about exercising your right to land. And in a way that is very beneficial to others."

"Ugh! I told you that until my mouth was worn out! I haven't heard that much!"

Lewis was dazzled.

"I'm glad you know now. Now I have to convince Iss... ... How are you going to tell this story?"

"I don't need to tell you."

The three were startled by the sound of a voice from behind.

Lorendel stood tall. His face was trembling with a sense of betrayal to the extent that his complexion turned white.

"How could this be? Knowing how troubled Iss is with that!"

"that is... ..."

Louise bit her lip in embarrassment.

"We cleared up the misunderstanding. This is something you won't understand unless you go there yourself. Iss, you too... ..."

"What is incomprehensible!"

Iskanda exclaimed.

"You mean you weren't joking? were you serious? It's the subject I've issued an decree against! But are the people who are closest to the emperor actually colluding?"

Lewis shrugged.

“You are so excited right now. No matter what you say now, I won't listen to you. I can't have a conversation.”

Then he turned around and went away. Siegwald and Cayenne silently followed.

“... ..”

Iskanda was stunned and speechless.

The 22-year-old was not the age to hang around with friends like the 12-year-old, but it wasn't the age where he had a solid world of his own like the 32-year-old. Besides, they are not just friends, they are childhood friends who have been through the difficult imperial palace together under the emperor. They are comrades who have traveled the battlefield together countless times.

But not because of conflicting political views, nor because of conflicting social positions... .. To say that someone tried to shove it next to the imperial palace.

"It's clear what's going on with everyone's hair! I can't all raise my head!"

Lorendel was more angry than him, though. But, far from feeling refreshed, I couldn't shake the strangely uncomfortable feeling.

Iskanda did not believe in fate. Of course, if you are one of the three best swordsmen in the world, you can live without knowing such a word.

But some sharp sixth sense moved.

Some kind of movement was taking place around that 'Mayfield' in a place he didn't know. Three friends have already gone over to her and even said that they would convince her.

I didn't know what had happened.

My head was hurting terribly. It seemed like she was going to be a huge troublemaker.

He said that even the emperor of the empire could not forcibly evict a noble woman who opened a salon on a private property. You have to pack your own bags and leave.

If so, there was one way that I came up with after much deliberation.

He came to the office and called the attendant.

“Call the wise Rastavan.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

After a while, the sage ran so that his eyebrows fluttered. He had an excited face.

“Are you finally authorizing the experiment? I was worried because there was no suitable place.”

Iskanda replied.

“You can do it inside the palace. Above the garden right next to my palace.”

Sage Rastavan was astonished.

"Yes? Then you will only see the raining scenery outside the window... . . . .”

“Isn't that better than the smell of manure?”

“... ..!”

The sage suddenly realized.

“You are truly blessed. If the skies over there were designated as a national meteorological testing zone, no matter how chaotic the leeches were, they would have no choice but to raise a white flag. You can't force yourself to farm in a place where it's pouring rain... ..”

Iskanda cut off the wise man's words.

“Will the effect be certain?”

"sure! The artificial rainfall technology we devised is perfect. This could help address issues such as the drought that plagues the Balkhas province. And also the sad news this morning... .. It is an excellent solution to disasters like the wildfires in Basel.”

Iskanda nodded her head.

But the moment he was about to open his mouth, an ominous feeling crossed his chest. It was a foreboding that this event would bring some misfortune.

No way. It must be some kind of misunderstanding.

He brushed off that feeling.

"great. approve the experiment. Let's proceed right away.”

\* \* \*

That time.

Sigwald heard the news late, and hurriedly left the palace and returned home. As I was dragging my horse out, I ran into my seven-year-old twins approaching with hesitation.

I really didn't fall out of my mouth... . . . .

“There is a wildfire in Basel and we have to go.”

"Yes. I know.”

Anna Sophia answered her tears confidently. Even Isabella kept her big eyes wide open so as not to cry.

The two children in muslin dresses, with their curly blonde hair hanging under their wide-brimmed hats, were as cute as sugar dolls on a cake. It was good to see how excited he was to go on a picnic and how much he had prepared.

Sigwald looked at the younger brothers with pitying eyes.

All the children of the Saxon Spiegel family were ill before the age of ten. It was family history.

My father, who made a name for himself by hunting down infamous monsters, and his two aunts who drove war horses and wielded mace to protect the people of the territory, before he was ten years old, he was as weak as if he were going to blow away. More than a dozen brothers and sisters almost all died from colds or tetanus, and only three survived.

The twins, whose parents got them late, were struggling through that time right now. The only pleasure was the spring picnic.

In March in Avalon, the capital city, the daily temperature difference is severe. April often rains. May was perfect. It was sunny all month long. On a quiet weekday, in the safe palace

garden, it was best to enjoy a picnic with an older brother who was more reliable than anyone else in the world as if I had come to play in a real forest.

Anna

couldn't help it.

He said the scene in Basel was a mess and the embers were still there. It was the task of the Knights of the Lightning Storm to rectify this situation.

"I'm sorry. I'll see you again on vacation."

Sigwald sighed.

That was then.

Someone strode into the front yard of the mansion. Everyone looked at them with their eyes wide open.

"If it was a vacation, I paid it. You can go in after lunch."

Lorendel said without looking at Siegwald.

Although I blushed over trifles in the morning... ... Still, Siegwald was his dear friend. had to help

"Sir Blenheim!"

The two girls, who loved Lorendel very much, ran to them with leaping joy. Her face was wide open as if she had been depressed.

"It's been good for those kids."

Sigwald laughed.

He glanced at Lorendel, who was still ignoring him, and then got on his horse more relaxed. Together with the members of the Lightning Knights who were waiting, they immediately departed for Basel.

Lorendel gave Isabella a hug. With the other hand, she took Anna Sophia's hand.

“You can't get a better picnic day than this. The weather is really nice.”

Grandma Esmeralda said with a laugh. This old woman of warwolf was as old as an elf god. What she said was never wrong.

Lorendel replied with a smile.

"Yes. The weather is great."

\* \* \*

Anna Sophia was very happy.

My brother couldn't go because he was busy, but Lorendel came instead. Sir Lorendel Blenheim is the coolest knight in the world.

Moreover, he never confuses his twins Anna Sophia and Isabella, and never forgets who the older sister is. Just before, Isabella had hugged her, held her hand, and treated her like an older sister.

So today's picnic had to be perfect.

The sun was transparent and the clouds were soft. Through the picturesque pond of the imperial palace hanging in my mother's room, through the large palace newly built by His Majesty, who was also my brother's friend, into the small forest directly adjacent to the garden.

The picnic area was there.

“It would be nice here.”

Lorendel spread a checkered blanket in a small garden of purple anemone flowers. The basket prepared at home was full of sandwiches and delicious snacks.

Everything was perfect, as Anna Sophia had envisioned.

After the two children were satisfied with the sweets coated with honey, they played with Lorendel. Then I drew a picture. When I turned around to brag, Lorendel, who was reading a book, leaning against a tree, was asleep.

“I must have been tired.”

“The knight commander is difficult.”

The two looked at each other for a moment and then turned their heads. They exchanged meaningful glances with each other.

“Now.”

The two children sneaked up to them and secretly stretched out their hands. I grabbed a handful of the platinum-colored hair of this Elf Knight Commander, my favorite. I've been wanting to braid for a long time.

The two quickly moved their hands without making a click.

Lorendel wasn't actually asleep. I just closed my eyes for a moment. But the two kids seemed to like it, so I just pretended to sleep. After leaving my hair like that for a long time... ... I really fell asleep. The sun was warm, the twins were quiet, and they had had trouble sleeping for days agonizing over Lewis' problems.

Anna Sophia and Isabella braided Lorendel's hair for a long time. However, they gave up because they couldn't get the shape they wanted, like the ears of wheat.

“Stop it and do something else.”

The two decided to make a wreath for Esmeralda's grandmother. Purple anemones, white daisies, yellow freesias... ... I wandered around picking up the scattered flowers one by one.

Then, suddenly, something fell on my forehead. Anna Sophia shook her head.

Cold drops of water dripped down his nose and cheeks. The sky, which had been blue until recently, had turned black.

The two children looked at each other in fear.

"be empty!"

At that moment, it rained.

The two children's eyes instantly darkened. I didn't even know where this was. He had come too far to pick flowers.

"What do we do!"

"Come on!"

Anna Sophia grabbed her frightened sister's hand and ran. I had to quickly find the building and dodge into it. But no matter how much I ran, there was no building.

If you've come this far, your majesty's palace should come out! There were only bushes and trees along the way.

Anna Sophia didn't know. It was the Imperial Palace by turning it sideways in the forest. Like a startled beast, I ran forward without thinking about the direction, so I came down from the garden and entered the great garden... . . .

“Sister, it’s cold!”

Isabella's lips were blue. Anna Sophia hugged her sister tightly. It was like embracing a piece of cold, soaked wood. When I checked my nails, they were all purple. It was dangerous.

No more rain here.

I took Isabella into the bush. It was raining heavily inside. I blocked it with my shoulders and arms so that it wouldn't touch my brother. and shouted

"Help me!"

No one answered.

"Help me! Please save me!"

Above the garden where the screams of children resound. Dark dark clouds were spreading quickly across the grayish frown sky.

\* \* \*

Hazel was working in the fields, unaware of the situation above her head.

I really didn't feel anything at all. Until something cold fell on the nape of my neck.

"uh?"

At that moment, black spots appeared on the ground. The ground was wet and I could smell the earthy smell.

Hazel was perplexed.

Even this morning, the field was covered with white dew. There was not a single cloud in the sky. Everything told me that today will be sunny as well.

But suddenly it was raining. It was also a huge downpour. Beyond the farm fence, from the fountain side, panicked screams and the sound of running away could be heard.

It's a big deal.

The well-manicured field was moist and soft, and a hole had already been dug.

Hazel hurriedly ran to the barn and got the planks. I'm building a wall to prevent the sprouts from being washed away along with the soil in heavy rain... . . .

Suddenly, a scream was heard.

I thought it was a hallucination and grabbed the board again, and heard it again. It was a very desperate scream.

Young kid?

Hazel threw the board and ran.

I couldn't see ahead because of the heavy rain. I wandered frantically, wiping away the rainwater that ran into my eyes. In the midst of the deafening sound of heavy rain, a sharp scream resounded at some point.

“... .. Help me!”

over there!

Hazel ran into the maze garden. From within the green wall, I could see the white hem of his robe sticking out. Hurry up and go through the bushes.

“Save me... .. please... .. .”

Two girls were crouching down. I was drenched in all the rain and I was speechless. The condition was so bad.

"Oh my gosh... .. .”

Hazel was speechless. One child was carried, the other was dragged, and I ran to the house without a mind.

It was even worse when I laid it down on the bed.

The children's eyes were out of focus. Her lips were black as ink, and a blue tinge appeared under her eyes. In that state, he was trembling like an aspen. Surprisingly, the condition of the child who was screaming for his life was more serious.

It's really dangerous!

Hazel first threw the firewood into the oven fire. They also threw in the stones they had picked up from the field. The only large cloth in this house was the blanket. I was lucky that I didn't wash today, and I quickly wiped the whole body of the two children with it.

He took off his wet coat and put on the thick woolen clothes he had in his suitcase. After wrapping it in a blanket, I took the stone out of the oven. Hot stones were placed all over the bodies of the two children. Even though I did... . . .

"cold. cold... . . ."

The two children lost their mind and trembled.

-Ice is stuck to the bone!

As I recalled an expression that Aunt Martha liked to use,

... . . . I need.

A voice rang in my head.

I need that!

Hazel ran outside.

These children had to have medicine. It wasn't just a cold medicine, but a very special folk remedy was needed.

Aunt Martha taught.

When you get a house, plant foxmint first.

Fox mint is a kind of wild bitter mint among herbs.

Aunt Martha always said.

If you're a Belmont farmer, you should always carry foxmint seeds on your necklace. Even if you become a beggar and become homeless, you should plant foxmint grass next to the newspaper. Even if I die tomorrow after being judged to be expired, I have to plant and sleep tonight.

Shut up and plant it at once.

After receiving such brainwashing training, Hazel made a small flowerpot by the window of the wal-rent house and planted foxmint every time she moved. When a new farm was established, again, I sown foxmint seeds in the herb garden next to the kitchen.

What Aunt Martha believed so much was actually not the fox mint itself. It was a drug made from it.

Pilgrim's Syrup.

It was a secret passed down among the pilgrims. Drinking the pilgrim's syrup clears the clogged stomach, builds resistance to all diseases, and detoxifies toxins. Above all, it raises the body temperature of pilgrims who have to walk steadfastly even when it rains. No matter how badly the cold comes, it will drive it away in an instant.

Aunt Martha made plenty of this pilgrim's syrup and used it as a home remedy.

Hazel hasn't done it yet.

Foxmint grows well. As long as there is plenty of sunlight, it will grow rapidly without watering. But it hasn't been planted yet. It has now only come up a span from the ground.

You only need to make one ladle!

Hazel stomped her feet and searched the herb fields.

To make a good syrup, it needed to be rolled up like a fox tail with a silvery underside of the leaf. So it was effective. Young leaves are useless. According to Hazel's calculations, it should have had five properly grown leaves.

In the pouring rain, I thoroughly inspected the root of the fox mint.

Please have only five leaves.

As I wished, one. two. three. four. It ended there.

not with this

My hands were trembling as I searched the field. Then at some point Among the leaves overlapping at the base, I found a sturdy thing.

"Phew!"

Hazel took a deep breath. It was like a miracle. For that moment, I believed that there must be someone in heaven looking after the little ones.

"thank you. thank you."

Like a farmer, he hurried into the house without forgetting to say thanks. The children were still trembling, unable to control themselves.

Please hold on a little longer.

Hazel minced the leaves of foxmint with a knife. Originally, the leaves had to be brewed with boiling water. But there was no time for that. He cut them with a gentle hand so that the ingredients of the herbs came out on their own, and then poured the right amount of water. The thick juice was filtered, and the honey was added and mixed well.

finished It's a super-fast pilgrim's syrup.

Hazel rushed over to the two children.

\* \* \*

Anna Sophia was cold.

I only heard that thought. He was just confused about where he was and who he was.

Then someone opened his mouth and spilled something. I don't know what it was, but it smelled like honey. so i took it

Something warm ran down my throat.

Immediately, the feeling of anger spread. It's like when you put the tip of your tongue on the alcohol that your father had left in his study. My tongue was tingling back then, but this was different. The heat rushed through his throat and spread quickly. A stench came over me as my nose was pierced.

this is thin

Even though it was a smell I didn't like, my mind was strangely calm.

The hot energy has now descended into the stomach. He took a seat there, sat down and warmed his whole body like a wood fire.

The cold is gone.

Anna Sophia slowly came to her senses. Isabella was standing next to her, shaking her head and coming to her senses. The two were wrapped around a blanket in front of a wood fire, wearing large knee-length jackets.

Anna Sophia rubbed her eyes.

This was a strange house.

But is it a house? I have never seen such a small house. Besides, this older sister in front of me... . . . .

"who... . . . ?"

When she tried to ask a question, she was startled and covered Anna Sophia's mouth.

"You can't talk to me. And I have to act like I am invisible."

Both eyes widened.

I couldn't believe it.

It was a fairy! They wandered through the forest and found the real fairy's house!

What the twins were thinking, of course, Hazel had no idea.

"Oh oh! Awesome!"

"This must be a dream!"

I couldn't understand why the two children, who were sniffing with their hair still wet, suddenly became so excited.

I just passed the hurdle.

I was relieved a little. But I couldn't be vigilant. This flame, which has barely survived, must be burned.

“You should eat a lot of hot soup.”

Hazel rolled up her sleeves.

They didn't even know it in their dreams. Outside in the wind and rain, Lorendel, with a pale face in a panic, is desperately looking for her two children... . . . .

Lorendel woke up startled when the rain poured down. I reflexively stretched out my arms, but the twins I thought were right next to me were nowhere to be found.

“Anna Sophia? Isabella?”

There was no answer.

In the distance, there were only a few people running away from the sudden torrential rain, but not the two children wearing wide-brimmed hats.

“Anna Sophia! Isabella!”

No matter how much I shouted, there was no answer. Lorendel wandered through the garden in a frenzy. After scouring the forest near the entrance, he ran towards the Imperial Palace. He grabbed the guard and asked.

“Have you not seen Sir Siegwald's twin brother?”

“The two ladies did not come this way.”

“Release and search the person immediately!”

After that order, I wandered around looking for it again.

“Anna Sophia! Isabella!”

Even when I screamed for my throat to burst, it was just the empty sound of rain. I couldn't understand. There was no sign of rain at all. But it happened so suddenly.

no. That's an excuse.

Lorendel could not forgive herself for being careless and asleep.

They are only seven years old. I didn't even have to sell my eyes for a moment.

Besides, they are not their own brothers, they are the brothers of a friend. What if anything happens to those kids because of you?

My eyes darkened.

“Anna Sophia!”

They desperately searched for it, but there were still no children.

I couldn't help thinking in despair.

Too much time has passed already. Cold rain quickly takes the body heat away. They are such fragile children. I can't stand it till now.

The twins lying on the floor in the pouring rain came to mind.

Blue eyes that turned cloudy and stared into the air. muddy blonde. A small body that was stiff and twisted.

Such a terrible sight tormented Lorendel. Turn the corner in front of me and you'll see it right there. In that moment your heart will be shattered... . . . .

They're such good kids.

It was all his fault. Neither Siegwald, nor the Duchess nor the Duchess, could be seen at all. This sin cannot be atoned for even by death. It was a terrible hell. For the elves, the suffering of the soul was more unbearable than any torture.

I was wandering in such excruciating pain... . . . suddenly stopped abruptly.

A pink ribbon fell in the muddy water. eyes lit up.

Twins passed by here!

Lorendel looked around. It's not the direction you just walked in. Because I searched all over and couldn't find it.

it is in front

I ran through the thick rain.

A wooden fence was visible in the foggy water. Beyond that stood a small house.

Lorendel paused for a moment.

It was a house that I had been ignoring for a while, even if I had to pass by this neighborhood occasionally. Just looking at it made me feel like I was breaking the law. But now was not the time to cover up.

He ran quickly and opened the door.

“... .. No. If you eat too much, you can't go back to our world. I will live forever in fairyland.”

“But what if it's so delicious!”

A chirping sound was heard.

The wood fire was burning. The house was filled with a warm, fragrant smell.

Anna Sophia and Isabella sat spread out on the floor, sipping wooden spoons back and forth, frantically munching on the thick cream soup. Behind it, the owner of the house was holding a towel and drying the two children's hair.

... .. It was an unimaginable sight.

The string of tension that had been so tight was broken. My head was spinning. Lorendel collapsed on the spot.

“... .. ?”

Hazel stopped her hand and looked at her blankly.

When I wondered if someone suddenly ran in, it was a high elf with dazzling platinum blonde hair that brightened up the dimly lit house. He had a face as if the whole world had collapsed, but when he saw the twins, he lost his pulse and collapsed. I look up and down in wonder... ..

“Sir Blenheim!”

Two children welcomed

do you know each other

AHA. You lost these children.

Hazel knew the full story of the incident. It was also understandable that that high elf had the expression that he had gone to hell.

Do not worry. because it's okay

I'm trying to open my mouth involuntarily... . . . .

The twins hit the player.

“The fairy sister found us and brought us here!”

“They gave me medicine, dried my clothes, and made me the most delicious cream soup in the world!”

The two children were proud.

Of course, meeting the fairies is a secret that shouldn't be shared with others, but high elves are relatives of the fairies, so it's not a secret, right?

I was brave enough to think like that.

“I did... . . . Goa... . . . .”

Lorendel finally looked around.

It was the oven, not the fireplace, where the firewood burned. There were traces of a mess by mobilizing blankets and winter clothes at will. The soot-stained stones were also scattered.

It was a quick action.

While I admit it, I have a question.

But they wouldn't be able to recover like this, would they?

Lorendel's eyes stopped on the table. There were traces of cutting some grass. The jar of honey was also crumpled.

folk remedies?

I looked at the owner of this house.

She wondered for a moment what the twins were talking about, but as if she didn't have time for that, she rubbed the towel over their hair again. Even if the world is falling apart, I still do my job, I was saying that with my whole body.

It was very different from what I had vaguely imagined while listening to the rumors.

Her clothes were still wet. The top of the hair was dry, but the bottom was wet and almost black. There was a red swelling on the inside of his rolled up arm, probably because he had to take a stone out of the oven in a hurry.

Lorendel was perplexed.

“Ah, I... ..”

“It’s over there.”

She pointed her chin to the straw hat hanging next to the wood-burning oven.

“I want to have it in front of me, but I don’t have a hand right now. I’m over there, can you tell me over there?”

“... ..”

Lorendel was speechless.

He knew that he was using all sorts of tricks to communicate with this maximal subject. criticized it harshly.

don't know anything... ..

The moment of enlightenment and repentance has come.

Lorendel's face grew hot.

Everyone ignored her. He criticized himself so much.

Then she saved herself from great misery. Considering that it was not only the unhappiness of her own, but also the misfortune of her precious friends, this grace cannot be repaid anyway.

Lorendel did not raise her head.

Fortunately, the embarrassing situation did not last long.

bang!

The door, which had been closed slightly by the wind, opened again. Someone jumped in with a loud bang.

"Are you okay? It's a straw hat!"

It was Lewis and Cayenne.

They ran aimlessly and stopped abruptly. When I saw the situation inside the house, I was bewildered.

"Anna Sophia! Isabella! Why are you guys here?"

"Ah! Today was a picnic day! Oh My God! then... .."

Both Lewis and Cayenne were astonished.

They were coaching their subordinates at their respective Knights Templar Training Grounds when they heard the news of a sudden downpour. It was also said that it only rained in the large garden area.

It was so suspicious that we started investigating together. After finding out the truth quickly, he felt a great sense of responsibility for his friend's arbitrariness and rushed to his feet.

But it's such an odd situation.

The two quickly understood the situation. What happened when Lorendel took the children instead of helping Siegwald? ... .

They met face to face.

Iskanda, Siegwald, Lorendel. It gave me goosebumps when I realized how narrowly they had escaped the terrible tragedy that would have been bound together.

“It must have been really bad!”

“I’m so glad this house is here... .”

The twins were excited again when Sister Louise and Brother Cayenne talked about their little adventure, and their ass swelled. Recalling that Katsie was also a fairy clan, she grabbed Cayenne's hand and dragged her to Hazel.

“Greetings to this forest fairy.”

“Uh, um... .”

Cayenne was perplexed.

“I am not a fairy. Let's stop talking about this here. No one can see the owner of this house, no one can talk about the owner of this house.”

"why?"

“There was an order from His Majesty the Emperor.”

"why?"

"that is... . I thought you were a bad person who ruined the country.”

The twins looked at each other with puzzled faces. They lowered their voices and whispered among themselves.

“Isn’t it?”

"It's not... . . . .”

Lewis coughed heavily.

“That’s it. Adults don’t know what little kids like you know.”

His eyes filled with criticism turned to Lorendel. Hazel, who had been watching the children while drying their hair, was watching them without much thought.

Lorendel panicked again.

“It’s not... . . . .”

“It’s illegal. We have to talk to the straw hat.”

said Cayenne.

Lorendel was speechless again. A clear annoyance appeared on the high elf’s face.

“It’s serious.”

“We said that.”

“Even though I have a legitimate right.”

“We said that!”

this boring friend Lewis looked at Lorendel with those eyes.

“I’m glad I realized it, but surprisingly, that’s not all. You know what’s worse?”

She whispered the circumstances before and after this incident.

Lorendel's complexion changed. One look at twins, one look at Hazel... ... He ran out with a weeping face.

Lorendel is mad!

Lewis and Cayenne exchanged glances. Lewis said hurriedly, not hiding his excitement.

“Straw hat, can you give it to your master? We're actually here to help. It feels like I'm working in the fields while it's raining.”

"Ah... ... .”

Hazel looked out the window.

Seeing the messed up field made my heart ache. But when he heard the child's scream and threw the plank, he had already chosen it.

“The sprouts would be messed up, but... ... . I can't help it. Because nature is like that.”

"okay. But, unfortunately, can you tell me that this is not nature?”

“... ... ?”

Hazel threw a puzzled look.

What do you mean? Could it be that rain is not a natural phenomenon? It sounded strange.

As Hazel stared, Cayenne suddenly looked into the air and began to monologue.

“Be amazed. Your Majesty the Emperor has designated the skies above the Great Garden as an artificial rain test site. Coincidentally, there is an eye-catching salon in the palace down there, right?”

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel was dumbfounded. It was so terrifying that I couldn't even speak.

"That's why we're all so angry. Lorendel is gone, so we should go quickly. Straw Hat, tell your master that you are asking for a little more of these children!"

Leaving behind the bewildered Hazel, Lewis and Cayenne hurried to run. In front of the Imperial Palace main building, they encountered a War Bear friend.

Sigwald suddenly began to feel a strange sense of uneasiness while working on the field. So, as soon as the site was rectified, I left the back to my subordinates and hurriedly returned.

Seeing the facial expressions of the two friends, his heart sank. What happened at the spring picnic?

"who is this? kids? Or Lorendel?"

“For now, everyone is safe.”

In a way, they were fortunate to have returned just in time for the important moment of their friend, who had played a very important role by leaving today, and they took Sigwald with them and hurried to their feet.

\* \* \*

Research room on the 5th floor of the Imperial Library.

Iskanda was observing the heavy rain with a telescope. The sage Rastaban explained next to him.

“If you control a well-trained Wyvern with a remote device and spray a large amount of cloud seeds developed in the Tower of Knowledge, cloud particles aggregate and fall as rain. After analyzing the types of clouds currently floating in the sky, the key is to use the appropriate cloud seeds.”

“It’s a cloud seed... .”

Iskanda looked into the telescope while listening to the sage's explanation.

Then, suddenly, the door to the lab swung open. Then Lorendel, drenched in rain, ran in.

“You almost killed your friend’s two brothers!”

he shouted

Even in the presence of the bureaucrats, the outspoken tone was mixed with the old-fashioned accent of an ancient language, so excited. So Iskanda did not understand for a moment and asked again.

“What did I do?”

“Anna Sophia and Isabella are trapped in that rain!”

"what?"

Iskanda was astonished.

He immediately slammed the remote control to stop. The ominous foreboding that passed by for a moment became a reality. It was dark in front of my eyes and I jumped up.

“Where are the kids now?”

“Fortunately, someone found the children in the rain. Thanks to the proper first aid, he is safe now.”

"iced coffee... . . . .”

Iskanda calmed her startled heart.

Of course, he was also aware of the custom of the Saxon Spiegel family for playing in the spring. But I didn't know that Siegwald was on vacation today. The reticent friend left for Basel without revealing that fact at all, as was his personality.

Maybe that's why Lorendel took over the two children instead, if anything happened in that situation... . . . ?

It felt like I was right under the guillotine.

“Who saved the kids? How should I congratulate you... . . . .”

“I'm here to say that!”

Lorendel answered.

“Even if you ask who it is, I can’t tell you my name. I can't even say thank you. Even though I ran out into the rain to save the children and did everything I could to save them, I have to treat them as if they didn't exist. Because of your orders!”

Lorendel's words rang like lightning in Iskanda's dazed ear.

“With the authority of Baekrimwon, the National Advisory Council under the direct control of the Emperor, I ask His Majesty to reconsider this matter! Because the entire National Advisory Council admitted that I had a self-righteous and serious misunderstanding about a woman who was also the owner of the salon in the palace!”

He knelt down, unwrapped his sword, and set it down in front of him.

“Therefore, we demand the repeal of the dictum that took effect on May 2nd, which is an edict that seriously undermines the dignity of the Bratanian Empire and the pride of its knights!”

The wise men and bureaucrats, who had been staring at them with wide-eyed eyes wondering what was going on, hurriedly left their seats.

Special Powers of Baekrimwon. It was a 'direct statement of resignation'.

It was sometimes said that, in this custom of producing dramatic scenes like this, releasing the sword meant 'Fire, then fire'. But that was a common misconception. If the monarch would not listen, he would cut them to death with this sword, as the name suggests, risking his life.

Iskanda was very surprised.

Of course, he knew the character of this high elf very well.

When the brutality of the Byzantine tribes, who had invaded the borders, were pushed and defeated by the imperial army, the chieftain ordered a decisive resistance, burning their tribe villages and killing all children. It is easy to surrender if you have a home and family.

Iskanda and all the four Paladins were furious to the point that their blood spurted upside down. When they pursued and clashed again, the chieftain, who managed to get out of the body, screamed.

- Avoid elves! I'd rather go to the vampire and ask him to spare me! Never be an elf!

Lorendel did.

He was usually gentle, but he was merciless in what he believed was right. If he risked his life like this... . . . .

That's right.

Iskanda was dumbfounded again.

All of a sudden, Lewis, Sigwald, and Cayenne were also running. Iskanda looked at her friends with a confused look.

Self-righteous and serious misunderstanding... . . . .

Does that mean he wasn't a land speculator, then?

It was really unimaginable.

If harvesting isn't the goal, then why do you have to go against the imperial emperor's heart? Maybe because he really wants to farm there like he said?

really?

Iskanda's complexion changed every moment.

“Tttttt... . . . .”

Lewis looked at him with his arms crossed.

He's a friend I've been watching for over 20 years. I could see clearly what kind of thinking process I was going through right now.

The process of breaking stereotypes.

It's the same process they went through.

Iskanda seemed to have finally realized it too. Although it took longer than them because they were wearing thick armor called Absolutes... . . . .

Still, he seemed to have figured it out in the end.

Fortunately, there was no accident. Precious Anna Sophia and Isabella were even happier saying that they had a dreamlike experience of meeting a fairy sister thanks to the rain. It wasn't just that. Perhaps it was thanks to the effect of the medicinal herb that Hazel had decoction, he looked more energetic than usual.

thanks to the farm.

Lewis, Sigwald, and Cayenne exchanged glances.

-The Imperial Palace needs a fresh breeze. Will you agree with me?

Lewis had already passed on to his friends the secret orders from the Minister of the Interior.

The minister of the palace also had foresight. Their friend Iskanda was the undisputed leader of the empire, both by power and by force. But it still lacked something important.

I don't know what it is, but that fresh wind from the farm will definitely help.

Now that I'm feeling regretful, it would be great if I could officially recognize that small farm. So that everyone can come and go freely without looking at the emperor.

The three eyes lit up.

At the same time, Lorendel was saying good things.

“Even if you are an emperor and a Grand Cavalier, it is dangerous to touch nature recklessly. Just as the flap of a butterfly's wings creates a storm, it can bring unexpected tragedies.”

“That’s it.”

Lewis quickly struck back.

“To make decisions on my own and run so far ahead may be praised on the battlefield, but not in the palace. If that's the case, why did you create the National Advisory Council? Isn't it worth the salary you give us?”

Siegwald took over her words.

"Anyway, I'm glad I'm not the emperor. Thankfully, I don't have the absolute power to do anything too big a deal.”

Cayenne said too.

“I’m glad I’m not the emperor either. No matter what I misunderstand and make a mistake, I just have to kick the blanket by myself, because my mistakes won’t be used as test questions as they are stuffed in history books from generation to generation.”

The words of my friends were stinging tips. Iskanda had nothing to say.

"stop. It resembles cursing."

Sigwald looked at Iskanda, saying he did not know whether to curl or fan.

"But there are good things about power. Being able to fix it."

Of course you will be responsible.

Iskanda stopped trying to answer that.

Next to Sigwald, Lewis' eyes were shining strangely. Words such as 'the possibility of eternal symbiosis' or 'a happy future with the farm' seemed to float in her purple eyes.

"... ..!"

Iskanda was awakened. Something rumbled inside.

"... .. No."

"what?"

"okay. you're all right He made a mistake by making hasty judgments, obsessed with stereotypes. But that's all I can admit."

Iskanda said so and kept her mouth shut.

they faced each other

Then yes. It was also a big dream.

Cayenne arranged it.

"Yes Yes. sure. I fully understand Ys' position. Let's not force each other, let's go our separate ways."

"great."

"for a moment! I'm not really going."

Iskanda turned around, and Cayenne called out.

"I mean, there are still important things to say. You decided to make up for the mistake you made today."

"Oh yeah. What can I do?"

Cayenne said with a smile as if waiting.

"First of all, as Lorendel said, we have to withdraw from that stupid maxim. I can't even watch our Holy Flame Knights leader talking to Straw Hat with a serious face! And let's not forget that we damaged private property. There must be a decent reward. I was thinking of something... ."

Hearing the story, Iskanda's face became dismayed. But it was unavoidable.

After a while, people walking through the Imperial Palace saw it. The four commanders of the Imperial Paladins marching with their cloaks waving with proud faces.

The direction was towards the garden.

\* \* \*

“Here I am!”

“Here too!”

Hazel looked at the twins as they roamed through the rain-soaked fields.

Surprisingly, these children were said to be Sir Siegwald's younger brothers. I couldn't believe that these delicate kids were War Bears. However, seeing that they sniffed here and there and searched for sprouts well, I could see a little bit of sprouts.

A bear's sense of smell is ten times better than a dog's.

"Here you go."

The twins politely offered the sprout they found with both hands, as if they were dedicated to the god of agriculture. No matter how much I told him I shouldn't talk to him, he wouldn't listen. So I just gave up.

Hopefully I won't punish these little ones.

Thinking of the emperor, my stomach boils again.

I tried my best, but it seemed that about a third of the sprouts could not be saved. Thinking about it made my face turn red.

Hazel has been through all sorts of absurd things in her life. But I've never hated anyone so much.

There is only one reason, because it is a waste of time.

No matter what damage the opponent did, no matter what he said or did, just because he was upset did not automatically turn it around. It was much better to just put it away and smell the herbal scent one more time.

However, problems related to agriculture were an exception.

“The tall people are really... .. !”

I tried to criticize him harshly, but I remembered that it was in front of the children and endured it. Moreover, these children, too, are not the 'high people' themselves, who already have several estates in front of them.

“... ..”

Hazel decided to just chop the soil again.

It was time to shovel a few more times and straighten my back. From the dark green garden beyond the fence, I could see people walking fast towards this side. Lorendel, Lewis, Siegwald, Cayenne. And several others followed.

Hazel was surprised.

What's going on?

While looking at them with a puzzled look, Lorendel entered the farm first. Then, he was standing in front of Hazel.

“Miss Mayfield!”

Are you blatantly breaking the law?

Hazel was terrified.

“Miss Mayfield is not here!”

However, the high elf did not care and shouted more confidently.

“Miss Mayfield! Thank you for saving my great crisis today. All the elves of Bratania will regard you as a dear friend for all eternity.”

Lorendel's loud, clear voice resounded throughout the garden. Then the other three walked up one after another and spoke softly.

“Miss Mayfield. Thank you so much for feeding my hungry subordinates and letting me taste the world's most delicious apple tart! Both Luis Gallardo and the blood of Noble One swear to be your friends!”

“Not only the Runebard family, but all the Catsies of the Nine Hills will be thrilled to hear about my adventures. I can't tell the story here, but... ... You are our hero! Let me know if you need any magic.”

“I will never forget the grace that saved the two heirs of the Saxon Spiegel family, Anna Sophia and Isabella. The family will remember it forever.”

And everyone saluted politely.

Hazel was so flustered that she couldn't speak.

“Why are you here? The maxim hanging on me is... ... .”

“It has been withdrawn.”

Someone jumped out from behind them. It was Count Albert instead of the palace interior, whose silver hair was neatly combed.

Hazel asked again in disbelief.

“Is the dictum revoked?”

“That’s right! Now Miss Mayfield is free to talk to all of us.”

Before his surprise could go away, he smiled and held out a piece of paper. Hazel asked.

“What else is this?”

“It’s a land document.”

“Is it a land document?”

“Your Majesty admitted that there was a great error in the selection of the site for the artificial rainfall test. To apologize for inflicting great damage on Miss Mayfield's salon, and to compensate for the damage, you have decided to grant Miss Mayfield a lot of land belonging to the state. A farm, no, a half lot each in the front and back of the salon.”

“네?”

헤이즐은 그저 어리둥절하기만 했다.

I never thought there would be a reward. A person as high as the emperor cannot think like that.

everyone worked hard

Hazel was thrilled.

The farm grows You can plant more. maybe, maybe... . . . . You might even be able to make a chicken coop!

My heart raced.

However... . . . .

Hazel suppressed her excitement. He answered with a gloomy and serious face.

"I can't take it. He's a Sprout Slayer."

"Five! Don't worry!"

The minister of the palace said with a smile.

"No one asks you to forgive your Majesty. Forgiveness and reparation are completely different things. This is the reward that Miss Mayfield deserves."

And he squinted his eyes.

"If you ruin the farm, you have to pay the price."

That's right.

Yes. You can't just go over someone else's field by ruining it. Who do you recommend?

"Then I would be grateful."

Hazel exclaimed. This time, his face turned red in a different way.

"thank you! I am so happy!"

“Then shall we pluck the tree and move it? Anything that works hard is good. Please feel free to do it.”

Lewis was watching from the side as the silent War Bear friend spoke seriously.

The dictum was withdrawn, and the farm doubled. The results were satisfactory enough. But the Imperial Palace is a difficult place. Now that he started socializing in earnest, Straw Hat needed more power.

She intervened because she wanted to put a wedge into this opportunity.

“Miss Mayfield will take care of decorating the farm.”

“But somehow I have to repay you... . . . .”

“I know how to respond. Miss Mayfield, would you mind serving us a delicious meal?”

What nonsense!

Sigwald was stunned. I'm not sure if I'm going to hear that this place serves a delicious meal, but would you like me to serve you a meal? So much has happened today that this vampire friend must have twisted his tongue. I want to fix it right away... . . . .

"like!"

Hazel smiled broadly.

In fact, the maxim did not interfere much with farming. However, it is also a pleasure to be able to talk freely with good people while making eye contact.

And there was another important advantage.

Now you can shop. With the emperor's edict wrapped around him like a bomb, he was freed from the anxiety of approaching civilians who didn't know anything.

“Come for dinner tomorrow!”

Hazel proudly made the first invitation.

Then it stopped right away.

“Oh, but... .. Everyone has to bring their own chairs... .. .”

\* \* \*

May roses were in full bloom on the marble arch. The imperial garden, which was arranged in separate sections, looked like a beautiful painting wherever you looked.

Among the topiaries and statues made by landscapers by pruning shrubs into geometric shapes, Bratanian nobles and bureaucrats gracefully exchange eye contact for a stroll.

Right there, the imperial paladin commanders were walking while holding chairs one by one.

Luis Gallardo brought a velvet chair with plush cushions. Lorendel Blenheim brought an antique chair with delicately carved wood vines. Siegwald Saxon Spiegel brought a small, round chair with no back to take up less space.

Otherwise, it would have been difficult.

At least, unlike the other three who were selected from within the category of table chairs, Cayenne Lunbard, who was ignorant, came with the splendid throne of the Fairy King, who was rolling around in his house.

“There was only this chair left!”

Cayenne made excuses.

How refreshing is a banquet where you have to bring chairs anyway?

They walked the promenade with joy.

Through the trees under the pale purple sky, I could see a small house over the fence. On one side of the house there were herbs, and a bright light leaked out of the window. As we approached across the field that smelled of fresh earth in the evening air, the nameplate 'Marronnier Farm Salon' was clearly visible.

“We are here! Miss Mayfield!”

Lewis exclaimed.

"welcome!"

Hazel quickly opened the door and greeted her.

The guests were seated around the table with various chairs prepared for them. He glanced curiously at the whitewashed walls and the wood-burning oven, and looked at Hazel with anticipation.

It was the moment I had been waiting for all day. The preparation was perfect.

Now that we have a farm, the thought of squandering the savings that we have gathered by tying up our belts to hoard food items came to mind.

But it was only for a while. Hazel soon found reason. I went to the market where the common people of the capital go and bought fresh ingredients at a reasonable price.

The first menu of the supper carefully prepared in that way is... . . . .

bang!

Hazel set the wooden chopping board down on the table.

On the cutting board was a large bread with homemade cheese.

Lorendel was bewildered when she saw the white flour on the bread.

“You have been very busy.”

I was about to shake it off, but Hazel stopped it.

“This is what I usually eat. It’s country bread.”

“Ah, country bread... . . . .”

Cayenne pretended to know and poked the bread with a fork.

... . . didn't go in

are you okay. I've been to the battlefield, so it's like a piece of stone bread.

I was surprised when I bravely put it in my mouth. When I looked at my friends, everyone had a surprised face just like him.

It wasn't hard bread. The outer shell was hard, but the inside was moist and the texture was alive. The crispy crust, the smooth speed of tearing, and the chewy texture unlike any other bread was really good.

Lewis asked curiously.

“Is the taste of grain alive? What kind of wheat was used for this?”

“Whole wheat flour. These country breads are baked with whole wheat flour. Flour that has been ground whole without peeling the hulls at the mill. Country bread goes well with homemade cheese.”

They ate together, topped with cheese on bread, just like Hazel does. It was not a thick and creamy cheese, but a soft and mild cheese with a chewy feel. I ate it with savory and rough country bread, and I went in endlessly.

Everyone is eating hard without saying anything, but Hazel put down a large bowl.

My eyes brightened up

It was a very colorful and hearty salad.

Fresh vegetables like endive plucked from the garden next to the kitchen, market-bought olives and tomatoes, finely chopped purple onions, moist soft-boiled eggs and roasted bean stalks... . . . .

The salad from the farm, which is served with plenty of ingredients at home, was refreshing just by looking at it. Pour all of them evenly along the hazel and put them in one bite.

“Really delicious!”

Lewis was amazed. It was a refreshing dish that enjoyed the freshness of the ingredients by lightly seasoning it with a dressing made with fresh olive oil and herbs.

A mountain of salads quickly reached the bottom.

"Everyone! Look at this! Lewis eats grass!"

Lewis pointed to himself and boasted.

Oh, what a healthy meal.

As I was enjoying the feeling of satiety with that thought, a large ambidextrous pot slammed onto the table. The four were astonished.

“This is today’s dish.”

Everyone was bewildered by Hazel's calm expression.

So what have we eaten so far?

With such doubts, they looked into the pot in front of them. Through the steaming steam, a soup dish filled with large-sized ingredients was seen.

It was a stew. A wonderfully delicious smell wafted everywhere.

Although she was full, Lorendel did not show any signs of that and paid a kind attention to the dish in front of her.

“It’s a very tasty looking stew.”

"Yes. I really wanted to eat beef stew like this!"

Hazel answered with a proud face.

Finally, I was able to cast out the ghost of stew that had been wandering the table for days. Just as I had imagined, a very tasty stew was laid out in front of me.

"i See. If it's stew, we've bought it a few times at a restaurant in the city and tried it... .."

Lorendel tasted a spoonful without much thought and was surprised.

This taste... .. !

His eyes widened and he stabbed Siegwald.

“Eat it quickly!”

Sigwald was puzzled. Why is this high elf friend making such a fuss?

He tilted his head and picked up a wooden spoon. I scooped out plenty of stew on the plate and put it in my mouth.

The gravy that had been trapped inside the tender, cooked beef filled his mouth. Mushrooms were fragrant and salty, and the potatoes were exquisitely blended in the tomato sauce with their soft taste.

A wonderfully delicious stew with everything in it, down to every ingredient.

But it wasn't that surprising. After tasting this beef stew, the four friends shouted together.

“This is it!”

“Stew of Campo!”

Hazel looked at them in surprise.

“A stew from Campo?”

“The stew we ate at Campo.”

Laurendel explained.

“It was when I went out on reconnaissance to the frontier. I got lost in the forest and wandered for a long time before entering a farmhouse. I was so hungry, and I was drenched in the rain, and my whole body was shaking. But even if I wanted to ask him to make something, I couldn't understand the grandmother's dialect because it was so unique. Cayenne grabbed the book and tried to communicate, but to no avail. Somehow, we managed to convey our intentions with hand gestures and footsteps, and in the end we got stew from that grandmother... ..”

"Oh my gosh! It can't be that delicious!"

Cayenne got excited and intercepted the horse.

“I never knew stew could be so delicious! We all fell in love. But what is this? When I came back, I went to all the houses that said it was delicious, but none of them sell stews like that. I couldn't find it no matter how much I searched. But unexpectedly, I ended up eating here! I can't believe it! Are you from Campo?”

"no. This is Belmont Stew.”

Hazel replied.

“Campo and Belmont are very far apart. But I can see why stews from two completely different provinces taste similar.”

“Why?”

Everyone looked at them with their eyes shining with curiosity. Hazel answered with a smile.

“The secret is an extended family recipe.”

“What is it?”

“As you know, stew is a dish that everyone eats in a bowl. However, when a large family sits around and eats, some dishes may not contain meat. Even in such a case, it is a large family recipe to carefully season all the ingredients so that everyone is treated equally with a delicious bowl. Although it's a lot of work, that's what Campo's grandmother thought. I hope everyone enjoys this stew together and enjoys it.”

"Ah... . . ."

Sigwald was deep in thought.

I thought that the unidentified knights who suddenly attacked the rural farmhouse must have been afraid. Apart from the amazing taste of the stew, it remained as a memory that caused trouble to private houses.

But that's not the case, it's because he treated me with such a warm heart.

My heart was warmed with the warm soup of the stew.

They all thought the same thing, and a soft smile appeared on their lips. As Hazel does, he ate the stew on top of the bread and dipping it in the bread, emptying the bowl as he did at the farmhouse that day.

Now my stomach is really full.

Can you get home safely? Maybe it has to be put on a cart?

Everyone was concerned, but Hazel turned around and brought out a large tray this time. The tray was filled with strawberry mini tarts topped with plenty of cream.

Everyone screamed.

“I can’t eat any more!”

Hazel smiled broadly.

I wanted to hear this sound. “I can’t eat it!” "Help me!" Feeding them until they scream like that. That's a real farm supper.

succeeded.

Feeling extremely satisfied, I picked up a strawberry mini tart.

Seeing Hazel eating deliciously, everyone slowly stretched out their hands. The harmony of sweet strawberry and cream is always amazing, so once you eat it, you keep going back and forth.

They chatted happily while sharing a delicious dessert.

“... .. In fact, it is undeniable that many media portray our fairies as bipolar patients running around without their jackets... .. .”

“He starts talking nonsense again! Clear the tree quickly!”

“I already got my nails!”

"No! I have to protect my table!”

The evening deepened amid the roar of laughter.

\* \* \*

There was silence in the hall.

Iskanda sat alone at the long table, looking at the numerous plates.

After just looking at it for a while, he picked up a fan-shaped piece of cold meat and put it in his mouth. wrote.

I drank a sip of wine. wrote.

I cut a small piece of Palomares's grilled lobster and put it in my mouth. wrote.

He sighed and lowered his fork.

At that moment, a squeaking sound was heard from the entrance of the hall.

“If you’re dining alone on a sunny spring evening like this, it’s time to look back on your life.”

Iskanda shook her head.

The minister of the palace was standing there.

“Lysander.”

“Yes, I fold.”

He strode inside.

“I looked around for a moment and saw that he was eating alone. It's really sad. His Majesty's advantage is that he listens to his friends. You don't even have a friend to talk to today.”

“What do you not know? The conversation between us went well. We decided to respect each other's will. Nothing has changed. Everyone just went out by invitation.”

“A much more attractive place than this place, right? As I passed by, I heard laughter.”

"I'm glad you're having fun."

Iskanda replied bluntly.

The minister of the palace said huh, and shook his head.

“Your Majesty said, 'This must be this way, this must be that way.' Your head is full of thoughts. Not everything in the world has to be perfect. Don't hate me too much. The grand garden of our imperial palace is unparalleled in my view.”

“If you smell the manure as soon as you open your eyes in the morning, you will change your mind.”

“Isn’t it much more bearable than the bloody smell of the court?”

The minister of the palace looked at the emperor with a sad face.

“You may have been a hero on the battlefield, but here you are still clumsy.”

Iskanda shrugged.

“Anyway, sit down. I have sent Daeha and oysters from Palomares.”

“Ah, I have to go.”

“Didn’t you come in to have dinner together?”

“It would have been nice if that was the case... .”

The minister of the palace responded sensibly.

“I can’t contain my curiosity either. What dishes came out at the first supper at the new salon. It would be far better to see an empty plate and even smell it than to taste these chilled dishes. Fortunately, I got free access.”

“Isn’t a salon originally a place where everyone can come and go freely?”

“You’re welcome. The salon’s owner can always have his loyal knights toss them out when unwanted visitors come in. Well, it has absolutely nothing to do with me. Unlike anyone else... .”

The minister of the palace once again looked at the emperor with a sad look.

"Anyway, it's a pity to see Your Majesty eating alone, but I'm only here to deliver this item."

He put a small box down on the table.

Iskanda reached out and opened it. Inside the box was a bunch of little things.

"chocolate?"

"I think the taste will be bitter."

He turned around.

"Even the emperor of an empire cannot choose his neighbors at will. You have to live with it."

He hummed and went away.

Iskanda lost her appetite.

He ordered the attendants to clean it up and returned to the bedroom. After standing for a moment and thinking, I went to the window and pulled the curtain that had been left down all the time.

A house in the middle of the garden. I could see the house with the light leaking out so well.

Iskanda put the chocolate given by the minister of the palace to her mouth. It was definitely chocolate that melted your tongue. But I wrote. wrote too much

A smirk appeared in front of the minister of the palace. How can he not know that he has already been roasted and boiled, unless he is an idiot?

Iskanda threw away the chocolate wrappers. And then back to the window. I looked down at the little house that was lit up with light.

What the hell is that place? What kind of place is it that, once you get in and leave, everyone changes like this? What the hell is going on there?

Who the hell is the owner of that place?

For the first time, a strong question arose.

4. May, when the wine of knights and the flower language of stones

comes alive.

Many visitors come to the farm.

A mole sticking its head out of the ground. A squirrel sneaks in and picks up fruit. The lark sings around the sky. Sometimes a large deer snoops around the backyard.

Guests also came to Marronnier Farm.

As Hazel was making laundry soap out of wood ashes, there was a knock on the door.

"who are you?"

When I went out, I saw a knight with a hunting hat covering his face. he asked.

"Hello. Do you have a straw hat?"

"yes I have it. But, hey, the aphorism has been lifted."

The knight lowered his hunting hat.

"Excuse me."

He politely said goodbye and left.

Didn't you have something to say to me?

Hazel tilted her head. He was like a badger. Badgers sometimes come to the farm like this, do crazy things and go away.

While I was tinkering with the bars of the newly expanded fence, another guest came to visit. It was a middle-aged woman in a white hat and a violet-colored dress. She seemed to be in charge of some kind of position within the imperial palace, standing outside the fence and smelling the scent of the farm.

"It's lavender."

When Hazel spoke, she shrugged and walked away.

what to say about that... ... right. He looked like a very elegant and demanding white deer. They come from time to time to look into the farm as if evaluating it.

Bees from the Imperial Palace Rose Garden buzzed. Hazel worked hard in the fields with a bee as a friend.

At lunchtime, Knight Captain Katsy came with a thick book. Hazel welcomed him.

“Sir Runebad! It would have been nice if you had come a little earlier. I found raisins in the bag and baked some honey bun, but it was so delicious that I ate it all.”

Cayenne had a slightly regretful expression on her face, but quickly shook her head.

“Can you always just get it? I ate my lunch to the fullest.”

He brought the fairy king's throne out of the barn. I put it on the sunny window sill and sat down.

“You know what white noise is? I really like the sound of this farm. It’s a noise that increases concentration.”

Cayenne said so and opened a thick book. But he quickly fell asleep next to Hazel, rattling the wooden bowl. Hazel continued cleaning, yes or no, but was a little worried when the pocket watch showed two.

“Aren’t you going to the palace?”

"Oh!"

Cayenne jumped up and rushed out. Behind the uniform, the long, long, frizzy, yellow thing fluttered.

“The tail is out!”

When pointed out, he ran and quickly hid his tail.

Farm Cats!

Hazel looked at him with a happy face.

There is a cat coming to the farm to play. That means the farm is very safe and comfortable. The Martin family farm in Belmont had many regular cats.

Let's collect a few more.

I clenched my fists and set a new goal.

It was such a peaceful day.

When the day's work was finished, a guest appeared as noisy as a jigbakguri.

It was Lewis. He had decided to cross the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace on his way to meet the chief of staff due to the protocol of the upcoming ball. She asked as she saw Hazel tying her hat's laces.

“Where are you going?”

“It’s the market for a moment.”

“I have to go to the market too!”

Lewis left the protocol issue right away.

“But Miss Mayfield, do you have any money?”

“173 gold.”

“Ah! If that’s the case, I’ll use it to the fullest today!”

“It’s the money I’ve saved over two years.”

“... ..”

In front of this huge consumption gap, Lewis ran away in panic.

After a while, Emilio Moretti saw the commander sitting in the 'Reflection Chair' of the Holy Flame Knights. she was muttering

“That’s why I don’t have any friends... ..”

After diligently reflecting, he returned to the farm, but Hazel was not there. He had waited for Lewis and left alone because he thought it would cause a ripple.

Usually, in the countryside, to go to the market, you have to set up a day and go a long way.

But here it is different. As my grandfather said, the location of this farm was the best. A 20-minute walk from the main gate of the Imperial Palace leads to a small market. Hazel bought what she wanted for 2.5 silver there. I put it in the basket and returned it quickly.

The farm was quietly waiting for its owner.

Hazel unpacked the things she had bought. Looking at the yellow ones, it seemed that I was one step closer to the scenery I had been dreaming of for 11 years.

are working hard

Hazel was satisfied.

But all of a sudden, a subtle uneasiness rose in the corner of my heart.

You must not be distracted.

Because, because... . . . .

Hazel looked at the newly acquired land in front of her with a puzzled expression on her face.

\* \* \*

The day of the emperor of the Bratanian Empire officially begins at 8 o'clock.

In the morning there is an audience. Meet people you need to meet. If it's a big day, have breakfast together. There was breakfast today. The opponents were the colossus within the empire. Talking about tax reform was only a superficial excuse. After they had accumulated enormous wealth, all they wanted was a noble status.

Iskanda was thinking of giving the title to one of them sooner or later. The candidate he had in mind was a man named Granville, who became immensely rich by mining diamonds. He was very passionate about social work. Rumors of the Gubinwon that he runs were good, but what about the reality? I was thinking of making a decision after looking into it for myself. Because you can't give anyone the title of nobility in the Empire.

After breakfast, the morning routine begins in earnest at the 'Pegasus Hall', the office. It's mainly about reviewing something and giving orders. Among the many tasks today, one thing in particular caught my attention. It was a meticulously coded report from the Count Castille, a spy of the Emperor, who was said to have been "exiled" to Wolfsden. Reports always end like this.

'... . . . What shall I do, Your Majesty?'

Iskanda wrote the answer and sent it with a password.

We always had to make decisions quickly, yet with all the ramifications in mind. The important matters of the empire came and went in an instant.

It was already 1:00 PM, lunch time.

“Your Majesty, I am ready.”

Instead of defense, Milov came and reported.

This short-haired woman in her fifties was one of the few capable dignitaries of the Empire. After a luncheon with Milov and other officials from the Ministry of Defense, Iskanda began the demonstration of the new weapon that was reported last time. It was a new iron with the name 'eon', meaning eons.

Iskanda accidentally cut the cannonball while trying to cut it with a sword made of aeon steel.

"Ahh!"

A commotion ensued. Defense Minister Milov shrugged to reporters.

“Actually, His Majesty is not the most powerful force possessed by the Empire.”

“Then why is the Ministry of National Defense spending its budget to develop new weapons?”

“Because the Emperor cannot be everywhere.”

“That’s fine. I choose that word as the title.”

The demonstration is over. Iskanda hurriedly returned to the main building of the Imperial Palace.

Then the afternoon work began. As I was late because of the demonstration, I accelerated it even more and finished it just at 6 o'clock.

The official work of Emperor Bratania ends here.

Of course, even after the dinner, the informal routine, that is, overtime work continues. But there was one hour left until 7 o'clock.

It was the only rainy time of the day.

It's not really empty though. Servants of the Imperial Palace put books in various fields, which are newly published every day, in His Majesty's room. It was very important to spend time in a quiet room exploring new books and exploring knowledge. No one dared to interfere.

However... . . . .

Iskanda decided to explore a different kind of knowledge starting today.

I opened the box I had secretly brought from the sages' warehouse. There were bottles of drugs and boxes of powder.

'Research No. 382'.

It was a drug that changed the color of hair and eyes. It was intended to be developed as a product aimed at the masquerade, but, like many studies of the sages, it was immediately discarded.

It wasn't because it didn't work. it worked so well.

He said that the significance of the masquerade was to pretend that they didn't even know each other. In other words, it was an all-out game. If you don't know who your opponent is and throw a flirt, it's too dangerous. Families are broken and society is broken.

“Are you accepting this? Your Majesty really knows nothing about the ball.”

It was still vivid that the minister of the palace looked at him with pitiful eyes and gave him a pint glass.

anyway... ... The important thing is that this waste has finally come to a use.

Iskanda opened the vial first. When I took a drop by drop with the eyedropper attached to the lid and put it in both eyes, the crimson eyes turned black. After sprinkling enough powder in the barrel on the head and shaking it well, the blonde hair characteristic of the Hwang family also turned black.

Subsequently, the emperor's robe with ornate epaulettes and ornaments was removed. He took out the uniform of an old imperial knight that had been stolen from the storage room beforehand. Since it was strictly forbidden to disguise the identity of the emperor, he had no choice but to use the old clothes that are now being abolished.

When I looked in the mirror after I was all dressed up, I felt like I was really lost. It was like a person with black hair and black eyes since birth. The uniforms of the old imperial knights were also very basic, and at first glance, they looked just like those of any knights.

No one would notice that this black-haired knight was the emperor. Unless you're talking face-to-face.

Iskanda came out. I was able to mix it up naturally. No one looked at me strangely.

He quietly left the palace.

It is a garden that has never been stepped on since the incident. Both the trees and the bushes were immersed in the reddish light of sunset.

Those who were walking in the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace did not even know that a certain black-haired knight passed by right next to them. His shadow was like darkness, and his presence was like the wind.

Iskanda arrived at the scene without anyone knowing.

A newly expanded fence appeared.

I'd rather give you more land. Again, the taste was bitter. It was a bitter defeat.

did not know the enemy. That was the cause of the defeat. So he made a plan.

Starting today, I will spend an hour a day observing this new enemy diligently. For exactly one month. Based on the knowledge gained in that way, you will find out your opponent's weaknesses. So we'll come up with the perfect new strategy.

Staring at the farm in the setting sun... . . . .

Iskanda took the first step in a meticulous long-term plan spanning a month.

That moment.

“Bye.”

There was a strange sound of footsteps. I looked down.

something yellow... . . . There were poultry chicks. When our eyes met, it ran fast.

“Beep beep!”

Iskanda caught on to it in embarrassment.

Quiet!

I grabbed the beak with my thumb and index finger.

That was then.

“Tiberius!”

A loud footstep was heard along with the sound of the poultry's name being called. We just met with no chance to escape.

A meticulous long-term plan spanning a month was blown away in one minute. Iskanda stood still, covering the young poultry's mouth.

It's her... . . . .

In the fading red light, he could see for the first time the troublesome foe who had tormented him so much.

Her dark brown hair is braided so that it doesn't get in the way of her work, her hands with her rolled up sleeves are completely dusty, and her skirt with a few nails... . . . .

The embodiment of agriculture?

While Iskanda's hair was completely twisted, the opponent's large green eyes, which had hardened in surprise at the sight of an unexpected intruder, widened even more. She looked at Iskanda in disbelief. To be precise, the thumb and index finger that grip the beak of the young poultry.

Ah.

I quickly let go, but it was already too late. The sound of her muttering in shock was clearly audible.

“Chick abuser... . . . .”

Hazel couldn't believe this.

Lewis also abandoned him and ran to the market to buy five yellow chicks. However, among them, a chick who escaped exceptionally well, named 'Tiberius' after a famous jailbreaker, escaped again in the blink of an eye and came out to catch us... . . . .

was captured by the monster.

no. Let's face reality.

This chick abuser isn't really an asshole. Hazel could see his identity at a glance. Actually, that made me even more angry.

The rumor became true. it really has come

An ominous visitor with black hair and black eyes who is prone to being buried in darkness.

He pretends to be an ordinary knight belonging to the Imperial Palace, but he has a strange dignity and dignity that cannot be hidden even in that ridiculous situation where he arrested the chick. That attitude and attitude that shows how dignified, reckless, and uninhibited he has been.

Above all, Hazel's instincts were shouting.

This guy sucks! Hate without giving!

In other words, there was only one conclusion.

Hazel pursed her lips and looked straight at him.

“If you interrogate the chick, you’ll see, but you’ll soon find out that she’s a native speaker of the pure Bratanian chick.”

“... .. ?”

“It’s not a foreign spy.”

“... .. ??”

“Please release me.”

"Ah."

Iskanda put down the poultry quickly.

Chick. Of course I know. It's a word I don't usually use, so I'm just not used to it.

"Chick. Chick."

While murmuring, the poultry immediately ran away. Surprised enough, without even thinking of escaping, he sprinted into the wide open door. If I had a hand, I would have even closed the door altogether.

Iskanda sincerely hoped that the chick owner would also come in, but no luck. She stood with her arms crossed.

How do I rectify this situation?

According to Iskanda's plan, it would have been at least 30 days before any attempts to converse with this troublesome nemesis of any kind were made. However, the order was completely twisted because of the chick that appeared out of the blue.

I'm really bad at acting. It's very difficult to lie. If your identity is revealed... . . . .

“Are you thinking that you can’t reveal your identity right now?”

“... . . !”

"Do not worry. Because you already know. You are the Emperor—”

“No!”

“You’re the secret inspector of —, aren’t you?”

Hazel spoke openly.

Secret Inspector. An official who patrols in secret to find out if there are any illegalities. Violation of livestock, cultivation of narcotic plants, illegal sewage discharge, and trafficking in cave moles are among the offenses.

Of course, obeying the law is important, so there is no problem with the secret inspectorate system itself. The problem is that the emperor sent it.

This was the only anxiety in the corner of my heart.

His Majesty the Emperor of the Great Empire could not stand still even after his land was taken away by a small citizen. Although compensatory was unavoidable, it may be confiscated back as if they had violated some law.

Even thinking about it, 'Am I too gloomy?' As expected, the emperor was beyond imagination.

Still, there was a residue left in Hazel's heart. Even if you forget everything else, the end of the story was very long on the issue of farm safety.

It comes out like this, right?

No matter how gentle a farmer is like a rabbit, he is ready to kick anything with his hind paws once he's been wronged.

Hazel's posture stiffened. His eyes also became distorted, and he glanced up and down this black knight.

“It was a good try, but every farmer has a ghostly eye for a secret inspector. So no matter how much you cheat, it's useless. A knight sent by the Emperor himself. What is your name?”

“... ..”

Iskanda was perplexed.

Secret Inspector?

It was an unexpected misunderstanding.

Thanks, I didn't get caught. But you never know when you'll find out. Anyway, the plan was ruined. I need to get out of here quickly.

“Then stop... ..”

“You mean you can't give me your name? So, can you think of me as a monster? Can I tell you that a gangster broke into the salon in the palace?”

“Oh, no... . . . .”

Then things get too big. Iskanda's eyes, who had been wandering in a hurry, stopped in one place. It was an advertisement for alcohol on a crumpled, rolling newspaper piece.

“... . . . Valentine.”

“Lord Valentine.”

Hazel took out a farm diary and wrote it down.

“Please don't be too nervous. I was taught to write down the name first when a high-ranking person comes to visit me. Ah, but now that I think about it, I think Sir Valentine needs to be a little nervous. Above all else, the way you talk is a bit like hearing.”

“Speech... . . . ?”

“No matter how good the evaluation is, it's not polite to speak like a knight, is it? It's a shame because I know that the great Emperor sent me, otherwise I would have mistaken him for being rude. There's no way you can do that because you haven't learned anything, do you have some kind of disease?”

Iskanda was startled. He didn't even know what his tone was. Of course I wouldn't be polite. Since I was born, I was accustomed to the situation where everyone except my parents was the ruling class... . . . .

Embarrassed, he answered without realizing it.

“Uh, hereditary disease... . . . .”

“Ah, you have a genetic disease. If so, you should understand. Sir Valentine, who can't speak politely because of a genetic disease, take a look at this field with your eyes wide open. Is there anything you are looking for or not?”

Are you talking about vegetation? Iskanda thought so and answered.

"have."

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel exclaimed in shock.

“Where are the narcotic crops here? They are all household vegetables and herbs.”

"iced coffee... . . . .”

“What? What's that rude attitude? Can't you tell the difference? Unbelievable! I can't believe it. Sir Valentine's boss is a very strict man, isn't he? Of course, I thought I would have sent a subordinate who knew very well about farming, but to send a subordinate who didn't know anything... . . . .”

Hazel clapped her hands as if in realization.

"Oh, I see! A subordinate who knows nothing about farming would have no reason to complain about this farm, so he sent a subordinate who knew nothing about farming on purpose. His Majesty the Emperor is also strict. like. Go and report. Report that you are plotting a treason here.”

you are good at cursing

Iskanda admired in the midst of her embarrassment. At the same time, it was embarrassing.

“I don't lie like that.”

This time Hazel paused. The eyes of the black knight were very serious. Even so, I could see that he was an honest character.

Well... . . .

did you push it too much?

His momentum, which was like an angry rabbit, was shattered. I'm sorry for being angry and being harsh.

What's wrong with subordinates? I just followed orders. Like Hazel, who had to do what the manager told her at the Rochelle Bank.

Looking back at Lord Valentine, he looked completely rigid.

If the emperor had personally appointed him as a secret inspector, he would have been of high rank and competent. It would be the first time you've ever been treated like this.

My heart is weak.

“I spoke harshly.”

Hazel admitted frankly.

Just then, a crumpled piece of newspaper was swept away by the wind. The headline, 'The Conqueror, Conquered!' was clearly visible. Confused, I quickly stepped on.

“I didn't keep it on purpose because of that newspaper article. Old newspapers are good for cleaning windows, so I pick them up whenever I have time.”

Hazel kicked the newspaper and put it back.

“Anyway, even if an article like this is published, the newspaper will not close its doors. The Empire of Bratania is not a country that shuts its people's mouths. Even though His Majesty's subordinate, Sir Valentine, shut the chick's mouth... . . . . The important thing is that the world has changed now. When I was young, it was said that no matter what someone said wrong, the emperor would take it. But from some point on, those words came into my mind. It's gotten better to live. I, myself, lived well for several years without knowing who the new Emperor was. So I thought the new emperor was really good.”

Even in such an absurd situation, it's a pretty proud thing to say... . . . .

As if reading Iskanda's mind, the back words immediately flew in.

“I thought.”

“Oh, the past tense... . . . .”

Apparently, it started like a compliment, but it ended with a curse, and he gave me an additional wedge. Iskanda's head seemed to be spinning now. What are you doing here? It's time to read a book. I want to go to my room... . . . .

Hazel watched the dark knight's complexion harden from moment to moment.

Oh, I really need to stop.

Changing the topic was unconsciously sarcastic again. Lord Valentine is just a subordinate.

"sorry. Do you want the report to be fair? I didn't know he had that kind of personality, so I misunderstood because I was too forward. It's late, but please come inside."

Hazel stepped aside a bit. Iskanda's eyes could see the scenery inside the house.

Several lamps were lit to brighten it up. A wood fire burned in an oven made of black iron. Wooden plates and bowls were piled high on the shelves of the cozy orange-tinted walls. At first glance, I could see a table with a shiny luster.

It's a little bit like a doll's house. Iskanda was staring blankly without realizing it... . . .

"I will serve you dinner as an apology."

He shuddered at the words in his ear.

I did my own research before making a plan. No one told me exactly, but looking at the food, everyone seemed to have had a decisive change of heart after tasting the food here.

So Iskanda made a firm commitment. I will never put anything in my mouth.

"no. Thank you."

I'm about to give up and go back right away... . . .

"Wait."

she called

His attitude was a bit strange for me to recommend him to have dinner again.

Since they first met in the yard, she hasn't looked very closely at Iskanda. They looked up and down, glanced at them, or cast sharp glances, but they didn't pay special attention to them.

But now he was staring at me.

Have you ever heard of it?

Iskanda was heartbroken.

Should I have just run away in the first place? Whether things got bigger or not, should I have run away first? I regretted it later, but suddenly realized it.

The green eyes of this strange salon owner weren't Iskanda's face, but were nailed to the bottom of it.

What is there... . . . .

Iskanda looked down at her chest.

A small jewel hung from a gold thread hung over the uniform of the imperial knight. I usually keep it in my clothes, but when I changed my clothes, I took it out for a while and then forgot.

In the light of the lamp that was leaking out from within, the tiny light powders inside the translucent light green gem shimmered.

"This... . . . ."

Iskanda explained in a hard tone as if announcing.

"Once upon a time, while sailing from Abyss to Helenomia, I met a storm and drifted away, and it was given to me by an old sage I met in a strange island kingdom. Although the words did not work, it was a very meaningful expression. It must have been a very profound truth, so I made it into a necklace and kept it, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't find out the secret... . . . . In any case, it is a gem that has been named 'The Philosopher's Stone'."

"It's not."

Hazel looked at him with a puzzled face.

“Is that a seed?”

It was unimaginable. Iskanda's eyes widened.

seeds?

It looked like he had been hit in the head.

The wise man's stone was the treasure of the emperor. He was always pampered, exploring the secrets of wisdom given to him by an old sage from a mysterious island nation. When he met a great saint or philosopher, he would ask for advice.

But none of them solved the riddle.

Was this the reason? Because it's a seed, not a gem?

Iskanda looked down at the Philosopher's Stone again.

“If it's a seed, what kind of seed?”

“That's it, I don't know.”

“But how... ..?”

“It's just natural. that's a person that's a dog that's a cat It's just a way to find out.”

Hazel answered with her eyes fixed on the seeds.

Fortunately, the seed was not punctured because it was covered with a small golden pod and made into a pendant. There was no Buddha who died in the arms of this knight who knew nothing and hung it around his neck excitedly as a treasure.

That seed was definitely alive.

“It looks very unique. I don't know what it is, but it's a very mysterious plant. An old sage from the island country gave it to you?”

"Yes. Although we didn't speak the language, we became friends. When the ship was repaired and left, the sage hugged me once and gave it to me. They were the eyes that wanted me to realize the truth contained in this.”

“Then we should plant it. Plants born here have a secret.”

Hazel said confidently.

Plant the wise man's stone in the ground.

It was too absurd for Iskanda. But absurd means, in other words, fresh. This is a hypothesis that no one has thought of until now.

Iskanda was stunned.

If it really sprouts... ... ?

That was then.

There was a faint sound in my ear. bells ringing from afar. It was the evening bell of the temple.

Soon the servant will come to call.

My mind was blown.

“Then stop.”

Iskanda quickly turned around.

"Wait!"

Hazel cried out.

However, the appearance of the black knight had already gone nowhere. It suddenly disappeared as if it had melted into darkness.

"what?"

He seemed to be possessed. It felt like a lie that I had just stood in front of the door and talked.

Hazel entered the house in a bewildered mood.

Sir Valentine was the strangest of all the guests who came to the farm today. It's like a giant crow that comes and goes without a sound and disappears.

But crows eat even farm food. I didn't even eat dinner, so I went away... . . .

At least show me more seeds.

The image of the mysterious seed he had was clearly visible in front of his eyes.

Hazel suddenly muttered.

“Oh, you didn’t say anything important.”

\* \* \* The

next day.

Hazel was dreaming of a tree until the morning dew had dried and all the birds had gone away.

The chicks also slept with their heads buried in the corner of the chest. It had been a long time since I slept late.

Iskanda of the palace next door woke up earlier than usual. He canceled all morning audiences and went to the Tower of Knowledge. As usual, the wise men who stayed up all night almost had their eyes popped out when they saw the emperor popping in instead of the coffee delivery man they had been waiting for.

"your Majesty!"

“Could this be a seed?”

Iskanda asked with a sigh.

Sage DeVash was perplexed. I had no idea why the Emperor came up this morning and asked a strange question.

maybe that? Is it ideological verification?

“Uh, well, it depends on what Your Majesty wants. If you say it is a seed, it will be a seed; if you say it is not a seed, it will not be a seed.”

I thought I answered well, but the Emperor's face was wrinkled.

“What nonsense! I'll ask again! From an academic point of view, not a political one, do you think this might be the seed?”

“Oh, from an academic point of view? You're saying it like that. The wise man's stone belongs to minerals, and all minerals are not seeds. So the wise man's stone is not a seed.”

“I don't mean that. What if this wasn't a wise man's stone, but a seed in the first place?”

The wise men faced each other. I still couldn't understand what the emperor was saying.

“If it wasn't a wise man's stone, but a seed in the first place... . . . Then the seeds are right. Seeds are seeds.”

“... . . done. I'll have to meet the botanist.”

After a while, Boshard, an authority on botany, was summoned.

In fact, he was very upset because he was suddenly called while he was eating an omelette. When the emperor showed him the wise man's stone and asked if it was a seed, he was even more perplexed.

“Your Majesty, the seed is in the form of a hull surrounded by an embryo that is like the embryo of a plant. In my opinion, this part may or may not be a shell... . . .”

Is it also a seed?

Iskanda's heart raced.

“Then let’s try planting it. If the seed is right, it will germinate sooner or later.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Boshard, the botanist, planted the wise man's stone in a flowerpot, nervously. I was just about to put it by the window, but the faint light leaking out of the soil suddenly darkened. Boshard was horrified.

“I am not guilty!”

He was so frightened that I let him go. Iskanda tried it again.

But it was the same.

The wise man's stone was planted, and the light powder in the middle soon lost its brilliance. Iskanda frowned.

“Isn’t that a seed? I said so confidently. Wrong?”

“There is one way to find out.”

Behind his back said the sage Rastavan.

“What is it?”

“I’m going to cut it in half.”

“Then don’t you die?”

“Anyway, we can get knowledge.”

"Right. Can you go out?"

"Yes."

The lab went quiet.

Iskanda did a little more research on the Philosopher's Stone with the various tools there, and then just came out.

Damn, no one knows what

Except for one.

But not there.

To borrow an expression from the minister of the palace, aren't the two neighbors going through an intense conflict? If you go back and find out your identity by mistake... . . . .

no way.

Iskanda shook her head.

I walked towards the main building with a complicated mind. Then, I just ran into a group of Holy Flame Knights who were just about to enter the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace.

"Ugh!"

When the boy knights saw the emperor, they froze on the spot. Something fell out of my hand and rolled around.

“... .. firewood?”

"your Majesty!"

They fell to their knees in contemplation. Now that I see, there are some people who even know Iskanda's face.

“Lafayette? What firewood are you holding?”

“Forgive me!”

Julien and his friends confessed in crawling voices.

“Actually, I was on my way to the farm in the Great Garden. Every day I have a cigarette of firewood there.”

“Then, I was wondering if the lady at the salon would boil the muddy lump again if I ran into it. However, as we move so much like the wind, there is an unfortunate incident that we have not been noticed yet... .. no! Not this!”

“Anyway, for that reason, everyone picks up their turn and goes to them with wood sticks. Your Majesty, I was really wrong.”

Iskanda silently looked down at the boy knights.

“Uh... ..”

turned back without a word.

“What the hell is wrong with your majesty! You are very angry!”

“You’ll see us like tyrants.”

“The manager hates even going there... .”

Julien and his friends muttered pale faces. In fact, without even dreaming that the emperor was thinking completely different now.

Iskanda entered the main building with a complicated head. As I entered the hallway, I heard a loud chatter.

“... . I'll let you know. Sigwald slyly wrote 'donation' and stuck it on his chair. So I was able to get a spot at the table.”

"no. Because the chair was chosen well.”

"right. The chair that Sigwald took was a good fit for the house. I wonder when Miss Mayfield will rip the monstrous Fairy King's throne apart with an axe.”

“I promised not to throw it away! As long as you use it and keep it in the warehouse. Yesterday too, Miss Mayfield... .”

Lewis, Siegwald, Lorendel, and Cayen, who were chatting, saw Iskanda and shut their mouths in shock.

“Is! Are you going for a walk?”

Cayenne greeted cheerfully.

Iskanda didn't respond and just walked past. Lewis looked at his friends with a shy face.

“Doesn't it look like we deliberately waited here and then uploaded the medicine?”

"I know, right. I thought you were in the office right now! I must have been hurt.”

Cayenne sighed. Lorendel regretted it.

“How long has it been since the land was taken away? I was going to go to the break room and talk.”

“Be careful.”

Siegwald also repented.

They didn't even dream of it. Actually, Iskanda had a completely different idea... . . .

Everyone is doing well.

Except for me.

Iskanda sat down on her office chair.

“... . . It was almonds.”

I looked through the documents I had received before.

“Oh, Hazel. Hazel Mayfield.”

Almond is a strange human name.

anyway... . . .

As she turned through the documents, Iskanda was in agony.

Why must... . . . . Why is it that she is the only person who has insight into the Philosopher's Stone? Now that she's caught on, the plan to disguise herself as an imperial knight and dig up information must be abandoned. You should find another safer plan.

However... . . . .

This strange neighbor doesn't care about other people's faces. All she cares about is plants. If you take out the wise man's stone, she will only look at it from then on. In other words, even if you visit one more time, your identity will not be discovered.

This is only for knowledge. Uncover the secret hidden in the wise man's stone.

He was so determined.

Meanwhile, Hazel... . . . .

I was taking a deep breath while walking the laundry.

Work was out of hand all day. I kept thinking of that mysterious seed. What kind of seeds will sprout What secrets might be hiding?

No. It is the seed of the emperor's subordinates.

I thought about it and tried to forget it, but... . . . .

When the sky turns red At the exact hour that Lord Valentine had visited yesterday, he unknowingly looked over the fence into the woods.

But what is this?

A truly black knight was standing there.

"Ah!"

Hazel jumped up.

Seeds have arrived!

Forgetting the emperor's wealth and everything, he ran quickly and greeted the seed keeper.

“Sir Valentine!”

My heart was beating fast.

"iced coffee."

The black knight shook his head slightly awkwardly. It looked different from yesterday. Hazel looked him up and down.

“You look very tired. A lot of stuff happened all day?”

“Actually, that’s... .”

Iskanda groaned.

“Even the wise men are all talking nonsense! Didn't they say that they would cut it in half to see if it was a seed or not! The botanist runs away because he doesn't know! So I planted it in a pot and the light went out and it was going to die!”

“Are you in a flowerpot?”

Hazel's eyes widened.

"no! You can't do that!"

"But didn't you clearly tell me to plant it yesterday?"

"I didn't tell you to plant it in the soil. You have to plant it in the water!"

... .. uh?

Iskanda was stunned.

Hazel explained.

"That is important. Put it in water to germinate. I should have told you that, but yesterday Lord Valentine went too quickly."

"However... .."

Iskanda was still puzzled.

"Didn't I say that I didn't know what kind of seed this was? But how do you know you can plant it in water?"

"Where are you going to use this?"

Hazel pointed to her head.

"You can guess from the outward appearance. Each plant seed is different. But some things can be tied together by kinship. As soon as I saw this seed, I knew it. This is a relative of a plant we know very well. It's right here in the Imperial Palace."

"what is that?"

"It's a water lily."

"Ah, always floating in the pond in the garden... ..?"

"Yes. More precisely, it is a relative of the lotus rather than the water lily. You may not know how a lotus flower and a water lily are different. In simple terms, it is similar to a water lily, but a lotus flower is a flower stalk that rises above the water. It doesn't grow in our country, but I saw it once when I was employed at the World's Fair before."

Hazel was there for a moment in reminiscence.

2 gold per day. His job was to promote and sell brass firewood props. I decided to work hard to get a special allowance, but I got cut before I even started. Coincidentally, the place where I went to get an apron and went into the wrong place was the plant exhibition area... .. it just ended

"I saw a lotus seed there too. Did it look like this?"

Iskanda asked.

Hazel returned to reality.

"no. The lotus seed is not so translucent, nor does it contain a mysterious light powder inside. But looking at all the other characteristics, one bloodline is certain. So it is right to sprout in water like a lotus flower."

"is it."

Iskanda muttered.

"If that's the case, the imperial botanist doesn't even know that... .."

In a tone of reproach, Hazel shook her head.

“That’s not it. Think about it. His Majesty's black knight suddenly appeared and said, 'This is my treasure, the wise man's stone, do you think it is a seed?' That's what I asked. Moreover, perhaps Lord Valentine's hand was unconsciously resting on the sword's grip on the waist. What could the poor scholar have thought in that situation?”

“... ..”

Iskanda did not answer.

Hazel looked up at him as he stood there.

Clearly, this article is blunt and rigid. It's hard to know what you're thinking. It's even overbearing when you keep your mouth shut like this.

But he came back with seeds. Aside from choosing the wrong job, maybe he's not that bad of a person.

I thought about it and smiled a little.

“I have one good news, though. Seeds germinate faster in water than in soil. Are you curious about what kind of strange flowers will bloom on Valentine's Day? I will plant it right now.”

Hazel took the lead and entered the house. There was no sign, and when I turned around, this black-haired knight was hesitating for some reason.

"why?"

“Oh, no.”

Iskanda came inside.

This is all for knowledge. what not to eat

With that thought in mind, I looked around the house.

It was the space I saw through the door last night. A firewood stove burning in a bright orange light. Cooking utensils hanging on the wall and crockery on the shelves. A polished wooden table.

He looked at it all for a moment and then turned away. Five chicks were sleeping in a wooden chest in one corner.

It's a landscape that fades away from being nervous... . . . .

“I’m so glad I got another chair.”

Hazel pointed to a wooden chair with the words 'donation' written in large letters.

Iskanda sat there and loosened the necklace. The wise man's stone was carefully removed from the ringed golden pod.

Meanwhile, Hazel has been given clean water in a large bowl.

“Fortunately, the lotus seeds survive for a very long time. From what I heard at the fair, even hundreds of years old seeds sprouted safely. Of course, you have to do it right.”

also.

Iskanda nodded her head.

Despite the fact that the position was very difficult, he did well to come to her. The moment I thought so.

bang!

Hazel hammered the Philosopher's Stone. Iskanda was horrified.

“What are you doing! Miss Mayfield!”

Did you really take care of it when you said you did it right?

I was so shocked that I couldn't speak. But Hazel was brave.

“You have to do this. The seeds have aged for a long time and the shell is too hard. As it is, it is difficult for the buds to come out, so you have to break them a little. Of course, breaking it anywhere is a big deal. There is a separate hole for the seeds to breathe.”

"Ah... . . . .”

Iskanda sighed and sat back down. I've never heard of an idiot anywhere. He kept fooling around in front of this farm girl.

Thinking about it that way somehow made me nervous. Without realizing it, I tapped the table with my fingertips and looked at Hazel.

“Then I will continue.”

Hazel took the seed to the front of the lamp and checked it carefully for any problems. Then, I took some sandpaper and smoothed out the part I just broke. I trimmed it well so that the sprouts could come out softly, and then I plunged the fondant into the clean water I had put in earlier.

Then he closed his eyes and placed one hand on the bowl.

This way you can feel the mood of the plant.

I've believed that since I was little. Where are you uncomfortable? Is there anything lacking? At this moment, I believed that I could feel it for myself by becoming a small seed submerged in clean water.

Looks fine.

But it's a bit sensitive. I need to keep paying attention.

Hazel opened her eyes. Iskanda asked quickly.

“Is it done now?”

"no. You have to wait.”

Hazel got up again. I opened the cupboard and took out a bowl. There were some lumps in it.

Iskanda was a bit bewildered. No matter how you looked at it, it looked like meat that had been marinated with pepper.

what's the deep meaning

I just watched silently.

Hazel brought it to the table. Then they cracked the eggs into a large bowl. After stirring well, add parsley powder, minced garlic and salt and mix.

No matter how I looked at it, it looked like I was making egg water... . . . .

What deep meaning does this have?

Iskanda continued to watch.

Hazel poured chunks of meat into the bowl. Dip the egg into the water evenly and then bite it abruptly.

“But was the island so mysterious?”

"Ah."

Iskanda nodded her head.

“It was the island of the wise. Not the wise men of the Empire who do strange research, but real wise men who spend the day in deep meditation. It was obvious just by looking at his eyes. They certainly knew the profound truth.”

“What truth do you wish to obtain, Sir Valentine?”

“I was expecting it to be about martial arts.”

“What? Is it possible through flowers?”

"of course. Because shapes have laws. It is said that even in the first Grand Cavalier that appeared in this world, he attained enlightenment through the form of nature and reached the highest level... . . . .”

Iskanda stopped talking.

I felt a sense of dread. I've said this before. It was time to leave the island and rejoin the fleet of friends.

- What a legend!

Sigwald was amazed. And I was very sorry that I wasn't there.

However, the only one who showed a normal reaction was the War Bear.

-crazy... . . . Aren't you on drugs?

Lewis tried to check Iskanda's pupils.

- That's a classic trick among the fairies. Didn't that 'wise man' tell you to buy a deserted island?

Cayenne snickered. Meanwhile, Lorendel stared at the Philosopher's Stone... . . .

- Is this a bit strange?

I suddenly tried to bite. Iskanda was terrified and took it away.

After that, he never talked about the wise man's stone in front of his friends.

However... . . . Anyway, didn't everyone see the Philosopher's Stone at least once?

They visit this farm often. What if this farmer brings up the wise man's stone in front of them?

Iskanda jumped up.

“Miss Mayfield!”

Hazel was startled while frying the meat in front of the pot.

"It's all done!"

“Oh, has it sprouted?”

"no! What do you mean?"

Hazel asked in confusion.

“You really don’t know anything. It doesn't sprout that quickly. You have to wait at least two or three days. After all, it’s in the water, so it’s that fast.”

“Then what did you tell me to wait?”

“It’s dinner.”

Hazel put the plate down.

“I felt like I was going to have to pay attention for the next few days. So I made beef cutlets as a sign of strength.”

Iskanda was at a loss for words.

How was it like cooking? Was it really cooking?

Again, I made a stupid mistake.

“... ..”

Just standing there, Hazel asked.

“You don’t know how to eat? Didn't your rich boss ever buy you something like this? Well, like this. You can cut it and eat it while it's hot. At first, only meat. The second is topped with a little pickled cabbage. Then the taste goes well and the mouth feels fresh.”

Iskanda stared blankly.

I was not familiar with cooking.

There were times when I ran away from home in the days of the Crown Prince and wandered alone with a sword, and there were times when I didn't see anyone for a full month or so. So, I thought that Iskanda could also cook simple dishes.

But Hazel's cooking was different.

The oil in the pot was unusually sizzling. If you add a chunk of meat, it will be cooked quickly. It was amazing that even though it was coated in a thick layer of breadcrumbs, it was cooked very well.

When I saw the cut, the juices were moist and shiny on the cross section surrounded by the brown cutlet skin. The aroma of the steaming meat and the flavor of garlic blended in, giving off an indescribably addictive smell.

I'm hungry... . . .

Iskanda felt dizzy. It seemed as if the biggest crisis of my life had suddenly come.

"Here you go. It was deep fried."

Hazel panicked as she put down the freshly fried meat. Tonight's guest suddenly began to stare at the beef cutlets on the table with a very scary face.

“Sir Valentine?”

“I’m busy.”

He went out hastily.

what?

It couldn't have been more disconcerting. His reaction could only be interpreted in one way.

“Some people don’t like beef cutlets.”

Hazel was perplexed.

I needed two people today. Besides, he was a good eater. So I robbed all the meat I had bought at the market. It was now forming a mountain on the countertop.

What do we do... . . . .

Well, it's not a very big deal. Beef cutlets are so delicious.

Hazel sat down at the table. I cut a piece of freshly fried steaming beef cutlet and put it in my mouth.

The fries were crumbly. Even considering that anything freshly fried has a heavenly taste, it was a really good beef cutlet. In addition, the slight garlic flavor was very good.

Hazel puts the sweet and sour cabbage pickles she made yesterday daytime on top of the cutlets. I put it in my mouth, being careful not to fall.

okay! This is delicious!

As I was savoring and feeling the unprecedented happiness in the world, my eyes met the black shadow standing in front of the door.

"Ah!"

Hazel was surprised.

For some reason, Lord Valentine was back. For some reason, he stood there and looked at Hazel. It looked like he was being tortured.

of course. Because he hates beef cutlets.

Hazel swallowed the piece of meat quickly and asked.

“Why are you back?”

“I forgot an important word... .”

“What?”

“I don’t come here often.”

"I know. The Emperor's Knights are busy."

“So if the wise man's stone sprouts, I'd like Miss Mayfield to mark the roof. Hang a flag or... .”

"I see."

"and... .. I want you to keep the work of the Philosopher's Stone a secret between the two of us."

"Okay."

Hazel nodded.

And when I looked again, he had already vanished like the wind and was gone.

\* \* \*

Imperial Palace chef Xavier Fontaine inspected the oysters that came in this morning.

Each one was bright and vivid, with a pearl-like luster. When I pressed it lightly, it was so firm that my finger was about to pop out.

"Perfect!"

He was satisfied.

These fresh oysters taste like heaven just by sprinkling them with lemon juice. Your Majesty will surely be satisfied. Thinking like that, he confidently rolled up his arms.

But it was then. His Majesty's servant hurriedly ran up to him and told him.

Xavier was bewildered.

"what? Cutlets?"

“You said 'if it is possible'.”

But he knew the servant, and he knew Xavier. Once the word has come out, even dragon eggs must be found and sacrificed.

But what about cutlets? Why would His Majesty, who seldom asks for anything, make such an ordinary dish?

for a moment. It's an ordinary dish... . . . .

maybe that?

Xavier's heart grew cold.

He ran to the palace pantry and brought veal and other ingredients. And I started to cook with all my heart.

Soon the time came.

“Your Majesty, I have commanded the beef cutlets, as you have ordered.”

Xavier opened the lid of the silver bowl.

On top of butter-baked pink prawns wrapped around like rose petals, topped with tender veal and deep-fried cutlets mixed with spices. Then, topped with a creamy alfonso sauce made from 30 ingredients, it was decorated with a metaphysically curved green onion and asparagus branches.

“... . . . .”

The emperor looked at the masterpiece silently.

And I started eating slowly.

After the meal, Xavier asked cautiously.

“How are you, Your Majesty?”

“It was great. However... ..”

The emperor frowned slightly.

“Aren’t you going to try something a little more normal next time?”

Xavier's heart pounded.

That was it too.

He hurriedly ran to the pantry again. As I was rushing around, the palace official in charge approached me in surprise.

"What's going on, Chef?"

“Tell me later. I'm busy right now.”

Yes. He is very busy now.

test of loyalty.

it has come

Recently, there has been friction as an old law allowed one salon in the palace. Surprisingly, the Emperor's direct national advisory councils all stood opposite to His Majesty. In particular, Sir Lewis raised his voice, stating that he fell in love with the mediocre country cuisine served at the salon.

Chef Giorgio, who was in charge of the Knights Templar restaurant, told me so.

Because of that, His Majesty's planting was not very good. Nevertheless, Giorgio, who was not aware of it, introduced such ordinary dishes into the menu one by one. I was just happy to hear that the response was really good.

If your Majesty knew it, you would be amazed.

no. you already know So you are asking.

'Xavier Fontaine, will you betray me too?'

Of course, that's absurd.

Xavier had long wanted to serve his new Majesty. Any cook who has experienced His Majesty the Emperor will do the same.

Fortunately, thanks to the wisdom he inherited from his mother, who worked in the Imperial Palace, the first test passed safely. But the second was waiting. This time, as before, he will have to prove his loyalty to His Majesty. Through beef cutlets that are far from 'ordinary'.

Xavier picked up a sturgeon roe and a scallop, and shouted in his mind.

Don't worry! Xavier Fontaine is Your Majesty's Eternal Servant!

At that time, like the emperor's chef, he swore his allegiance fervently.

Not far from the palace's grand garden, Hazel, the culprit of the incident, was grinding the newspapers on the chick chests with new ones.

There was another advantage of living in the middle of the Imperial Palace. The paper was easily available. There were newspapers lying on the bench in the garden right in front of you. Newspapers are good for cleaning windows. Wet it with water and rub it lightly to remove the stain. And it's perfect for laying on a chest of chicks.

Hazel filled the chick's feeder with fresh millet and poured clean water over it. When I left the newspaper, Tiberius was jumping and jumping. After that day, he said he was calm, but his personality did not go anywhere.

“Stay still. His Majesty's Knights will catch you again!”

When I said that, I remembered it again. Hazel shook her head quickly.

Not yet.

I have endured it dozens of times since morning. It's only been one night, so even though nothing has changed, I was very curious to see what the Philosopher's Stone would look like now.

But don't bother. I'm only going to take a look at it later tonight.

Hazel suppressed her curiosity.

There were many other busy things on the farm. Spinach, eggplant, tomato, pumpkin, and corn also sprouted. It wasn't raining and the sun was shining, so I had to water diligently. The time to give me a laugh was approaching.

And another thing happened in the kitchen. I had to deal with the mountain of cutlets I made yesterday. For lunch, I made a sandwich with cutlets on country bread. In the evening, I made cheese cutlets by adding cheese to the egg water.

Then, with a pounding heart, I finally looked into the bowl containing the wise man's stone.

The seeds had grown enormously. It holds plenty of water.

"right. Very well done."

Hazel encouraged the seeds.

The next day, I was excited all day.

After working in the fields, taking care of the chicks, and making manure in the warehouse, he hurried into the house. I took a quick look at the seeds.

It was as expected. Green buds were sprouting out.

Hazel was overjoyed.

You must inform the seed owner of this fact as soon as possible!

I immediately went to the warehouse and took out the ladder. I went up with a blanket, spread it wide on the roof, and came down.

After working hard all day, I was hungry. Besides, Valentine's Day is coming soon... . . .

What should I eat today?

so decided

However, as soon as the pot was just placed on the stove, a black knight appeared in front of the door like a lie.

Hazel was startled.

How did you come so quickly?

It was an incomprehensible speed. I don't know if I had been watching the roof of this house all the time. Is this speed possible? I looked at him up and down, thinking strangely.

“ . . . . . ”

Iskanda turned his gaze away.

There was only one good thing about being a neighbor. The house could be seen from the room.

He said it would take two or three days, so he was prepared and waited. And as soon as he saw the cloth on the roof, he ran to it.

“Has it sprouted?”

"okay!"

Hazel quickly brought the treat.

Whoever looked at it, it was a bud. From the tip Hazel had broken, a sharp green bud was sticking out its head.

“After all, the wise man’s stone was a seed!”

Iskanda exclaimed.

The moment when a guess turns out to be true is very exciting. Especially if it is a guess that breaks the frame of thought.

The two stood for a moment and looked down at the bowl. Then I suddenly felt it.

“But this... .”

“How are you withering?”

Hazel was perplexed.

Now I see that the buds are too thin. The color wasn't good and the overall look was poor. I couldn't feel the vitality that just broke through.

Hazel's eyes, who had seen many plants, spoke.

It will be difficult to live like this.

This time, Hazel was also in trouble.

“I think it's because I'm from a distant country. When I came out, I realized that the water and air of Bratania did not match well. What should I do?”

“I have one thought.”

Iskanda said.

“It's hard to wait until all these sprouts grow anyway. Why don't you cast growth magic on it so that you can immediately see what kind of plant it is?”

“Magic?”

Hazel was surprised.

“Do you have any money left?”

Unknowingly, I screamed.

Various types of magic research were being conducted in Bratania. But using it was another matter.

Magic can harm the balance of the world in the long run, so everything, except for tricks like illusion magic, was taxed a huge amount. Only those who could afford the magic tax could buy the spell.

"i See. Sir Valentine is so rich.”

Iskanda, who had brought up the magic talk without thinking, hesitated for a moment, unable to find a word to respond to.

are you okay. It's free for the emperor.

It can't be like this... . . . .

Fortunately, Hazel wasn't too obsessed with it.

“You can't use growth magic or anything like that. Interrupting an organism's self-growth will eventually backfire in some way. But in this case, I don't think it can be helped. It would be too difficult to grow up alone in an unfamiliar land, so it would be better to grow it strong even with the power of magic. I am very curious about what kind of flowers will bloom.”

"great. If so, I will prepare the growth magic tomorrow . And bring data on every aquatic plant known to the world.”

“Good idea. Tomorrow we will really know what truth the wise man of the island nation wanted to convey.”

He spoke with anticipation, but suddenly the smell of oil brushed the tip of his nose.

Oh right. Did you put the pot on it?

Hazel turned quickly.

“Wait a minute, Sir Valentine. I'll fry some cutlets and talk.”

Iskanda flinched at those words.

Cutlet!

While I was vigilant, another crisis struck.

Yesterday and today, the chef of the Imperial Palace continued to annoy the master with his unconventional and experimental cutlet dishes. It wasn't even beef anymore, it wasn't breaded, it wasn't fried. Still, it was a bold claim to be a cutlet.

I just asked for plain cutlets.

Iskanda couldn't figure out what the English language was.

The more the chef came out like that, the more I wanted to eat ordinary cutlets. However, it is impossible for the emperor to use the swarm to say what he wants to eat. So I just waited... . . .

Watching the chunk of meat that I had been thinking about over and over went into the oil and deep-fried, I got dizzy again.

After a while, Hazel pulled out a well-ripe cutlet.

“By the way, dinner is-.”

I turned around to ask if I ate... . . . .

There was no Valentine's Day.

Again, it suddenly disappeared.

what?

Hazel was bewildered.

Meanwhile, the newly added cutlet came to mind. I took them all out and put them on a plate and brought them to the table.

Hazel sat alone and raised a fork. Then he sighed.

Beef cutlets are a very tasty dish. Especially when it is fried quickly, there is nothing like it in the world if you eat it while blowing it up.

... . . . But now I'm actually a little bored.

It was already seven consecutive cutlets. I tried putting it on bread, adding cheese, soaking it in cold sauce, and eating it with salad, but finally the limit came.

“Ugh... . . . .”

Hazel ate the cutlet, holding back the greasy feeling.

However, thanks to diligent eating for two days, I almost finished everything. You can eat it all tomorrow.

It was really long... . . . .

“Tomorrow, let’s eat something delicious to commemorate.”

Hazel comforted herself like that. And, I narrowed my eyebrows at another thought.

The emperor's subordinates honestly think it's okay to starve a little.

But Lord Valentine was too hungry. After all, he was a visitor to the farm, and he had already left twice without eating.

As a homeowner, this is embarrassing.

Hazel was deep in thought.

\* \* \*

Finally, the long-awaited day has dawned.

Hazel moved the seeds into a large vat and waited for dinner.

It was the same with Iskanda.

He went to the Tower of Knowledge like dawn and asked for a growth magic to be used on plants, and asked to go to the Imperial Palace Library and collect all the data on aquatic plants.

Both arrived at the office late in the afternoon.

After that, I waited for work to be finished, and when it hit 6 o'clock, I quickly disguised myself and left the palace.

Hazel hurried to meet him.

“Hurry up! The buds have withered more!”

"I get it!"

My heart was rushed.

Iskanda didn't even need a starter word to activate magic, so he tore the magic spell 'Kreskere', which means growth in the old language, in half.

A dazzling light burst out and enveloped the seeds.

The sprout that had protruded straight out straight out. As roots sprouted from the seed, several stems grew in an instant. The leaves spread wide and flower buds quickly formed. The closed buds opened in the blink of an eye, and the flowers were in full bloom.

Hazel opened her eyes wide and looked up.

It was similar to the lotus flower I saw at the World's Fair, but it was completely different. A faint mist was floating through the mysterious blue petals. Looking at it, I felt kind of hazy.

“What is this?”

“Where shall I see you?”

Iskanda hurriedly searched the botanical encyclopedia. After a while, there was a flower that looked similar.

“Isn’t this?”

The two quickly looked at the page. And it got nerfed.

“Sir Valentine! Is this a monster?”

Hazel exclaimed in surprise.

Rotopagos Island-

It was written that way in the booklet.

Once upon a time, a group of the King of Heroes drifted to an island by chance. The tribesmen there welcomed them and fed them strange fruits.

The subordinates who ate the fruit completely forgot their hometown. Forgetting all his memories, he lay down comfortably, ate only the fruit, and tried to live on that island forever. The King of Heroes was forced to escape with his men tied to the ship... .

This was not at all what Hazel had expected.

“They were demons, not wise men! A demon that preys on travelers! Did you really not know that?”

"Come to think of it... ."

Iskanda recalled.

“I was always trying to feed us something... . . . He refused to the end because he could not purify the food of the poor wise men. If I ate it, I wouldn't have been able to return home safely. What a dangerous flower this is!”

Then I suddenly realized.

“But now we... . . .”

“Are you okay?”

Hazel looked at the flowers in the wooden barrel on the table.

“There is a plant in front of me that is classified as a monster in the illustrated book, and it feels strangely relaxed and comfortable. If you look closely, this flower is slightly different. Like the flowers in the picture, they are large and not dark in color. The seeds are different. Just looking at it, it's a kind and gentle kind.”

“That is... . . . Did the old man really give it as a favor?”

“I think so. What happened on the island? Let's talk more about it again.”

Iskanda recalled again.

“As I said before, I didn't eat anything they recommend... . . . Well, yes. Everyone was meditating in the hot sun, so a wooden pole was erected to provide shade. They fixed the huts that had fallen in the storm, and the wells were dirty and made new.”

“Did you do it all? Are you in a position of adrift?”

“Because I didn't want to sit still while the ship was being repaired. It felt like something had to be done. Above all, the cluttered scenery was very annoying.”

“Yeah, you did... ..”

Hazel got up from the table and went to the cupboard.

He seemed to know the full story of the case.

To test the hypothesis, he took out all the wooden spoons and placed them one by one in front of Lord Valentine. They were all straight, but the last one was deliberately crooked.

“Watch this quietly.”

Iskanda looked down at the spoons as instructed.

After a while, one hand went up on its own. Hazel looked at the hand. Iskanda immediately lowered her hand. But after a while, the hand went up again.

Hazel looked again. But he couldn't bear it and ended up straightening the crooked spoon.

“I thought so.”

Hazel nodded. I've seen these types of people a few times since I was a kid, doing all kinds of work.

'controllers'.

Hazel gave them that name. It is mainly distributed in managerial positions, and cannot take a break even for a moment.

He was also a control patient.

I looked at the blunt knight in front of me with salty eyes.

“Sir Valentine, can't you just let me go if there's something you don't like? You have to change it in your own way somehow to get rid of your intuition, right?”

“Isn't everyone like that?”

"You're welcome."

Hazel pointed to the natives in the book.

“These people must have been very upset. What used to be a shabby island country good for attracting drifting travelers has suddenly turned into a shiny new one. Anyway, it's true that life has improved, so I would have been grateful, but I must have thought to myself. 'Who is this person? I'm having a hard time buying it!' That's why I gave this seed to you while looking at me with those faint eyes. Now the riddle has been solved. Can you guess the longitude of Valentine's Day? The profound truth that the old sage of the island country wanted to convey... .”

“... . Forget about it while growing this flower.”

Iskanda muttered blankly.

“Take it easy.”

It really felt like I had been hit in the back of the head.

It is surprising that the stones of the wise men, which he had cherished so much, were seeds, but it turned out that they were not wise men, and the words he was trying to convey through the seeds were completely different from what he expected.

I never imagined that such a truth could be hidden in the wise man's stone.

“After all, it’s easy for people to get caught up in subjectivity. I imagined it on my own terms and misunderstood it.”

Iskanda was deep in thought.

Actually, that's nothing new. Even on this farm where I'm sitting now, didn't I think freely and make judgments? It made me look back on the habit of always evaluating and judging quickly by putting the most importance on efficiency.

Relationship problems may be different... . . . .

“Even if not, recently, I heard that the time has come to look back on your life.”

"i See."

Hazel looked at him again with salty eyes.

“If those around you say that, I think Sir Valentine works too hard. That's not to say it's bad, but sometimes you just need a break, don't you? I would recommend Farm to such a person.”

"What... . . . Do you recommend?"

“It’s a farm. I can't tell you how comfortable it is to touch the soil and see the seeds sprout and grow. I have a lot of money, so how about setting up a farm on the estate?”

“Oh, no. I don't like it.”

"Yes. I didn't even expect it. It's just something I've done once. If there is one more farm, the world will be a better place. But the Emperor's knights, who are busy day and night, cannot do farm work. In fact, this is what I really want to recommend.”

It was a moment that I had been craving since last night.

Hazel hurried to the cupboard. I took the bottle out of my suitcase and put it in a cool place. I put it down on the table.

“It’s the knight’s wine.”

Iskanda shook her head.

He didn't like alcohol very much. 'cause it blurs your mind I didn't put it in my mouth unless it was absolutely necessary. But this time, I had no choice but to look.

“The knight’s wine?”

I had never heard a name like that. So I got curious.

“Is there anything like that?”

“Actually, that’s my name.”

Hazel said.

“I drank all the cider I had in my suitcase and used the red wine for cooking. And finally, this remains. When I left the farm in Belmont 11 years ago, Uncle Carl put it in my bag.”

“It doesn’t seem like a desirable gift for a little girl, but anyway, isn’t it a very valuable gift?”

"Yes. But thanks to Sir Valentine, I've seen rare plants, so what should I offer? If you were a knight, you would definitely like this.”

Hazel opened the bottle without hesitation.

Wine gushed out into a rustic wooden glass. It was white wine, but the color was so dark that it looked golden. The most unusual thing was the scent. A fragrance that was not like ordinary wine, which I had never smelled anywhere else, spread out.

Iskanda's curiosity grew stronger.

"Why did Miss Mayfield call it Knight's Wine?"

"Drink it and you will know."

Do you know when you drink it?

Those words fueled my curiosity even more. He began to quarrel.

As soon as the job was done, I ran right away. So, I was just starting to feel thirsty.

Of course, I have vowed not to eat anything from this farm.

But can't we get some water and drink it? Moreover, this wine is not made on this farm.

He thought so and finally reached out.

I was very curious what it would taste like.

He placed the glass of wood against his lips, and the thick aroma of wine spread like a thick veil.

As soon as she took a sip, Iskanda was surprised.

This cool wine had a very rich and rich taste.

It seemed to pour golden sunlight. It was not like the bright sunlight in the middle of the day, but just before the sun went down, it was like a golden sunset that burned the whole sky brilliantly.

Iskanda said unconsciously.

“It reminds me of twilight... ..”

“You saw it right away!”

Hazel was delighted.

“Usually in vineyards, grapes are picked and made into wine in October at the latest. But sometimes we leave some of them out. The grapes continue to ripen while guarding the vineyard until late autumn when the weather gets chilly. Even when the frost falls from the place where everyone has left, they remain silently in place. The grapes that have matured to the end are very rich in flavor. It has a deep and rich taste that cannot be found in any other wine. That's why it was named Knight's Wine. You look like an old knight who protects the battlefield until the very end, right?”

I see.

Iskanda agreed.

An old, upright knight who guards the battlefield until the very end. It was the look he had always longed for. I hoped that someday it could be like that.

So I liked it. It is truly a fascinating wine. While enjoying the deep and rich taste pleasantly, I drank as much as Hazel gave me.

Then, at some point, I panicked.

When the thirst was gone, hunger came. I poured cold wine on an empty stomach, and now I want to eat something warm.

Just then, Hazel said as if she knew it all.

“Does alcohol have to have snacks?”

“... ..”

“Sir Valentine is a chick abuser, a subordinate of the Sprout Slayer, but... .. Still, I can cook for you. Because nature doesn't treat people by looking at them, Aunt Martha taught me. On this farm, everyone has the right to eat the delicious food that nature has to offer. So tell me anything.”

say anything It was such a seductive word.

Iskanda wanted to eat something hot right now. warm and oily. Sizzling fried stuff. Tongue moved spontaneously from drunkenness.

“... .. Cutlets.”

"Yes?"

Hazel was startled.

“Did you just say cutlets?”

“... ..”

“You really want cutlets? I thought he didn't like it because he stared at me like he wanted to kill me! Actually, I wanted to eat it, but I endured it! But why the hell would you do that... .. ?”

I went there and realized it myself.

"i See. The boss's eyes were visible. Obviously, it is true that the high-ranking person hates this place very much. But this is a salon. Anyone can visit at will and be treated by the salon owner. That's a very fair thing legally. However, the problem is... ."

Hazel was a little confused.

"I thought Lord Valentine didn't like cutlets, so I worked hard for two days and ate them all by myself! Wouldn't it be nice if you spoke a little sooner? There is only one piece left. I was too tired to even fry it, so I left it... ."

"Even that."

Iskanda hurriedly said.

Hazel quickly placed a small pan over the wood fire. Pour in plenty of oil and quickly fry the last piece of cutlet left over.

It was served so hastily that it made a sizzling sound even after putting it on a plate.

Iskanda cut it into large pieces and put it in her mouth.

I've imagined eating these beef cutlets hundreds of times. However, there were limits to the imagination.

The cutlets were really tasty. The crispy deep-fried breadcrumbs of the meat are soft and moist, so you can eat them with just one bite. While aging in the cupboard, the seasoning of salt, pepper, and garlic was soaked in the taste.

A piece of the cutlet disappeared in an instant. There was no message between them. It was like throwing a small stone into the great sea.

The moment I was about to become sad, a large plate appeared in front of me.

On the plate was a large pie. The dough was spread thinly and widely, and cheese was generously placed on it, and smoked meat was added generously and baked in a wood-burning oven.

“Drink it. It’s a snack that goes very well with wine.”

Even if I didn't have to, Iskanda was already reaching out her hand.

The combination of cheese and smoked meat was amazing on the crunchy pie. Even using only those three, it tasted better than any other first-class dish.

Even so, my taste buds were exhausted from eating all kinds of bizarre 'cutlets' from the chef, so this pie, faithful to the basics, tasted ecstatically delicious. There was nothing in the world to envy if you drank a sip of wine when you felt salty.

"Here you go. Try this too.”

Hazel quickly brought out another plate.

This time it was skewers. Onions, mushrooms, tomatoes, beef, etc., I tried sparingly shaking off the remaining ingredients after making the stew last time. Just seasoning it with salt and pepper and sprinkling some good quality olive oil on it was delicious enough to bring tears to my eyes.

Iskanda thought about it as she eagerly ate fire-flavored skewers.

But is this somehow familiar?

The skewer was somehow like an arrowhead. It seemed that the imperial design was also engraved on the tip.

are you drunk

It seemed like that.

"uh? Is it empty already?"

I saw Hazel shaking the empty bottle upside down right before my eyes.

"it's okay. Sooner or later I will also grow grapes. They are going to wipe out the neighbors and make a huge vineyard to grow grapes."

A slightly twisted pronunciation was heard. Iskanda looked like she was getting drunk.

What am I doing now?

It was as if he had just heard of alcohol that could shake the foundations of the empire. But more than that, the foundation of his life was shaking.

Iskanda looked at the empty plates piled up in front of her with puzzled eyes. The difficult position between the neighbors, the promise to be released from the imperial palace, the firm decision not to receive any kind of entertainment... .. Everything I forgot for a moment flashed by like a lantern.

What have you done?

He jumped up from his seat.

"I will go."

"Ah."

Hazel shuddered. It's like he was a little drunk on strong wine, but the farmer doesn't stretch that much.

"Wait! Lord Valentine! Where are you going?"

"No more food."

"No, I have to bring flowers!"

Iskanda paused.

Indeed, it is.

I turned around and looked at the table. The lotus flower of Rotopagos was still smoking a relaxing mist from the bucket of water.

This is not a harmful plant.

Come to think of it, even though I couldn't understand the language, there are memories I had with the tribesmen of the island country in my own way. It also contains the teachings of a 'sage' that deserves careful consideration.

That was enough to keep as a souvenir.

But Iskanda shook her head.

If such an unusual plant suddenly appeared in the palace, rumors would somehow leak out. Then, it may catch the attention of journalists and appear in the newspaper.

'A flower bloomed from the wise man's stone owned by the emperor... ... !'

Hazel picked up the newspaper and wiped the window while reading the article. It got creepy.

“I will donate this plant here.”

"Yes? No! Growing plants classified as monsters! This time, he really got kicked out!"

“Say that Miss Mayfield found it while digging. Something similar happened a few times before. If you go to the palace and report it, there is no problem.”

“Really?”

“I guarantee.”

Iskanda said.

It's pretty much done with this

It's unlikely, but if anyone asks, it would be enough to say that the wise man's stone was lost due to a broken cord. The wise men in the Imperial Palace Lab must have already forgotten what the Emperor had asked, and the botanist must be trying to quickly erase the memory of that day. No one will ever know that the wise man's stone was actually a seed and that this flower bloomed there.

“Again, this time... ..”

"I know. It's a secret.”

Hazel nodded.

“Thanks to you, I have a rare flower!”

Next to Hazel, who rejoiced as she stroked the lotus, her face vividly recognizable even in the orange glow of the lamp, Iskanda was deep in thought again.

This farm is a really strange place.

Obviously, I was only here to investigate, but I couldn't figure out how this happened. In any case, it is better to hold off your re-visit for the time being until you come up with a very definitive countermeasure.

At that time, the pile of empty plates caught my eye again.

Iskanda changed her mind.

no. Just don't come at all. It is very difficult to resist the cuisine here.

Hazel lifted the bucket of water, never knowing that this evening's guest was in so much anguish right next to him.

“Thank you, Sir Valentine. Then I will take care of this.”

I looked back and said thanks.

But he was no longer there. Only the wooden door rattled in the night wind.

Hazel muttered.

“He’s a really weird person.”

Cayenne Lunbard ate the cheese cookie and admired it.

“This is so perfect!”

The cookies were very bright yellow. After kneading the dough into a light and fluffy feeling, I put a lot of cheese in it. According to Hazel, for some reason there was a lot of cheese powder left in this kitchen last night.

It was a good thing for Golden Catsie, who likes cheese. Cayenne was very happy and ate the cookie. Then I remembered it later.

“Oh, did you just ask a question?”

he said sarcastically.

“The answer is, it is actually possible.”

Hazel was surprised.

"really?"

"Yes. It's a kind of brain function problem. That's what affects the language backbone. Then you can't control it. For example, due to dementia, etc., there is an abnormality in the language function, and profanity that is not normally used is pouring out one after another. So, there may be times when you can't use polite words because of an illness. There's no reason it can't be a hereditary disease."

"I see... . Then I misunderstood."

“But who are you talking about?”

“Oh, no.”

Hazel quickly poured more cookies onto the plate.

Could there really be a genetic disease where you can't use polite words? I thought Sir Valentine was lying.

Hazel felt a little sorry.

Next time we meet, don't be too harsh.

I thought so.

By the way, when is the next secret inspection?

Just wondering, someone knocked on the door.

When I think of management, management comes.

The guest was the royal residence.

The two met face-to-face once on their first day here. It turned out he wasn't that scary, but... . . . Anyway, the appearance of the official made Hazel nervous.

"Cecil, did you see the report I submitted this morning?"

"Oh, I don't need that."

"You don't need it?"

"I thought this would be complicated because it is a rare plant... . . . Unexpectedly, Bratania was already included in the domestically allowed plants. In the name of 'Lotopagus lotus - purebred species'."

"Really?"

Hazel was surprised.

Could there be such a cunning coincidence? Did you know that 'Rotopagos lotus - purebred species' was already registered?

If I had thought about it a bit more, I might have wondered if things were going so conveniently... . I didn't even think about it until there. Hazel could only have imagined that His Majesty's Majesty had used his hand in advance.

"Good for you! Then can I just grow it?"

"sure."

The royal palace official gave me a cultivation permit.

Hazel reassuredly lifted the cloth that had been covered in the corner.

I tried to get the water bottle out, but it didn't budge. It looked cramped, so I changed it to a bigger bottle and filled it with water, but that seems to be too much.

“Come here, please!”

Cayenne rushed out.

However... .

This cat wasn't particularly strong either. The big bucket of water still didn't move.

“Hmm, it’s cumbersome, but the divine power... .”

The moment Cayen was about to draw out his sword, Sigwald came in without a sound. He picked up the water bottle and carried it outside.

"thank you!"

Hazel greeted him.

“Even so, I was thinking of sending cookies to Miss Anna Sophia and Miss Isabella. Would you like some?”

“You will love it.”

Sigwald expressed his gratitude with sincerity. Then he glanced at the water bottle he had just moved.

Cayen, who was looking at me with curious eyes, asked quickly.

"What's this? Lotus in Rotopagos? I think I've heard it somewhere... . . . .”

“I think there is something like that. It's originally a harmful flower that causes memory loss, but it's okay because it's a mild seed. It has the effect of relieving tension, so I will try to raise it well and breed it.”

"then... . . . .”

Sigwald went to the warehouse. What I was going to do was bring some wood and start making a huge barrel.

That was a good idea. Hazel and Cayenne also helped by the side.

A yellow butterfly flew from somewhere.

Suddenly I looked up and saw a white deer over the fence... . . . No, an elegant middle-aged woman in a violet-colored dress stood still, sniffing the scent. I wasn't alone today. There were several others who looked alike.

Brought a bunch!

The fact that guests who have come once come again, and that they bring a group, means that the farm is very good.

Hazel was happy.

They smelled the scent of lavender with expressions of appreciation. Along the way, I watched Siegwald, Cayenne, and Hazel, who make huge barrels.

It was definitely a sight to behold.

People who were walking through the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace gathered one by one.

They stood outside the fence and watched the spectacle. Everyone wondered what the commander of the Knights of the Storm and the Knights of the Seongpung were doing with the owner of this strange salon, and what that strange flower was in the wooden barrel.

There was one of those onlookers.

It was Count Diabelli.

He came home feeling very uncomfortable. I found my daughter first. When I saw that I was arranging flowers with my tutor in the studio, I was very upset.

“It’s time to do such a trivial thing!”

"Yes?"

“Go and have a look! It's a palace salon! It's a farm! If you want to use your hair, you have to use it like that! What have you done so far!”

My mother, who had just run away, joined in as well.

“We had high expectations of you!”

Christina, aka 'Kitty' Diabelli, was struck by lightning.

Of course I knew about the 'farm salon'. But he didn't pay any attention. Otherwise, it could fly out of His Majesty's eyes. The atmosphere in the Imperial Palace social circle was definitely like that. Everyone was hesitant. I never knew when the flow changed, but... . . . .

A poisonous light flashed in her blue eyes.

Kitty Diabelli was the little viper of the court.

The Diabelli couple had a lot of money, but they had no place in the social world. When a pretty daughter was born, she tried to marry her to a good place and make a connection. So, since I was a child, I was anxious about everything.

“Why can't you walk so gracefully!”

“Can't we do a more cultured babbling?”

In a family like this, even if you were born as a baby angel, you can't help but turn into a demon of jealousy, Leviathan, in an instant.

Farm! It's a farm!

Kitty shook her head.

Immediately, he led a group of close friends and entered the palace. Burinake ran to the 'farm salon'.

So unintentionally... ... I became the first girl guest.

Hazel, who was walking through the laundry, was startled when she suddenly saw girls of her age crossing the fence.

The pretty girl with black hair standing in the front first grabbed the skirt and bowed gracefully. Then it immediately declared war.

“The garden is beautiful.”

For the first time, female guests of similar age came to visit. He is interested in the farm. Besides, it was praised. Hazel was excited.

"thank you!"

The girls looked at each other with strange faces. Sarcasm doesn't work. Someone loosened it up a bit and said it again.

“Do you really think this is a garden?”

"no! It's a farm!"

The girls became frustrated as if their chests were clogged. So, I decided to go a little more blunt.

"Oh my gosh! What does this smell like?"

“I am composting.”

“I didn’t just ask a question!”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn't know any experts.”

Hazel opened the barn door wide to show off the compost.

The girls were startled and stepped back. Some covered their mouths with perfumed handkerchiefs to resist their nausea.

It's a huge high

Kitty concluded.

The silk gloved hands trembled. How long has it been since you met a strong enemy? It was time for 'processing expert' Kitty Diabelli.

She said as she walked without hesitation on the pile of dirt.

“You must have already done ‘L’Overture’, right?”

Hazel tilted her head slightly. It was an unfamiliar word. Still, it looked delicious. Is it like the name of a popular cheese in the capital?

“I haven’t done it yet.”

“Then are you going to do it soon?”

It's also the name of cheese. Hazel thought. If that's the case, I'm thinking of making all the cheeses... . . .

"Yes."

answered right away.

caught Kitty Diabelli smiled.

"Everyone! Miss Mayfield says she's opening a Louverture soon!"

It was announced so that even the onlookers standing outside the fence could hear it.

... ... open?

Hazel finally sensed something strange. When the cheese is ripped, it is ripped, not opened. It wasn't cheese.

"What is it?"

As if he didn't know that, Kitty responded.

"It's a tea party. Salon opening tea party."

tea party?

Hazel's eyes widened.

5. Tea Party of Butter Cookies and Dandelion (1)

Salon is a place for socializing provided in the parlor of a noble woman.

Many upper-class women in Bratania have their own salons.

In some salons, writers gather to read poetry and novels, and their passion for creativity blossoms. In some salons, musicians gather to release new songs for the first time and exchange opinions. Some salons share information about hounds, while others are leading the knitting trend in the empire.

As such, there is one very important thing for salons, which vary according to the owner's personality, to operate well in the social world.

This is the opening tea party called 'Louverture'.

Salon is only widely known in the social world through this declaration ceremony. If there is a topic, it is reported in the newspaper.

Word of mouth is very important in the social world. You have to keep going up and down in people's mouths in order to solidify your position.

“... .. So this tea party is very important.”

After explaining that, Lewis hesitated a bit. I didn't really want to talk about it. But if Hazel didn't know yet, it seemed like he shouldn't have continued.

“Well, and, about those girls... ..”

Hazel thought for a moment before he realized Louise's troubles. I sighed lightly, thanking her for her consideration.

"I know. I have had a social life.”

I realized it too late for that. He was very excited about the visits of his peers.

I was bewildered by the tea party talk, and only later did I catch my eye on the language the girls were speaking with their facial expressions.

this was bullshit

When a new bird flies into the grain field, the original bird rushes in and surrounds it, pecking it with its beak and striking it with its wings.

what is to come has come

Thinking like that made me nervous.

“What if no one comes to the tea party?”

“Don’t worry about that.”

Lewis squinted his eyes.

“Certainly because of Ys... .. Everyone is taking care of themselves because of His Majesty, but there are people who don't care.”

“Who is that?”

“Women from the upper classes who held positions with some kind of 'crown' in the Imperial Palace. Since I have a career that is difficult for others to replace, my position will not be shaken as long as I do not commit illegal acts. When there is something fresh and new, they come to me without hesitation.”

Ah, the white deer.

Hazel agreed.

“Then will they come to the tea party?”

"sure. There was already a reaction. They are bold and demanding. The taste is also very sophisticated. Not long ago, a high-end restaurant opened on 3rd Street, and they flocked to taste it, and without saying a word, they made it go out of business with just their eyes!"

"Yes? That's scary... . . . ."

“But Hazel can do it. Everyone will fall in love with just one bite. I bet you.”

Lewis asserted. Seeing those purple eyes full of confidence, Hazel made up her mind.

"that's right. This is the farm I've been dreaming of for 11 years. It is the only land in our family. I will do my best not to be ashamed.”

Lewis smirked inwardly.

The second thing that became my strength... . . . .

I just secretly called him Hazel, but he didn't catch me.

You should increase it once a day.

Lewis made a plan like that.

Just then, there was a creaking sound outside the slightly opened door.

“Miss Mayfield, are you there?”

It was Lorendel's voice. Louise's complexion changed.

“It was a big deal.”

"why?"

“After much deliberation, our elf friend finally changed the walking route. It looks like you've decided to pass in front of this farm from today.”

Lorendel came in after hearing the voice. I said to Hazel, ignoring Lewis.

“I was passing by. I was wondering if there was anything I could do to help.”

“It really happened. Now I have been rewarded for the long life of a high elf. Lorendel will stop by here for hundreds of years. And I will continue to ask the descendants who inherited this farm like that.”

“Louis—”

“I have something to help you.”

Hazel said abruptly.

“I just decided on a theme for the tea party, let's see how it goes.”

“What?”

They both asked at the same time. Hazel replied.

“Butter. With golden butter made on the farm, we will make a variety of refreshments to fully enjoy the taste of butter. Pies, cookies, mini cakes, croissants... .”

“Very good idea!”

Lewis exclaimed.

Just changing the butter can change the taste. Golden butter made on the farm, I was already looking forward to how thick and savory it would be.

“I think it’s good too.”

Lorendel nodded seriously.

“You chose a theme that clearly shows the individuality of the farm, but is also very popular.”

“Then I’m glad. However, the problem is that there are no cows on the farm yet. In the capital, good milk seems to be too expensive... .”

"Ah!"

Lewis remembered and shouted.

“I was originally here to tell the story!”

“What are you talking about?”

“The minister of the palace was informed. This is a salon in the palace, so they said that the opening party was funded.”

Hazel's eyes widened.

“Really?”

“Because it is. If the Grand Duchess approves, you can get it right away.”

“If you are the Grand Duchess... . . . .”

“The Emperor’s cousin, Grand Duchess Athena.”

Laurendel explained.

“Except for the Empress Dowager, she is the highest-ranking woman in the Imperial Palace, so she is currently acting on behalf of the Empress Dowager.”

"i See."

Hazel nodded in amazement.

I had no idea it was a subsidy. It seemed like he had won thousands of horses.

\* \* \*

Athena Arpege took a deep breath, as usual, at the majestic gate in perfect symmetry, carved with gold in ivory wood.

“You are the Grand Duchess!”

The servants opened the door wide.

The emperor of this country, her cousin brother, sat and worked against the backdrop of the imperial symbol of the majestic Pegasus.

Athena sighed a little.

There are times when you hate yourself. But when I saw him in front of me, my hatred disappeared like snow.

From the moment she got lost in the forest of the old imperial palace and ran into a blond boy knight whom she didn't know, her heart was focused only on him.

Athena walked slowly over the carpet.

In a room full of ivory and gold, she also looked like one of the elegant statues that belonged to this space.

In the Imperial Palace, perhaps the most beautiful face in the entire empire, a pale pink blush appeared very faintly. Today Athena wore a classy satin dress that accentuated her lovely azure eyes.

“I met with representatives of victims of the Basel fire in the morning. On behalf of the Empress Dowager, I conveyed my condolences to them.”

"Huh."

Iskanda shook her head.

"Well done."

I glanced at him and then looked down at the desk again.

I thought it was really cruel, but even that resentment felt sweet to a 20-year-old girl who was blindly in love.

“Here is the report.”

Athena held out the paper. Then, without realizing it, I imagined the upcoming ball. The moment when gloved fingertips touch... . . . .

Then, suddenly, Iskanda raised her head and looked at her. He knew that today's gaze was over, so his cheeks turned red without even hiding it.

"What is this? A letter of approval for a tea party budget at the palace salon?"

"Yes? iced coffee... . . . ."

Athena was sober. When I realized that I had handed over the wrong documents, I was very upset.

"There... . . . The rumored palace salon is holding a tea party to commemorate the opening on this Saturday, June 1st. As there is no legal problem in itself, I had to approve the budget on behalf of the Empress Dowager... . . . ."

Athena wanted to bite her tongue, knowing how offensive the words coming out of her mouth would sound to Iskanda. Only thanks to the strict education he received as an imperial family, he was able to finish his speech.

“Don’t be angry. The lady knows that your Majesty is displeased, how dare you dare to do a tea party? Some other girl forced me to open it. I found out that the party hadn't been held yet, so I got into trouble. It's nothing. It's a common little clash in the social world.”

Athena made an excuse without knowing it and looked at his complexion.

However, Iskanda was unexpectedly blunt.

"I get it."

"Yes."

"You should take a break too."

"... .. Yes."

Athena retreated with a puzzled face. Before leaving the office, I glanced around and, to my surprise, the Emperor was immersed in some thought.

"What are you thinking?"

She was puzzled and left the office.

In fact, Iskanda wasn't immersed in any particular thought.

tea party. This will increase my power again.

Just thinking about it made my head hurt.

He knew that the female bureaucrats leading the fashion in the Imperial Palace were particularly curious about the farm. By Sunday, the rumors will already be circulating. What was delicious and what was strange... ..

done. Let's not worry.

Iskanda shook her head.

He is very busy now. A dispute arose between the Dukes of Acevedo and Monte Alegre over the territory of Las Salinas. There was some legal ambiguity, so they decided to follow His Majesty's decision.

Iskanda had to come up with an arbitration proposal quickly. The two old men, old enough to see their great-grandchildren, were ready for a duel at any moment. Neither of them have ever held a knife other than a paper-cutting knife.

Iskanda searched the code of law from the beginning of the Empire for clues to solving this difficult problem. Sometimes, I scan the precedents mixed with ancient words that are difficult to recognize... . . . .

Something caught my mind. In what Athena had just said, something caught very slightly.

He tried to get the clue for a moment, then gave up.

'cause we don't care

I started reading the code again.

I hung around all afternoon, but there was no progress. It was evening with no harvest.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to shoot some bows?

Iskanda came out of the palace.

That was then.

"your Majesty!"

Acebe, who had been hiding behind the rose fence, jumped out.

"your Majesty!"

The ball of Monte Alegre, who was pretending to be Topiary, also jumped out.

Damn it.

Iskanda hastily hid in the large garden in front of her.

Its labyrinthine gardens were intricately intertwined, making it a great way to outrun pursuers. I wondered if it was made for that purpose in the first place. Iskanda paused for a moment among the manicured bushes.

did you go

The shouts of the old men seeking the emperor were nowhere to be heard. Somewhere beyond the green wall, there were only a few court ladies conversing softly.

I had no intention of eavesdropping, but the word 'tea party' entered my ears.

also. It's already a hot topic.

Iskanda shrugged.

let's stop worrying

I turned around to give him a seat and walked away.

But it was then.

For some reason, the uneasy tone of voice drew his ears.

“... .. It's all been great so far, but this time it's been a total misjudgment. Do you know why Sir Lewis or the other knights keep going to that farm? It's food! Farm cooking!”

"that's right. Of course everyone's exaggerating, but if the rumors are true, we're screwed. Rather, you have prepared a stage to shine. It will be a great tea party. We got caught up in our tricks. I should have known better."

Then someone said, "Huhuh," and laughed a little. The lady I just spoke of was startled.

"Who is this for? Are you laughing now?"

"sure."

she said as if singing.

"The party will be a huge success. Everyone will praise you until your mouth is dry. You will have a lot of followers."

"Are you kidding me now?"

"If only it could be opened safely. Don't worry everyone. That 'cool tea party'... .. It will never open!"

Iskanda's feet trembled.

he finally realized

The reason why Athena's words touched my heart.

That's because the front and back didn't match.

To fall over the fact that the party hasn't been held yet means that some information has already been obtained about the farm. If so, there is no way that he did not know about the most tumultuous information. You couldn't have known that the farm's food was so popular.

Still, you make me throw a tea party.

It was planned to be ruined in the first place.

It is true that the stage was set up. But it is not a stage to shine. It was a stage to show a splendid ruin in front of the most demanding audience.

At last the number over there was read.

But what are you going to do?

Iskanda lifted her ears to listen. But the other side of the maze was quiet.

After a moment of thought, they moved away to share a more intimate conversation. I looked around but couldn't find it.

Who the hell are you? Who is the owner of that voice?

Iskanda came out of the garden with a serious face. Just as an old palace pavilion passed by, I called it up.

“I heard there was a person who made a tea party in the salon in the palace, who is that?”

"your Majesty!"

The palace official shook his head in surprise.

“Of course, the event must be very unpleasant, but please stop looking for the culprits like this! It is not worthy of Your Majesty's prestige!"

said in a trembling voice.

Iskanda was perplexed.

“It’s a misunderstanding.”

“Give me a harvest!”

Some nobles looked up and whispered.

inevitably turned back.

Yes. In the eyes of others, it would seem petty and trying to find the instigator who started the unpleasant tea party.

Then, no matter how much the emperor, he couldn't force him to do something cowardly of selling off the name of an immature young girl.

So what should I do?

Iskanda was perplexed.

Of course, it is difficult for the farm to keep getting bigger. But there must be no injustice.

This sort of thing happened, of course, in the military.

When the reorganization began, there were those who could not comply with the appointment of personnel based on ability. He complained that he didn't know why such a guy would occupy that position.

If power intervenes at that time, it seems to be resolved right away, but the same thing happens again outside the eyes of those in power.

The parties have to figure it out on their own.

Those whom Iskanda trusted and entrusted to them did not disappoint. He showed it very well so that he would never make a click again.

You should do that. That way the order will be right. If you don't do it yourself, you will eventually collapse someday, even if not now.

okay. let's not care

Iskanda concluded. But, nevertheless, somehow, a part of my heart felt uneasy.

It was because of that girl's voice, who laughed lowly, saying that the tea party would not be held. It felt like I was dealing with a poisonous snake.

Eventually, after a few steps, Iskanda thought again.

“How to ruin a tea party... . . . What is it?”

he murmured.

Illina, an official of the palace, walking across the promenade with a file folder, heard those words. She was startled.

Ruin the tea party?

“I understand your feelings, but... . . . .”

He shook his head and turned around.

Anyway, she had a mission. For that mission, he headed for a destination not far from there.

It was a small farm where the lights of lamps twinkled.

\* \* \*

“This is a tea party subsidy.”

“It really came out today!”

When Hazel opened the pocket handed to him by the palace official, he was surprised. There were quite a few gold coins in it.

"one two three four... . . . Are you giving me 10 gold? Oh wait. But is this a tax?"

"no. It is the royal fishery.”

With those words, Hazel was able to rejoice in peace.

If it was 10 gold, it was close to the monthly salary of a junior banker. Can you spend your whole salary on a party? Had I told the story to banker Hazel, I would have never believed it.

I'm going to give the minister of the palace a large basket soon.

While Hazel was excited, Illina, an officer in the palace, looked around the farmhouse's cute kitchen. The owner of this place, who had dark chestnut hair and green eyes, watched closely.

Hazel noticed the gaze only later.

A blue ribbon was hung around the neck of this female official, unlike the royal palace bureaucracy. will be superior It must be one of the 'fashion leaders' Lewis said.

Hazel asked out of curiosity.

“Are you coming to the tea party?”

"well... ... ?”

She answered vaguely. Then, with an impeccably graceful gesture, he picked up his hat, saluted him, and left.

It's really tricky.

Hazel was nervous again.

Now that you have received the grant, the real start.

The number of guests at the tea party was 30. Hazel didn't want to be limited, but a typical louverture would be about that size.

In fact, if you get your reason back and think about it... ... It was daunting to prepare a tea party for 30 people within a few days while taking care of the crops.

Fortunately, there were volunteers. There was a ball soon, so they were also busy with the protocol. But he said he would help out a little.

“I will design the card for you.”

First said Lorendel.

At a tea party to commemorate the opening of the salon, each guest is given a card. It is a card with the name of the salon and the type of refreshments written on it.

Lorendel has been designing very pretty cards with the theme of horse chestnut trees. But as soon as Cayen saw it, he immediately rejected it.

"What's this! I don't have time to shade every tree leaf! Miss Mayfield doesn't live as long as Lorendel!"

So I just decided to make it simple. Instead, Lorendel nicely folded 30 cards in the elven traditional way.

Next was material procurement. Lewis quickly followed.

"Are you going to the market?"

"First of all, the ranch. To make Farm's Golden Butter, you need fresh milk from this morning. Is there no ranch nearby?"

"Loire! They said the milk there was delicious. I'm sure you'll like Hazel too."

The two got into the wagon and went to Loire's ranch. The milk there was really good, but it was eye-opening expensive. Without the subsidy, I would not have been able to afford it.

I need to buy a cow soon.

Thinking about what might happen if anyone finds out, Hazel returned with a wagon full of milk bottles.

The time was right. The milk of cows that have been grazing on spring grass is perfect for making butter. Of course, it would be simpler if you bought the cream. As it was an important party, I didn't want to.

Hazel completely separates the cream from the milk over two days using the farm's authentic method.

It is important not to add a drop of milk when scooping the cream out with a ladle. This will result in a thick, golden butter. Hazel could have done this with her eyes closed.

The carefully filtered cream is placed in a stirrer. I bought a large wooden agitator from the market.

Hazel stirred the cream until her arms fell off until it became a lumpy mass. Then, the mass was filtered through a sieve to drain the water. The water was collected sparingly and not thrown away. That's buttermilk, good for making biscuits later.

After all the buttermilk is drained, pour water over the remaining mass and rinse thoroughly. Divide into appropriate size and pat with a spatula. And wrap them in paper one by one and you're done.

The farm's golden butter is complete.

Finally, it's time to use the oven.

There is no space in Hazel's kitchen for 30 desserts. So, Sigwald decided to make a simple storage room.

While he and his two men erected the poles and pitched the tent, Hazel tried to make one of every kind.

Soft and moist buttercake. Authentic country-style butter sweets. Pastry with strawberry jam, apricot jam and blueberry jam. Butter Sandwich with plenty of cream. And a tea cake and refreshing fruit jelly that will refresh your taste buds.

When the tasting menu was all done, Cayenne brought one of his men. It was a girl knight of the same Golden Catsie race.

“This is Penelope Killingsworth.”

“My father is a very famous patissier. In the nine hills, no one knows about ‘Killingsworth Confectionery’.”

At the headmaster's introduction, the Catsby girl smirked and swept up her blonde hair.

“I am walking the same path as my father. They are just kneading other things with this fist and making other jams with this sword.”

“Ignore it. Because it's bullshit. Anyway, Penny said that before she had teeth, she ate all kinds of sweets. I don't know how high the mouth is. When a penny says it's delicious, it's really delicious.”

Cayenne had brought such a subordinate to give Hazel peace of mind. Thank you.

"like. Then please.”

Hazel plentiful of all kinds of desserts on a plate and placed them in front of Sir Penelope Killingsworth.

Penelope first put the butter sand in her mouth. And slowly scrambled. Hazel asked tremblingly.

"how is it?"

"Well... . . . I do not know. I need to eat some more.”

Penelope then tried three types of pastries one by one. Then he put the buttercake in his mouth. Hazel couldn't hold back and asked again.

"how is it?"

"well. I do not know. I need to eat some more... . . ."

"You need to eat more to know!"

Lewis pulled the plate sharply, feeling stuffy. Penelope quickly grabbed the plate.

"As many as possible! So very delicious!"

"I knew it! It's ugly! Cayenne, where do you always get kids like you as subordinates?"

"Who is talking!"

Cayenne protested.

Anyway, Hazel was finally able to put her mind to rest. Buttercakes, butter cookies, pastries, butter sandwiches, tea cakes and fruit jelly all received a warm response.

The recipe is success. Now is the time for mass production.

I woke up like dawn, finished the field chores, postponed the housework for a while, and ran the oven without taking a break.

The temporary storage room is full of desserts. Hazel looked around the space full of buttery scent with a proud face.

Tea party preparations are complete.

"Finally tomorrow!"

My heart was pounding.

you have to get up early

Hazel went to bed early. I was tired, so I quickly fell asleep.

Without even dreaming that someone was watching this place from afar.

At that time, Iskanda was sitting by the window.

He saw Lewis and Hazel pulling a cart full of milk bottles. I saw Siegwald build that tent structure. I've also seen Cayenne bring in the sly-looking girl's subordinate.

Come to think of it, I think I saw Lorendel staring at a stack of cards in front of that farmhouse door and making the final check... . . . .

Yes. He couldn't cut his nerves at all.

Today, one day before the tea party, the friends kept going in and out of the farm. Tomorrow will be the same.

okay. Since everyone will be there, it won't be a big deal.

Iskanda tried to shake off her uneasy feeling. However, a single nerve kept coming to a standstill.

It's been like that for the past few days. It felt like everything I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears was sharply engraved in my mind.

He began to reflect on it all again.

The garden is deserted. The patrols of the guards were also reduced. I was sitting blankly, and suddenly a strange thought entered my mind.

It may not be tomorrow.

As if it had become a fuse, another piece of information that had nothing to do with it suddenly came to mind.

During the day, I saw the palace officer having his attendants carry candles. Some young ladies from noble families decided to pray all night while copying the sutras from the Great Hall.

That's common.

But maybe... ... ?

A bad feeling moved.

It is right that power should not intervene in these conflicts. But that was only if the situation was normal.

No matter how quickly a neighbor wants to get out, there should be no injustice. As an emperor, such a thing could never be overlooked.

Iskanda hurriedly disguised herself and ran out of the palace. I ran to the Great Hall to the north of the Imperial Palace, but there was no one there.

Just in case, it was!

He ran again.

\* \* \* A

little earlier than that.

A group of shadows moved secretly in the middle of the great garden.

They were noble children.

They crept over the farm fence, dressed in plain black, to appear as if they were praying all night long.

“How hard did it take for us to establish our position in the Imperial Palace? But it looks like a stone that has been rolled in has to be pulled out.”

“The Imperial Palace is not a very comfortable place. Let’s set a Jailbreak.”

"okay."

The girls were led into the tent by Kitty Diabelli.

indeed.

It was the realm of desserts. Beneath the translucent paper, bread, cookies, and jellies were piled up like a mountain.

“Ugh... . . . .”

Kitty covered her nose. It was a fattening smell.

“It’s really disgusting. Let's get it done quickly and leave.”

She put down her pet weasel in her arms. The docile weasel did not move on the floor. Does not matter. It's an excuse anyway.

“That's the cool thing about tea parties. Make it a day or two in advance to get a better taste. Now, let's destroy everything according to plan.”

"like."

Each of the young girls lifted a tray one by one.

That was then.

Kitty paused. I think I just saw something strange. He lit the lamp towards it.

Suddenly, the girl who received the light froze. While holding butter sand filled with cream in one hand, mouth wide open.

Kitty was amazing.

“Sena! What are you doing now?”

“... ..”

Serpina panicked and dropped her hand. In the meantime, Butter Sandman was gripping tightly.

“I was just trying to smell it.”

Serpina quickly made an excuse. But it didn't work.

“You had your mouth open!”

“Hurry up!”

screams poured out

"However... .. look at this It was baked very well. It's as light as a feather. Put it in your mouth and it will melt away."

Serpina looked at Butter Sand with sorrowful eyes.

“This smell. What kind of butter did you use? Have you heard of that? It is said that 80% of the taste of bread depends on butter. Buttercream made with this thick butter is sure to taste heavenly. When I thought about it, I took it to my mouth without realizing it. It’s been too long since I haven’t had cream.”

“Sena! Do I need to go into that much detail?”

The youngsters shouted in embarrassment.

They were always valued and judged by each other in the social world. I suffered from the obsession to be thin and pretty at any moment. So they had to follow a strictly restricted diet, which was too difficult for these 17- to 19-year-old girls.

They have been living desperately ignoring the delicious food that overflows in the world. Such noble girls were suddenly thrown into the middle of this butter kingdom. In addition, demolition work had to be done.

I realized it was a really stupid plan.

They had no choice but to see the desserts here and smell the rich buttery scent. And I had to throw it to the floor. As a reward for keeping a restrained diet, this butter dessert, which was carefully selected once a month, looked tastier than any other dessert... ..

The young girls swallowed their saliva.

“You know, just because we dump these on the ground doesn’t mean we can’t completely destroy them, right?”

"Yes. How can a farmer get it back together and revive it?"

“The only way to completely destroy it is to eat it and destroy it.”

"that's right. It's more brutal and more effective."

It seemed that he had lost his intelligence due to the smell of butter. Knowing that they were sounding very stupid, the girls couldn't stop.

The circuit of rationalization went round and round as fierce skirmishing went back and forth. Serpina thought. I'm the driest, so I can eat this much. I thought the rest. Serpina, the skinniest, eats it, so we can eat it too.

"like! Let's do it!"

Kitty, who was holding back the smell of butter, was startled.

“Are you all crazy? How much are you trying to regret?”

But the seal has already been broken. Every time I looked at food, the abacus in my head to calculate the quantity was broken. Each of the girls hurriedly reached for the dessert they had their eyes on the most.

Serpina grabbed it so tightly that she finally put the crushed butter sand in her mouth. Buttercream exploded between the soft bread.

“Ugh... . . . .”

A strange sound came out of his mouth.

Somehow, the taste was stronger than the scent. Isn't it usually the other way around? If it had been sweet and felt, I would not have received it right away. It didn't feel anything at all, but rather it was soft enough to be bland. It was a happy taste with a feeling of sunshine. In a life that was only living on grass, I finally felt alive.

“Uh huh... . . . .”

Serpina groaned as her eyes turned red. Somehow it was so sad. There are flavors like this in the world, so why am I doing this?

When the thing in her mouth disappeared, she reached out again in a frenzy.

When I bit it, it turned out to be a pastry. The fresh taste spreads in the mouth as the pie with plenty of high-quality butter is torn apart. It was a fresh blueberry that started to appear at the end of May. Maybe it was boiled so deliciously so that you could feel the fresh scent as it is?

I'm ecstatic, I don't know what to do... . . . Alice's screams were heard.

"Ah! Crazy! You must try this!"

The girls rushed to pick up the buttercake.

It was a simple, fluffy bread made with only eggs, sugar and a little vanilla spice. But butter played the role of a hundred per day.

This buttercake was also the sign of this tea party. It was generously beaten to show the taste of real butter, so it had a great taste that I had never tried anywhere else. When I put it in my mouth and swallowed it, it just disappeared, leaving only a dark aftertaste for a long time.

Cecilia said trembling.

“It tastes like the devil... .”

Everyone agreed with the words and stretched out their hands as if competing.

It was even more delicious because I felt guilty about not eating it. The bitter black tea cake and fresh fruit jelly also played a big part in refreshing the mouth. Even though the trays were empty, I couldn't stop. I was afraid to disappear. It was too painful to even put it in his mouth.

Kitty was mesmerized by this quiet and thorough demolition work.

"Everyone... .”

A black shadow suddenly appeared in her wandering eyes. I looked at it in amazement.

Someone was standing in front of the door. He couldn't see his face, but he could tell that he was a knight with hair as black as darkness. He opened his mouth in a very absurd way.

“What are you doing?”

There was a tremendous sense of intimidation in the low, quiet sound.

The girls were sober. He got up and started running, without anyone telling him first.

One of them, in a hurry, bumped into a pole. Although it was a temporary building, it was incredibly solid because it was built by Siegwald. therefore... .

bang!

It sounded great.

"Oh!"

A scream echoed loudly throughout the farmhouse. The chicks were startled and cried.

Hazel opened her eyes.

What is this sound?

Exhausted and deep asleep, something must have happened outside. I couldn't even put on a shawl and went out in a hurry.

Who stood tall in the dark? He was a black knight with black hair and black eyes.

Hazel was surprised.

“Sir Valentine... ..?”

It wasn't just that. A group of girls in black cloaks gathered and panicked. Among them, seeing Kitty Diabelli with a pale face, Hazel was heartbroken.

“Miss Diabelli?”

“Oh, Miss Mayfield.”

Kitty looked at Hazel and suddenly burst into tears.

"I'm so sorry. It wasn't intentional. We were praying all night here tonight in the Great Hall of the Imperial Palace. Then, the pet weasel suddenly escaped and chased after him frantically, but he entered the temporary building. Stop trying to catch me... .."

There I was speechless for a moment.

Originally, trying to catch a weasel, there was a riot, so it should be said that all the desserts were overturned... .. did you eat it?

“Anyway, I’m sorry. I will send the butler tomorrow to make up for it.”

Kitty hurriedly ran away. The other girls quickly ran away.

what?

I had a very bad feeling.

Hazel turned to the storage room. At that moment, Lord Valentine stopped in front.

“You can make it again.”

"Yes? no way... .."

Hazel made a quick detour and entered. What caught my eye immediately were the trays. Under the dim moonlight, empty trays were lying around.

Oh My God... ..

It was clean. It was so clean. They ate up all the tea party desserts for 30 people. No matter how cute it is made, aside from the incredibly good taste... ..

Hazel's eyes darkened.

How am I supposed to do this right now?

“Isn’t there a tea party tomorrow?”

I heard Lord Valentine's voice next to me. Before long, he, too, came along to the storage warehouse.

"okay."

Hazel shook her head. Looking at his face, I was a little puzzled.

Why are you in trouble together? Isn’t that how it came about, is it that you have great empathy? Hazel just thought so.

But in fact, there was no reason for Iskanda to be in trouble.

As long as the hot tea party has been ruined like this, even if there is a valid reason for it, surely someone will secretly talk about it with an acquaintance face.

“Not everyone knows the truth. Actually, your Majesty... . . . .”

I hated imagining it.

The most petty emperor in history, Iskanda knew, was Palatine III, who, jealous of his lover's obsession with otters, expelled all otters from the capital. But now his name is mentioned with him.

The emperor who overturned the tea party table.

Iskanda groaned.

“If you think you just got out, you are mistaken. They were food made with state subsidies. You have to ask.”

“It’s impossible.”

Hazel shook her head.

“It’s made with farm butter. I made it by rolling off the cream for two days. How do you ask for it?”

“I should have stopped sooner.”

Iskanda sighed.

“It is my responsibility for anyone to suffer such injustice.”

“What nonsense is that?”

Hazel glanced at him with an overly serious face.

"Come to think of it... . . . . Why are you walking around at this hour?"

“I was just patrolling.”

“No, do you have to work until this hour?”

“It wasn’t done, it was voluntary work.”

"I know. The intentional ‘arbitrary’ overtime.”

Still, having someone by my side to talk to, helped me to deal with the shock.

Hazel looked around the storage room properly again.

Nothing changed. The trays were still empty. It was the same no matter how many times I rubbed my eyes.

“How could this be... ..”

“It didn’t matter. I thought food was moving through space.”

“Wow, really... ..”

Hazel rubbed her forehead.

"still... .. I ate."

“... .. ?”

“I would have been really upset if I had knocked it all over with the intention of ruining the party. I'd have chased and dragged him right away, without Lord Valentine's going to catch him. You can get past anything, but if you touch anything on the farm, you roll your eyes.”

“... .. okay.”

“But I ate it. It's also so clean. It was really delicious. I didn't spill any cream. look at this It looks like you washed the dishes. I haven't seen it!”

"Wake. They are thieves.”

“It is often the case that wild boars attack the farm.”

Iskanda was startled.

Is this farmer's words worse than his own?

I glanced at him, but Hazel was already thinking about something else.

Of course, in order to protect the farm well in the future, you need to catch the wild boars and pay close attention. But more than that, the tea party in front of you is a big deal.

They did this to ruin the first official event at Marronnier Salon. Then you can never lose. The more territorial your opponent is, the better you have to do it. That's the coolest revenge.

However... . There is no dessert that is the most important at a tea party.

So what to do?

Found it while thinking

Hazel pushed the door wide open. The trays hidden behind them were revealed. They were butter cookies.

“But it survived! Thanks to Lord Valentine's quick arrival, we were able to get these!”

Hazel exclaimed.

There is some hope. It was the same with Iskanda.

“Then we need another dessert to serve with this. Is there anything I can make quickly? I'll get the ingredients.”

sleep is already gone. He calculated the speed of the horse Ras Alghetti.

“It can go quite far. to Palomares.”

“Palomares? Thanks for the joke. However... . . . .”

Hazel shook her head.

“It’s just an ordinary dessert that we bought and made like that. It doesn't mean anything. This is our Marronnier Farm's opening party, and it's really messed up like this.”

But... . . . .

The more times like this... . . . .

Let's change our thinking.

Hazel took out the card after a long time.

Was farm butter enough?

I've never had this thought.

Every visitor to the farm deserves to feel happy. You should have a good time. But who are these guests?

They were high-class female officials of the court.

They are not like the hungry girls who raided the dessert. Adult women who are at least 20 years old, aristocratic, elegant, and understated. They are the white deer who evaluate everything with their unflinching eyes.

In order for such guests to enjoy the farm's tea party happily... . . . ?

Maybe you got it wrong from the start.

Hazel shook her head.

“Lord Valentine.”

"Say it."

“If you really don’t mind helping me, can you get me a glass bottle?”

“A glass bottle?”

Iskanda asked, wondering.

"Yes. A glass bottle.”

Hazel explained.

“I need 30 clear bottles the size of a wine bottle. It's even better if you have a few extras. I think it's too much of an unreasonable request in the middle of the night like this, but... .”

"no."

Iskanda shook her head.

“Time is not an issue. You just have to keep it a secret.”

"of course. Sir Valentine is your majesty's knight. I'll pay you for the bottle here."

"done."

The party subsidy is my money anyway.

Iskanda thought so and turned around. Before Hazel could say anything, he was already gone.

Is money bothering you? How rich are you?

Hazel thought, wrinkling the bridge of his nose.

Then I suddenly realized.

Now he was the wind of pajamas. It was fortunate that it looked like everyday wear because it was a practical design like a commoner.

"It was kind of chilly."

Hazel quickly entered the house. After comforting the startled chicks in their sleep, I put on a shawl, grabbed a lamp and a large basket, and went out again.

All the lights in the garden were turned off and it was dark. Only the moonlight was shining.

Hazel went to the end of the garden and reached the grove of the Imperial Palace. From there, he turned sideways and climbed up the hill where the twins Lorendel and Siegwald had their last picnic.

was there indeed.

There were yellow dandelion flowers everywhere under the moonlight. Dandelion usually blooms from April to May, so it was a bit late, but it wasn't lacking.

Hazel diligently picked only luscious flowers and picked them.

Meanwhile, at the imperial stable not far from there... . . .

Iskanda pulled the horse Ras Alghetti.

Ras Alghetti was a black Pegasus. He usually hides his wings, so he looks like an ordinary black horse. Except it's incredibly fast.

It was too cumbersome to explain to the guards why a knight was riding the emperor's horse, so Iskanda just jumped over the fence. After passing the bell tower, it ran like the wind through the streets of the capital city shrouded in darkness.

He knew roughly where the glass factories were located in the suburbs.

The glass craftsman, Robin, fell asleep while leaning against a warm kiln while working all night. Then I woke up suddenly feeling a cold wind.

The door beyond the workbench was wide open. A certain dark-haired knight stood there.

“... ..!”

The moment the knight held up the medal engraved with the imperial emblem, Robin went insane. So I didn't hear what he was saying.

“... .. Yes?”

“He asked me to show you all the glass bottles.”

“Oh, yes. Yes.”

He hurriedly brought all the glass bottles, and the knight picked a few from them.

“Can you pack it so it doesn’t break?”

“Yes, yes.”

Robin wrapped the glass bottle in paper and wrapped it tightly. The knight packed them in a large sack and hurriedly went away.

It was like I was dreaming. Except for the coins lying on the workbench.

6 silver per bottle.

It was the standard price reported to the state.

what?

Robin blinked.

Who the hell am I to memorize the standard price exactly?

When the glass craftsman was immersed in that question, Iskanda was already visiting another glass factory.

After collecting all the glass bottles while going around the factories where they worked all night, the sack became heavy. I had to go back now, but I couldn't speed up for fear of breaking.

“It’s pretty cumbersome.”

I was not used to this kind of work. He didn't have to carry anything. Even if it was transported, there was no need to worry about safety.

I got tired of riding the big rattling sack on the horse. It was spring, but the night was damp. I hadn't slept until late, and I was hungry.

I want to eat something hot... . . . .

I came back with that feeling, and as soon as I opened the door and walked in, a delicious smell came out.

Hazel looked back.

“You came just in time.”

On the old table, a creamy stew filled with ingredients was steaming.

Iskanda was surprised.

Do you have the ability to read minds?

“At night, it’s also a soft creamy stew.”

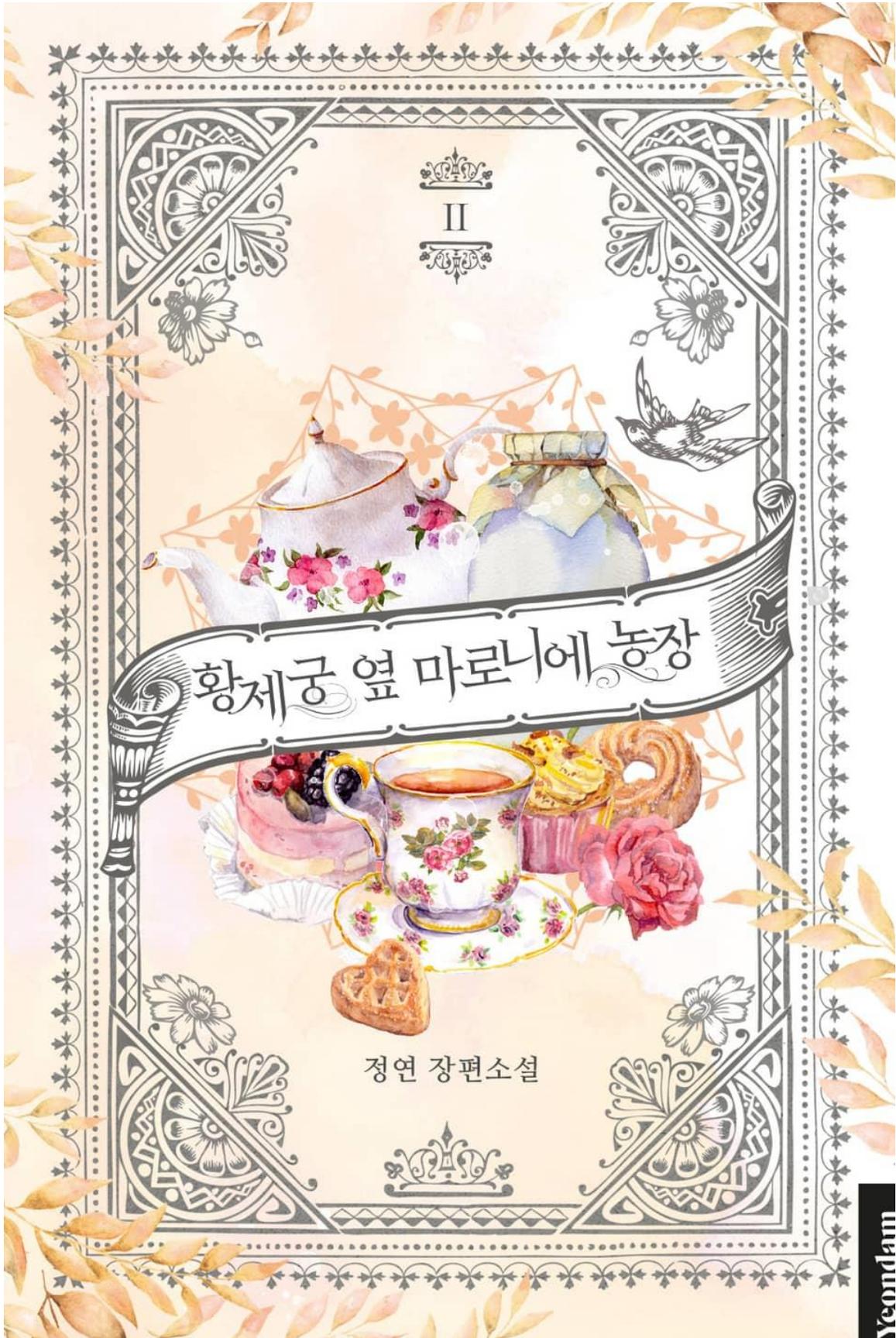
Hazel said, setting down a basket full of country bread next to the stew.

Iskanda sat quietly and picked up a piece of bread. It couldn't be so delicious when you ate the bread with stew. I felt tired and tired.

He thought as he ate the stew without a word.

By the way, it's not like you're trying to feed your customers a glass bottle... . . . . What the hell are you trying to do?

It was very curious.



II

황제궁 옆 마로니에 농장

정연 장편소설

Yeondam



## 5. Tea Party with Butter Cookies and Dandelions (2)

It is the salon owner's domain to host the party. Help is available only at the preparatory stage. The organizers have to do it themselves.

Hazel remembered that fact once more and opened her eyes.

First of all, even if the sky was falling, we had to look at the fields.

It hasn't rained at all these days. After giving them plenty of water for photosynthesis, I found a moment of peace in my mind while looking at the green eggplants and tomatoes.

But it was then.

Across the fence, one of them, who had been walking fast through the trees to enter the palace early, turned and walked this way.

It was Penelope Killingsworth of the Knights of the Holy Wind.

Paladins of the Empire were very busy these days. Especially today, there is a total rehearsal of the four-row parade to be held at the prom, so I couldn't even pay attention to the tea party in the small salon. Knowing that, Hazel asked, surprised to see this Catsby girl.

“Sir Killingsworth! What are you doing?”

“You said there was a problem with the tea party?”

“How did you know that?”

"Yes?"

Penelope was astonished.

“I just thought of it once! Is there really a problem?”

"iced coffee... . . . .”

suffered She is also a naughty girl.

Hazel couldn't help but confess.

“I even deliberately helped you last time... . . . . In fact, wild boars attacked us last night.”

"I beg your pardon? Wild boar?”

Penelope was once again astonished. I immediately drew my sword and tried to go to the backyard, but I realized something was wrong. It was in the middle of the capital city.

“Isn't that a metaphor, not the real thing?”

"Yes. Anyway, that's how it happened. Unfortunately, there are no more desserts that Sir Killingsworth had so highly regarded. Except for butter cookies.”

“I can't!”

Penelope was outraged.

“What a disruption to the tea party! It should be made public right now!”

"no. There will be no disruption. I want you to keep this a secret for now. I love white deer... . . . I don't want today's guests to know about it. The party has to be perfect.”

"Hmm... . . . ."

Penelope nodded her head.

"I know what you mean. The lady of the salon has the freedom to decide everything she wants. But what about those wild boars?"

"We should see each other after the party."

"What are you going to do? Would you like to make some jam?"

Seeing Penelope's shining eyes, Hazel had a good idea.

"You know what? Even among wild boars, there are rumors."

"Are you saying they are sharing information with each other?"

"that's right. When rumors begin to circulate among the boars that they can raid any farm, the farm will soon close. What the farmer should do to prevent this kind of accident is to teach them clearly that stealing food from here will cause serious harm. That way you can keep your farm safe. So, by any chance, could you help me out after work today?"

"sure! That would be so much fun!"

Penelope was very happy and agreed. And with the bun Hazel gave her to her mouth, she waved and left.

Collected one more farm cat!

Hazel was proud.

“The party should be perfect.”

Mumbling those words again, he began to prepare in earnest.

The dandelion flowers were trimmed and soaked in water last night. Originally I had to soak it in cold water for two days, but I didn't have time, so I boiled water and poured it.

The yellow flowers were now ripening well in a large wooden barrel, exuding a strong fragrance. The glass jars that Sir Valentine had saved last night also shone transparently, wiped clean with newspaper.

"great."

Hazel pulled the cart out of the barn, shuffled the wheels and left the farm.

He left the palace upside down, receiving the gaze of people who were busy entering the palace to start the day. I went to the central market in the capital, which was small but had everything I needed, and bought oranges, lemons, yeast, and raisins. I also bought a box of ice.

Although this refrigerated chest made of oak wood is small in size, it costs a whopping 1 gold, and must be returned after use.

I'll have to get a bigger one later.

With that thought in mind, Hazel came back with the cart.

With this, preparations for the lecture are complete.

The tea party started at 3pm and it was getting closer and closer.

\* \* \*

“... ... They're obviously divorced! Therefore, the estate of Las Salinas, which was taken as a dowry, would have been returned immediately according to the laws of the time!”

“But the historical facts have been overturned by the newly discovered letters! It was a disguised divorce to deceive the Emperor! Maria Acevedo and Vicente Monte Alegre were in a common-law relationship! The estate has not been returned!”

Iskanda was lost in thought between the two old men who were arguing loudly.

I could see the training ground under the window.

The Empire's Four Paladins were practicing their four-line march there. I could see Lewis conducting with the Flamberge high.

-of course! Farm Golden Butter is the best!

I caught a glimpse of her talking in a high voice in the morning. Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne were both convinced of the tea party's great success. they were completely unaware.

No more desserts made with that golden butter... ... .

Now the farm has only a few trays of butter cookies and thirty glass bottles. Oh, by the way, there was also a pile of dandelion flowers. I don't know what to use it for... ... .

How do you throw a tea party with that?

As I was knocking on the desk as usual, I saw three or three shadows passing by in the hallway outside the wide open door. It was the female bureaucrats who finished the day's work.

The party starts soon.

Suddenly I couldn't stand it.

I have a duty to make sure this tea party ends safely.

Iskanda jumped up.

"your Majesty!"

"your Majesty!"

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre rushed after them.

It was all too easy for two old men old enough to see their great-grandchildren. Iskanda hurriedly entered the room. He quickly got rid of the disguise he had become accustomed to, and escaped the Imperial Palace, Chuck, the knight who received a secret order from His Majesty, and infiltrated the great garden.

"I have a duty to check."

He murmured once more, killing his presence, and sneakily sneaking into the back of the farm. He hid behind the barn and observed the scene.

Tea party guests were gathering one after another.

I could see Hazel's back, looking at them from the table outside. The shoulders under the straw hat seemed to stiffen... . . . .

Iskanda's eyes were correct.

Hazel was very nervous now.

As Lewis said, aristocratic men and women of social circles did not participate in saving themselves. All the guests who came to the tea party were female officials.

They looked around curiously at this farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace. This was a real farm. The fields really grew crops, and on one side there was a fence that kept the chicks in.

“Hmm, this is... .”

“Is it fresh? well.”

They exchanged opinions little by little.

The most eye-catching thing was the table covered in white cloth. Everyone looked at the owner of this salon as if they had promised after throwing their eyes on it with anticipation once in a while.

“Lady must have worked hard to prepare everything by herself.”

Someone said polite words. Hazel nodded.

“It’s hard to buy. Aunt Martha of Belmont Farm knew that and gave her a piece of wisdom in life. 'Burn bread once out of three.' But I couldn’t do it, so it ended up like this.”

The guests grinned. The atmosphere relaxed a bit.

But the moment Hazel walked over the white cloth on the table, the atmosphere stiffened again.

There was none of the dessert that guests would have expected. Only glass bottles were lined up.

“Choose one.”

Hazel said calmly. The guests roared.

“Are you going to serve yourself? Lady, we are here to be treated.”

“Besides, where are the refreshments? Isn't this saying that these glass bottles are today's refreshments?”

They began to rebuke them in a quiet, bloody tone.

That, that... . . . .

Iskanda watched from a distance with a puzzled face.

There were very picky guests who came to this tea party today. They were female bureaucrats in their 20s to 40s, each in charge of their specialized fields in another huge society called the Imperial Palace.

What they expected was a cultured chat with the lady at the new palace salon, and the distinctive refreshments the lady served. Because of that, it was the reason why everyone in the social world had to take the time to come to this tea party that everyone tried so hard to pretend not to know.

In front of them like that, I'll just put that glass bottle in front of them.

Of course you are bound to be disappointed. Strict people have already hardened their faces. He looked like he didn't know what I was hoping for.

If this is the case, the tea party will be a mess.

What are you thinking of doing?

Iskanda stared intently at the back of the farm lady in the straw hat.

At that moment, Hazel was recalling her childhood memories.

When my grandfather was entrusted from house to house, the farm I met for the first time was bright and warm. It was a happy place full of mystery.

So did Hazel's farm. Everyone who came to the place had to leave with a happy smile. Otherwise, the name Marronnier, which symbolizes Belmont, is shameful.

Again, I looked around today's guests.

They are white deer.

Women bureaucrats from noble or prominent families.

There I got my enlightenment.

At first, I thought that all I had to do was prepare a delicious dessert.

However, it is up to people to be passionate about the taste. These are not hungry teenage girls. He's not even an honest article like Lewis. They are restrained and demanding people.

Can such guests have a happy time simply with delicious desserts?

no.

The wild boar attack was an opportunity to reflect once again on what kind of personality today's guests are. An idea came to mind through that.

So I threw the bait once.

The guests again expressed uncomfortable feelings.

When elegant and strict women start to be offended... ... That's really scary. To be honest, Hazel was a little scared.

However, the victory or defeat of today's tea party depends on this very moment.

This is the first tea party to commemorate the opening of the salon. The reputation of the farm depends on it.

Somewhere, the wild boars must also be secretly hiding and watching. The noble girls who wanted to ruin this party somehow.

Hazel was heartbroken.

There was one more thing that my poor grandfather passed on to me besides this land.

It was the spirit of gambling.

Can you turn a crisis into an opportunity?

My heart was beating fast.

Let's gamble somewhere!

The tea party guests were paying attention to this with uneasy faces. Hazel opened her mouth slowly.

"that's right. All of them are tall people. It would be unpleasant to serve you."

"Honestly, yes."

replied the tall lady in a feathered hat.

"It is very disconcerting. I am the Countess of Edmonston. She is the maid of honor for Her Majesty's Highness La Vienne. But do you have to pour water directly from the bottle? I have never experienced anything like this."

"But your wife, won't you pour water yourself if your Highness Princess is thirsty?"

"It's a different story."

"how?"

"How are you... . like. I'll explain it to Lady. When the Countess sees Her Majesty the Princess, she can defeat them all, take care of them and attend them. Her Majesty, Grand Duchess of Arpege, also exercise the privilege of being right next to the Empress Dowager and caring for her when she sees the Empress Dowager. is it so. It is a privilege, not a labor, to serve a noble person directly. It means a lot."

"Then you must be very happy in that moment, right?"

"sure. I am very happy when I do something with my own hands for someone dear to me. I am happy and proud."

"Then I am curious. Everyone knows it so well, but why don't you do anything for the most precious person in the world?"

"Who is the most precious? Oh, and of course I am serving my children and my husband."

"Not that! yourself!"

At Hazel's words, the Countess was momentarily stunned.

“You are wonderful people. You are busy taking care of the royal family at the palace and taking care of your family at home. But that's it. When I happened to use my own hands, I always did it for others, but I've never done it for myself, the most precious thing in the world. Even though I know how meaningful and happy it is to put my heart into someone else's behalf.”

“... ..”

“So, how are you? On this farm today, for the most precious person in the world... .. You are making a gift for yourself.”

Hazel grabbed the barrel with both hands and brought it. The lid was wide open.

“Authentic country dandelion wine.”

Everyone stared blankly.

One of the guests was a female official. Her pale blue eyes fluttered with a cold feeling.

She was Millen Duvall, chief jeweler of the Imperial Palace. He was an expert with 15 years of experience, unmatched by anyone in appraisal of jewelry.

In fact, today Millen came to say, 'I just did it.'

That was her hobby. After getting the rumors about something new before anyone else and experiencing it faster than anyone else, I thought, 'How was it?' and answering 'I just did.' Of course, that wasn't a lie. In the light of her picky taste, everything was just that.

It was the same with this tea party.

It was new, so I had to go and see it. But there were no expectations.

No matter what delicious dessert that little lady in the straw hat serves at this 'farm saloon' or how well the tea brews, Millen's answer is already in place.

'How was the new salon?'

'so so.'

However... . . . .

“You are making a gift for yourself.”

This was really unexpected.

It wasn't about drinking with water. All of them had misunderstood.

Millen thought blankly.

The Salon Lady was absolutely right.

She would occasionally cook for her husband and children after sending out the servants.

The lobster gratin she makes was said to be the most delicious in the world. I also made it and sent it to my mother-in-law every season. He often made it himself and sent it to the elders of the imperial palace to whom he was taken care of as a token of his gratitude.

But I've never really made one for myself. I've never done anything good for myself.

Something groaned inside.

What are you going to gift me?

Millen grabbed one of the glass jars coldly.

So were the others. With the same trembling face, they rushed forward and picked up the bottle.

Hazel's face brightened.

The gamble seemed to be successful.

Most of all, I was happy to see expressions on the faces of the guests. The hard mask was gone. The white deer are now ready for the tea party.

"like! First, write your name."

Hazel handed out a paper name tag with a smile on her face. They all borrowed fountain pens from each other, wrote their names and put them on bottles.

Then, we divided into groups of five.

Hazel brought six large and small pails from the farm. I put a clean cloth on it and then poured dandelion flower water on it. As usual, it should be brewed more, but I only left it overnight. So I couldn't make strong alcohol, but there were good points instead. The flowers faded less.

"Wow... .."

Millen involuntarily exclaimed in admiration.

It was refreshing to see the water filled with yellow dandelion flowers gushing down. Dandelion has almost no scent, but this flower water has a fresh scent.

“You just have to put in the petals. When the green calyx enters, the taste of alcohol changes to bitter. If you do it wrong, you could end up throwing it away entirely.”

Hazel explained.

The yellow-colored dandelion flower water flowed cleanly through the hole in the fabric. Only flowers remain.

The fabric was lifted up and wrapped around the petals to make a pouch, and then weaved. At the same time, everyone enjoyed to the full the sensation of the soft, tickling petals felt through the fabric.

Then, Hazel handed out hot water to everyone. Millen and the female bureaucrats poured plenty of sugar on it to melt it. The sugar water made in this way was poured into the flower water and mixed well.

“This sugar will be food for the yeast to be added later.”

Then each was given an orange and a lemon. As Hazel suggested, I scraped the flesh with a fork and poured the juice into my pail.

That was a lot of fun.

The pungent and refreshing scent of oranges and lemons vibrated everywhere. It mixed with the smell of the fresh breeze blowing and spread far away.

Millen took a deep breath of the scent.

“Next is East.”

Hazel handed out some wine yeast she had bought from the market. Each person was allowed to choose with or without raisins according to their taste. The funnel was then transferred to a glass bottle.

“You can’t close the lid tightly. As it ferments, gas is released. Keep it nearby and keep an eye on it. When no more bubbles rise, fermentation is complete. Then close the cap tightly and store in a cool place. You can drink it after 6 weeks. Dandelion wine tastes good, but it's also good for your health. I learned that it is especially good for the kidneys and digestive system.”

Everyone listened to Hazel's explanation and admired the pretty colors of alcohol in a glass bottle.

Dandelion wine made just for me.

Millen smiled proudly.

After 6 weeks, it's summer. It would be great to drink this dandelion wine cold then.

When I thought about it, my throat suddenly dried up.

Then a thump was heard from inside the farmhouse. Everyone looked at it. The lady in the salon was coming out with a large wooden barrel.

"Oh! Oh!"

Everyone ran and got it right away.

What was contained in a wooden barrel on the farm was herbal tea made by Hazel. It looked very cold and fresh with ice.

The herbs that were originally growing next to this house's kitchen were taken care of by Hazel to make them more lush and green. It was perfect to make herbal tea like this.

“Apple mint tea.”

Hazel served the herbal tea in a wooden cup prepared for this tea party.

When I drank the cool apple mint tea marinated in ice, my thirst was quenched. The scent of apple and mint blended together to leave a refreshing aftertaste.

“Maybe this is refreshing!”

Suddenly, a large tray appeared in front of them, who were chattering like girls. It was full of yellow and round things.

Cordelia, the deputy director of the Imperial Palace Library, asked with a curious look as she put on her glasses.

“What is this?”

“It’s just sweets. It’s a common butter cookie that everyone knows well.”

"Ah!"

Cordelia laughed.

“Look, it’s just sweets. Everything here looks special.”

“There is something special about it. It's a pastry made with plenty of farm-made golden butter. It's a pity that it's not milk from cows, but the butter is great.”

"okay?"

Everyone was amazed and ate it.

The soft and rich flavor spreads throughout the mouth. A golden lump of butter seemed to float in front of his eyes.

There were quite a few guests today who did not like the unique taste of butter, but it was a different story if it was a dessert made with such high-quality butter.

The butter cookies that had been piled up on the tray disappeared quickly.

When I drank the cool apple mint tea again, feeling a good sense of disappointment, the buttery scent in my mouth was neatly arranged. 'It was a really delicious snack!' and made me feel it again.

Everyone was very happy.

A cool breeze shook the crops in the garden once. While we were talking about tomatoes and pumpkins, we all laughed as the chick Tiberius escaped again.

It was such a fun time.

Millen had a sudden thought and checked his pocket watch. I was surprised to see that it was already 5 o'clock.

“Gentlemen, we almost made an excuse for staying too long.”

At Millen's words, everyone looked at the clock and was surprised.

The guests brought their hats and gloves. They approached one by one, thanked the lady in the salon from the bottom of their hearts, and turned around.

Millen also left the farm. Colleagues who knew her personality were already waiting for her, and then asked.

“How was the new salon?”

She answered with a broad smile.

“It was great!”

There was a black shadow watching the female bureaucrats scattered with joyous faces.

It was Iskanda.

He saw Ilina, a court officer known for being tough, walking excitedly, holding a dandelion wine.

"Ah! I really like it!"

she shouted

of course. It's a disease that the emperor himself rescued.

As I was thinking about it, suddenly, a corner of the farm became lively.

“I think! I was hiding here!”

Someone's hoarse voice resounded.

Iskanda flinched.

I thought I was caught, but luckily it wasn't this way.

What was discovered were noble young girls who were watching while hiding in the bushes just outside the fence. A blonde Katsy girl knight searched for them one by one and caught them.

There is no way the general practice has already ended. The girl knight must have sneaked out just in time for the tea party to end, using a method as insidious as her own face.

Hazel approached the girls who flew to and fro like a flock of birds.

Iskanda thought.

you shouldn't look

At the same time, a stern rebuke rang out.

“You have done something really shameful!”

right.

Iskanda took a step forward to take a closer look at what was to come. Then, involuntarily, he grabbed the pillar next to him.

But it wasn't a pillar.

"your Majesty! Finally found it!"

The ball of Acevedo shouted.

“You're going to be hiding in disguise!”

Monte Alegre also shouted.

“ . . . . . ”

Iskanda was forced to turn around.

From now on it will be really worth seeing!

In the front yard of the farm where the guests left, the girls who tried to ruin the party were caught.

They were scattered here and there, hiding and watching, but were arrested one by one by a Katsy knight who approached without a single footstep like an assassin.

I should have run away sooner rather than staring at it like that... . . . .

I couldn't run away anyway.

It was the price of binge eating the night before.

A huge amount of dessert made from butter was still stored in their stomachs. It looked like he had a giant sandbag on his ship. When I tried to run even a little, my breath was choked and my stomach was aching.

Even if they didn't, the farmer scolded them for suffering from a sense of shame.

“You have done something really shameful!”

The girls bowed their heads.

“I admit it. You binge eat like a pig... . . . .”

“That's not it! The point isn't that. This Mayfield farm is by no means stingy. No matter what kind of guests come, there is no way to treat them badly. Officials from the country were also treated generously. But they sneak in and steal without the owner's permission! What is that?”

The girls' faces turned red.

“Food is not what you eat! While talking about the food with the owner, you can eat it in a pleasant mood! Let me know how it tastes!”

Hazel's angry voice rang out. His eyes were also very bright, but was the green color so hot? I was about to think. Besides... ... A very large, heavy-looking shovel stood too close to that furious farmer's hand. Kitty Diabelli, who had been through everything before and after childbirth, was also cold-hearted for this moment.

“Hey, we're going to send a butler to pay for the damage we've done... ... .”

"Compensation?"

Hazel exclaimed. all were stingy

“It was the butter I made by whipping up the cream for two days and turning that huge stirrer over there! It's been carefully crafted for the tea party guests celebrating the opening of our farm! Money can't ask for it!”

"then... ... .”

“Instead, it can be done the other way around.”

Hazel glanced at everyone.

“Fortunately, everyone seems to be wearing clothes that are okay to get dirty.”

The girls were startled.

“Well, what are you doing here... .. ?”

“Work must be repaid with work. Farm work.”

"Oh! Nonsense!"

"You're welcome! 'The owner of a salon is the owner of the salon, and in the salon she exercises absolute power as king.' I've definitely heard that from the Minister of the Interior. So you have to be careful when entering the salon.”

The girls' faces turned white this time.

They tried to escape again. But it's heavy and... .. In front was Sir Penelope, wielding a long sword.

It wasn't just that.

"penny! What are you doing here!”

The Seongpung Knights came over the fence to catch their comrades who had slyly escaped from the tedious training. When Penelope whispered something, they were indignant.

"right! The knights of Bratania have a duty to cooperate there!”

The girls screamed.

“Too much!”

Penelope looked at them with a cold face.

“Shall I go out and publicize it? if not... .”

“We solve it ourselves. No jam.”

At Hazel's reply, the girls became even whiter.

“What is jam?”

“I do not know. I'm scared... .”

They immediately lost the will to resist. therefore... .

There are serfs!

Hazel rejoiced and took them to the field.

“Look at this. The scorching sun has dried up the soil in this area. If you water it in this state, it will not penetrate properly. You have to scrape the hard soil.”

He took the young children's hands and gave them farm implements. They looked down at their hands blankly.

“This is a dream. It's not real... .”

“These people, please pluck the grass.”

“... .”

“These people go over there and get some water.”

“... .. Hey, I can't lift anything this heavy.”

“no. I can hear it.”

Seraphina wept and lifted the bucket handle to eat mustard.

But what is it? The bucket flashed. It was thanks to the heavy center of gravity on the abdomen.

“Unbelievable... ..”

Reluctantly, one by one, they started working on the farm.

“it's okay. There are nobles who do gardening as a hobby... ..”

“that's right. Even the Duchess of Aden touches the soil like this... ..”

“But wouldn't it be a traitor if we worked here... ..?”

“I know, right. It's a salon that His Majesty forced to admit it because of the law... ..”

“It's forced labor, what should I do? But hide your face... ..”

So I clenched my teeth and worked in the fields.

A hellish hour passed in the late afternoon sunlight.

The knights of the Knights of Seongpung were gone. The farmer, who kept on going in and out of the house and watching closely, said abruptly.

“It is now.”

"Phew... . . . ."

The girls dumped their farm implements.

It was so hard that I just sat in the eyes of others. It's still hot at sunset, and Hazel is so resentful, I'm going crazy anyway... . . . .

A large tray appeared in front of me.

“You did a great job.”

uh... . . . ?

Everyone was stunned and looked at them.

Plates were piled up on the tray that Hazel was barely carrying.

I don't know what it is, but it's a bread filled with colorful ingredients, a salad topped with oily grilled beef, and a chunk of cheese that almost melts. Above all, that cool herbal tea in a wooden cup covered with water drops... . . . .

Suddenly, I felt thirst and hunger at the same time.

I haven't exercised for a while, and after doing some field work, what was on the inside went down. Recognizing that fact, I became unbearably thirsty and hungry.

However... . . . .

Can I really eat it?

Everyone looked at Hazel. Hazel shrugged.

“Anyway, thanks to all of you, I was able to think more deeply about this tea party. We were able to give our guests a really happy time today. That's why I'm serving it, so I eat whatever I want. Today's tea party was successful because of all of you.”

Kitty Diabelli was sober. It couldn't have been more bitter and humiliating than this.

"Everyone! You must not eat it!"

But it was late.

Everyone was already washing their hands and rushing in.

Hazel looked up with a proud face.

I made a quick bread that can be baked in a short time using whole wheat flour left over from last time. It was a generous amount of sun-dried tomatoes and chunks of cheese. I also added sunflower seeds, which I was going to give when I met squirrels, to give it a savory taste.

Vegetables plucked from the vegetable garden next to the kitchen were rinsed in ice water to make them crispy. I seasoned the beef that was left in the cupboard deliciously and quickly roasted it over a strong fire and placed it on top of my salad. Goat milk cheese, which I bought because I suddenly wanted to eat it while shopping, was also offered for these girls.

Everything was fresh and hearty. Besides, I worked. I couldn't help but admire.

It's delicious enough to go up!

The girls frantically ate bread, cheese and beef salad.

Then Hazel asked abruptly.

"How is it?"

Oh.

all froze

-Food is not like that! While talking about the food with the owner, you can eat it in a pleasant mood! Let me know how it tastes!

I remembered the roaring words.

It's a big deal! Angry again!

The girls stuttered their mouths open.

"Uh... . . . it's delicious."

"Very tasty."

"Really delicious."

That was then.

"The bread is really chewy and delicious! Is this red thing a tomato? It has a fantastic earthy flavor unlike the red, moist vegetables I know! I eat it with a light chunk of cheese, so it doesn't go well together! With just one bite, it's like visiting a small hut in a vast

mountain range! A place where a thousand-year-old glacier melts and a blue and transparent stream flows and the cows run freely! And this salad! What the hell is this? If you put it on top of bread and eat it together, it doesn't envy the banquet of the fairy queen from the legend! No need for salad dressing thanks to the juices from the delicious roast beef! It tastes really healthy!"

There was an overwhelming sense of momentum. Everyone looked at Cecilia with their eyes wide open.

Er, I don't know.

Cecilia closed her eyes tightly.

I didn't know what he was talking about now. I was just chattering whatever I felt in my mouth. I was insane with fear, but one thing was certain.

mother, father. He said that my literary talents were of no use. But no. You're using it to survive... . . . .

She opened her eyes slightly and looked at Hazel.

was smiling!

Satisfied... . . . .

Then everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Hazel had no idea that these girls were so afraid of her. Because of touching the soil and eating healthy food, I thought that everyone had become meek and kind, and I just rejoiced.

After all, the power of nature is amazing!

Only one caught my eye.

“But Miss Christina, isn’t she hungry?”

“... ..”

Kitty silently stared at the salad in front of her.

Either way, the rest of the girls ate and drank diligently again. In the midst of this, I couldn't focus on how delicious it was and how delicious it was.

After eating it, I was only able to be released.

“Everyone, tell your parents, let’s make a farm in the estate! So good!”

Leaving behind Hazel's gruesome business, the girls tumbled out.

The more Kitty thought about it, the more she couldn't stand it. I looked back at everyone with my eyes burning.

“Everyone, are you going to get revenge?”

"Yes?"

Everyone was astonished.

“Are you crazy, Kitty?”

“Aren’t you out of your mind even after being like that?”

“This plan was a mess. I will fall.”

"me too. I was wrong from the beginning. Farming next to His Majesty's palace would not have been possible without a fair bit of pulpit and guts. We were stupid."

"I will fall too. Miss Mayfield is so scary."

Everyone was disgusted and took off their tails. Then he chatted again.

"But it was really delicious, wasn't it?"

"that's right. The tea party desserts, and the food I just had, keep coming to my mind over and over again."

"How can such a scary person be so good at cooking... . . . ."

Everyone kept talking about Hazel. No matter how much Kitty tried to change the topic, it didn't work.

Kitty was desperate.

Among his peers, he has always been the center of attention. Everything was led at will.

I returned home in a miserable mood.

I was sitting blankly in my bedroom when I heard a loud noise outside. Kitty felt an ominous feeling and jumped up. I tried to run away, but it was already too late.

"What are you doing kid!"

My father slammed the door open and came in, shouting.

“I just met Ms. Ilina, the palace official! He said the tea party was a huge success and it was a lot of fun! What happened! Didn't you even stay overnight saying you'd definitely ruin it! How do you ruin something like this? Christina Diabelli! Are you really going to disappoint him like this?”

Kitty was listening, trembling. Not even tears came out. This is because, if even a small drop is revealed, it is said that there is no dignity and a disgraceful order will fall.

After his father poured out his stormy fury and left, this time his mother, Countess Diabelli, came in.

As usual, she stood in her perfect and beautiful figure, staring at her with stern eyes.

“What is this?”

"sorry. The opponent was very difficult.”

“I am. What's difficult? There is a simple way.”

She pulled out a pocket from the bottom of her purple dress. He untied the string and pulled out a small bottle of purple liquid.

“Put a little of this in your food. You only need to secretly add a drop.”

Kitty was terrified.

“It's crazy! How flawless... . . .”

“Then are you going to leave me alone? You're opening a salon soon, too!”

The Countess looked at her daughter with an annoyed expression on her face.

“My daughter Christina cannot lose to anyone. You have to be the brightest in this world. so that's my daughter In the future, at least the Duchess will be crowned, and at most... .. I'm thinking to a very high place. But if you can't even do this, you have to get out of this mansion. All property and status will be taken away and I will have to sit on the street.”

"Mother... .."

“Hey, so can you?”

Countess Diabelli whispered.

Kitty looked at the purple bottle with a feeling of desperation.

6. Scenery of a ball with dinner in early summer Amidst the

lush greenery beyond the mirror-clear pond, the magnificent buildings of the Imperial Palace were lined up.

Instead of the palace, Count Albert entered the promenade among the trees forming the dark green walls.

Just when my eyes got tired of the geometric garden lined with conical topiaries, a wooden fence appeared among the landscape trees. A small and rustic house could be seen beyond the green vegetable garden.

What a delightful sight is this?

The minister of the palace was happy.

I really liked the fact that he was a part of the small change that took place in this huge imperial palace. He hummed involuntarily. There is a lot of humming these days. Seeing the winds of change blowing little by little here and there made me want to go to work.

So let's hurry

The Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications quickly walked towards the small farm in the Imperial Palace.

\* \* \*

The sun was quite hot. It is on the road to summer.

But inside the shady house, there was a cool breeze.

The neighbor's house not far away was noisy with the squabble of ministers and the creaking of the guards' boots, but the wind drowned it all as it blew this way. From the wide open window, only white curtains fluttered quietly.

Hazel fell asleep on the table next to it.

In the chest that had been replaced twice, the chicks with long legs and jagged tail feathers were also napping. Except for Tiberius, who for some reason was unusually slow, everyone was growing up.

There was a sound that broke this peaceful stillness.

smart!

The impatient visitor ignored the social meaning of knock and came in at the same time as the sound.

“Miss Mayfield! Now is not the time to take a nap or sleep!”

"Yes?"

Hazel jumped up.

"It's raining? Is it a weather test?"

I screamed in a dream... . . . .

That wasn't it. It was still sunny outside the window. My eyes swelled again.

“Miss Mayfield!”

“Ah, the Minister of the Interior!”

Hazel just woke up.

"sorry. My grandmother, whom I became close with at the market, gave me beans and added it to the broth. I've cooked it once, but I'm sleepy because I ate too much."

“Because this is not the time to be talking about idle talk like that!”

The minister of the palace shouted.

“First of all, congratulations. The salon's opening tea party, 'Louverture', was held beautifully. There are good responses from all over the place. But I can never be vigilant. That's not a success. Miss Mayfield is only now at the starting point. Don't forget that not so long ago, you were at the bottom of the esoteric. It was offset by the success of the tea party, and now I have only gained the status of a 'freshly debuted girl'. We are working so hard on the farm right now, but we must never forget that it is a precarious location that can

be wiped out at any time if no one is on our side. I'm not just talking about your Majesty. This is a battlefield. Various enemies lurk. So, at this point, let's build a more solid foundation. You have to make a sure mark on the social world and make a lot of your own people... . . . .”

The words that were pouring out gradually slowed down.

The wind blew gently.

An old wooden table that has been polished so that it looks like the clouds are shining through. Shiny kitchen utensils and cutlery. A green garden outside the window. Small wildflowers blooming along the edge of the field... . . . .

All these sights were whispering.

What are you in such a hurry for? just take it easy

A cup of tea was placed right in front of me.

“This is the apple mint tea we served at the tea party. You couldn't come then, so please try it.”

“Ah, I was still wondering! How much of a fuss was there, as Protocol Officer Grace. It must have been very surprising to mow the grass growing in the field and make tea. What are the city dwellers? Grace wouldn't even know that the carrots in her favorite carrot cake were plants.”

The minister of the palace trembled and picked up the teacup.

But in fact, this 'full water' was unfamiliar. The only drink he had was coffee.

Apple-flavored peppermint is too experimental, isn't it? Wouldn't it be astringent and fishy?

I took a sip, a little afraid.

Hazel didn't betray him either.

The fresh wind blowing from the window now seemed to wash my hair. The breath became fragrant.

The apple flavor wasn't as strong as I thought, just 'I'm an apple.' it was to the extent that I really liked the harmony with the mint scent. It was very refreshing and fresh.

“It’s great. Would you say it feels like all the time in your heart has been washed away? ... .”

With a genuinely relaxed face, Hazel was delighted.

“Eat whatever you want. It would have been better if there was ice. I can’t afford such luxury unless it’s a tea party.”

"no. cool enough It's not too cold, so it's better... ... .”

The minister of the palace responded and paused.

Hearing Hazel's words, he remembered the purpose of his coming here. It was to push this innocent girl on the back and somehow move it to the next level.

“Oh, my lord! Did you get the basket? I didn't know how to deliver it, so I was wandering around, but Cecil showed up and asked for it.”

“Oh, then! I was drinking it sparingly because I was running out of chicory coffee, but they sent me just the right amount! Thanks to you, I am able to fight hard again for a while. The walnut cookie that was sent with me also fits so well in my mouth... ... .”

The minister of the palace again laughed and chatted, then came to his senses and hardened his face.

“But Miss Mayfield. Can't we just keep using our hearts to others like this? Isn't this horse chestnut farm just starting out? The capital is expensive, but there is no place to make a profit. Until the farm is established to some extent, it has to get its profits elsewhere. For example, a contest... .”

"that's right. It's like a good pig contest. I'm confident. I was still looking for it... .”

Hazel reached out to the newspaper from three days ago that Hazel had picked up in the garden, and the minister of the palace covered it.

“That’s not it. What do you do with a good contest right next door? A cooking contest, which Miss Mayfield is very good at.”

“A cooking contest?”

“Actually, it’s not a full-fledged competition... . One of the entertainments of the upcoming 'Flower Ball'. It is derived from the custom of noble maidens preparing dishes with family traditions and presenting them to the empress or empress at a prom. Although the family has fallen, Miss Mayfield is a lady of a full-fledged salon, so anyone can participate. The jury evaluates the taste and awards the top prize, but the prize is a gold ring.”

“Isn’t it gold?”

Hazel was right off the bat.

“Of course, it must be pure gold, right?”

"then! The national emblem is engraved on it, so its value is a bit low, but there is no problem in selling it. If you want to participate, you can go to the maid at 3 pm and apply. If you go to the main building of the Imperial Palace and ask, they will teach you well.”

"thank you! Thank you very much!"

"I'm glad it was helpful. If there is another good way to earn money in the future, I will keep asking questions like this."

The minister of the palace stretched out satisfactorily.

"I don't want to get up. It was a good break. Do you have any more questions?"

"do not have... .. Oh, wait a minute."

"Tell me."

Hazel thoughtlessly tried to ask something. But just before it popped out of his lips, he stopped.

"Oh, no."

"Uh? Feel free to ask me anytime."

"Yes. thank you."

Hazel sat down at the table after seeing him off.

Although the tea party was a success, I felt like I didn't finish one thing properly.

Sir Valentine suddenly appeared in the middle of the night to help.

After that I haven't seen it at all. Thanks to his help, the party was a success, but I couldn't say thank you. So, if you were a minister of the palace, your feet would be very wide, so I was going to ask you a sneak peek about the article about Sir Valentine... . . . .

It must be dangerous

Instead of the palace minister, his eyes were too fast. Even if it wasn't, Lord Valentine was willing to help out in a difficult position, but it could have gotten even worse.

what to do I need to say goodbye... . . . .

Hazel was worried. Then, without realizing it, he drew the figure of the knight on paper. I looked down for a moment and calmed myself down.

Oh yeah. You must hurry to apply for the contest.

jumped up

\* \* \*

There were numerous rooms in the main hall of the Imperial Palace.

These rooms were nicknamed 'The Silver Mirror's Room', 'The Oriole's Room', and 'Duke Anne's Private Room' depending on their history or interior decoration. Although these rooms were not designated by anyone, they were constantly changing and living as a reception room, meeting room, waiting room, etc., performing the function of a political center.

Sesil, the royal palace official, was a typical civil servant from a family of scholars. The battlefield was never even close. But when I entered this hallway, I could taste the feeling of participating. This was a battlefield where many interests collided. Especially when there

is a fierce battle with sparks... . It was a time when the most powerful person in this country appeared as it is now.

"your Majesty!"

The Marquis Eau Claire, who had been waiting since morning, exclaimed. Despite her face, she grabbed the hem of her dress with one hand and ran. In the other hand, he held the red-haired girl's wrist tightly.

Although it was out of the blue, when Cecil saw this scene, he remembered a jousting match. The knights on both sides collide with the wilderness in the background.

“The Marquis Eau Claire.”

“Yes, Your Majesty! Did this faithful servant tell you last time? My pretty nephew came up and now I'm living in the capital. Honey, what are you doing? I have to say goodbye to your Majesty.”

“Raw, Law, I'm Rossetti Chernier.”

“Did you hear me? I have no doubt that the surname Chernier will give a special and friendly sound to His Majesty's ears. She is the granddaughter of a loyalist who died protecting Antoine Castle. Please remember this child.”

“Ah, Miss Chernier.”

Iskanda looked at Rosetty, with her very beautiful red hair, whose cheeks were blushing, as if feeling some emotion. At that moment, the marquise's eyes blazed with a glimmer of hope... .

“Of course I will.”

"Five! your Majesty! It's crazy!"

“... .. Until the day I die. This short meeting.”

Their emperor turned around with an impeccable smile, with a theatrical gesture of a hand on his chest.

waggle window.

Such a hallucination was heard in everyone's ears.

The three-minute battle the Marquis Eau Claire dared to block in front of Her Majesty with all her power and influence ended in her defeat. A name was added to the list of countless losers.

Before the ink had dried, a group of people charged again.

"your Majesty!"

This time, it was the priests of the Great Hall of Fame. They ran and said, holding up something that looked like a withered tree root.

“I have sent the hand of Palatine I from Mariscal. It is clear that the efficacy of this hand has been diminished, as it is evident that the patients with the chanterelle do not heal no matter how much they touch it.

"Oh yeah?"

Iskanda took the relic and broke it in half.

“Consecrated.”

"your Majesty!"

The priests screamed.

“Let Mariscal get medical help.”

They vanished before they could say anything more.

The battlefield was filled with the remnants of the battlefield in an instant. Cecil smiled bitterly.

All of the powerful people gathered here are not fussy. When the 20-year-old emperor had to ascend to the throne, everyone thought he would be able to do just about anything he wanted by quickly roasting him.

but not at all. They deeply realized that the Crown Prince had been killing his temper while going out. As soon as he seized absolute power, he mercilessly pushed out the obvious interested parties.

Not long ago, when there was a clash with the National Advisory Council, the only thing the emperor was paying attention to, I thought that momentum had waned.

But ten thousand words. I didn't see it today at all. Rather, I should say that I have a little more leeway. It was evolving even more powerfully.

Who the hell can break that flag?

Cecil was immersed in such a thought, then paused. Because the person in front stopped suddenly.

It was an unbelievable sight. His Majesty the Emperor had completely hardened and turned into a stone statue. I fixed my gaze somewhere in front of me.

Cecil looked at him quickly.

Who the hell is there?

He tilted his head. There was no one else in front. I think it's just the attendants and someone just passing by... . . . .

I rubbed my eyes and looked again, but the crowd had already turned the corner.

"what?"

Cecil looked at His Majesty again.

But it wasn't there.

"Oh! He told me to hold on to His Majesty! your Majesty! your Majesty!"

Cecil looked around frantically in search of the emperor.

But Iskanda was already in another hallway. He was doubting his own eyes, with his eyes nailed to the other side of the crowd.

In this place where silk uniforms and splendid dresses were waving, there was one thing that stood out alone. It was the back view of a dark brown haired lady with a basket.

Looking at it again, Hazel was right.

I couldn't understand.

"Isn't it time to start farming right now? Why the hell are you here?"

Illina, the palace official who was passing by, heard that. She was neutral in any political situation, so it was right to pretend that she didn't hear it, but somehow it made her cry.

“Your Majesty, the Lady of the Palace Salon is free to enter and exit the main building of the Imperial Palace.”

When Illina, who had only been sober, suddenly had the courage to argue with a lioness, Iskanda was perplexed.

“I was really curious, so I mumbled!”

Unknowingly, he raised his voice.

But at that moment, there was a sudden commotion in front of me.

“Miss Mayfield! where are you going all of a sudden? This is it!”

"Wait! I think there's someone out there who knows! I heard a voice!"

I heard footsteps running through people.

Ugh.

Iskanda froze again.

What saved him from that crisis... ... It was instinct.

He was the only knight in the Empire to reach the status of a Grand Cavalier. When you had to hide your presence, you could completely erase your existence.

should not be heard

As soon as I thought of that, my body moved on its own. As soon as others blinked, they hid behind the pastel-toned door in the middle of the hallway that was wide open on both sides.

How do you have such bright ears? are you human? Isn't it like a big-eared rabbit with polymorph magic?

Iskanda groaned and raised her senses behind the door.

The palace official, Ilina, was completely unaware of that fact. In her eyes, it seemed that His Majesty had suddenly fallen to the ground. Ilina was startled, but... .. At that very moment, the dark brown haired farm girl woven! When I saw it, I thought it was rather fortunate.

What a coincidental coincidence!

Ilina looked at Hazel with deep eyes. 'I just fought for you. You bravely rebutted to His Majesty the Emperor... .. .' He greeted me with a proud expression.

“Hello, Miss Mayfield.”

“Ah, the palace magistrate!”

Hazel greeted with a bit of embarrassment.

As I followed the guide, I clearly heard the voice of Lord Valentine. A distinctive tone of shouting as if something is unfair. he was sure

But he came quickly, but he wasn't there. There was only one white deer who delivered the tea party support and even attended.

Of course, she was very happy. But now there is something very urgent.

“Hey, where did the knight who was just here go?”

“A knight? I didn't see it. There were no drivers in this hallway.”

"okay?"

Hazel was embarrassed.

Seeing the Paladins going to and from the main building of the Imperial Palace, he unconsciously recalled Lord Valentine. So I guess I heard something nonsense.

“Who are you looking for? Who bothered you?”

Palace Officer Ilina asked.

"Ah... ... no. Excuse me.”

Hazel turned around. He glanced at this side and ran to the waiting servant.

"sorry."

Ilina, the palace official, tilted her head and looked at them as they disappeared into the crowded hallway over there. Then, he suddenly remembered his work and left in a hurry.

Just then, Iskanda sneaked out from behind the door.

It was breathtaking.

He thought with a serious face.

Although their living circles overlapped so much, I didn't expect a girl from a neighboring farm to appear in the Imperial Palace so suddenly.

His obsession with the farm is so great, isn't he just like Ji Park-ryeong who is attached to it?

There was no way I could change my mind overnight. There is a reason I came here after leaving the farm. It must be a very important reason.

You should know it.

That way, you can figure out the route and plan a countermeasure.

Iskanda slowly followed in that direction.

\* \* \*

A room with a huge plate depicting the hunting scenes of the ancient Emperor Caspar IV.

The 'hunting room' was used as a cooking contest preparation room. All future events will be prepared there.

Just because of that little commotion, Hazel arrived a little later than 3 o'clock. As the attendant opened the door, he saw noble ladies of his age already lining up.

When a new person came in, the attention was focused. The girl who came without curling her hair very nicely shouted.

“To come to the Imperial Palace in such comfortable clothes!”

“It’s very close to home.”

Hazel pointed out the window.

“Do you see it over there?”

She was shocked and her face went red.

“But, I thought she was a maid without fail... . . . .”

"Shh!"

At that moment, several people came out like lightning and covered the girl's mouth.

It was the noble girls who attacked the butter dessert. Everyone looked at Hazel, and their complexions were pale.

“But how could you wear a dress like that... . . . .”

"quietly!"

“I picked some strange fruit in the basket... . . . .”

“Shut up!”

Anyone who tried to laugh at Hazel was immediately choked up. No one could talk about this or that.

Hazel's eyes widened.

How can people change so much?

A part of my heart warmed.

They used to be territorial and conspiracy girls, but just because they touched the dirt and ate healthy food, they could become this kind.

Unaware that the experience of that day had left her with horror, Hazel said with a warm smile.

“Come to play again!”

The young girls felt goosebumps in their arms and desperately pretended not to hear.

I'm still shy, so it's like that.

As Hazel was thinking about it, the servant shouted from outside.

“You are the Duchess of Winterfeld!”

The organizers of the competition appeared.

The room seemed to light up as the tall lady walked in. In her dazzling blonde hair, wearing a dark blue dress with antique jewelry, there was a sense of intimidation that made her naturally bow her head.

Everyone bowed and whispered secretly.

“Amazons... . . .”

In the Imperial Palace social circle, the name was legendary.

As a maiden, called Miss Adelaide, she entered the Empress's handmaiden and fought bravely against all evil forces. He did not give in to the fearsome villain Camilla Berganza, who had monopolized the favor of the Emperor, and even though he was expelled more than ten times, he came back and faithfully guarded the empress.

Everyone called Miss Adelaide the 'Empress's Brave Amazonas' after the female warriors in mythology. The nickname, which contained a sense of ridicule as well as fear, has become the highest praise given the change of government.

The Duchess of Winterfeld became the most dignified lady as the handmaiden of the present Empress Dowager. Although she had the power to cause turmoil in the imperial palace with a single glance, she could not give up her old habit and came to take care of even a small contest like this.

It's strangely quiet today.

With that thought in mind, the Duchess accepted the contest applications one by one.

Then at some point it stopped.

Among the thick applications that were entrusted to a great writer who could write well, stamped with gold leaf and sprinkled with perfume, there was only one very simple application.

'Family: Mayfield

Applicant: Hazel

Competition Application Purpose: Gold Ring' The

Duchess raised her head. There was an applicant.

The hair was slightly pressed after putting on the hat and then taking it off. Glittering green eyes. A blush that looks healthy. Both the blouse and the skirt were clean, but it looked very rustic, as if it had been washed at least ten times.

Oh, 'that girl'.

I could quickly recall the subject of the rumor that had been buzzing for a while. The Duchess nodded her head.

“You wrote it very honestly.”

Hazel replied with a smirk inwardly.

“To be honest... .. I didn't have time to make up a lie.”

“It's fresh. Conversely, most people here need time to tell the truth.”

The Duchess turned the papers back.

“It's a formal procedure anyway. But, Miss Mayfield, is it true that you know well and applied? This competition is a side event of the ball. Of course, the Emperor will be present at the ball as well.”

"Ah... .. ?"

Hazel was very upset.

I didn't even think about it. Seeing that, it's normal.

Let's see... . . . . Instead of taking over the land, it was taken away even more, and the secret inspector who trusted and dispatched was so honest that he could not find anything to complain about, so for the emperor, the situation could not be more difficult than this.

What if you go to a prom in this situation?

I imagined it automatically. 'That girl is that girl.' And the appearance of a scoundrel who tells me. 'What!' And the raging emperor... . . . .

Hazel grabbed the hem of her skirt tightly.

“But I haven’t committed any crime. You can't miss the gold ring because of that... . . . .”

“To be honest, a gold ring can be so blatant! Anyway, it doesn't matter. His Majesty doesn't actually stay at the ball for that long, nor does he care what's going on in the corner. I was just asking because I hope Miss Mayfield will do a good job as a contestant. It's a good thing if you're not dependent on external factors. But just in case, I'm asking, do you have any dresses?”

“... . . . Yes?”

“You have to wear a dress. It's the basic of the basics. I think it's old-fashioned too, but I can't help it. It's a social language. If you don't wear a dress at the prom, people don't even listen to you.”

The light faded from Hazel's eyes. The chin, which had been raised high imagining the emperor, and the shoulders that had been wide open, shrank as if the wind had fallen in an instant.

“Can you be so absurd? I'm trying to make money because I don't have money, but I have to spend a lot of money first... . . . .”

“Now that I throw away even the gold ring, is it just money? like. Since the young lady comes out frankly, to be honest, it's absurd that I don't even have a dress while thinking

about making money in the social world. I'm very excited about this opportunity, and I'm getting one. If you're not sure, ask a friend who knows the dress well to pick one for you."

The Duchess took all the applications.

"Then prepare the menu for tomorrow."

"Yes!"

They all answered together.

The Duchess went out. Everyone disbanded. Hazel came out too.

A dress all of a sudden... . . .

It was all that thought in my mind.

So, at that moment, he was completely unaware that there were eyes watching him not far away.

deep red eyes.

It was the eyes of the Emperor of the Empire.

\* \* \*

Iskanda has been sitting in a famous place since the beginning.

A golden chair exquisitely hidden behind a giant equestrian statue in a small hall that serves as a plaza where several corridors intersect.

He sat there, staring only at the door of the 'hunting room'.

When everyone saw this, their eyes widened and they stopped walking.

"Your Majesty, I'm sorry, but my daughter's handkerchief just flew there."

"It's strange. The handkerchiefs of noble girls in this country are always on the floor. Shouldn't we change the name to a floor towel?"

Even though he annoyed those who were arrogant, His Majesty the Emperor, as always, did not shake it off and go away. I didn't know English.

In any case, it was a refreshing shock to see His Majesty, who was looking intently in one direction with an expression that seemed to be immersed in contemplation, unlike usual. The crowd smarter than others and accustomed to getting what they wanted was enough to cherish some sweet hope.

It's now!

The girls, who became more daring ahead of the prom, rushed forward with the ambition to somehow catch the attention of His Majesty on this occasion. However... . . .

"... ..!"

Suddenly, His Majesty the Emperor threw everything and disappeared quickly.

They all looked at each other with dismayed faces. I really couldn't get over it.

what?

Leaving behind many questions, Iskanda had already exited the main hall. He followed after Hazel with a deadly presence.

“You have to have a dress to go to a competition... .”

Hazel was just thinking about it now. The scenery did not catch my eye.

So I went the wrong way. I turned to the east corridor rather than the exit.

One side of the corridor was made of glass. It was a space decorated like a greenhouse so that you could take a walk indoors. It was successful at one time, but after the creation of the Great Garden, its popularity declined.

After confirming that there were no signs of anyone in the entire space, Iskanda hid among the trees and called out.

“Miss Mayfield!”

Hazel was so engrossed in anxiety that he couldn't hear it. Iskanda continued to follow and called several times to no avail.

In his anxious eyes, he could see the knight's armor set as a decoration in the corner. He quickly took off his helmet, put it on, snatched the cloak, put it on the emperor's splendid robes, and ran away.

Hazel was startled by someone suddenly blocking her way.

“Hi-!”

The snow grew large and froze. Iskanda said quickly.

“I’m sorry to startle you... .”

“Ah, Lord Valentine!”

Hazel was happy and cleared the border right away.

"Unbelievable! Really meeting you! Very good. I've heard hallucinations before. I can't live with the debt of my heart. What would you like to hear? Because of Sir Valentine's working environment, you won't have access to any information about our farm. In fact, it was a very successful tea party."

"is it?"

You shouldn't be caught peeking in secret. Her heart was so strong that Iskanda started acting without her knowing.

“It’s really unexpected. To be honest, I was skeptical, but hopefully it will succeed... .”

“Thanks to Sir Valentine's glass bottle. I made something very special with it. Would you like to guess?”

"Well. It deserves a bottle... .”

Once I started, I had to continue acting with all my might. I felt sorry for myself, but I couldn't help it.

“Since it was a tea party, it must have been a day of refreshments. Is it some kind of jelly?”

“Wrong. It was full of candy.”

"candy? That’s a great idea.”

“It’s a lie. It was actually dandelion wine.”

“Dandelion wine? Can I make alcohol from dandelions?”

"sure. If you're curious, I'll bring you a bottle next time. We'll see each other again soon in this imperial palace anyway."

Iskanda's heart pounded.

“... .. Why?”

Instead of answering, Hazel made a very serious face. As I stared at you with eyes that were heavily shaded... ..

“Do you have any dresses?”

He swung the wrong question.

... .. what?

Iskanda was confused.

“... ..”

An awkward silence passed between the two.

Hazel woke up in surprise.

No, what did I say? Are you worried that you forgot too many things?

“Not that, I mean! You said that the most expensive dress is the price of a carriage? But since Lord Valentine's family is wealthy, I wondered if there were just a bunch of grandma's dresses in the warehouse. Then it meant that I wanted to pay for it and borrow it for a while... .”

Hazel's voice grew quieter.

A very serious energy that overwhelms people was emanating from behind the antique silver helmet in front of him. Suddenly, a heavy voice resounded through the hole in the helmet.

"dress... .”

"sorry! Such a mistake to the driver... .!”

“I'm sorry, but... .”

“... .?”

“All of Grandma's dresses are in the museum.”

“... .”

Oh, were you seriously thinking about it?

Hazel shrugged her shoulders. I looked at Sir Valentine, who was standing so seriously, wearing a helmet and a cloak.

Why did he confide in this knight whom he had never met a few times, and also to the emperor's knight?

It was stupid, but when I think about it, I can understand his own feelings.

“There are two kinds of people in the world. When I hear other people's concerns, I regard it as a weakness, and from then on, I say, 'You're nothing special.' and a person looking down. Other than that, someone who listens well and thinks about it even for a moment. I'm pretty sure Valentine's isn't an electron. You brought me a glass bottle in the middle of the night, even though it could cause trouble at work if caught. It was really knightly.”

As Hazel said that, he continued to glance over.

He really was a character who didn't overlook the difficulties of others. And they ate very well whatever they gave.

I wish I could come to play more often. Can't I change jobs?

With that thought in mind, Hazel looked at him with a smirk, and Iskanda was also glancing hard behind his helmet.

Hazel's situation was roughly guessed.

Of course you don't want to wear a grandma's dress.

It's a money issue. So it is immersed in the water. Because I need to get a dress, but I don't have the money.

Seeing the question with those shady eyes, I felt like I should get the dress of the Empress Dowager displayed in the museum.

Isn't it? It's a pity that I don't have that much money even though I work so hard... . . . .

Iskanda flinched. The accident was quickly stopped.

What are you thinking now!

She is a competitor across the land. uncomfortable neighbourhood. Didn't you follow me to figure out the movement in order to avoid revealing my identity? As we were talking, I got caught up in it.

Calm down.

Iskanda shook her head. Hazel clearly said, 'We will meet again soon at the Imperial Palace'. And now I'm looking for a dress. Then there is only one answer.

“Are you in need of a dress for the prom?”

"that's right! I decided to take part in a cooking contest.”

“I did... . . . .”

He pretended to be okay, but his mind was complicated.

The emperor is the center of the ball. Even if I didn't know her face until now, I couldn't help but look at her then. dozens of times. No matter how slow you are, you should notice it. What is the true identity of Lord Valentine?

I don't like it.

My heart was rushed.

Just then, Hazel bowed her head. Something came to mind while I was cooking.

"Oh yeah! I came and picked cherries. It looks like you're out for work right now, so even this... . . . .”

I picked several eggs from the most ripe ones and looked up, but there was no Sir Valentine.

"In addition?"

This unique exit method was really unaccustomed to. Hazel shook her head and walked towards the door leading out of the corridor.

“If you can’t eat these cherries, you’re only hurting yourself.”

That was true.

In the season of June, the cherries are red and plump and ripe. Each grain was full of sweet juice.

The person who kicked the chance to taste such a treasure was already on the other side of the building. He kicked the door to the conference room there.

“... ..!”

At the sudden appearance of the emperor, the officials in charge of the ball were terribly surprised. I was also terrified.

"your Majesty! Wait! If something happens to us, a message will be sent to the minister of the palace as soon as possible!"

“What do you mean?”

“It means you can't stop this ball even if you catch us!”

“Not that! I have a suggestion for the ball!”

“The offer to cancel is definitely not allowed!”

“Who said to cancel! open it! However, it must be a masquerade!”

“... .. Yes?”

Everyone looked at them in surprise.

In their bewildered eyes, Iskanda once again nailed it.

“It’s definitely going to be a masquerade. or not Did you know?”

“Oh, yes. all right!”

After the emperor left, the ceremonial officers met face to face.

“Did our Majesty suggest the form of the ball?”

“Is that a masquerade too? Is it very serious for the first time? Look at your taste.”

“I can't believe it! As I live, days like these will come!”

Everyone hugged each other and rejoiced. They, who are experts at the ball, have always been in trouble at the Imperial Palace. I didn't have a chance to make my dream come true.

“But why the hell did you suddenly become interested in the ball?”

“It’s obvious what.”

Chief Medical Officer Helen said confidently.

“It’s because of the woman. there's a woman For the first time in 22 years!”

If I had heard it myself, I would have jumped... . . . .

It wasn't necessarily wrong.

Let's hold a masquerade.

Iskanda walked to the office alone, proud of herself, without even guessing what kind of uproar her declaration had caused among the officials.

One has been resolved. Next up is the dress... . . . .

The thought that came to me so naturally, my footsteps came to a standstill.

What kind of dress is the dress! What are you doing! can't help! Another robbery of land and a ridiculing article in the newspapers make me come to my senses!

he rebuked himself.

However... . . . .

- It was a really knightly act.

It was the twinkling eyes when he said that, or the forehead that was full of thoughts while talking about the price of the dress... . . . . As such things kept coming to mind, the sound of my heart kept coming back.

Next is the dress... . . . . Next is the dress... . . . .

no!

Iskanda exclaimed in her mind.

I don't know that! Fabric, design, and fashion are all unknown!

As he was wrestling alone like that, he saw familiar red hair from beyond the passersby bowing to the emperor.

right!

Iskanda's eyebrows widened.

I forgot for a moment that I had a cool friend who had a huge wardrobe. Besides, the friend was so obsessed with the farm girl that he heard the traitor.

There is no better fit than this.

"Louis!"

He quickly approached me and called out.

"Huh?"

Lewis pretended to be startled.

“It’s the person who called me now. Doesn't he look so much like His Majesty, who is so hard on us as if there is no National Advisory Council at all? It's hard to see him these days, so I forgot our Majesty's face... .”

“Get off work early tomorrow. it's yellow Leave work at 3 o'clock and go play wherever you want.”

“... ..?”

Without saying anything, Iskanda left.

Lewis looked at the men next to him with a puzzled look.

“Did I just get cut off?”

"no. It's not that you have to leave work forever, you just have to leave work early tomorrow."

“Wow, what's going on?”

It was incredible.

'If there is nothing to see at the ball, the emperor's eyes are focused on him, so the Holy Knights give him strength instead.'

Wasn't this the case?

“Do I look so tired?”

"well. You're just as pale as usual."

“Well, it was good anyway.”

Lewis was excited.

The thought of going to the farm to play after a long time suddenly sparked my motivation to work. The footsteps also vigorously headed towards the gymnasium.

\* \* \*

The next day, Hazel woke up earlier than usual. Wearing a straw hat and carrying a basket, I went to the cherry trees I found yesterday.

I picked cherries while listening to the roll call of the guards in the imperial palace at dawn until quiet.

“Is that really edible fruit?”

"sure! This is cherry!"

Cherry can be opened on the tree.

He handed a handful to the young scholar with that face and hurried back to the farm.

Then I found

It was early summer, and I could see something sticking out under the walls of the maze garden, which was thicker and denser. They were two pairs of legs, each in turquoise and dark brown silk shoes.

Hazel was startled and ran away.

"Are you okay?"

When I pulled it out, I saw two old men. He was so exhausted that he couldn't even speak properly.

Although Hazel did not know, these were the two princes of Acevedo and Monte Alegre, who were quarreling for land.

The emperor has improved his tag-catching skills these days, so he managed to escape. He went under cover to catch such a majesty, but he continued to ramble.

But 'if I go, he's going to take over His Majesty.' I couldn't leave my seat at the thought. It was like that, after skipping meals and staying up all night, it was in a state of moribundity.

Hazel, unaware of this situation, was simply astonished.

How can these well-dressed beggars just fall down on the road? How the hell did the Imperial Palace come to be?

I quickly dragged him out and put him in the shade, and they squirmed and opened their eyes.

"miss... .. If it's in the basket... .. Can you eat it?"

"Yes! that's right!"

Hazel put a bunch of cherries into the hands of the two hungry old men. And hurriedly ran home. I got all the food in the kitchen and came back.

“Oh, it’s food... ..”

The two old men stretched out their trembling hands with a smile.

When I picked up a few chunks of coarse-grained bread and cold ham, I finally woke up.

Mushrooms fried in fresh olive oil were very tasty. Although the pancakes were cold, it was not the usual skill to make them thick and fluffy.

Unexpectedly, you have a great breakfast!

The two old men were very satisfied and emptied the food from the basket.

What I particularly liked was... . . . .

“This is the best delicacy.”

“I keep getting out of hand. I can not stop.”

Hazel looked at them with wide eyes.

Beans were the most delicious thing these two old men of great aristocrats ate the most.

Different kinds of beans given to me by the mayor's grandmother for free. I just brought the stuff I had boiled to make the soup, and unexpectedly, it got an enthusiastic response.

“Is this really the most delicious?”

“Yes. The more you chew, the sweeter it gets, which is perfect for my taste.”

“It’s perfect for my taste. fresh I never get tired of it.”

The two were busy competing with each other, picking up beans and eating them.

Hazel had an enlightenment.

The nobles of the imperial palace have already tasted all kinds of seafood. You cannot capture their taste buds with cooking skills or recipes.

To elicit a good response, you need to let nature taste as it is. For them, it is the newest and freshest taste.

In fact, I felt it from the beginning of my coming here. It was only thanks to these two old men that enlightenment was once again achieved.

The menu needs to be redesigned.

My heart was rushed.

Hazel grabbed the empty basket and turned around quickly.

"thank you!"

"Eh? miss! Wait a minute!"

"Don't go! Please tell me your name!"

The two old men shouted, but the figure of the girl in the straw hat had already disappeared. Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre looked at each other with bewildered faces.

"Let's be quiet... . Haven't we just met Goddess?"

"right! It must have been that Terra, the earth goddess, appeared in the form of a country maiden and saved us!"

After leaving behind these absurd speculations of the two old men, Hazel returned to the farm, sat down at the table and revamped the menu. As I read through the new writings, I was convinced.

That's it!

I feel better.

To express that joy, Hazel decided to make a huge cherry cream pie.

In fact, there was nothing to do. In summer, when there are many delicious fruits, if you prepare the basic ingredients in advance, you can make a pie in a snap.

Hazel took the biscuit out of the cupboard. It was a baked biscuit with cinnamon powder and molasses added to basic ingredients such as flour and baking powder.

I crushed it and laid it on a pie mold. I also added chopped almonds to give it a savory taste.

Then, I took out the cream I had stored in the refrigerated space under the tin-wrapped cupboard. This cream made by adding butter and egg yolk to milk is poured over the biscuit. Lastly, a generous amount of cherry filling made with lemon juice, sugar, and almond flavoring was added.

A refreshing cherry cream pie suitable for early summer was completed.

Hazel looked at the pie for a moment, pleased with it, and then placed it in the tin box of the cupboard.

I worked leisurely in the fields, and when it was lunchtime, I went to the main building of the Imperial Palace. I submitted a new menu to the Duchess, and I quickly turned around to avoid talking about dresses.

But then.

Suddenly, I felt a gaze.

who is watching me now

Hazel glanced back.

But no one was there. It was just the back of the noble girls who were disappearing one by one.

Was it too sensitive?

no. I definitely felt the gaze.

who? Is it because of the competition?

If so, it may not be the only food you need to worry about.

So while Hazel is on high nerves... . . . .

On the farm in the middle of the large garden that you can see out the window of the main building, someone was just crossing the fence.

It was Lewis.

I arrived with a light footstep, but as soon as I entered the farm, the steam leaked out. Hazel had not been seen in the garden.

“Miss Mayfield? Miss Mayfield! Miss Hazel!”

The house was also empty.

I thought it was strange and went out again. As Lewis looked around, something unusual caught his eye.

It was a mysterious blue flower blooming in a large barrel.

“Ah, that’s it. What? What flower?”

Lewis drew closer, recollecting the memories he had picked up without sincerity. But at that moment, I suddenly felt a strange feeling.

what? Why does this strange flower smell like a friend?

More precisely, it was a sign rather than a smell.

Magic intervened in the growth of this flower. However, a familiar energy was felt in the magic ceremony. It wasn't Siegwald and Cayenne. Not even Lorendel. then... ... ?

Lewis' eyes, which were moving quickly, suddenly stopped.

The mist rising from the petals surrounded her.

Louise felt drowsy and fell to the floor. I fell asleep, forgetting all the thoughts I had just had.

At that time, Hazel was rushing out of the palace.

Leaving behind the pitiful feeling that someone was watching him, he hurriedly returned to the farm. But the door to the house was wide open.

My heart was pounding.

Who is it?

Hazel took the shovel leaning against the barn wall and looked inside. But no one was in the house.

Went back and found it.

A tall, red-haired knight lay face down next to a wooden barrel where lotus flowers were grown in Rotopagos.

“Louis!”

I turned it over quickly and she was sleeping soundly.

“... ..”

I was so surprised that my head was pounding.

There are a lot of people lying on the floor today.

Hazel shook Lewis to wake him up.

"It's nice to meet you like this... .. Are you not working?"

"Oh."

Lewis opened his eyes.

Hazel could be seen in her sleepless eyes. To be precise, he saw Hazel waking him up, standing with his back to the sun.

She jumped up in surprise.

“Why did I fall asleep?”

“It’s because of this flower. The lotus of Rotopagos. It has the effect of releasing tension and calming the mind.”

"iced coffee... . . . .”

Lewis stared blankly at the blue lotus.

I think I was thinking about something important when I looked closely at this flower earlier... . . . . It was fuzzy and the strands could not be caught.

“Sleep at such an important moment!”

“Since this is a purified species, it probably won’t have a strong effect. I must have been too tired.”

"that's right. right."

Lewis nodded his head, then came to his senses.

“Now is not the time for this! I'm off work!”

“Already?”

“I leave work early. Surprisingly, it's yellow. He saw me in the hallway yesterday and suddenly gave me an order.”

"really? Maybe you don't have any dangerous plans today, do you? My esteemed supreme majesty has been so quiet these days that I was starting to feel a little uneasy. Of course, I do not intend to interfere with farming work, but... . . . .”

As Hazel spoke, she found the scissors and went out to the garden.

I don't know what you're trying to do, but I'll have to follow along.

Lewis thought so and followed with scissors.

“Don’t worry. And if you feel any hint of absolute power, I'll run to you and let you know. For now, you can rest assured. Our Majesty's only thought is that the prom is annoying now.”

"i See."

Hazel nodded and chopped off the young tomato's shoots. Lewis was surprised.

“Why cut it? Maybe anger?”

"no! This is side by side. Because the soil is good, tomatoes grow so well. That's a good thing, but if the nutrients are too dispersed, you won't be able to produce delicious fruit. It's a pity, but I have to remove the side shoots like this in advance.”

Hazel explained. Lewis then understood.

"I see. surely... ... It's better to focus instead of distracting yourself. Ah, this seems to be something Iss is doing.”

“Who are you?”

“Emperor. The previous emperor was a flirt, so there was always trouble. How hard did the Empress Dowager and us suffer? So Ys has sworn since childhood. He said he would only pay attention to the future empress.”

“Does that make sense? You have to pay attention and meet someone first to know if he's a good person or not. Is there even a mind-reading technique?”

“After all, Miss Hazel is smart. That's what I mean. You don't know how troublesome the Minister of the Palace is. My heart is so frozen.”

“I'm sorry.”

There is one secret to being good at farming. If there is something that workers commonly swear at, they forget boredom and speed up their hands.

In proportion to the speed at which Hazel's mouth chattered, his hands moved like lightning. Lewis also learned diligently and soon learned how to remove the side shoots.

“Look at this!”

Hazel was startled to see the stem she was pointing proudly at. The side shoots were neatly cut by touching the unbelievably minimal area.

“Awesome!”

"Hahaha! After all, I am good at farming!"

"no. It's not about farming. Please don't use your killing skills on farming."

“Oh, should I quit my job and build a farm?”

“Are you listening?”

The two chatted and worked hard in the fields.

The wind blew gently. The smell of earth was pleasant.

Lewis seemed to relieve all the stress at work. Farming is said to be difficult, but for some reason it was only fun on this small farm.

Hazel was happy too. It was great to hear that the neighboring vampire came to play and chatted and helped out.

Field work was soon over. Lewis stretched out his back and wiped his hands.

“What are you doing now? Fertilize?”

"no. That's it for today. Come here.”

Hazel took Lewis into the house.

“I just made cherry pie. It was too big to eat alone, and I was very lucky that Sir Lewis came just in time.”

The pie was taken out of a small tin compartment that preserves maximum freshness.

Louise's eyes widened.

Shiny cherries were filled on top of the white cream piled up like snow. Even after boiling it once, it still looked plump and fresh.

I felt like I was going to lose my mind at the sight of a delicious, red syrup full of cherry flavor dripping over the cream. As soon as I was handed the plate, I scooped out the pie with a fork and put it in my mouth.

“Ah, this is... . . . .”

Lewis melted right away.

When the party fell while training members. When you feel you need dessert. It was just the ideal taste that came to mind at that time.

The cream made on the farm is so thick and delicious that I am very satisfied with that alone, and there were even cherries. Real cherries that never get tired of going through the distribution process. A cherry that is ripe in sunlight and contains plenty of red juice.

A pie made with such a good cherry should not be eaten only on the top, but be sure to cut it so that the fork reaches the bottom and put it in your mouth at once. So that the pie bottom laid out with crushed home-made biscuits, thick milk-flavored cream, and sweet cherries all come in one bite at the same time.

Only then can you feel the perfect harmony of the Trinity, and only then will the cherry cream pie be eaten properly.

"okay. This is it... ."

Lewis felt even a sigh of relief. I couldn't speak properly and ate the pie mindlessly.

"There is more cream here."

Hazel put the jar in front of Lewis.

"There are more cherries. It's delicious to eat biophys with cream. It's a pity that these cherries are lukewarm. When I put the pie in, there was no room."

"AHA... ."

Lewis looked around the kitchen anew at those words. It was a farmhouse that always looked like a little dollhouse to her eyes. I suddenly realized

"There is no refrigerator."

"Yes."

Hazel nodded.

"I wish I had a real refrigerated cupboard instead of the little space at the bottom of the cupboard. It is a large storage box filled with tin or zinc tightly glued inside a sturdy oak tree and filled with insulation such as cork. But I can't afford to bring that in right now. As the minister of the palace said, this farm needs money. therefore... .."

As I was explaining, my eyes suddenly widened.

There was another reason Louise's sudden visit was lucky today.

There was one more thing besides being able to help remove the side shoots of the tomatoes and share a large cherry pie in the cupboard.

Maybe she can help.

But this time, don't make a mistake. So Hazel asked cautiously.

"Louis, do you have a grandmother?"

"... .. Yes?"

Lewis tilted his head slightly at the unexpected question.

"there is. Grandma. In other words, Squadron Vampire Lord."

"Then does she have a lot of dresses?"

"no. I only wear black mourning clothes because of my taste."

"i See."

Hazel raised her eyebrows and thought for a moment.

Lewis was puzzled.

"why? Why are you suddenly interested in my grandmother's dress?"

"Actually, I decided to participate in the cooking contest held during this prom to raise money for the farm's business."

"Very good idea!"

"But there is a basic format for the competition. You have to wear a dress. No matter how much I think about it, it is unreasonable to adapt a new dress to the current circumstances. So the Duchess told me to get help from a friend who knew this well... ."

Lewis doubted his ears. friend? My heart was fluttering with excitement.

"But I don't have any friends. Reluctantly, to Sir Lewis... ."

My excitement plummeted.

but excited again. Lewis jumped up.

"I am so glad I was able to be here today! Heaven helped! If it's a dress, I can lend it to you!"

"Yes? Even if it's a small-sized grandmother... . If I were to wear Sir Lewis' dress, it would be like a sack of sacks."

“Don’t worry. Let’s go home together. In return for this delicious cherry cream pie, I will solve that problem!”

Lewis said confidently.

“Wait a minute. I’m going to send someone home and tell them to prepare for the guests.”

“No, what the hell... .”

Before he could say anything, Lewis quickly disappeared.

Hazel was bewildered. Anyway, in preparation for going out, I checked the inside of the house and took out a hat for going out.

Lewis returned quickly. But behind him, a large War Bear followed. Lewis zigzags, hides through the trees, smokes dust, and tries to outrun him to no avail. Sigwald followed very firmly.

“Why do you want to go with me?”

“I know dresses well.”

The two were arguing.

In fact, Sigwald knew nothing about dresses. What followed was because I was worried.

Lewis disguised himself as a man for a friend and became a knight and lived among men. I haven’t had a friend of the same sex with whom I can be open-minded. So Sigwald was hoping that Lewis would get to know Miss Mayfield, please. If I did something stupid, I thought I would knock him out with a punch before that.

That was his goal today.

Lorendel and Cayenne were also enthusiastically in favor. In the midst of his busy schedule, he actively cooperated by taking charge of Sigwald's Torpedo Knights in half.

Hazel, unaware of this situation, was only happy to have one more helper who knew how to dress.

And so a strange procession started.

The home of Lord Luis Gallardo, commander of the Holy Flame Knights, was on 2nd Avenue. It was 15 minutes from the main gate of the Imperial Palace.

I thought it was going to be crazy, but when I got there, it was more than I expected.

It was an old-fashioned mansion with towering roofs in the middle of a manicured lawn garden beyond a magnificent iron window.

The door opened and the white-haired butler rushed out.

You're her new friend... . . . .

I don't know if it's my childhood friends, the Knights Commander-in-Chief, or my subordinates who have become obnoxious, but it was the first time I had hair with a female friend.

The butler had to make every effort not to sneer too much at the lady customer, who was no matter how ordinary, wearing a dark blue ribbon hat for going out.

“This is it.”

The hallways were lined with marble statues and luxuriously carpeted. Hazel looked around and followed the directions.

Eventually, I arrived at a room.

I knew it right away as soon as I walked in. Why did Lewis say you don't have to worry?

The huge room was full of dresses. All sizes, large and small, were all new.

“Come on, choose whatever you want.”

Lewis gave Hazel a beautiful dress.

“This is my hobby. If there was a pretty dress, I bought it unconditionally. Because one day, I might be able to give a gift to someone I know’s daughter, niece, or dog.”

“Ah, puppy... . . . .”

Hazel put down the pink dress in her hand. Somehow I thought it was too cute.

“Then, is this all for gifts?”

"Ah."

Louise's face darkened slightly.

“Isn’t that too extravagant? Is Nami Jeong going down?”

"no! To be honest, I think it's enough for Sir Lewis to be happy. Didn't everyone choose to be happy? I think it's a wonderful room, full of dresses with happy hearts.”

"Really?"

Louise's eyes widened.

“Then why don't you take it instead of borrowing it? In fact, I have never given it as a gift.”

"Yes... .. ?"

Hazel was perplexed. However... ..

"like."

He nodded his head softly.

It was also sad that Lewis said that he had not been able to give a present even after heaped it up like this... .. Also, Uncle Carl always said that when a good person gives a gift, you should know how to receive it with a happy face.

That was also true.

Because Louise's face really brightened up.

“This dress is beautiful! The lace at the bottom is just like a rose. The sleeves are fluttering, so it's cute.”

“Is this? Wouldn't it be nice to have this shiny satin material? Oh, I bought this dress quickly because it looks pretty with the black mesh on the turquoise silk... ..”

“I think a dress like that would suit Sir Lewis better. Come over and give it a try. Look. There is also an atmosphere.”

“Hehe, okay? Ms. Hazel is also coming over and trying this muslin dress on her body. right! After all, dark brown hair and a cute muslin dress with a yellow ribbon are the best!”

Hazel and Louise chattered in front of the mirror. I didn't realize how much time was passing by putting this dress and that dress on each other.

After a while, the butler, worried about the young lady who was not good at dealing with her girlfriend, sneaked in and looked into it.

I imagined that I might be rigid in the awkward atmosphere, but I was laughing and chatting while choosing a dress.

When Master Siegwald made eye contact with Master Siegwald, who was sitting in the chair, he nodded his head to indicate that he could be relieved.

The butler turned back with a happy face. And secretly signaled across the hallway.

Shortly thereafter, servants pushed carts into the dressing room.

Cute mini cakes, mousses, scones, puddings, cream puffs, meringue cookies, and sandwiches were stacked like a tower on a three-tier plate.

Porcelain teapot and teacup covered with gold leaf. A cute silverware for three people. From the point of view of the commoner Hazel, there were only things that made his eyes widen.

wow, that's awesome... . . . .

It was a time to experience the luxurious tea time of a large mansion while receiving thorough service from servants.

Refreshments made by expert craftsmen using their seasoned skills were both pleasing to look at and tasted great.

Lewis and Siegwald said they were tired of this, but for Hazel it was another fresh learning opportunity.

"Well... . . . You sprinkled gold powder on top of the macarons."

It was so fresh, I thought it would be useless to learn.

While we were drinking tea with the vampire and the bear, Lewis' butler brought a colorful book covered in red leather.

"I was wondering if I could be of any help to the girls."

It was a picture book depicting the attire of the royal nobles who participated in the ball.

Hazel wiped her hands on the napkin and opened the book. From the very first page, a gorgeous ceremonial dress appeared.

"It's very shiny."

"It is the robes of the Empress Dowager."

Lewis explained.

"I can't see you at the prom. Her Majesty the Empress Dowager cannot come. You suffered too much when you were young, so you shouldn't overdo it in such a position. If I could see you, I'd say hi to my son secretly. I'm sure you'll like Miss Hazel."

"Certainly."

Siegwald agreed. Their affection and respect were evident in a few brief words.

Empress Dowager is a good person.

With that thought in mind, Hazel turned the book over. Then he found a very familiar uniform and unknowingly stopped his hand.

“Ah, this is... .”

“Are you an imperial knight?”

Lewis and Siegwald looked at the painting and fell into memories for a moment.

“By the way, it’s the same as before the ball. It reminds me of Sir Randolph.”

“He was a great knight.”

“It would have been nice if it went well with Miss Adelaide. You two got along very well. He was also a close aide to the Empress Dowager.”

Hazel's ears pricked up as he had just picked up the sandwich.

Do you know the Empress Dowager?

I was so puzzled that I couldn't help but ask.

“Aren’t these knights the emperor’s direct subordinates?”

“It wasn’t just that. Because Sir Randolph belonged to the Empress at the time, that is, to the Empress Dowager now.”

"Ah... .”

Hazel hurriedly lifted the teacup and covered her startled face. He drank a lot of tea and recalled Lewis' words.

It's not just the emperor's subordinate.

Come to think of it... . . . .

In retrospect, Lord Valentine never said that he himself was the emperor's subordinate. He assumed that when we first met in the yard, but he never revealed his identity.

Could it be that I made a hasty decision?

Not knowing that Lewis and Siegwald's words were all in the past tense, and that the imperial knights in such uniforms no longer exist, Hazel pondered.

What is your real identity?

So, tea time is over.

It's time to choose a dress again. But Hazel couldn't concentrate as well as before.

What is the identity?

It was just that thought.

Meanwhile, Lewis... . . . .

“Look at this. Philosopher's print dress. Is it funny? Oh, look at this hat. It was inspired by a pirate ship.”

I was preoccupied with giving Hazel a tour of the bizarre collectibles.

And Siegwald... . . . .

“... . . . .”

He tightened his eyes and watched Lewis intently.

All three of them were so distracted by different things, so they put their original purpose behind the scenes.

I was surprised to find that it was getting dark outside the window through the curtains, so I hurriedly decided on a dress. It felt similar to taking a quick photo right before submitting the test paper.

Anyway, Hazel got a dress.

"thank you. I will dress well."

Hazel said goodbye to the two knights commanders, holding a box tied with a ribbon.

It was a good gift from a good neighbor. Recalling the sweet taste of dessert once again, he returned to the Imperial Palace with a happy mood.

A figure of Hazel wearing a go-out hat and holding a large box wandered across the Grand Palace of the Imperial Palace.

After a while, an orange light came on in the little house.

The imperial palace in the immediate vicinity.

Iskanda, who was reviewing the documents by the window there, raised her head.

Everything went as expected.

Lewis, who suddenly left work early, was excited and rushed to the farm. It would be easier to discuss problems with the same women. Moments later, news came that they had left for Lewis's mansion together.

The dispatch operation was a great success.

The poor farm girl was presented with the best dress from a neighbor who had collected the most dresses in Bratania.

The problem was solved by arranging the right talent in the right place. now you are safe

Iskanda bit her pen while thinking involuntarily.

Wait a minute. Are you safe?

... .. Oh, yes. I have to be very busy with a great success in a cooking contest, so I don't have time to look at the masked emperor. It's not like there's no such thing as a pain in the ass.

Iskanda nodded her head.

Forget it now and start working again.

There was a wagon explosion at Hargreaves this morning.

Fortunately, no one was injured, but rumors spread that it was an extremist terrorist attack. However, a meticulous investigation by reliable investigators planted in various parts of the city revealed that it was a simple explosion... ..

There were loads of reports like that on the desk.

Iskanda sat by the window until late at night and read carefully one by one.

\* \* \* In the

middle of the morning sky, a clear line of pearlescent color was drawn.

This long, thin cloud was called the 'fairy clothesline'. According to an old Bratanian legend, this was a period during which the fairies of the sky washed and dried old clothes.

Just as a cold wave must come for some reason on the day of the civil service exam in winter, these short, dazzling days in early summer coincided with the 'Flower Ball'.

This year was no different. White and auspicious clouds crossed the sky and decorated the morning three days before the start of the ball.

As if mixed with fairy light powder, the sparkling sunlight poured down on the vegetable garden of the farm. It was really nice to see the shiny leaves. It was an unblemished field, neatly cared for by division.

“Come on, it is the water of the Imperial Palace.”

Hazel watered the fields abundantly and checked everything on the farm for any abnormalities. Then I made breakfast.

Today I had to finish work quickly and go to the grocery store. I had to lift a lot of heavy things, so I started strong in the morning.

First, white, soft bread was baked. Fresh from the oven, while still hot, generously greased with farm-made butter. The butter melted quickly in the warmth of the bread.

It felt very luxurious by itself, but soft poached eggs were also served here. I made juice with leftover oranges from the tea party.

It was the perfect breakfast menu.

After looking at what was laid out on the table for a while, I quickly picked up the bread before the butter had completely melted.

The butter, bread, eggs, and orange juice were really delicious.

After having a hearty breakfast, he hurriedly got the job done inside and outside the house. We decided to go to the market for a slightly late lunch, put on a hat, grabbed a shopping cart, and hurried out.

But he stopped before he could just walk out the door.

Hazel looked out cautiously.

There were no suspicious signs. But it felt a bit awkward.

As I was leaving the house in the middle of the day when no one came to the garden, I remembered feeling someone's gaze on me.

What if something happens at home?

However, it is impossible not to go shopping.

At times like this... . . . .

Let's change our thinking.

Hazel decided to try setting the trap.

First, I took out a piece of paper and wrote 'Cooking Contest Menu' in large letters.

I wrote the text underneath it, and spread it naturally on the table along with newspapers and other graffiti. Finally, a strand of hair was pulled out and placed between the menu and another piece of paper.

The trap is complete.

I'm glad no one fell into this trap when I returned. It was just nervousness and it wouldn't affect the competition.

It would be nice if someone caught it. Because it can be prepared in advance.

Either way is beneficial.

With that thought in mind, I was finally able to leave the house with peace of mind.

Hazel pushed the fence gate out with light steps. We walked out of the imperial palace, walking diligently across the vacant gardens, along the boulevard where the guards were marching.

The central market was always crowded.

It was not a huge market, but it was full of fruits, vegetables, meat, and seafood from all over the empire.

Hazel has already made a face with several merchants.

"Grandma! The beans you gave me last time were really delicious. I gave it to two poor old men and they said it was very tasty."

"okay? You did a good job!"

Hazel chatted with an old woman who sold vegetables at the market. Then, he picked out good ingredients from the piles of vegetables piled up on the pedestal.

You can feel the fresh and delicious vegetables just by touching them.

These carrots are very ripe. It looks like it was raised on a farm.

If you feel that way, you have passed.

After buying a bunch of good vegetables for a cooking contest, I went to a place that sells chicken and eggs.

Hazel said, 'Are you out of the investigation?' I looked into it hard enough to feel an unexpected increase in my heart rate. Then I picked the best ones and put them in my shopping cart.

As we walked again, we stopped in front of a fish shop that smelled of the sea.

"Do you have sardines?"

"Oh, yes!"

Hazel took a pack of sardines.

that time.

A small farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace surrounded by magnificent iron windows. A suspicious sign arose in the small farmhouse inside.

Someone entered the empty house and moved in secret. The door, which Hazel had closed well, suddenly swung open.

As the suspicious intruder staggered towards the table, a tiny shadow snapped out of the crevice of the door.

It looked around and headed straight for the Imperial Palace.

\* \* \*

Iskanda was strolling among the well-groomed boulevards.

Of course, as with all the daily routines of the emperor, it was only an extension of the government affairs of the bureaucrats one after another.

"ghost?"

"Yes. It is said that once it was given such a name. Gwynn hastily discovered that these strange monsters are very weak to sulfur. So we sent a request for support."

"Gwynn is also reliable. to give generous support."

After receiving a report about the strange monster that appeared in the frontier and giving instructions, he slowly turned to finish the day's work.

But behind the knights marching on the other side, something strange appeared.

A small, yellow thing that naturally follows them as if he were a knight.

Iskanda doubted her eyes.

Tiberius!

Not to mention when he memorized the face and name of that poultry chick... . . . .

The moment when the chick chased the knights with short legs and lost sight of it for a moment.

From the other side, the Imperial Palace cavalry appeared.

While the chicks were panicking in front of this amazing sight, a herd of horses rushed forward with a thud.

Tiberius froze on the spot.

The horses of the Imperial Palace ran without hesitation. Along with the loud sound of hoofs, the horses' stout legs slammed and bounced off the sidewalk. The chick stood right in front of him, as hard as a stone.

It was only natural that this little poultry would be trampled on in the blink of an eye. The horrific scene of turning into a flat yellow mass came to mind clearly.

Iskanda shouted without realizing it.

"stop!"

When it was time for a shift, the cavalry rushing in was astonished when the emperor suddenly appeared and gave orders.

"stop! stop!"

They immediately pulled the reins and stopped abruptly. The feet of the horses were dragged, and a thick layer of dust rose.

The chick suddenly jumped out and seemed to be greatly surprised to see the owner of the loudly shouting voice.

Then, it did something completely unexpected.

Out of this fear, someone he knew at least appeared, and he ran over there, beeping.

Birds are surprisingly smart, and even the pigeons in the square hear the voice of the feeder and gather there... . . . .

Iskanda was perplexed.

Don't pretend to know in front of others!

Tiberius ran blindly without notice.

In front of it was the palace drain with its black mouth open.

I really like this

I couldn't help it.

Iskanda ran like lightning, flashed and flew away and grabbed the chick.

The officials surrounding the emperor were astonished after the dust settled.

His Majesty had suddenly disappeared from his sight. For some reason, it was moving through space.

“... ..?”

The cavalry of the Imperial Palace who hastily dismounted from their horses were bewildered when they saw the emperor in a strange pose.

You're burying one hand in your cloak. Is that a gesture with some political significance?

“Your Majesty, is there anything you want me to order?”

“Oh, no. The weather is hot, but it's a lot of work.”

The soldiers were unexpectedly encouraged.

Did you deliberately stop me to encourage you? Low end soldiers like us? How could the emperor of conquest, who was always strict, have such humanity!

“It's going to be crazy.”

Everyone was moved and left. Suddenly, the loyalty of the soldiers rose.

It seemed to pass safely.

Iskanda sighed in relief. At the same time, he was furious.

what are we going to do! Chick owner!

Take this poultry to the farm right now!

When I tried to order the servants following me... .. stopped abruptly.

He had the ability to learn.

In all likelihood, you will be misunderstood again. If the emperor sent him to the farm, you would think it was some kind of murder weapon in the form of a chick. Even if it's just sending a runaway chick home.

I can't help it.

Iskanda chased the servants away and went to a dark corner. He took out the chick he had hidden in the hem of his cloak and put it down.

“Come back on your own.”

Tiberius hesitated.

He was clearly terrified of what had just happened. After walking for a few steps, I flinched and stopped when I heard the sound of horseshoes again.

Then it gets stomped on again.

It reminded me of how I was running away.

Even though I blocked my snout from the first meeting, I still run to you like someone I know... . . . .

When I saw insignificant things, my weakened heart became weak again.

“Come here!”

Iskanda snatched the chick again.

It was quite a difficult situation. It was annoying too. However, my resolve was renewed when I thought that this was also one of the challenges of living in the Imperial Palace.

Everyone nags that the battlefield and the Imperial Palace are different, but they will prove themselves to be able to overcome any difficulties.

He put the chick in his pocket with a sad face.

Tiberius thought he would live now, so he entered there and trembled. That was again disappointing.

“Why are you trembling? I am the king of this country No one can harm you.”

Iskanda took care of the rest of the chores, hiding the chick in her pocket. After sending the bureaucrats and defeating the attendants who followed them as if for granted, he went back to his room in the Imperial Palace and took out a disguise tool.

Tiberius sat on the desk and stared intently at him, who changed the color of his hair and eyes. Apparently, this animal was smarter than I thought. It was fortunate that he could only speak pure Bratanian chick language.

After changing clothes, Iskanda came out of the palace.

Solving monsters is war!

With that in mind, I went into the farm... . . . .

there was no one

I knew it before I even went through the fence. There wasn't a single favourite that was felt within his senses. The lock on the door was also well closed. The owner had already gone out a long time ago.

Iskanda looked at the chick in wonder.

“But how did you escape?”

As soon as he unlocked the bar and entered the house, a faint scent struck the tip of his nose. It was a sweet yet dangerous scent.

Surely you've had it? Long ago... . . . .

The name faded and disappeared.

Anyway, the important thing is that there were intruders here.

Iskanda focused. Raising his senses to the limit, he pursued this bizarre scent.

The place where the scent remained the most intense was in front of the table. The intruder has spent the longest time here.

for what?

Iskanda looked down at the table. Among the scattered papers, <Cooking Contest Menu> caught my eye. I read it casually, but I was stunned.

"what? Are you going to ruin the tournament completely?"

I was shocked and read it over and over again.

\* \* \*

Hazel was then returning across the gardens with a shopping cart. As soon as I arrived at the farm, I saw that the door that was clearly closed was swung open.

I felt it right away.

who is caught in the trap

My heart was pounding.

Hazel put down the shopping cart and looked for the shovel.

It had to be suppressed at once so that he could not escape. puck! I clearly imagined that a terrible sensation would come up on a shovel when I hit it, but... . . .

I had to do it for the competition. It took courage for everyone who helped.

Hazel crept in and swung the shovel with all her might.

That moment.

“Beep beep! Beep beep!”

The loud cries of the chicks rang out.

At that moment of pause, the kitchen scene came into view. A tall black-haired knight stood in front of the table.

... .. Lord Valentine?

It was then that I understood the meaning of this cry.

- My friend! Stop attacking!

Hazel cried out and looked at the running chick.

“Tiberius?”

At that sound, Iskanda looked around.

While stunned by the competition menu, I was surprised to learn that Hazel had already returned. Besides, he was holding a shovel.

“Calm down! I am not the intruder. I'm just here to bring the chick back. It appears that someone escaped through an intrusion.”

"I beg your pardon? Escape?"

Hazel quickly checked the condition of Tiberius. There was nothing wrong with it, except that the hair was a little stretched out.

“I think you should keep the dog on a leash.”

After scolding them sharply, they put them in a cage.

"Thank you very much. I am indebted to you again.”

After sincerely thanking Sir Valentine, I hurried to the table and checked the paper. There was no hair hidden between the menu and other papers. who has heard

"also."

Hazel sighed. Iskanda asked.

“Is this what you expected?”

"okay. I think someone is trying to ruin my competition dishes.”

"who?"

"I do not know. I just got that feeling. So I just made a trap and left. My partner doesn't know what menu I will prepare. Normally, they would go to the organizers and try to get information, but the handmaiden, the Duchess of Winterfeld, is very thorough. So I thought they would come to me, so I opened the menu like this and went out.”

“But this menu is... . . . .”

“Of course it is fake.”

"indeed."

Iskanda finally understood.

“Sardine pie with green parsley sauce. Only if I don't get out of my mind from the stress of the competition... . . . .”

Hearing him murmur, Hazel was internally astonished.

“Valentine's Day, do you know this dish? Sardine pie is only eaten in remote coastal towns.”

“There are so many places I have been to. I've tried a lot of weird foods, but the sardine pie was unique.”

"that's right. The appearance of the heads of sardines protruding out of the pie crust is so horrendous, and the unique fishy taste of fish and the taste of flour combine to make your mouth watery for hours with just one bite."

"If you eat by mistake, you have to close the window as soon as possible. If you inhale the wind by mistake, you will scream."

"You know it very well."

Hazel grinned.

"I try to make it even more terrifying by sprinkling it with fresh parsley sauce."

"Why? Do you have any feelings for the contest judges?"

"no. This is a trap."

"Well? How did this sardine pie become a trap?"

What else is this farm girl up to?

Iskanda looked at Hazel with curious eyes.

"I mean. It's a so-called 'tactic to filter out traitors by leaking misinformation'. In this case, we are catching intruders."

Hazel explained.

"I plan to go early on the day of the competition and secretly display this sardine pie first. Noble maidens will never come close to this terrifying fishy dish. Except for one person. Anyone who knows that sardine pie is on my menu."

"AHA. That's what you're going to do to capture the darkness?"

Iskanda finally understood and nodded. It was a trap that was perfect for the level of young girls who stole and ate butter dessert.

How could you go out with a trap like this? After all, this farm girl is no ordinary bettor. Well, that's why I farm in the middle of the imperial palace with a lot of guts.

for a moment! Don't admit it! What are you acknowledging?

His complexion changed drastically. But Hazel took off her hat and hung it on the wall to see nothing.

"We will definitely find the intruder and stop it somehow. I will never let you ruin the dishes for the competition."

"By the way, isn't the dish already ruined enough?"

"It is, but... . The competitor's obsession is stronger than you can imagine. I think I'm going to be paranoid too. I cursed like that when I was seven. I never thought I would be in Zachary's place."

"Zachary?"

"Did you not read books as a child? 'Little Pig Zachary'. It's a very famous fairy tale. Zachary is a pig paranoid that all the people and animals in the world are trying to eat him."

Hazel was puzzled as she saw a strange expression appearing on Iskanda's face.

Why are you doing that?

I didn't know that the stories of ordinary people's lives were so strange and interesting.

Growing up reading fairy tales about little pigs as a child!

He thought it strange for a moment, then suddenly came up with a question.

Did you read fairy tales with such a critical point of view when you were seven? What kind of growth did you go through?

He glanced at Hazel before turning.

“Then I will.”

"Yes. See you at the prom. I will be wearing a yellow dress.”

“Ah, the dress.”

Iskanda stopped right away.

When the story came out, I felt better. No one hates proof that they did a good job.

“Of course it’s a nice dress, isn’t it?”

"sure. Sir Lewis, the best collector of dresses in the Imperial Palace, kindly gave it to me as a gift. The dress expert, Sir Siegwald, chose them together.”

"for a moment. Who is the expert?”

“Sir Siegwald, commander of the Lightning Knights.”

... ... He's a bear skin expert?

Anxiety raised its head. Iskanda asked.

“Can I see the dress?”

When Sir Valentine, who was about to leave, suddenly turned around and showed great interest in the dress, Hazel was a little perplexed. But soon he proudly took the box and opened it.

“Isn’t it pretty?”

Iskanda's face hardened.

Anxiety has become a reality.

what? What about this clown outfit?

Even though the yellow satin was shiny like cutlassfish, the design was too loud.

The lace decoration that spreads out like the bubbles of a tidal wave under the skirt hem with dozens of folds. The shoulders that soar up to the sky are also a spectacle, but that huge shoulder strap draped at an angle like an epaulet!

Hazel looked at his expression and knew something was terribly wrong. He stuttered and started making excuses.

"uh... . . . First of all, I thought it had to be big and flashy to attract attention. I wanted to be inspired by Sir Lewis, so I chose his favorite colors and fabrics. Soaring shoulders in the meaning of overpowering other contestants, and a shoulder strap symbolizing victory... . . .”

“It’s something! A dress is not a totem!”

“What is a totem?”

“Religious symbol!”

Iskanda rubbed her forehead.

I even dispatched talented people on purpose. All three must have been distracted by something else. It would have been a big mess if I hadn't told you to see me.

“I don't know much about dresses, either, but I do know that wearing something like this to attend an imperial ball would be a joke. Lewis will be hurt to see other people point fingers. If you don't know anything else, look at this race. Isn't it crumpled like a newspaper?”

“I was so happy that I took it out several times... . . . .”

“Let's start with this for a moment. Let Miss Mayfield take it.”

"Ah yes."

They both grabbed the hem of the dress at the same time. But the moment you give me strength by saying 'one, two'... . . . .

Boo-!

The lace hem was neatly ripped out.

OMG!

They were surprised that their eyes popped out.

“Isn't it usually like this to straighten the folds of the duvet?”

"that's right. This is the right way."

They were both very confused. I was speechless at the appearance of the dress that was cut short and the hem fell off. Hazel mumbled as her face turned pale.

"How about this?"

"... .."

I want to turn back time

Iskanda thought earnestly.

The simplest solution is to buy a new one.

However, there are limited shops selling dresses that can be worn to the imperial ball. Besides, they are both centers of rumors.

"Can not help it. It must be mended."

"okay. I should... .."

Hazel twisted her hair that had been left in a braid.

"If it's a blouse or a skirt, I can fix it, but I really don't know about dresses. I've never worn it, I've never seen it worn around, I've never seen it in a market. Wouldn't it have been better if Lord Valentine saw more dresses than I did?"

"... .."

It was.

It is true that the emperor has more chances to get a dress than the farm lady. If I had to choose between the two.

The ball went over this way.

Iskanda thought.

okay. You asked me to straighten the wrinkles without knowing it, so I have to take responsibility.

However... . . . .

As I stood in front of my torn dress in a shabby corner with whitewashed walls, my head became distant.

who am i Where am I?

The ninth emperor and the only Grand Cavalier of the Empire to receive the name Ramstein following the red bloodstain of Angeles. Ramstein IX, Iskanda Lionsroer Deon Alecto, who shines in that name... . . . . What to do with this crisis

When he got to the fundamental consideration of existence, Hazel's voice dragged him back to reality.

“Shall we sew the laces back together?”

"no. no."

Iskanda quickly shook her head.

“I think it’s better to be prudent in order not to ruin it further.”

“That’s right.”

“Let me think about it for a moment. What kind of dress is everyone wearing?”

He concentrated for a moment.

Through the technique of 'meditation', which I learned through the practice of cutting bones, I raised my memory to the limit and looked back.

This morning, 27 noble women in dresses and a transvestite passed by to greet him. I looked down their necks.

Iskanda's eyes, who had been wandering without being able to change their mind, stopped when they went to a full skirt with dozens of folds.

“First we have to get rid of all these ridiculous frills. There is not a single dress like this in the Imperial Palace.”

“That’s right... . . . .”

“Miss Mayfield, there will be no difficulty. After all, it is analogy and imitation.”

Hazel looked at the black-haired knight who declared that.

Paradoxically, the courage, confidence, and power of a knight was felt from his appearance as he pioneered the world of dress, a field completely separated from knights. If this was a battlefield, I felt like I could be a soldier who believed in him and followed him.

"like."

Hazel hurriedly brought the sewing toolbox.

“I will trust only Lord Valentine.”

“I will do my best.”

And so the dress repair began.

The frills waving like a lump of frog eggs were hand-stitched into round shapes by a seamstress one by one. Hazel, being careful not to scratch the expensive satin, plucked the inner seams with a pair of scissors.

All parts that were decorated with pleats were spread flat. The dress that had been cut in pieces became too long. It's a little crumpled, but where is this?

“Don't straighten the wrinkles.”

“Never open it.”

The two quickly agreed.

Then, Iskanda trembled and removed the huge shoulder strap that he hated. After thinking about what to do, I tied it around the waist of the dress. Hazel touched and pulled the ends of the ribbon back to life.

Hope was seen.

The shoulder part was cut without hesitation with Iskanda's own sharp scissors. When I pulled out the thick cotton pad, my shoulders felt limp as if they had lost air. Hazel was sutured after excising the excess.

"Well... .. It's bland."

“You look poor.”

Their gazes turned to the floor at the same time.

The laces on the hem, which had been torn off earlier, were left on the floor.

Hazel cut out the prettiest and most elaborate parts of the lace. After discussing for a while, we decided to add a subtle charm by attaching them along the shoulder line.

This is how the repair ended.

Iskanda glanced over the dress and gave a general review.

All grandiose and ridiculous decorations were removed, and the plainness was broken through lace decorations and a large ribbon at the waist. Since the fabric is so high quality, even a beginner's repair work has a halo effect that looks like an intended design. Overall, it's cute and girly, and it goes well with the wearer's dark brown hair and green eyes, so you can expect a bonus score after wearing it.

"great. pass."

The imperial emperor Ramstein IX solved the difficult problem brilliantly. He was satisfied.

Hazel was also satisfied.

Even the outsiders of the dress looked much better than the first time. The stitching wasn't very meticulous because the fabric was unfamiliar, but it will last a day or so.

Hazel was reassured and rejoicing, then suddenly startled.

“Oh, but if Sir Lewis sees this dress... .”

“No worries. Seeing that Lewis, who is well-dressed, chose this dress, his soul must have been somewhere else. you won't even remember Thinking this was the dress he gave me, he said, 'As expected, my eyes are the best. I'm a good presenter.' Then Sir Zig-Wald would keep his mouth shut even though he knew that wasn't the case.”

“I wish I had.”

Hazel responded and rolled her eyes once.

Sir Valentine seemed to know Lewis or Siegwald well. And didn't you just stop calling him 'Jig'?

Even calling your name is understandable. In private, 'the manager, the manager, the manager... . ' 'cause I can say But when it comes to nicknames, it's a different story.

Hazel glanced at the black knight in front of her with curious eyes.

Are you friends with them?

Although he had only recently entered the Imperial Palace, Hazel had an affinity for Lewis and Siegwald. They were friendly and warm-hearted. So I was very curious.

'Are you two close?'

The question seemed to just pop out of his mouth. But I persevered. Now is not the time to ask that.

Hazel glanced out the window. It was about to get dark, and it was well past 7 o'clock to estimate.

First you have to eat dinner. That was important.

This guy is too difficult. But little by little I understood.

“Sir Valentine... . . . Isn't it time to disappear suddenly?”

Iskanda flinched.

When was the last time you sat cross-legged in the 'donation' chair?

He jumped up.

"Right. It's time to grab dinner and go."

"no. I don't have dinner."

“Aren't you having dinner?”

Hazel turned around.

“Now that the problem has been resolved, it is time to move on to the next step. Dress is important, but what really matters is cooking. I'm going to practice a farm-style dinner that is faithful to the basics, inspired by the old rich beggars lying in the garden. From now on, it's practical. However, it would be great if someone from aristocratic background could taste it... . . .”

Iskanda listened intently as she touched something.

I was distracted by 'I don't have dinner.' That was a mistake.

Are you going to cook after all?

It was too late when I realized.

It was really weird. I just said 'farm dinner', but suddenly I was just hungry. It was only when the word about eating came out of this farm girl's mouth. Like a siren song that seduces sailors. I shouldn't have listened in the first place, but after hearing it, I couldn't help it.

A farm-style dinner faithful to the basics.

Looking back, I was suffering from state affairs all day today, and after analyzing the dress and even using my meditation techniques, I ran out of energy. Besides, it was quite hard labor to mend a dress for the first time in my life.

okay. I'm hungry.

Siren's song or something, something suddenly broke in my head.

What do you know! Why do I have to put up with being hungry? I am the emperor of this country! You have done so many things for the country today!

“... .. look at me Why do you keep talking to yourself? Lord Valentine must have already disappeared.”

“I didn't go.”

“Then eat bread.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Hazel put the plate down like lightning. When I did something, I was cutting bread.

Barley bread cut into generous sized pieces and a piece of butter in a small bowl.

It was a sight that warmed my heart just looking at it.

“ . . . . . ”

Iskanda gently stretched out her hand.

Who dares to offer bread that has been baked for several days to the emperor of the empire? If it was the Emperor's era, it would have been cheaper to be taken away and executed immediately.

But it wasn't just old bread. The original flavor of the old bread was felt as it was well preserved so that the bad smell did not come out.

Thanks to the hard shell, the moisture remained moist, so it was soft, and barley flour was added to make it crispy and savory. It's delicious to eat as is, but it's even better if you spread a little butter on it so that it doesn't spoil the flavor.

As Hazel saw the bread disappearing, she called for joy inside.

Do I have to roll my hair like this so as not to send back visitors to the farm on an empty stomach?

Of course.

Besides, I got help again before the last thing went to the back of the diary. Therefore, it is your duty to fill it up to the point of bursting and send it home.

Hazel's hands were excited.

There was one more reason to treat it.

Lord Valentine, just by knowing about sardine pie, was a man with a rare knowledge of cooking among high-ranking aristocrats. Therefore, I wanted to hear his evaluation through practical practice.

Hazel took the chicken out of the cart. Although it was for practice, it was a very fresh and good chicken as much as it would be used for a competition. Iskanda looked at her while eating the bread.

“Is the competition menu chicken?”

"Yes. It will be deliciously grilled the authentic way.”

"Five... . . . .”

The days of the Crown Prince, who ran away from the Imperial Palace and went around hunting barbarians and monsters. The grilled chicken was a very satisfying dish. I just had to make a fire, pluck my hair, and roast it.

Is there any secret to making such grilled chicken particularly delicious?

Iskanda watched with interest.

Hazel first cut the wingtips and tail of the chicken and removed the fat. After washing, apply herb butter made by mixing herb powder with butter. Then, I put bay leaves and garlic in the pear.

Then, the outside of the chicken was moistened with good quality olive oil. It was very important to stir well in order to grill the chicken skin so that the skin was crispy and the inside was chewy.

Finally, season with salt and pepper and a little herb powder.

The very fresh chicken I bought from the market today, so I didn't have to worry about the fishy smell, so I put it in the oven and started baking.

While the chicken is cooking, boil the water. Add salt and vinegar and crack the egg. The eggs, carefully selected from the market, were very fresh and strong, and the whites were firm enough to be firm.

Hazel puts the finished eggs on a plate. Served with a little bit of parsley powder.

“These are really delicious eggs. If you make it with poached eggs, you can taste the real taste of eggs.”

Iskanda puts steaming poached eggs on top of barley bread.

Poke it with a fork and the yolk bursts and drips deliciously over the bread. After cutting it into bite-size pieces and putting it in my mouth, I was amazed.

This one was a very good dish.

The whites were soft and the yolks were very hard. There was no fishy taste characteristic of eggs. It was so moist and soft that it naturally went down my throat as if I was breathing.

“Very good.”

In a burst of admiration, he continued to eat eggs and bread.

As the smell of roasting chicken spread from the oven, Hazel took out the vegetables from the cart this time.

“I also try to cook these simply so that they can taste the original taste.”

The vegetables laid out on the table were not unusual to look at. There was a lot of luster, and it was very eloquent.

Iskanda picked up a carrot from among them.

There was a healthy luster overall, and the deep crimson color was as vivid as if it were smeared on the hand. I haven't even cooked it yet, but it smells fresh and sweet.

As I was looking into it as if possessed, I suddenly heard a small sound of admiration from the side.

“You’re handsome. so handsome... . . .”

Iskanda frowned for a moment.

It was something I heard a lot since I was a kid. In particular, those who were trying to win his favor talked with dry mouth. But even this farm girl speaks like that? I looked at him with a bit of annoyance... . . .

it wasn't myself

Hazel was looking at the potatoes in admiration.

“Maybe you are that handsome? I will seduce several farmers.”

“... . . .”

Iskanda was so bewildered that she unknowingly clenched her fists. The carrot I was holding in my hand was pucker! smashed and squealed.

Hazel looked up in surprise.

“It’s a great grip. But why are you suddenly mashing carrots while eating bread?”

Iskanda hastily made excuses.

“Well, I thought it might help.”

"Yes?"

Hazel was even more surprised.

It is a common sight on farms for customers to help cook naturally. It is a scene of a pleasant daily life, where we come to chat and then sit down, trim vegetables and eat until dinner. It was also the scene Hazel always dreamed of.

But that's not something anyone can do. It was something that only a genuine rural person who was friendly and remote could dare to try.

to such a skill?

Hazel stuck out her tongue.

After all, Lord Valentine is not normal.

In my mind, the evaluation of him increased even more.

In the meantime, the charred carrots were dripping onto the table.

Hazel suddenly came to his senses.

It's like that hard carrot turns into something like this. Lord Valentine's enemies will have to be very careful not to get him anywhere. With such a creepy thought, I quickly brought a bowl and a new wet towel.

“Yeah, well, that’s fine. But you are helping me with the vegetable trimmings.”

“I’m always having trouble with power control... . . . .”

“And these carrots are not mashed. As I said before, I’m going to cook it simply and enjoy the taste of nature.”

“... ..?”

“I’m going to get stabbed in a steamer. Sir Valentine, if you really want to help trim the vegetables... ..”

Something was pouring out.

“Would you like some of this?”

Iskanda stared blankly.

They were beans.

I have just overcome the shame and shame caused by my own misunderstanding, yet another fresh shock has come.

Tell the emperor of the empire to peel beans? Are you crazy?

he thought

However, in fact, Hazel had made concessions with great generosity. Since Sir Valentine is a guest, I wanted to give up the most fun bean cracker.

Instead, I decided to cut the carrots, which take the longest to cook.

The steamer that the family who originally lived in this house had left behind was full of rust. But I wiped it with baking soda and now it's shiny like new.

Hazel put the carrots in a steamer with holes in it, and then cut the washed cauliflower.

Iskanda opened the pods from the side and took out the peas one by one.

It would have been terrifying for the people of the Imperial Palace to see, but it was worth doing more than I thought to take out hard beans one by one while smelling the fresh smell. Trying to do the simple task of using my hands somehow made me feel at ease and relieved my stress.

Is this surprisingly good?

Iskanda realized that she was thinking like that and was bewildered.

Hazel was arguing while trimming the vegetables.

“... .. How close are you to such a good market! As my grandfather said, one location is the best. There are certainly a lot of goods coming from all over the empire. Someday I will grow them all. Everything there!”

Where do you grow everything?

Iskanda looked at Hazel, startled. Then he fixed his gaze on her hand.

This farm girl was suddenly trimming soft ivory corn the size of a finger. I couldn't help but ask.

“It's the first time I've seen that, is it small corn?”

“No, it's just corn. It's the same. It was just harvested early before fertilization. These little corns are so soft and tender that you can eat them whole.”

"Ah... .."

Iskanda looked at the little corn with a smirk on her face.

“It was something I could eat even when it was so small. Had I known that, I would have eaten it then.”

Hazel tilted her head.

"when?"

“When you get lost. I wandered all day, but everywhere I looked, there were only young corns. After we got out, it was a wild corn colony.”

“... .. ?”

“The frontier.”

“... .. ??”

“I was exploring. If you go too far, you won't be able to see people for days, and then you have to be self-sufficient.”

"AHA... .. .”

Hazel nodded her head with an ambiguous expression.

what? What about this bizarre adventure? Also an unknown person.

With that thought in mind, I looked at the steamer.

The last bean put in is ripe. Hazel pulled out the steaming vegetables. The bright colors were well matched and put in a bowl by type.

“Usually, in this kind of steamed vegetable dish, we steam it with eggplant on top, add lemon to the water to infuse the lemon flavor, or serve it with a special sauce. But in this cooking contest, I decided to choose good vegetables and submit them as they are, without any additives.”

In other words, it means betting on carefully selected ingredients.

Iskanda tasted each one. I knew right away that it was a great strategy.

Speaking of frontiers. On the way back from victory, there was a time when the military cart was reversed and forced to eat vegetarian food. Anyway, we had to fill our stomachs, so we scraped up the carrots, but everyone's expressions were very bad.

At that time, a cook from the countryside said abruptly.

“You should try real carrots. While digging carrots in the field, I said, 'This is it!' Because if you take a quick bite, you will go to heaven. Is that a lie? You're welcome. Once you eat that kind of thing, you can't eat any other carrot.”

The story that sounded like a legend in the thick steam of vegetable soup... . . . .

Iskanda just realized.

The 'real carrot' was like this.

Three meals a day I ate only the oily food of the Imperial Palace, and then I tasted this and it was so fragrant and rare.

The little corn was juicy, sweet and crunchy. The white, well-cooked cauliflower and asparagus were also strangely appealing with their unique bitter taste. Everything was fresh and simple, like a high-quality steamed dish made with foreign ingredients.

Besides, all kinds of beans, such as white beans, kidney beans, peas, and so on, scattered like jewels in the meantime, were pleasing to look at. It was the garden itself in a bowl. It was a bowl that symbolized the farm.

“It’s strange. When I made a fire and roasted beans, it didn't taste really good... . . . .”

“It also requires a command. How delicious it is to sprinkle soybeans with salt and bake them crispy. Keep it in mind the next time you explore.”

"Well. It will be difficult for a while.”

They chatted as if they were out of focus, and when Hazel had just emptied her own plate... . . . .

Finally, the chicken is done.

This was the main theme of this dinner.

When I opened the firewood oven burning bright red, grilled chicken appeared hot enough to burn my hand. Iskanda jumps up reflexively... . . . .

"go away. go away."

Hazel waved her hand away. It's a no-brainer.

I couldn't give up this proud and proud moment of putting the deliciously roasted chicken on the table. Even if it was a knight who was taken care of in many ways.

Having done it over a hundred times, Hazel skilfully balancing and lowering the tray.

The chicken was dripping with oil and making a sizzling sound. Thanks to the little olive oil and rubbing it evenly, the crust, which became crispy like a cookie, spontaneously cracked open without touching it, and a pure white steam burst out.

Seeing the scene, Iskanda's face went blank.

Even though I ate so much bread, eggs and steamed vegetables, I suddenly felt like I was feeling very hungry.

“Look at this. It is very ripe.”

Hazel grabbed her chubby thighs with her tongs and ripped them apart and placed them on the customer's plate. The other thigh was placed on its own plate.

And started eating.

The chicken legs were very chewy. The liver was soaked fantastically. The salt and pepper seasoning on the crispy skin was salty and the taste was amazing. The lean meat was tender. Melting in your mouth is exactly what I was talking about in this case.

Each time the meat was torn apart, hot steam rose. The juicy, fragrant oil permeates the onions, potatoes and zucchini beneath the chicken.

If there's room for something like this, I'd rather eat chicken.

Iskanda thought so, but once she ate a ripe potato, she couldn't stop.

“It has to be here.”

Hazel picked up the cider she had bought at the market. When served with sweet and refreshing cider, the chicken that melts softly has an even more amazing taste.

Absolutely the best grilled chicken in the world.

Iskanda ate hard, even being moved.

Even the cartilage was delicious. It looked like it would eat even the bones. My stomach felt like it was going to explode, but I couldn't stop. It was only after I ate all the onions and pumpkins that I came to my senses.

On the other side, Hazel was staring with her mouth half open.

Iskanda was embarrassed.

It reminded me of the fact that I was doing a cooking evaluation right now.

“A very good dish, Miss Mayfield. It is rarity, novelty and high culinary skills, so very good results can be expected.”

In his solemn and serious speech, there was a strong will to bury what had just happened.

Hazel didn't really care because he was satisfied with having dinner on target, but in fact, Iskanda was very humble.

The emperor becomes a spectacle from the moment he is born. He himself soon gets used to it, and he sees himself through the eyes of others. In a way, there were times when I felt like an actor who never had a break for even a second in his life.

But how come he ate the chicken like no one was watching... . . .

- Solving monsters is war!

I've definitely been thinking like this before, and I've been advancing.

Without knowing what he was going through, Hazel said as she cleared the dishes.

“I’m happy just with the words. If all goes well, thanks to Sir Valentine. You did a great job fixing the dress that served as the ticket to the prom.”

“Ah, hey, that thing... ..”

"I know. I won't tell anyone. If we ever meet at the ball, we pretend we don't know.”

“As for the prom, I can't attend because I have other duties.”

"okay? You're busy too. Well then... .. Oh, wait a minute.”

Hazel went to the chick cage. He woke up sleeping Tiberius and brought him home.

“I will cancel the last time I accused you of being a chick abuser. Tiberius, if it wasn't for Sir Valentine, you wouldn't be here. Say hello.”

"done. Tiberius.”

Iskanda turned around.

Leaving the world where the lamp shone brightly and the delicious smell drifted, he entered the deep darkness.

As he walked, he continued the thought he had just had.

That space makes me keep forgetting who I am. So, the Minister of the Interior, Lewis and Cayenne... .. Everyone will feel more comfortable when they go there.

Finally got the info.

But isn't that a weakness?

I do not know. annoying.

The feeling of fullness, sleepiness, and cramping still made Iskanda's mind complicated.

He headed towards the palace, feeling like a knight on a secret mission. Then, suddenly, he thought of an unknown intruder who had been secretly visiting the farm like himself.

The cooking contest is just one of the little entertainments of the ball. Are you trying to restrain yourself enough to hinder even such a thing?

Why the hell?

I couldn't understand. However, a scene in my memory suddenly came to mind.

It was when I was nine or ten. A banquet seat where everyone eats together at a long table. A noble lady ate a spoonful of soup and immediately coughed painfully. Blood was pouring out of her mouth, and she stopped breathing without anyone trying to get a hold of it. Everyone muttered as they saw her with her head down in the soup bowl.

-Your Majesty recently showed interest... ... ?

A man's attention is dying at once. It was a really terrible time.

Iskanda frowned harshly.

If you do harm to food, you can only think of poison.

Ever since he ascended to the throne, he has worked hard to clear out all the evils of the Emperor's Era. I wanted to let you know that times have changed. And yet you're doing something so daring?

I hope it is.

If so, you will pay the price.

Casting the ominous scene out of her mind, Iskanda hurried to her palace. Much faster than the speed the guards recognized, he swung inside.

At that time, on the farm across the trees shrouded in darkness, Hazel stood by the doorway and blinked. I was trying to see exactly which direction Lord Valentine was going this time, but in the blink of an eye it disappeared again.

“Did you see it?”

I looked down at Tiberius. The chick just rolled her eyes.

“Obviously you have some secret.”

Hazel stood for a moment before returning inside. As I was cleaning out the kitchen, I noticed a piece of paper with a fake menu written on it.

“I don’t need this anymore.”

ripped it right off

\* \* \*

That time.

Ratrapontaine is lined with mansions rented by local nobles to establish and operate in the capital.

There was a loud noise coming from the red brick mansion with a magnificent terrace.

“Not even the parents who do the etiquette assignments for them! Do we have to order them all?”

“This time! Not twice!”

In front of her scolding parents, Kitty Diabelli trembled.

She was now trembling with anxiety. It wasn't because of the scolding of his parents.

Hazel Mayfield.

It was because of that farm girl who was tormenting her so much.

We need a more thorough plan.

Kitty bit her lip.

She has had a very hard time the past few days.

Hazel was really punctual. Moreover, after the tea party incident, he became more vigilant about the food he made. No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't simply put the purple liquid my mother gave me.

A preliminary investigation was necessary.

Kitty somehow managed to secretly find out about Hazel's menu. But no matter which way they approached, they all failed. Ultimately, it was the market.

If I want to cook, I'll go shopping.

So Kitty sneaked in when Hazel went to the market. And just then, I could see the menu lying on the table. I did... . . . .

"Weird. It was so easy. Can it be this easy? I'm kind of anxious. It can't be that simple."

"What are you talking about!"

mother scolded

"That farm girl was careless. Well, the country will be vigilant. Because we have created such a perfect menu. Sardine Pie! cunning too I never imagined making a pie with sardines! You must learn too. Once you break the stereotype, you're half-eaten. Even if it tastes ordinary, it feels special for nothing."

"How much less can you say that you know the taste of your hands? That sardine pie is sure to be a great delicacy."

The Counts of Diabelli and their wife had their taste buds. Do you think it's a cognitive thing to make your mouth water while imagining delicious food? It was the same for naughty people like this couple.

They didn't even dream of it. The menu was a stinky trap.

right at that moment.

Miss Hazel Mayfield, the 'farm girl' they keep in check... . . . .

“I’m going to die of sleep.”

He was yawning and cutting the sardines.

I was so tired after a busy day, but I had to make it now. It took some time for the fishy fish oil to soak into the pie crust, but for a more important reason.

Because of my instinct to try to make everything as delicious as possible, I was worried that I might 'accidentally' make this sardine pie delicious. So I decided to bake it in my sleep.

“Do not remove the intestines too cleanly... .. Let's mix it well... ..”

Hazel covered her eyes with one hand, half closing her eyes.

“Let’s just do it. Roughly.”

So, in front of everyone who is thinking as diverse as the vegetables in the steamer.

Finally, the day of the prom came.

\* \* \* In the

Imperial Palace of Bratania, the early summer ball is called the 'Flower Ball'. This is because the flowers such as roses, irises, peonies, hydrangeas, and lilies in the Imperial Palace garden are all in full bloom at that time.

On the day of the prom, the garden becomes even more dazzling.

“You just have to give me a tea with money like this so that people like it.”

“Even if it’s heavy, be patient.”

In the ears of the maids who hung colorful flower lanterns on the street trees, a chattering sound could be heard. They stopped their hands and looked at him.

A very beautiful blonde lady was walking down the white arch.

A face whiter and purer than the lace embroidered on a purple dress, and delicate hands under the cuffs that spread wide in a fan shape according to the latest fashion. Eyes that are as clear and blue as the sky.

It was Archduke Athena, one of the most beautiful women in the empire.

The maids stared at them lost for a moment. Someone muttered with a light sigh.

“You are even more beautiful today. ”

Athena heard that.

I was very happy with the honest admiration without rhetoric. In fact, it was always nice to hear compliments on her beauty. The noble girls who were following me spoke quickly.

"look. Even flower experts can't help but marvel. All the flowers in the garden lost their light in the appearance of the Grand Duchess.”

“You are like the incarnation of flowers. No, even Flora, the goddess of flowers, will hide her face from shame.”

Everyone was politely flattered. Believing that the future empress will appreciate their loyalty and will pair them with a handsome man who has both status and wealth.

But if you dig deeper, it's a little more complicated.

Their admiration and longing were sincere, but beneath them was a dark expectation that they did not know.

Wouldn't Athena, who is so beautiful and dignified, fall like a lie someday, then maybe I could take the place of Empress instead... . . . .

Athena was completely unaware of their psychology. Because I've never felt inferior since I was born. Everything was so easy for her.

for example... . . . .

“The Grand Duchess! Grand Duchess!”

This situation, in which her handmaid-in-law, Mrs. Frances, rushes to her in anger, can be solved very simply.

“Why are you calling me?”

“What if you dress up so painstakingly and wander around recklessly! He promised like a rock that he would sit still! Haven't you been looking for a long time!”

"sorry. This is a short visit to the Empress Dowager Palace. I wanted to show you what I was dressed up for before the ball.”

Athena showed a cute smile with a pretty smile. This way, no one was angry anymore. It's always been like that since I was little.

The housemaid also immediately melted her heart.

“Maybe you take it so seriously! How is your Majesty the Empress Dowager?”

“You looked good today. He held my hand and said kindly, wishing it a pleasant prom.”

“It is a great blessing for the empire that the father and son care for each other so honestly. It’s a huge blessing.”

Athena was already the empress in the imagination of this reckless handmaiden. Two chubby princes were also born. “It is a great blessing,” she said. And it was only after a few repetitions that I realized it.

Well, I haven't gotten married yet.

But what does that matter? I'd do it soon anyway.

The Grand Duchess has been accelerating her charity work even more these days. It wouldn't be nice to meet the 'uneducated people' in person, but to work so hard to please His Majesty.

Isn't it a tearful tragedy?

At Athena's sincere devotion, it was seen that His Majesty's heart, which had seemed like an eternal snow, was slowly melting away. thus... ... It would be nice to have the wedding dress embroidered with diamonds along the shoulder line.

The handmaiden thought about it and walked away.

“After a while, this garden will be buzzing with excitement, right? Before that, it's good to enjoy the quiet atmosphere between us.”

“It’s nice to be close. Who can come to the imperial ball as fast as me?”

When Athena, who had a residence in the Imperial Palace, just said so.

they found

At the Crescent Palace where the ball was held today, someone came before Athena and was wandering around. It was an unfamiliar back view with dark brown hair hanging over a dark lemon satin dress.

"Who is it?"

We all looked at each other and frowned. A lady suddenly shouted.

"Ah. I get it! Look at that!"

She pointed to the large picnic basket that the unidentified young girl was holding. The basket was engraved with a large crest of two geese standing facing each other with their shields facing each other.

"That's a magic basket for a cooking contest. During a horseback riding class, I heard a story from the young Count Kranz. The main character of the loud rumor is also attending this cooking contest."

"Noisy rumors? Who are you talking about?"

"The owner of it! there! What did you say? Anyway, surrounded by a fence! Farming place!"

"Ah, 'farm'! You mean over there over those trees? Heh, then it's only natural to come in first place. It's closer than the Grand Duchess's annex."

Athena, who had taken a step back, not wanting to be involved in this conversation, frowned slightly. The waitress asked quickly.

"Are you okay?"

"I do not know. It's a little hot."

"Look at it. Shall we go in slowly? You have to choose a mask."

She quickly fanned a fan sprinkled with the scent of cool sage and led the princess inside.

\* \* \* On the

day of the prom, the attendees wake up like dawn and do their best to dress up. And with the most handsome servant as a servant, he rides a polished carriage for today and runs to the palace.

So, great confusion arises.

Hazel expected it all and left the house early. It was very convenient to live in a key transportation point. I didn't even have to wear a baggy dress beforehand.

Well, actually, I heard a new request not to wear it.

"Don't tear it up while wearing it alone at home, take it gently and go to the prom waiting room. The maids waiting for emergency repairs will be happy to dress you."

The Duchess of Winterfeld, the organizer of the competition and the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager, had taken time out of her busy schedule to say this on purpose.

Hazel was very grateful for her kind Ojirya. If I had tried to wear it myself, I would have been unable to cope with the numerous snap buttons hidden inside this ready-to-wear dress.

Those ugly buttons that lock one and unlock the other were locked like a lie in front of the waiting room maids. It was a very fine workmanship. It took less than 15 minutes in total to adjust the width of the dress to fit snugly with the straps attached to the inside of the dress.

Hazel left the waiting room in a completely transformed form.

Was it said that it was the basic etiquette of the ball to dress up for the splendid and magnificent interior of the imperial palace? Only then did I know what that meant. Wearing a rich and loose dress, I felt that the self-identity of a small citizen suddenly became bloated.

“Oh, it’s awkward.”

As with anyone wearing new clothes or a new haircut, Hazel stopped and reflected on herself whenever she passed any reflective object. Even the distorted reflection of the metal doorknob was mesmerizing and changing the angle... . . . .

I calmed myself down.

This was not the time.

I had to get the monstrous sardine pie out of the food basket and put it away. It has a built-in protective function, so the smell won't get in, but I was concerned.

But I guess it came too soon.

"sorry. The table for the competition is not yet ready.”

The person in charge sent Hazel out with a troubled face.

Hazel had no choice but to wander around.

The long hallway leading to the ballroom was full of bustling energy. The attendants climbed the ladder and lit candles on the chandeliers. Outside the window, the technicians were preparing to set off firecrackers.

The sound of the band rehearsing a waltz in three beats flowed out from the inner hall. Wearing a gorgeous satin dress in such an atmosphere made me feel excited.

“This is not bad either.”

Hazel muttered.

Then something came into my sight. Hazel's eyes widened.

oh oh... . . . .

He grabbed the skirt and hurriedly approached him.

It was a flower.

Hazel exclaimed as she saw the deep purple roses set beautifully next to the white irises.

“Midnight Rose! When the rose leaves turn black, everyone thinks they have black spots and pulls them out, but with a probability of about 1 in 30,000, it could be a Midnight Rose mixed with common varieties. If you are a farmer who knows its value, you can gamble... . . . Did you succeed in gambling?”

Merlin, the florist, turned around in surprise.

A young lady stood there with her eyes twinkling.

Seeing that she was wearing a dress, she was clearly a party attendant, and she knew well about rare roses and recognized her hard work.

“Who the hell are you?”

“Ah, I... . . . I'm running a small farm over there. I plan to touch the flower side as well when I have laid the foundation to a certain extent, so I used to walk far to get old magazines. Roses are very demanding for nutrients, so they look just like little birds... . . .”

Merlin chatted with this unidentified lady for a moment.

She was an impressive girl. My knowledge of flowers remained at the level it was a few years ago, and I did not know that 'heh' in 'kudal' was silent and read it literally and said 'kuhudal'. But it was a pleasant conversation we had after a long time.

What are you doing? That wacky master... . . .

The apprentices looked at them with their eyes wide open. Hazel just woke up.

“Ah, I’m sorry you’re busy.”

As I was about to leave, the florist grabbed me.

"no! Where are you going! You should see this too!"

Merlin was excited and took Hazel in front of the green hydrangea. And then I thought

I'm just impressed by this. If you look at the colorful flower altar in the center of the ballroom, you'll be very far behind.

He smiled delightfully.

It was true.

If Hazel were to go there now, he would be really going backwards.

The decoration decorated with more than 100 kinds of gorgeous roses and peonies was truly beautiful, but that wasn't the reason.

Right next to the altar, a person with a voice that Hazel knew so well was having a casual conversation with the commanders of the four Holy Knights of the Empire.

“It was a lot of trouble.”

Iskanda told his friends.

“Finally, today is the end!”

Lewis exclaimed with a sullen face.

“If we hold on to the next few hours, we are free. But, I have to tell Ys one thing of regret.”

"what?"

“Your newly devised request for salvation was eventually leaked. A savvy newspaper reporter made a special write-up, and he became known throughout the empire. This means that if you drop a glass of fruit wine on the floor and then step on an olive to signal it, we can't save you from this boring event.”

“Oh, don't worry about that.”

Lorendel was surprised at Iskanda's answer.

“Did you think of it again? A new salvation request that does not overlap with the last 29? That’s great creativity.”

"That's not right."

“Then you will need a consolation performance as well.”

Cayenne said quickly.

“Just like last time, my men dressed as clowns will be holding puzzles. Loosen it by looking at it from a distance. Forget about boredom for a moment.”

"no. I do not need. It's crazy, put it all away."

“... .. ?”

While everyone looked at them with puzzled faces, Iskanda turned around.

“Our work is not over yet.”

Sigwald carelessly touched his friend's shoulder, and was startled by the sudden look of his face in a black mask.

"I'm sorry. I have something to practice now.”

Iskanda flew away with her crimson cloak fluttering.

“Isn’t it supposed to be dance practice?”

Lorendel murmured.

“It’s strange. The sudden suggestion of a masquerade is also the same. Do you know what everyone is talking about? His Majesty the Emperor's secret tastes... .”

“You don’t even know how to be deceived? What are your tastes! Clearly something is up.”

Lewis snorted. Beside him, Cayen clicked.

“Even if it’s a mask, change it to something different. Who wears clothes that cover almost all of their faces like that these days?”

Sigwald said silently.

“Who knows what’s inside?”

Everyone agreed and shook their heads.

In fact, Iskanda's mind was very complicated right now. This is because unsavory incidents have already occurred dozens of times at the imaginary ball.

But for now, there was only heart attack. He could not give any instructions, and it was difficult to move like an emperor.

In that situation, Iskanda devised a way.

If the trap with fake menus succeeds according to Hazel's plan, at least we'll know who the intruder is. then... .

He looked down at his hands.

Once upon a time, a mysterious wanderer learned a unique skill. It is a martial art that concentrates powerful power in one place and blows it away like the wind.

Thinking about it, it seemed that the 'long wind' could only be blown to a specific target.

Each person has their own unique auras. If you observe it carefully and assimilate your own power into it, you will be attracted to it like magnetic force, even for a moment.

Experiments are needed to prove a theory. Iskanda soon found a suitable target.

The commander of the Imperial Palace, who was banned from all kinds of fruits for health, was trying to sneak an apple from somewhere and eat it. He hid and watched closely, and just as he was about to take the apple to his mouth, he blew a long wind.

Tuk!

An apple caught in the wind fell to the floor.

The captain of the guard quickly picked it up and wiped it on the hem of his clothes. Just as he was about to bring it back to his mouth, a strong wind blew the apple again.

“Why are you doing this?”

The captain of the guard picked up the apple again with a bewildered face.

Like Iskanda, while protecting the health of her subordinates, she is working hard to practice her new skills.

The four Holy Knights Commanders of the National Advisory Council, who decided by a majority vote whether to follow the Emperor of the Empire, heard a voice like a bell ringing cheerfully in the ballroom.

“Yes, Merlin! That flower decoration in the center?”

A farm lady that everyone knew was just walking in. Louise's eyes widened.

"for a moment! for a moment! Who is this!"

Hazel stopped in surprise. All the Paladin commanders must be gathered here. Of course, it was nice, but there was something that really bothered me right now.

"Hey, Sir Lewis. It's a dress."

I'm trying to confess with a crawling voice... . . . .

"Look at that! That's the dress I gave you! After all, my eyes are the best! They fit perfectly!"

Lewis shouted with a bright face.

Hazel thought, rolling her eyes.

After all, Lord Valentine knows her very well.

Anyway, I couldn't deceive Louise, who gave me the dress with a friendly heart. Hazel confessed to herself.

"Hey, actually, this dress has been mended."

"Did you?"

Louise's eyes widened.

"Hmm. No matter how hard I try, I really don't know where I fixed it. Well, if it's pretty! Ms. Hazel is good at mending!"

She was just as bright as she was, so that her worries went away. Beside him, Siegwald stroked the back of his head with a humble face, and spoke long words that didn't sound like a reticent bear.

“Actually, I have been anxious since that day. I used to have nightmares with a huge shoulder strap on the dress we picked out and wake up in surprise... . . . It wasn't a nightmare either.”

"Do not worry. That shoulder strap turned into a ribbon like this.”

"haha. Fortunately, the. That day, we were both distracted. I'm sorry, Miss Mayfield.”

"no! What are you saying! The first dress was great too. But when the experts saw it... . . .”

“... . . Anyway, I hope it works out.”

Between them, the blonde Katsie's face popped in.

"More than that, this 'Madame Dewberry's Basket'. Even though it looks so ordinary, I heard that cutting-edge modern magic is concentrated. You want your food to be perfectly preserved fresh, without feeling any weight and without shaking? The money that went into developing this basket could buy me a pretty decent chariot, anyway.”

"that's right. Somehow, the story I heard is not the same as the one I heard. This culinary contest turned out to be a very good deal. You say there are so many successful winners of the competition? Just like Madame Dewberry, who donated this basket. As an early winner, he certainly made a mark on the social world, and eventually became a wealthy man... . . .”

“But what the hell was in that wonderful basket?”

Cayenne couldn't stand it anymore and asked. He tried to talk round and round in a socialite manner, but his patience had reached the limit.

"Ah."

Hazel just realized. Talking about baskets without notice. Of course, the food in the basket is the concern, not the basket.

“Would you like to see it?”

The lid of the basket was wide open.

Neither Lewis, Sigwald nor Lorrendel could only speak, but in fact, Hazel was very curious about the dish Hazel had prepared for today's competition. So I quickly came over and looked into the basket.

and hardened

What's holding on to the top of the basket... ... It was a huge pie.

Eight sardines with wide-eyed eyes were protruding above the pie as if they were about to soar at any moment. Like cannons piercing through the gun barrels of the castle walls.

Oops.

Hazel quickly closed the lid. But it was too late.

A thick cloud created by the smell of sardine pie was floating between the four stone knights and Hazel.

Hazel is embarrassed and doesn't know what to do... ... .

“Very impressive.”

The high elf's graceful voice resounded.

“It’s a strategy to catch people’s attention first with their humorous appearance and then capture them with their taste. It stimulates the curiosity of what delicious ingredients are hidden inside the lid of a ripe pie. No, nothing is fine. Because no one knows that fish heads are full of nutrients.”

This dish was objectively terrible. However, Lorendel was sincerely praising Hazel with all her heart so that he would not be hurt. Even in a position where he was completely surrounded by a cloud of smell, he showed extreme endurance.

“Come out at once.”

Hazel quickly pulled him out of the cloud. And in front of this wonderful character of the high elf, he confessed, feeling as if he had become infinitely mean.

“Actually, this is a trap. I thought someone was trying to ruin my cooking, so I made a trap.”

Lewis immediately raised an eyebrow.

“Who the hell?”

"I do not know. But obviously there was an intruder. I sneaked into the house and went to look at the menu. It sounds like an exaggeration to say this, but... . . . .”

"no."

"no."

Everyone shook their heads. said Cayenne.

“Wherever there is a smell, there must be a rotten fish’. Catsie's old proverb couldn't fit better than this. This is very common in the social world and in business. You ruin the legitimate achievements of others because of envy and jealousy. So you made this?”

The talkative cat couldn't stand it any longer and covered her nose.

“Excuse me. But it's really bad. Besides, I hate fish. Nevertheless, when I came to the capital, I received all kinds of fish as gifts on my birthday. To think that a cat fairy would unconditionally like fish would be a very disgusting prejudice.”

It is also a very talkative cat to keep talking even when you cover your nose. Hazel thought so and fanned her hands hard.

"sorry. I wonder if it was necessary to make it this bad... . We needed a barrier to pick out and filter out intruders who knew this fake menu in advance.”

I found it while talking there. The vampire was staring intently at the sardine pie with purple eyes that had somehow become opaque.

Hazel was terrified.

"No! Sir Lewis!”

“This pie is truly awful! Can’t you feel it with your eyes and nose?”

Hazel shouted that, but Lewis still couldn't take his eyes off the sardine pie.

“This is sure to be delicious. Because I trust Miss Hazel's cooking skills more than my eyes or my nose... .”

"no! I made this pie in my sleep on purpose. I was very careful about whether I would come to my senses and make it right. I drank a little oil on the outside and tasted it, but my stomach hurt so I almost couldn't eat anything all day. Really."

Lewis then came to his senses. Slowly, he lowered his outstretched hand.

"I see. Then I'll have to get that thing out and put it away."

"Come here, please!"

The knights were excited.

The ball was a very boring event for them too. Because he was the emperor's closest confidant, he received everyone's attention, and had to deal with a lot of people instead of his irresponsible friend Iskanda.

I was already at a loss as to how boring it was, and the conspiracies and traps surrounding the contest!

They quickly set up the competition table. Then he called in one of the particularly heavy-mouthed servants and asked him to place a majestic sardine pie in one corner.

Then we all hid and watched.

"... .. Ugh?"

The attendants who were passing by were startled and stopped their feet. Some opened their mouths, others rubbed their eyes and looked again several times.

Anyway, one thing was certain. No one came close to the sardine pie.

"There is certainly a taste for bad food in the world, but... .."

"It seems dangerous beyond taste."

“It’s a huge success.”

Lewis, Cayenne, and Sigwald rejoiced with Hazel's performance. Only the high elves with a gentle nature tried to praise them somehow.

“The exact spacing between the fish is great.”

in this way

As we were chatting about the sardine pie, not knowing the passing of time, suddenly a loud trumpet sounded from outside.

Everyone was startled.

“Has it already started?”

“I haven't decided on a location yet!”

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayen each hastily decided where to stand and disperse the guests. Originally, I had come in advance to do it, but I had forgotten about Iskanda and then Hazel.

“I'm sorry Miss Mayfield, but we have to go out for a while. Admission will start soon.”

Lorendel turned around, begging for forgiveness.

“Participants of the ball go through the screening ceremony of the Imperial Paladins and step on the red carpet before entering. It is a service provided by the state to hide the rude attitude of our Emperor.”

“Everyone likes it very much. It's your chance to make yourself feel good! Miss Hazel is here too. Enter again.”

Lewis grabbed his arm. But Hazel politely declined.

“Thank you, but I have work to do.”

Yes. Instead of a fancy inspection of the Imperial Paladins, I had to watch the sardine pie.

After saying goodbye to the four knights who wore masks and went out, Hazel hid behind the giant flower altar, a masterpiece of florist Merlin.

“Come on, let’s start.”

As the conductor stepped onto the stage, the orchestra played a waltz. The servants waited in their respective seats.

Soon, the first visitors showed up. They were masked prom participants, and noble girls with magic baskets.

The imperial ball was a place for socializing.

In other words, it was the market floor of the aristocrats.

The handsomely dressed young gentlemen were already busy getting their faces painted here and there. The ladies ate small tarts from the trays carried by the attendants, saying goodbye.

On one side, a pre-approved jeweler was presenting a new collection. Among the nobility, there was already a playing card game.

Aristocratic girls broke through such a noisy ballroom and arrived at the opposite corner where the cooking contest was held. The first thing to welcome them there was a huge pie with eight sardines soaring soaring into the sky.

“What, what?”

Everyone flinched back. A passerby holding a silver tray glanced at him.

“They say it’s an entry project.”

“Who’s entry?”

“I just heard it that way.”

Then the Duchess of Winterfeld, the organizer of the contest and the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager, appeared.

She had marched as militantly as in her former 'Amazones' days, adorned with dazzling blonde hair, adorned with pearls and dazzlingly embroidered with gold, but again faltered before the majesty of this sardine pie.

"What is this?"

“Here’s an entry.”

The girls unanimously answered. 'Someone's?' And just as the Duchess was about to ask, the old attendant rushed in.

“Are you ready to start?”

"Ah! Everyone, let's start the final inspection! Because I don't have time!"

The contestants hurriedly dispersed. It was only then that Hazel naturally intervened between me and them.

Preparations for the cooking contest have begun.

"Turkey? Orange sauce?"

"Alkette's special pâté!"

"Is that a sturgeon egg?"

In a tense atmosphere of burning competition and squinting at the menu of the person next to him, Hazel opened the basket. He pretended to take out the food calmly, but his nerves were concentrated on his back.

A sardine pie placed in one corner of a long table. That abominable dish that everyone is disgusted with and avoids.

As I was waiting with a keen sense of touch, someone finally approached me.

"... ..!"

Hazel glanced around.

The opponent quickly turned around and disappeared. All I could see was a black dress decorated with lace, black hair, and a masked side face.

But the feeling came.

She is the intruder.

The nerves were tense.

Somewhere among those people now, a saboteur is watching... ..

A servant appeared in front of Hazel who was nervous about that fact.

“Are these all?”

"no! There is one more secret menu that I prepared! That will be announced later!"

He shouted loudly as if to listen.

People holding champagne glasses and chatting looked at me. Since the ball had not yet started in earnest, this small competition was an exciting spectacle in its own right.

Then, among the waves of robes and dresses, female courtiers appeared. Ignoring the greetings from here and there, they went straight to Hazel.

“I heard that you are participating in a cooking contest at the prom... . Oh my gosh! Really!”

Hazel quickly recalled her name, the palace jeweler. He responded kindly while still concentrating all the nerves behind his back.

“Mr Duval! It’s my first time seeing you after the tea party.”

“Call me Millen. Ah, it would be nice if we could also be judged. As a public official, I have to focus on event management. But I'll be sure to watch it from afar. I'm so worried. Will the fools of the Imperial Palace really appreciate Miss Mayfield's high-quality cuisine? ... .”

“It’s a word of praise—”

—as Hazel turned around. And it struck the scene with lightning speed.

The palace officials who chatted with their elegant smiles were startled.

Something flashed and the conversation partner suddenly disappeared.

How fast! What they believed was Hazel was just an afterimage. 'Real' was grabbing the wrist of a girl in a black dress from the corner of the table.

“What are you doing?”

Hazel groaned fiercely.

The other party thought Hazel was preoccupied with the conversation, and acted to take advantage of the gap. It will only bite the bait. The mask crafted with intricate vines covered more than half of the opponent's face, but it was enough to recognize the identity.

It was her too! Christina Diabelli!

Not only was he trying to ruin the tea party, but he was also trying to disrupt the cooking contest.

Hazel was furious.

“Why no answer? Miss Christina! What is this?”

“What am I?”

“Don't take the shichimi! What were you trying to put into the dish!”

Hazel flipped her wrist. The thing he was holding in his hand fell.

pallang.

Hazel's eyes widened.

It was a single withered petal.

Christina said with a snort.

“Why are you here? I was just trying to tear off the petals that fell on this pie. I don’t want foreign objects to stick to the dishes that someone has worked hard to prepare for the competition.”

“... ..”

"sick."

Hazel let go of her wrist in embarrassment.

Everyone around was watching. A rumbling sound was heard among the other participants.

“I’m scared too.”

It was really unfortunate.

The identity of the intruder was clear to Christina Diabelli. Other than that, the dwarf wouldn't come any closer to the sardine pie wrapped in a cloud of smell.

How much less did you remove the petals from someone else's pie? Can't believe that!

Indeed, she was a formidable opponent. It is judged that it is dangerous to start acting right away, and it has been seen once.

This allowed Hazel to determine the intruder's identity, but instead revealed that the sardine pie was a trap. That clever girl will never be caught again.

That wasn't the only problem.

“Aww!”

Suddenly a sharp scream rang out.

People all looked at him at once. The Counts of Diabelli were just passing behind them.

"Oh My God! This is terrorism!"

“How does it taste like this!”

They were nauseated and tormented.

no way... ... ?

Hazel looked at the sardine pie.

At that moment, I was startled. One corner of the pie was missing.

While their daughter looked at the liver, the parents had literally seen the real liver. I don't know what he was thinking, but the cost was exorbitant.

“Wow!”

The Countess vomited until their stomachs were completely turned upside down. They were so exhausted that the servant had to put a bottle of brandy on their noses.

The countess, who had come to their senses, raised their voices and asked.

“Is this terrible pie yours?”

“Have you submitted anything like this to the Imperial Palace Cooking Contest?”

Hazel was very upset.

Things went the wrong way. Count Diabelli's family were worn out and worn out in the social world. I didn't know what to answer so I wouldn't get caught.

Amidst the tense tension, the roaring voice of the servants resounded.

“You are the Emperor!”

Everyone was surprised.

"already?"

“Isn't it time for you to come yet?”

“Why are you so fast?”

For Hazel, it was a blow. In this situation, an enemy of his own who competes for land appears.

are you okay. That's what I expected. I'm proud

Hazel proudly turned away from him.

so i didn't see Everyone turned their heads and looked at the true scenery.

“Emperor Lungs... . . . ’

Even before the servant's second cry was over, the emperor in a splendid white robe hurriedly entered the ballroom, almost dragging the Grand Duchess away. In such a hurry, the honor guards at the entrance were unable to remove the spears facing them, so they almost hit the Emperor's majesty's forehead.

Everyone in the hall widened their eyes.

Shortly before this, the waiting room of the emperor attached to the ballroom.

Iskanda wore a white robe with golden epaulets. Then, as the costumer watched as the emperor's emblem fetched a ruffled shoulder girdle, he suddenly heard a noise.

"No! Sir Lewis! This pie is truly awful!"

It was Hazel's voice.

The audible range of the Grand Cavalier is incomparable to that of the average person.

It was also not difficult to identify the voice of a specific person from a distance. Individual patterns exist according to the structure of the vocal cords or the vocalization method, and this is because they do not overlap with others. Each noise has a name tag attached to it, so I usually block this function because it's annoying.

But I don't know why it suddenly turned on.

by the way... . . . Is Lewis aiming for a sardine pie now?

When His Majesty's Majesty's Majesty's expression suddenly changed strangely, the costume officer withdrew his hand in surprise.

“Can I bring another belt?”

"no! no! Give it to me!"

Iskanda snatched the shoulder strap.

The costume manager tilted his head.

Why is His Majesty so cooperative, who only ignores the social significance of the ball?

He glanced at him and slowly stretched out his hand. A splendid golden chain, which he had never dared to try because he was usually savvy, was secretly attached to His Majesty's robes.

Either way, Iskanda didn't care about chains. The situation over there was developing rapidly. I was busy overhearing with great interest, as if watching a play.

“... .. What were you trying to put into the dish!”

I thought I had finally caught it, but out of nowhere, a scream rang out. Then it seemed like someone was questioning what. It was too noisy to understand, but it was clear that Hazel was in a corner.

But aren't there four Holy Knights Commander friends that the farm girl had already taken prisoner?

Just as Iskanda thought so, the roar of monsters came from beyond the window.

“Aww!”

Griffins raised by the Lightning Knights were making fun of them. Bratanian ladies and gentlemen cheered as they entered the ballroom.

Iskanda was startled.

It was. they weren't there serving outside. Because of the emperor who shows no sincerity to the ball.

“Your Majesty, what do you think of this design... .”

The costume officer was startled by the fact that the emperor took the mask away. His Majesty put it on his face and turned around before anyone could say anything.

“I’m going to go see.”

Everyone was bewildered.

"your Majesty! Wait!"

“I don’t need it all.”

“Still, you have to take care of the Grand Duchess!”

Oh right.

Iskanda quickly 'brought out' her cousin sister in the royal waiting room. Archduke Athena was dragged out without knowing English. All the servants outside were scattered like a frightened flock of birds.

Iskanda makes such a commotion... .

“You are the Emperor!”

A huge room like meteorite magic was dropped into the hall.

At that moment everything stopped.

With the hiccups of the Honor Guard in the background, His Majesty the Emperor came like a storm. Apart from dazzling blonde hair and dazzlingly majestic appearance in pure white robes, the conservative old nobles seemed to be in a hurry to the point that they had no body.

“What kind of wind is blowing?”

“Are you really going to enjoy living from now on?”

“Look! I told you that no matter how hard your majesty the emperor, if you live in the imperial palace, you will get stained.”

People muttered as they looked at the masked emperor.

On the other hand, Athena, who entered with him, was fluttering like crazy because of what had just been grabbed.

your Majesty... . . . .

Feeling as if she were walking on clouds, she approached the throne of the banquet hall prepared for herself and the emperor. Athena was too excited to notice. That Iskanda is constantly glancing at one side.

Off-center side of the ball.

It was a space for people looking for entertainment other than dancing. Playing cards, browsing jewelry collections, chatting while eating finger food from the silver trays carried by attendants... . . . .

In the middle of it was a cooking contest for noble girls.

“What is our kid saying! After turning on the lights, I saw that this fish pie was made by you?”

“What a terrible hell pie! It's obvious that you don't even look at the others! This girl is not worthy of the competition!”

A little while ago, the Counts of Diabelli and the couple were driving their double wicks. No matter how he answered, it was obvious that he would be cleverly scolded. Hazel was in agony until her mouth was dry.

But what is this?

The sudden appearance of the emperor unexpectedly saved him.

“Anyway, this terrible fish pie... .. !”

Count Diabelli continued to bite and droop. But then the emperor raised a hand from the high table in the distance.

The waltz song, which had been paused for a while, started loudly again. Everyone came to their senses.

“Come on, let's go fast!”

The event organizer, the Duchess of Winterfeld, rushed out.

Kitty's parents' protests were just buried. One of the attendants took a large glass lid and threw it away, obscuring the smell of the sardine pie as well.

“... ..!”

With the pie in between, Hazel and Kitty's eyes met.

I know all of your stupid tricks.

They looked at each other like that.

They thought that only the two of them were fighting a nerve war. I couldn't even imagine that His Majesty the Emperor in the distance was secretly paying attention to this corner.

"Hmm... .."

Iskanda diligently reasoned the situation.

The sardine pie trap seemed to have succeeded at first. Thanks to this, we were able to find out the identity of the intruder.

It was the head of the wild boar.

But it wasn't something she did alone. Parents were also involved. Count Diabelli would have known. He was rich and resourceful.

Such people are arrogant when they have time.

Even a small cooking competition is an official event of the Imperial Palace. You're trying to mess things up with stupid means. You should definitely be counted as a worker bee.

At that moment, the voice of Grand Duchess Athena came to her ears.

“... .. your Majesty?”

It was then that Iskanda realized.

He was now standing in front of the throne of the head of the banquet hall. sat down quickly.

“It’s such a wonderful ball. All thanks to His Majesty the Emperor and His Majesty the Empress Dowager.”

Admiration from the elders who were respected in the palace poured out. The noble men and women of Bratania bowed their knees to the emperor in unison.

Then the entrance was noisy again.

“You haven’t started yet? Not yet?”

Lewis jumped in and asked. Lorendel, Siegwald and Cayenne followed. As they each went to their respective pre-determined seats, they greeted Hazel in the direction of his eyes.

"Ah."

Hazel suddenly came to his senses.

At that moment, the servant shouted loudly.

“Then we will start one of the events of the 'Flower Ball', a cooking contest for the Bratanian noble girls!”

Looking back, Kitty Diabelli was already gone.

But it will appear again. When Hazel was distracted.

It already shook once. Don't shake again. Their purpose is to mess things up somehow.

You must win!

Hazel hurried to her seat.

“In this competition, two aspects are judged. First, popularity. After letting the ladies and gentlemen of Bratania taste it, we pick out the dishes that get the best response. Are you all ready?”

"Yes!"

The other young girls answered together. Everyone has already placed their food in their seats. and... . . . .

"it started!"

“Can I taste it for free?”

People are already starting to come.

Hazel hurriedly pulled out the dishes from the basket.

Delicious barley bread. soft poached eggs. Assorted vegetables like jewels. And the steaming hot chicken.

As soon as the food was prepared according to the instructions, it was preserved by sprinkling it with fairy powder. When the shield disappeared, everyone exuded a mouth-watering scent like freshly made.

Hazel made up her mind again.

never be shaken Because it was carefully made for today.

Each one was beautifully laid out on the table. And he smiled brightly at the people approaching him.

However... . . . .

Everyone just passed by.

"for a moment! What about this spice?"

"It's saffron."

"saffron? How much of that expensive thing?"

People rushed towards it. The situation was the same on the other side.

"This is a truffle."

"Tender grilled Albaranian veal."

Every time an explanation came out, there was a burst of exclamation.

Crazy! Those materials would be worth ten gold rings!

Hazel stuck out her tongue.

All of them invested generously in materials. It was because the moment when the Empress Dowager maid of honor received an award at the Imperial Palace Ballroom was able to monopolize the attention of everyone. That recognition was not something money could buy.

A halo flashed from the splendid dishes.

In the meantime, Hazel's dishes were achromatic. Those who came for the tasting did not even feel their presence. Fortunately, there was a response like a bean sprouting from a drought, but... . . . .

“Is that the farm dish? Does it just look like that?”

“It’s all rumors.”

It was all just silly stories.

Hazel has a baby.

“Don’t do that, just taste it! This is also delicious!”

But no one even listened to it. Everyone was busy savoring the sumptuous cuisine.

Such an atmosphere was evident even from afar.

Such fools!

Iskanda jumped up without realizing it. He shouted as if he was waiting around.

“Yes, Your Majesty! Let me tell you something about the ball today!”

“... . . .”

There is no such thing as a speech today. The big-eared rabbit might hear, so I decided not to make a voice as much as possible.

Iskanda quickly sat back down.

Meanwhile, the situation did not improve at all. Hazel's dishes received no attention at all.

“Look at that. I knew it would.”

“Because the food culture level is also low.”

The female palace officers who were watching from afar felt sorry for them. Lewis, Lorrendel, Siegwald and Cayendo, who were surrounded by guests at their respective locations, looked at each other in a nervous mood.

But it was then.

"no? no! Goddess Terra!"

“What are you doing here?”

The voices of the two old men resounded.

Hazel shook her head.

“Ah, that rich man... . . .”

rich beggars.

I was so surprised that I almost said it like that.

They were two noble old men who collapsed in the garden and died of starvation. Thanks to you, I got the inspiration for today's menu.

“By the way, what? Goddess Terra?”

Hazel burst out laughing.

“I am human! I run a farm in the Imperial Palace. I don't know if you've ever heard of a horse chestnut farm. Now they are competing in a cooking contest to earn money for the farm.”

"iced coffee... ..”

The faces of Acevedo and Monte Alegre were hot.

Wasn't she a goddess?

Disappointed for a while. The word “cooking” caught my ears.

“The breakfast I got back then was so delicious! You have prepared everything for the world like this today!”

The two reached out their hands in front of the car on their way out. Without anyone telling me first, I asked for a bite.

I was surprised at that moment.

I was drawn to it by the warm warmth and the subtle smell, but when I finally grabbed it, it was hard. I was worried that the teeth might not go in, but unexpectedly, it was crushed softly and softly.

The hot steam spreads, and the rich, savory yet light taste captivates the palate. In addition, the salty taste that remains on the tip of the tongue was truly the highlight.

“This is my first taste!”

The two old men trembled. The Prince of Monte Alegre asked in a trembling voice.

"miss! Can you name this fresh and elegant dish?"

Hazel was perplexed.

Do you really want to pick it up? It's not an official menu, so I just filled it up because there was still space left.

“Hey, it’s just steamed potatoes... . . . .”

"what?"

Prince Acevedo was astonished.

“Is this the 'potato'? Potatoes, an old yellow crop?”

Originally, he was the one who knew with one voice.

All the tasters turned their heads and looked at this side. I finally started showing interest in Hazel's dishes, which I didn't even notice.

“Culture crops?”

“The old yellow crop` ... . . . ?”

The sound of swarms could be heard from all over the place. Either way, Acevedo was amazed with the potato in his hand.

“I can! How could a potato crop be so perfect in color and shape?”

"Yes?"

Hazel was happy and said quickly.

“I was amazed when I peeled these potatoes! Are you really handsome?”

“Uh, um, you’re handsome... . I don't know if the features are distinct, but it felt really luxurious anyway! I only thought it was a masterpiece created by a young lady with her sophisticated cooking skills!”

“By the way, it’s just steamed potatoes! Potatoes cooked in hot steam! Huh, true! Are you saying that potatoes were such a delicious crop?”

The two old men licked their lips and licked their lips. The savory taste of potatoes was once again felt. I felt like I was already addicted.

“This is definitely a unique dish! Very nicely steamed! Words can't describe this splendor!”

“What a taste this lady has in her hands! Each of the dishes presented here is a precious gem!”

“How can you be ignored like this? Are you saying everyone has no eyes and no nose? What a pity!”

“It is deplorable! This is so delicious! In the name of this Felipe Alonso Acevedo, it is really delicious!”

Although they were two, they made a loud noise of more than twenty people. It was impossible not to catch the attention of the left.

“Thank you for saying that.”

Hazel poured the two noisy old men plenty of cool cider.

Then I saw

At last, one person stepped forward from among the crowd watching. It was a lady with fine silver hair.

The Marquis Masala found the situation very amusing.

It was amazing to see the two old men praising with one voice, who were fighting enough to leave the Imperial Palace when they met. Even though they didn't attract much attention, the two of us ate it so deliciously that it was amazing.

I have had no appetite since the days got hotter, but seeing the two old men eagerly ate them with their hands, I felt my salivary glands stimulated.

“Are those dishes so delicious?”

“Ah, because it is! Come here, Salome!”

Dukes Acevedo and Monte Alegre hurriedly grabbed the fish that had barely caught and pulled them away. Marquis Masala, unable to resist the torch, put a small lump in her mouth.

At that moment, my eyes lit up.

It's so well-cooked that it has a crunchy texture like it's bursting. Soft yet cozy taste.

It engulfed her tongue more than any dish made with precious spices. I couldn't get out of the savory flavor that got stronger the more I chewed it.

“How could this be!”

Marquis Masala was amazed. On the other hand, I also felt sad.

“It suits my taste! There is so much delicious food in the world, how could I have never tried it until I was sixty-two years old!”

My son, Sir Verbena, who had been watching me restlessly for a long time, came out quickly.

“It’s only natural that you couldn’t catch it. Mother, this is a potato. It's not a food for the nobility's table. It’s embarrassing food.”

what?

Hazel was stunned at that moment and almost spilled the cider.

no!

I almost would have screamed like that.

But now the guests were tasting freely. He thought it would be better for him to step back so that he reacted naturally.

Hazel remained so calm. But there were those who didn't.

“... .. no.”

Hearing a sudden sound from behind His Majesty's mask, the minister of the palace turned his head to look at him.

"Yes? What is it?"

"no."

His Majesty looked straight ahead again.

weird. Is it time to run away?

The minister of the palace tilted his head.

An elegant dance feast was unfolding in the ballroom. The colorful dresses went round and round to the melody of the waltz. As they danced three or four times pretending not to recognize each other, the small door of the hall opened.

Male and female dancers dressed as swans in golden masks entered in a row. Joyful laughter erupted from here and there as they broke into the ball.

“It’s a fun show!”

The Grand Duchess also clapped her hands and rejoiced.

and... . . .

“... . . .”

His Majesty the Emperor was still concentrating. There was no sign of boredom.

The minister of the palace was very pleased.

It can be so smooth!

then... . . . Will you be okay for a moment?

He took out the opera glasses he had put in his pocket. It shone toward the corner where the loud commotion was taking place.

A sardine pie with one collapsing sideways came into view.

No, not this!

He quickly turned around.

Sir Verbena, the son of the Marquis, was explaining in a loud voice.

“The potato crop grows underground. I am a child of darkness. Digging together with a lump of dirt is extremely objectionable. The soil is not the cradle of all kinds of bugs! How unsanitary! First of all, potatoes are a nutmeg crop. It is a crop eaten when bread is scarce due to drought or other reasons.”

"what?"

Marquis Masala was shocked.

"Yes? Shocking, right? Come on, please.”

The son tried to take the guhuang crop from his mother's hand.

But the Marquis did not let go of the potato. On the contrary, he screamed.

“This boy! That's not what shocked me! We were deceived! Totally deceived! You played with them!”

“Who are they?”

“Potato monopolies!”

The Marquis whispered secretly.

“They spread such black propaganda and monopolize this delicious food among themselves! There must be a pile of these golden potatoes in a secret warehouse somewhere! They must be having a party there!”

“That makes sense!”

“It’s so plausible!”

The Dukes of Acevedo and Monte Alegre shouted. And these three high lords rushed to the food as promised.

The Marquis' choice was corn. He couldn't stand it when he saw such a cute little corn sandwiched in the vegetable assortment.

The corn Hazel cooked was soft and sweet. The moisture in the soft inner stalk moistened the neck. The thirst that had haunted the Marquis from early summer seemed to go away at once.

“Better than any tonic!”

The Marquis of Masala was praised.

The onlookers grew and now they formed a wall around them. A boy's voice echoed through them.

“My mother always told me to imitate the great nobles. I want to try those farm dishes too.”

Countess Kendrick's eyes almost popped out of her son's words. With a timid personality, her face turned red from the beginning, and she stuttered.

“But those are garnishes... . . .”

“What is garnish?”

“Decorations used to make a dish stand out. No one puts those things in their mouths. It's like chewing a plate. If you really want to taste it, eat chicken instead. At least it looks like a proper dish.”

She took her son to the table. Grasping the hem of the dress with both hands, he bowed and asked politely.

“Lady, would it be okay if I cut up this chicken a bit?”

“What are you talking about! Just eat freely!”

Hazel said quickly.

Countess Kendrick used the small tongs provided at the event to rip off some of the chunky chicken leg.

But something was unusual.

As the flesh was gently torn apart, the juices that had been trapped in it dripped. And an irresistible, fragrant smell hit his nostrils.

“... . . ?”

She was momentarily stunned. Oh, and instead of his son's wide open mouth, he put the chicken in his own mouth.

It melted away in an instant.

I've never had such delicious fried chicken before. Even with her delicate taste, there was no smell at all. Garlic, herbs, butter... . . . The exquisitely fragrant lean meat and succulent gravy. My stomach churned at the delicacy I tasted for the first time in my life.

Knuckle!

A loud noise rang out through the tight corset, but the Countess couldn't hear it. Her gaze was completely fixed on the chicken Hazel cut into chunks. The chewy chicken stuffed with hesitation and slaughter filled the mouth. The feeling of that moment... . . .

"happy!"

She shouted with her eyes moist.

That sincere cry finally ignited the fire.

"Can I have some too?"

"Let's taste it!"

Unknowingly, people who had pulled themselves forward ran out and lined up in front of them. People who were tasting other young girls' dishes also threw their forks and ran to them. Suddenly there was an incredibly long line.

"Unbelievable... . . ."

Miss Branchar, the blonde, trembled. It was not pretty today, and my hair was all over the place. On the other hand, Ms. Lilyn, who was sitting right next to her, had a somewhat relaxed expression on her face.

"Ah, it's over. it's over."

She pushed the truffle gratin away. Then, after waving his hands, he quietly went to the end of the line and stood there.

After all, eating is the business that remains.

She thought. As a former wild boar, he knew how delicious Hazel's food was.

Everyone who has eaten knows this. Other tea party terrorists who were only swallowing saliva quickly lined up.

When the situation became like this, the rest of the participants followed one by one. In the end, Branchar, with his hair stretched out, was also at the very end of the line.

“This steamed veggie really shakes my stereotypes!”

“How does an egg taste like this... .. how... .. !”

“No need for rhetoric! just delicious! So very delicious!”

It was a sensational reaction.

It was in one corner, but it was so noisy that the atmosphere spread all the way to the center of the ballroom without having to spy on it.

“... .. Well! Everyone was angry because they said they didn't know if they were dancing or taking a walk! That's the beauty of court ceremonial dance... .. .”

Lewis, working hard among the ladies and gentlemen of Bratania, became very cheerful. So did Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne.

Not long ago, Hazel had a maxim. It was a strict restriction no different from the death penalty.

However, this farm girl, with no connections and no fortune, succeeded in showing her craft without breaking anything. So, in the end, I got recognition from those conservative aristocrats in the ballroom... . . . .

okay. right.

The minister of the palace was delighted and opened the opera glasses.

They weren't the only ones watching.

"How is it? All of them are as-is."

"... . . ."

"Chief of the Palace? Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes!"

Millenn, the jeweler inspecting the new collection, looked away from Hazel in amazement. The other palace officials also had smiles on their faces as they watched their work.

But Hazel, who was the real party, was nervous.

I'm crazy... . . . .

People waiting in line to get food and ask questions. People who share their opinions. People obsessed with the sights. Because of all these people, the table was buzzing like a market floor.

Somewhere, the Count of Diabelli must be watching over and over again.

If Hazel were her, she would be aiming for a moment like this.

Thinking like that, I couldn't help but be nervous.

Meanwhile, Iskanda, who was in the upper seat in the distance, was also feeling an unusual atmosphere in the air. He focused on the edge of his field of vision, pretending to be looking at the dancing men and women.

at some point.

Among the gorgeous dresses spinning round and round, a black-haired noble girl wearing a mask appeared at first sight. She disappeared again in the blink of an eye, but it was definitely her.

It started moving again.

Iskanda concentrated her mind in that direction again. There was something that was overlooked.

“It’s so weird. Why does your Majesty keep waking up like that?”

“Is the concept you set up today a meerkat?”

The nobles of Bratania murmured.

Their words reached the ears of Archduke Athena.

The length of time His Majesty the Emperor stayed at the ball was the longest ever recorded. She, drenched in happiness because of that fact, noticed for the first time that something was strange.

Athena looked closely at Iskanda through the mask.

Are you restless? For what?

She looked around the ballroom with a puzzled face.

The music was in full swing in the ballroom decorated with colorful flowers. The feathers on their heads fluttered as the masked men and women spun around. The golden buttons on the robes gleamed. They all danced, holding hands high in white lace gloves. They exchanged soft gazes and chatted quietly.

No matter how you look at it, it was just an ordinary ball.

But why?

Archduke Athena tilted her head and looked at Iskanda again.

His gaze was directed straight ahead. Besides, because of the mask that almost covered his face, anyone could see that he was concentrating on the ball.

But there was a very subtle movement. Others didn't know, but Athena knew.

His Majesty the Emperor was now distracted. I wanted to turn my head to look at her, but I was desperately holding it in. The very subtle movement, suppressed to the limit, seemed like a big gesture to Athena, who had been observing him secretly for 13 years.

then... . . . Is there any other reason you're still standing there?

The fun prom has already been out of the question. Athena beckoned everyone who approached, trying to somehow speak to her.

Where are you focusing your mind like that?

After paying close attention, she soon noticed.

what kind of woman was

A noble young girl with dark hair wearing a mask.

Every time her figure popped up among the waves of people, His Majesty was showing a subtle reaction.

Athena felt like her blood was getting cold.

This was the first time this happened.

why? I can't.

What the heck was it that caught His Majesty's attention? Dancing softly like a butterfly? A shy smile at the lyrical tune? Away from the prom, lonely and immersed in thoughts?

Athena stared intently at her with a pale face.

The young girl with black hair... . . .

She is... . . .

In a long line, they were appearing from east to west. If you look closely, you can see that it was interfering here and there. It was the cooking contest venue that he was digging into so recklessly.

“I am attracted to the way he cuts... . . . ?”

Athena was bewildered.

Meanwhile, the black-haired young-ae quickly disappeared.

“No, what did you do with beans to get this taste?”

“Are you deaf? You just got fat! He didn't do anything other than that!”

“Wonderful! How can you make bread like this with barley flour!”

The farm-style dinner, faithful to the basics, was a huge success.

The Counts of Diabelli and the couple looked at this with delighted faces. It wasn't a lie, it was truly delightful.

they thought

One idea is a fucking bummer!

I haven't told my daughter yet, but they have a 'great plan'. As soon as the prom was over, I was going to hire a country man, let my daughter pass on all the country skills, and then set up a farm salon.

If so... . . . .

The countess had a vision.

In the middle of the hustle and bustle, it was her daughter in a straw hat who was listening to the pouring praises.

-Who is that beautiful lady who makes such great dishes?

- It's Miss Christina! Count Diabelli's little girl!

- Envy you! Maybe you have such a wonderful daughter?

In the envy of the socialites, the couple stood in a more splendid and dignified look than anyone else. For that enchanting imagination to become a reality, the obstacles had to disappear.

A dark brown-haired girl drunk in glory with her cheeks tinged blushing, surrounded by tributes and unpredictable of what will happen in a moment.

The couple stared at her with poisoned eyes.

In fact, Hazel wasn't drunk with glory.

As anyone could see, it was just the face of a bank teller who got feverish at the counter doing difficult interest calculations.

Hazel was extremely focused right now.

To distribute the farm dishes so that as many people as possible can taste them, they had to move their hands non-stop. At the same time, he was keenly aware of the movement of the ballroom.

Almost everyone who was playing cards or looking at jewelry and dresses flocked to the cooking contest. Beyond that, it seemed that the ball had just reached its climax in the central space, the main stage.

Then at some point

The head of the banquet hall suddenly appeared out of sight.

It is designed to be seen from any position, but until now, it has been consciously ignored.

Now there was someone in a mask standing tall. A man in a white robe with the symbols of the empire dazzling.

Ike!

Hazel flinched.

is the king! It was the first time he had seen His Majesty the Emperor of that great empire, who lived right next door but had never met.

But something was strange.

Why are you waking up?

According to Sir Lewis and other Holy Knights commanders, he is very bothered by the prom. But why did you jump up like that, as if something important happened... . . . .

Hazel's thoughts stopped there.

right then

With no sign or sign, quite naturally and boldly, a white hand popped into view.

"Oh!"

Hazel quickly grabbed her hand. Their hands were entangled and stopped on the farm-style grilled chicken, where the flesh was splattered cleanly.

“... . . !”

Kitty's eyes widened wide.

Taking advantage of the congested atmosphere, I was just caught trying to do something crazy. She was surprised that the liver fell off.

“What are you doing now?”

Hazel clasped her hand and squealed.

The masked face was stained with shame. But in the next moment, a desperate look came to mind in the shaking eyes.

Kitty twisted her wrist with all her might.

Hazel was terrified.

A metal lid was glimpsed inside the hand. Click, there was the sound of something spinning.

"No!"

All the people around me were staring at me, stunned. None of the people in the center, dancing in a pleasant atmosphere, were aware of this situation.

There was only one exception.

Iskanda thought, who kept watching the storm in the teacup in the distance.

it is now It was time for today's assignment.

He practiced against the captain of the guard and made it a continuous technique.

'Auror', a unique energy possessed by an individual. It determines the aura of the target, assimilates it with its own energy for a while, and sends out a mass of energy called the 'long wind' that the stranger told me.

The target's aura was now dyed purple. Iskanda concentrated her energy on her right hand. Soon after, a calm gust of wind erupted within the cloak. It was such a subtle move that even Athena, who was right next to her, did not even know it.

An invisible mass of energy flew away in a flash.

The people dancing to the melody of the waltz stopped. Suddenly, the headdress shook and the hem of the robe fluttered.

“What wind?”

But everything had already settled into place. As if it had never been shaken.

It was a mistake.

The moment everyone thought at the same time, a wild gust of wind hit Kitty.

It hit her right hand with a clenched fist. He slapped it so hard that his wrist was almost broken, and the thing in his hand was blown away.

“Ah!”

Kitty was astonished. Blood drained from his face in an instant.

Hazel was surprised too.

what?

I saw it at first glance in that brief moment. A small purple bottle flying over there.

Where did you go?

While I was looking for a bottle, I suddenly heard a sound in my ear. A certain voice could be heard between the music of the dance and the murmuring of people.

“Tiberius... ..!”

It was a low but clear voice.

Lord Valentine!

Hazel was surprised again.

To make matters worse in this situation, did the troublemaker even break into the ballroom?

no. It can't be. Today I got it tied up with a leather strap.

So, did you hear the hallucinations again?

While Hazel was so confused and bewildered, the Counts of Diabelli and their faces became red.

The shrewd farm girl, to her amazement, immediately noticed and stopped her. The two of them quarreled, and then the bottle flew away.

“Kitty, that one can't do anything straight!”

The count caught the wife who was about to bring her daughter's hair at any moment.

“Is this the time when you are scolding Anna? It looks like we're in a lot of trouble!”

“What do you mean?”

“Huh, you really don't know? You all just saw it! Kitty got caught on the spot trying to do something!”

The countess' face turned white.

“What should I do?”

“I have a good idea. Hurry up and find the bottle and hide it.”

"I see!"

The Countess hastily set out to find the disease. And the Count strode through the crowd and shouted to Hazel.

“It's so great! If you don't like sharing food, you'll say no! Why are you stabbing my daughter so violently?”

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre, who were standing next to Hazel, listened. The two old men immediately became astonished.

“What nonsense! We were all watching!”

They pointed to the frozen kitty in front of the table.

“You must crack down on your daughter's hands! What was my daughter-in-law secretly trying to put in these dishes!”

"That's right. This is it."

Count Diabelli bowed his head. He took out a small bottle he always carried in his arms and pretended to pick it up from the floor.

"It's clove. My daughter has an upset stomach, so she always carries cloves with her and sprinkles it on her food."

At those words, Hazel shuddered.

"It's a lie! It wasn't clove powder! It was a bottle of purple liquid!"

The Count was startled.

Did you see it in that brief moment?

Slowly, I crossed over to Mrs. She waved her hand. No matter how hard he looked, there was no disease.

Yes. This is the ballroom.

Although the bottle is very strong, in a place like this it is bound to come and go. It must have already been broken and shattered without a trace on the heels of people's shoes.

no need to return Evidence was completely destroyed.

Count Diabelli proudly shrugged.

"Purple liquid? A bottle of purple liquid? Good! Guess she's right! So where is the disease now? It should be on the floor right around here! Where the hell are you!"

“It flew away. Suddenly a strong wind blew and blew it away.”

Hazel answered calmly.

Count Diabelli was devoured inwardly. It was in vain that I was nervous for a while because it was not an ordinary bet.

"her!"

He laughed out loud, as if he was getting excited.

“Where is the window open here? Or is it that the imperial ballroom has a leaky ceiling or a mouse hole? Where does the wind leak from? At least I'll make a sensible excuse! Can you deceive people like this? You must have been overjoyed that you got good results in the competition! You think everyone will believe you right away even if you make up outrageous lies!”

Hazel groaned. cheeks swelled up.

“What if I had that purple bottle? So will you admit it? Did you guys try to mess up my dishes with some weird drug?”

“I am!”

Count Diabelli rolled his eyes slightly, pretending to grab the back of his neck.

A woman could be seen out of sight. No matter how much he turned on the lights in his eyes, he was beckoning hard to say that the disease was nowhere to be found.

It was also broken without a trace.

"Gosh! okay! Every time I admit it!"

The Count exclaimed proudly.

The imperial ball is an event that begins with grandeur and ends gracefully. At least in the eyes of the most powerful, that was how it should have been.

Everyone was well aware of that.

But the ball was also a gathering of men and women of various Bratanian nobles.

The nobles were all people with complicated interpersonal relationships. Therefore, there could be no conflict. No matter how peaceful the center stage looked, there was always a commotion in the outskirts, large and small.

Affectionate fights, duels, quarrels, accusations... . . . . It spread quietly and quickly among the people than any news.

The same was true of the 'storm in a teacup' that occurred in a cooking contest.

The center of the ball was surrounded by a thick wall. It was because of the magnificent orchestra, the noisy dance play, and the many voices. A small storm could not break through this barrier. But the sound did leak out.

The high elf's ears, who had been chatting with their backs turned, perked up.

“... . . That's why it's better not to reveal the colored manuscript to the world yet... . . .”

While the learned nobles were eager to express their opinions, he simply turned around and went away.

“Sir Blenheim?”

Everyone was bewildered.

But I just wanted to. This high elf's popularity was only due to his gentle nature, and he knew that it was better to let go of expectations in the aspect of sociability.

Lorendel broke through the left side of the ballroom. He grabbed Lewis, surrounded by famous dressing room owners, and dragged him away.

This extraordinary sight caught the eye of someone else.

"uh?"

Cayenne's golden cat's eyes widened.

As usual, while he was busy taking in the pouring of letters of introduction, he was alertly examining his surroundings with his slender pupils.

As soon as he saw Lorendel dragging Lewis away, Cayenne quickly climbed onto the statue. I waved my hand to my War Bear friend in the distance.

"Well?"

Sigwald tilted his head.

The ladies and gentlemen of Bratania had one chronic disease. Looking at his reliable size and serious face, all kinds of difficult things suddenly came to mind.

So Sigwald had no choice but to set up an improvised civil service office today. But as soon as he saw the cat friend's signal, he immediately stopped and got out.

So the four of them met in the middle of the ballroom. Lorendel said with a serious face.

“I think something happened in the contest.”

At the same time, the vampire boy knights who were looking for Louis appeared. Julien exclaimed.

“Captain! You are here! Well, the heavenly food we ate back then turned out to be potatoes! But even more surprising, Count Diabelli is now arguing with the farmer!”

"I'm out of my mind!"

Lewis exclaimed, and had already taken several steps before he could finish speaking.

Before you start an argument, it's good to first find out if your neighbor has a sister who is good at swords. He was going to teach Count Diabelli the truth.

But it was then.

"no! There is no need to bring the maidservant!"

Hazel's voice could be heard loudly from beyond the hustle and bustle.

“That would be what the Count wished! Things are getting bigger! I'm a human outside the Emperor's eyes, so give it a try! Where do you think it will be? I can prove my innocence!”

The four Holy Knights Commanders suddenly stopped on the spot.

Come to think of it, there was something I hadn't thought of because I was running in a hurry. Everyone's eyes were following. There were gazes looking at this side, and gazes looking at that side.

Cayenne said cautiously.

“Isn’t Miss Mayfield going to like it if we go around?”

Sigwald suddenly became a troubled face.

“Let’s go back.”

But they were not willing to leave. In particular, Lewis was restless, spinning round and round like a puppy to fit his tall stature.

Then, suddenly, his eyes lit up.

“I found something I can do secretly!”

She beckoned to the boy knights standing to one side. One glance was the quick boys.

“Lord Falchi! You are here! Did you make a lot of money?”

They deliberately shouted loudly and slowly gathered around. Then, the bears, wolves, elves, and cat knights who had been instructed by their leader joined one by one.

All naturally formed a barrier and surrounded it. A removable bio-barrier that blocks unnecessary gaze. In short, that was it.

Inside, people's voices erupted.

"her! I'll give it up a hundred times, and even if it's a spice, I'll sprinkle it on my plate. Does it make sense to sprinkle it on the exhibits? Unless you have a deep intention to worry about other people's gastrointestinal diseases!"

“In the first place, that means it wasn’t a spice!”

Common sense people were grumbling. Meanwhile, next to him, two old men were walking all over the place.

“Where the hell did that bastard sickness go?”

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre borrowed their wands and swept the floor thoroughly.

And Hazel looked.

At some point, the population density of the knights around him had increased significantly.

Sir Lewis was also seen. She pretended to watch the swans' ballet in the center right now. However, he was paying great attention as if he was going to break into the scene if he had a car.

There were people who believed in themselves like this.

That was very grateful.

One side of my heart warmed, and I gained more courage.

Anyway, before that Count Diabelli, Hazel was a weakling. He didn't seem to back down no matter what anyone said. Until Hazel proves it plainly.

“Ah, what. there won't be any no.”

The Monte Alegre ball grunted and shook the floor with his cane.

“Look at Anthony Diabelli talking like that. You must have eliminated the disease a long time ago.”

"no."

Hazel said. everyone looked at

Hazel was looking elsewhere.

Countess Diabelli was still walking around, looking at the floor. They didn't find any evidence either.

“The bottle must be here somewhere.”

Hazel declared.

He didn't want to be pushed back in a fight, so he was pretending to be as dignified as a cat with inflated fur.

In fact, my heart tightened.

However... . . . .

I have a secret helper that no one knows about. I want to believe so.

Hazel made up her mind and looked back at the memory of that moment.

The small purple bottle caught in the strange gust of wind clearly saw the direction it was flying. It wasn't the central side the Countess was looking for right now. The bottle flew towards the wall in the opposite direction. and... . . . .

- Tiberius... . . . !

I heard it clearly then. The voice of Lord Valentine.

No matter how many times I think about it, it was never a hallucination. It was the real Lord Valentine's voice. he was here It suddenly disappeared again, but it was clearly there before.

He saw the whereabouts of the disease.

I would have really wanted to see it back then. He must have wanted to show up with that dark atmosphere. Because when you see injustice, you just can't get over it.

However, due to his status as an imperial knight, he could not go out.

Instead, he gave Hazel a hint.

'Tiberius!' It was not out of surprise that he shouted. It was given a password so that others could not find out.

okay. That's it.

Hazel looked straight at Count Diabelli.

“You said it clearly. If I find the disease, I'll admit to all conspiracy theories. Since you are a countess, you won't say two words with one mouth, right?”

and turned around.

I felt everyone's eyes following me.

Tiberius... . . .

I checked it again just in case, but the chick who inherited the name of the King of Escape was not wandering around. I made a string that fit snugly around my small chest, so I wouldn't have been able to get out of it.

So what?

Hazel looked intently, following the direction the bottle had flown. Suddenly, I saw a yellow ostrich feather that had been placed in a porcelain vase.

is that?

I went and looked at it, but it wasn't.

“Aren't you wasting time?”

“This will be the end of the prom!”

Some shouted loudly. It must have been the wind catchers that the Counts had planted in advance.

Hazel didn't even pretend to hear. Step by step, without shaking, he looked at everything with the sharp eyes of a hunting falcon.

His thorough gaze stopped at one place.

It was a mural that adorned the walls of the ballroom. It was a famous painting by a famous painter who might have appeared in a bank entrance exam, and it was a painting of Ceres, the god of grain, and a flock of peacocks.

What was important was under the feet of those peacocks. Fluffy cubs followed their parents. The chicks looked very much like chicks.

pounding, and my heart raced.

Perhaps... . . . ?

Hazel strode towards it.

They all stared at each other without opening their mouths.

There was a marble column right next to the mural. Hazel took a deep breath in front of him.

I'm sure Lord Valentine is right.

Closing her eyes, she reached out into the darkness behind the pillar. The texture of hard glass touched my fingertips. grabbed it quickly.

That was it. A disease that Christina Diabelli had. A small glass bottle with a purple liquid.

"Here you are."

Hazel proudly showed the bottle to everyone.

People who held their breath for a moment became noisy as if they were stabbing a beehive.

"Hey, this can't be... . . . ."

Count Diabelli's complexion changed abruptly. The Countess, who had already returned to her husband's side, said quickly.

"Where's the proof that it's our daughter's? This is a conspiracy! That girl is hiding ahead of time and accusing us!"

A boo broke out among the onlookers.

"What are you talking about! You insisted on that girl that as long as you find the disease, you'll admit it to everyone!"

"I don't know!"

The Countess was just about to make a fuss.

"That's Okay."

A cold voice rang out.

Everyone found it then.

Behind them, the female courtiers were quietly burning their anger. Among them, Milen Duvall, the jeweler of the Imperial Palace, strode out.

"Grimaldo glass is famous for its durability. A lid with a special locking mechanism that allows the contents to flow only when the top and sides are pressed at the same time. There are only about 20 workshops that have the technology to make these bottles, no matter how generously they are. They are all my longtime regulars. You'll find out right away if you open the transaction ledger. Are there any names we know well?"

"Oh, it must be."

A female court official in a white robe received those words. It was Olenka Benich, a pharmacist at the Imperial Palace.

"And the name will certainly be in the testimonies I will ask from now on. The raw materials for that purple extract are strictly limited in cultivation, because all the illegal distribution channels available are in the palm of my hand. The Counts of Diabelli! I will accuse you! For smuggling Narcotic Plant No. 18 Belladonna into the Sacred Imperial Palace!"

“Belladonna?”

Everyone was astonished.

Blood drained from the countess' faces.

It was an unexpected support shot.

Hazel's eyes widened in surprise.

Again, these women royal officers did not spend a year or two in the Imperial Palace. Years that no one could take care of were oozing out of each word.

On the other hand, the identity of the purple drug was also surprising.

Belladonna. It means beautiful woman.

The extract was mainly used for beauty. When dropped on the pupils, the pupils open wide, making the pupils appear clearer and brighter.

But for some, there are other features that are more useful. Farmers in the southern provinces called the round fruits, which are dark purple and black, 'the devil's tears'.

Hazel remembered it well. Because the plant, which often sprouts in shady places, would one day grow on the farm, and had to be plucked out and thrown away before the children could pick it up and eat it.

Belladonna was a dangerous plant.

When taken, symptoms of drug addiction appeared, including hallucinations, dizziness, and loss of reason. In addition, taking a drug extracted from the most toxic root causes death.

Because of these two-sided characteristics, the court nobles favored the belladonna. Because it can be used to secretly harm rivals. 'I didn't know' It's just a cosmetic product.' and pulled it off

Therefore, as the government changed, it was strictly forbidden to bring Belladonna into the palace.

"Oh My God! I thought it was over!"

The old nightmare suddenly returned. The complexions of the elderly ladies turned pale. They had one friend who was intrigued by drugs, lost his voice, or even lost his life.

"Anthony Diabelli! Why the hell did you and I do this?"

"I think."

Hazel said, glaring at the Count.

"It was also in the newspaper. The owner of a popular restaurant found out that he had secretly put drugs in the cream sauce. Didn't you mean to frame me for attracting people by putting drugs in my dishes like that?"

"What! This is nonsensical slander! It's a mistake! It was a mistake! I've been confused for a while with the potion I take all the time! Doesn't everyone know that I have a bad stomach?"

Count Diabelli said so and quickly looked at his connections.

But everyone averted their gaze. How can you expose your bottom in front of so many people? Even if the god of the social world descends, it cannot be saved.

The Count finally realized.

Everything has gone to waste.

How hard it has been to build up until now!

A sense of shame and resentment swelled up. He turned his head to look at his frozen daughter.

“That’s why I told you to do it right!”

He slapped his cheek and slapped him.

match! The sound rang out.

Hazel, who had been trying to accuse him of the momentum, was so startled that he forgot to speak for a moment.

Surprise followed by anger.

How could that be!

Beside him, the Countess collapsed.

“I am not guilty! Any parent with children will understand! Doesn't everyone want their children to shine the brightest anytime, anywhere? Is that wrong?”

Her thin, trembling shoulder was grabbed by someone's strong hand.

It was the Imperial Palace Guard who had been called.

They were obsessed with this. Once it was decided who to lead, he quickly appeared and dealt with it secretly.

The count's family was soon taken away.

“Good job. Well done.”

said the commander of the guard.

“Thanks to the young lady, the drug addiction attempt on the unspecified majority was unsuccessful. Still, the fact that he smuggled narcotic substances into the imperial ball is deprived of his title and he is expelled from the capital. and... . . . After all, it is left to us.”

He pounded his chest.

"i See... . . .”

Hazel was stunned in answer.

The mask of Diabelli, who was being led after her parents, had already been removed. Her face had turned into a wax doll, and her eyes were empty. Even though he had black eyes, it was like a deep hole.

“... . . We have to keep the competition going.”

Hazel was startled by the servant's voice.

"Ah."

I quickly got out of my mind.

I forgot for a while because of the huge disruption, but now there was a very important competition going on.

Now the fuss is over. The expression on the people's faces that they wanted to quickly wash away the aftertaste of that ugly incident was evident.

The farm-style dinner was already cold.

But the only thing that was cold was the food. The line for tastings seemed to be getting longer somehow.

“I didn’t know I would have to wait this long!”

The woman with the plate exclaimed sarcastically.

It was her turn at the moment when the young Count of Diabelli secretly tried to drip the Belladonna extract. But things went awry and I had to stand with an empty plate for tens of minutes.

“Oh, sorry!”

Hazel ran quickly.

The long line was no mistake.

“Belladonna!”

Rumors spread with the ghost's name. It was a very stimulating promotional tool. There was not much leftover food, and the bottom was exposed in an instant.

The results were quickly decided.

“The first place in the popularity rating is Youngae, Baron Mayfield! In the evaluation of the jury's completeness, the first place is also Baron Mayfield Young-ae! Congratulations on winning the 25th Imperial Palace Cooking Contest!”

The voice of the servant who was in charge of the host resounded resoundingly.

That was the moment.

“It was late. late.”

The event organizer, the Duchess of Winterfeld, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager, returned to the scene.

Earlier, when it seemed that the winner had already been decided, she quickly left.

A poor girl without a dress wins first place! okay! If it's a competition, something like this should happen!

She felt refreshed after a long time.

The organizers could not make such an expression because there should be no bias under any circumstances. However, I diligently chose the ring that was thickest in its own way and had the faintest national pattern.

It was delayed more than expected.

“Isn't there anything special about that?”

After thinking about it without thinking, she heard an unexpected story. An amazing thing happened while I was away for a while.

Decades of imperial life. After going through all kinds of storms, she could not show her joys and sorrows at all.

However... . . . .

"Congratulations. Miss Mayfield."

Handing over the gold ring in the silk box, the maid couldn't help but glance at the dark brown-haired girl in front of her with wide-eyed eyes.

\* \* \*

The atmosphere of the ball is now ripening as it ripens, and it was slowly coming to an end.

The small competition, an entertainment street, was also over. Everyone congratulated and applauded the girl in the yellow satin dress who went up to the stage and received the award.

Then there was the fireworks display that everyone had been waiting for.

Fireworks exploded loudly through the window with the curtains fully rolled up. A dazzling figure of Pegasus splendidly embroidered the golden vine-patterned window frame.

"What a wonderful ball, Your Majesty."

The Imperial Liquor Officer bowed and poured champagne into the Emperor's glass. There were many wonderful moments at today's prom. One moment in particular was overwhelming.

The moment when His Majesty the Emperor suddenly opened his mouth and called out his name.

It felt like a light had been lit up in the life of a court official. but... . . .

he said with courage.

“My name is not Tiberius, but Siberius. Tiberius is the king of escape.”

The emperor turned his head and looked at him.

"Oh yeah."

He nodded slowly.

This definitely made me remember my name.

Liquor Officer Siberius was delighted.

Next to him was Grand Duchess Athena. She secretly glanced at His Majesty the dazzling blonde.

His Majesty is now sitting comfortably on the throne of the Supreme Leader. I felt very good.

About the black-haired girl earlier, she was completely mistaken.

For a moment, I misunderstood the way he was observing so obsessively that I wondered if he was attracted to the way he cuts. But I found out it wasn't.

After a while, it got noisy. She was astonished at the secret report of her faithful servant.

Count Diabelli caused a scandal.

Now it appears that His Majesty the Emperor was aware of their scheme in advance.

Smuggling narcotics into the Imperial Palace!

Athena was astonished and marveled at the intrigue of their liver outside the ship.

How did you know in advance? Also great!

But from then on, something strange happened.

His Majesty did not open his mouth and secretly glanced at it.

Then all of a sudden I felt very comfortable. He even shouted at the liquor store out of nowhere.

What does this mean?

Athena's hair was twisted.

I wanted to ask an expert, but the expert is not there now. The minister of the palace, who had to turn on the lights and watch over the emperor, was absent for some reason.

So I tried hard on my own.

The conclusion was one.

When the Counts and the couple found out that the conspiracy was none other than 'she', a thorn in the eyes of the Imperial Palace, His Majesty just cut off their interest.

I could only think of it that way.

Soon, the minister of the palace returned.

“I went to the bathroom for a while. Suddenly my stomach hurts... .”

No one asked, but he said something like an excuse.

After that, the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard came to visit. He reported in detail what had just happened in the corner of the ballroom. His Majesty listened silently. He didn't show any signs that he watched everything from the top of the table.

The captain of the guard asked after the report was finished.

“How are we going to deal with those bad guys?”

His Majesty answered immediately.

Archduke Athena thought as she listened to his answer.

Right. You are right that I lost interest and cut off interest.

Seeing the guards commander politely retreating, she nodded to herself.

\* \* \* The

ball is over.

Hazel was surrounded by a lot of people.

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne returned quickly from a mission they had neglected for a while.

However, the best positions have already been occupied by the palace officials.

They were excited now, with their eyes glowing and their cheeks burning. Life in the Imperial Palace was a huge adventure. Everyone surrounded Hazel and didn't know how to leave.

Hazel seemed to have become a hero somehow. They are their own heroes.

“Thank you so much for your help!”

“We were just working.”

The jeweler and the pharmacist shook their heads.

“When you go to work repeatedly, it’s like spinning a treadmill. When you are busy living your life, whether to work or take care of your family, you suddenly feel as if your life has no meaning.”

“But it didn't really mean anything. It's wonderful to be able to help someone with the expertise you've accumulated over the years. The moment you feel you are yourself. Did the Lady let us know that moments like that are precious?”

All the officers in the palace laughed.

When everyone is celebrating the victory together.

Through the crowd, the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard suddenly appeared. He said something to Hazel with a slightly embarrassed expression on his face.

Hazel was surprised.

"Really?"

"okay."

The commander of the Imperial Palace guard nodded his head.

“It was as if they suddenly changed their words after shouting to leave it to us... . . . .  
Unexpectedly, His Majesty said so. It is entirely up to the victim to deal with it.”

Everyone's eyes widened.

According to the commander of the guard, this was quite unexpected.

“What political intentions do you have?”

Everyone was busy exchanging opinions.

no one knew

This was the first decision since Iskanda's rise to the throne, with no political intent.  
Everyone rolled their heads with such a thing, and they couldn't help but cross their legs.

“You're not really like our Majesty!”

Lewis was finally able to break through and intervene.

“Even the Grand Cavaliers are unaffected by drugs! Don't you always try to review and decide on small cases? What is this? Are you expressing the meaning of annoyance with your whole body?”

Hazel was dazed next to him.

The image of His Majesty the Emperor that I had seen earlier came to mind again.

While I was concentrating on the competition, I unintentionally made that first encounter. His face could not be seen because of the mask. However, I could clearly see the majestic momentum that flashed with the dazzling blonde hair and the white robe.

Right now, I'm bracing myself in front of such a being.

That fact was well felt.

All these huge imperial palaces existed for the emperor. I was reminded of how small I am.

A little farm girl like this could be crushed with one hand. It would be nice if it bothered you like Sir Lewis said... . . . .

It can't be.

This case has become a hot topic. Even at this moment, rumors were spreading in the social circles. Everyone will be watching what will happen to the Counts of Diabelli.

To entrust Hazel to the disposition of such an important case, that is, this is what it means.

To put this little farm girl on a high stage.

“I know what to do if I want to get good reviews from a lot of people here. You have to go through it gently. I have to ask you to take care of the Counts. But I can't. No matter how much everyone is paying attention and watching, you can't do that just to win the favor of the social world.”

Hazel said.

“Anyway, whatever the political implications, I took over the power. So I'll do it the way I think is right. The way the farm does.”

everyone asked

“What is it?”

“When pests and pests are found on the farm, we first examine the source of the disease and then cut it out. That way it doesn't happen again.”

Hazel explained.

“Did you see the Count came out shamelessly and shamelessly? Even though decisive evidence appeared, it was rather an attitude of injustice and resentment. You can tell by looking at it. This wasn't the first time this happened. There must be many places where the couple reached out their hands without realizing it as they went to and from the Imperial Palace every day.”

Then he looked at the guard.

“There is something you must do before you deprive yourself of the title and exile. You can't send the Counts home and give them a chance to cover things up. We've got to send an investigator right now to thoroughly investigate the mansion. There must be more sinful ones. It is right to investigate every single one of them and dispose of them according to the law.”

It's a reputation. Anyway, I felt relieved when I said that.

"okay."

The captain of the guard nodded his head.

“If it’s a noble girl, it’s clear that the docile and docile one might be appreciated by the social circles, but anyway, I like it. like. "What the victim wants is a thorough house investigation... ..!"

He wrote diligently in his notebook. Then he muttered abruptly.

“Yeah, and Miss Diabelli.”

Hazel flinched for a moment. Count Young-ae's empty eyes appeared again.

Rumors have already spread about how the parents pushed their daughters.

- I will take all of my identity and property and drive you out.

So she tried to drop the drug with such a desperate face.

“... .. You don't have to worry about that young girl. You will be banned from entering the Imperial Palace for the rest of your life.”

The captain of the guard went on to say:

“Other than that... .. Attempts were also unsuccessful. Also, in the non-selectable subordination relationship between parents and children, they were only manipulated by coercion and intimidation, so they will be able to receive mercy. But it must be said that the punishment has already been received. Even if it's extenuating, isn't it over? Because I was devastated.”

"i See... .."

Hazel was dumbfounded again.

I felt bad.

It wasn't because she was now in a position to look down at her, who had fallen into the abyss. that is... . . . .

Hazel thought.

The knights commanders and the palace officers blinked at each other.

I wanted to congratulate you on winning the 1st prize. But now, my mind is going to be complicated. So, I decided to make time to go to the farm next time.

Everyone parted with a smile.

The competition was over and the table was empty. There was only one sardine pie, which had now been torn down.

I'll have to give it to the cats in the capital.

Hazel returned home with a pie.

The small farmhouse was shrouded in darkness. I turned on the lamp and looked around the house.

Tiberius was sleeping peacefully with his friends.

Chicks have weak legs. If you get hurt by mistake, you will never be able to walk again. So I loosened the leather strap of the bag and made a string to wrap it around the chest and tied it.

“If a chick hurts a leg, it will never be able to walk again.”

Hazel muttered. Those words were strangely stuck in my heart.

“You will never even dream of what happened today.”

I made a cup of lavender tea and sat down. Its warmth and scent helped to calm the mind.

- Doesn't everyone want their children to shine the most, anytime, anywhere?

The words of Countess Diabelli came to mind.

It wasn't anyone else's business.

Grandpa also wanted Hazel to live a sparkling life as a young girl of a noble family. Although her family was in ruins, she wanted to raise her as a lady who did not get a drop of water on her hand.

But eventually gave up.

It was also due to the reality that he could not send a single penny of his dowry. But more than that, I finally understood that my only granddaughter didn't want that kind of life.

Well, it seemed difficult to let go of the lingering desire to make her into a lady someday. But when they were 14, the two decided to just admit their separate lives.

In that respect, I loved my grandfather.

I loved it even though I was nagging at times. As a family, I thought it was normal. But when I came out to society, it wasn't normal.

That was very lucky.

No one can choose parents to be born.

And there are really hellish parents in the world.

If we trace their roots back to such parents, they will also be victims of their hellish parents.

But aren't they adults?

If I had opened my eyes and ears to the countless things I encountered after becoming an adult, if I had looked back at myself at least once, I would not have had a chance to change. Nevertheless, what hasn't changed at all, isn't it their choice?

But children are different. As the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard said, he is bound to be subordinated to his parents' influence.

The moment she tried to inject the drug, the desperate face of the young Diabelli.

Hazel hated her. It's a bad thing to do harmonies just because you didn't do anything wrong.

But from the moment I found out that it was because of my parents' brainwashing, I couldn't help but have a complicated mind.

Hazel got up. After standing quietly for a while, I slowly went to the cupboard.

There was nothing in it. It was all swept away and used in the competition. So it was empty.

Like the pupils of a Diabelli young girl.

Hazel closed her eyes tightly. shook his head.

I went out and went to the warehouse. I opened the sack I had kept well. I went back to the kitchen and opened the small bucket. It was also almost empty. But I scraped it off with a spoon.

Moments later, Hazel came out with a basket.

\* \* \*

Christina Diabelli said she was in the confessional room of the temple in the Imperial Palace.

They were not formally detained, and anyone could visit them. There was no need for any interview procedures.

The Imperial Palace Guard informed me of this and added.

“Other girls have already come. But I didn’t get any reply and I had to go back.”

That's because there's no command.

Hazel decided to use the method instead of the insider. Ignoring the social meaning of knocking, it strikes at the same time as the sound.

The confession room was narrow and cool. In a space with a strong smell of old wood, flickering candles were illuminating the darkness.

The little girl, Count Diabelli, was sitting crouching in a corner.

He saw Hazel coming in, but there was no reaction. Her eyes were still as empty as black caves.

Hazel approached slowly.

“You’ve been following me since preparing for a cooking contest, didn’t you? I sneaked in and stole the menu. Even though it was a fake menu, he broke through all the people in the venue and went to the brink of executing the plan... . . . . To be honest, I think it’s great.”

“... . . .”

“I’m serious. No one can do that. His tenacity and his tenacity are great. There is something I would like to recommend to such Miss Christina. How about running a farm?”

Diabelli’s little girl raised her head. He moved his gaze for the first time to look at Hazel.

What is he?

It was such a look.

Hazel shrugged.

“Of course I didn’t expect it. It’s just something I try to do for everyone. I didn’t come all the way here to say that. What I want to say is... . . . ”

“Go away. right now.”

“I heard about your mother. I would have kept pushing it that way. It is someone’s daughter, so you have to shine the most. But in my opinion, we don’t have to be shiny people.”

For a moment, the young Diabelli flinched. It was a smashed face. She pondered and murmured.

“Right. Paradoxically, it is the appearance that does not try to shine the most. You are very clever to do such a calculation.”

“That’s not it.”

Hazel shook her head vigorously.

“It’s a paradox and whatever. It’s just that you can live any way you want. Why do you have to be better than others? Really, Miss Christina doesn’t have to shine.”

At that, Kitty was stunned. It looked like he had been hit in the head.

“You don’t have to shine... ..?”

“The only thing you need to do is be happy. Do you really want to be happy if you do what your parents want you to do? Have you ever thought about that?”

Hazel’s words echoed in Kitty’s ears.

I never thought of another life. A life where you don’t beat all your competitors and get married to the most powerful person... .. never thought about it No one even told me to think about it.

“Think about it.”

Hazel turned and walked out.

The wooden door of the confession room was closed. The light outside turned into a small square and disappeared.

Kitty looked into the darkness for a moment. Then I found it later.

Hazel left the basket behind.

what?

I opened it once.

There was something wrapped in a cloth. When I unpacked it, this time it came out with only two pieces of paper. It took me a while to see how cheap and cheap it was.

Soon, the fabric was all undone. The smell of butter was overwhelming.

what's this!

Kitty cried. For the first time since the prom, sparks flashed in the black eyes.

It was buttered potatoes.

If it's a potato, your teeth will be sharpened. Butter was even worse. It's all because of these things! Are you mocking me to the end?

Kitty got up and went to the window. He raised the basket to throw it out.

\* \* \*

The next day was clear.

Now that the ball was over, it was time to look after the farm that had been left alone for a while.

June is the month when the fields are very dry. If you don't forget to water it often, you can do half of the farm work.

The crops in the garden grew vigorously with sparkling water droplets hanging on them. So the weeds grew profusely. Hazel diligently plucked buttercups that had grown in abundance in the field.

As the sky was turning red, a visitor came to the farm.

It was a knight in a black cloak, Lord Valentine.

Hazel jumped up. Even if it wasn't, I was curious.

Lord Valentine was not empty-handed. He was carrying a bunch of stuff like some kind of stick. Hazel asked.

“What is that?”

“I thought it shouldn't happen again, so... ..”

With a strong determination to do something, he flashed a wooden beam toward the farm. Hazel flinched.

"Wait!"

“... .. I decided to make a chicken coop.”

"Ah yes."

It was a problem with the characteristic oppressive atmosphere. When he is holding it, an ordinary piece of wood looks like a club.

Now that I realized, it wasn't just wood either. It was a high-quality cedar that did not rot easily and was resistant to pests and diseases.

Lord Valentine took the planks and started making them from the bottom of the chicken coop. Hazel watched him nail. Then he said abruptly.

“Have you been to the ballroom? Tiberius! and told me where the disease went?”

Lord Valentine nodded once. And then I nailed it again.

Hazel watched and said.

"thank you."

At that moment, Lord Valentine's hand slipped. Instead of a nail with a hammer, he hit his left hand with all his might.

Hazel was startled.

"Are you okay?"

I thought he was seriously injured, or at least covered in blood, so I hurriedly looked into it.

But his hand was fine.

It wasn't a broken hand, but a hammer that was broken and tossed around. I couldn't believe it even when I saw it with my own eyes.

Just thinking about it, it seemed that something flashed in his left hand the moment he just slapped him.

what is this guy

Lord Valentine seemed very perplexed. The expression on his face, wishing that he would pretend not to know, was very earnest.

Still, it is. His hands were turning red.

Hazel went out.

I paid attention to how many marigolds grew on one side of the wild herbs. The leaves were plucked and ground with a mortar.

"Here you go. Marigold leaves are good for bruises."

he received it But I just put it on and it dripped. Hazel groaned and grabbed a lump of blade of grass.

"no! That's not it!"

He grabbed his arm and pressed it directly to the red swollen area.

Lord Valentine stood still, stiff. His mouth was not as bubbly as if it had been glued together.

You seem unaccustomed to injuries.

Hazel stared at him.

"Actually, there is one more strange thing."

slowly spoke out.

"Tiberius! There is one condition for the method of shouting and giving hints to succeed. You should know that I have bright ears. When would you have known that? It was then too. When I went to apply for the cooking contest, Lord Valentine was really there in the imperial hall."

He graciously admitted.

"right."

Hazel was happy. that his reasoning was correct.

However, there was something else I really wanted to ask.

A moment of crisis when the drug Belladonna almost got into the submitted dishes. A strange gust of wind that suddenly blew and dropped a medicine bottle and set it down behind a pillar as if it was hidden by a kogi.

Could it be that the mysterious wind was also created by Lord Valentine?

That thought was creepy.

But it seemed like a far-fetched delusion. So I couldn't help but ask.

Then the hammer was fixed. However, I couldn't use it a few times and it broke again.

Lord Valentine shrugged.

"I can't help it. I'll have to finish the chicken coop next time. Of course, I don't know when I'll be able to come again."

"That's Okay. I will just make it."

By the time I answered, it wasn't there.

Hazel looked at the spot where the knight in the black cloak had disappeared.

You are a very strange knight.

The lips painted a smile.

\* \* \* When the

party is over, everyone returns to their daily lives. In the meantime, I'm busy catching up with the things that have been pushed back.

Then I go to see my friends. I want to tell you about some fun things that happened at the party.

The imperial newspapers were buzzing with news of the prom for days.

And customers came to the farm one by one.

As I was wiping the water from the bowl, I heard a voice from outside. It was an unfamiliar voice. Hazel put down the dishcloth and went out.

“You should have turned left here.”

“Somehow, nothing like a farm came out! Come back.”

I saw two old nobles wandering while looking at the twisted map. They were the Princes of Acevedo and Monte Alegre. It looks like you're looking for Hazel, but wandering around with a fence in front of you?

"Hello?"

When Hazel greeted them, the two old men were startled.

“I came to play once. I have news to tell you.”

“But I’ve been wandering for a while.”

I couldn't figure out why I needed a map to get here. The great nobility was different no matter what.

Hazel hurriedly brought them inside. Served with cold peppermint tea.

“Oh, my legs... . . . .”

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre sat down on their chairs and put down the stack of papers in their hands. There were other papers besides the medicine.

"What's this?"

"Oh."

The two old men got a little sassy. For some time, without looking at the documents, I was just carrying them around like accessories.

“Actually, one of the estates between the two of us is a problem. The estate of Las Salinas, which Maria Acevedo brought as a dowry when she married Vicente Monte Alegre more than 100 years ago.”

“As the land has recently become unowned, ownership has become ambiguous. In the opinion of our Acevedo family, the two are divorced, so the land should naturally return to the bride’s family.”

“But an adventurer brought these letters to our Monte Alegre family. According to this, they disguised a divorce in order to deceive the emperor. Therefore, the land will continue to belong to the bridegroom’s family.”

The two old men eagerly explained.

“It is.”

Hazel looked at the old letters curiously. Then, suddenly, his expression changed.

"Wait."

I grabbed a piece and sniffed it. I licked it with my tongue.

“Ugh!”

The two old men were startled.

“What are you doing! Why eat it!”

"also... .."

Hazel wiped her mouth and came over.

“You two’s problem has been resolved.”

"how?"

“This is fake. There is a technique to forge the paper as if it were old by skillfully dyeing the paper with coffee brewed water. You have been deceived by a scammer.”

"what?"

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre faced each other.

Was this bundle of letters that had been quarreling for so long a fake?

embarrassed and frustrated. No one had ever thought of such an absurd idea.

But rather than getting angry because of the scammer, my heart was more happy.

The two fought like enemies, but as they went through this and that, I found that the porridge got along quite well. In addition, when I got into an accident in a cooking contest, I got my hands and feet right, and it was difficult to argue again.

You don't have to fight anymore.

That was fortunate.

The two old men smiled broadly.

“How can our troubles be solved at once!”

“It really was something I couldn't answer no matter what! But how do you solve it in such a cool way! This girl is more powerful than His Majesty the Emperor!”

"Oh! Don't say that!"

"right! You're in trouble if you say something like that!"

“I didn't say anything!”

Acevedo ball waved his arms in a hurry. Newspapers and papers were scattered all over the table.

The Monte Alegre ball said, “Oh?” while I picked up one of them. It was a graffiti that Hazel thoughtlessly did.

“Is this an imperial knight?”

"that's right!"

Hazel frowned.

“Are you familiar with the Imperial Knights? I heard that you don't necessarily obey the emperor's orders... .”

The faces of the two old men hardened.

“Don’t be interested in them. They are very scary.”

“Never dig in the back! never! Then big things happen.”

The faces of these elder aristocrats, who must have gone through everything before and after childbirth, were filled with fear. It looked like he was genuinely afraid of the Imperial Knights.

"okay?"

Hazel was heartbroken. I felt like I didn't know what to explain. I just wanted to say something .

At the same time, Prince Monte Alegre changed the subject.

"Oh yeah! Come to think of it, we had a purpose in coming here today! Anthony Diabelli and his wife!"

"Oh, how are you doing?"

"You were right, Mrs. The crimes are being discovered one after another. It was not just a matter of deprivation of titles and exile. It is said that the two had plotted to harm innocent people even before they got married. We're still investigating, but I've heard that your property will be confiscated and you will receive a heavy sentence."

"As soon as I heard it, I ran right away. I wanted to tell you this news first."

Acevedo added.

"thank you. But what about your daughter?"

"My daughter-in-law is now an orphan without a single penny. Are you going to be deported soon and go to St. Because that's the only place for a girl who has nowhere to go to stick her body."

"Is it a saint's academy?"

It was a terrible place for Hazel. At Seongnyeowon, we eat only hard dry bread and fresh water. They also practice asceticism by whipping themselves or bathing in ice water.

to go to such a place

Hazel was dumbfounded.

Lost in thought, he did not even know that Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre were saying goodbye.

The two old men turned and came out. I came to a sudden stop as I was going through the fence gate.

“Ah! The Imperial Knights are already gone!”

"Oh yeah! The emperor has changed!"

“Could you go back and tell me not to be afraid?”

"no. Even if it wasn't, rumors spread that she was a girl outside your Majesty's eyes. You'd better leave it alone to be careful."

"Right. You're right. Please help her while we are here in the capital.”

"okay. okay. Then let's go have a drink."

The two old men walked shoulder to shoulder. Among the trees in the garden, they completely disappeared.

Even after they went, Hazel never got the job.

When your head is complicated like this, it's good to make food that requires a lot of hands.

So I decided to make Belmont's Sunday cake.

Sunday cake is a type of pound cake filled with nuts and dried fruits. Make it on a Sunday and share it with the whole family.

I decided to make this big cake even bigger today.

Hazel collected the nuts and dried fruits left in her suitcase. Each grain was cleaned thoroughly.

First, cut the nuts into bite-size pieces and bake them crispy. Put the butter and sugar in a large bowl and stir vigorously until light and fluffy. Crack the eggs one by one and mix well.

While making the dough by pouring flour, another customer came.

Before they could even appear, a loud noise was heard. So I knew who it was without looking.

They were the commanders of the Holy Knights of the Empire.

Even so, it was annoying. Hazel was delighted to welcome them.

"wait please. I will make a delicious lunch for you."

"no!"

The four hurriedly waved their hands.

"Take a rest today. In return for the well-earned food, each of us prepared delicious food and brought it back."

Cayenne said as the representative.

That was a really cool idea!

Lorendel brought elves secret candied nuts and raspberry wine. A bowl with a golden vine pattern and the appearance in a bottle looked like food from a fairy tale.

Siegwald brought his own roast beef with his mother and two sisters. Like a wild, half-human, half-beast family, it was a very hearty and heavy meat dish.

Cayenne has been making omelettes with her four favorite cheeses. Today, the eggs are well-cooked. Turned over and didn't break. So I was very proud to take it out.

Lewis brought a bunch of very fresh smoked salmon. I learned how to make olivito sauce from the butler and made it myself. The sauce couldn't stand it, and the oil layer was already separating, but what about anything? This is the sauce she made for the first time in her life.

When all these foods were laid out, the table was full.

Each brought a chair and sat down. Holding a wooden fork from the farmhouse, they happily chatter and taste each one... . . . .

Suddenly, someone sneaked between them.

It was Penelope, a Katsy girl knight. No one noticed how sneaky it was with the cat's footsteps.

“I deserve it too. Miss Mayfield said she would treat me to the price of arresting the dessert thieves.”

Sir Penny said proudly.

Everyone had no complaints. Except for one.

Lewis held back his discomfort and raised the fork again.

Just as he was about to cut the omelette, he collided with Penny's fork. Giving up and cooking the smoked salmon, he bumped into Penny's fork again. I gave up and headed for the roast beef, but again bumped into Penny's fork.

Lewis exploded. As soon as the meal was over, Penny was summoned.

“Hey, Killingsworth! Why did you come all the way here on a day when cats have so much to do? What the hell do you mean?”

“I want to get to know Miss Hazel too.”

"lie."

"Actually, I'm thinking of doing business with hazel sheep and farm butter."

“It’s also ugly.”

“But the truth is, I want to make friends with Miss Hazel by doing business with butter.”

“... ..”

“But the truth is, Miss Hazel and... ..”

“Oh, stop that 'Miss Hazel'! Do you know how sparingly I call?”

Lewis shouted.

That was then.

“Hazel! Hazel! What is the name of this flower?”

Cayenne screamed and ran.

Both Lewis and Penny widened their eyes. Looking at Cayenne's back, her eyes couldn't stop trembling.

"what? Those idiots?"

While Siegwald was muttering, Louise and Penny, together with Hazel, put their heads together and looked into the wild flowers.

The three of them will become friends like that.

Lorendel smiled as she smelled the leaves of grass.

The end of the party that flowed so leisurely was a large cake.

Belmont's Sunday cakes with plenty of dried fruits and nuts were all left over after sharing. Hazel wrapped cakes for today's guests.

"Take it and share."

All followed faithfully.

So, before the end of the day, pieces of cake were delivered with smiles all over the Imperial Palace.

"This is something you can't buy in a store!"

The minister of the palace cut the cake with strength on his shoulders as if he had made it himself. It was cut into small pieces and distributed to as many employees as possible.

"Ahh! I haven't seen anything! I didn't see anything!"

Chef Xavier Fontaine, who swore allegiance to the emperor, ran away from the cake, waving his hand as if he had seen a ghost.

“Are you really giving it to us? Can I really eat it?”

Julien and the vampire boy knights who remained at the training ground were very moved.

Among them, one particularly well-shaped piece went to the palace.

It was the green treasure crossbow where the Empress Dowager of the Empire was recuperating.

The maids served the cake on a white plate with a blue wild flower pattern. And I prepared hot tea.

At that time, Princess Athena, who had just stopped by the palace, saw this. After hearing where the cake came from, she frowned and scolded the maids.

“Why did you bring that?”

“Mr. Giorgio, the chef of the driver’s restaurant, said there was no problem.”

“How can you give such an unfounded thing to the Empress Dowager? Don't eat this! Get it right now!”

The Grand Duchess got angry and left.

The maids were perplexed.

I wanted to offer a wonderful refreshment to the Empress Dowager, so I brought it through fierce competition.

Reluctantly, I tried to throw the cake away.

Then the Empress Dowager's handmaiden appeared.

“Why are you doing this? What is it?”

When she heard the bell, she smiled and shook her head.

“Wow! The Grand Duchess doesn't know what The Empress Dowager will definitely like it. Don't worry, I'll bring it. And tell me about what happened in the ballroom.”

“Yes, handmaiden!”

The maids responded with a broad smile.

There's still one piece left of Belmont's Sunday cake.

Hazel was sitting alone at the table. As I was taking a break from organizing the day that was slowly coming to an end, I suddenly found it.

Suddenly, a small note came through the crack in the door.

Hazel unfolded it.

'On the hill, seven o'clock.'

It was rough scribbled.

What is to come has come.

I grabbed the basket and went out in a hurry.

A hill in a small forest facing the large garden. Someone was waiting behind an oak tree overgrown with summer flowers and grass.

It was a girl in a dark-colored cloak with a hood. At first glance, he was trembling with a blue face.

Hazel walked over there.

The basket in my hand felt heavy again.

Inside the basket were a large sandwich of country bread, a milk bottle, a biscuit made of buttermilk, and three jams. I also added a little bit of the delicious food everyone had brought during the day, and finally, Belmont's Sunday cake.

Of course Miss Christina will be thrown out.

but will still give Usually rural people give a big basket to someone when they leave.

Hazel approached slowly and stood in front of her.

“Miss Christina, are you leaving now?”

"okay. because of you."

she said clenching her teeth.

“My life is completely over. Without a penny, not even the countess, I had to live without anything. Without you this wouldn't have happened! I hated it! I hated you so much!”

“... ..”

"However... ..”

“ . . . . . ”

“But the potatoes you gave me... . . . . It was really delicious.”

Tears welled up in Christina Diabelli's eyes.

“You ate it.”

"okay."

she said in a trembling voice.

“At that moment when I went out with the bottle terrified at the thought that I couldn't do this... . . . I saw them. Not long ago, I saw my friends who were grumpy together, waiting in line to eat deliciously with everyone except me... . . . I'm so desperate, but everyone was having fun. That was embarrassing. And I was curious. How would it taste... . . . So I couldn't pour it out the window. I wanted to try it too.”

For the first time, without hearing the nagging of being dignified, she said, crying.

“And then I thought. I was stupid. I thought that if I didn't do what my parents told me it would be a big deal. So I did something very stupid and pathetic. You are right. Shouldn't have done that. Even if I don't, I'm a wonderful person with great talent... . . . ”

She wiped away her tears.

“I'm not going to St. I don't go to places like that. I realized what I really wanted to do. I can move more cautiously than anyone else. I have more tenacity than anyone else. So... . . . I will be a journalist. You will be the greatest journalist in the world. You can't even keep up. So, next time we meet... . . . Next time we meet... . . . ”

she hesitated Without making eye contact with Hazel, he hesitated for a long time before finally saying.

“Can you call me Kitty then?”

Hazel looked at her.

"okay."

A large, heavy basket was set down on the floor. And in the reddish sunset... . . . .

He took hold of the small trembling hand.

The white clouds in the sky slowly turned red like cotton candy soaked in wine. Soft brilliance spread layer by layer along the horizon, from deep golden to dark ultramarine.

It was one of the most beautiful evenings of the year.

That evening the sky filled the huge window in the Emperor's room.

Iskanda was standing by the window.

From this high place, the vast landscape below was clearly visible.

Two shadows stood in a small garden in the imperial palace. Holding each other's hands under the red-tinted sky.

It wasn't difficult to guess what happened even if you didn't really listen to what they were talking about.

A strange, unwanted neighbor entered the ambitious new imperial palace.

We need to deal with it quickly and restore the emperor's authority. But obstacles kept coming up.

The laws of the Imperial Palace, the protection of various people around them, and secret helpers who secretly use their hands.

That wasn't the problem.

The biggest obstacle is... ... That's why she built that farm.

I'm happy. And I want everyone to be happy.

It moved even the frozen heart unconsciously. It made me genuinely on her side.

So it's not really a difficult opponent.

Without realizing that a smile suddenly appeared on his lips as he thought about it.

Iskanda looked into the setting rosy twilight for a long time.

7. The riddle of a unicorn blinded by moonlight and a wandering sage (1)

Hazel had a dream.

I was back in my childhood in a dream. It was the day after I slept for the first time 11 years ago on an unfamiliar rural farm in the far south.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was sunlight.

A dazzling light was pouring in from the window. It was like being completely wrapped in a blanket of sunshine. Because of that, I woke up much earlier than in the city.

Little Hazel blinked slowly.

The place he was lying on was a very old bed in a small room. The smell from the pillows and mats was amazing. It was only later that I found out that it smelled like hay.

After sniffing for a while, I suddenly thought about it.

Why are you so quiet here?

There were no sounds that should have been made in the morning. There was no cry of the baker, no bells from the milkman's wagon, no voices of all kinds of people from the streets.

Then all of a sudden, from far away, Mmm-! A loud sound was heard.

Hazel was startled.

It's a cow cry!

Cows live so close. It was unbelievably amazing. I wanted to look out the window, but the old wooden window didn't move. When I pushed it with both hands, it barely opened with a squeaking sound.

Young Hazel grabbed the window sill and looked out.

A wide open meadow was visible below the horizon, where the clouds were rising. Beyond the long fence along the trail, the green forest was thickly thick.

It was just like the picture in the book.

But it was real!

Hazel looked at the whole scene with her eyes wide open. He finally realized where he came from.

here is... . . . .

"Farm... . . . It's a farm!"

Hazel mumbled and opened her eyes.

The bright sunlight was pouring through the window. The pillow under his head smelled of fragrant hay.

Just like that day 11 years ago, vivid even now.

Hazel rubbed her eyes and stood up. As in a dream, I went to the window and pushed open the stiff window with all my might.

But the similarities ended there.

Instead of the puffy clouds rising from the horizon in the distance, there were old-fashioned buildings in the classical style. Instead of a meadow waving with the wind, there was a garden pruned by landscapers to perfection. Instead of a herd of cattle grazing leisurely, there were bureaucrats who were busy walking, looking at their pocket watches.

It is unavoidable.

Because this is a farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace.

Hazel stretched out her arms and stretched them out.

“Come on, today is a start!”

He shouted out loudly and looked around his small farm.

The season was approaching midsummer.

Even in the summer, there was a lot of work to do on the farm. Although spring has passed, there are plenty of crops that can be sown now according to the farm calendar. Carrots, cucumbers, parsley, turnips, winter squash, etc. Broccoli and cauliflower can also be transplanted if you have seedlings.

“If only there were land.”

Hazel muttered.

At Martin's farm in Belmont, after harvesting the crops that had grown well in the spring, summer crops were planted on the vacant lot.

However, there was nothing yet to be harvested on the horse chestnut farm. So there was no land.

Hazel decided to be content with just sprinkling basil seeds in a small empty spot in the herb garden.

it's bound to be The place where the farm is located is the land of gold among all the gold. It is like a land covered with gold leaf.

However... . . . .

Belle, who was the second in the Martin family and liked arithmetic, was always spinning a charcoal pencil round and round.

-Everything has two sides.

That was true.

There was an advantage that could not be replaced with any other place on this land.

Hazel went to the kitchen after planting all the seeds. I removed the large basket that I had cleaned yesterday and placed on the cupboard. I put it in my arms and left the house.

There were large and small gardens scattered throughout this vast imperial palace. Among them, there are many areas open to the general public, such as the Grand Garden.

Fruit trees were lush here and there in such a garden.

Hazel went to the front yard of the Imperial Library. I stood in front of the beautiful tree that I had marked beforehand.

On each branch hung scarlet apricots. It was dazzling to see the sunlight pouring down like a curtain through the branches.

I picked the ripe ones and put them one by one in a basket.

A sweet scent wafted through the wind. Before I even tasted it, I was already happy. As I was trying to pick apricots, passersby glanced at me.

"Good morning."

Some greeted them with smiles. Maybe he saw Hazel at the prom, or maybe he was the one who stood in line to get farm food.

There were people who stopped for a moment and watched, not just saying hello. Some of them looked at the palace where His Majesty the Emperor was staying, and then lowered their voices and asked secretly.

“What are the fruits used for?”

Hazel replied with a smile.

“This is an apricot. Ingredients for jams, pies, tarts, and pastries that you all enjoy.”

"Ah! This was the apricot!"

Hazel gave out one ripe apricot to each curious person.

In this way, the wonders of nature were announced again. It was only for a moment that I had such a happy heart.

On the way back, Hazel found it.

Two apricots were placed on a stone chair in the garden. It was also floating in the marble basin where water was gushing out. It was even bitten in the mouth of a lion statue.

City people!

Once he accepted the apricot, he didn't know what to do with it. There were signs of trouble everywhere.

Hazel couldn't help but laugh.

Just wipe it well and take a bite!

I collected all the apricots scattered here and there and put them back in the basket. I returned home with a heavy basket.

What can you do with ripe apricots?

As I told noble officials, apricots can be used to make many desserts.

Among them, Hazel now needs apricot jam.

It tastes very good when you make jam by slicing it into chunks so that it has a chewy taste. The secret is to add a very moderate amount of fresh lemon juice to create a refreshing taste that harmonizes with the sweetness of sugar.

Hazel simmered the scarlet flesh. The foam was removed and boiled hard to make apricot jam.

The finished jam was divided into small bottles bought at the market. After tying a pretty ribbon to the lid, I put them in the basket one by one.

It is so much fun to make such delicious apricot jam with seasonal apricots.

But today, something even more enjoyable awaited.

Hazel left the house just in time for her appointment at 6pm. I took the basket and headed north of the Imperial Palace.

It was the place where the knights training ground was located.

\* \* \* The

four founding officials who supported the founding emperor, Krause I, each had the power of Holy Flame, Holy Tree, Lightning, and Holy Wind.

The 4th Holy Knights of the present day originated from him. They were one hundred and one elite knights protecting the country.

During times when the borders were unstable, they too had to go outside. But now that stability is restored, it is different. The Holy Knights were working hard to prepare for emergencies while serving as a solution to all kinds of domestic situations.

For that reason, the knights training ground is crowded today.

Among them, Hazel arrived at the training ground of the Holy Flame Knights, where the vampires were.

The training ground was a magnificent place lined with classical columns.

While the statues of the famous hero knights produced by the Holy Flame Knights were watching, vampires, mixed-vampires, and human members such as vampires were honing their swordsmanship in pairs.

A tall knight with red hair, walking around and watching his posture, caught my eye right away.

Lewis looked at Hazel too. The strict face immediately brightened.

Sooner or later, there was an evaluation test of the Knights Templar. It was originally twice a year, but my dear emperor friend increased it to four times a year. The more peaceful the times, the more tense you should be.

Thanks to this, the duration of hell has been doubled. Truly, he cannot but be an emperor who was born to stir-fry his subordinates.

In the old days, Hargreaves, the 'Rebel Street', gathered in the same place when the rulers bothered them. In the thick cigarette smoke, they put their heads together and plotted.

But now it has changed.

Just go to the farm where the sunlight pours in. It felt like revenge in itself. I felt savory.

But today, Lewis invited me without visiting. It was because he wanted to show Hazel the training ground of the Holy Flame Knights.

mate, mate!

As Lewis clapped his hands, the knights came with huge black horses. They were black horses with one shoulder higher than a normal horse and their eyes shining bright red.

They were called 'Hellfires' because they were a hybrid with the Nightmare, the devil's horse. Hazel marveled at these monster horses.

“Amazing!”

“This is a great power of our knights. How terrifying... .. ’

Before Lewis could finish speaking, her lover, Belphegor, poked her face in the face. Sniffing and sniffing at Hazel's basket.

It was a word that really resembled the owner.

Hazel burst out laughing. Lewis laughed as well.

“Let’s stay. This smell... .. Is it jam? Did you make jam?”

"Yes. It’s apricot jam.”

Hazel opened the basket.

The knights slowly gathered.

The knights who ate Hazel's food during the proverbial era still talked about it occasionally. How delicious was that 'mashed potato', whose name is now clearly known. How chewy was the smoked meat? As it passed from mouth to mouth, it inflated and became almost an urban legend.

So even the little bottles in this basket looked fantastic.

"how is it? Do you think it went well?"

The knights answered Hazel's question.

"well. I don't know."

"I'll have to open the lid a little to find out."

"I'll have to taste it to find out."

They had vampire blood running through them. He inherited the innate talent of his ancestors who seduced and sucked blood. So it wasn't even a bottle of jam.

The basket was ripped off in an instant.

Apricot jam with plenty of farm flavor and chewy chunks of flesh was an art itself.

Hazel was perplexed.

Who would have known that everyone would eat the souvenirs for their visit on the spot?

“If I had known that I could eat it on the spot like this, I would have brought bread... ..”

A knight waved his hand at Hazel's words.

"no! This jam is not sweet and has a very clean aftertaste. If you apply it to the bread, I think it will hinder you from appreciating the taste of the jam.”

Then the other knights shouted.

“What a stupid thing to say! The bread Miss Mayfield is talking about is country bread! Country bread is different! Not the kind of bread we think it is!”

"right! You just insulted country bread!”

They are really fun vampires.

Hazel thought.

When you don't realize the time is passing while you're chatting like that and enjoying the jam.

Another visitor came to the training ground of the Holy Flame Knights.

It was the blonde Katsie.

Originally, Hazel and Louise decided to meet at 6 o'clock and go to the Seongpung Knights training ground where Cayenne is located. However, I was tired of waiting because there was no news, so I came to see you.

Knowing what had happened, Cayen couldn't keep his mouth shut.

“Did you eat it all? leaving nothing behind? I don't really have mine? I see. No one thought of me... .”

The light quickly disappeared from the golden eyes. Hazel said quickly.

“I have a few more bottles in the kitchen. I will bring you.”

“Oh, really? I'll just go get it right now!”

"No!"

Lewis caught Cayenne.

“Who knows what this guy is trying to do! You're going to eat it slowly, mouth-to-mouth, in front of us! Then the jeweler and the market will close!”

“Yeah, that's right!”

They had a very important task.

Hazel won a gold ring for first place in a culinary contest for a farm-style country dinner. Today I am finally going to sell the gold ring. With that money, I decided to buy the refrigerated cupboard of my dreams.

Lewis had a reliable regular jeweler. Cayenne was an expert on nicks on wood.

That's how today's team was formed. The three of them decided to have a delicious dinner while going to the market.

It was the perfect plan. They headed straight for 3rd Avenue.

The jeweler's owner carefully evaluated the ring.

“It’s very heavy. Besides, the national emblem is faint, so it can be said that it is a high-quality product.”

He said that and gave him a good price of 5 gold.

Hazel took five gold coins and went to the market. I headed straight to the refrigerated cupboard rental and store.

The refrigerated cupboard looks like a regular cupboard, but when you open the door it is completely different. Insulation is achieved by filling the wooden walls with cork and sawdust. As the interior material, tin is used to preserve the cold air for a long time.

In order for the refrigerated cupboard to work well for a long time, the wood had to be strong.

Cayenne patted and stroked this cupboard and that cupboard with her hand. Then I picked one. After a sneak peek at Catsie's sharp claws, she made the final decision.

“This is it. It is as strong as steel.”

"like. Give me this cupboard!"

Hazel ordered with a happy face. The owner came.

"Yes. We will deliver it right away. What is your address?"

“It’s a horse chestnut farm. It's right in the middle of the Imperial Palace.”

"Yes? Where?"

The shopkeeper opened his mouth and dropped the pen. Hazel picked it up.

“Actually, it’s our family’s land.”

"I know. I read it in the newspaper... . . . .”

The owner responded with a rather frightened face. Lewis said quickly.

“Of course there is no penalty. In the name of the Holy Flame Knights Commander Luis Gallardo.”

“I also put the name of Cayenne Lunbard, the commander of the Holy Wind Knights. We guarantee it.”

Cayenne added seriously.

Perhaps the two of them asked to go together so hard to say this. Hazel looked at him with that thought in mind.

“Hey, who doesn’t know you two? I will deliver it to you tomorrow.”

The store owner immediately brushed off his worries. I wrote the address on the refrigerated cupboard and attached a tag.

The three looked at each other and smiled.

This concludes today's important work.

Time to go eat!

In the center of the market in the capital, there was an open-air restaurant for the common people. Hazel had always been curious about the place.

In the evening, it was full of people who wanted to have a drink after the day's work. It was a way of choosing a small amount of cheap food to your heart's content and eating it with cheap wine from the market.

“This is delicious here!”

Lewis and Cayenne rushed to recommend food from an open-air restaurant.

The hottest selling was the fried beef. As there is almost no batter, it was deep-fried and drizzled with white sauce. It's a popular sauce these days, but unlike it looks, it has an incredibly spicy taste, so it's called 'white devil'.

Aside from that, it stood out that there were ham croquettes on every table. Mushrooms stuffed with cheese, canned artichokes, grilled pork with cherry tomatoes, unique pickled anchovies and olives... . . . .

They were all foods that stimulated curiosity.

Hazel tried the oyster mushroom first. I liked the smell of charcoal.

“The people of the capital like this kind of food.”

“For now, we have to see that.”

Lewis shrugged.

“I don't know how it will change again next month. No. It could change tomorrow!”

“Because the capital is a place where all kinds of different ingredients gather.”

The eloquent and knowledgeable cat knight leader then began to explain the distribution network of the capital Avalon. Hazel listened to the story and tasted the food in the open-air restaurant one by one.

Suddenly the sky darkened.

Stars shot through the tents of the open-air restaurant where people laughed and chatted. The three had one last glass of wine and parted.

“Then see you tomorrow!”

Lewis and Cayenne headed to their respective homes on 2nd Avenue, and Hazel returned to the Imperial Palace.

It was really fun.

I entered the house with joy. As soon as the lamp was turned on, a jar of apricot jam left by the window caught my eye.

The face of Cayenne, who had just parted, came to mind.

I also prepared generously for the Seongpung Knights. So much apricot jam disappears in such an instant!

Even the hazel didn't taste good. When the vampire knights ate it earlier, it seemed that the lump was alive and well done without being sticky.

So let's give it to Sir Cayenne.

Hazel took out a small basket and put the jars of jam. We crossed the dark garden and headed north of the Imperial Palace.

The training grounds of each Holy Knight corps were arranged in the form of a circle around the Imperial Palace.

After walking a little further next to the Holy Flame Knights Training Ground where I went before, I came to the Seongpung Knights Training Ground. Hazel turned around, leaving a small basket in front of the tightly closed iron door.

Even though it was summer, the air was quite chilly at night. So it was nice to walk. Hazel walked fast, then slowly slowed down. I walked like a walk while smelling the water grass of the summer pond.

That was then. Suddenly, a light flashed through the trees.

Hazel stood tall.

The light immediately disappeared.

Did I see it wrong?

It stood still, and then it flashed again from the other side. It was a brilliance that gave off a mysterious feeling.

what?

Hazel approached sneakily. It made its way through the lush summer shrubbery, spinning around behind the statue of the drunken god holding a high glass of wine.

There was an imperial pond. Someone stood by the pond like a large black mirror.

It wasn't one, it was two.

In the darkness, a white horse radiated a mysterious brilliance. Surprisingly, horns stood tall among the silvery-white manes that flowed down like a waterfall.

It was a unicorn!

A knight with light brown hair in a uniform stood with his hand on the horse's back. Pointed ears were indicating his race.

For some reason, the elf knight was immersed in the deep waters. Then, feeling a presence, I quickly looked at this side. His eyes were full of surprise and vigilance.

It is natural to do so. Normal people can't wander around such a gloomy place in the Imperial Palace at this time.

Hazel apologized quickly.

“Sorry to startle you. The light was so pretty that I came here without knowing it. I'm not a suspicious person. They are farming around here.”

"Ah."

The elf knight's expression changed. The story seems to have circulated even among those who live one step away from the topics of social circles.

“It was the lady who ran the farm in the Imperial Palace. Even if it wasn't, I heard the manager talking.”

“You mean Sir Lorendel? Was his subordinate knight correct?”

"Yes, it is. My name is Rigel Kirov, a member of the Knights Templar.”

“My name is Hazel Mayfield... .. “

That was the moment.

The unicorn's big head suddenly came up and tapped Hazel. Then he sniffed and sniffed.

You don't even have a food basket right now?

“Wind Song!”

Sir Rigel was very perplexed.

"sorry! I'm really sorry! How should I apologize?"

"no. it's okay. This is nothing to the farmer.”

Hazel smiled and paused in reply. A strange feeling passed through my chest.

"Wait. Are you unable to see these words well now?"

"Yes?"

Sir Rigel was startled.

Without waiting for an answer, Hazel looked into the unicorn's eyes. So was it. Upon closer inspection, the pupil's color had changed.

Sir Rigel was even more surprised.

“Why do you let this guy look into his eyes? You don't want anyone to come near you except me?"

“The animals were strangely not very wary of me.”

Hazel said.

Sir Rigel looked at Hazel with a puzzled expression.

“Thanks, I got caught. Please, please. Please keep it a secret from the manager. If Windsong is completely blind, I will report you as soon as possible.”

“Oh, you don’t know Sir Lorendel yet?”

“Yes. I couldn't tell anyone. Being blinded by the knight’s horse is a fatal disqualification.”

He sighed.

“I was hoping that maybe it could be a cure, but... . . . You should give up too. Because this guy's disease is Moonblindness.”

“Men blindness?”

“Men blindness refers to uveitis among common horses. But with unicorns, things are a little different. As the name suggests, it is a symptom of blindness to the moonlight.”

He replied helplessly.

“There is no cure for moon blindness. Still, with little hope, I inquired everywhere, but to no avail. An ointment called a special medicine has no effect at all. I'm getting along well with me, but I'm barely getting along... . . . It wasn’t long before I would completely lose my sight.”

“The reason for disqualification. So will you be kicked out of the Knights Templar?”

"Yes. It's natural. Horses who have lost their sight belong to the Knights Templar and cannot live in groups."

Sir Rigel turned his gaze and looked at Windsong shining with a silvery white brilliance.

"When I was a kid, this guy was a kid too. We slept together in the barn every day. Even if you send me back to my hometown, how can I live alone in the dark without me... . . . For unicorns who love nature, moon blindness is a cruel disease. You will never see the beautiful scenery again."

His heart shattered just thinking about it, he couldn't look at the horse any longer and turned his head.

Hazel's heart ached at the same time. It was such a sad story.

Reaching out his hand, Windsong gently rested his head. I could see how kind and gentle he was.

Is there any way I can help somehow?

Hazel thought for a moment and then asked Sir Rigel.

"Can I see the special medicine you are using now?"

"Yes?"

He seemed surprised by the unexpected remark.

Thoughtful, he gently pulled out his pocket. He took out the ointment from the silver round barrel and handed it to Hazel.

Hazel took the ointment and opened the lid. First, I applied a little with my fingertips to feel the texture. Then I smelled it.

“The willow bark... .”

The main ingredients were known.

Willow bark treats inflammation and purifies the body by removing harmful debris. Other than that, this ointment seemed to contain enough useful animal ingredients.

“It’s a good drug. If it had been normal, I would have been better already. But it doesn’t seem to work for unicorns.”

Sir Rigel looked at Hazel with his eyes wide open.

“How do you know the ingredients so quickly?”

“I put everything in my mouth. All rural people do.”

"AHA... .”

Sir Rigel seemed to have received a fresh shock.

“Well, then, is there any herbal medicine that is good for moon blindness? It’s something the world isn’t familiar with yet.”

His calm and calm face changed drastically. The feeling of wanting to grab even a straw was evident.

But Hazel couldn't give him the answer he wanted.

"I do not know. First of all, I've never raised a unicorn. Usually rural people don’t raise unicorns.”

“Oh, right. Excuse me.”

Sir Rigel lowered his eyes.

Hazel looked at him like that and fell into deep thought.

\* \* \*

Sunday is a holiday.

It is the same for the Emperor of the Empire.

Of course, the country does not stop on holidays. However, since all the people who have to work are resting, the schedule inevitably becomes leisurely.

Normally, Iskanda would have read a book while reclining on a soft chair in the common room.

But this morning, my heart was busy. A long list occupied my mind.

Completing the chicken coop, fixing the missing pieces from the fence, oiling the creaking shutters, removing the metal sticking out from the pitchforks and handles... .. Oh, and the hinges on the barn door were also loose.

He looked back at it like that, and was startled.

That's weird. Why do I have so much work to do there?

He stiffened for a while, then opened his face again.

The reason there is so much to do is because that will give you an excuse to stay there for a long time. It is a strategic move to catch the weakness of the farm.

logical

Iskanda nodded and started disguising herself.

When I came out wearing the hood of the cloak, people passing by quickly avoided their gaze. It looked hot just looking at it.

It's already summer.

With that thought in mind, I entered the fence.

The crops in the garden were wet. It looked like it was watered right away. And the farmhouse door was wide open.

Are you in the house?

Iskanda let out a thump, waited a moment, then looked inside.

At that moment, I was puzzled.

Hazel sat quietly at the table. It looked like a dark shadow was cast under his eyes. In front of him was a pile of papers.

Iskanda was startled.

“Miss Mayfield! Anything?”

"iced coffee... .."

Hazel shook her head.

It was because of the agony that it became this way. After meeting Sir Rigel and Windsong, I continued to ponder.

Is there any way to cure moon blindness?

Wake up or sleep, that was the only thought.

But I couldn't really get a clue. In such a frustrating situation, Lord Valentine suddenly appeared. When I met his calm and serious face, I suddenly felt an impulse.

Would you like to share your concerns?

He is a reticent and cautious knight. Also, he has a righteous personality who can't just let others go through difficult situations.

Anyway, I ran into a dead end. To help Sir Rigel and Windsong, Hazel also needed someone's help.

"actually... .. I have a problem."

Hazel gently tried her luck.

"Worry?"

At that moment, Iskanda's eyes shone with anticipation.

"right. After all, farming in the Imperial Palace is very difficult. It will be difficult for me to speak in the face of all kinds of practical difficulties."

“It’s not like that.”

"is not it?"

The light of anticipation faded from Iskanda's eyes.

“It was not. Then what?”

“Before that, I have an appointment with you.”

Hazel said.

“I know how many people gossip, saying, 'Only you should know.' But I don't mean to do that right now. After thinking enough about it, we will consult with you. So please keep it a secret.”

"Sure."

He promised right away.

What is it that makes you so solemn?

As I thought about it, I listened and was surprised.

From Hazel's mouth came a story he hadn't even thought of. It was said that the unicorn of an elf knight who belonged to the Knights Templar had suffered from vietnamism.

Tired of monthly blindness again!

Iskanda was fed up.

Unicorn has an inseparable relationship with the Elven Holy Tree Knights, which is one of the 4 Holy Knights.

Therefore, non-Vietnam blindness was a national problem. One in dozens of animals suddenly develops a disease just because they stared at the moonlight, and no treatment was given. Even in the Imperial Palace, I didn't know how many times it had already been in the last 10 years.

Unicorns who develop vigilance will be immediately deprived of their horse licenses. It would be to lose the precious power that invested a lot of time and a lot of money into elite training.

More than anything else, it ripped apart the heart of his friend Lorendel. Even though he never showed it outwardly, everyone knew how much he suffered on the inside.

Now is not the time for land battles.

Iskanda was troubled.

“It’s really troublesome. In an era where even the underground labyrinth is conquered, you cannot conquer even a single moon blindness!”

“That’s it.”

Hazel nodded.

“There is no cure. But it hasn't been found yet... .. Could it be that he is hiding in a very unusual place?”

"for example?"

“In nature.”

Hazel replied.

“Of course I know that medicine is great. However, when medicine can't do anything about it, isn't it a bad choice to look for natural remedies once in a while? It might be funny from Sir Valentine's point of view, but... . . . .”

"no. no."

He quickly shook his head.

It might have been like the old days. It's a natural remedy. It certainly wouldn't have come to mind.

But now it's different.

He did not intend to deny the power of nature just because the farm was tormenting him.

He found that Hazel was versed in folk remedies enough to treat Siegwald's twin brother right away. And the last time I hit my hand wrong with a hammer, the marigolds Hazel put on were more soothing than any ointment.

If such knowledge could be used to find a new breakthrough in the treatment of non-viscous blindness... . . . .

Isn't this a revolution in veterinary medicine?

The young lady in front of her suddenly appeared to be a promising researcher rather than a farmer tormenting her. As a talented person who can be recruited into the country's major plans.

Find weaknesses later. First, you need to establish a strategic partnership.

Iskanda thought so and said.

“Miss Mayfield's idea is a very fresh hypothesis. Until now, no one had thought of treating unicorns' moon blindness with natural remedies.”

"of course. If you're sick of that expensive horse, go to a first-class veterinarian, who wants to treat you at home?"

“So, there is a possibility that the real answer lies in nature, which everyone has turned away from.”

“I think so.”

Hazel muttered.

“But I don't really get a clue. I really want to help Sir Rigel and Windsong. I've never come across a lot of words. Not to mention unicorns... .”

“Then why don't we start investigating in earnest?”

Iskanda promptly suggested.

“At times like this, I think it's a good way to look for books. Didn't you find out from the book what kind of flower the wise man's stone is?”

"Oh right!"

Hazel shook her head.

“Why didn't I think of that sooner? Maybe some other kind of book, not a medical book, might have a clue. It's like a story handed down to the public. No one would have read that with any interest.”

“I think the same.”

"like! Then right now... .. ”

“I’m going to ask you to colonize all the books in question right now.”

Yes?

Hazel was perplexed.

I was going to say I'm going to the library right now. Isn't that what you want me to do with all the books?

Hazel, a commoner, did not know. Some people don't go to the library. The library comes to him.

Meanwhile, Iskanda woke up a beat late.

There is no servant who is always waiting outside the door here. Even if there is, I can't make a book colonel here.

“I’ll be back in 20 minutes.”

Iskanda disappeared like the wind.

Hazel smiled.

thank God. You are also thinking about it together.

Since that day, my head has been complicated. After I let go of my worries like this, I definitely felt refreshed.

I can't stand still

Hazel got up.

20 minutes is not a long time. But it's not enough time to make a delicious snack.

Especially with this new refrigerated cupboard!

Hazel opened the door to her new cold cupboard.

The glass bottle was filled with a clear, scarlet-colored liquid. It was apricot iced tea made at the farm.

To make iced tea, you must first have apricot syrup. Simply pour water over the carefully made thick syrup to make delicious apricot iced tea.

Hazel added more sliced fresh apricots to the iced tea in a cool place. Then, the refreshing and refreshing apricot iced tea was completed just by looking at it.

Drinks were settled with this.

Next, it was the turn of the delicious food to accompany here.

Hazel decided to make a sandwich. I made a light sandwich bread suitable for summer and kept it in the cupboard. Layers of thin ham and cheese are inserted here. Half-boiled fried eggs were added and fresh salad leaves were also added. Of course, I didn't forget to lightly spread the yellow and soft sauce of the treasury on the bread.

Sandwich is done. Served with cool iced tea, it became a delicious summer snack.

Exactly 20 minutes later.

Lord Valentine came back and dumped the book.

“It was hot and it was hard. Here you go!”

Hazel pointed at him over the table.

There was an iced tea jar covered with water droplets on the rough wooden table of the farmhouse. It was also accompanied by a plate full of sandwiches filled with stuffing.

Iskanda's face lit up.

These fresh and delicious-looking foods in the summer will make your worries go away. It makes you feel how thirsty and empty your stomach is while you are busy working.

I couldn't help but thank you.

In fact, it was not that simple, even though it seemed like it had come and gone.

Even on holidays, the guards of the Imperial Palace are still there. It's not easy to go in and out of the emperor's palace in broad daylight like this without any doubts.

Fortunately, this is now over.

First, it completely kills its own presence. Even if it passes right next to the servant who is pulling the cart, not a single hair on the servant's hair is blown away. The section in front of people should be reduced to a minimum. And make the most of the shadows in the room to move. This way, you could enter without being noticed by anyone.

It is certainly a bit sad to have to go to and from one's house and have to do this.

But thanks to you, I can eat this. Foods that the Emperor can't eat, but Lord Valentine can eat.

He stretched out his hand pleasantly.

First, I took a sip of iced tea. And I was surprised. He took the glass in his hand and looked through it.

How can the taste and smell be so strong?

Hazel said as if reading his heart.

“When making syrup, it is good to mash it with a spoon. All the juice inside the flesh comes out. Thanks to that, the sweet and sour taste of apricots is concentrated in this iced tea syrup.”

“Oh, right.”

Iskanda then picked up a chunky sandwich.

Sandwiches are of course delicious. However, the taste is predictable. Thinking like that, I took a bite and was surprised again.

The light and light bread with a crispy feel was also excellent, but all the ingredients were surprisingly well mixed.

Thin ham and cheese, savory soft-boiled egg fried rice and vegetables, layering in an artistic shape.

It wasn't just the materials piled up. Something was holding all of these materials together, like very strong glue.

What is it?

Iskanda stared at the sandwich in her hand again. Hazel said this time as if she had read her mind.

“The secret to this sandwich is lemon curd. It’s like a soft jam made of lemons and eggs, butter and sugar.”

“Can’t you almost taste the lemon?”

"that's right. I only applied it very lightly. Most people enjoy eating it without even feeling the taste of lemon at all. But not Sir Lewis.”

"right. Lewis will recognize the taste of lemon like a ghost.”

Iskanda nodded her head.

I thought it would be nice to just eat and drink this delicious sandwich and cool apricot ice tea forever.

But something important happened.

The two looked through the books, with a snack that would be perfect for a summer midday next to them.

Iskanda was too lazy to take off her disguise, so she hid behind the door and gave the order.

“Search the library, Jangseogak, and all the new books that have come in to this day, and make sure you bring all the books that deal with folk stories related to unicorns.”

If you do that, you will be collecting all the books in the empire.

But it was only about 10 volumes.

“Natural remedies for unicorns have been such an unpopular topic.”

“In other words, it is an unknown treasure chest.”

Hazel spoke positively and glanced at the titles of the books.

<Contemplation of folklore on the unicorn beast>, <The poetics of unicorns by the folklorist La Bouerde>, <Unicorn symbol accepted in folk customs>, <Middle period cultural development seen through the unicorn legend>, <The unicorn beast Possibility and significance of comparative studies of related cultures: Focusing on oral narratives>... ..  
Etc.

There were only titles that would have made me really angry if it wasn't for sandwiches and iced tea.

In any case, with enthusiasm, each of them opened a book and listened to it.

The emperor of the empire and the farmer next to him also followed the standard process of data investigation.

At first, I was like, “Oh! What is this?” “So much new knowledge?” Surprised, I read the book carefully, word by word. However, if you notice that there is no content anyway, it skips two or three lines at a time. Then, as he realizes that the sound that has been coming from the front will continue to come out from the back, he flips through the pages a few pages at a time.

“Surprisingly, there is nothing special about it.”

“It was originally like that. Finding a needle in the sand.”

Even with that said, I looked through it carefully to make sure I didn't miss anything.

Then, at some point, Hazel's eyes lit up.

'Unicorn's Moonblindness.'

I finally found the letter I was looking for again and again. Hazel threw the book down and shouted.

“Sir Valentine! Look at this!”

“Did you find anything?”

He hurriedly looked in.

“What book?”

"I do not know."

Hazel looked at the cover again.

It was so old that the corners were all worn out. The title of the book with the large seal of the 'Imperial Palace Library' was <The Animals of the Wandering Sage Karam Al-Din>.

At the unfamiliar name, Hazel tilted her head.

“Who is Karam Al Din?”

“A sage from about 700 years ago. Wandering all over the world, he keenly observed and recorded all kinds of things. He made many great discoveries in science, mathematics and biology, and his 'alpica machine' is still unsolved.”

“I don't know why I memorize it, but it's convenient anyway. like. Is the author of this book such a great person?”

The two looked at the 'Unicorn's Mental Blindness' item again with anticipation. Beneath the mysterious illustration of unicorns roaming the moonlit fields, there was a description of the wandering sage Karam Al-Din.

'The famous animal flying in Avalon is the unicorn.

The mountains in the central part of the Empire are shaped like horns, so the spirits of unicorns gather well. Therefore, unicorns have been frequently born in mountain valleys since ancient times.

I decided to build a hut and observe the unicorn's horns to see if they really had the ability to purify polluted water.

However, on the third day, an unexpected discovery was made.

Among the unicorns I was observing, one of the young still cubs suddenly staggered and could not walk well. When I secretly approached him and observed him closely, his eyes had turned cloudy.

Moonlight causes many kinds of madness.

It also has another side effect on these clever animals who love the beauty of nature. It is a disease that causes blindness to suddenly occur while looking at the moonlight.

This is called monthly blindness.

It is known that there is no medicine for moon blindness of unicorns.

However... . . . .

I witnessed something surprising.

On the third day, a very old unicorn suddenly appeared from a deep valley. They were the elders of the unicorns.

The elders took the blind cub into the woods. I followed him secretly, and he had the cub eat something there.

The next day, the hazy eyes of the baby unicorn had returned to normal.

There was a cure for moon blindness!

Oh! It's really amazing!

What proved the greatness of nature is... ... !

There the content of the chapter was cut off.

"what?"

“What?”

Hazel and Iskanda quickly turned to the next page with their pounding hearts.

At that moment, their faces hardened at the same time. The text that immediately followed the back page was as follows:

'The white and blue mist robs the dawn,

O hard Euphrasia

, do not seek mercy from a distant goddess.

Unicorn blind in the moonlight, in the

land where you are born and die,

your shadow, Morbus, is also born and died.

The messengers of dawn are not

leaves, flowers, fruits, or seeds.

Even in winter, in a place that is not winter

I will wait

for

you in the arms of a mother who

is neither earth nor non-earth, neither living nor dead .'

That was it.

It is not stated what mysterious substance the elder unicorns fed the blind cubs, it just ended.

Hazel was very upset.

"What's this? I read twelve lines, why is there nothing? What happened, Sage Karam Al Din? If you don't want me to tell you how much, you're here!"

“Why are you all of a sudden asking a riddle here!”

Iskanda was also stunned.

“This is why I hate sages. 'It was just what it was.' And if I finish it neatly, will there be any crumbs on my hands?”

I couldn't help but grumble.

Why was this book, which may contain valuable information about the animals of the Empire, buried in the library for 700 years? He seemed to know the reason now. Since he gave riddles for each important part, everyone was already annoyed and threw it away in the first part.

However... . . . .

Hazel decided to change her mind.

“But where is this? Our research was not in vain. I found at least one clue.”

“It is.”

Luckily, I caught at least one straw.

The two looked at the old book again. To get a clue about the mysterious substance that was said to have cured the unicorn's moon blindness, he turned on the light and went into analysis.

Iskanda started the interpretation first.

“First row. When the fog takes away the dawn, it means that the unicorn's eyes become cloudy and blind. The intro doesn't really mean anything. The problem is next,

Euphrasia... . . . . What is this? When you see the word 'distant goddess', does it refer to a pagan god?"

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

"That's eyebright."

"Eyebright?"

"It is an herb that has excellent effects on eye diseases. It can be brewed as a tea or brewed into a drink. Another name for that eyebright is Eufrasia. It is known to be very effective against eye diseases in humans and animals. But the wise man told Euphrasia not to ask for mercy. If even this doesn't work, then the known herbal remedies are not going to be very effective."

"Oh oh... . . . ."

Iskanda was amazed.

I saw you again Other than that, no one can match this neighboring farmer in his knowledge of herbs.

he arranged

"great. The herb called Eyebright, which is a special medicine for eye diseases, does not grow well here. That's why it was expressed as 'goddess from afar'. So... . . . . I get it. The answer is specialties from the capital."

This time Hazel was surprised. It seemed to go well and suddenly jumped a few steps.

“How do you come to that conclusion? Just because you don't ask for mercy from a distant goddess doesn't mean it's a specialty of the capital, right?”

“The next line is that content.”

Iskanda explained.

“'Morbus, your shadow' can be interpreted as a chronic disease that follows an individual's constitution. Because 'Morbus' means disease in the ancient language.”

"okay? I didn't know the ancient language, so I couldn't interpret that part.”

“Ordinary people don't know. In any case, the sage's conclusion was that the elixir for the chronic disease afflicting a particular individual lies in the produce of its very origin.”

“Oh, that's right.”

Hazel nodded eagerly.

“It's a fact that everyone in the countryside knows. The best thing for everyone is the local produce. By the way, Lord Valentine earlier said that it is a 'speciality of the capital', that is, the hometown of unicorns is Avalon, the capital city?”

"Yes. There are several types of unicorns, but the majority of them are unicorns from the central region. A single-horned horse of silvery-white brilliance as we know it.”

"that's right! That's the kind of windsong that Sir Rigel raises. like. When the two of us work together, the riddle can be solved quickly!”

Hazel exclaimed with joy.

But it was just there. The next three lines were like bombs.

“Even in winter, in a place that is not winter, not the earth but not the earth, the mother's arms that neither live nor die'. What the hell does this mean?”

“I must have told you where the mysterious medicinal herbs live... .”

Iskanda was also at a loss for words.

It was the first time I was blocked like this. Since he was a child, he was able to converse with the imperial scholars without difficulty due to instilled education, but this problem could no longer be resolved.

“I once made a hypothesis like that.”

He raised his eyebrows and fell in thought.

“A wise man I met while wandering said that all living things have the energy of 'yang' and 'yin'. When the balance of yin and yang is broken, it becomes weak. According to his classification, moonlight belonged to yin and unicorn belonged to yang, maybe that is why? Could it be that the balance of yin and yang in the unicorn's body is broken?”

“Does that mean we need to get the balance back?”

Hazel was worried.

Lord Valentine's story was interesting but difficult. Once I decided to save it in my head, I jumped up.

“Anyway, one thing is certain. We need to explore the capital!”

Iskanda was startled.

“A tour of the capital?”

"okay."

Hazel was already completely obsessed with the idea.

“Anyway, the answer is the specialty of the capital. I was thinking about it anyway. It's been a while since I inherited a farm and moved to the capital. However, I was busy with farm management, so I couldn't take a good look at this place. I didn't realize that until I went to the market with Sir Louis and Sir Cayenne. I need to know about this place.”

Saying that, he got up and put on a hat for going out.

“In any city, the last place that travelers stop to buy specialties is the square. It is the face of the city. I will go to the square.”

“Come on, wait... ..”

Hazel was already leaving the house.

Originally, he was the type of person who couldn't look back when he was distracted by one thought. Still, I did catch a glimpse of Lord Valentine's reaction in the meantime. It felt like he was trying to say something.

But it can't be. it must be my mistake

Hazel thought so and passed it on.

“I will definitely find the answer! Then see you here again!”

The door slammed shut. A gust of wind shook Iskanda's hair, which was left alone.

have you gone

Some emotions swelled up.

What the hell is a guy like me... ... !

He clenched his fists.

But you can't hit it anywhere. With trembling fists, I quickly looked for him with my eyes.

Finally found it. In the left corner of the table was a nail with a bulging head. He quickly slammed it down.

“You look stupid! I should have asked you to go with me!”

The nail was flattened and flattened.

There is no longer any need for clothes to get caught, unraveling or engraving on dishes.

When you want to rebuke yourself, it's best to use that productive way if possible.

But still, the pitiful feeling was still there.

Finding a cure for moon blindness is very important. But in a corner of my heart, anxiety slowly rose.

The square is traditionally the most dangerous place in the city. It's good to get rid of the soul if a foreigner goes unnoticed.

The country has continued to work to improve this problem. The emperor himself went and looked at it from time to time. Safety education was also provided to tourists through brochures. However, it cannot be said that crime has been eradicated yet.

So, go away after eradication!

It is impossible to say this.

Anyway, don't let Hazel go alone. who should go with

But there it was again.

You cannot attach an escort knight to her by order of the emperor. No more secret articles. If caught, your friends will not stand still.

In the end, there is only one way. to follow directly.

But he missed the chance to say go with him.

There were times when Hazel left too quickly, but for a more serious reason than that.

Iskanda didn't have the skill to time the conversation.

It is natural. Which emperor in the world would speak at the right time?

The emperor can just open his mouth at any time and say anything. Then, even if it is a baby babbling, everyone stops and pays attention.

So he couldn't say the simple thing about going with him.

Isn't that really stupid!

While reprimanding herself like that, Hazel kept getting farther away. The sensitive hearing of the Grand Cavalier quickly disappeared beyond the scope of its capture.

Why the heck are you so good at acting?

Iskanda jumped up.

Using the shadows of the trees, he exited the large garden like a lightning bolt. Just as one of the attendants passed by, he swung by and said.

“Tell him not to look for me all day. I will go undercover.”

The servant turned around in amazement. I could see His Majesty's back, wearing a black cloak, already far away.

"Yes! your Majesty!"

He shrugged and replied.

Fortunately, this servant was young and bright-eyed, so he could even see His Majesty's back. Most of the people in the Imperial Palace could not even see this black knight right by passing by.

Iskanda came to the main gate of the Imperial Palace in an instant.

I saw the back of Hazel asking the guard something. When the conversation was over, she turned to the right.

I could see which way the guard had taught me.

Iskanda lowered the hood of the cloak even further. The face that was already invisible was covered even more thoroughly.

and ran quickly.

Relying on the shadow of the roadside tree, it ran past Hazel without a mouse or a bird knowing. Running down the sidewalks of the old capital city, I looked around eagerly.

Then I found

A dark aura emanated from the gloomy place at the entrance to the arch in the memorial park.

I knew it.

Even today, weary bastards were sneaking out. They were pickpockets with their hats pressed tight.

“I should have eaten lunch, what do you do after playing?”

“I have to earn money for dinner.”

“Who is the lucky winner today?”

The pickpockets, who were slowly coming out of the arch, making noise, suddenly felt that their vision was getting dark.

I didn't know what had happened. When they woke up, they all fell to the floor and were tied up with ropes that had been thrown on the street.

“Hey, what is this?”

Meanwhile, another pickpocket fell from behind a tree across the street. They also didn't know what had happened. In an instant, it was tied up tightly and tossed into a lump.

The same thing happened all over the place.

ugh! And those tied up in the place where the screams rang out, fell in clumps.

Criminals hiding in the downtown area were quickly cleaned out.

Hazel had no idea what was going on up front.

It was my first time in this area, so I walked around frantically.

Iron fences lined the historic sidewalks of the capital. Through the fence, a manicured garden of a public building or a private mansion could be seen.

A well-dressed gentleman was waiting next to a street lamp engraved with imperial motifs, looking through his pocket watch. Right next to it, I saw a box saying 'The Capital Tourism Guide - Free Distribution -'.

Hazel quickly picked up one. As I read it, it was full of warnings to inform travelers.

In a word, the downtown area around the square was where I went to Kobe while my eyes were open. It is emphasized that travelers must travel together with at least two people.

Hazel paused for a moment.

Did you leave too quickly? Since Lord Valentine can't be busy anyway, should he have asked someone else for help? Shall we visit Sir Lewis right now?

However, if more people knew about Sir Rigel's secret, it would have been very difficult.

It reminded me of the poor Windsong who went blind. The figure of the elf knight who was trying to hide his sorrow.

Don't delay any longer.

Hazel bit her lip.

let's not be scared As long as you're alert, you'll be fine.

I tied my hat laces, which had become loose, and headed to the square.

According to the guide, the soon-to-be-coming Peace Tower Memorial Park was notorious for pickpockets.

Hazel entered the park nervously.

However... . . . .

As soon as I entered, a strange sight caught my eye.

Some people were tied up and collapsed in front of the arch, which the guide emphasized as particularly dangerous. The police in the capital caught them one by one and took them away.

It wasn't just there. There were skits going on all over the place.

“Good job! It's all cool!”

Passers-by pointed their fingers at them, accusing them. Hazel looked at him with a puzzled look.

You can be so lucky!

Now you don't have to worry about pickpocketing. Went across the Memorial Park with confidence.

Perhaps Equus, the god of horses, felt pity for Windsong and helped him.

All right, Equus. I'll make sure to fix Windsong.

Hazel hurried her steps even further.

“Newspaper! newspaper!”

“I have a hot news that came out today!”

Children's voices echoed from both sides of the road. It entered the downtown area formed along the river bridge.

According to the guide, you had to be careful here too. It was said that the homeless were encamped and suddenly popped out. They dazzled the police, harassed travelers and stole money.

Be careful.

Hazel nervously climbed onto the bridge.

But what is this?

Again, a strange sight caught my eye.

Since broad daylight, homeless people have been piled up on the bridge one by one. There are two large mountains.

"Yes?"

Hazel looked at him with a puzzled face.

Is this kind of luck happening again? It seems that Equus, the god of horses, has very much pity for Windsong.

But you shouldn't relax. Because this kind of luck can't last.

So I made up my mind and hurried my steps.

However... . . . .

Surprisingly, the luck continued.

The infamous map hawkers featured in the guide were already tied up and stacked to one side when Hazel arrived. All the rogue priests who pretended to get signatures and robbed money were all stretched out and piled up inside the police escort wagons.

what? I guess this is a bit weird.

Hazel tilted her head and walked away.

Now we are all in the square. A statue of a white lion in front of him was telling the truth.

This white lion statue was also infamous. Hazel read the guide as she walked.

"... . . The most important thing to watch out for here is snatchers. They also hide like ghosts when the police appear and are not caught. Appears when you are alone and unleashes the best skills in the Empire. just give up By the time you are reading this guide, you will already have nothing in your arms... . . '."

I read that far and doubted my eyes.

"what? Really?"

Hazel groped her arms in amazement.

It really was. The inside of the arms was empty.

My eyes darkened. I swear to the sky, I've never been vigilant for even a second. I've never even bumped into anyone. But you're going to take it out like hell!

"My wallet! Have you ever seen an old brown leather wallet?"

The old woman, who was standing with a cane, looked at her strangely.

"Isn't that the wallet?"

My wallet was lying in front of me. It was in its original state, unopened.

Next to him was a boy with a bad impression, fainted. He looked like he had bruises in his eyes.

"... .. ?"

Hazel picked up her wallet with a bewildered feeling.

At this point, I had to admit it. Something strange was happening. It's not that it's bad, it's rather good... ..

He seemed to be possessed by something.

who is watching me Are you secretly helping?

Who the hell are you?

Hazel looked around.

A young girl who has just arrived in Tokyo, looking around with her hat straps tight and her wallet in her hands.

Its appearance circulated alone among the scoundrels of the capital. It looked like it would be a target at once in the eyes of experts.

Across the street, people who were smoking with their hats pressed down began to pay attention to Hazel. They glanced at this village girl's thick wallet and glanced at each other. A man beckoned to the coachman opposite him.

The coachman said he was right and beat the horse as hard as he could with a whip.

squash!

Hazel looked at him involuntarily.

Among the passers-by, I could see a large wagon rushing over this side.

"Oh!"

Startled, he stepped back.

Once I avoided it, it was a gloomy back alley.

Even though it is directly adjacent to the downtown area, the atmosphere is completely different. It was kind of creepy, so I tried to get out of there.

But it was then.

Suddenly, from the darkness, a group of people appeared and surrounded Hazel.

"Hey! miss! That wallet is from the girl, right?"

"Do you think it's mine? Can I take a closer look?"

Something flashed in their hands as they approached.

It's a knife!

Hazel's hair turned white in an instant. Only one thought echoed.

This is how neither mice nor birds are being harmed.

But in fact, it wasn't 'without a mouse or a bird'.

In the darkness deeper than the gloomy darkness where crime is about to take place. Someone was watching them there.

It was Iskanda wearing a black cloak.

He felt like his blood was running upside down now.

Originally, I didn't plan on going, no matter what. He hid in the dark to protect Hazel's surroundings, cleaned up all the things that obstructed the investigation, and then tried to sneak away.

But when this happened, I couldn't cover the front and the back.

Who is watching now!

His figure disappeared like lightning.

In the next moment, a black shadow flashed in front of the frightened Hazel, blocking the way.

“... ..?”

Hazel was startled.

The black cloak fluttered, and a powerful wind blew up. The wind hit the wall of an old building in the back alley, splitting it into dozens and attacking the robbers.

"what!"

The robbers were astonished.

Clink! Clink!

The knives fell from their weak hands. But they didn't even know that. It was because dozens of enormous lives were attacked.

In fact, it was a sword.

In the many shadows it creates, the robbers have hallucinations of a monster wielding a giant scythe.

It's a god! A reaper has appeared!

In that brief moment, the robbers were gripped with a greater fear than all the fears the victims had ever felt combined.

“Sah, save me... .. !”

There was no time to ask for help.

The robbers passed out, feeling the pain as if their whole body was being torn by the intangible wind.

Hazel stared at the scene, unable to keep her mouth shut.

What did I just see?

Puck in Hazel's eyes! It seemed that all the robbers had fallen. It was a perfect situation to think that the god Bratan, who took pity on innocent people, had sent a thunderbolt.

However, someone was standing in the place where the wind had calmed down.

It was a knight with a black cloak covering his body. The face was covered with a hood, but the silhouette was very familiar.

“Sir Valentine?”

He nodded his head once.

Hazel finally let out a breath.

Now my legs are shaking. It was only later that I realized the shock of meeting the robber.

What would have happened had it not been for Sir Valentine to show up and rescue him in time. Seeing the knives scattered on the floor gave me goosebumps.

“Look at this. It's a real knife, not a fake. I didn't even mention this in the guide... .. .”

“Looking at that wagon, it seems that they have just arrived in the capital. I'm going to have to do a thorough investigation into what these guys are doing.”

Iskanda tied the robbers tightly with the string she picked up on the road earlier. I enclosed a piece of paper with the state's seal on it and kicked it out of the back alley.

“Look over there!”

“What else is there!”

The police, who had their eyes turned on to pick up the pouring results today, rushed to the scene.

The two walked out of the back alley pretending they had nothing to do with each other.

With this, the crisis was over.

But it's not over.

Iskanda glanced at Hazel.

I just knew for sure from the incident. When a young woman who looks like a foreigner wherever she looks, wanders around this bustling area alone, she is also robbed.

Don't make the same mistake twice.

He opened his mouth and vowed in his heart.

“It would be better for me to accompany you to finish the investigation safely. Of course you don't like it, but I won't disturb you... . . .”

“Are you disturbing me?”

Hazel rolled her eyes.

“Am I in a situation where I have to ask? Actually, what is in this thick wallet is not money, but seeds and notes. If I meet a robber again, won't there be a hole in my body? So, I was worried right now, but if a strong knight would come with me, I wouldn't have to worry at all.”

I was happy and happy, so I said it quickly.

Right.

Iskanda's heart became lighter. It felt good that he spoke at the right time without being pathetic this time.

Hazel felt good too.

Good luck continues today.

Then I suddenly thought.

Glancing at the black knight in front of him, he slowly opened his mouth.

“By the way. The pickpockets who were lying in the park earlier, the homeless people piled up on the bridge, and so on... .”

"let's hurry."

He hurriedly turned around and hurried his steps.

Sir Valentine must have been very busy today.

Hazel thought, smiling softly.

Then I'll tell you to go with me sooner or later!

In this way, the strange pair of a farm girl with a small basket on her arm and a knight whose face and body were thoroughly covered with a black cloak... . . . .

They naturally blended among the passers-by in the capital.

\* \* \*

The official name of the place that all the people of the Empire call the square was actually 'Piazza Magna'. It didn't mean anything, it just meant 'big square'.

As soon as Hazel entered the square, her eyes widened.

It was so lively that it seemed like it was going to explode. The citizens of the capital, group tourists, and people who came out to make money on Sunday did not have time to set foot.

“Isn't it a much bigger place than I thought?”

“It has been around 900 years.”

“Are you familiar with the square?”

"of course!"

Iskanda answered confidently.

On holidays, he would often go out undercover in disguise to observe the lives of the people. The always crowded square was especially good for stealth. It was a useful place in many ways because you could read what kind of country swearing was written on the public bulletin board.

“The most distinctive features of the plaza are those open-air cafes. It is famous for the unique paintings painted on each awning. In the era of oppression in the past, shop awnings were not included in the category of publishing media, so they could freely satirize the government by drawing caricatures. That’s where today’s awning paintings came from.”

“Is there such a historical background? How amazing! How can you not know anything about Sir Valentine?”

“It’s not just that. Another famous thing... . . .”

Iskanda, who had been guiding confidently, suddenly hardened. Because I heard this sound behind my back.

“I have a portrait! A portrait of our Majesty! Full body, half body, side... . . . We have a wide variety!”

I forgot that some of the souvenirs sold in the square were dangerous.

“Miss Mayfield! Let's go over there! There is nothing to see here!”

"Yes? Yes?"

Hazel was perplexed.

For some reason, Lord Valentine had the momentum to completely ignore one area. As I was drifting away confused, I suddenly found something.

“Look at that!”

ran quickly

There was a green signboard between the stalls lined up along the right column of the square. There, I saw large letters that read 'Farm Cooking'.

I hope not.

However, when I got closer, I was stunned with the words, 'The farm cuisine that caused a sensation in the Imperial Palace Cooking Contest!'

Hazel forgot the purpose of the day for a moment and was excited.

“The rumors are already spreading!”

“The square is the most rumored in the Empire, but is it too fast?”

“There are so many people here! It must be popular!”

Unable to contain her curiosity, Hazel poked her head through the cloud of crowds.

However... ... When I saw the food being sold at the stalls, my eyes were dazzled.

The food under the flag engraved like the gate of the

'Farm-style dinner that won first place in the Imperial Palace Contest'  
was as follows.

Roast boars spinning with an apple in their mouths, jelly in the shape of various insects, mottled cow-patterned bread, and cocktails with chicken feathers.

There was a tag attached to it, saying 'The dish that moved the Marquis M' or 'The dish with the thumbs up of A and M'.

Both Hazel and Iskanda were speechless.

“They just picked it up over their shoulder and made it their own.”

“How dare you turn it into such a nonsense!”

The stall owner heard that. He raised his eyes.

“What do you mean? Everything is real! Look at that!”

He shouted and pointed to the paper attached to the pole of the stall.

It was a short article cut out of a magazine. The headline read 'Mrs Palmer's Salon Short: A Small Blast of Fresh Farm Cuisine'.

Hazel looked up in surprise.

"What is this?"

“Looks like an article clipped from a salon newsletter. <Journal du Salon>, a monthly magazine introducing the salons of the empire.”

Iskanda also became an instant encyclopedia.

Archduke Athena had shown the book several times. Her salon appeared frequently in this newsletter.

"i See. Our farm is also listed here! To see the name of our 'Marronnier Farm' on this type of paper... ."

Hazel was thrilled.

As the title suggests, there were only a few lines. It was just that Hazel took first place in farm cooking. But Hazel clings to the pillar and read the article over and over again.

"I'm going to turn into a statue here. I'd rather take it... ."

Iskanda reached out to remove the paper without thinking. At that moment, the stall owner, who was watching these strange men and women, shouted.

"Knight Nari! What if I take it! It came from a magazine I paid for!"

"Ah... ."

The two immediately lowered their tails and turned around.

"Okay. You can get 100 copies of that."

"It's the Kwawol. I'm not selling it anymore."

"You just have to order the magazine to reprint it."

"Ahaha!"

Hazel thought he was making a really funny joke. I never imagined that it could actually happen.

"Well, this is not the time. I lost my temper for a while because it was about our farm. We must quickly find the legendary potion written by the wandering sage Karam al-Din."

"right. We need to find that mysterious medicine that is a specialty of the capital."

The two remembered the purpose of coming here again.

"The wise man was observing a unicorn in the mountains and found it. So, the legendary potion must be a product of the mountains."

"It's winter in the mountains, but it's not winter... ."

Iskanda was deep in thought.

"It reminds me of an alpine marsh. As the name suggests, it is a swamp formed in a special soil zone in the high mountains. It is surrounded by fog, so the flow of the seasons is not clear, and it is a place where many unknown creatures are distributed."

"Then I think it fits the criteria well!"

"Unfortunately, however, there are no alpine wetlands left in the mountainous areas of the capital. It is said to have existed in the distant past, but due to the characteristics of the alpine region, it exists as an isolated area without being influenced by other places."

"Oh yeah?"

Hazel rolled her eyes. What the hell does this person usually do, do you even know these things?

"To sum up, being born in the mountains, there are no leaves, flowers, fruits, or seeds. The range is too wide. there's nothing we can do. I just want to eat it all."

"Is it necessary?"

“That’s the only way. Even Aunt Martha said that if you don't know, try it first. So, I tried to put anything I could eat into my mouth. The mysterious medicine that the sage discovered may contain some ingredients that I am not aware of. It is the essence of unfamiliar and fresh life.”

Hazel put her hand on her forehead and looked around the square.

It is a special product of the capital with a new taste... . . . .

One place stood out.

A large picture of someone's face was attached. Everyone stood in line in front of it to buy something in a box.

“What is that?”

“Quibis bread.”

Iskanda answered right away.

“This bread is being made in commemoration of the revolutionary Quibis who was executed in this square 300 years ago... . . . . Ah, come to think of it, one of the specialties of the capital is in that bread.”

“What is it?”

“Blue clover honey that Quibis always drinks in tea. It is the honey of wild flowers that only grow around the capital.”

"okay?"

Hazel's ears perked up.

“When it comes to honey, it is certainly not a leaf, a flower, a fruit, or a seed. And honeybees do not hibernate even in winter and continue to work in the hive. Maybe that's what the riddle of the wise man means.”

"indeed. It is a reasonable inference.”

Hazel quickly bought the bread. When I cut it in half, I saw blue honey. I tasted it once.

"This... .. !”

“Is that correct?”

"no. It's delicious.”

Hazel swallowed the bread.

The jelly-like honey went well with the light bread made by cooking wheat flour. It wasn't too sweet, and after eating one, I immediately remembered another one.

“It was not made to commemorate the revolutionaries, but because it was delicious.”

"Right."

After tasting the other half, Iskanda agreed.

However, apart from the good taste, there was no particularly unfamiliar and fresh essence of life in the honey of blue clover.

Hazel removed it from the nominations and looked around the square again.

Another unusual sight caught my eye.

The stalls lined up around the bronze rooster statue were all selling fruit. People picked and bought fruits there, and they went to one place as promised.

At a vending machine on one side of the square, water in large bottles was sold. People washed the fruit with the water and ate it. I bought it in a cup and drank it.

Iskanda's eyes widened at the sight.

“Is it that?”

“Is that water?”

“It’s not just water, it’s the mineral water that comes from the famous mountain in the capital city, Mount Arcane. I heard that it does not freeze even in the coldest winter because it contains special ingredients.”

"okay?"

Mineral water can also be consumed by unicorns, but it is neither a leaf, nor a flower, nor a seed, nor a fruit. Besides, it doesn't freeze even in winter. The answer may be this.

I quickly got a small glass and drank the mineral water.

"This... ..!"

“Is that correct?”

"no. The water tastes great.”

Hazel answered with a little smirk.

The mineral water of Arcane Mountain was surprisingly delicious. However, the unfamiliar and fresh essence of life was not felt.

I was surprised once or twice because it was delicious, but it seemed like there would be no end to doing it this way. A more efficient way was needed.

So Hazel asked.

“Isn’t there a restaurant specializing in all of the specialties of the capital?”

“Of course it is.”

Iskanda pointed to the giant apple-shaped sign in the center of the square. It was a splendid restaurant in a three-story building.

“It’s a historic restaurant that has been making the city’s traditional cuisine from generation to generation. All the specialties of the capital will be gathered there.”

"Then there's a good chance that restaurant has the answer!"

The two went there quickly.

Hazel looked at the menu board at the entrance first. Iskanda looked at him curiously from the side.

“Isn’t it comfortable to sit inside and read the menu?”

“Who doesn’t know that? These restaurants are expensive. You need to know the price and plan your consumption. I looked into things like set menus in advance.”

“... ..?”

There was a cultural clash for a while. After thinking for a moment, Iskanda finally understood.

“Oh, are you trying to save money now?”

“Then Sir Valentine, aren't you trying to save money?”

“You don't have to. Finding a cure for unicorn's moon blindness is very important. If you can find a clue, I will support you at any cost... ... you can get support Miss Mayfield is now working on a national research project.”

“Really? Was it like that? From when?”

“Let's go in quickly.”

Iskanda gestured proudly.

In fact, not all emperors had a lot of money. The poor emperor was utterly impoverished.

For example, in the case of Palatine VI, who ran out of treasury after falling for the candy of the people around him, he envy the aristocrats spending a lot of money and left a will, saying, 'I want to be born as a count in the next life'.

However, through the conquest of the barbarians, Iskanda possessed the greatest personal wealth of all time. Of course, I never intended to be as extravagant as the wealthy, but when it comes to research budgets, it's a different story. It could have been poured out like poison that had fallen from the bottom.

So I told the clerk.

“Bring everything from here to here.”

“... ..!”

Hazel was surprised. Is there anyone who actually does the lines that come out in their dreams? Can the barrel be this big?

The restaurant clerk was sweating in front of them.

“Well, let’s sit down for now. Don't do this at the entrance... ..”

"Ah."

It was the first time the two of them had been to a high-end restaurant.

The clerk led them to the VIP room.

The VIP room is a luxurious interior decorated with expensive furniture and silk cushions... .. In a word, it was a room with an interior that gave Iskanda a familiar feeling like home.

There, they ordered all the dishes made using the specialties of the capital.

The huge table filled up in an instant.

Just as the imperial capital 'Avalon' means apple, the most representative specialty of this place was apples.

Dishes that preserve history and traditions such as bird meat topped with dried apples, fried apples, and apple sausages came out one after another.

“But an apple is not the fruit of a tree.”

“It’s a drop out.”

Hazel and Iskanda looked at the other dishes.

Soup made by boiling 'econ', a whole grain of grain, and sprinkled with cinnamon powder. "Newsman's Pie" is a meat pie with a thin soup made from corn and salty broth. Deep-fried freshwater prawns that are crispy like sweets. Duck confit made with salted duck meat cooked in low-temperature oil for a long time, and freshwater crayfish tails, boiled in a spicy sauce. A 'philosopher's dessert' where cream, meringue, and appleberries are all mashed in a bowl.

All of these things were.

Among the ingredients for this dish, the specialties of the capital are Ekon, freshwater shrimp, river farm duck, freshwater lobster, and appleberry.

But none of these fit into the riddle of the wandering sage.

However, just in case you didn't know, I tasted them all. But neither was it.

“It’s a taste everyone already knows.”

Hazel shook her head.

Then, with a sizzling noise, the clerks pushed a large food cart. There was a pile of freshly roasted, steaming pork loin.

Iskanda asked.

“What is this?”

“It’s the emperor’s roast pork. No seasoning, only rock salt from a nearby mine and roasted.”

rock salt?

Hazel's eyes lit up.

Neither the salt nor the leaf, nor the flower, nor the fruit, nor the seed. It is also a substance that horses can ingest.

maybe this?

I quickly put it in my mouth.

But it wasn't either.

He couldn't feel the strange and fresh essence of life that Hazel didn't know. Except for the special taste, it was just rock salt.

In the end, the two left without any success. I wandered around the square again in search of the answer to the riddle.

And then I had to go through a lot of things.

“There you two! You have won! Congratulations!”

I was caught by an artist in the square and almost forced to paint a portrait of a couple... . . . .

“You waited a long time. Bon appetite.”

I accidentally got a candy as big as my face because I got in the wrong line for an event at an outdoor cafe... . . . .

“Who will you do it with? Oh, there you two! Come here!”

He was caught by a magician in the square and suddenly became a magician and almost stood with a hat.

He went through all kinds of twists and turns, but in the end, the essence of fresh and new life that Hazel was looking for was nowhere to be found. They were all already featured in historic restaurants.

Whoa... . . . .

Hazel held back a sigh.

After walking for several hours without a break, my legs hurt. The boat was all turned off. I ate many kinds of food before, but like an expensive restaurant, the portions were all very small. Although he did not express it, Sir Valentine seemed to be even more hungry.

The sunlight was already different. Soon the sun will start to set. Now I had to admit it.

It didn't work today.

You just have to give up and rest. You have to eat delicious food and drink cool alcohol to wrap up the day and make a promise for the next one.

Hazel thought so.

But these flashy restaurants in the square don't serve that purpose. You have to find a good place.

So, he stabbed the black-haired knight in the back who was walking silently. I told him to look back in surprise.

“Follow me.”

“... ..?”

Iskanda tilted her head.

If you don't know the way, where are you trying to lead?

I wondered what he was thinking and decided to follow it quietly.

Hazel took the lead after seeing him change direction and follow.

There were also small alleys in this wide square. It wasn't the kind of dangerous back alley the robbers had lured. These were small streets that naturally stretched out around a bustling space.

Hazel went on as if he knew the geography.

After a few searches, I found it. It was an alley full of small shops selling groceries.

Hazel took one of them. It was a shabby grocery store with no signage.

Iskanda asked curiously.

“Why are you suddenly going to a place like this?”

“Come at once.”

Hazel entered the store first.

The grocery store was lined with ham and cheese made from pork legs. On one wall were countless displays of all kinds of oils, vinegars, and spices.

"welcome!"

The owner, a middle-aged woman in an apron, was greeted loudly.

Hazel peeked inside the lively grocery store.

There was too!

Beyond the wall where things were stacked, there was another space inside. It was a small restaurant with three or four tables. Everyone was already seated and there was only one left.

“Sir Valentine! Come this way!”

Hazel quickly took the seat and gestured.

Iskanda sat down for a moment, still bewildered. I kept looking around this little restaurant in the little grocery store.

It was fresh.

Earlier, the luxurious VIP room of the restaurant was just like home, but it really felt like I was going out and buying something.

He really liked this little restaurant. He looked at Hazel with curious eyes.

“How did you find this place when you first came to the square?”

“My grandfather told me.”

Hazel answered proudly.

“Wherever I go, the restaurant attached to the back alley grocery store is real. He said that it is a restaurant that only the locals know and has survived for a long time. And he told me to order like this when I go to a place like that.”

To the owner who just came to take the order, Hazel pointed to the other table.

“Give us the same thing.”

They were all eating the same food as promised. It was a dish topped with thick fish meat on noodles that looked like they had been homemade.

After a while the food came.

The noodles were truly handmade. The shape was natural and the vivid elasticity was alive.

Hazel cut the fish meat into large chunks and put it in his mouth along with the noodles.

The softly cooked fish meat and the chewy raw noodles go well together. Like a grocery store, they cleverly use affordable ingredients to create a taste that rivals that of any high-end restaurant.

“It's really delicious!”

Hazel savored it with admiration and then suddenly flinched. The taste of the end caught on the tip of the tongue.

“No, this is... ..?”

He jumped off his chair and got up.

“What is this? What did you put here?”

"Huh?"

The owner of the restaurant looked at Hazel with a puzzled look.

“What is it? Catfish and flour.”

“Not that! What is the essence of this sour and astringent taste? It’s my first time tasting it!”

“Oh, you mean Berge?”

“Berju?”

“It is the juice of unripe grapes. Made by hand from our own vineyard. I use it instead of vinegar, but it adds flavor.”

The owner responded kindly.

Hazel and Iskanda looked face to face.

“Isn’t this also a specialty of the capital?”

"right. It is made from grapes grown in this area.”

Grapes, of course, belong to the fruit. But speaking only of the juice of unripe grapes, the description of the wandering sage Karam al-Din cannot be said to be completely wrong.

Perhaps the answer to the riddle is this.

My heart was pounding. Hazel asked the restaurant owner urgently.

“Can I take a look at this Berge?”

"any amount!"

The owner, who had a warm impression, replied coolly.

Hazel knew that feeling well. It feels good to know that someone is eager to taste the dishes you have prepared and gives them a keen interest.

“Come here, lady. You have to go down.”

“Oh, is there a warehouse in the basement?”

The owner opened the door on the floor and a dark passage appeared. At that moment, Iskanda jumped up.

"for a moment! I will go with you!"

The owner turned around in surprise.

“No knight! I'm going to hit my head against the ceiling and drop all my precious spice jars on the floor.”

"still... .”

Iskanda hesitated. Because, in the blink of an eye, he remembered that criminals had surrounded Hazel earlier.

“You worry too much! There is no one there but our cat!”

The owner chuckled. He whispered as he took Hazel downstairs.

“I don’t think people are bad, but how can you talk so hard?”

“It can’t be helped. It’s a genetic disease.”

"okay? like that... ... .”

They spent some time mourning together. Then I went into the basement warehouse.

There, Hazel was able to see dozens of bottles of Berge, handcrafted by the restaurant owner. They ranged in color from scarlet to clear gold.

“This is what I just put in there, this.”

She picked up a bottle, wiped it on her apron, and handed it over. Hazel took it back upstairs.

Please, please, I hope this is the answer.

I eagerly opened the lid and poured it into the plate. A dark scarlet liquid was seeping out.

Iskanda looked at him with a nervous expression. The restaurant owner and other guests were also nervous for some reason.

In the eyes of everyone, Hazel tasted Berge.

... ... But it wasn't either.

Juice of grapes that are not fermented and have a green smell. I just had a new taste there. This is it! I could not feel the ingredients on the tip of the tongue that would have the same effect.

“It’s a failure again.”

Hazel shrugged her shoulders.

It was disappointing, but... . . . .

Come to think of it, he was wrong. Obviously I'm going to quit. Today's investigation is going to be over.

Now let's really forget it.

I returned to the bright mood again.

A small restaurant found in a back alley had excellent food. The host lady was friendly. Besides, today, I was sitting at the table with Sir Valentine, who gave up his work and followed and helped me.

Not enjoying this time is a huge loss.

With that in mind, I picked up the fork that had been set aside for a while.

“If you keep looking, you will find it one day. I'm going to start eating this delicious dish first.”

“Good idea.”

Iskanda nodded too.

rock salt and grape juice. These were good candidates, although they weren't the right answers. This is how I found it very well. In the first place, it would not be possible to find the answer to the unicorn moonblindness so at once.

So, it seemed like it would be better to just have a delicious dinner.

He picked up a fork.

“But I didn’t feel the sour taste at all. Isn't this the same principle as the mysterious sauce that Miss Mayfield put on her sandwiches?”

“You mean lemon curd? that's right. It's a similar principle. It’s a great idea to use the juice of unripe grapes instead of vinegar.”

Having said that, a thought popped into my head.

I wanted to tell you something good for Sir Valentine.

Hazel said in a bright voice.

"right! In return for your help today, I'll give you an advanced piece of information."

“What about advanced information?”

“Usually the rich invest in land, mines, or art. But because these things are so famous, the competition is fierce? Even if you get your hands on it, it's hard to make a big profit. If you want to make really big money, you have to find a savvy investment that is not yet known. There is one such thing.”

"what is that?"

“It’s vinegar. Buying balsamic vinegar. Balsamic vinegar is aged by changing the barrels periodically. 3 years, 5 years, 10 years... ... As the years go by, the price jumps exponentially. Especially among Korean gourmets, it's pricey. If you have an eye for choosing the best balsamic vinegar, the return on investment is said to be more than a gold mine.”

“Is that true?”

Iskanda's eyes lit up.

I said something about advanced information. This was really top-notch information. It wasn't a good investment destination as Hazel intended. Instead, it had other values.

I'm sure there are a few people who laundered money this way.

Thinking about it that way, my hands were already itchy. There is no more thrilling moment than when you catch aristocrats who often try to cheat on taxes.

“Who gave you this valuable information?”

“Uncle Karl.”

“You are such a good person. Are you a relative of Miss Mayfield?”

Hazel's face suddenly darkened.

“How would it have been if that had been the case?”

Iskanda thought strangely.

“Then who are you?”

He asked without thinking.

“It's long to talk about. It happened when I was eight... .”

Hazel started talking.

The story of a young child who was left in the hands of his grandfather from house to house, and suddenly one day, he goes to a farm in the south where a certain family lives.

Iskanda realized she was asking a question she should never have asked.

This was information I really didn't want to know.

After hearing that a little girl from a ruined family found happiness by going to a farm with a warm family, and has dreamed of owning a farm ever since... . . .

What would be your position in having to let the farm go?

stop it! tell me to stop!

He wanted to say that.

But Hazel's story was interesting. The descriptions are vivid and rich, making it hard to listen to.

“... . . .”

Hazel felt sorry for talking too much alone. So I decided to take care of my opponent in the middle.

“... . . I bought my first seed with my pocket money. It's the pocket money my grandfather slipped into his pocket. Have you ever received pocket money from your grandfather, Mr. Valentine?”

“... .. Birthdays on the farm were awesome! You must have gotten permission to have a lot of fun on Valentine's birthday, right? Even people you don't know just come and congratulate you?”

in this way

Each time, Iskanda replied with a startling surprise.

"Yes it was. Grandpa poked [this country] in my pocket.”

"right. On my birthday (designated as a national holiday), (the people) got permission to play. (Because the prisoners were pardoned) strangers just came and congratulated me.”

A lot was omitted, but it wasn't a lie anyway.

Hazel kept talking to him.

It was the first time he had sat down and talked so much after taking the throne. Food was also endless.

Time passed. When I looked up, there were only two customers.

“When did time pass like this?”

The two jumped up.

I was going to pay the bill, but for some reason the owner refused to pay for the food. Besides, for some reason, he was staring at Iskanda with wretched eyes. It was the gaze of someone who had some kind of disease.

Why?

He tilted his head and left the price of the food. Hazel stretched out saying that he ate well.

“Then I should go home and study the Wandering Sage’s records again.”

His face was full of fatigue.

In fact, when we first met this day, he was already in a bad condition.

It's someone else's business, but you work so hard.

A thought suddenly popped into Iskanda's head.

Even so, she worked hard for the public good today. Such hard work must be rewarded. Only then can it be called a proper country.

Don't miss the time.

It has already been thoroughly learned.

So he opened his mouth.

“Wait a minute... . . . .”

"Yes?"

Hazel followed, thinking strangely. Anyway, I didn't want to be alone, so I had no choice but to follow.

It was quieter than during the day, but there were still many people. He crossed the square through the crowds listening to street musicians and watching puppet shows.

Iskanda stopped in one place.

"for a moment. What is this?"

said awkwardly.

'Avalon Grocery Department Store'.

A shop with a sign like this stood tall. Through the brightly lit window, I could see people choosing all kinds of groceries from the shelves.

Hazel was surprised.

“Grocery department store?”

Fatigue disappeared in an instant. The light flashed in his eyes and his face. The energy rose and he shouted loudly.

“What a lovely place! But what exactly does it do?”

“A department store, as the name suggests, is a store that has many different kinds of goods in one place. It was created for the convenience of busy citizens. Items here are subject to reconnaissance.”

Iskanda thought to herself as she answered.

as planned

Although there was opposition from the market union and the bureaucrats who took their bribes, the opening was allowed because the purpose was good. But it was so successful, and it felt good to see the citizens who served the country so happy as expected.

“I’ll take a look!”

Hazel didn't know that Iskanda had brought it here on purpose, so he excused himself and went into the grocery store.

The products there were different from those sold in markets or regular grocery stores.

Fruits and vegetables from faraway regions, canned bottles labeled with the combination, instant bread dough that you can just bake in the oven, brick cakes that can be preserved for more than a year, packaged foods made according to the secret recipes of famous restaurants... . . . .

There wasn't a single thing that wasn't surprising.

“‘Digestivo’? It is an alcoholic beverage that aids digestion after a meal. Ah! This is a bonbon cookie. I saw you at the prom. It is a set with 30 kinds of alcohol in the sweets. awesome!”

“Why can’t you leave the liquor section? Well, you can buy some as research material if you want, but... . . . .”

“I am in a politically sensitive position right now. It wouldn't be a bad idea to try to be a drunkard with my country's money at least once... . . . .”

“Drunk? How much do you want to buy?”

“Look at this! There are many kinds of cider!”

Hazel looked around like a fish in water.

But now there was one thing I didn't know.

Even in this situation, Hazel's head continued to receive stimulation. After examining Berge, he decided to give up on finding the answer to the riddle, but he was only pushed into the back of consciousness.

Hazel continued to ponder without realizing it as she looked around. I was looking for the answer to the riddle.

A nerve that had been working diligently beyond consciousness suddenly caught on to something.

Hazel paused. A small souvenir corner in one corner. There, a certain product caught my attention.

They were large, round, brown lumps.

Hazel looked at it as if possessed. Iskanda asked, thinking strangely.

“Why?”

"I do not know."

It was true. I don't know why, but I was drawn to it. Hazel sniffed it out. It smelled like dirt.

“What is this?”

"Well."

It was the first time Iskanda had ever seen an object like that large lump. He called the manager who was wandering over there.

"What is this?"

“Oh, yes. It's a 'Gnome Egg'. A gnome, the spirit of the earth. Since it is a specialty of Mt. Arcane, it is often bought by tourists. It is good as an ornament, and also for children's education... ..” At

that moment, Hazel grabbed the gnome's egg.

Iskanda was astonished.

“Why eat it! spit it out! Spit it out!”

"Wait. This... ..”

"Why? Is it delicious?”

“That’s not it!”

Hazel looked at this strange mass with an astonished look.

In fact, it had a different name for it, called the 'Gnome Egg'.

Outside the Imperial Territory, in the northern mountainous regions, it was called Bokryeong.

Bokryeong has a special effect on inflammation and has a sedative effect. Above all, as Iskanda said, it showed an excellent effect when the balance of yin and yang was broken. Outside of the Imperial Territory, it was a precious medicine that was even called a treasure in the ground.

Hazel, of course, didn't know that.

But I could definitely feel it through her tongue, which she had put in her mouth next to Aunt Martha. That this is a precious medicine with magical effects.

My body began to tremble with excitement.

“Neither a leaf, nor a flower, nor a fruit, nor a seed. It was a mushroom! Lord Valentine! I found it! I have finally found the answer to the riddle!”

"what?"

Iskanda was stunned for a moment.

What is this? The riddle of the wandering sage that he had been searching for so much was solved in a place like this. I just wanted to repay you for your hard work all day.

He hurriedly asked the manager.

“Is there any staff who know about that lump?”

"Please wait a moment!"

Soon after, a young salesman was called. He hesitated with a rather frightened face.

“This is something our villagers dug up. It was of no use, so I gave it the name of 'Gnome Egg' and sold it sparingly, but it wasn't so popular... . . . .”

Hazel asked, chopping off his words.

“Where did you dig it?”

“It’s a mountaintop forest.”

“Which forest?”

“It’s a pine forest with a type of tree called red pine.”

"Pine tree! That was it!"

Hazel shuddered once more.

“A place that is not winter even in winter! Pine trees are green even in winter. It meant pine forest!”

“Then what is the next verse? 'It's not the land, but it's not the land that isn't... ..'!”

"Wait."

The salesperson interrupted their conversation. When he realized that he wasn't being investigated for selling this unidentified mass under the deceptive name of 'Gnome Egg', he seemed to have opened his mouth for the first time.

“The gnome's eggs are dug from the ground. But you can't really call it land. It is dug from the roots of trees in the ground.”

“Then ‘the arms of a mother who neither live nor die’ is... ..”

“That’s right too! Gnomish eggs are unusually found in the roots of dead pine trees. The tree has reached the end of its lifespan, but somehow it becomes a good cradle for life to sprout.”

“That was it! All the riddles have been solved!”

Hazel exclaimed with joy.

What the Wandering Sage Karam Al-Din said. The elder unicorns fed the blind cubs. This was the potion to cure Moonblindness. It was this mysterious mushroom called 'Gnome Egg'.

Hazel grabbed the earthy lump.

“This one that the villagers dig up and dig in the ground, and this one that was only being treated like crap here, it turned out to be a great treasure!”

"Is that true?"

The salesperson was thrilled.

Still he didn't know what was going on. However, during that time, the items that the people of their villages had dugged up did not sell well, so they kept getting bullied. Those sad memories passed by like a lantern.

Hazel and Iskanda bought all the 'Gnome Eggs' there.

A sack full of treasures.

I was very happy and proud to see it. It was worthwhile to wander around like that all day today.

Just one thing.

After solving the riddle, it was even more problematic. Iskanda said,

wrinkling her forehead slightly .

“It will not be easy. Who would think such a thing is a special medicine for menstrual cramps?”

"does not matter."

Hazel replied bravely.

If it was to cure the poor Windsong's illness, he was ready for anything.

\* \* \*

The elves of the Empire were, in fact, very unfit to form a Knights Templar.

They were independent. Because he was born with the nature of a wanderer who wanders through the forest, he always prioritized the individual over the whole.

Group action was very difficult for such elves.

When there was a need to form a Knights Templar, they decided to compromise. Instead of doing a group action, each person is doing their own thing in the same space at the same time.

The elves kept their promises like swords, so the knights' movements were exactly right without any disturbance. If you look into each one, each one is playing separately, but as a whole, he seemed to be more disciplined than any other Holy Knights. Like the silent group dance of deep-sea fish.

It was the same with expressing emotions.

For example, when something sad happened, they did not resolve the sadness by talking about it like other races do. Separated from each other, they wrote poetry alone or played the lute, immersed in their emotions.

It was at that time when Hazel arrived at the headquarters of the Knights Templar.

I asked the driver on duty at the entrance for permission to visit, but I didn't get permission, and it was news that there was no reduction. Taking a peek inside, for some reason the elf knights stood apart from each other.

Even if he didn't know much about the personalities of the Imperial Elves, he could tell at a glance that something serious was going on.

no way... . . . .

Hazel glanced at the knight on duty.

A dark elf with silver hair and dark skin tone, although he did not express it, he was restless inside.

This name, this name... . . . .

The name the guest had written in the guestbook was not unfamiliar.

This human girl was the manager's friend.

But now, the Knights of Holy Mok were not in a situation to welcome guests. After intense anguish, he came to a conclusion.

It is not good to have more friends of the general manager here.

In fact, if it had been a different race, it would have been more flexible.

"Come in."

"Ah yes."

Hazel entered the Knights HQ.

It had two characteristics that were very far from the atmosphere of a knight training ground.

It was serene and elegant.

It was a structure designed so that the sunlight did not pour in the front, but mysteriously slanted from any place. Posts covered with old moss and vines painted a beautiful pattern on the floor.

The place, which gives the illusion of a refreshing scent even from metal, was buzzing right now.

It was true that Hazel was worried.

Sir Rigel was in agony all the time. Meanwhile, Windsong's condition worsened. After practicing hard and pretending to see well, it became difficult for him to breathe, so he eventually confided everything to the manager.

The imperial horseman in charge of the knights' horses was summoned. After treating Windsong, he shook his head.

“It’s moonblindness. I lost my sight completely.”

All members of the Knights of Holy Mok were engulfed in sorrow when they heard this tragedy.

Of course, it was Lorendel who felt more sorry than anyone else.

He always paid close attention to all the members and their speech. Windsong was also aware of the problem early on.

Please hope it's just a temporary symptom. I hoped Rigel would take care of her and miraculously recover.

But in the end it was moonblindness.

That damn demon with no cure has appeared again.

Even though he was a high elf who inherited the lineage of one of the most famous families in the Empire and the commander of one of the 4 Holy Knights, he could not do anything. I couldn't get out of my sense of shame and helplessness.

Besides, it wasn't just that.

Elves are very empathetic.

Lorendel also empathized with Rigel's grief at having to part with his cherished words. In addition, he had no choice but to empathize with Windsong's sorrow for breaking up with his owner, who raised him like his parents from a young age.

It was a triple pain situation.

“... ..”

He closed his eyes and meditated, then returned to reality after a while.

The long-awaited article on duty arrived quickly.

“A guest has arrived.”

“Tell them that you are in trouble now.”

The knight on duty blinked a little backwards. The figure of the customer hidden behind his back was revealed.

Lorendel jumped up in surprise.

“What are you doing? Any concerns? Say anything, Miss Mayfield.”

Hazel looked at him.

In the midst of this, he showed a wonderful personality who cared more about others. Once again, I thought that I wanted to be of some help.

"I'm here for Sir Rigel Kirov's business, not mine."

He said it out loud again and again.

These words echoed throughout the serene training ground. The elf knights, who were each having a sad time, paid attention with surprise.

Even to Sir Rigel's ears, who had been engrossed, he arrived one step late. He looked at Hazel with a puzzled expression on his face.

Hazel spoke calmly.

“I learned quite by accident that the good-natured Sir Rigel had serious concerns. After that, I kept thinking. I wanted to help somehow, but I couldn't come up with a good idea. therefore... .. “

Lord Valentine had been begging me to hide anything about him, so I decided to just ignore that part.

“With the help of reliable people around me, I found one thing.”

Everything else was said.

A riddle written in the records of the wandering sage Karam al-Din. I was wandering around the square in search of the answer. In the end, they found the 'Gnome Egg'.

Everyone looked at Hazel's mouth. It was a face that was a mixture of surprise and wonder or absurdity.

Hazel took out the spirit from the basket and declared.

“No doubt. This is the medicine that will cure the unicorn's moon blindness.”

A moment of silence passed.

While everyone blinked, one man trembled and stepped forward.

“What nonsense are you taking so seriously!”

A man in a vest with his curly hair hanging down under a triangular hat with a brim set back and a medallion on his chest.

He was the imperial magician who had been called before. It was very unpleasant to see her eyes widened and her temples stained red.

In fact, it was.

Unicorns were precious horses. They must be fed the best food and looked after with cutting-edge technology. That was common sense in veterinary medicine.

By the way, do you eat those odd chunks that you dug out of the ground?

It was amazing. The demon's voice rose by itself.

“You have to tell a story that makes sense! Unicorns are intelligent animals! Do you know how to eat something like that?”

“So we have to do it another way.”

Hazel answered calmly and took the bottle out of the basket.

In fact, there was truth to the words of the Imperial Family. Unicorns are sensitive and picky. The elder unicorns weren't even leading them, so there's no way they'd suddenly enjoy this kind of mushroom mass.

So, I decided to brew the medicine ingredients in water.

Hazel poured the carefully brewed water into a bowl so that all the beneficial ingredients of bokryeong were absorbed.

Sir Rigel took it slowly in front of the horse.

“Come on, Windsong. Let's have a drink.”

But the horse immediately shook his head.

The bowl flew away and fell to the floor. Sir Rigel hastily picked it up. Half of the remaining water was brought back.

“Don't do that, you should drink. Are you good?”

But Windsong shook his head again.

Lord Rigel took the reins and tried to appease him, but to no avail. Unlike the usual whining or purring, it roared low and long and turned its tail roughly. He pounded the ground with his front foot.

“Look at this!”

The Imperial Magician stepped forward again.

“What does a twenty-year-old girl know about horses! You tried to feed me that weird water in haste, and I only got the horse excited! Do you know how dangerous an angry unicorn is?”

His assistants hurriedly brought the tools. There were all kinds of binding tools, such as a protector for the sharp horns, a leather muzzle, and a rope to tie the legs to.

“That’s not it!”

Hazel stopped them.

“Windsong is not angry now. I was scared. Using those things will only make things worse.”

“Then you’re going to let it run like this?”

“I understand Windsong’s feelings. It is only natural for even the most courageous horse to become a coward when the eyes become blind. He offered me water with an unfamiliar smell, so of course he would refuse. Besides, if you look closely, Sir Rigel is comforting you, so it’s even more rampant.”

Surely it was.

everyone just saw

When the owner seized the reins and comforted him, Windsong reacted more harshly. The imperial horseman and his assistants also saw it clearly, so they could not deny it.

“What does this mean? Sir Rigel gave Windsong a lot of love. That's great, but now that I can't see Windsong, it's just pampered.”

Hazel said to the owner of the horse.

“Please disappear.”

"Yes?"

Sir Rigel was shocked. Hazel added hastily.

“It's not about disappearing at all, it's about staying away from Windsong. Realizing that his master is not with him, he quickly resigns.”

“Ah, that's what I meant.”

He finally understood the meaning of Hazel.

I thought it was cruel. To leave the unseen words to a stranger and disappear. It seemed too harsh to Windsong, who had never been away from the owner for a moment.

However... . . . .

He heard all about how hard Hazel worked for Windsong. Even though I only met him once, he tried so hard to help me somehow. That heart was so grateful. could never give up

Let's cooperate as much as possible. do everything you ask anything.

he decided

"all right."

Having said that, he immediately turned around and left.

"No, where are you going?"

"haha! You really are going!"

The imperial horseman and his assistants murmured as if they were stunned.

"If the owner disappears, of course they will run more rampant! The only thing you can control is that the person disappears!"

The face of the imperial maui, who had been speaking confidently, suddenly hardened.

what?

He looked at the scene in front of him in disbelief.

What they saw was completely different from what they expected.

As the owner's voice and smell disappeared quickly, Windsong was bewildered. He lifted his head and groaned sadly.

But there was no answer.

Upon realizing that Sir Rigel had really gone, Windsong was startled and immediately fainted.

As Hazel said, he resigned.

"no?"

The imperial horseman and his assistants exchanged glances in bewilderment. As soon as Hazel calmed the unicorn like this without using a binding tool, there was nothing to say.

Just like humans, animals can easily use their minds. Trying to win by force only backfires.

That was Hazel's idea.

"okay. kind."

First of all, he praised Windsong and gave it a lot of reading. Then, freshly poured water infused with bokryeong was added.

Although Windsong became as gentle as a sheep, he again shook his head and refused.

"know. I can't even see, but I'd be afraid to ask you to drink water that smells strange like this. but it's ok This is medicine."

Hazel gave the windsong a try again. Since I was a child, if I did this, the animals would listen well.

Windsong was more stubborn than those beasts.

But I couldn't help it. After all, there was no one here to help him. Eventually, he put his head on the bowl and started drinking.

"Drink! drank!"

Sir Rigel couldn't contain his excitement and rushed to his feet.

"great job! Very well done!"

Hazel left the horse for a moment to be praised, then said.

“As you can see, Windsong is the type of person who can receive treatment well when the owner is not around. Sir Rigel, can you trust me and entrust this horse to the farm?”

“I will.”

He answered right away.

Lorendel and fellow knights who watched this nodded their heads.

The imperial maui was stunned and did not know what to do. her! her! ' I was stunned, packed my bag for the visit, and left the place with my assistants.

He had so many things to say. When Lord Lorendel and the Paladins could not hear it, there was no need to endure it any longer.

Rumors spread right away.

"Ha ha ha ha ha!"

A high-pitched laughter echoed through the halls of the Imperial Palace.

"what? Gnomish Egg? How do you treat moon blindness by feeding a unicorn with such a bizarre thing? Whoa!"

“It will be awkward! That the lady is not a veterinarian, but only a salon mistress! It's not a proper salon, it's just a bit of a beating, right?”

“You must be so young! At least he did a little cooking and somehow won his favor, but this time it looks like the bottom has been ripped off!”

“Cure moon blindness by feeding gnome eggs! Ha ha ha ha ha!”

High-ranking aristocratic officials glanced at His Majesty who was just passing through the hallway and raised their voices even more. There was no doubt that His Majesty, of course, had the same thoughts as them.

after they leisurely left.

Iskanda crumpled up the paper in her hand.

All of them were just nonsense. In addition, the salon owners were all women, but they were slandering Hazel by calling her a 'mistress'.

these guys! Let's see!

I had to be successful and flatten everyone's nose.

It was up to Hazel to win or lose. But he also had a good idea.

He called one of his servants and ordered them.

“Call the sage Rastavan.”

\* \* \*

The news, which was ridiculed by the clumsy aristocratic bureaucrats of the Imperial Palace, also flowed into the break room of the National Advisory Council.

"what?"

Siegwald was surprised as he sat at his desk.

“Miss Mayfield is going to be having a good time with the refrigerated cupboard right now? Why are you suddenly fixing the unicorn's moon blindness? Where did you get the spirit egg?”

He posed a series of lengthy questions.

Cayenne shook her head.

“The 'Gnome Egg' is not a Spirit Egg. I don't even know the real thing. It is an unpopular tourist souvenir.”

Siegwald was even more confused.

“What the hell is going on?”

“What can you know by sitting here?”

Like his fiery personality, Lewis threw the pen away. I was about to go out right now.

"Oh! All, chief... . . . .”

The knights who stood at the entrance and guarded them hesitated.

“Yeah, it was.”

Louise's face turned earthy.

The Knights Templar evaluation test approached. The deadline for the first stage, the evaluation of all knights, was tomorrow.

As the deadline drew near, the three friends voluntarily decided to lock themselves in the break room. And he picked a few men who were particularly good at swords and set them up at the entrance.

“If anyone tries to get out before the deadline is complete, cut them without hesitation! It's an order!”

Lewis exclaimed with such excitement. It wasn't just that. Drunk in the tragic atmosphere, "If I don't finish everything before this car cools down, I'll give my head away!" and shouted Cayenne left a comment on this.

“It's midsummer, when the tea is rather boiling, isn't it?”

That was true. The weather was hot and the car did not cool down.

But Lewis became anxious after writing a few papers. So I borrowed a tea warmer knitted by my subordinate, Angelo 'Monk' Giovanni. It was only after several layers of that hot teapot that I felt relieved.

Words are so heavy. Moreover, orders were like heaven.

“Ugh... . . . .”

The three of them were very distressed and sat back down. I picked up my pen and hurriedly started writing down the papers.

Meanwhile, the subordinates continued to relay.

“The unicorn refuses the drug!”

“We decided to separate from the owner!”

“The dosing was successful!”

“Lord Rigel has decided to leave the horse to you!”

“I’m on my way to the farm now!”

“The Knights of the Holy Tree are making horse cages!”

While receiving this real-time report, I finished my work without resting, swinging my pen. Wondering what was going on, I hurried to the farm.

There was no need to go inside and check. The silhouette of a white unicorn was seen over the fence among the trees in the great garden.

The elf knights made a temporary cage on one side of the farm and locked up Windsong. Everyone passing by looked at them. I couldn’t take my eyes off the unicorn hospitalized on the farm.

It wasn't just people.

Directly opposite Windsong was the chicken coop. Although it was still unfinished, it was a magnificent mansion by the standards of chickens. There lived the chicks preparing the womb of a heavy chick and still a little Tiberius.

Until before, they were having fun freely moving back and forth between the house with two windows and the yard surrounded by wire mesh. But suddenly, a huge neighbor moved in and the peace was broken. Everyone gathered together and looked at the unicorn in shock.

"it's okay. it's okay."

Hazel sat, half-dry, soothing the chicks. Then, seeing Lewis, Siegwald, and Cayenne, I jumped up.

“Are you here?”

There was a blush on his face.

Hazel knew what the outsiders were talking about. In such a situation, it was already reassuring to have the busy knights commanders come to visit me like this.

They seemed to be on their side no matter what. I laughed out loud on my own.

“Can I get you a sandwich first?”

“Hey, we weren’t so obsessed with food... ..”

Lewis muttered. But looking at his words and actions, it was an excuse that was not particularly convincing.

Iskanda started the story by stacking up like a mountain of summer sandwiches that Iskanda had already tasted, light and fluffy bread spread with lemon curd.

It was only then that the three guests could understand the circumstances behind them.

The night I bought the refrigerated cupboard, I was so grateful that I didn't just pass by Sir Rigel and tried to help in some way.

It must have been difficult alone, but there are so many people helping in the right place. Isn't that a great example of the saying where there is a will there is a way?

The three thought so.

It was because Hazel was too sarcastic in every part of Sir Valentine's appearance. So I misunderstood that it was someone else who researched the book together, rescued me from the plaza, and took me to the grocery store.

"great."

Sigwald said after sipping a cold iced tea.

“It’s great. If this goes well, it's going to be a big deal in the veterinary world. but... . . .”

A rather dark expression appeared on the honest Warbear's face.

"I know. We don't have much time.”

Hazel nodded.

The knights evaluation test that made them so busy. That was the problem.

The evaluation test of the Holy Knights is held first among the four Holy Knights. There are only 8 days left including today. If Windsong does not recover within it, it will be disqualified from the evaluation test. It loses its qualifications as a war horse belonging to the Knights Templar and is released.

“No need to worry about that.”

said Lewis.

“There are special circumstances for Rigel, so you can take the test later. Anytime things get better.”

“I can't.”

“Hey, what’s wrong?”

Cayenne helped.

"Do not worry. Lorendel is a knowledgeable elf who knows only principles, but at Miss Hazel's request, she will gladly bend her principles."

“That’s why it shouldn’t be.”

Hazel said.

Lewis and Cayenne hesitated. It was only then that I caught sight of Sigwald shaking his head.

“Sir Rigel, the owner of the horse, has already spoken to me.”

Hazel looked at them and said.

“The evaluation test for the Knights Templar should be conducted fairly and transparently. If you do not meet the qualifications by the test date, you will be disqualified. This treatment has not yet been tested. It's an adventure. Still, I can't make you bend the rules just because you've helped me once in the past. I have to make sure that Lord Lorendel keeps what he has been protecting.”

"iced coffee... ..”

Louise and Cayenne finally understood the meaning of Hazel.

On the other hand, it was only after Hazel had said that he thought about it belatedly.

Lewis and Cayenne are Lorendel's precious friends. Even if everyone else tells them to bend their principles, they will stand by Lorendel's side.

Still, making this suggestion means that he thought of Hazel that much. But isn't that a bit too stiff?

"sorry. You deliberately showed me how... ."

"no. no."

Lewis and Cayenne smiled and nodded their heads.

It was their original way of doing things in principle. I was amazed at Hazel's heart as he counted it down to the point of rejecting the offer to go more easily. You want success more than anyone else. Now that I know how much outsiders are being ridiculed for this, it seemed even more amazing.

Lewis shrugged.

Look. I knew it from day one. Because it's not normal.

With that expression, he glanced at his friends. Then I found

In an invisible corner of the table, thinly torn papers were piled up like a mountain.

The three secretly smiled bitterly.

In fact, Hazel was nervous. If he calmed down even for a moment, he was tearing the paper.

must be successful

With that thought, whenever he had a chance, he cared for Windsong with sincerity.

Windsong was trapped in an unfamiliar place and was restless for a day. However, on the second day, as if he was still used to it, he drank the decoction of bokryeong well.

The unicorn was a really beautiful horse.

What impressed me more than anything else was the smooth, shiny mane. Especially at night, it was even more enchanting. While the moonlight, which had taken away his eyesight, shone a particularly brilliant light, Windsong, whose eyes became translucent due to the progress of moon blindness, looked very mysterious.

Hazel stroked the horse's cheek and whispered.

“You will be fine.”

I really believed so strongly.

According to the records of the wandering sage Karam al-Din, this mystical medicine was effective immediately upon ingestion. Because he said he was healed the next day.

However, in that case, it was a young unicorn, and it was taken immediately after symptoms appeared.

Windsong was a grown unicorn. And a considerable amount of time has passed since the symptoms appeared.

It took me that there was such a difference.

Still, Hazel thought it could be done in a week.

Animal time passes differently from human time. Horse time is about 2.5 times faster than human time. So, if it works, you should definitely see relief within a week.

“It will definitely be better.”

Hazel said it again and raised her brush.

The name 'Windsong' was engraved on the oval brush made of hard and smooth wood. It was engraved by Sir Rigel himself. In addition, Windsong's bag was filled with other items that Sir Rigel had wrapped up, such as a comb for combing the tail, hay, grain, and snacks made from apples and oats.

Looking at the frugal but dirty items, I could feel the long-standing love between the two. I also felt a strong determination.

Sir Rigel only met in front of the Imperial Palace and handed him this bag. I avoided even looking into the distant light, fearing that it would interfere with Windsong's adaptation. You will be worried and anxious, but you have made up your mind and entrusted the words of love.

So did others. Hazel-loving and farm-friendly, they paid attention with careful, silent attention. He didn't even look around for fear that it might interfere with Windsong's treatment.

So only the voices of those who looked down and ridiculed were resounding loudly. The atmosphere inside the imperial palace naturally hardened to take this incident as a joke.



Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace

Volume 3

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such a situation, each day went by in a flash.

Finally, the day came when the evaluation test of the Knights of Seongmok was held.

The training ground, which had been quietly submerged, became as lively as it is today. Flags embroidered with the patterns of holy trees flew everywhere.

The wooden railings surrounding the training ground were usually used for movement. But on a day like today, it became a spectator seat. Unlike usual, general viewing was also allowed, so it was full of people who came to watch.

Officials who are immersed in the veterinary world, officials of the imperial palace, scholars, and nobles who are acquainted with them... . It was especially noisy in places where such crowds gathered.

“You finally pushed through that absurd claim!”

“Thanks, it definitely drew attention! her! If the unicorn's moonblindness is cured with such a ridiculous feat, we'll all have to retire!”

“Right! Everyone should change jobs as tribal healers who wear leaf skirts around their waists, bone necklaces around their necks, and wiggle branches.”

“I would love to see you! haha! I am! After all, they are country worms!”

The nobles, who were holding their stomachs and smiling, suddenly felt a cool energy on the back of their heads.

“Huh? Why are you suddenly so cold?”

They all looked back in unison. And it was going to be devastating.

“Lung, Your Majesty!”

The spectators hurriedly split from side to side.

In the middle of it stood the emperor of the empire. It was a majestic figure, with a halo of bright blonde hair and sharp red eyes raised.

“Are you a fisherman here?”

Everyone rushed back to bow down. The errands rushed to set up the grandstand.

Then his Majesty spoke a word.

"stop."

Everyone stopped with a loud noise.

“Never give the impression that I have come.”

And he just stood among the spectators. I took out my opera glasses next to the nobles who were sweating in a cold sweat under the pressure. It was to hide the direction of the gaze.

The sound of the horn rang out.

The elf knights of the Knights Templar began to enter with their own horses. The bystanders looked eagerly between them.

“There! There you are!”

Someone pointed a finger.

Sir Rigel was walking with Windsong among his companions.

But when I looked, the horse was stiff and withdrawn. He was walking back and forth, and when there was nothing, he flinched and tilted his head back.

“Look at that! It has no effect either!”

There was a buzz all around.

Iskanda shifted the direction of the opera glasses. I saw Hazel standing next to the three knights commanders. His face had turned blue.

It looks bad.

he thought

I did see it right.

Hazel can't stand it now, with a stomach ache.

I really did my best. You don't know how hard I cared for you.

But I never knew.

I thought 8 days would be enough. However, the eyes under Windsong's long eyelashes were vague no matter how much he looked into them. It seemed clear, but when I changed the angle, it still looked hazy.

no. It'll turn out okay.

Hazel shook her head.

I looked around to think of something else. I searched among the people to see if Lord Valentine was there, but he was nowhere to be found.

In the midst of tension, the time has finally come.

First, Lorendel stood up. After briefly saying a few words about the history and duties of the Knights of Holy Mok, the test began.

The clerk called the first turn.

“Anaradien Alagos!”

The knight with silver hair braided and a quiver around his shoulder immediately rode out. It was a dignified unicorn.

She skillfully drove her horse through the twelve pillars without hesitation. breathing was tight. Even in the eyes of an outsider like Hazel, he could see at a glance that the horse and the rider were one.

The elf knight and the unicorn then ran through all the test courses, such as jumping obstacles, cutting straw dolls, and crossing puddles without any hesitation.

"Awesome... .."

Hazel looked at him, lost in thought.

After conquering everything to the last course, she jumped off her horse.

“Done.”

"Pass."

The manager's pass was rejected.

Then came the second article. The test was conducted in the same course. He also completed it without difficulty.

The third and fourth were the same. The elf knights proudly showed off the skills they had honed hard over the past quarter.

yet... . . . .

“Riegel Kirov!”

Eventually, his name was called.

Sir Rigel and Windsong ran out. First off it was good.

please... . . . .

Hazel's heart pounded.

They ran through the dirt training ground and entered the first course, lined with twelve columns. Windsong zigzag through between the pillars without hesitation.

can you see the eyes?

Hazel unwittingly pushed herself over the railing. He was ready to jump right away.

However... . . . .

With two left at the end, Windsong's leg slammed against a pole. He almost stumbled for a moment, but he managed to balance.

“That, that.”

There was a commotion among the onlookers.

Apparently, Windsong couldn't see his eyes.

It seemed that it was not because he could see something that he ran out and broke through between the pillars. Thanks to Sir Rigel and the breathing he had learned so far, he seemed to have accomplished even that much.

"No. No way... . . . .”

Hazel bit her lip.

Lewis, Siegwald and Cayenne were very nervous. Without making a sound, they just looked at the training ground.

The exam was approaching the second course.

In the silence, Windsong jumped over the tower-shaped obstacle.

But then, while turning, he erroneously bumped into the fence that marked the area.

wobbly!

The fence broke.

Sir Rigel's face turned pale.

Windsong is blind. The new treatment did not work. Everything was telling me that.

In any case, he persevered and continued the test. However, it seems that the incident just shocked the horse as well.

Windsong did not reach zero speed. It was moving and trembling constantly.

Couldn't it be... . . . .

Hazel was discouraged.

Windsong was a word that could not be seen by anyone.

The imperial magician and assistants who treated Windsong, and those who criticized Hazel, were very arrogant.

“Look at this! What did I say! You have to cry for something to cry!”

“Mongolia is not a disease that can be cured without care! That unicorn is completely blind!”

That was then.

"no... . . . . see!"

Someone mumbled low.

It was Iscanda.

Everyone looked at him in surprise. The nobles asked carefully, wondering if they had heard it wrong.

“Your Majesty, what did you just say?”

“Because he sees eyes!”

No one noticed, but Iskanda was very excited right now.

After concentrating hard and observing the horses and riders, he finally made a discovery. It was such an exciting discovery.

The noble officials around them asked, bewildered.

"your Majesty! Why do you think so?"

“Look over there.”

Iskanda pointed forward.

The front view from the training ground. Above the place where the commander and secretary were gathered, one of the giant flags of the Knights of Holy Mok was falling and hanging obliquely.

“Your Majesty, why is that?”

Then the wind blew. The flag was sobbing as if it was about to fall. Iskanda immediately pointed to Windsong.

“Look.”

Aesthetic running horse suddenly raised its head. Everyone saw it, but they tilted their heads, not knowing the English language.

what is that Have you been saying that until now?

But after a while, the flag fluttered again. Following Sir Rigel's guidance, Windsong, who was on his way to the next course, raised his head again.

what?

People then felt a sense of wonder.

“For some reason, the horse raises its head every time the flag sobs.”

“But isn't it just a coincidence? That's what I've been saying ever since.”

"that's right. I think it's because I'm afraid because I can't see what's ahead."

Everyone expressed their opinion like that.

“No coincidence!”

Iskanda just cut it off and responded.

“There is a reason for such a reaction. The horse's eyes are located on either side of the head, so the field of view is very wide. You can look around without turning your head.”

He hurriedly loosened his ceremonial sword and drew a picture on the dirt floor.

“With the exception of 10 of these 360 degrees, the surrounding 350-degree range comes into the horse's field of vision at once. This allows them to quickly run away when predators appear in the open grasslands.”

Iskanda explained.

“The problem is that the two eyes are separated from each other, so both fields of view play separately. Therefore, it is difficult to determine the exact distance to the target. Is it right that what you see now is dangerous, and how far away it is... . . . . To get that kind of information accurately, you have to focus your eyes in one place.”

The nobles became increasingly interested in His Majesty's explanation.

“How do you focus your eyes?”

“Things that are near are observed by bowing their heads, and those that are far away are observed by raising their heads. Anyone who has lived in the grasslands with unicorns knows the meaning of these gestures well. Windsong is wary of that flag waving silently now. What does that mean?”

Then the flag flew again. Windsong raised his head again.

Everyone widened their eyes.

“No, do you really see it?”

“Are your eyes okay?”

“Did you restore your sight?”

This buzz was widespread. It was passed down from one person to another and eventually flowed into Golden Catsie's pointed golden ears.

Cayenne asked the person next to him.

“Can you see it? What does that mean?”

"I do not know. I don't know what you're talking about, but that unicorn is looking at that white flag over there right now?"

"Yes? A flag?"

Cayenne looked at the fluttering flag. Then I looked at Windsong again.

for a moment. no way... . . . .

This clever cat immediately discovered the secret.

"Unbelievable!"

After one jump, I quickly informed Hazel, Lewis, and Siegwald, who were submerged in the water.

“Windsong has restored his sight!”

Hearing Cayenne's explanation, everyone was excited. Hazel couldn't contain his excitement.

The treatment through the 'Gnome Egg', which was so hard to find, worked. But there was one thing that didn't make sense.

“But why are you doing that when you can see?”

“Poorly... . . . .”

Lewis shook his head.

“I have been ill for so long. It must have been a very painful loss of sight like that. The shock blinded my eyes. Suddenly, the disease is getting better, and even though I can see the future, I don't realize it. Raising your head like that is just an unconscious reflex, you don't even know what you're doing? How frightened, how psychologically depressed... .”

It was the same with horse owners.

I probably won't be able to complete the exam.

Rigel's mind was all dark with that thought.

Still, in order to do my best in front of the general manager and colleagues, I was barely driving the windsong that was faltering... . Other than that, I couldn't see anything, and I couldn't hear anything.

Naturally, he didn't even know that Windsong was reacting instinctively by raising his head.

should let you know

Hazel cried out as she hung on the railing.

“Sir Rigel! Sir Rigel!”

Rigel was driving the hesitant Windsong at that time and making a big turn towards the next course. I heard Hazel's voice after a while since I was concentrating on it.

"Well?"

He was puzzled and raised his head.

I saw Hazel beckoning wildly. The three managers next to him and other people were also beckoning with enthusiasm.

“Show me! you see it! Windsong can see eyes now!”

“But you’re too scared to know!”

“Look at that flag!”

Everyone was shouting and beckoning to the whale whale.

Rigel looked at them with a puzzled face. Then I just realized

"Ah!"

Windsong's eyes are showing!

Unbelievable but it was true. An instinctive gesture to warn of distant predators. This would not have been possible if sight had not been restored.

I see eyes!

A shiver ran through his body.

At the same time, my head turned rapidly.

In the midst of fear and despair, the poor Windsong, who had no awareness, had to be awakened. I had to make him realize that he could see.

The horse's body leaned to one side. Now, Windsong was spinning in a big way toward the three-stage obstacle in front of him as he instructed.

Rigel looked at the crowd once more.

"cheer up! Sir Rigel! cheer up! Windsong!"

I saw Hazel cheering hard, almost hanging from the railing. One hand was holding the fluttering straw hat tightly.

Rigel nodded her head slightly.

Then it suddenly changed direction. He turned and started running towards the left instead of to the right.

"... .. ?"

When the owner suddenly drove with great force, Windsong was bewildered. But it was accelerating.

It was because of faith. It was because of the trust in the owner who had been with them since they were young. Even though he thought he was blind and was still scared, Windsong sprinted off the ground with all his might.

But the direction is... ..

It was a course with automatic dolls for training.

This elaborate giant doll made of solid wood swung a sharp sword in all directions.

"What are you doing!"

Everyone was astonished.

It was the same on the side where Iskanda was standing.

"Crazy! What happened to your hair!"

"To ride a blind horse and jump into a place like that!"

"Why is Sir Blenheim just watching! your Majesty! Stop the test now!"

But the emperor did not pretend to hear.

That article is now throwing the odds. If it goes wrong, you will be seriously injured, but if you succeed, you don't have to part with the horse. It is to risk everything and risk everything on that possibility.

"You are brave."

Iskanda muttered.

In the blink of an eye, Sir Rigel sprinted and ran in front of the gigantic automaton.

The automaton raised its arms high.

The sharp blades glistened in the sunlight. It slammed straight down towards the rider who came in from the front.

"Ahh!"

Everyone covered their eyes and screamed.

What surprised me more than anyone was the wind song.

It was dangerous to see that shiny object flying so heavy that it seemed like it was going to break your head.

Even so, Rigel, as always, took out a shiny object and grabbed it! and did not respond. He didn't even try to avoid it. Rather, he approached closer and plunged into the orbit drawn by that dangerous thing.

Why is the owner doing this? Have you ever eaten maniac grass?

Windsong was very upset.

they are friends When one is in danger, the other helps. We've been together like that for 10 years.

I'll save you!

Windsong twisted his waist with Rigel on his back.

I jumped as hard as I could until my legs were floating in the air. It lifted its two hind legs and hurriedly kicked the enemy with the flashing dangerous object. It was a concentrated blow with all the strength of both legs covered with iron-like muscles.

It's crazy!

The enemy was destroyed at once with a roar. The upper part flew away without a trace.

"Wow!"

The humans screamed in astonishment. Windsong was proud, but suddenly his mind flashed.

What did I do?

He had just realized the danger that Rigel was facing, and struck down the enemy that caused the danger with an exact blow.

What I was able to do was... . . . .

Because I saw it firsthand.

Windsong only then realized.

I see eyes!

His eyesight slowly returned without realizing it, and he was now fully recovered.

Still, like an idiot, he didn't realize it. At the thought of being blinded, the thought of being useless now, he was engulfed in fear.

Now everything is visible!

Windsong felt a surge of joy.

There was a lot of energy in the stride.

Windsong jumped over obstacles one after another as Rigel led. No matter how high the fence was, he stretched his long legs and lightly skipped it. There was no problem in the puddles where traps were installed.

“How could that be! Doesn't it look like you can see ahead?”

“Certainly! You really can see it!”

"no! Apparently, I lost my sight completely due to moonblindness! This cannot be!"

Even if I didn't want to admit it, it was true. Windsong's eyesight was restored.

The faces of the Imperial Magician and his companions turned completely earthy.

Windsong did not hesitate at all now. It ran like a gale, showing off its silvery-white mane that glistened in the sunlight.

Rigel's face was also shining brightly. It was an expression full of pride to run with such a wonderful horse.

While everyone is holding their breath.

Windsong has been sprinting to the center of the training ground after completing all the test courses perfectly in the blink of an eye. It was so fast that its hind legs floated in the air.

Rigel jumped off the horse.

"Done."

Reported to the manager as if nothing had happened.

"Pass."

Lorendel also ruled as if nothing had happened.

In that way, Sir Rigel Kirov's examination ended in the same way as all the other members.

There was only one difference. The faces of the colleagues watching this were shining brightly like the sun.

Rigel just did a great job as usual. As always, our Holy Knights Templar.

They thought so and tried to suppress their emotions, but... . . . .

In the end, I couldn't stand it and applauded.

Each individual's actions, which came from the overflowing heart, resounded with loud applause. This was the first time in the Seongmok Knights HQ, which was always quiet.

But it was worth it.

Any knight riding a unicorn was afraid of moon blindness. I didn't know when I would lose my precious words due to this incurable disease that suddenly attacked me without any warning.

But I finally found a solution.

The elves knew well whose ball this was.

Their gazes filled with gratitude and joy turned to one place all at once like a beam of light.

If humans could reflect light like a mirror, Hazel would be shining the brightest here right now.

“Are you okay? Is it really good?”

Continuing to repeat, Lewis and Cayenne and Siegwald celebrated this achievement.

Couldn't be more proud than this.

It wasn't something I was hoping for in return, so the reward I feel right now is like a great gift.

A beautiful brilliance was added to the painful things that I had been thinking about until my head was broken and walking around until I was exhausted.

And most of all, the farm came to mind. I wanted to go back quickly and share this joy with the soil and the trees and the chicks.

Also, don't miss out on Valentine's Day. I wanted to share this good news with him as well. It would have been impossible without him.

But the test is not over yet.

While many people smiled and watched, the next elf knights appeared one by one.

“Rajesh Iencar!”

“Darius Harpenion!”

Everyone drove their own steeds and completed the test nicely. As always, it finished perfectly with no dropouts.

It was a moment when the elves were not ashamed of the pride and belief that they so emphasized.

“With this, the evaluation test for the Knights of Holy Mok is finished.”

Finally, with Lorendel's words, the test was completely over. The elf knights who lined up at the training ground saluted the knight commander with respect.

After the leader left, Hazel was able to meet the brave knight Rigel and the kind unicorn Windsong again.

Rigel was so moved that he could not continue to speak.

“Miss Mayfield, how should I repay this favor?”

“It was something I wanted to do. And I didn't do it alone. It would not have been possible without help. It's a pity he's not here... .”

Hazel's answer stopped there. This is because Windsong, who was waving its tail next to its owner as if pleasantly, was suddenly startled and blew out a blue nose.

Everyone looked back.

“Has the flag been removed already?”

Lewis tilted his head. Cayenne suddenly clapped her hands.

“No, I was surprised to see Hazel. It was the first time I had ever seen who healed his eyes.”

Hazel burst out laughing.

"no! Your eyes have already healed. I mean, he kept looking at me at my house. You didn't know that, and I just didn't know.”

The horse blew his nose again. Then he bowed his head down. Hazel was startled.

“Lord Cayenne explained that this motion was to measure the distance to the target... . What are you trying to do? You're not trying to bite me, are you?”

Of course not.

Windsong bowed his large head down. He put his face to Hazel and showed affection.

“This means not only has my eyes improved, but I also know very well who I have to look good to in the future!”

Everyone burst out laughing at Lewis' words.

Hazel looked up and smiled. Windsong was very special.

"let's go. I'll give you lots of colorful snacks.”

Everyone turned to go to the farm.

The authorities in the veterinary world, including the Imperial Family, had long since left blushing. So there was nothing more to see, and the spectators could not easily leave. So were the royal servants.

“It was great to see you today! What a reversal!”

"Your Majesty's sudden arrival came and chased me, and I did all these wonderful sights! These are all the blessings of His Majesty... .. uh? Wait a minute!"

“Where have you been?”

The servants looked around in bewilderment.

At that time, Iskanda had already left and was walking. After confirming that no one was around, he opened his face wide.

Today is a historic day for conquering the unicorn's moon blindness. He was very happy that such an achievement was accomplished while he was on the throne.

Not only that. In that important task, he acted as a secret collaborator that no one knew about. There was nothing more wonderful than that.

He returned to the palace in a very pleasant and happy mood.

\* \* \*

“She should have been a palace officer!”

In the hallway of the main building of the palace, a loud voice echoed through the interior of the palace.

Here's how to interpret it: 'I have found a creative talent that has a great personality, excellent intelligence, and warm sensibility, and is suitable for a new era'. In other words, 'I should have become a palace official!' was the best compliment.

Who the hell did you see?

While everyone glanced at them with curious eyes, Cecil, the palace official, responded sarcastically.

“Why would you abandon that good farm and become a palace officer? Park Bong-e, being scolded by his boss for overtime... .”

“How can you be so good even if you don't do it! It's amazing, I'm going to die!”

The minister of the palace did not listen at all to his subordinates. I was so excited that nothing reached my ears.

“Good! I'm going to drive the momentum and conquer the social world! Make them all prisoners! The time has finally come to carry out the plan I've been waiting for!”

And he immediately ran into the audience room. The room was bewildered.

"Wait! Not now! This is the worst time!"

When the minister of the palace office just opened the door without waiting for the servant's reply, he was in full swing inside.

"... .. Truly a great achievement! A great discovery that will shake up the veterinary world! Put aside your personal feelings, you should be awarded the highest national medal! Right Now!"

The excited person was not the only one instead of the royal family.

Lorendel, whose face had turned red, was praising hard. He pretended to be calm in front of others, but in fact, he was more moved than anyone else.

So I've been preparing all night long. It was a very good report that elaborate tree vine decorations, little hazel, little Rigel, and little windsong moved themselves.

When the minister of the palace appeared in this situation, Lorendel became very shy. As his gaze turned to the noisy report, he even wanted to die.

"Hmmm."

The minister of the palace had perfect etiquette, so he pretended not to see him and turned his gaze away.

Anyway, I could see why Cecil said the timing was bad. Looking at His Majesty's long eyes, he thought.

It was the worst time ever.

If I had known what His Majesty was thinking inside now, I would not have believed it.

The audience has increased by one. that is great.

Iskanda slammed the desk with a smile of conversion inwardly! hit it It was a desk with a lot of protruding nails that had been prepared in advance.

“This is ridiculous! It's just a coincidence! Knowing this, I called the sage in advance and ordered the experiment! Answer me, Rastavan! That mysterious monster called 'Gnome Egg' has no value, right?”

“Eh, that's... . . . .”

Sage Rastavan was sweating profusely.

He, too, had no doubt that the 'Gnome Egg' was worthless garbage. However, as he conducted detailed analysis, his face gradually became more earthy.

“Actually, it was an excellent medicine.”

"what?"

bang! Iskanda slammed the desk again. The sage flinched.

“Yes, it is true. Among the foreign peoples in the north, it was already known as 'Bokryeong' as a valuable medicinal herb. What you call is called value. Coincidentally, the red pines of Mt. Arcane were perfectly matched to those growing in the lands of the northern peoples outside the imperial territories.”

"No way! Then we have no choice but to acknowledge this achievement!”

bang!

“I think you should. 'Gnome Egg' is a very valuable treasure. It was like discovering a gold mine.”

Rastavan closed his eyes and said everything he had to say. The wise man is such a law.

Thanks to this, Iskanda was able to nail all the nails to the desk. And I was able to live up to the expectations of those around me.

I felt very good.

My acting skills are very good. Even compared to the actors of the Avalon troupe, we will not be left behind.

As I was immersed in such thoughts, I suddenly heard the voice of the minister of the palace.

“The Avalon troupe is great.”

Iskanda was startled.

Did I just mumble out loud? Or has that snarky Lysander finally mastered mind-reading?

“Your Majesty, they have prepared a very good performance this time too. But your Majesty doesn't like nightlife, do you?”

Oh no.

Iskanda answered with confidence.

"Sure. How many times have I told you I don't have time for that?"

He discovered that some high-ranking aristocrats were money laundering with really expensive balsamic vinegar. There were also signs of a gang forming as violent criminals from the docks flowed into the capital. This had to be tackled at the outset.

So it was very busy.

“Yes, you will.”

The minister of the palace nodded his head.

“Of course you won't have time to see a show like this. Anyway, this time, just looking at the title of the performance, it seemed like my tantrums were going to rise. Then I will notify the Avalon Opera. His Majesty this time also said that he had no intention of going for the entire duration of the performance. In addition to the top seats, I just take care of this invitation for the VIP seats sent as a gift.”

He bowed politely and left.

for a moment. Is something strange?

Iskanda looked into the program he had left behind. When I saw the title of the show, I jumped.

"This... .. ?"

It seemed that he suddenly understood why the minister of the palace had left with so much hesitation. Lysander, who is always trying to somehow help the small farm without her own knowledge, has finally decided to get a job.

"opera. It's an opera house. no way... .. . You don't think so, do you?"

Iskanda was perplexed. It was also regrettable.

I just wanted to pick up the words that I had no intention of going to the opera house and put them back.

## 8. A Million Petal Rose for the Bridesmaid's Viscount

Summer is the season when everything grows. After sleeping one night, the scenery outside the window is different.

The growing season, when farmers had to chase and take care of each other, is over. Now leave it to the power of nature.

I have more leisure time than spring. But it cannot be neglected. Pests, pests, heavy rain, hail, animal attacks... . . . You never know when something will break the peace of the farm. The farmer must always be vigilant and pay attention to everything.

Hazel went out to the garden at dawn.

In the early morning sunlight, the green leaves formed a refreshing wave.

I went into the sea and looked at the various crops that had grown to reach my waist one by one. The twinkling green eyes never missed any little thing that happened on the farm.

Are there no yellow dried leaves? Are there no white spots? Aren't harmful bugs hiding?

There was no problem.

Hazel pulled out the weeds that had grown vigorously in one day. He took a pitchfork with a long pole and gathered it to one side.

As he was working so hard, a group of knights ran from the opposite direction over the fence.

They were vampire boy knights running in the morning.

When they saw Hazel out, their faces brightened and they blinked at each other. Black haired Julien came out as the representative.

"Hello! You said something good happened to the farm?"

"Oh, right!"

Hazel answered with a broad smile.

"It's not just a good thing, it's a very good thing. My heart is excited already. But how did you know?"

"These rumors spread very quickly. Miss Mayfield, congratulations. We are all proud of that honor."

"Yes? Are you really proud of it?"

Hazel exclaimed with a recalled face.

"Thank you for being so happy. Our first spinach harvest on our farm!"

"... .. Yes?"

The boy knights were bewildered. Hazel was also confused.

"Isn't that what you were talking about?"

"Yes. We were talking about national awards. You won an award for discovering a solution to the treatment of moon blindness. Did you just completely forget that? Have you been pushed by spinach and disappeared into the other side of your memory?"

Cicero asked, scratching the bridge of his nose. Everyone said, 'That ignorant bastard!' He secretly stepped on his foot and stabbed him in the back.

"no! Only this guy was talking about it, and we all talked about spinach!"

"The spinach harvest is the best thing in the world!"

"I am so proud that my spinach is already grown!"

Everyone cheered loudly. We also had a moment to commemorate the rich and coveted appearance of the spinach field.

Hazel couldn't help laughing at their serious look.

It was me who didn't really notice.

Rather than ridicule Hazel, who was preoccupied with spinach more than the glory of a national reward, he threw away the prize and celebrated the harvest together.

Again today, I felt the true humanity of the vampires.

It seemed that the spinach harvest would go well with their energy.

In fact, Hazel was very excited. However, since it was the first harvest of this horse chestnut farm, it seemed to be paid reverently.

Once I went out with a sharp knife I bought from a foreign merchant at the night market in Rochelle.

Harvesting spinach is simple. All you need to do is cut off the outer, well-grown leaves.

Cut the stem close to the root. If the flower stalk is up, cut it too. This is because the spinach leaves are relatively tasteless because they consume a lot of nutrients to bloom.

All of the spinach Hazel has cared for all spring has grown well with lush greens. You can feel the elasticity in the leaves. I was taught to cut off the withered or yellowed leaves, but there was little to touch.

When I got such a great harvest, I was automatically excited. Despite the scorching sun, I did not know that it was hot and I did not know that I was thirsty. My hands danced wildly.

Soon, a large basket filled with fresh spinach.

Originally, they were just a handful of tiny seeds in a paper bag in a bag. But in just two months, he became rich with spinach.

Once again I felt the greatness of farming.

Hazel came home with a basket full of spinach.

If you keep it wet by mistake, it will rot quickly. Wrap it in paper to absorb moisture and place it in a cool cupboard.

Before that, I didn't forget to leave out a pile of spinach, which looked the freshest and most delicious.

Of course it was a cooking ingredient. From the moment I thought I was going to pick spinach, I had already decided.

The first dish is quiche.

The first spinach leaves harvested on the farm will be the ingredients for egg bread, or quiche. Fresh eggs, mushrooms, and bacon have already been prepared.

Hazel first sizzled bacon. When it is browned well, take it out and drain the oil. Chop the crispy bacon like a cookie into an appropriate size.

Then, I laid out plenty of cut spinach on top of the pre-made pie crust. Stir-fried onions and mushrooms and topped with bacon. Since spinach harvested for the first time on the farm is the main character, only enough spinach is added to enhance the flavor of the spinach. However, there was plenty of cheese. Because I thought spinach and cheese go very well together.

Finally, the creamy egg water was poured over the top. And then baked in the oven until golden brown.

The delicious smell permeated the whole house.

Hazel took out the spinach quiche with a fluttering heart.

The yellow color of cheese and eggs and the green color of spinach go very well together. The thick, swollen part was well baked in a brown color, making it look even more appetizing.

As a test, I cut one piece.

Mushrooms and slices of bacon and onion strewn across the ripe spinach, along with eggs and cheese. It looked really appetizing.

Now, shall we try the food made from the first harvest of the farm?

Hazel cut a corner of the spinach quiche and put it in her mouth. Without realizing it, he closed his eyes and tasted it carefully.

And I was surprised.

“It can be so delicious!”

Admiration came spontaneously.

It was good to add more spinach than usual recipes.

The freshly picked spinach, carefully raised on the farm, was fragrant and sweet. Even though it was thoroughly cooked, the crunchy taste was just right.

It was spinach that received the energy of the sun hard throughout the spring. The taste went fantastically well with the hot melted cheese. In addition, bacon, onions and mushrooms added a special flavor, making it feel like a first-class dish.

One piece disappeared in an instant.

Hazel quickly cut another piece. It also disappeared quickly, so I cut another piece.

“What kind of spinach tastes so good?”

I thought I could eat it all. However, it was served on a plate, well covered with a lid, and taken to the refrigerated cupboard.

This is a must try!

Hazel thought.

The one to taste was, of course, Sir Valentine.

After walking around the square to investigate together, the news stopped. So it's time to show up again.

Lord Valentine was a very strange knight. But after spending time together several times, I learned a few things.

First of all, the food he usually eats didn't fit his mouth well. The proof of that was that he emptied his dishes when he came here. The appearance was completely urban, but the taste was completely rural. So, how much pain do you usually have?

okay. In case you don't know, let's bake a few more plates.

Hazel thought.

It seemed like it would be good to make all the spinach I have now stored into quiche.

To do that, more materials were needed.

It is impossible to work in the fields in the middle of summer when the sun is scorching so that all the hair is shed.

At this time, farmers eat saengcham, take a nap, or do a side job that can be done indoors.

And Hazel came to the market.

In Rochelle, and in other cities before that, the original market was also fond of.

The market in the capital was especially fun to visit. Since land is expensive, you can see the true scenery of displaying as many items as possible in a small space. Fruits and vegetables were stacked like tall towers as if each store were competing with each other.

Hazel went around those markets, buying eggs, bacon, mushrooms and onions. I bought a bag of small but sweet peaches because they just came out.

After walking around hard, my throat was dry. I bought a glass of thin wine, as they sell a drink that is chilled with sliced fruit from the market.

I sat down on a stone chair in the market and was about to drink it, but suddenly a paper the size of a door stuck in a small bookstore across from me caught my eye.

'Republishing of the sold-out <Journal du Salon> July issue!'

eyes lit up.

It was a salon newsletter I saw at a fake farm food stall in the square. The owner cut and pasted a short article about the horse chestnut farm for advertising purposes. There was nothing special about it, but it felt special. When Lord Valentine tried to remove the knight, he was also scolded by the owner.

Hazel quickly went to the bookstore.

"This is the salon newsletter that came out on the 1st of this month, right? Did you really film it again?"

"okay."

"why?"

"Neither do we. I just got it because it came out. It sells well."

"how much is this?"

"Nine silver."

“Give me a copy.”

Hazel quickly paid the price and bought the newsletter.

You can be so lucky!

When I returned to the farm, I organized the things I bought. Then he washed his hands and opened the newsletter. With a pounding heart, I published a short article titled 'Mrs. Palmer's Salon Short: A Small Blast Caused by Fresh Farm Cooking'.

How could our family farm be printed like this!

Hazel cherished the article in his farming notebook. Then, without thinking, I flipped through the newsletter.

As the title suggests, this monthly magazine was a journal introducing salons run by noble women.

The story about the salon of Grand Duchess Athena, who is currently the tallest lady in the Empire, occupied the most weight. In addition to that, there were several salons in the Empire that were monopolized in popularity and envy. The magazine dealt in detail with every move of the high-ranking girls, such as the royal family, the daughter of the duke, and the daughter of a general.

Then came the historical story. What kind of place the salon is, and what role it has played so far... . There was also a special article about the opening party that Hazel had already held, 'Louverture'.

Isn't this more fun than you think?

Hazel washed her face, put on her pajamas, and sat down on the bed. As I drank herbal tea sips at a time, I fell in love with the magazine without realizing the passage of time.

A fight for pride and a power struggle over the salon between the highest-ranking women. The women of the big bosses who used the salon as a means to manipulate the political world and to draw a big picture of the state affairs. Great salons that started small and insignificant, but spread out and eventually dominated an era.

The background of all this history was the Imperial Palace here. Main Building, Crescent Palace, Knights Training Ground... . . . They were all places Hazel knew. As the vivid sense of place was added, I had no choice but to immerse myself in it.

Is this a whole new world?

Hazel devoured the newsletter until her eyes reddened.

Suddenly, I heard a loud cry of an owl at night.

"Ah!"

Hazel came to his senses. I looked at my pocket watch and was horribly surprised. It was three in the morning.

"Unbelievable! If you are a farmer, you should go to bed early!"

He hurriedly turned off the lamp and sat down.

The cost of sleeping late was obvious.

When I woke up the next morning, I saw an uninvited guest on my forehead. It was a large, very painful pimple.

After washing her face, Hazel hurriedly looked through her bag. But nothing could calm the big pimples. I went out to pick up some herbs in a hurry.

At that moment, I almost screamed.

Who was standing in front of the chicken coop?

He was a minister of the palace, boasting a unique manner to enter at the same time as knocking, but did not even do that today.

“Instead! When did you come?”

“Oh, Miss Hazel.”

He pointed to the chicken coop.

“These are interesting, so I took a look. You've grown a lot already. After all, when we grow up, shall we exchange food with the guys in our house?”

"Yes?"

Hazel was shocked.

“I'm not raising these chicks to eat.”

“Then why are you raising them?”

"I do not know. just... .. The interior.”

"However... .. .”

These guys and the chicken that Ms. Hazel cooks deliciously every day, it's the same thing.

The minister of the palace swallowed those words.

'As the chickens grow, let's swap them.' This was said to be an authentic rural peasant painting. So I memorized it on purpose.

"done. sorry. We don't even have chickens in our house anyway."

He said so and looked at the chicks again. Then he pointed to Tiberius.

"By the way, is this guy a new kid?"

"no. Strangely, I'm the only one who grows up late. If this continues, I'll have to take him to the vet."

"Leave it. let it go It's small and cute."

The minister of the palace grinned and picked up a basket of chicks. I was excitedly spraying it, and then suddenly I was shocked.

"wait. What am I doing now? I didn't come here to play!"

"Oh really? You came to play... . . . Then why did you come?"

"I brought you a surprise present."

The minister of the palace took out an envelope from his arms and held it out. Hazel took the envelope and opened it.

There were two tickets.

"What's this? Opera tickets?"

"okay. Suddenly there is a free ticket. But there's no one to go see with."

"Don't be kidding, sir. People are lining up."

"Because it's real! The only person I can ask for is Miss Hazel. So, would you like to go to the opera with me?"

"Thank you, but I have to harvest spinach."

"Uh-huh, before you cut it, take a look at the title. <Power Romance>. This is an opera about farming!"

"Yes?"

For a moment, Hazel forgot the pain of the pimple on her forehead.

Opera tickets usually cost a few gold. It was a different story for Hazel, who lived as a commoner with only a noble name. I've never paid much attention to it until now.

However, it is different when it comes to agriculture. There was an interest that I didn't have. Hazel asked, pricking her ears.

"Are you really talking about farming?"

"okay. It's a bit like Miss Hazel's situation. It is a story about a young man who is a native of the capital, who suddenly acquired land and became a farmer."

"I think the artwork will be very good just by listening to the content!"

"of course. Just looking at the storyline is very moving. This Sunday is the first performance, so let's go watch it with me. I don't have to pay back what I've been getting. I will buy you delicious coffee and cake from the coffee house."

“Hmm. So shall we?”

When Hazel agreed, the minister of the palace was very happy.

"like. I thought very well. Really, but that's it. According to the etiquette of going to the opera, there is one thing you need to prepare before you go.”

“What is it?”

"toilet water."

“Are you applying it to your face?”

"okay. Operas usually perform two or three copies a day, don't they? When several people are together in an enclosed space, the air becomes stuffy. In particular, it is said that dry skin is a concern for women. Therefore, during intermission, I add a few drops of lotion to refresh my mood. There is a culture where people borrow good lotion from each other.”

"AHA... . . .”

Hazel nodded.

"that's right. I'm still running out of things to put on my face. I was in need of a refreshing lotion for summer. But because I can't use it as a material... . . .”

That was then.

One thing I had completely forgotten came to mind. Hazel shouted like a scream.

"Oh! Merlin!”

"Merlin? Florist Merlin Cardinal?"

The minister's eyes widened.

"How does Miss Hazel know the man? It was not easy for me to talk to him because he was so short-tempered and stubborn."

"Yes? Not at all? We met by chance during the last 'Flower Ball' and we talked for a while."

Hazel smiled pleasantly for a moment as he recalled talking with him about the rare Midnight Rose. It's always nice to meet people with similar interests.

"Mr. Merlin told me many interesting stories about roses. You say that his brother is the chief gardener of the Imperial Rose Garden 'Rosarium'?"

"that's right. Draco Cardinal."

"Yes. It was such a name. Draco said he would definitely like me, and he told me to go out and pick roses anytime. 'Cause I'm going to lose it soon anyway. I heard that and thought. I wish I could make rose water from the coveted roses of the Imperial Palace."

At the farm, I once made rose water with my two sisters. It was a happy memory.

"The number of roses in the market is unbelievable. I like to make it by distilling my own roses with a good scent. But after the prom, various things happened, so I completely forgot what it was. I don't know if it's too late by now."

"No! Let's go together right now!"

The minister of the palace immediately pushed his back. He seemed to be more urgent than Hazel.

Aren't you going to work?

Hazel tilted her head and followed.

The Rose Garden of the Imperial Palace was located behind the Crescent Moon Palace, where the ball was held.

An elegant signboard called 'Rosarium' hung from an arch embroidered with white rose vines. Upon entering, the scent of summer roses filled the air.

It was a really beautiful rose garden.

According to Merlin's explanation, the Palatine XIII Empress Sophia, who loved roses, built this place. She brought roses from all directions in the empire and grew them in this garden. Many roses became extinct over the years, but more than 250 species remained. Among them, there were dozens of summer roses alone.

But I guess it was too late.

“Why are you here so late?”

The chief gardener, Draco, greeted the guests with a troubled face.

“After the imperial family fully appreciates the scenery of the rose garden, they are free to do whatever they want. The high-ranking people who were only targeting at that time have already sent their maids and took them all. Picking only the finest and most expensive roses.”

“Hey, isn't there something you've been hiding in secret? Just tell us a little bit.”

“Not really. Really. Come a little early.”

"it's okay."

Hazel laughed softly.

“Because the roses I want remain intact.”

Saying so, he pointed to the fence.

Growing along the fence were roses of a species called 'Centifolia'. It was called cabbage rose or white leaf rose because of the numerous thin petals in the flower cluster.

Draco had a puzzled expression on his face.

“Lady, aren't those just hybrid roses that decorate the fence? These roses only serve as bridesmaids... .”

"what?"

Instead, it was a flagship.

"No! Hey, Draco! Come on, bring me the precious roses! The empress's roses boasting flowers as large as a tray! A rare breed worth one million gold raised in a glass box! Even when the nobles of the Empire heard their name, they would say, 'Wow!' And bring me treasures that will fall apart!"

He pushed Draco into a corner, with a strap around his neck. Hazel quickly ripped it open.

"no! I love this rose! Draco knows better than anyone. This is the Imperial Rose Garden. This is where the most precious roses in the country gather. Why did you have to plant that hybrid rose here?"

Draco answered in a sweat.

“Yeah, because it smells good... ..”

“That’s it! You used this strong scent to decorate a space called a rose garden. Even the top rose expert, Mr. Draco, acknowledged it. That this rose smells wonderful. The best thing to make rose water is this rose. Amabelle, Gremory, Violet Bride... .. I would have chosen this centifolia rose no matter what kind it was.”

"okay?"

The Minister of Home Affairs released Draco just then.

“If Miss Hazel says so, then it must be true. Excuse me. This rose water must be the best.”

Hazel said quickly.

"Do not worry. I'll give you a few bottles of the best."

"uh? What do I use rose water for?"

Instead, he smiled. Then he jumped and shouted.

"Oh! Go to work!"

"no wonder. Why didn't you go?"

“Then I’ll see you. When the rose water is finished, I will go take a look.”

"Please."

The minister of the palace went out of the Burinake Rose Garden. After he disappeared, Hazel looked at Draco.

“Hey, I shouldn’t be asking about such a personal thing, but I’m asking because I’m worried that I might make a mistake. The minister of the palace has a wife, right? So, Countess Albert.”

"Ah... . . . ."

Draco, who had such a hard time coming up with a word, said, 'That's the story.' I thought and answered.

“I don’t know because the young lady has just entered the Imperial Palace. Countess Albert died at the age of less than twenty-five. The high priest did not remarry after that because he could not forget the Countess.”

"Oh yeah?"

Hazel was surprised.

The minister of the palace must have had such a past... . . . .

I couldn't guess at all. Instead of the palace interior, various appearances came to me anew.

You are surprisingly romantic.

Hazel thought. When I think of the couple who died at a young age, my heart pounded and I felt a deep affection for them.

But that's it, and the question is still unresolved.

“Then, do you have any daughters from the Minister of the Palace?”

“You have no children with you. You serve only the imperial family.”

"okay? thank you for telling me. Then it has nothing to do with your family, does it?"

"What?"

"Rose demand. He worked so hard to pursue it, I thought he was trying to bring rose water to his wife or daughter."

"Well, let's come. Is there a law that says to whom? You must be trying to use it."

"Ah, indeed! It is a misconception that only women will like rose water. It's useful for both men and women. Do you know Draco?"

"then! then! Isn't rose water used for disinfection in the temple where the priests live? It is useful to everyone."

"In that sense, I'll give you a few bottles of something good for Draco. Will you accept it?"

"Thank you!"

Draco smiled softly.

He really wanted the rose water.

The owner of this small farm was, as he said, a very funny little girl. Above all, I was able to fully imagine the quality of the rose water by choosing the hybrid Centifolia.

Hazel, guided by Draco, took a closer look at the roses on the fence and returned to the farm.

It would have been nice to pick roses at all, but now is not a good time when the sun is shining brightly. Because all the scent was gone. The best time to gather flowers to make rose water is early in the morning before sunrise.

The chief gardener, Draco, cooperated with all his might, even though it was early in the morning. He even put the roses on the fence in advance for Hazel.

In fact, it didn't have to be. No visitors to the rose garden paid any attention to the hybrid roses on the fence.

Hazel picked each centifolia rose and cherished it. After filling the large basket, he stepped on the dew and returned to the farm.

And I started working right away.

To make rose water, you first need a large pot.

Wrap the washed petals around the edge of the pot. A large stone was placed in the middle of the empty space. A bowl for receiving rose water was placed on the stone.

Pour clean distilled water over the rose petals. And close the lid of the pot. It should be turned upside down with the handle down.

Heaps of ice were piled on top of the lid. And boiled the pot.

Rosy dew, distilled in the pot, began to pool in the bowl. I changed the ice several times and boiled it with all my heart.

After a while, a bowl full of rose water gathered. The scent of roses filled the small kitchen.

The scent of roses that had leaked from the small farmhouse spread over the fence. A fragrant fog fell over the tree-lined Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace.

The scent that had left the garden was met with numerous other scents there. It was the perfume of the nobles, the smell of leather and metal, the smell of horses, dogs, and cats they carried.

The scent of roses fought hard, but in the end, it disappeared without a trace.

The imperial palace is so busy and bustling.

Among them, in the most frantic office building, the Emperor of the Empire was working without rest.

Do you really want to live life like this?

I kept having that question.

I learned a lesson from the wise man to take a break and do it. After that, I still tried hard to practice.

But again, things have gone crazy.

He's been very busy the last few days.

After paying attention to this and other things because of vietnam, when I reviewed the evaluations posted by the commanders of each knight, government affairs were pushed back.

It was just reading and stamping. But if you don't look at it like that, it's definitely something an idiot could have caused an accident. It didn't happen once or twice. No matter how busy I was, I couldn't get past it. As a result, things just got pushed back indefinitely.

But today, I will definitely leave work on time.

he decided

With great concentration, I somehow managed to finish the pile of documents within 6 pm. and told the servants.

“I’m going to practice swordsmanship for a while.”

That's what it meant.

Dangerous objects will fly around. Or maybe you can fly.

“Yes, Your Majesty! I will not disturb you!”

The servants fled in confusion.

Iskanda frightened everyone and chased them away, then hurried to the room. After disguising, he sneaked out.

When he set foot in the great garden, he could finally smell the scent. It was a fragrance that stimulated the curiosity of many people all day long.

rose scent?

Iskanda stopped following the scent.

A voice came from the farm.

My feet stopped earlier than my brain recognized. At the same time, his presence disappeared through the trees. After completely hiding with a reaction rate more sensitive than the wild animal, he finally listened.

It was the voice of the minister of the palace.

I was here too!

He approached sneakily. The sound was coming from the kitchen. He hid himself in the blind spot of his gaze and looked inside the open window.

“The scent is stronger than fresh flowers! How did you do it?”

The minister of the palace was truly amazed and could not continue to speak. Hazel was nowhere to be seen. Only a voice was heard

“I used steam to capture incense. If you put ice on top of the lid to condense it, you can only collect the thick concentrate.”

“I did! It's a really nice scent! After all, Miss Hazel is the best! That's enough! What a great lotion to take to the opera house!”

Instead of the palace minister, his mouth caught his ear very much.

Lysander... .. !

Iskanda's stomach simmered.

confirmed with this

I hoped! You were really planning on taking me to the opera house! Like an opera house!

As soon as I saw the title of <All Romance>, I immediately felt it. This was for Hazel fishing. I had no choice but to go fishing.

What are you thinking!

Iskanda wanted to talk to Hazel a bit. However, the minister of the palace reclined comfortably on the chair at the dining table.

Can't you go fast?

Iskanda looked at him.

Instead of going, the minister of the palace picked up something from the plate next to him. He took a bite and burst out in exasperation.

“This is so amazing! Was it that spinach was such a delicious vegetable? Made with spinach grown by Miss Hazel, this quiche is a special treat! I'm going to eat them all!”

“Don't worry, eat a lot.”

Now I see it was a spinach quiche.

Iskanda looked at him, forgetting all his thoughts for a moment.

Spinach quiche. It's a name that sounds really unattractive.

However, this quiche captivated people just by its color. It is ripe to a golden golden color.

If it was baked with such great skill, it would be delicious even if it were a sponge. wait. Did you add bacon too?

Iskanda couldn't take her eyes off the spinach quiche on the plate. As I was a little confused, I almost took one step closer.

That was then.

“What kind of rose is this?”

“I just can’t get past it!”

The voices of women were heard. It was the palace officers who had left work.

Hazel answered from somewhere in there.

“I picked a bunch of centifolia roses from the Imperial Rose Garden. Now I am making rose water with it.”

“Rose water?”

Everyone squirmed inside. The kitchen was noisy.

“... ..”

Iskanda became futile.

What did you leave on time for?

As he turned around, in the chicken coop opposite the yard, Tiberius saw him and flapped his wings.

Let's live without saying goodbye.

He gestured with that meaning.

And silently fled the place.

next day.

Iskanda diligently stamped the paperwork.

But the national bird kept missing. It seemed that he was trying to follow the owner's uncomfortable examination.

Meanwhile, young male courtiers brought back a mountain of documents.

“Your Majesty, I am sorry. Actually, we all had nothing to do last night. The Minister of Home Affairs left work on time.”

“I thought I was going to take a break, but then what do I do? It is better to end it quickly.”

“For your information, the minister said that he will leave work on time today as well. So we can make this much tomorrow.”

There is nothing in the world that you cannot adapt to. As the regime changed, they soon became accustomed to murderous work.

It was a very desirable thing, but when the story came out instead of the Ministry of the Interior, Iskanda felt uncomfortable again. Even though I think it's dignified, because my heart doesn't go as it pleases... . . . .

“It’s better than the emperor to leave work on time as you want.”

I spit out a word.

The palace officials burst out laughing. It was because he thought that His Majesty, who was always strict and rigid, had been joking in a long time.

“Actually, you are busy these days. You are preoccupied with some new mission.”

"Know. watching an opera. I know who I am going with."

The palace officials were stunned.

"Did you know? Your Majesty really knows nothing about sitting in this office."

"Actually, we wanted to dry it out somehow. But unfortunately, our boss isn't a stubborn pro-peasant who doesn't listen to anything?"

Iskanda questioned the unfamiliar word.

"Pro-peasant?"

"That's what they call these days. It refers to people who suddenly expressed a friendly attitude to that free-spirited space that appeared in the middle of the Imperial Palace one day."

"Don't the mere existence of such a neologism prove that our majesty the Emperor guarantees freedom of thought? It would have been unimaginable in previous times. How wonderful is this?"

"It's flattering."

Iskanda showed a displeased expression on her face.

"I hate opera houses. Isn't the Avalon Opera a den of prodigals? Infested with flirts!"

He finally revealed his secrets.

That's the reason I didn't like all of this.

"Yes. Don't be debauched."

The chatty palace officer Joshua chimed in. Everyone chimed in one word at a time.

"It's a story we're talking about, but the truth is, the opera house is a place where a country girl shouldn't step in."

"that's right. It's full of playboys who have their eyes turned on to see what they can do with the innocent girls who yearn for the glamorous social world."

"How many times have girls from the countryside who came up from a country estate to try to enter the social world once or twice have their noses sewn up after they fall for a half-faced flirt?"

"Parents fall by the back of their necks, but there is nothing they can do about a child who is already in the belly. Anyway, that's a very sad and unfortunate thing... ."

Palace Officer Joshua squinted his eyes.

"If the troubles disappear like this, wouldn't it be true that you don't touch it and make a huge profit? Congratulations, Your Majesty."

what and how?

Iskanda groaned. Unknowingly, the power was put into his hands, and the legislation to protect irregular workers was crumpled up.

"What are you talking about!"

Crown Prince Sesil rebuked him.

"Our Majesty is not like that! He is not the one who drives the people out like that without blood or tears!"

"Yes. Everyone is misunderstood."

"Look at it! Your Majesty will follow the due process and drive you out without blood or tears! Is that right, Your Majesty?"

"... .."

The palace officials did not realize that His Majesty the Emperor's face had become very strange.

"Well, anyway, the minister will escort the head of the pro-Nong faction directly, so such an unfortunate incident won't happen."

"Hmm. Well. The more prodigal gentlemen, the more they can't use their four legs when they see an innocent girl. It is like a lamb thrown into the den of wolves."

"But what kind of flirt would dare approach a young lady whom the Minister of the Interior treats like a niece? It's just a sloppy thing to do."

"But then, is the High Minister intending to formally introduce the young lady to the social world under your own name?"

"That seems to be how things are going, but his real purpose must be different."

"what is that?"

"If I knew that, I wouldn't be scolding the High Minister for being stupid. Anyone can guess?"

"Well. I don't know at all."

Iskanda was listening to them while crumpling the paper.

was concerned

I cared too much.

because... . . .

Because she shouldn't be self-destructing like this. It had to be defeated cleanly through a fair land battle with the emperor.

Iskanda couldn't stand it any longer and jumped up.

“I think I should go for a while.”

"Yes? your Majesty? Where are you going?"

“Don't follow me!”

The courtiers were astonished.

His Majesty the Emperor was a hardworking and conscientious man. It's the first time I've seen him run away from work.

wait a minute Let's take a quick peek at what's going on.

Iskanda hurried to her room. But I couldn't even take a few steps.

"your Majesty! In relation to the period of special strengthening of security in the capital, which you ordered, we have selected a list of hardline police officers. This is the time to thoroughly eradicate the danger zone.”

"your Majesty! As you said last time, I have come up with more than seven proposals for new weights and measures here."

"your Majesty! As you said, there were forests of red pine trees in other peaks of Arcane Mountain where 'Gnome Eggs' could be grown. This is the map."

He was completely surrounded by state affairs like this.

It was not because of diligence that the bureaucrats came running with their lights on. It was because he had learned the hard way that if he couldn't keep up with the speed of His Majesty's work, he would only be exhausted.

This absolute monarch did not like courtiers or clowns. I liked a person who did a good job.

But for this moment, their diligence puzzled the absolute monarch. Not to mention the strengthening of public security, all of them were serious issues, so it could not be postponed.

Your Majesty, did I do well?

These bureaucrats who firmly believe that they will be praised for doing their homework diligently. There was no way out because of the bureaucrats who flirt like loyal dogs.

When the hell did I get so much work?

To make matters worse, Catsie, who was walking down the imperial palace corridor while eating cheese bread, saw this.

Instead of helping a friend who was in trouble, the golden cat stood up crookedly and complained.

“Hey, Your Majesty! How long will you be thinking about it? We must quickly give a big prize to the good people who cured the unicorn's moon blindness! We want to party quickly!”

Iskanda was completely thrown into a dilemma.

driving me crazy!

There was only a silent scream.

If he had really screamed, the sound would not have escaped the chaotic battlefield of the Imperial Palace Main Building.

Hazel on the farm next door to the battlefield was unaware that Lord Valentine was in this situation.

Aren't you coming today?

I put the prepared spinach quiche back in the refrigerator as soon as it was baked.

The same thing has been happening over and over again for several days.

I'm ready and waiting, but it doesn't come. So, in the end, Hazel is roasted and eaten.

The quiche made with spinach harvested from the farm was so delicious that I never got tired of eating it. That's fortunate... . . . .

Spinach had a limited period of freshness.

What if it doesn't show up until it withers away?

It would be perfect for Sir Valentine's country palate. I'm sure you'll be surprised by taking a bite.

Hazel paused as she walked across the kitchen with that thought.

I glanced at the open window. He walked over to him and poked his head out the window. I had the courage to look up at my neighbor's huge palace, which I had always unconsciously turned away from.

The biggest room was lit up.

I see.

Hazel nodded.

Since the emperor is so busy, the imperial knight, Valentine, must also be very busy.

That was the time I was thinking and looking at it. Behind the curtains in the windows of the Imperial Palace, a tall shadow caught a glimpse.

“... .. !”

Hazel was startled and quickly hid behind the curtain.

My heart was pounding. It took a moment to calm the startled heart.

let's do some work

He shook his head and calmed himself down.

I went to the kitchen and opened the lid of the pot. After collecting the thick rosy dew that had just been distilled, I poured water again and started boiling it.

\* \* \*

The short spinach harvest at Horsemann Farm is over.

It wasn't enough to sell anywhere. To share, though, there was no one around who could cook this.

In the end, I had no choice but to eat.

Fresh spinach was piled up in the bottom compartment of the refrigerator.

After all, the harvest is over, so Hazel can go to the opera house in a more relaxed mood.

It didn't have to be a dress, so I took out the best outfit and wore a hat that I loved. Also, there was something to keep in your handbag. It was rose water in a transparent glass bottle.

The rose water, made by carefully distilling centifolia roses, had a delicate red color. Just by opening the lid slightly, a strong scent leaked out.

The strong scent of fresh roses made me feel luxurious.

You really go to the opera house.

It felt real.

Hazel went to the front of the palace at 5 o'clock, the promised time. Since the house is in the middle of the garden, we couldn't meet in front of the house.

“Let's see. The minister's carriage... . . . .”

He shook his head and looked around, his eyes widening.

A huge wagon was rolling in.

Pulled by eight black horses, this chariot was black, shiny, and huge, with golden decorations reminiscent of a coronation chariot.

As all the wagons fled like frightened flocks of wagons, as they were sure to incur huge damages, the wagon sped towards Hazel in a majestic manner.

Hopefully it's not

Hazel thought.

But this 'maybe' is never wrong.

“Miss Hazel!”

From the window of the carriage waved this hand instead of the palace interior.

A handsomely dressed servant got down and took Hazel's hand and put him in the wagon. The golden decorations on the silk vest and shoes seemed far more valuable than Hazel's clothes. 'Aren't I supposed to serve him instead?' It made me ponder for a while.

All of these things were not lacking even for the duke's daughter.

In fact, the Minister of the Royal Palace took great care for today.

Guided by the servant, he glanced at Hazel who was sitting opposite him.

The little violet-embellished hat paired wonderfully with her shiny dark brown hair. A tight-fitting lace blouse and a dark wine-colored long skirt accentuated her unadorned charm. The reddish complexion of both cheeks and the healthy rosy nails of his hands, not covered with gloves, shone on their own, even without ornaments.

Count Lysander Albert's niece in place of this housekeeper, she's a really good girl.

He was so happy that he tried to hide his indecisiveness.

Hazel could not, of course, imagine that the minister of the palace was looking meticulously with his sharp eyes while smiling haphazardly.

But there was a twist here.

The minister of the palace thought he was analyzing with a keen eye, but he already had bean pods in his eyes. It was an attitude that was not like the old god of 100 dan politics, which he had been through before and after childbirth.

In fact, he was the funniest person in the capital today.

“What is this wagon!”

“Someone dragged this out on a Saturday afternoon!”

Pedestrians grumbled.

And Hazel had to try to hide her embarrassment. As soon as he sat down, he was completely engulfed in the huge seat of the carriage.

It's too far. I can't talk to you instead.

In this situation, the huge wagon 'National Justice', instead of the palace interior, ran leisurely. We reached our destination in 6 minutes.

what? Isn't it walking distance?

A farmer who loves calculations living in Hazel's head whispered. But the farmer disappeared as soon as he got off the wagon.

Awesome!

Hazel, a girl reading a picture book on her grandfather's lap, shouted.

It was a magnificent building with a shiny circular roof. There were beautiful statues of gods that were more lively than real people. People in dazzlingly colorful clothes were busy walking in one direction.

Hazel was amazed.

“Instead! The Opera Theater is a wonderful place!”

The minister of the palace was panicked and hurriedly dragged Hazel away.

"Shh. This is the bathroom."

"Ah... . . ."

Somehow they were walking too fast.

The minister of the palace went back to somewhere with Hazel.

There was a real opera house there.

In the middle of the circular garden stood a statue of the music god Mujika. Beyond that, a huge three-story building made of pure white marble could be seen.

The imperial flag fluttered from the roof, and beautiful spiers surrounded it. So brightly lit, people in colorful feathered hats lined up through the arched door, brighter than in broad daylight.

“Look over there! excuse me!”

Shouts echoed everywhere.

Among the audience who came to see the opera today, there were some who received special attention. Whether you are of the top class, a wealthy person, or a famous poet... . . . .

Every time those celebrities who received everyone's attention appeared, there was a lot of buzz around them. And people with thick notebooks ran towards it without fail.

were reporters.

For a moment, Kitty Diabelli came to mind.

Unknowingly, Hazel glanced at them, looking for the young, sassy-looking girl with dark hair. Because of that, my steps slowed down, so the minister of the palace turned around.

"What's wrong?"

“Oh, no.”

Hazel quickly looked away.

You can't become a journalist that quickly.

Regretfully, I stepped into the arch door of the theater.

When I got inside, my mouth widened even more.

The colors here were dazzling gold and deep red. About 100 rows of red velvet seats were lined up under the ceiling, which depicts the sun and the moon overlapping and the brilliance pouring in all directions.

From the second to sixth floors along the circular wall were the VIP seats. Among them, the famous hall in the center with a clear view of the stage was the grandstand of His Majesty the Emperor. Those huge box seats were, of course, almost always empty.

In the brightly lit auditorium, many people were already seated and eagerly watching what celebrities were coming today.

The appearance of the minister of the palace caused a great stir among them. He was not on the tacitly circulating expected list.

“What is this?”

Everyone was surprised and delighted to be greeted by the old god.

Count Albert, instead of the palace interior, was the closest person to the Emperor. His Majesty has trusted him deeply since the days of the Crown Prince. Unlike the commanders of the Holy Knights, who do not receive a secret request, the minister of the palace was flexible. For those who wished for something from His Majesty, he was a lifeline.

The eyes of the noble ladies and noble maidens suddenly gleamed with life. The gentlemen straightened their postures and kept their spirits up. He paid attention to the minister of the palace with eyes that seemed to eat them all.

A reporter was already stationed here.

Correspondent Klein of <Empire Shinbo> jumped up from his simple chair.

'What kind of audiences come to the Avalon Opera, the number one in the empire?'

It was often an important article rather than 'Which opera is being screened?'. That's why I was concentrating my whole mind, but it finally took a big hit.

Articles of this kind have been in the newspapers for hundreds of years.

Therefore, there was a standardized form. I've heard that idiomatic expressions need to be used appropriately to write well.

For example, when a celebrity appears and the audience turns their eyes to look, it is said that 'premature stars come to mind'. It depicts the reflection of light by moistened eyes with eye drops.

It is said that when more surprising characters appear, the audience turns their heads to look at 'the brilliant group dance of the eight colors'. They all depict feathered hats on their heads moving rapidly in one direction.

The hottest reaction is said to be 'the brilliance of silver laurels pours out'. When a truly surprising and topical character appears, people turn around in surprise and the armrests of the seats are turned sideways. At that time, the silver laurel patterns engraved on the front of the handle all turned toward it.

"great. 'In the brilliance of hundreds of silver laurel branches... ..'."

With a smile of conversion, Klein's hand, which was pulling out articles in an instant, stopped the next moment.

he thought

I can't write this article.

There was someone who came in slightly behind the minister of the palace. It wasn't a dress, it was a girl in simple clothes. The moment she found out who she was, this article became irrelevant to the power-friendly <Emperor Newspaper>.

It wasn't just the reporters who thought so.

Most of the spectators thought that the minister of the palace was carrying a guest who did not suit this place like a hump.

The atmosphere in the theatre became dull in an instant. The chatter that had been resounding, and the friendly laughter were cut off. Instead, an unnatural silence filled the theater.

It was natural.

This was an upscale social space. It was full of high-class people.

It is said that the higher the power, the less visible it is, but at least not here. In this strict pyramid structure, the more established the more they have to lose, the more they noticed the higher rank.

People glanced at the center of the VIP seats as if they had made a promise. It was a place where the imperial emperor, who always showed off his strong presence by being empty, was there.

This strange stillness was only broken by the subsequent arrival of three beautiful blonde sisters.

“The harpy sisters!”

The three daughters, whom the Duke of Harpentus cherish so much that they do not hurt even if they put it in their eyes, immediately earned the nickname 'harpy sisters' as soon as

they debuted in the social world. It was because his personality was as bad as the monstrous harpy. People were talking about the rumors that these three sisters, who are not only pretty but monster-like, are competing with each other for the position of Empress of the Empire.

But that's just superficial interest. In the meantime, other stories were floating around.

"Oh my gosh! Who the minister of the palace interior is introducing to the social world! Isn't this the first time?"

"That's it too, but you're the farm girl! It looks like that girl has been roasted for quite some time!"

"After all, even such a trivial matter would never reach His Majesty's ears. They are trying to secretly grow pro-peasant forces in this way."

"Anyway, who gets over there? Dream big."

Everyone was pounding their mouths here and there.

The minister of the palace was unaware of that fact at all.

fu fu fu. It's a big hit. Our Miss Hazel made a strong impression on everyone.

I thought so and was satisfied.

To deceive even the cold hawk's eyes. It was a pod.

There was one thing that the minister of the palace did not expect today.

Socialites weren't as interested in current affairs as he thought. Whether Hazel cured the unicorn's moonblindness or not, he never wanted to get involved. Furthermore, the fact that the minister of the palace interior had been an escort was in itself jealousy and slandered.

The strict but upright Noh Daeshin did not even think of such a thing. I just thought that everyone would be admiring the performance of this farm girl just like you.

So only the two of them were excited.

Hazel was escorted to the first ever VIP seat.

A spacious space was provided in the middle of the stairs going up and down each floor. A large table was laid on a velvet cloth and decorated with famous paintings and flowers.

The Minister of Home Affairs explained.

“We call this place 'Powder Corner'. Since the show is so long, it’s a space prepared for you to change your mood by pounding on some puff pastry during the interlude.”

The female guests in the VIP seats left the lotion they brought from their home there and went to their seats.

“Should I do that too?”

“If you have prepared a special lotion, sharing is a virtue. If it’s a good lotion, everyone waits in line to borrow it.”

“Are those noble girls who are proud of themselves borrowing other people’s things?”

“The lotion is different. 'I have recognized the value of this thing myself.' Because that’s what it means.”

It was a sweet story.

Anyway, the lotion made with the farm's secret was special, so Hazel took the bottle out of her bag and set it down there.

It's good to share with everyone.

That was the thought.

Soon the lights on the stage went out.

The prelude to the beginning of the opera rang out in the darkness, and the lights brightened again. In the background of the countryside, the male and female protagonists appeared dancing cheerfully.

The minister of the palace said,

“Andre and Sylvia. They are the most popular singers in the theater industry right now.”

"Oh yeah?"

Hazel opened her eyes wide and watched.

It's a story about farming. It was just a story about a ranch. There is a difference between farming and livestock. Since the minister of the palace was a native of the capital, he did not seem to make a distinction between the two.

Anyway, raising cows was Hazel's dream.

Moreover, the opera was so cute that a man who suddenly inherited 40 cows would be helped by a cool, elite veterinarian.

Hazel went crazy.

But on a stormy night, after the cows ran out of the pen that the veterinarian had accidentally left open and sang 'Escape Chorus', the lights came on suddenly.

“Break out of here! Can't I just tell him to keep going?”

“What do you mean? We are here today for this!”

The minister of the palace said something incomprehensible and took Hazel to the powder corner.

It was already crowded.

As the minister of the palace said earlier, aristocratic ladies gathered in front of several types of lotion and were showing their curiosity. It was a sparkling jewel, and the dress was almost dazzling.

Among them, Hazel found the rose water she had made.

"we are here!"

As soon as I opened the lid and placed a drop on the back of my hand, I felt refreshed. I added a few more drops and tapped it on my cheek for absorption.

A deep scent of roses permeated.

It was the moment the minister of the palace had been waiting for.

Now everyone will be rushing in. 'What is this?' 'What is it?' ' and it will cause a great commotion. The minister of the palace gave an ahem and looked back with strength in his neck.

However, it was

"What is this?"

"What is it?"

The place where the ladies of noble families gathered was in front of the other lotions.

Lids were open all over the place. The scent of raw roses quickly lost its place in the thick scent of exotic spices.

The minister of the palace made an impression.

How did this happen?

Just then, a young lady with a rose ornament on her hat caught my eye. Was she the daughter of the Sovereign Crown Prince? The minister of the palace beckoned to her.

"Do you like roses? Would you like to come and see?"

"Me?"

The lady in the rose hat was perplexed.

"sorry. No matter what the minister says, I have no intention of going back to the pro-peasant faction."

"Pro-peasant?"

Hazel, who enjoyed the scent of rose water, heard that too.

When the two first learned of this strange neologism, they were stunned for a moment. Then he laughed.

“You’re a pro-peasant! They are really fun people!”

But only the two of them laughed.

uh, uh... ... ?

The minister of the palace thought that the atmosphere was a bit strange.

“Hmm, come here and smell this rose water. I’ve seen Miss Hazel make it myself, and it’s amazing.”

The lady in the rose hat hesitated.

I was really reluctant, but what would the minister of the palace do to even say this? Thinking it was an opportunity to score points, I reluctantly approached it.

“What kind of rose is it made of?”

“It’s Centifolia.”

At Hazel’s answer, she tilted her head.

“Centifolia? It’s the first time I’ve heard of it, is it a rare species?”

“no. It’s a mongrel.”

“A mongrel?”

She was startled and shouted out loud.

The words spread clearly. People couldn't stand it any longer and frowned openly.

It was only then that the minister of the palace realized.

Something is wrong.

The girl who screamed was humble and blushed.

"Yes. I see."

He bowed and stepped back.

Since then, no one has come near. I didn't even look at this side at all for fear of being caught by the minister of the palace.

has been completely ignored.

ruined.

The minister of the palace thought.

He picked up Hazel's rose water. I grabbed it as if nothing had happened and went back to my seat.

Hazel couldn't understand English.

In this atmosphere, the second part of <All Romance> began.

I just decided to watch the opera again.

The first part was centered on the plot, but the second part became the emotional line of the two as the male and female protagonists fell in love in earnest.

They are the two most popular singers in the theater world right now. Even for Hazel, who doesn't know much about opera, the abilities of the two main characters were very good.

Sylvia, who played the female lead, captivated all the audience. People whispered about her silver hair.

“The soprano of transcendental technique... .”

It seemed to mean that the craftsmanship was extremely good.

From her small and compact stature, an incredibly explosive voice came out. When she sang the high-pitched aria that only she could digest, even the sun and moon on the ceiling seemed to hold their breath.

That's transcendental art.

Hazel was amazed.

Meanwhile, tenor Andre, who plays the male lead, sang with an incredibly delicate and sweet voice. Every little gesture was meticulously calculated and completely shook the stage.

Sighs could be heard here and there with the sculptural face and blazing eyes that stood out even from afar. He must have been the man driving the hottest topic on the floor.

The curtain ended with a beautiful duet by two singers singing about love.

Hazel clapped until her palms hurt.

“Ladies and gentlemen of Avalon! Thank you and thank you again! We look forward to your performance tomorrow!”

The theater manager bowed and bowed.

The departure started from the 4th floor of the VIP seat. Hazel went down the stairs with the secretary of the palace, following the guidance of the staff.

“Oh, Count.”

“Count Albert.”

Hazel passed the people who only greeted the minister of the palace as if invisible, and came downstairs, and it was very noisy.

“Sylvia! Sylvia de Larett!”

People called out the soprano's name with a burst of throat. But she had already disappeared.

“Everything is good, but the bridge of the nose is too high.”

The audience gave up and sang another name.

“Andre! Andre!”

“Andre Delgado!”

A handsome brown-haired man came down from the stage and was surrounded by the audience.

Hazel's eyes lit up.

It's the male protagonist!

he looked this way Then he left all the people who were enthusiastic and hurriedly approached him.

“Who is this? To see the veterans of our Imperial Palace in a place like this! I don't know if the performance was worth seeing!”

“Ugh.”

The Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications reacted with anger. But he didn't care and kept talking. Then he was soon captured by the people.

Hazel looked at the old man with wide-eyed eyes.

“Is that popular singer very eager to win the favor of the Prime Minister?”

“My wish is to become a court singer in the Imperial Palace.”

“What is it?”

“I am the exclusive singer of the Imperial Palace. It is the highest honor for a singer.”

The Minister of Interior looked at Andre Delgado's back with a strange expression for a moment.

"let's go. I will buy you coffee as promised.”

they came out Coffee houses lined up behind the

opera house. There was a place the Minister of the Palace knew beforehand. It was a place frequented by opera singers as well.

However, the place was full and there were no seats. It was natural. All the people who had just seen the performance flocked to this attraction.

So we had to sit close to each other. All the voices of the seat next to me could be heard through the curtains.

"May I take your order?"

The clerk came. After ordering two cups of tea, which is famous here, the minister of the palace took off his gloves and sighed.

"I heard that there are days when even a monkey falls from a tree. This Lysander Albert's face has been slashed. Maybe everything I do today is a mess?"

Hazel was surprised.

"What do you mean? Tonight was the best evening ever."

"Thank you so much for saying that, but... . . . Totally Fucked It's completely ruined."

The minister of the palace was disappointed. It's the first time I've seen that expression since I was introduced to chicory coffee.

what?

I had a sudden thought.

"Is it because of the rose water?"

“No what... ..”

The minister of the palace mumbled.

“It’s strange. Why do people like you care so much about things like that?”

“Dementia is here! Otherwise, why would you care about that?”

Suddenly, a voice from the seat next to me interrupted. As if he had done it on purpose, it was an exquisite statement.

The face of the minister of the palace turned red.

“Let’s talk quietly! Did you charter alone? After all, everyone is a noob. Still, I thought the people who came to see the opera had some insight, but I was wrong.”

He finally confessed his feelings with a bitter face.

“Actually, I wanted to make trendy items for the salon.”

“A trendy item in the salon?”

“It’s something I’ve been thinking about for quite some time. The angelic lotion and imperial hand cream used by Grand Duchess Athena at the salon. The perfume of an oriental merchant that the daughter of Duke Sheara sprayed in the salon. A set of Lapollinia cosmetics used by the Countess Lapollinia when she dresses up in front of her guests... ..”

"Ah! I saw it in a magazine!"

“These things have created a topic and are very popular. Having trendy items in your salon will increase your reputation and give you a natural entry into the heart of the social world. Furthermore, it becomes a great source of income through sales. There is no burden because it is a small quantity production of expensive products. Everyone used those profits as seed money and called their fortunes.”

After taking a sip of tea, the minister of the palace continued.

“I know Hazel too well, but a stable source of income is very important. For everyone, but especially for women. You have to wear your own sure pocket. Because economic power comes from power. So I wanted to take this opportunity to make a trendy item for the Marronnier Farm Salon.”

“You did.”

Hazel nodded. Now I understand why the minister of the palace was so concerned about rose water.

“Thank you for always caring.”

“You deserve such a greeting only after you have been successful.”

The minister of the palace sighed again.

“Through the lotion that everyone brings to the opera, he naturally infiltrates the upper class. I thought it was a great strategy. Besides, Miss Hazel did not live up to my expectations and produced the best rose water, so I had no doubts that it would be a great success. But they're going to be stuck like this. Do you think your hands are shriveled at the word “hybrid rose”?”

Hazel nodded.

“I know the nobles hate hybrids, but I didn't know they could discriminate against hybrid roses. I know you don't like it, but it's a bit frustrating. Even famous high-end roses are not

all hybrids if you follow their roots, aren't they? Whether it's a wild, natural hybrid or a hybrid."

"A hybrid is a hybrid, after all! Never an illegitimate child!"

Again, the voice of the seat next to me was exquisitely interrupted. The minister of the palace was stunned and smashed the table.

"Let's lower our voices! You're out of the way!"

But the seat next to me didn't even listen. The men and women were busy laughing and whispering. The minister of the palace just gave up.

"I felt it again today. The level of consciousness of a place called high society. Hasn't Miss Hazel done an outstanding work that His Majesty can't help but appreciate? Still, that cold coldness. Our country still has a long way to go!"

bang!

The minister of the palace put down a teacup with black tea.

"It can't be broken like this. That rose water is a better product than any lotion that is in vogue right now. Miss Hazel can do it. They will be able to break down their thick walls."

he said fervently. Hazel was perplexed.

"well. Do you really need to? The palace officials are already acknowledging the true value of my rose water."

"I know that. But our good and good courtiers were already Miss Hazel's prisoners. You have to step up to a new level. Now we have to conquer the social world."

"I just... . . ."

“You can just bake and knit at home! What does a woman know!”

The voice of the seat next to me interrupted me again.

“I want to see you!”

The minister of the palace banged the table.

“You don’t even have basic manners, and you talk about such pathetic thoughts! I want to see what kind of person he is!”

“Be patient. What do you look at your face for?”

Hazel calmed him down.

“Anyway, I’m busy with farm work. Of course, it is good to earn operating funds, but full-scale commerce... .. well. Isn't that what everyone else is doing? I don't want to hold onto people who don't know their values and force them to do so. I'm happy to just make as many as I need and share it with the people I love. They'll only talk about things like that, like they haven't used it yet, or that it's dirty and you don't want to touch your hands... ..”

"However... .. ”

“Well then! I don't even want to hold hands! Just looking at it makes me annoyed! You are all I have!”

Another noise came from the seat next to me. The minister of the palace eventually exploded.

“What rudeness! Who the hell are you!”

He pulled the curtain back.

A man and a woman were seen sitting side by side and whispering. They were astonished to find out the identity of the strict old man who was constantly screaming in the seat next to him.

“Minister of the Royal Palace!”

"no?"

The minister of the palace was stunned and did not know what to do.

“Viscount Bern! Someone said it was you? uh? Was it you?”

He screamed in a furious rage until his face was burned.

Hazel was surprised. It was the first time I had seen the minister of the palace get so angry.

Who the hell is this man?

I looked at him with a puzzled face.

“Calm down for a moment.”

first whispered.

“He's a very bad guy. Have you ever been rude to the minister before?”

“No! Who dares to be rude to me, the Legion?”

“Well, it is. If it did, it would have already been removed from the world. Then why are you so angry?”

“You are cheating! Miss Hazel, that woman next to you isn't headquarters. You bastard!”

Hazel was shocked.

You are so pure!

Do you have the innocence of being so angry with an affair while working in a place like the Imperial Palace? You must see men and women from social circles every day.

But when I think about his story, it was enough.

He must have regretted that he lost his wife so early that he couldn't have done better. I don't understand why her husband is cheating on her.

Besides, this man named Viscount Bern looked particularly brazen. Far from making excuses or being shy, he was very proud.

“Instead of you. Korea is a country with freedom of privacy... . . . .”

Then, he hugged the woman's waist. Hazel also frowned.

“Freedom of privacy? Would your wife even know such a thing?”

“Oh, I'm afraid I'm going to die. Yeah. What if your wife finds out?”

He replied with a smirk.

Hazel was amazing. I turned my head away, not wanting to deal with him any more.

“How can you be so bold?”

“I was surprised too! Poor Rose. That guy is also my husband!”

“Do you know your wife?”

"I've known since the days of Miss Allison, not Viscount Verne. Rose is very kind and gentle. But it's the right character. You would never want to be deceived like this!"

“Then it would be better if I told you sooner.”

“Can I go and tell you right now?”

“Is that so? I'm still waiting for my husband!”

"okay. Let's do justice first, then go to another coffee house and talk.”

"like."

The two got along right away.

I quickly left the coffee house. I got on the 'National Majesty' that was waiting at the opera house and headed to the Bernese Writers.

The Bernese writer was a house full of money just by looking at it. Seeing that the garden was neat and the hallway floors were glossy, the lady seemed to be diligent.

“You are here.”

Following the servant's instructions, it turned out to be a family room.

The Viscount was waiting for her husband with the dinner table ready for a quick meal. In the middle was a large silver plate with a lid on it. It smelled like lasagna with ragu sauce.

well made

Hazel thought.

That was then.

“What are you doing at my house?”

The Viscount Berne appeared, wide-eyed.

Hazel looked at her carefully. Viscount Rose appeared to be twenty-five years old. They hadn't even been married for a few years.

She seemed very surprised to hear that the minister of the palace, not her husband, had come with a young lady.

“Rose, I have something to tell you.”

The minister of the palace first took the teacup from the Viscount's hand and put it on the table.

That was a very good thing.

As soon as she told me what she had seen, she staggered and dropped the teaspoon in her other hand to the floor.

“That person is doing it outright now!”

She exclaimed with emotion.

"'now'?"

The minister of the palace raised his half-white eyebrows.

“You mean this isn’t the first time?”

“... ..”

"Nonsense! I definitely remember! At that time, the Viscount hung up and chased after you, so didn't you just get married?"

“It was.”

Rose flopped down on the chair.

“Certainly, back then, he was crazy about me. But after we got married, I quickly got bored of it.”

“Are you bored?”

"I do not know. People who said they were nice because they were nice are now frustrating. Prepare dinner and don't just wait for your husband, let's do some socializing. Are you tired of being alone at home? I'm busy going out every evening to play."

“Then why did you get married?”

Hazel asked, genuinely curious.

“That person is not suitable for marriage. No matter how hard I try to do well, I can't win my husband's heart. I started having an affair since I was three months married.”

"what?"

The minister of the palace was astonished.

“Rose, that's presumptuous, but I don't think it's true. I'd rather get a divorce sooner rather than later.”

“Divorce?”

Her face, which had been blushing with anger, immediately turned pale.

“Sir, I can't get a divorce. Even now, I get pointed like this because she says she can't catch her husband properly... . I can't afford to live as a divorced woman. Even my parents say that a woman getting divorced is a shame for her family and that she will never see my face again. You just have to be patient, so tell me to keep the family somehow. I understand. I have three more brothers to marry in the future.”

Her voice trembled more and more.

“Besides, how am I going to live if I get a divorce? I don't have a single penny. Anyway, I gave all the money I had to use as a dowry for my younger brothers. Even if I get alimony, it won't be long since I couldn't have children. It's not that I don't have any talent. Even if we divorced at this rate, wouldn't we starve to death on the street?”

“... .”

“My husband is well aware of that. When he found out that he was having an affair, he got angry and asked for a divorce right away. Before that, I couldn't say anything more. After that, he uses it as a threat. Sometimes I just leave it on the fireplace and say it later. 'Ah! I forgot to put it away!’”

“What a mean!”

They both shouted at the same time.

“How can you even do that? You know your wife so ridiculously!”

“He thinks I live in this house. I don't even think about keeping the inside and outside of the house clean and taking care of the person's needs. What can I do? I can't help but feel like I'm being paid by a very bad boss... .”

The voice was muffled. I felt like I was about to burst into tears.

"sorry."

Rose cleared her face.

He seemed to realize that he had been telling the story he had been holding tightly in his heart because of his intense emotions.

“Anyway, thank you. You might have overlooked it, but you came here on purpose to let me know... . Everyone is busy pointing fingers at me, but there are no bad people in the world.”

Her voice trembled slightly.

“Would you like to have dinner after coming? I made some lasagna... .”

Hazel and the minister of the palace faced each other.

The lasagna that Rose made smelled really good. But it's absurd to eat. It won't make sense now.

"it's okay."

The two politely declined and left the author. It was bittersweet, like biting a thistle leaf in its mouth.

“Living with a husband like that, my self-esteem fell to the bottom. If you hit him and come out, he'll survive somehow. Maybe good?”

The minister of the palace lamented. I stopped walking after a few steps.

"this. I left my gloves behind.”

“Are you a self-writer? Oh right! earlier... . . . .”

Hazel remembered that he had taken off his gloves as he sat down in the coffeehouse. After meeting Viscount Bern, he was so excited that he completely forgot about it and left.

The two got into the carriage again. Heading to the coffee house, he frowned as if he had promised.

“What if the Viscount Bern is still there?”

“I just want you to go. If I had to see that brazen face again, my blood pressure would rise and I would collapse.”

Not to mention, Hazel was really worried.

However... . . . .

When I went back to find the gloves, the man and woman were still there. It was quiet after a time when customers were rushing in, but they were still sitting quietly. Reaching out to pick up the gloves, their conversation was forced to come through the curtains.

“... . . Don't do that too much. Your wife is trying to pity you.”

“What's wrong with you? Do you know how it was this morning? I've changed the bakery, isn't it more delicious than before?’ and I'm talking When I said that the former was better, I said, 'You are right.' and change your words right away. Oh, it's frustrating! What kind of charm can I feel when I look at my eyes like that every time?”

“Oh my, that’s not funny!”

Hazel's blood spurted upside down when he saw his lover and his wife gossiping.

Small citizens hate getting entangled in disputes the most.

However, there are moments when even that small citizen loses reason.

Hazel quickly rolled the curtains up.

“Did you finish talking? Your wife is clenching her teeth and trying to get your heart back! How do you trample it like this! Even in front of an affair!”

Viscount Bern was stunned by the sudden attack and lost his words.

He had also been to the opera house, so he knew who this lady was. It was really pitiful.

"Huh. I can not hear you. Speak louder.”

He giggled with his lover.

“Why are people so frivolous?”

The minister of the palace, who had not seen it, stepped forward. Viscount Berne was piercing at that moment.

"sorry. I didn't know you were there too."

He woke up aesthetically. He took the woman and went somewhere secretly to avoid the minister of the palace.

"Ugh, really."

The minister of the palace was frustrated.

"What will a third party do about the couple? Poor Rose. I didn't have a very good complexion... . Oh, yes. Miss Hazel, I have a favor to ask you. There is nothing we can do about it, so why not give Rose a bottle of rose water as a gift?"

"no. no, I do not want."

"... .. ?"

The minister of the palace looked at him in surprise.

Hazel thought blankly.

Ms. Draco, the gardener of the rose garden, said casually at that time.

-These roses only serve as bridesmaids... ..

The eyes of those who despised Hazel's rose water at the opera house came to mind.

A centifolia rose acting as a bridesmaid in indifference. And Rose, who is also acting as a bridesmaid in indifference.

The two images overlapped.

Hazel bit her lip.

“I will not give Mr. Rose a bottle of rose water. I will give you the whole rose water.”

“... .. ?”

The minister of the palace looked at Hazel with a face that he did not understand even more.

“Give me the whole thing... .. ?”

“I was wrong. If people don't appreciate it, you have to tell them. Rose is afraid of divorce because she lacks confidence. You said that power comes from economic power, right? You said that if I make my rose water a hit product in the upper class, it becomes a fixed income source, right? With something like that, Rose can get away with it!”

A firm determination was made.

“If that's the case, I can do anything! I will somehow break through the barriers of prejudiced socialites! Let's talk to Mr. Rose like that!”

“What a wonderful idea!”

The two immediately returned to the Bernese Viscount.

It is unusual for an excited palace minister and a farm lady to come in the evening. Coming twice is even more unusual.

Rose couldn't even hide her pale face and reddish eyes with makeup. I couldn't even say hello and I looked at the two of them, lost in their ears.

“What are you doing again?”

“The introduction is late.”

Hazel said with a sigh.

“My name is Hazel Mayfield, who runs the farm in the Imperial Palace, to be more precise, the 'Marronnier Farm Salon'. I made rose water this time, would you like to take a look?”

He took out the rose water from his handbag and suddenly held it out.

“... .. ?”

Rose was perplexed, but accepted. I opened the lid and smelled the incense.

"Ah!"

I opened my eyes wide in surprise.

After letting a few drops soak into the back of his hand, he exclaimed. A faint smile appeared on her pale cheeks for a moment.

“The scent is enchanting and the texture is silky! If it's not too expensive, I'd like to buy a bottle... .. It must be very expensive, right?”

“It's not that, Mr. Rose!”

Hazel shook her head.

“I will show you how to make this rose water, so why not try making several bottles at once? This is how we do business.”

Rose was terribly surprised.

“What do you mean? Why are you giving me the recipe all of a sudden?”

“It’s not my recipe. It’s just a way of passing it on from mouth to mouth. That’s what I learned from Emily and Belle too.”

“But even so... . . . Why are you trying to help me?”

“Mr. Rose is a good person.”

Hazel said confidently.

“I smelled the ragu sauce that Rose made earlier. It was great. It takes patience to make ragu sauce that well. You have to keep the heat low enough to make the sauce bubbling without boiling, and watch it for hours. Just by looking at it, I could tell how sincere Mr. Rose is.”

“Is that so?”

Rose was surprised. How did you just smell the sauce and visualize my cooking process?

“A person who is so sincere should be happy. You must be happy I sincerely hope. May Rose get away from such a lousy man. I want to help make that happen.”

Rose stared blankly at Hazel.

it's business I had never thought of such a thing.

I was terrified from

I didn't want to go out in front of others. Everyone was talking about a woman who couldn't even catch her husband properly. Women who had relations with their husbands were outspoken and made fun of her.

I'm scared... . . . .

The minister of the palace read her mind like that.

“Originally, that’s the law. Breaking the mold and going outside is scary for anyone. But living like this right now is eating Rose's soul. I need to stand alone Earning some money yourself will give you confidence. That's what Rose needs the most right now.”

“I think so. How about you, Mr. Rose? Why don't you trust me and give it a try?”

Rose was still afraid. I wasn't confident

However... . . . .

“Anyone can make it. As long as you are sincere.”

Hazel was speaking with all her heart.

Green eyes shone with conviction. The enthusiasm overflowed, and a blushing blush appeared on both cheeks.

I'm really serious.

That scene moved Rose's heart.

"like."

she said softly.

“Then I will try. If only I could get out of here... . . . .”

He nodded once.

When the timid woman made her decision, Hazel was happy.

"okay! We do well."

"Yes. Until the general store picks up the goods."

“What do you mean? We're aiming for the upper class! The very social circle to which the Viscount Bern belongs. Only by making it a trendy product sweeping the streets can it become a fixed income source and make seed money. Isn't that right, Minister of the Interior?”

"then! then!"

"like. Conquering the social world with our rose water!"

“That's it! great! What a great plan!”

The minister of the palace was excited and applauded. Then it suddenly stopped.

Wait a minute. It's good to make rose water a trendy product... . . . .

Wasn't my original plan for Miss Hazel to conquer the social world? How did this happen?

The old man's face turned ugly.

\* \* \*

“... .. So, again, I picked three out of five new weights and measures... .. .”

The finance minister was talking hard.

Iskanda continued to glance over his shoulder, responding appropriately to the middle-aged minister's words.

On the other side of the window, there was a minister of the palace interior. I was chatting with Siegwald, who had just come to rest for a while. Iskanda continued to glance over there while talking with the ministers.

Suddenly, the minister of the palace yawned.

“Oh, I'm tired... .. .”

“Really, how have you been?”

“Ah, yes. How blue it was!”

“Are you going to the opera?”

“No. After the opera is over... .. .”

Iskanda pricked up her ears.

His hearing was very sensitive. But the ambassadors were talking too much around them. I had to listen to all of that, so I kept missing out on what the Minister of the Palace had to say.

“... .. Well he said to Miss Hazel... .. .”

bloke? what guy?

“... .. I've never seen Miss Hazel so excited... .. .”

why? Why are you excited?

“... .. An incredibly unconventional offer that I can't help but accept... .. .”

what?

Iskanda was startled.

An incredibly unconventional offer that you can't help but accept?

I tried to listen more closely, but his story had already ended while the ministers were talking.

Iskanda hastily finished the discussion and returned to the office.

The clerks widened their eyes to see His Majesty suddenly working twice as fast as in the morning. It was break time and nothing.

Deng!

Soon, a large brass wall clock in the hallway announced six o'clock.

Ehehe, your Majesty is like that, so you are working overtime today.

The scribes lamented and shook their heads.

However... . . . .

The magnificent silk chair adorned with gold was already empty. Everyone doubted their eyes.

“When did you leave?”

"I do not know. I didn't see it."

When the scribes are muttering with ghostly faces.

Iskanda had already disguised herself as a black-haired, black-eyed knight and was leaving the main building of the Imperial Palace.

I really took the time to die today.

How the hell are things going!

I was so curious that I couldn't stand it.

The shortest course that crosses the large garden is now familiar. He hid for a moment behind the giant yew, his favorite cover-up, and raised his senses.

Fortunately, there was no sign of anyone else on the farm in front of me. He hid himself among the trees and approached. The farmhouse door was wide open.

“Miss Mayfield... . . . .”

Called in quickly.

But at that moment.

puck!

A great sound rang out.

Iskanda looked up in amazement.

Hazel stood tall in front of the table. Holding a lump of dough the size of two palms combined.

On the table lay a wooden cutting board sprinkled with flour. While staring blankly, Hazel pounded the lump on the cutting board with all her might.

puck!

The elastic mass immediately bounced off.

Hazel smashed it with her palms and flattened it out. Then it smashed again.

puck!

It was a very sad expression.

He was so engrossed that he didn't even know that a guest had arrived. I quickly grabbed the lump of dough that was bouncing at an angle, and then I realized it.

“Sir Valentine!”

Hazel pucks the dough again! and threw it He wiped his hands on his apron and hurriedly greeted me.

“Why are you here now? How long have you been waiting!”

"me?"

Iskanda was perplexed. I hesitated for a moment, not knowing how to react.

“Because of spinach! Spinach grew in that field all last spring and early summer. You must have seen Valentine's Day coming and going. I finally harvested that spinach!”

Hazel proudly made the announcement and then added a small addition.

“Actually, it was harvested a long time ago.”

"Ah... . . . I've been so busy all this time.”

“Anyway, I'm glad you came before they ate it all up or withered. We can now taste quiche made from spinach harvested for the first time on our farm. wait please. You just have to bake it.”

As Hazel chattered, he took the pie mold out of the fridge. just put it in the oven.

Iskanda looked at him with a puzzled face.

Did you prepare the dough in advance? Do you know when I will come?

Anyway, it was time for dinner.

With his sensitive sense of smell, the smell of bacon, cheese, and sweet vegetables ripening has already begun to waft. My saliva gushed when I thought of the golden piece of quiche that the minister of the palace had so deliciously eaten.

But now he, more than that... . . . .

puck!

I was very concerned about the dough that Hazel threw away while kneading with all his might. I was also concerned about repeating the expression that turned into a sad expression and then became a sad expression.

“Miss Mayfield, may I ask what you are doing now?”

“The dish of wrath.”

Hazel replied.

I felt good that Lord Valentine had arrived before the spinach withered, but when I recalled yesterday, my tantrums came again.

“I like to knead the dough when I’m angry. You can relieve stress and eat delicious food. It looks like they will make a lot, but you have to eat this too.”

It got stronger towards the end, and at the end, I clenched my teeth tightly and the pronunciation was muffled.

A dish of wrath?

Iskanda glanced at Hazel's face.

“By the way, you said you came to see the opera?”

"Yes that's right. I went with the minister of the palace and turned it all over, and it seems that the rumors have already spread. Anyway, I was going to talk about it while having dinner. That's why I'm angry right now."

"What happened? Has anyone ever been rude?"

"Don't talk. I saw a really frivolous man."

Hazel shook her head.

"You know Valentine's Day. Isn't marriage a promise that two people risk their lives for?"

For a moment, Iskanda's heart sank.

"Who said we should get married?"

"... .. Yes?"

"Who said we should get married!"

While Hazel was stunned for a moment, the story progressed very quickly in his head.

What is Lord Valentine talking about now?

Hazel blinked.

After a few seconds I understood what he was saying.

"no. No one asked me to marry you."

“Then to whom did Miss Mayfield ask to marry?”

“Not even that! Marriage isn't the problem, it's the couple. I mean, seeing a couple and being so angry right now.”

It was then that Iskanda understood.

“Oh, was that so?”

went too far He asked, trying to hide his modesty.

“What kind of couple were they?”

“My husband was very troubled. I chased after him and insisted on marrying him, and he changed his mind like flipping the palm of his hand. I was cheating to my heart's content by taking advantage of the fact that my wife was afraid of divorce.”

"okay?"

Iskanda's complexion got worse all at once.

For the ruler of a country, family stability is important. It leads to social stability and solidifies the foundation of the nation. That's what I've been taught since I was a prince.

But in aristocratic societies, infidelity was rampant. The atmosphere that it is natural to have a lover in addition to a spouse has been handed down for a long time. Everyone said that it was not okay to have an affair on the outside, but secretly enjoyed everything they enjoyed.

“I really don't understand. When you get married, you swear that you will only look at each other for the rest of your life. Then you should at least pretend to try. If it seems really

difficult, what should I do after the marriage is over? What are you doing with your wife in front of you? How hungry is it, Mr. Rose? This is really shameful.”

"right. right."

Iskanda nodded eagerly.

Every word was like a gem. Maybe it's the right thing to say. It was surprising.

“If you are in a married relationship, you shouldn’t look away. You have to be faithful to your spouse. And you should respect it. Isn't it that to treat your wife like that is to paint your own face?”

“That’s what I mean!”

Hazel nodded hard. How right Sir Valentine is. Every word was a word of truth.

“I just couldn't get past it. So I decided to help Mr. Rose. They make rose water a popular product.”

“Rose water? That rose water?”

“Did the rumors even spread? So, do you know that the rose water on our farm was treated badly?”

Hazel talked about everything she had gone through with the minister of the palace. It was only then that Iskanda could understand the story that the old god had told in the daytime.

It was Viscount Berne who made Hazel angry. The shocking suggestion was that Hazel had made to Rose.

It was only then that he knew the real purpose of taking Hazel, the minister of the palace, to the opera house.

Trying to make trendy items for the salon!

It was a fun plan.

Of course, that is to raise the so-called pro-peasant faction. But at least it was more fun than he had imagined. The plan is that the minister of the palace will introduce this farm girl to all corners to find a nice groom.

“... .. I was really happy that Rose agreed. I will do my best to repay that difficult decision.”

Hazel finished the story.

As soon as we talked, my stomach was open. Now there is no reason to knead the dough. So I boiled water.

“The dish of wrath is pasta.”

"pasta?"

It was a dish I had never encountered in the Imperial Palace.

The name pasta comes from the word 'paste', which means dough. It is a dish for low-income families who buy noodles that have already been made, boil them in water, and cook them simply.

But when I kneaded it on the spot like this, it was different.

Hazel boiled the dough in small rounds to make it easy to eat in the summer. After rinsing them in cold water, they are seasoned with good quality olive oil and spices.

According to the truth that knights should eat meat, the beef sliced like a piece of paper was quickly blanched. Topped with fresh tomatoes on top. Removed the spicy taste and thinly sliced the onion to add flavor.

A great summer cold pasta is ready.

At the same time, the spinach quiche was also over cooked. When I saw a large plate cut into six pieces in front of me, I felt proud that there was nothing in the world to envy.

It was freshly baked and hot, but when cooled well, the egg and cheese scrambled in a soft harmony.

Deep-fried crispy bacon slices and succulent mushrooms. Sweet ripe onions.

The healthy and fresh scent of spinach grown and harvested directly in the field held this colorful taste together.

The taste of spinach was so special that, without realizing it, I had to choose a piece with more spinach than bacon.

It was a quiche with a very warm and happy taste that would soften even a frozen heart at once. Served with cool cider wine, it couldn't be better than this for a summer dinner.

Having a delicious dinner at the farmhouse's wooden table, the topic naturally returned to rose water.

“Certainly, nobles hate mixed races, mongrels, illegitimate children, and counterfeits. The ingredients of lotions and perfumes are also strictly scrutinized. So how about changing the material to another high-end rose? If you tell me the breed, I can save anything.”

“Thank you very much, but that’s not possible.”

Hazel shook her head.

“It has to be this kind of rose. That way you can get the best rose water you can make at home. We can never compromise on quality.”

“Then, somehow, I have to give the hybrid rose water a halo... .”

Iskanda suddenly felt stuffy as if her chest was choking.

imagination came to mind.

The emperor suddenly comes to the opera house. Astonishing in itself, he praises the rose water in front of everyone watching. If so, how big of a discussion would it be?

What kind of rose water is the emperor?

At the very least, I would have tried to buy a bottle at a time, even if I thought it was funny.

It would have been so simple!

What made it so twisted?

“So I mean... .”

Hazel's voice woke him up again.

“There are many other rose trees on the market. I'm making ad copy to let them know that I'm different from them. I've been thinking about something, can you take a look?”

"where."

Iskanda looked at the papers.

“This is the best.”

“Love changes. But Rose Allison's number of roses does not change.' This one? like. You're in luck, Lord Valentine's picked it up.”

“Oh, how about this? In the shape of a rose pattern... . . . .”

The two exchanged opinions vigorously.

Iskanda thought then.

What did you have in mind when you came here?

It was funny to think of that.

It wasn't that he was caught by a skilled playboy. It wasn't that I was drawn to a social life that was more glamorous than farming. He didn't even intend to become an opera singer.

All of a sudden, you rolled up your arms to help some wretched Viscounty's self-reliance.

It was very consistent in that respect.

At that moment, Iskanda had forgotten her worries.

The only concern was, what if he was caught by a playboy and killed himself before he justly evicted her.

As the possibility disappeared, I felt more at ease.

He decided to keep an eye on this interesting plan.

\* \* \*

Noon the next day.

Iskanda even found a pair of eyeglasses and concentrated on her work. His eyesight was several times better than that of a normal person, but it was just a feeling.

Meanwhile, Hazel scoured the house and bag, pulling out all the empty bottles. I wiped it clean and laid it out on the table.

that time.

A visitor came to Marronnier Farm. It was the Viscount Berne, Rose, in a big hat.

She had a basket in her arm. It contained five bottles of rose water, which had been made using the ingredients Hazel had given him and using the method Hazel had taught him.

Was it really good?

Rose entered the farm with a pounding heart. He crossed the garden and entered a small farmhouse with the door wide open and greeted him.

"Hello!"

Hazel got up in surprise.

“Have you already made it?”

"Yes. I did it all night."

"Look at me."

Hazel received the basket with excitement. I opened the lid of a bottle of rose water and smelled it.

"... .."

He looked at Rose without a word. I grabbed the basket and went outside. I headed straight for the chicken coop. I went into a luxury cedar chicken coop with a playground in a house with a window and pulled out a bottle of rose water. Open the lid and pour on the floor.

uh? uh?

Rose was perplexed.

"Why are you here?"

Rose water was dripping on the floor of the chicken coop.

Seeing that made Hazel go crazy. However, he made up his mind and pushed Rose.

"You didn't do what I told you, did you?"

"no! I did what I was told!"

"Really? Then tell me how you made it."

"First, I washed the rose petals. I wrapped it around the edge of the pot. A bowl was placed on the empty space in the middle with bricks as a support. I closed the lid upside down, filled it with ice, and boiled it hard to distill it."

“Is that all?”

"Yes."

“Then what did you do after the ice melted?”

“... ..”

Rose was at a loss for words there.

“Did you just boil it without putting new ice on it?”

“... .. Yes.”

"why?"

“There was no ice. Because it's not always available at home... ..”

“Then I should have gone out and bought it.”

“It’s a bunch. Suddenly going out like that and buying only ice... .. It looks so weird. Anyway, when everyone sees me, they talk like crazy... ..”

Rose bowed her head.

The hat faded as well.

It's a big hat, as if all the sparrows sitting on the branches outside the window could move and sit. It completely covered her face.

Hazel understood Rose's heart, who had come wearing such a hat.

An unattractive woman who can't control her husband.

Everyone is so sassy.

But that shouldn't make you weak.

“You can't do that. You need to keep adding new ice so that it condenses well. The scent of the rose is absorbed in the water droplets and collected in the bowl. No process should be neglected. What did our goal say?”

“The conquest of the social world.”

"okay. You have to compete with the famous lotions that are in vogue right now. If even one thing is lacking, I can't even give you a business card.”

Hazel said with tears in her eyes.

“You should only use this to clean the chicken coop.”

“... .. I see.”

Rose resigned and opened a new bottle.

The rose water she had made all night gurgled on the floor of the chicken coop.

They both brushed the floor with their brushes. The red, fragrant rose water mixed with all sorts of dirty debris and chick feathers flowed out.

The scent of roses wafted everywhere. The scent of roses was wafting from their bodies as well.

After cleaning, Rose shrugged her shoulders.

"sorry. I will make it right again."

"okay. Oh, and later... .."

Hazel gave her another plan.

The shadow of a lumpy cloud passed over their heads as they discussed.

The dazzling summer sunlight slowly weakened and prepared to lean.

A garden in which the trees that had drooped during the day come to life little by little with the cool breeze. The evening when the shadows of those leaving the palace begin to get busy.

People stopped walking.

A luxurious scent wafted from the chicken coop inside the small farm.

Glancing at me, I saw Tiberius and the chicks lying on their backs, stretching out, enjoying the scent.

Everyone was bewildered.

"what?"

I looked for the owner.

But there was no Hazel.

To advance to the next stage, I led Rose to the rescue.

Conquest of the social world was difficult. Rosera became a general commanding a soldier and had to move strategically. I also had to make the most of what was available around me.

Hazel's bloody plan.

The first step was to meet Millen Duvall, the jeweler of the Imperial Palace.

When she presented the distilled rose water on the first day, Millen smiled and was delighted.

"Oh! You are giving this precious thing to me too! Thank you. What should I give you in return?"

"I would be happy to present anything to Duval, but I have a favor to ask you."

"What? Tell me."

Hazel replied.

"It's information."

"What information?"

"Rose is trying to commercialize this rose water. To do that, you need a bottle to sell. Duval knows not only jewelry, but also glass bottles, right? I will never forget that you helped

with that expertise in the Belladonna case. So, by the way, isn't there a reliable craftsman who makes good lotion bottles?"

"Oscar."

Millen listened with a smile on her face, then answered immediately.

"Let's go visit Oscar of the Hummingbird Workshop. I'll give you the address. You can buy a nice bottle for this wonderful rose water."

"thank you."

I happily said goodbye and left.

I got on a wagon with Rose and headed to the nearby workshop.

When I went to the address that Millen wrote down, there was a large workshop. It didn't seem to fit the name of a hummingbird.

In the middle of the fire pit, apprentices with hoods on their heads and long aprons around them were busy working. It was interesting to see them blowing glass with a long pole or molding with tools.

Oscar was a copper-skinned woman with short hair cut. Hearing the story, he said it at once.

"There is something just right. but are you okay? Ours is expensive."

"How are you?"

"Now the bottle is six silver."

The lotion glass bottle in the Hummingbird Workshop looked luxurious because of its smooth curves. It's lightweight yet sturdy and fits snugly in the palm of your hand.

But if this small bottle is 6 silver, it is expensive.

Rose thinks so, Hazel said.

“Then I’ll do it with 7 silver.”

Glass craftsman Oscar became a puzzled face.

“Why are you calling the price higher?”

“Instead, please don’t sell the same bottle to anyone else. It is an exclusive contract so that non-Rose rose water analogues cannot be sold in the same bottle.”

Oscar stared at Hazel for a moment. Then he said.

“Then how about five silver?”

This time Hazel was surprised.

“Why are you lowering the price even more?”

“As the lady said, make an exclusive contract. Instead, the name of our Hummingbird Workshop is engraved on the bottom of the label and on the bottom of the bottle. I also have a desire to upgrade. We are confident in the quality, but it was not easy to penetrate a new customer base due to prejudice against female artisans. So let's deal with that. how is it?"

All of a sudden, Oscar's attitude changed to be polite.

She didn't know what the girl in the straw hat was doing. I couldn't even smell the rose water.

But in Hazel's attitude, he smelled the value of the commodity. So, I decided to sign a contract in return for publicity.

It was unexpected good news for Hazel and Rose.

Instead of advertising high-quality glass bottles, you get them at a low price.

"thank you. We will contact you as soon as we start selling."

As I left to say goodbye, I noticed small bottles piled up randomly at the entrance of the workshop.

Hazel asked again.

"Do you sell that too?"

"I made it small just to get the shape. it's my hobby why? Do you need that too?"

Oscar gave away those little bottles almost for free.

Rose took the pack and walked out, looking at Hazel several times. Blue eyes widened.

"I haven't even thought of selling it yet."

she whispered

"By the way, how are the profits divided? Miss Hazel will decide."

"no! I was just teaching you how to pass it from mouth to mouth. Rose would have learned if she had gone to the farm, but why do I share the profits?"

"However... .."

"More than that, don't you want to try living on a farm later? There are so many things to learn besides how to make rose water. Or even better if you make your own farm."

"Yes?"

Rose was taken aback by the absurd remark and lost her mind. She never knew that Hazel would open a farm whenever she had the chance.

"If you make a lot of money with this rose water, think about buying a farm."

Hazel laughed softly.

"Anyway, I am just a messenger. In the future, it will be even better if we add the special value of Mr. Rose to this rose water. So please work hard."

"... .. I see."

Rose nodded her head firmly.

Through various events, she certainly had a different attitude.

The next day, Rose made new rose water.

Hazel opened the lid and smelled the incense. And I looked down at her.

"... .."

Rose had never been so nervous in her life.

Then Hazel said.

“It’s okay.”

A bright smile appeared on Rose's face for the first time. She jumped in joy and hugged the rose water bottles that she had made right the first time. Little by little I gained confidence.

“I’ll make more!”

"okay."

Hazel looked at Rose's back as she left the farm. Then a smile slowly appeared on his face.

Then Rose looked around.

Hazel wiped the smile off her face.

“I just said it was fine. You have to do better.”

"I see."

Rose laughed like a girl.

Hazel stopped laughing too.

\* \* \* The

centifolia roses on the fence of the rose garden were still sufficient.

“Rather, it relieves me of my troubles. I'll go follow you.”

Chief Gardener Draco welcomed him with open arms. Thanks to this, Rose was able to go into intensive production without any worries.

Meanwhile, Hazel went into final preparations.

It's a tough job for Rose, who lacks confidence and is timid, and perhaps the most important thing.

It was just publicity.

On the way back from stopping by the rose garden, I ran into the minister of the palace. It was said that he was on his way back after meeting the Emperor with the royal officials.

The two sat on a bench and talked for a while. Still, he was also thinking about advertising.

“There are two most effective ways to infiltrate any closed society. First, to gain the recognition of members of society. Second, to be recognized by those whom members of society have a crush on.”

“In other words, socialites say they like it, or popular people among socialites try it and say they like it. Are you saying this?”

"okay. Those frustrated writers have already withdrawn their hands when they heard the word “hybrid rose”. It would be nice if we could find so-called popular people and attack them first.”

“Who is popular?”

“There are a few people who are leading the fashion of high society right now. Among them, there is one who is called 'The Hand of God'. When you put on something new on your body, you put it on, and when you put on something new, you use it, and you immediately make a fuss. Friends who were curious about its amazing ability once made a bet. He put a rooster on top of his hat and made him enter the palace. Everyone agreed that no matter how God's hand, this would never be as popular as it was. Sure enough, on the first day I showed up, everyone grabbed their stomach and laughed. But what From the third day, people started to follow me, and after a week, everyone started to follow me.”

"Wow!"

Hazel screamed, her eyes lit up.

“Who is that legendary figure?”

“He knows Miss Hazel very well. That's our vampire girl. At the same time as the commander of the knights, isn't he the heiress of one of the most prominent aristocrats' billionaires?”

"Ah... . . . Come to think of it, there were so many incredibly popular people around. It was so close that I blinked for a moment. If it's Sir Lewis, it's definitely uproar."

"right. Besides, a vampire is a rose, and a rose is a vampire. It's perfect in many ways... . . . This plan has one fatal flaw.”

“You mean that the world of cosmetics doesn’t suit knights?”

“That’s not it. Sir Lewis is the leader of the pro-peasant movement.”

“Sir, you learned the word really quickly!”

Hazel was amazed.

The minister of the palace said, "HmMMM," and shrugged.

"Everyone is well aware of this inclination of Sir Lewis. So it's only natural for Sir Lewis to praise the farm stuff. You won't surprise anyone."

"Yes. It certainly is."

Hazel nodded.

"Besides, Sir Lewis has another fatal flaw. If it's made on our farm, even if it's a Chinese New Year, I'm happy to use it as a lotion."

"Hmm, you already knew Miss Hazel."

"sure. I already noticed it with the sardine pie. Sir Lewis looked at the horrendous pie with ecstasy as if it were a freshly baked apple pie. If I had been a little negligent, I would have eaten it."

Hazel shook her head as she thought of what had happened.

"The rose water for Sir Louise has already been reserved for me in the past, but apart from that, I can't get any help from publicity."

"Hmm... . . . Who else is there? It's a difficult problem."

We pondered together, but no answer came.

"I'll let you know after I think about it."

The minister of the palace said so and left.

Instead, you must be very busy.

Hazel thought.

Don't just wait, let's do what I can.

As I pondered, I suddenly came up with a method.

okay! That's it!

Recently, I saw an advertisement and bought one. It was the salon newsletter, <Journal du Salon>.

That's it! Let's put an ad!

Hazel found some clean paper.

First, I drew a picture of a bottle of rose water. It was written 'Rose Allison's Rose Water', and at the bottom was an advertisement selected by Sir Valentine.

'Love changes. But Rose Allison's number of roses does not change.'

I took it to the coffee house. I asked if I could put it next to the flyers that were clinging to the windows.

The owner of the coffee house immediately refused.

“Of course, we will pay for advertising separately.”

“I still can't. We attach only those that have been verified.”

Conversation lengthened.

Someone glanced at Hazel, who was trying to convince her owner.

A special seat at the very back of the coffee house.

There, the producers and singers of <All Romance> were discussing the interpretation of the script.

Conflicts of opinion between the male and female protagonists led to a lengthy discussion. The bored producer turned his gaze one way or another. Then he found Hazel and became a strange face.

He patted the lead tenor Andre Delgado, who was sitting right next to him, on the shoulder.

“Isn’t that girl? Did you come to the concert with Count Albert?”

"uh?"

Andre recalled.

On the first day of the opening performance, next to the minister of the palace, who had visited the theater, there was a little girl who was just plain dressed.

“Yes. Do you know who you are?”

"Well. I don’t know.”

“Anyway, we’ll be friends.”

Andrew jumped up.

Not a nobleman, it was difficult for him to approach the minister of the palace. I couldn't miss this great opportunity.

“Where are you going during the meeting?”

The picky soprano Sylvia stumbled and fell. But I ignored it and hurriedly ran to the girl.

“Are there any difficulties?”

Hazel turned her head to look at the familiar voice she heard suddenly.

Surprisingly, the leading tenor of <Romance Romance> stood there.

I'm a singer!

While Hazel was bewildered for a moment, he quickly grasped the situation.

“Ah, rose water. Are you trying to advertise this rose water? Then tell me sooner or later! We will visit the powder corner during the interlude break. Let the voice of a million gold praise the beautiful fragrance of this rose water. Then people will come in like swarms of bees.”

“Yes, I should be grateful... .”

Hazel replied stunned.

“Why are you doing such a favor all of a sudden?”

“I have long respected the Prime Minister. And I've been dreaming of it ever since I started taking vocal lessons. One day I will stand on the most glorious stage in Korea!”

“Avalon Theatre?”

"no! In front of His Majesty! A loyal servant of the former Emperor's Majesty. My heart would burst with joy if only I could dedicate this little talent for the sake of His Majesty, His Majesty, the Empress Dowager IX, the greatest emperor in the world, and the royal family. Do you think so too?"

He looked at me with eyes asking for consent.

Hazel tilted her head.

This person seems to be misunderstanding something?

Anyway, that's not important.

André Delgado is the most popular opera singer right now. If he shows up in the powder corner and promotes rose water, he will definitely get attention.

Hazel took out a bottle of rose water.

“Oh, but before that, you should know this. Everyone doesn’t even look at this rose tree because it uses a hybrid rose.”

"does not matter. It doesn't matter at all. It would be even more dramatic.”

“Then take a look. If you recommend it to others, it's good for us. Of course, if you think it's a good idea to recommend it. I made it with all my heart so as not to embarrass anyone.”

“It will be great, at least.”

He reached out with a sweet smile on his handsome face.

That was then.

The producer, who had given me a hint earlier, hurriedly approached me and whispered in his ear.

“Come to the farm! It's the same farm owner that was buzzing in the newspapers back in the day! A farm in the middle of a great garden!”

Ugh.

Andre was startled.

Court singers who serve the court exclusively are semi-nobles. If the emperor or the empress likes them, they may be given a title and become a noble. It was the highest honor for an opera singer with a desire to rise in status.

To Andre Delgado, whose lifelong dream is to become a court singer, a daring young lady who took advantage of loopholes in the law to set up a farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace was of interest. It wasn't good to mix things up either.

But one thing struck me.

Andre recalled the opening performance again.

Why did the minister of the palace come to see the opera with such a village girl? Do you dare to risk getting a glare?

Because there are definitely some benefits.

He always moved only where there was an advantage. So it never occurred to me that others could make a decision of their own accord, without any benefit.

Andre lowered his voice and asked softly.

“The young lady’s rose water business. Actually, it's the work of the Minister of the Interior, right?”

"Yes?"

Hazel asked in bewilderment.

“What do you mean? You are a very clean person. Please do not spread any strange rumors. This has nothing to do with the minister of the palace.”

"iced coffee... .. ?”

His face changed subtly.

“Then, are you going to be a distant relative of the Prime Minister?”

"no. It has nothing to do with it.”

Then his face went completely cold. He didn't even seem to want to hide such a change of emotion.

Hazel thought it was strange.

His hand, which seemed to receive rose water at any moment, just stopped in the air. It was a cold glance that bounced off the abacus.

“Then it would be in trouble.”

His voice was cold.

“It’s a lotion made from hybrid roses. I have an image to manage.”

“But just before... ..”

“Anyway, I don’t normally wear makeup. There is a reason for that.”

“... ..”

Hazel forgot.

The inside was clearly visible.

He said he wanted to become a court singer and hanged himself.

He knew that Hazel was a relative of the minister of the palace, or that the rose water business was the work of the minister of the palace, so he took the initiative.

no matter how it is Isn't it too rude to change your face like this as soon as you learn the truth and treat yourself like crap?

He was a really shallow man.

"then."

He shook his head and returned to his seat. It was a very arrogant attitude.

Hazel still had her mouth half open.

I was so upset that I couldn't speak. At the same time, I felt like I was banging my head.

You have to change your thinking.

Unexpected obstacles like this always gave me an opportunity to think anew. Is the old method really the best? It gave me time to reconsider.

Take advantage of celebrity publicity.

It may be the best way for the minister of the palace, who has been through the battlefield of the imperial palace using his personal connections.

But it might not be for Hazel. Doing your best for Hazel meant making something with the utmost care.

There was something that came to mind when I saw the thin man.

Thin, melt-in-your-mouth sweets. it was sable

A sable that contains the scent of centifolia roses that have bloomed in layers.

I was completely obsessed with that thought.

The coffee house and the opera singer disappeared completely from my mind. I turned around and hurriedly returned to the farm.

Hazel believed that cooking should not be done with a bad heart.

To be more precise, the only thing you can do with a bad heart is the dough. From then on, I had to do it with a sincere heart.

It's not difficult. When I saw the white flour pouring out, my heart would naturally become pure.

When making sables, add more butter and reduce sugar. This makes the dough crumbly like sand rather than sticking together.

If you mix it well and push it with a rolling pin and bake it with a mold, it crumbles lightly and melts in your mouth.

Hazel added rose water to this dough.

Rose water, which has been made since ancient times, is used for various purposes.

Among them, of course, there is cooking. Soft puddings and jellies, jams and compotes, dressings, sweets with nuts such as pistachios... . . . .

Among them, Hazel liked this rose sable the most.

The hard-baked sable was wrapped in clean paper. When paired with a small bottle of rose water, 20 pairs came out.

I felt like I was heavily armed.

next day.

Hazel jumped up and trembled in diligence before the horizon could even be dyed with dawn light.

It has been hot since early morning. It looked like it was going to be suffocating today. Hazel thought, wiping the sweat from under the straw hat with a towel.

It was good to harvest the spinach in advance. It tastes bitter after it gets too hot.

I drew water to quench the thirst of the crops, replaced the chicks' mud baths with larger ones, and fertilized the spinach harvest.

Finally, after getting rid of the little things inside and outside the house, I went to the opera house.

<All Romance> was performing successfully today as well.

Ladies wearing fancy lace hats and flirting with rich skirts. Gentlemen in robes gleaming with decorations and embroidered decorations. Persons from the upper classes who had high expectations for <Romance Romance> gathered in a row.

Hazel stood in the way they passed. He took what he had packed out of the basket and held it out.

“Rose water and sable made from summer roses. Take it and smell it.”

People just passed by.

If the Hazels were fully armed, they had an iron wall defense.

Not to mention, they were people who had been trained in the skill of ignoring others from an early age. I didn't even have to think about ignoring it, I could just ignore it as if I was breathing.

In it, Hazel felt a familiar sense of déjà vu.

It's like the golden age, isn't it?

Those memories gave me courage.

Even the dictum ordered by His Majesty the Emperor was well tolerated. So, it's a maxim without the Emperor's orders.

It was a time when I was actively promoting with that thought.

Suddenly someone came and stood next to me. I glanced at it and was surprised.

An unexpected person was there.

Hazel exclaimed in surprise.

“Mr. Rose?”

Rose, Viscount Verne, in a modest dress, stood there.

she said with a pale face.

“I thought about it when I heard that I was going to do public relations at the opera theater. I want to be with you too.”

"Yes? Are you really okay?"

“I made enough rose water.”

“That’s not it.”

Hazel rolled her eyes.

Some people are finally starting to look this way. It wasn't a good look.

“This is the Viscount of Bern.”

The murmur came all the way here.

None of those who knew the couple did not know how she was treated by her husband.

Rose's face turned red to the root of her ears.

“Actually, I was perplexed. I didn’t know they were giving out outside the opera house.”

“You can’t buy a VIP ticket to give this away.”

“That’s right.”

Rose nodded. Hazel said looking at her gentle face.

“You can just go back.”

But Rose kept her mouth shut and shook her head. He passed the two and spoke to the people entering the theater.

“This is a lotion I made by picking roses and making my own. Try it.”

It was a trembling voice.

Hazel started again.

“You can just take it. Just smell it.”

They both promoted so hard.

But in the end no one took it.

"it's okay! Dessert tastes better after a few days than when it is made right away!"

Hazel courageously comforted Rose.

“The rose sable will taste even better tomorrow!”

\* \* \* A

dazzling summer.

Lorendel looked up while reading a letter from the elders of the family.

When I saw the trees lined up along the main road of the palace, I thought of the green leaves in the vegetable garden.

There was a soft light in the high elf's pale green eyes.

At that time, Sigwald was walking around the theater.

Seeing the horses running through the palace, he thought of a flock of chicks galloping along the ramp of the chicken coop.

Beyond that, at the training ground, Cayenne was being questioned by the little cats who had been on the field trip.

Looking at the innocent golden eyes of the children, he recalled the herb flowers that were blooming outside the window during tea time on the farm.

Beyond that, in the break room, Lewis was fixing medals on his uniform. As she looked at the glittering silverwork, she remembered the dew on the web. In the morning, while

watering the field with Hazel, they found a huge spider web and the two were curious for a long time.

they all thought

Oh, I really have to go and get some rest today.

After work, he turned down all requests and hurried to a small farm.

There I met my friends.

"you also?"

"you also?"

It was a strange coincidence.

However, there was no Hazel to welcome them.

Instead, something else hit them.

There was a large wooden cutting board on the table decorated with flowers in an empty bottle. The farm's cheese and butter were generously laid out on the cutting board.

There was also a large plate covered with a glass lid, along with a note saying, 'To the friends who came to visit this place.'

"What is this?"

Lewis gently lifted the lid. The sweet scent of roses spread.

“Sableda! Rose Sable!”

They all smiled and held out their hands.

When I put it in my mouth and bit it, the rose scent spreads. It is not a rose scent used in cosmetics, but a pure and fresh rose scent, so it went very well with sweets.

This crumbly, crumbly-textured cookie was perfect for capturing such a rose scent. It melted sweetly and softly, making me feel luxurious just by putting the cookie in my mouth.

“This is really art! We should give this year’s Art of the Year award instead of opera!”

Lewis praised it with saliva in his mouth.

It was a time when everyone was enjoying it happily.

"uh? for a moment."

Sigwald suddenly reached out to the other side of the table. Picked up a very small crumb.

“Who came and ate first?”

he murmured.

Are you sharp?

Iskanda thought.

He was now hiding behind the door of the inner room, sweating.

While eating rose sable, I stopped being vigilant. By the time I realized someone was coming, it was already too late. Your friends, who are commanders of the knights, were light in footsteps and had little footsteps. Besides, it was also very fast.

Reluctantly, he quickly hid.

I mean, it just overlaps with me. Why is it today? There is also yesterday and tomorrow!

Iskanda bit her lip.

There was one thing he didn't realize.

Iskanda also came yesterday. Tomorrow will come too. Therefore, it is impossible not to overlap with friends whenever they come. He was unaware of the fact that these days, the threshold is worn out.

go fast

In the middle of sweating and praying like that.

smart!

It even appeared on behalf of the Ministry of the Interior.

“Sir, it’s okay. There is no hazel.”

He responded to Cayenne's words.

“I knew it would. You will be very busy today.”

Then he picked up the rose sable. I ate one and picked up another.

The voice of my heart has changed.

Leave a little... . . . .

“Hey! Maybe not this fragrant? Rose-scented cookies, I thought I couldn't eat them! I'm sure the publicity will be a huge success.”

“Is it publicity?”

“These cookies were actually baked as part of a publicity campaign. Miss Hazel is having a hard time promoting rose water these days.”

“Let me do it!”

“No Sir Louis. power outage. Because it's pro-peasant.”

“Then I will come tomorrow after burning a straw hat-wearing scarecrow in the plaza, protesting against the farm, and declaring anti-peasantism. So please do it!”

“Who would be deceived there? Unless you're stupid! Just looking around helps. I'm going to take my hand off now and just watch. Because Miss Hazel knows how to do it. You can tell just by going to a coffee house alone and coming up with such a wonderful cookie.”

“Did the coffee house sell these wonderful sweets? I can't believe it... . . . .”

“Of course not! I heard that he met some annoying guy there and he was inspired.”

“What kind of bastard!”

“I didn't say anything, but would it not be Viscount Mana Bern? The flirt husband who pushed his back to do this job.”

"AHA."

"Really, Lewis. Aren't we supposed to eat all of this?"

Everyone calmed down at Cayen's words.

"Yeah. Some of it should be left."

"I will eat all of this. let's go."

Then everyone went out.

After the minister of the palace and his friends had completely disappeared, Iskanda went outside.

I saw it from the rose sable plate.

There was one left.

"I have a lot left."

he grumbled.

There was only one left, so I picked it up. So was the emperor.

He quietly left the farm. And then I thought

The annoying guy who gave the idea for the rose sable wasn't the Viscount Bern.

There was one thing that the minister and his friends did not know.

Hazel had already relieved her annoyance with her flirtatious husband through the pasta dough. But just because we met again, there is no way to get any new inspiration.

So who are you?

Somehow it struck me

\* \* \* While the

rose sable was ripening, the promotion of rose water continued.

Two days passed and the third day.

Evening scenery of the opera house is now familiar.

Hazel and Rose took a seat on the road and worked hard to promote the rose water.

“Hello, Countess Garcia. Do you like roses?”

“Taste the rose sable. Try using rose water.”

A guard in a black uniform was looking at them. I looked at you yesterday and I looked at you the day before yesterday.

But he didn't do anything. It seemed like she was in confusion as the Viscount, not a peddler, was doing this every day from the beginning to the end of the opera. He would have been hoping to quit on Zephyr.

You can never do that.

Hazel thought.

People were really cold. Occasionally, even if some people take it, they just throw it away. There was no reaction.

However, I believed that one day someone would surely come to know the value of this rose water. If only I could tell one more person like this.

“In the end, it’s a battle of spirit between passersby and the giver. You need to be able to take control of the steamship. What if you hit it at an unexpected timing? I’m going to get it.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Because you see this.”

Hazel spoke to someone who was just returning from the show.

“Love changes. But Rose Allison's number of roses does not change. Here are my homemade rose sables and rose water.”

The opponent stopped.

Dressed in a summer coat like an old sack of sacks, she looks like a poor conservatory student... . . . .

Actually, it was Sylvia de Larett.

A soprano of transcendental virtuosity. The protagonist of this <All Romance>.

As is well known to the public, she was a very picky and sensitive personality.

In particular, after the performance was over, I couldn't stand being called around by upper-class aristocrats. So, from time to time, I would disguise myself and sneak out of the dressing room.

It was dangerous, but it was also exciting. It was at least a hundred times better than dealing with hypocritical nobles.

Today was such a day.

However, while sneaking out as if running away, he was caught by some strange women. It was when I was about to shake off and go.

“Love changes. But Rose Allison's number of roses does not change.”

For some reason, those words dug into my ears.

She always sings of love, but it is engraved in her heart that is empty.

As she paused, she suddenly took the items the strange women were handed her.

Behind Sylvia's back, the strange women clamored.

"Oh! I accepted it!"

“Did you see it? You can do this.”

what?

Sylvia frowned.

In fact, I knew who that dark-brown girl was. I saw it in a coffee house. The lady tried to advertise rose water there too. The director, who is well-known for rumors in social circles, revealed her true identity to everyone.

Oh, I don't know. I don't know.

I looked for the trash can, but I couldn't find it. stuffed into the bag. And I forgot.

Sylvia got into the wagon and returned home.

“I don't eat dinner.”

After driving away all approaching employees, I took a cold bath and sat down at the piano. He practiced alone, completely shutting himself off from the world, sipping strong tea one after another.

The practice didn't go well.

“This part. This is the problem.”

I tried to mark the score, but I didn't have a pen to write with all the time. Sylvia took the bag upside down and spilled it. I found a pen there.

She analyzed the sheet music again.

Then, at some point, it hardened like a stone.

His chin was moving up and down. what were you eating now

How could that be! There is no food in this room.

no. There was something to eat in the bag. This is the candy I got earlier.

Sylvia couldn't believe the stupid thing she had done. It's too late now. It will cause severe stomach pain and vomit.

But it wasn't.

The sable cookie melted surprisingly softly. In the place where it disappeared like a cloud, only a strong scent remained.

A strong scent of fresh roses.

Sylvia closed her eyes. I wanted to feel that scent for as long as possible.

But the scent soon disappeared. I was sad, but then I suddenly remembered.

rose water!

I took out the small bottle I had received with a cookie wrapped in paper. When I opened the lid, the same scent of fresh roses exploded like before.

Sylvia was startled.

The scent was very strong.

Could it be dangerous? Dark and colorful things are poisonous corporations.

At the same time, I had a thought.

then let's put it on If you die, you don't have to stand on stage anymore.

That seemed like a really good idea.

She smeared rose water on her face with her hands.

The rosy lotion permeated the skin of the foot that was applied. The dry desert seemed to take in the water.

okay. Put it all on and die. let it die

Sylvia took the whole bottle and poured it into her face. It ran down my chin, and even that quickly soaked in.

The thick scent of roses enveloped my body.

Strangely, I felt at ease. fatigue came

Sylvia lay on the bed. I only put my head on it for a while, but I fell asleep quickly.

And I dreamed

It was a dream of floating in the sea full of rose petals. I didn't feel any weight on my body. It was as comfortable and cozy as a feather.

Sylvia slept very well in a long time.

When I woke up, it was afternoon.

jumped up

His blood color had improved remarkably. When I wiped my face with my fingertips, it was smooth and moist.

I felt weird.

For the first time in almost a year, I had no desire to die. I knew my voice before I even heard it. Today's neck condition was the best.

She couldn't keep her mouth shut.

I found God's water of life!

I couldn't contain my excitement at the thought.

... ... Of course, it wasn't God's water of life.

The rose water, which was extracted from centifolia, which has a nickname of white-leaved rose, and condensed with ice, was rich in rich ingredients. It was like rose water and a very pure concentrate.

So, last night Sylvia unwittingly received the best scent treatment. The representative function of rose water, which has been passed down from mouth to mouth since ancient temples, was particularly effective.

It was a stress reliever.

Sylvia didn't know that, so she was just curious.

At the same time, I was impatient.

Today, another soprano takes her place on the stage. Still, he called the carriage and ran to the opera house. Just as I was looking around on the spot yesterday, Hazel and Rose with baskets appeared.

Sylvia was happy and approached quickly.

“Did you have it yesterday?”

"Yes?"

Hazel didn't understand at once and asked.

“Yesterday that rose water! I want to buy!”

The overwhelming soprano's voice resounded. There was exquisite and deep vibrato in the 'rose water' part.

People entering the theater stopped in surprise. Those who were talking to each other also opened their mouths and focused their eyes on them.

The entrance to the theater.

A beautiful soprano voice just echoed from there. It was the place where the farm lady and the Viscount Bernese were standing, who had been advertising terribly for the past few days.

A woman was holding them and begging. The sack of summer cloak was rolled back, revealing her silvery hair.

Everyone almost had their eyes popped out.

She was a transcendent soprano, Silvia de Larett.

“... .. !”

A theater manager who was chatting with celebrities from afar saw this.

For a moment, his eyes darkened.

Sylvia finally got the job done!

That figure in shabby clothes begging the vendors for something.

In the end, it has come.

I was so stressed. It's a dangerous drug you shouldn't touch.

"No! Sylvia!"

He ran as if rolling around.

"Wake! No! please! That's never going to happen!"

I tried my best to steal it.

At that moment, the thick scent of roses pierced his nostrils. The manager blankly looked down at his hands.

It wasn't drugs. It was just makeup. It was an ordinary rose water.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm also really picky. You made the wrong mistake."

The manager wiped his chest and returned the rose water.

"By the way, what are you doing here? This is without hiring an employee."

“What if it is sold out in the meantime? I have nothing to write today!”

Sylvia exclaimed. A clear, high-pitched voice rang out again.

Hazel, who had been stunned by this sudden situation, finally came to her senses. I said to the soprano who seemed too excited.

“Out of stock? Do not worry. Not a single bottle has been sold so far.”

"I beg your pardon?"

Sylvia was startled. It was an expression of incomprehension.

Hazel and Rose couldn't quite understand this situation. The high school student at the conservatory who received the prototype yesterday was actually the leading soprano whom everyone admires.

“Why did you go there?”

“That’s it.”

As the two of them were about to blink, Sylvia urged again.

“Then it’s fine. I will live everything It's on sale, right?”

"Yes. That's right, but what are you going to do with all of them? Even just one bottle would last me two months.”

“You have to pick it up! Now I can't use any other lotion. This rose water is so incredible!”

Excited, vibrato came out again.

It was supposed to be a free show. Not everyone could even think of entering, and I was lost in this situation.

Hazel rolled her eyes again.

Now, this situation perfectly met all the conditions the Minister of the Interior had said. A person who is not pro-peasant. A genius soprano who is attracting attention from the social world. The figure of a woman famous for her high nose and harshness fell in love with this rose water.

This was great luck.

Hazel squinted, hiding her excitement.

Would everyone be surprised?

But it wasn't.

The ladies and gentlemen of the social circle were expressionless. I wasn't standing in line to get a prototype, and I wasn't expressing my curiosity. I just stood there and watched.

I thought this would be something. Also, the barrier is thick.

Hazel was slightly disappointed.

“Anyway, let’s work hard tomorrow.”

"okay. We are strong.”

It was when I was walking out of the theater with Rose.

“I’m sorry, but... . . . .”

The two looked back.

A young man in a dark blue suit and scarf stood. He was like a servant of a noble family.

“I want to buy that rose water, how do I order it?”

Before he could answer, another person appeared. And another person appeared. Hazel and Rose were surrounded by the servants of each family in an instant.

“Can I make a reservation?”

“When can I pick it up?”

Inquiries flooded in.

AHA.

Hazel seemed to be able to understand some of their behavior now.

and I found out

The jackpot exploded!

\* \* \*

I couldn't handle the influx of orders.

Rose sent someone to the workshop to urgently request a bottle.

The glass craftsman Oscar sent new bottles of rose water to the artist in Bern. They disinfected, transferred, and sealed the warehouse there.

Soon Rose produced the first products and brought them to the farm.

Hazel opened the basket lid. In a specially made glass bottle, there was a rosy red lotion in it.

"It's great!"

He took the bottle in his hand and looked closely at it with admiration. Then his gaze stopped at one place.

'The recipe for the horse chestnut farm'.

On 'Rose Allison's Rose Water', such a phrase was engraved in a very nice font.

Hazel raised her head in surprise.

"Mr. Rose?"

"how is it? I listened to Mr. Oscar and thought. I also think it is very important to get your name out there."

Rose said with a serious face.

I'm just showing everyone how to know.

Hazel was embarrassed.

“Who designed this text?”

“I am.”

“Really? Why did you say you have no talent? As I write this well... . . . .”

Hazel placed the rose water bottle Rose gave her on the table.

It tickled me to see this memorable first product proudly engraved with 'Marronnier Farm'. Her manners were cute and grateful.

Rose Allison's rose water, which was written as such, 'The recipe for the Marronnier Farm' was delivered to several noble families one by one.

Everyone ordered just out of curiosity. 'This is the rose tree that Sylvia de Larette ran to the theater to make a fuss!' And I was thinking of using it as entertainment for conversation.

However, those who applied it once were invariably surprised the next day.

The quality did not lie.

Rose water purifies the skin and has moisturizing and sterilizing effects. It calms the mind and promotes sleep. Naturally, the skin had to be as smooth as a boiled egg.

Word of mouth spread immediately.

Rose's rose water became a hot topic among the socialites.

However, this had an unexpected result.

Hazel didn't do any market research. I was confident in the quality, so I just boldly omitted it.

If you had researched it, you would have known the name 'Amor'. It was now the most popular rose water among noble women.

Amor rose water continued to raise the price as she upgraded her image more and more through popular people in social circles. But there were no problems at all. Because the higher the price, the better it sold.

However, in fact, this Amor rose water was not made by distillation, but by boiling rose petals in water. Colors and fragrances were added there.

People just found out How inferior the quality of the existing rose water is compared to the new rose water of Rose.

There was such a qualitative difference, but the price was rather the opposite. Amor cost 1 gold per bottle, while Rose Allison's rose water was 50 silver per bottle.

The ladies also learned how expensive the Amor rose water they had been using.

Even if money is moldy and rotting, no one wants to spend money.

Therefore, the order for Amor rose water was cut off.

Rose Allison's rose water was produced in small batches at home, so I had to wait a long time. However, everyone tried to use Rose's rose water even if they made a reservation.

“No, this is a big deal!”

Investors in Amor Rososoo were in a bad mood. He ripped his hair out and looked at the publicity manager.

“Is there no good way?”

“... ..”

Andre Delgado said nothing.

It was entirely attributable to this popular tenor that Amour Rose's successful penetration into the heart of the social circle was made.

He carried this rose water to various social events and promoted it from time to time. Instead, they signed a contract to receive 10% of the sales revenue. It was a very salty side income.

But it suddenly flew away.

What about that country girl's rose water?

It was difficult to even find one. I was wandering around like a hyena, and found something that someone had left in the waiting room of the theater for a while and tried it out quickly.

Indeed the quality was different. The scent was thick and mellow, and it permeated without stickiness.

"Damn it!"

His face contorted.

The Viscount Berne, whose husband cheated on her and could not even make a sound, could not do this. The farm lady must have been controlling everything from behind.

We should have signed a contract when we met at the coffee house back then!

He had already signed a contract with Amor, and he didn't even look at him because he wore a hybrid rose. But I can't believe that sassy Sylvia de Larett would take her feet off and publicize it like that!

I got greedy later.

I'm going to put aside the amor and eat this whole.

He secretly opened his eyes.

She's like a village girl who doesn't know anything.

Without realizing that the hottest tenor in the capital right now is obsessed with cooking himself.

Hazel tied her hat strap and left the farmhouse.

A person was sent from the coffee house. The owner repeatedly apologized for what had happened last time. And I've been suggesting that we talk about plans to exclusively stock Rose's rose water in a small powder corner there.

The coffee house was where the Viscount Bern had an affair. It is also the place where the plan to commercialize rose water began in earnest. So, after signing the contract nicely, I thought it would be very exciting to drink tea there with Rose.

With that thought in mind, I hurried my steps.

just a few minutes after that.

A black shadow jumped over the fence beyond the garden where the twilight began to fall without a sound.

It was Iskanda.

There was no sign of a small house. I took a look though, but Hazel wasn't there either.

Going out again!

I ran out of the garden just in case.

Fortunately, it wasn't too late.

Among the people leaving the palace, I could see the back of Hazel wearing a hat for going out.

Hmm.

His mouth was tightly shut.

When I first heard about it, I thought it was a fun plan, but... ... It seemed that farming was better than business.

Now, when are you going to come back?

It seemed like I should just go back to the palace and work to satisfy my hunger with tasteless white bread and fatty meat.

Iskanda stuttered back.

As I was walking a few steps, I suddenly remembered a story I had heard in the hallway of the Imperial Palace during the day.

- You and the ladies have servants to order the rose water, right?

-But they couldn't go to the farm because they were afraid of attention, and they mostly contacted them on the street.

-So that's why she's often surrounded and surrounded by servants.

People talked about it like it was funny.

It's nice to know that the business you've worked so hard for has done well.

But what if someone with an impure heart approaches you pretending to be a servant?

He frowned.

Without thinking any further, I ran away.

It was then that Hazel entered the Arts Street with the opera house.

As I was walking diligently with a signpost of a flashy and splendid building, suddenly someone popped out of the darkness.

I also thought he was a servant of a noble family.

But it wasn't.

"miss."

A soft and sweet voice was heard.

Hazel was surprised.

“Andre Delgado?”

"okay."

Andre stepped closer.

He knew from which direction his face looked best when the light came on.

He looked down at Hazel by carefully calculating the angle at which the shading was cast on the bridge of the nose to emphasize the sculptural lines, and the blue eyes that everyone admired gave off a mellow light.

If you do this, it will go over a hundred if you do this.

“You remembered my name.”

Andre frowned at Hazel.

Hazel thought.

what? What are you going to do now with a face that's worse than a potato?

He spoke in a sweeter, softer voice, not knowing what Hazel was thinking.

“Your rose water, now that I see it, is very good. Let's join hands and do business properly. Double the price and start mass production. I will work hard to promote it in the social world, so the profit is 5 to 5. How about it?”

“... ..”

“It's not just that. There's a nice bonus. I know her position is very difficult. If you hold hands with me, that problem can also be empowered.”

“I'm busy right now.”

“Uh-huh, I want to hear it. Just whisper in the ears of some high-ranking ladies with a million-gold voice and you can manipulate public opinion right now! For example, something like this. 'The Emperor secretly ordered someone to threaten the young lady? Or not.' It's very safe. It's just a rumor anyway, so I can't hold you accountable.”

Just then, Iskanda, who followed, had just entered the Art Street.

His sharp hearing heard every word a man had to say to Hazel. feet stopped.

what?

That was the moment.

“Why are there so many brazen people around this theater?”

A scolding sound was heard.

"okay. It is true that I was born outside the eyes of the Most High in the country. But is it public opinion manipulation? Are you trying to get me involved in your mean work?”

“Hey, it's very safe... ..”

"It's noisy! After hearing your words, I realized that the Emperor of this country is a fearsome man with absolute power, but at least he has never secretly ordered anyone to threaten me. I mean, my personality wasn't that bad! At that time, he flattered the emperor like that, and behind the scenes plots like this? Andre Delgado! You are truly a two-faced man!"

Hazel rebuked him outright.

Iskanda hid and continued to listen.

"Besides, have you already forgotten in a few days? It was different back then. When we met at the coffee house! Before the rose water got such a good response thanks to Miss Sylvia de Larett."

"No, what am I... ."

"Would you like me to remind you? When everyone didn't even care about this rose water made from hybrid roses, you approached it alone. I know the whole idea. You want to be a court singer! When you found out that this business wasn't the minister's side job, and I wasn't his relative, you immediately changed your mind. Okay, so why are you here now? Shame on you!"

so scathingly asked.

It was then that Iskanda found out.

The identity of the 'annoyed person' that inspired Rose Sable.

That person was the opera singer Andre Delgado.

Rumors that the emperor secretly threatens the farm girl? I was stunned before I got mad. That was a really absurd bluff.

Now, in the Imperial Palace, the high-ranking ladies were all loyal to the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, starting with the Duchess of Winterfeld, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to be there in the first place.

But how can a single singer manipulate public opinion among them?

Hazel wouldn't know until there. Still, he cut off his mean temptation and rejected it.

What she understood so clearly and succinctly, that she defended herself in this respect despite being in a stand against herself and the land, felt strangely good.

And at the same time, I was worried.

What if you shoot like that and the author uses violence or tries to drag you somewhere?

he hurriedly approached

However... . . . .

“Oh, what. Seriously, I've only said it once. You have a great personality!”

The opera singer just mumbled and threw it away.

His attitude was understandable. He had no doubts that Hazel would surely fall for his words. This farm girl was overconfident that she could do whatever she wanted. Then he was taken aback by the unexpected reaction.

I thought it would be easy to cook. But it's never sloppy. Would the emperor of this country be fussy?

I remembered the words that Hazel had shot at her earlier.

Iskanda felt better again. But there was something strange.

If you are in a good mood, unpleasant things should be offset, but your pitiful heart burns even more.

He wanted to catch the mean opera singer right away. But so fast that he had nowhere to go.

But that didn't matter.

“A court singer?”

Iskanda muttered in exasperation.

It's a nonsensical sound.

next day.

“Mr. Delgado! Delgado-san!”

The receptionist rushed into the waiting room of the Avalon Opera Theater.

“A guest has arrived!”

I'm busy with makeup, but what guest? Don't bring me here!

Andre's eyes, which were about to be irritated, grew as big as a tray.

The guest wore a black hat with the national emblem and a red coat with a golden lapel.

"Mr André Delgado, Your Majesty the Emperor is looking for you."

said the Imperial Palace servant.

Andre's mouth widened.

A dream come true!

At last, rumors of this genius tenor had flowed to the high throne. He was drunk with an indescribable sense of superiority.

It's different from Sylvia, who sits in a corner and sings. Politics that had been under the water for a while has finally come into effect.

Finally entered the Imperial Palace!

He asked, suppressing his trembling heart.

"when? When can I have an audience?"

"Right now."

"all right!"

Andrew jumped up.

Everyone was surprised. The makeup artist hurriedly grabbed his sleeve.

"How about the <All Romance> performance? It starts in an hour... ."

“Is that a problem now? Your Majesty the Emperor is looking for me!”

He pushed everyone away and ran out of the dressing room. While taking the wagon, he sent an errand to contact all the reporters he knew.

Meanwhile, preparations were in full swing at the Imperial Palace.

It was sudden, but not surprising. I've had this happen a few times before. For the Empress Dowager, who was unable to go out because of her weakness, the Emperor used to bring famous operas and dances from the market into the palace.

“You pretended you weren't interested in this performance as well, and you were actually paying attention!”

Everyone was talking and paying attention with interest.

The royal nobles gathered like a cloud in the 'Music Room' lined with beautiful arched windows.

In the middle of this magnificent music room was the grand piano that Empress Sophia was said to have played. Francesco Conchi, the court musician and great maestro, came in and sat down in front of him.

Then the servant shouted.

“You are the Emperor!”

Surrounded by a large number of people, only one person in the highest position in the empire entered.

A dazzling uniform that enhances the dazzling blonde hair, the symbol of the imperial family. A crimson-lined cloak that flutters like a show of power. An arrogant and dignified face surrounded by a brilliance that almost blinds you.

His Majesty the Emperor was now sitting on his throne, watching with interest.

What an honor!

Andre's heart pounded.

"Everyone. Andre Delgado, the tenor we love the most at this moment."

The Marquis of Giancarlo, who had been to the show several times, introduced it in a concise and stylish way.

The great maestro Conchi put his hands down on the keys. A clear and elegant melody flowed from the old-fashioned grand piano.

Andre started singing.

"The wise know without telling anyone... .."

He chose 'Aria of Chief Knight Wolfram' as the song to sing at this once-in-a-lifetime event. It was about a young knight praising the king and swearing allegiance after he had just been appointed.

There was no song better suited to singing in front of His Majesty the Emperor. Besides, today's vocalizations came out surprisingly well. A soft, sweet, million-gold voice just lit up.

The nobles were all listening with smiles in mind.

great. You can keep going like this. like this.

Eventually, the climax of Arya was reached. It was a very dramatic part as it jumped from the bass to the treble.

Although it was difficult enough to be called a 'tenor's hell', he was confident. He was going to show off his million-gold voice properly.

That important 'Oh! The moment you control your breathing just to enter 'The Glory of this Earth'.

At the same time, the aftertaste of the piano played by Maestro Conchi disappeared, leaving an exquisite void.

And in that blank... . . . .

"Phew... . . . ."

His Majesty's great sigh resounded.

Everyone was startled.

As it was unexpected, the pianist's hand slipped. Still, he was a great maestro and was able to handle it skillfully.

what, what!

Andre hurriedly sang Aria afterward. However, the atmosphere has already turned one hundred and eighty degrees.

"Oh, it must have been bad for your Majesty."

"okay? Is it just that?"

“I don’t think it’s enough to tell the Empress Dowager.”

"Hmm. Somehow, it was so in my ears."

Whispers were heard from all over the place.

The atmosphere has completely cooled down. Everyone looked at the Emperor's majesty.

Andre felt like he was falling into the abyss.

Somehow, Arya was finished.

Of course it was a mess. There was a thumping sound of applause, but it stopped in the middle.

what's this! Why did this happen!

No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't understand it. He grabbed an acquaintance of a music critic and asked.

“Where was my song lacking? Wasn't it the best halfway through?"

“Uh... . . . Before the climax, I didn't feel like I was lacking anything. I don't know either. Maybe there was something wrong with it outside of the music.”

The critic tilted his head.

“This is just my opinion, maybe... . . . .”

"what?"

“Hey, haven’t you been greedy for the lotion made on that bizarre farm recently? Then, did he make any pro-peasant remarks?”

"Yes? What are you talking about! Absolutely not!"

As he approached, but rather cursed at Hazel and turned around, he was going crazy and leaps and bounds.

“I am! This is how my life is ruined! It's so broken!"

“But why? Even if your dream of becoming a court singer has been thwarted, don't you still have a theater?"

"no. I only knew that my life was turned upside down... ... It’s all thrown away!"

He banged his head against the wall in despair.

Meanwhile.

There was one more man who threw everything away.

Luxurious coffee house. Armchairs under a colorful chandelier.

The Viscount Bern was there today, sitting next to a bewitching beauty and sharing a sweet push.

There is no better married man in the world who sells better than me. No matter what I do, my wife can't make a sound!

When you are drenched in such an euphoric feeling.

A beautiful noble girl with blonde hair appeared from the other side.

She was Miss La Marche. She was the most popular beauty, dubbed 'The Three Seconds' because she resembled Grand Duchess Athena, one of the most beautiful in the Empire.

Oh, it kills me.

I was looking up and down, and unexpectedly, she came over here. It looked very urgent.

What is this?

Viscount Bern immediately abandoned his companion and got up.

"what's going on?"

“Sir, I have a request... ..”

“What is it? tell me I'll listen to anything!”

“Then can you tell your wife? Please take out one bottle of that rose water.”

“... ..?”

Viscount Bern blinked at the unexpected words.

rose water? what rose water?

Rather, it was a plate that had to hold her and ask her.

After digging with Miss LaMarche and a few others, he finally found out. That your wife made a huge jackpot!

"no! You mean she had that kind of talent?"

It was so amazing.

Now that I see it, everyone knows except me. He scratched the back of his head.

I haven't been home too much.

Anyway, everyone was praising them with dry mouth. He was also envious of suddenly having a successful businessman wife.

He shrugged.

"No, what do you make a reservation for? just speak I'll give you anything My wife can't even yell at me."

He screamed loudly and hurriedly headed home.

indeed. Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the house had changed dramatically. The scent of roses wafted everywhere.

Rose was busy organizing the books with the maids in the newly decorated living room. He put on his apron and rolled up his sleeves, his eyes twinkled and his face gleamed with life.

Its appearance suddenly became attractive.

Viscount Bern thought.

I don't know if I've been serious all this time. Rose only hung up on me. Now let's do it well.

As he entered the living room, he called softly.

"rose... .."

she shook her head I looked at my husband and blushed without saying a word.

"Sorry. Have you been neglecting it for a while? now i realized The woman I truly love is you. I will do well in the future. Let's make it better together."

Her face reddened even more at the sincere words. Not knowing what to do with blush, he pointed to the table.

As usual, she was waiting for him with a delicious dinner. He reached out to the silver plate covered with delight.

After all, this woman only knows me.

Opened the lid.

But there was no food under it. It was only paper.

It was a divorce court.

'I forgot to leave it there.' and a document signed by him, which he used for intimidation. I really forgot this time and just left it on the fireplace... ..

Below her signature was her signature.

OMG!

He shook his head in amazement.

"rose... .. ?"

"okay."

she looked straight ahead

"I understand now. Did I not listen to you too much? I will divorce you as you wish."

A shrill voice rang out.

Viscount Bern only then realized. It wasn't a shy blush that dyed her cheeks red.

It was anger.

"Seriously, what are you doing? love? Do not be ridiculous! You must have felt love for my success, not me! okay! I earn well! Everyone made a reservation with an advance payment and got a house with that money! A house with a small shop! Now I will start my business in earnest from my home!"

Rose shouted.

The Viscount Bern could not believe the situation now.

She was a timid and cowardly woman. Even the taste of the sauce was unconditional and he tried to convince him that you were right.

But how dare you open your eyes like this!

uh? uh? In the meantime, Rose didn't say a word, just grabbed the book and left.

“We will quit.”

The maids, who were usually dissatisfied with the behavior of their masters, also rushed out to resign and leave.

Viscount Bern sat down on the chair with a broken heart. Somehow, I lost my strength and couldn't move.

Rose, on the other hand, was walking fast. The farther away from the Bernese Viscount, the lighter his steps became, as if he had wings.

I can do it!

Belatedly, my body trembled. At the same time, it was very exciting. It sounded like a scream.

Come on, let's talk!

I couldn't delay even for a moment. After sending the following maids to their new home, Rose hurriedly ran to the farm inside the Imperial Palace.

Hazel, of course, was delighted to hear this news as if it were her own job.

“You did a great job! Congratulations, Mr. Rose!”

“It's all thanks to Miss Hazel!”

The two hugged each other for a long time and congratulated each other.

Look! You can do it!

Such a good thing cannot be celebrated with bare lips.

Hazel hurriedly sliced the ham and cheese. I spread the pasta dough made with 'Dish of Wrath' and put plenty of farm-labeled spinach on it. Then, topped with ham and cheese, it was quickly roasted over a wood fire.

A table was served with roasted vegetables, nuts and pickled olives. And I picked up some cheap wine I bought from the market.

The two toasted.

"For Rose Allison's Rose Water!"

"Rose water using the recipe of the Maroni Farm!"

Rose added quickly.

In the scent of delicious food and wine, past events passed by like a lantern.

It was a fun time.

"You must come to the store to play! Definitely!"

Even after Rose returned home, Hazel was in a good mood, so she poured more wine.

The next day I woke up with a hangover.

Hazel saw another delightful piece of news in a newspaper abandoned on a bench in the Great Garden.

“André Delgado leaves in shock! A Shattered Court Singer's Dream.”

Hazel picked up the newspaper and read it.

Surprisingly, the hypocrite was called to his neighbor's palace just yesterday. But His Majesty the Emperor was pitiful for his song. So, the famous singer was humiliated and ran away as if kicked out.

Suddenly, the hangover seemed to go away.

Hazel glanced at the neighbor's house.

About His Majesty the Emperor of Terror, who was fighting the land with himself, he had no choice but to admit one more thing.

Your taste in music is normal!

\* \* \*

“Thanks to the lady, this year the roses on the fence were put to good use before they withered!”

Draco, the chief gardener of the rose garden, was delighted.

“I got an order from the Countess of Del Rey. You want to order a bottle to hold the family's wine! That was a good idea too! It must have been like whispering the name of 'Hummingbird Workshop' in your ear every time you use rose water every day! Such whispers are surprisingly effective!”

Oscar from the Hummingbird Workshop also liked it.

Rose's rose water has continued to grow in popularity based on a good reputation.

The fresh roses will fall soon, but I decided to dry and store the centifolia roses so that I can continue to produce them. And he said that he was developing another lotion using daffodils blooming in August.

It was really good.

The farm has also undergone some changes.

Is it because of the name 'Marronnier Farm', which is stuck in the lotion that you see every day? Ladies in lavish clothing were often seen walking on purpose and glancing over the lace fan.

-... .. Such whispers are surprisingly effective!

The words of the glass craftsman Oscar came to mind.

Hazel's eyes lit up.

After a while, the ladies of the upper classes of society, who were glancing around the farm pretending not to see, heard a strange whisper.

“Even the famous high-end roses are hybrids when you follow their roots. A wild, natural hybrid or a hybrid is a hybrid anyway. The distinction between purebreds and hybrids in nature is meaningless... ..”

The voice was coming from the shade inside the fence. It was a whisper that seemed to be trying to brainwash.

It's weird here!

The ladies were bewildered and scattered.

\* \* \* Where

there is success, there is also failure.

He swung his rake to rake up weeds, but it seems he was overzealous. The rake flies and clangs! and broke the jar.

I lost a good water jar. But when I transplanted marigolds from the broken jar into flowerpots, it was worth seeing again in its own way.

As always, a day on the farm that never changes.

At the end of the day, Sir Valentine, wrapped in a black cloak, sneaked in again.

He seemed to have something to say. But I kept procrastinating. Hazel waited, and finally asked the question straight up.

“Do you have anything to say to me?”

Then he spoke with difficulty.

“Rose water... ..”

“What is rose water?”

“Everyone is there, but I’m not alone... ..”

"Oh!"

Hazel was startled.

no wonder! It seemed like I kept forgetting something important!

He hurriedly stretched out his hand over the table. He handed him the prototype bottle that Rose had made for the first time.

"Here you go! Here you are!"

But he shook his head.

"Not this."

"sure?"

"Miss Mayfield's homemade rose water."

"... .. ?"

Hazel looked at him puzzled.

"This or that, it's all the same."

"still... .."

Iskanda said firmly once again.

And it felt like my ears were getting hotter.

It was the first time I said I wanted something out of purely personal greed. This is because the ruler has been strictly educated from the time of the Crown Prince that he should always refrain from revealing his heart. I kept thinking that something like this shouldn't be done.

But it had to be.

So I finally said it.

"I see. Then I will get some raw roses from Mr. Rose."

Hazel answered with a smile.

When I went to visit Rose the next day, she gave me all the roses that had not yet dried. They told me to bring new bottles as well. Other than that, I kept trying to give him something, but he smiled and declined.

I stopped by the market to buy a pack of ice and made rose water with great care.

The dark rose scent once again filled the small kitchen.

That evening, Iskanda visited the farm and received freshly made rose water.

"Because roses are everything."

Hazel held out the two bottles with a sad face.

Iskanda, who thought she would only receive one bottle, was overjoyed.

Two bottles! Doesn't it feel like you've read your heart?

He returned with the precious two bottles of rose water, which were no longer available.

I took it out secretly when I was alone in the office. Open the lid, pour a little and wet the cloth.

I lightly wiped the leather-bound book I loved. The scent of fresh roses spread deeply. It was a soothing scent.

He was satisfied.

"also... .."

That was then.

smart!

At the same time as the knock, someone came in. I couldn't even see who it was. Iskanda was so embarrassed that she hurriedly shook her arms to get rid of the scent.

"your Majesty... ..?"

The minister of the palace looked at him with strange eyes.

what? Not even when I was a teenage prince.

After Noh went out with a tilted head, Jang Mi-su, whose lid was well closed, went into the secret drawer. He took his place along with his other treasures where no one but the Emperor could open it.

And the other bottle went elsewhere.

“His Majesty, how are you today?”

While the servant bowed his head to say hello, a bottle of rose water gently landed on the cart he was pushing. It was such a ghost-like movement that no one around noticed it.

The servant pushed the cart again.

The wagon was full of genuine goods that had to be inspected.

It was a genuine product going to the Empress Dowager Palace.

\* \* \* A

secluded little garden surrounded by beautiful elm trees.

Inside was the palace where the Empress Dowager, the mother of the imperial emperor, lived.

True to its nickname, the Green Jewel Crossgung, it was a pretty palace with green roofs and golden decorations lined up with columns.

Magnificent bedroom decorated with dark wood and gold and silver jewels.

In front of the thin silk veil that had been placed to avoid insects entering, the dazzling blonde princess was sitting and talking.

Grand Duchess Athena came today to be a friend to the Empress Dowager.

“I am very glad that you are getting better. Athena is so happy. But walking is still too much. The weather outside is very hot. When the weather gets a little cooler, I'll take you, so let's walk together. Your Majesty will be very pleased.”

She got up after the chatter had finished.

I bowed politely to the veil, and as I turned away, I glanced at the wall. He immediately frowned and called the maid.

“Why did you leave that window open? What if I hear a loud noise or a bad smell?”

“I made a big mistake.”

The maid bowed her head so that it touched the ground.

The Empress Dowager's hand-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld, watched the scene with a rather uncomfortable look.

The Empress Dowager always wanted to go out. However, the imperial physician and the Grand Duchess wore a flag like that.

They will, of course. If anything happens while you're out, it's a big deal. I understood it, but it was still frustrating, so I had the maid open even that small window.

But, without knowing it, to scold a subordinate like that in front of the handmaiden. It was something that upset people. Of course, this was definitely not what the Grand Duchess intended.

Throughout the long talk today, she kept her back straight and kept her posture undisturbed.

You wouldn't have to do that. There was

definitely an over-ambitious side.

Well, it would be nice to do it with that much sincerity.

The maid slowly nodded her head as if to convince herself.

After the grand princess's gorgeous blue silk dress rustled and disappeared.

The maids exchanged glances with each other. One of them took a sneak peek and pulled out an object that had been hidden behind the chair.

“Madame, do you know what this is?”

When the maid saw the pretty bottle of red lotion, she immediately fell in love with it.

“The rose water of the farm! Oh my, did this come as a real product?”

Seeing her always serious and bubbly acting, the other noble ladies who took care of the Empress Dowager also looked at this side.

"Ah! That rose water!"

“I see this here!”

Everyone trembled at the waterline.

The maids grinned and talked.

“We were surprised too. Well, among the real products, this is the best! I don't know who you are, but aren't you really sensitive to the latest trends? It was so much fun that I wanted to show it to you.”

“Then why did you secretly take it out now?”

“Until now, the Grand Duchess was there. He firmly believes that 'Angel's lotion', which he popularized through his salon, is the best. So if you look at this, you must have scored a goal at once.”

“Speak carefully.”

The maid laughed and beat the maid. Then he turned to the veil and said kindly.

“Look at this. It is a lotion that is said to be the best among wives these days. It’s so popular that the line for reservations is endless.”

She opened the lid. A deep rose scent spread.

“This lotion is even more meaningful because it was made and sold by the Viscount Berne because of her flirtatious husband. Would you like to hear this funny story? There is one hidden contributor to this work. Do you remember the nut cake you enjoyed last time? He's also the one who made the cake... ..”

The handmaiden, the handmaidens, and the ladies happily talked about the story of this rose tree, giving and receiving each other.

A smile bloomed in the Empress Dowager's bed after a long time. Especially the wives with husbands were very excited.

Among the noble ladies who were old enough to serve the Empress Dowager by her side, there was not a single woman who did not see her heart rotten by her husband's wishes.

When they got married, under the leadership of the Emperor Seon, the court's debauchery reached its peak. However, as the years passed, the times changed, and when I came across this myth, it was refreshing as if the 100-year-old congestion had been cleared.

“Isn’t that kind of revenge everyone dreams of? But you really do it! It would not have been possible without the help of the farm lady. I also had the opportunity to observe the young lady, and she was the kind of person who couldn’t just ignore the difficulties of those around her.”

The waitress smiled and added.

“Isn’t that kind of character the true jewel of the Imperial Palace? It feels similar to the former Empress Dowager.”

Then, a small laughter leaked out from inside the bed, which had been still quiet.

"okay?"

A gentle, gentle voice came from beyond the veil.

“Adelaide said so. Are you curious too?”

\* \* \* A

peaceful and peaceful evening with the scent of rose water.

There was a loud commotion at the Avalon Opera.

“It was a mistake! Guess what happened to my hair for a moment!”

Andre Delgado followed the manager and begged.

The manager didn't even pretend to see Andre. But when he bothered me, he couldn't stand it and said a word.

“If you are shy, you can’t do this!”

“Please, manager!”

“Are you still out of your mind? Huh, true! The leading tenor pulled out an hour before the show started! So, where do you put your brazen face? Do you know how much we struggled with you? After a lot of hard work, I finally got it on the box office track! I almost ate the whole thing because of you! Luckily out of misfortune. There are always promising prospects looking for this opportunity! New geniuses who are always ready, looking forward to the sudden kiss of the goddess of fortune!”

The manager frowned and shook his head.

On the other side of the hallway, surrounded by reporters, I could see a young man with a sheet music and hurriedly walking. He was a rookie tenor who was quickly set up as a substitute for this performance and received an explosive response.

"okay. You were a popular person no one could deny. But no matter how popular you are, there are plenty of alternatives. shouldn't have forgotten that Andre Delgado. You have crossed the last line that a singer who lives on the popularity of the audience should never cross. betrayed the audience. No matter how good a singer is, a singer who has abandoned the audience will never perform twice!"

The manager pushed him away and left.

Even the last hope has fallen like a bubble. Andre Delgado fell into the depths of ruin from which he could not escape.

In fact, Iskanda didn't do much. I just sang him and gave an honest evaluation of his song. The rest were all self-sufficient. He dropped himself into the abyss with his own hands.

But he didn't want to admit it.

Anger and hatred rose like flames. The arrow was pointed at the wrong place, not himself. The emperor, of course, was not. It was too large and too powerful to hold a grudge.

The arrows of anger were directed at Hazel unexpectedly.

“If that sloppy village girl had signed a contract with me, she wouldn't have had any worries now! I would have sat still and took half of the profits!”

Besides, the 'town girl' insulted him by shooting at him in front of him. It was the first such experience. Come to think of it, it seems that I have been reluctant since then.

"right. It's all because of that girl.”

He saw the rose water advertisement on the coffee house and grinded his teeth.

“Are you going to make me like this and go out on my own? It's absurd.”

It was completely nonsense.

The real reason was that of the emperor, the theater manager, the audience, and Hazel, Hazel was the happiest. He just needed something to vent.

Now I could never stand on stage again. The opera singer pulled out an hour before the performance was over. In addition, the article of the day was published in every daily newspaper, and now it has become completely ridiculed.

He was a very extravagant man. It seemed like a mountain of debt, which I was drawn to without thinking about the future. Among them were the fearsome usurers. As soon as they hear the news, they will light their eyes and flock to them.

I had to run away quickly.

You will never be able to set foot in the capital again.

Before I get into the wagon with a bitter heart... . . .

He went to the Marquis of Alvaran.

She became the handmaiden of the emperor's grandmother, the Empress Dowager, and lived in the imperial palace for several decades. So, he knew everything inside the imperial palace.

"Five! Andre! How did this happen?"

This kind-hearted old lady, who was also his ardent supporter, wept with heartfelt sorrow. Andre held his wife's wrinkled hand and made a pitiful expression on her face.

"That's it. I had so much dreamed of entering the Imperial Palace, but it was in vain. I imagined the day I would become a court singer someday, and I learned all manners and manners. When to say hello and when not to say hello, how to call him by name... . . . By the way, are there any forbidden areas in the Imperial Palace? A place where you will be punished for just stepping in."

"Oh, yes. Of course there is."

The Marquis wiped her tears and nodded her head.

"I am proud of studying even that! is it so. That's very important. Court aristocrats like us have been nagging to get nails in their ears since they were young, so they know it well without having to say it. However, outsiders who suddenly come into and out of the palace one day, like a court singer, should be especially careful."

"I know where the most dangerous areas are. It's the palace treasure trove."

"Oh no! Just because you walked around the Imperial Palace Treasury doesn't mean you'll be expelled right away."

“No, then are there places where you are immediately deported?”

"sure. You have to be more careful there than anywhere else. Years ago, Mrs. Myra was horrified when she entered the place while she was looking for a cat that had run away. I immediately heard the decree and was kicked out of the palace.”

Andre's ears lit up.

“How about that?”

The Marquis of Alvaran answered.

“Where are you... . . .”

the next day.

When Hazel returned the ice bucket to the market, there was a note stuck in the gap in the door. I opened it quickly

It was a note made by cutting out newspaper letters.

'Good information for you. I'll show you where the last roses bloom.'

Eyes grew big. As soon as I saw the word rose, I immediately thought of Sir Valentine.

He always disappears suddenly like the wind, but on the day he took the rose water, he didn't. He was about to disappear, then stopped and walked cautiously.

A smile appeared on Hazel's face.

After all, he has a rustic taste as well as his taste.

Even though you can use all kinds of luxurious things like water, you want to have home-made rose water.

Make a few more bottles and they'll love it.

Hazel put everything aside and went out with a basket.

The location described in the note had to go up a long way to the north even from the back of the Imperial Palace where General Elm, a national treasure, is located. It was a place that had not yet been explored because it was outside the area where the main buildings of the Imperial Palace were located.

We have reached the point where the road that intersects horizontally and vertically is completely finished.

There was a small forest.

There was a walking path through the forest. Long grass sprouted through cracks in the stone floor, perhaps because it is a place where people don't come often. I went to the end of the promenade and there was a garden. Through the arch door, the tops of strange and strange statues were visible.

Hazel didn't know, but after passing this exotic garden, the cemetery of the royal family came out. Only the royal family could enter there.

Even if it was not a court noble who was well-versed in etiquette, no ordinary person would come here. It was so lonely and creepy. So, guards were placed only on the day of the ceremony.

Hazel was completely unaware of this and just went inside.

There was a hill at the end of the garden. The grass was growing haphazardly, out of the gardeners' reach.

Even on a sweltering summer day, somehow it felt cool there. Even though there was no shade, the cool wind blew round and round. The crow, sitting like a statue on an old, withered tree, looked at Hazel and wept loudly.

What are all these places in the Imperial Palace?

Hazel was creeped out.

But there were really wild roses here. Just like the contents of the note, the centifolia rose seemed to be somewhere.

The grass that grew like a rake kept getting caught in my ankles. But Hazel kept going inside. I took courage by imagining making rose water and giving it to Sir Valentine.

When you give something, he receives it with a lot of embarrassment. As if someone other than Hazel was watching him.

His lips are always very straight. But when that happens, one end rises slightly, as if he couldn't stand it.

Hazel remembered the scene and continued to climb through the bushes.

Where are you? the last roses?

I came to a very dark place because I wanted to find it.

Have you come too far?

Hazel looked around the desolate hill.

That was then.

I saw a child sitting on the grass. In contrast to his red hair, his face was very pale. He didn't seem like a living person at all.

Ghost?

Hazel froze on the spot.

Looking back, the child was not alone. Right next to him was a lady wearing a mourning robe with a black parasol. When I saw the blonde hair and red eyes, my heart sank.

Maybe royalty?

That was the moment.

The child involuntarily turned his head. I looked at Hazel and heh! I was surprised. As it was, his limbs drooped and he collapsed.

“Rowan!”

The wife was astonished when the child collapsed. He hugged her quickly and yelled at Hazel.

“Who are you?”

As if the sound was a signal, escort knights came from all directions. They drew their swords all at once and surrounded Hazel.

“How dare you break into the forbidden area and surprise the royal family!”

"Yes?"

Hazel's face turned pale blue.

Is it a forbidden zone?

9. A heart that is softer than a

blade of grass and stronger than steel (1) The sharp swords of the escort knights surrounded it in all directions. Even if he moved one step from here, he had the momentum to cut it right away.

Hazel is completely frozen.

"Is this a forbidden area?"

"I'm out of my mind!"

The blonde imperial wife shouted. His red eyes were burning with anger, as if they were breathing fire.

The attending physician rushed to take the child, hugged him, and shouted.

"You surprised the prince! How can I pay for this sin?"

"Prince? Then your wife... ."

"You are rude! To the Emperor Princess!"

queen lady?

Hazel was the first name I had ever heard.

It was natural. She never appeared in public. It was a being who lived completely forgotten in this imperial palace.

Emperor Ramstein VIII had one brother and one sister.

The younger brother is the father of Archduke Athena. And her sister was Katarina, the woman in mourning, who is now trembling in rage in front of Hazel.

She changed her name several times because she was never married. Then, in the end, the ambiguous title of the queen of the sun was hardened. Her son, Rowan, was also vague and not an official child.

Still, she was the only daughter of Ramstein VII and was in the same position as the king of a country. When her son grew up, he was supposed to inherit a small kingdom that was subject to the Empire.

If you grow up safely.

Even in the eyes of Hazel, who knew nothing, the child was not in good shape. His face was like a corpse, and his limbs had no strength at all.

Hazel just remembered the boy sitting helplessly on the grass and staggering over.

Those symptoms are obvious... . . . .

I lost my mind and fell into thoughts, and then I woke up to the spirit of fire.

“This is a place where the Queen Seon, who usually lives in a separate palace, often goes out for a walk with the prince! But how dare you break in!”

“I didn't break in. I... ..”

“No excuse works! There is the greatest taboo in the Imperial Palace. Whatever the reason, you must not harm the royal family! There is no forgiveness for you! Severe punishment will be given to the Queen of Heaven!”

The swords of the escort knights have pressed even tighter. When I saw the tips of the swords that reflected the sunlight sharply, my brain was bleached pure white.

'For whatever reason'.

Although it was not intentional, it was an undeniable fact that the prince fell by surprise because of him.

What do we do?

When Hazel was so cornered that he couldn't even move.

There was a person who witnessed this commotion from afar.

It was the liquor store Siberius.

He was on his way to a wine cellar in a cool, remote part of the Imperial Palace when he heard a loud noise.

what?

He quickly put his ear out toward the outside of the side door of the limit line where entry was allowed. Through the loud noise, I was soon able to grasp the situation.

Siberius was astonished.

Such a great thing!

He threw away all the missions and ran. All I had to do was to report this great news to His Majesty sooner than anyone else and get a score.

Iskanda was reviewing the official letters sent by the ministers in her office.

Most of the time, it was enough to just approve, but for some items, a separate document was needed to agree to this. To save time, I was drafting a draft in my head and reading through it, when Siberius, the liquor store, came to me and reported something.

He immediately forgot the draft in his head.

"what? Where do you hear what?"

“The Imperial Cemetery! While Princess Katarina was walking with Prince Rowan, the farmer broke into the forbidden area of the cemetery! The prince was so surprised that he passed out!”

He completely astonished the emperor with just three words.

be a queen

It was a name that had been removed from consciousness.

After taking the throne, Iskanda tried to take better care of their hats. However, the eccentric Seon Princess refused everything.

-The prince is too ill to lead a life like a normal person. You have to be very careful in everything. Please give me one of the most remote palaces in the Imperial Palace. And forget our hats. Then the prince can be healed. I will greet you when you are healthy.

I had no choice but to do what she wanted.

Except for a few times a year, she really lived as if nothing were there.

I've heard rumors that Princess Katarina often takes a walk around the Imperial Palace Cemetery. Other than that, he said that he would often visit only the Empress Dowager. So, unless absolutely necessary, he was a relative who was forgotten.

But she was the emperor's aunt anyway.

The Emperor did not dethrone her when she begged so much, but when everything was over, she became a desolation empress. It was restored by Iskanda again.

As a result, although she was ranked below her nephew, the Grand Duchess, she was the third highest woman in the Imperial Palace.

“The Crown Princess is furious now! Because he violated the highest taboo of the Imperial Palace, he said that he would punish them severely according to the law and then deport them!”

Iskanda woke up from her thoughts, startled.

"No!"

When the emperor shouted, Siberius was startled.

“Uh, why?”

Then, the scattered papers on the desk caught my eye. It was about the reward of the unicorn moon blindness incident. There were several candidates, but none seemed appropriate. So I kept thinking.

Seeing it in this urgent moment reminded me of a good improvisation.

“I should have won an award now!”

At the emperor's cry, Siberius was momentarily bewildered. Then I soon realized

"AHA! Your Majesty has already sent someone to reward her?"

"Yes."

"Unbelievable! What a lucky girl! Majesty, I am truly sorry for not providing good information.”

"no. That was very good information. Siberius, you have very good ears.”

Siberius doubted his ears.

Your Majesty not only knows my name, but it seems that you remember everything that happened on the day of the prom! After all, I am on a solid road to success!

He was excited and went out.

As soon as Siberius disappeared, Iscanda called the attendant. I gave orders to the servant who didn't know anything yet.

“I will give the prize to Miss Mayfield, the owner of the salon in the palace, so please bring it to me quickly.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

"right now!"

"Yes!"

The servant obeyed the order and ran to the farm at full speed.

But the salon owner, Miss Mayfield, was not there. I went out and searched for it.

Around this time, rumors began to spread. Someone gave a sneak peek at the servant who was looking for Miss Mayfield.

"I beg your pardon?"

The servant was startled and ran to the cemetery of the Imperial Palace.

At this time, the place was facing an immediate situation.

“Tie it tight and drag it away!”

"Yes!"

The knights reached out their hands when the Queen's command was given. It seemed as if his eyes could tear people apart without a trace.

Does it end like this?

Hazel's eyes went black and he resigned.

That was then.

“Stop!”

A roaring voice rang out.

The palace servants were running. He hurriedly waved his arms and shouted.

“It’s Hwang Myung! He tells you to call the girl right away!”

The princess was surprised.

“Does your Majesty already know this insolence?”

“It’s not... ..”

Then another man came running with his hair waving.

She was the palace maid.

She stopped in front of Hazel so hastily that she squeaked. Then he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from Hazel's forehead. He hurriedly unfolded the crumpled hem of his clothes.

The fairy queen raised her eyebrows in an awkward way.

“What are you doing?”

“Your Majesty has also sent me hastily. Isn't there a rumor that this young lady was out of your majesty's eyes? If you ever show up in a bad way when you receive an award,

everyone will glance at your Majesty and gossip. Therefore, he told me to take good care of him so that not a single hair was hurt.”

The maid's words were more important than her actions. Among them, one part in particular caught on to the princess's ears.

“Will you get an award?”

"Yes."

“What nonsense is that?”

“It’s a shame, but the Queen Seon is living in a separate palace, so you probably don’t know about it.”

Instead, the servant answered.

“This lady is Miss Mayfield, and she is the owner of the salon in the palace.”

“The palace salon? Has that system disappeared into history?”

“It's very long to talk about. After many twists and turns, Miss Mayfield opened a salon inside the Imperial Palace. Then, not long ago, I found a solution to treat unicorn moonblindness.”

“Men blindness?”

"Yes. Your Majesty has decided to reward him. Just today. However, when I came to find Miss Mayfield on the brink of humiliation, it was coincidental that this was the case. As the Queen Seon is well aware, Hwang Myung takes precedence over everything. So I will take Miss Mayfield.”

"Can not be done! This maiden broke the highest taboo of the Imperial Palace!"

"Yes. It is a very great sin. But for now, we must take this young lady under the orders of His Majesty the Emperor. Whatever else happens, it's the next order. Isn't that the law?"

"... .."

Because the servant's words made sense, the queen had nothing to say.

At the word of Hwangmyeong, the escort knights also got their swords.

Hazel was finally able to breathe.

But he was still stunned. Without a sense of whether he was stepping on the ground or what he was stepping on, he escaped in despair as the maid led.

When I completely escaped the desolate cemetery, I regained my senses a little.

When I had just left the exotic garden, there was a commotion in front of me.

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne were seen. As soon as he heard the news, he left everything behind and ran away.

"What's happening! Hazel, are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

Hazel raised her hands. It was only then that my heart was relieved when I saw them running as surprised as I was.

On the other hand, sorry

“It’s my fault. As soon as I saw the note that there were roses left, I thought I wanted to make more rose water, so I stopped... .”

Lorendel looked at Lewis.

“Did you ask for more rose water?”

"no! Not Sir Lewis! I just said it!"

Hazel hastily defended her.

“Anyway, it’s my fault.”

"no. It is our fault.”

Cayenne said with a rare sullen face.

“I should have told Miss Hazel, who lives in the Imperial Palace, earlier. I completely forgot about the cemetery because I was so unaware of it.”

"no. The fault lies with the person who wrote the note.”

Siegwald said.

He was right. Someone conspired. It was a very bad conspiracy. He knew that if he went to the cemetery, there was a high chance he would run into the sickly Prince Rowan.

That note... . !

Hazel quickly rummaged through her pockets. But it wasn't there.

you've lost it too

... ... After thinking about it, I remembered and put my hand in my inner pocket.

There it was.

As soon as he realized that something was wrong, he unconsciously grabbed the evidence.

“Look at this. Who cheated on me?”

Hazel took out a note and showed it to everyone.

Everyone looked at the note with serious faces.

The more I thought about it, the worse it got.

The person who sent this note was well aware that Hazel had just entered the palace and was not well aware of the situation inside the palace. He had a cunning and tenacious character in that he hid his handwriting by cutting out newspaper letters one by one.

Lorendel asked.

“Where was this note?”

“I went out and when I came back, it was stuck in the door.”

"all right. I'll have a subordinate look for witnesses. We will find out for sure.”

As he said that, his forehead was still young.

“But even if this proves injustice, I cannot be very optimistic.”

"I know. Are you saying you shouldn't harm the royal family for any reason?"

Hazel said.

There was a heavy atmosphere for a moment.

“By the way, I’m happy.”

The silent War Bear's brief words broke the silence.

Cayenne did a long interpreter.

“In such a difficult situation, Issu just decided to give the award today, so I’m very lucky. I was going to say something after seeing you sulking around, but I don't think it'll fit like this! I want to praise our Majesty after a long time.”

“It’s like a cow walking backwards and catching a mouse.”

Lewis chimed in with a farm-style proverb that he had recently come to love.

Hazel thought that she was lucky too. He did not know whether the emperor was unlucky or whether he was lucky. Of course, considering that the punishment was only temporarily suspended, it cannot be said to be particularly fortunate.

I remembered the little prince who stumbled and collapsed amidst his dizzy heart.

Hazel moved with an even more disturbing feeling.

The main building of the imperial palace where they are headed with a complicated mind.

Iskanda was also thinking with her hair tied up in the office.

I did it first, but it was obvious without seeing how the fiery fairy princess would come out. It's been a while since the prince fell, so he'll take over Hazel and deal with it as he pleases.

There's no reason to stop it.

It doesn't make sense to block it in the first place. On the contrary, the emperor should step in and punish him.

What should I do?

In this situation, he had only one card. Award for unicorn moon blindness. First of all, you need to spend as much time as possible with this.

Iskanda rolled her hair with all her might.

“Miss Mayfield has arrived at the main building.”

The servant came in and reported. Iskanda's eyes, who had been wandering, stopped at one place.

okay. this is it

The grave came to mind.

After a while, Lorendel came in.

“It's time for the award.”

Iskanda replied.

“Isn’t it better what you do?”

"what?"

Lorendel was puzzled and forgot about the formality and asked the question.

“You do it. I am busy.”

Iskanda said again. Lorendel looked at him with a bewildered face and then came out.

“No matter how much you hate it, shouldn’t you be doing this yourself?”

He murmured and went back to his friends.

Even as he was filled with anxiety about the sudden event that happened to Hazel, he was expecting one thing in his heart.

Iskanda has yet to see Hazel properly.

Therefore, as I gave the award this time, I expected that it would cause a change of heart by seeing her good-natured, innocent, gentle and gentle figure.

“I must say it again strongly.”

Lorendel, who was about to go back to the office, was caught by Cayenne.

“Wrong. In the eyes of the elves, everything in the world will look good, innocent, gentle and gentle. Did you forget that Hazel hates Ys as much as Ys hates Hazel? I'm lucky if I

don't throw away prizes while spewing fire like a lion from hell. It's better not to see each other."

"Right."

Lorendel agreed.

Moreover, thinking about it, it was meaningful that the commander of the Knights of Holy Mok, who was greatly helped by this incident, presented the award instead. I might be able to fully express how grateful I am.

So we all went to the 'Hall of Glory'.

Many people had already gathered in this rotunda, where important ceremonies of the Imperial Palace were held.

They murmured more about Hazel's fate than about her achievements, and then shut their mouths when Sir Lorendel Blenheim entered.

Lorendel received from the servant a paper with the details of the emperor's award. Before I started, I took a quick glance.

In that moment, all the old-fashioned expressions of gratitude that I had planned to send to Hazel evaporated from my mind.

Seeing his eyes round, Sigwald asked.

"What is the prize?"

Lorendel answered with a bewildered look.

"The key to the labyrinth greenhouse."

Everyone was surprised by that. The hall, which had been quiet for a moment, became loud and loud.

Hazel couldn't understand English.

“What is a labyrinth greenhouse?”

“It’s the imperial greenhouse.”

Lewis replied. It was suddenly a happy face.

“Who was the royal family a few generations ago? Anyway, he had a hobby of exploring mysterious underground labyrinths. Every time I went on an expedition, I collected plants and planted them in a greenhouse... . . . .”

She lowered her voice.

“It’s not about the greenhouse that everyone is talking about right now. Would those people be interested in that? The problem is the key to that greenhouse.”

“Why the key?”

“It is sealed in a steel box because of the danger. It's called the 'Seal of Wisdom', and you have to collect and insert all the keys that the wise men receive when they enter the Imperial Palace to open it. Considering how strange the wise men of the Imperial Palace are, each of them... . . . . Will it take a month to collect all the keys?”

It was. Everyone was whispering.

“Wow! How loathsome to your Majesty to reward you!”

However, the thoughts of the commanders of the Holy Knights were a little different. They looked at each other and their eyes twinkled.

Doesn't this sound like Iskanda helping us? Of course, that won't be the case.

Meanwhile, Hazel's eyes were twinkling. I watched with pounding hearts as the attendants brought a large steel box.

A greenhouse with plants brought from the underground labyrinth! Even though I don't know what my fate will be, I was happy to receive this award.

“I wasn't expecting it, but it's a really great award. Thank you, I will put it to good use. If only I could survive here.”

“I hope so.”

Lorendel smiled slightly bitterly. My mind became more relaxed.

“Now then, let's try to find the wise men one by one. Miss Mayfield will go home and wait until we are ready... .”

His words stopped there.

There was a sudden commotion at the entrance to the hall.

“You are Princess Katarina!”

The servant hurriedly shouted.

Everyone was surprised.

How long has it been since his name had been heard in such an official place?

Most of the nobles gathered here did not even see her after the death of the Emperor. When everyone turned around, wide-eyed, she was already halfway through the hall.

They all grew a little older in what they still vividly remember. The sight of dazzling blonde hair fluttering over the black mourning clothes was intense as if it would burn your eyes.

She looked straight from the throne. When the place was empty, he urged the servant to ask.

“Where is your Majesty?”

“Gee, you’re in the office.”

Then the princess turned around and went out into the hallway. People flocked to her like a cloud.

Hazel was astonished, frightened, and perplexed, not knowing what to do.

The commanders of the Holy Knights had the same expression.

“Once we go, we should go.”

At Lorendel's words, they too turned around. However, Lewis hesitated with a very bewildered face.

Hazel asked.

"What's wrong?"

“No, no.”

In the end, the two were the last to follow.

The office was already noisy.

He could not even enter, and it seemed that his Majesty the Emperor could be seen through the crowds in the hallway.

At that moment, people friendly to Hazel whispered.

“Anyway, it is true that the young lady violated the highest taboo of the Imperial Palace, so it would be better not to be seen by His Majesty. Come here.”

“Ah, thank you.”

Hazel hid behind the crowd. Even there, the queen's voice could be heard clearly.

“Your Majesty, thanks to the care of the attending physician, the prince has once awakened. So now is the time to punish.”

Her blazing eyes turned to her nephew, the Emperor.

“Once the presentation is over, I will take the criminal and hand him over to trial.”

Iskanda felt like she had been struck by lightning.

She, who used to take a walk in the cemetery or meet only the Empress Dowager, will follow her all the way here!

It wasn't that scary though.

Princess Katarina was now blinded by anger and was committing disrespect.

Now, in the name of the emperor, he was offering rewards to the people. It's not over yet, and it has a long way to go.

He wanted to say that. But I couldn't open my mouth. It was because there was a voice discriminator like a ghost in this place.

The situation in which Sir Valentine's voice came out of the Emperor's mouth. As much as that, I wanted to put it off for the last time anyway.

However, if something seems to happen to Hazel's life, then there is nothing he can do about it. No matter how much you hate it, then you have no choice but to talk.

It was when he was in such intense agony.

“My High Majesty the Crown Princess, Miss Mayfield is unfair.”

Lorendel's roaring voice resounded.

“The culprit is different. If you want to punish him, you have to catch him.”

“Isn't that the girl's claim? How do you know if he intended to harm Prince Rowan with malice or not?”

“If you think about it a little, you will see. What's the gain in surprising the prince by deliberately stepping into the forbidden zone? I don't know. And most people here will say they don't know either. Ms. Mayfield has stood firm in protecting the small farm no matter how difficult it may have been. However, it is absurd to throw it all away for a profit that cannot be guessed at all. It's true that she got there because of someone's conspiracy. We already have the evidence for that. I earnestly appeal to you to forgive the people who were unfairly embroiled in the princess's generosity, and to catch the real culprit and punish them severely.”

okay. right.

Iskanda clapped inwardly. I'm on the verge of bursting out of frustration right now, but my high elf friend's sensible words seemed to open up my stomach.

While Iskanda cheered hard inside, Hazel, with the help of those around him, sent the evidence forward. The servant received it and handed it over to the Queen Princess.

However, the queen was not even trying to open it.

“Can’t anyone make up for something like this?”

“There is no limit to how much scolding is done like that.”

“Sir Blenheim, are you going to protect the criminal now?”

“Miss Mayfield has helped many people here. This is also a place to receive an award for finding a cure for unicorn moon blindness. Her Majesty the Crown Princess should have visited Her Majesty once the award ceremony was over.”

Lorendel remained courteous, but never allowed room.

Ordinarily, the high elves' cool momentum would make them tired.

However, Princess Katarina was not happy. she asked with a sigh.

“When does the show end?”

“It will take a long time.”

Lorendel glanced around. He pointed to the attendant who was carrying the box.

“Unfortunately, the award was decided because it is the key to the labyrinth greenhouse. Since it is a 'seal of wisdom', you can only open that box by getting a key from all the wise men.”

Blood rushed to the queen's face.

She turned and approached the servant. He snatched the steel box and gave it strength.

An unbelievable thing happened.

puck!

In one of her slender hands, the steel box collapsed at once. The greenhouse key fell through the crevice that was crumpled like paper.

Hazel was astonished.

How can you be such a monster!

He wasn't the only one surprised. They all looked at each other with their mouths open.

The body of the princess who had done this amazing thing stumbled.

The attendant who followed and guarded her like a shadow quickly supported her. She took something like a red pill and quickly put it into her master's mouth.

"Okay. it's okay."

The princess stood upright again.

“There is something else I can do to show my generosity. The child has a weak heart and is startled by the slightest sound. That's why finding a quiet cemetery where no one else is and basking in the sun is the only pleasure. But this time I was so surprised that I couldn't even do that in the future. The only pleasure was gone. But how do you get rid of this injustice and resentment? If the real culprit is caught, you can send it to me as well. First of all, we must bring that maiden to trial.”

she said clenching her teeth.

In every word, I could feel the firm will to end the sudden death somehow.

Iskanda was very upset.

legal basis? justifiable social empathy? It's not enough, it's overflowing Why can't you hand over the sinner? none.

Even if the god Bratan descends, this cannot be stopped.

There was only one thing he could do in this situation.

It was breaking the plate.

Iskanda jumped up.

"your Majesty!"

At the sound of the princess's cry, Hazel raised her head involuntarily.

It was seen at first glance among the people. The door on the other side of the office opened and His Majesty the Emperor rushed out.

"Unbelievable!"

The princess was furious.

“How can you turn your back without saying a word! No matter how much I cut the ties... .”

"It's not like that."

Through the crowds of people, the minister of the palace suddenly appeared.

“What do you mean by breaking a kite? Your Majesty has always been fond of the Princess and the Prince. However, this time the Queen Seonwang was mistaken. Your Majesty must know how to deal with it, but to break into the middle of state affairs like this and make a loud noise! No matter how good a princess she is, isn't this a big mess in the rules of the Imperial Palace? If it were any other person, I would not have survived. But since she is the Queen of the Sun, she tolerated it once.”

The queen maiden flinched.

The minister's words hinted at a very important fact to her.

The first person here is the emperor.

From what I heard, there was definitely a problem with his conduct. It is no wonder that the emperor is so angry.

The minister of the palace said, observing her expression.

“Okay, so let's go back for now. Prince Rowan must be looking for his mother.”

“But he said he would return after bringing the criminal to trial.”

The queen was still stubborn.

Hazel just had white hair.

That was then.

Lewis, who was watching from the back, stepped forward.

“Katrina-sama.”

The face of Empress Katarina, who had been at a low level, suddenly changed.

He looked at Lewis and the blood drained from his complexion. It was followed by a very heartbreaking expression.

Hazel was puzzled.

what?

Lewis has always been brave. Even if he drank alcohol during this week or if he was late and secretly crossed the fence, he would be proud of himself like never before.

And now she was crouching.

“It is all the fault of our family. Forgive me, Queen Princess.”

Princess Catherine stared blankly at Louise. Then he turned his head as if he couldn't stand it.

“Why are you apologizing?”

Seeing Lewis suddenly appear, she seemed to have come to her senses. I looked around with a bitter face at the people gathered in the hall hallway.

“The ghosts of the past appeared and made a fuss for a while. The ghost returns to darkness again.”

The upright back figure in mourning robes disappeared among the people in the court. It soon disappeared from sight along with the attendant maid.

just got over the hurdle.

Lewis returned to his friends. I felt very uncomfortable.

I used 'that fact'.

I really hate this. There was nothing he could do to prevent Hazel from being taken to court.

Hazel gave Lewis a look of gratitude. But the brain is more complicated.

What the hell? How does a fairy queen have such a formidable power? Why did you make that face when you saw Sir Lewis? What's the story?

Numerous questions arose. But I couldn't help but ask.

Lewis opened his mouth as if he had read Hazel's mind.

“You won't understand anything now. Let's go to the farm together. I need something sweet right now.”

That was then.

Between them, the royal court attendant intervened. He said, holding the key to the labyrinth greenhouse in Hazel's hand.

“The reward is over.”

“Ah, yes... . . . .”

“And now I have to obey the Imperial Court Law. Since the Queen Mother, who has the right to decide, has passed away in a separate palace, she will be placed under house arrest until further notice.”

The imperial guards approached and surrounded Hazel.

No one else came forward.

imperial law. It was thanks to the Imperial Court Act that Hazel was able to maintain the farm through a system called the Palace Salon. Even the emperor couldn't do that.

Fortunately, I was confined to the farm. Hazel's favorite place in the world. And the maid of the Imperial Palace was following closely this time as well, wiping the sweat from her forehead with a handkerchief and caring for her with sincerity.

“Your Majesty, take care of the attention of the people. So, you have to drive it safely so you don't get hurt even a single hair.”

Thanks to the maid who was so loyal to His Majesty the Emperor, Hazel was taken to safety. Then, he sent a glance to the minister of the palace and the commanders of each knight that it was okay.

Of course, it wasn't really good at all.

How to get through this crisis?

I tried to change my thinking, but my head just seemed to be stuck. In addition, many unanswered questions continued to clutter my mind. Prince's status. And the face of the suffering princess... . . . .

Hazel was terrified and afraid of the princess who had put her in such great trouble.

But how could a person make such a painful expression?

It further complicated Hazel's mind.

The quietest afternoon passed since a small farm was established in the Grand Palace of the Imperial Palace.

Both the garden and the chicken coop were strangely quiet. Just like in the days of the Golden Age, the footsteps of passers-by were cut off.

Twilight fell on the fence. A dim light encircled the place that had turned into complete darkness.

Still, the lights were not turned on in the small farmhouse.

Lights could not be turned on during detention. Only the red string that was tied to the stake and wrapped around it was lit by the faint moonlight.

Someone came and stood in front of the red line indicating no entry.

“It is forbidden to enter in yellow name... . . . . Then I can give you permission.”

Without hesitation, he lifted the barricade and entered.

The man who could change the contents of Huangming at any time was, of course, the emperor himself.

“Miss Mayfield?”

Hazel was awakened by the small call.

Lord Valentine's voice?

no way. There's no way you'll find a day like today. I must have heard it wrong.

I thought so.

But it wasn't.

The door opened very technically without a sound. And a knight wearing a cloak that looked black even in the dark came in.

Oh my gosh, I'm really here!

Hazel's eyes widened.

He loved spending time alone on the farm. But I couldn't even turn on the light like this, and after being alone for hours, it seemed to go out into the ground.

However, I couldn't be more happy when a regular customer of the farm appeared.

At the same time, it was absurd.

“Sir Valentine, isn't the house strangely dark? It's not that I can't turn on the lights because I don't have oil. I'm under house arrest. The strange red line that went around this house wasn't a clothesline. It was a forbidden line.”

kindly informed But Lord Valentine replied:

"know. You have come to know it."

It got even more crazy.

It's not that Lewis and others can't come because they don't know how to cross that red barricade. I can't get over it because it's yellow.

But this guy just passed.

The conclusion was one.

In the midst of all these misfortunes, there was at least one good news.

"It's really good. You have finally decided to quit your job."

Hazel said with genuine delight.

Iskanda glanced at Hazel.

"Really, really, I wish I could quit being an imperial knight... . . ."

"Yes!"

"I'm sorry, but no."

"You didn't quit? Then get out quickly! This is disobedience."

"Okay. Because I have the immunity to not be punished in such cases."

"Isn't that the immunity I gave you to use for this kind of thing?"

"Stop asking. No need to worry. As soon as the business is finished, I will leave immediately."

he strode in.

"Hey!"

Hazel let out a strange scream.

"Isn't that too bold? It's unavoidable if there's a business, but no matter what, people always have to make a way out."

I hurriedly went into the room.

"Don't cross the threshold. This is what the guards say when they get caught. I couldn't see you, so I came in to check if I had escaped."

No, are you really okay?

Iskanda thought.

I was so worried, so I thought it would be better to just obey her. So Hazel slipped into the room and sat down over the threshold.

Darkness sometimes reveals more than light.

In the faint moonlight coming in from the window, even the slightest movement stood out clearly. Through his subtle movements, Hazel could tell that he followed his words, even though he was reluctant to do so.

I felt a sense of stability.

At this time, Iskanda was also glancing at Hazel, pretending not to see her. Judging by the character of this farm girl, I could roughly guess what her condition would be now.

There must have been countless questions floating around in my mind.

You can't move on to the next step until you've solved it all. Only after all the questions have been resolved will you be able to organize your thoughts and make a decision.

So he got lucky.

“Are you sure you have a lot of questions right now?”

"Yes that's right."

Hazel nodded quickly.

“Everything that happened this afternoon was strange. Sir Lewis tried to explain, but at that moment he was detained. I've been thinking about it until now, but I can't get my head around it.”

“Then I will tell you.”

At his words, Hazel tilted her head.

“I know Sir Valentine is a very erudite person. But this isn't anything else, it's about the secrets of the imperial family... .”

"Okay. In fact, that is my area of expertise."

It didn't sound like a lie.

"then... ."

Hazel asked cautiously.

"Perhaps Sir Louise is the Queen of the Sun... ."

"Not a daughter."

Hazel was startled.

no? How did you know I was going to ask? The prince's and Sir Louise's hair were the same red, and seeing the princess in such distress, I thought it might be the hidden real daughter.

"Then why did the Crown Princess show such a strange attitude when she saw Sir Louise? It's the first time I've seen such a heartbreaking expression."

"that... ."

Iskanda answered cautiously.

"Because Lewis resembles someone very much."

"Who are you?"

“Louis's uncle, Sir Balthazar, who is now dead and absent. He is Prince Rowan's biological father.”

Hazel was startled.

“Then you mean the prince is half-vampire?”

A piece of the puzzle that was floating around in my head came together.

I had no idea that Sir Lewis' sudden step forward would have any significance. I was really grateful and sorry.

“It is. I understand the secret behind the mighty power of the Queen Seonwang. It had to do with vampires. The Queen Mother has received the power of a vampire.”

"Yes."

Iskanda nodded her head.

“The Emperor was furious when he found out that his sister, Katarina, had secretly been in love with Lord Balthazar. Although he is a noble of a high-class family, after all, Lord Balthazar was a vampire.”

"that's right. The higher your status, the more you hate mixed races.”

“Especially the imperial family, almost risking their lives to preserve the lineage. Even if we got married with a difference in status, at least the other person was human. It is not unreasonable to think that vampires are absolutely not allowed. But if it were, it would have been better to just turn her into a devastated empress and drive her away. . . . Seonhwang tried to kill all three families, including the baby in the womb.”

“Even if it's your own sister?”

“I was not a great person to get involved in such a thing. Even though I loved my sister, I jumped even more at the thought of betraying her. I was trying to set an example with cruel punishment.”

Iskanda frowned. Considering the character of the rich man, he was still shivering.

“Various officials from inside and outside the Imperial Palace tried to stop it with all their might, but to no avail. The Emperor was the price of a conspiracy, and there was no one to follow him in the field. In the end, Lord Balthazar gave up his life and chose the path to save the princess and the newborn baby.”

“What is it?”

“The essence of life, which the vampires call the Holy Blood, was handed over to the fairy princess. I don't know any more details. However, I heard that it is a pain that we humans cannot even imagine for a vampire to do such a thing while alive. Even though she knew that, the princess who had to accept it must have complained that she couldn't die with her.”

“It's such a terrible story.”

Hazel trembled at the feeling of a thick bloody smell.

“The Queen Mother had such a hard time getting out with the baby and living in complete hiding, pretending that all three were dead. However, this magical beast has been stretched out. One day, the old subordinates of the deceased husband contacted the princess.”

“It was a trick.”

“Yes. It was a bait to empty the castle for a while. When I came back from a fuss, the whole castle was a sea of blood. Humans and even animals were brutally fertilized. The fairy princess frantically searched for the prince, and finally found the prince in the fireplace with the lights off. A witty maid swapped clothes with her own child and narrowly stole it.”

“Oh my God, at the expense of a child... .”

“She was a great maid. Thanks to this, Rowan survived, but only with his life on the line. Because all the people who cared for them affectionately were killed in front of their eyes. It was a huge shock that a young child could not bear. From that day on, just looking at the drop of blood, Rowan was terrified and had seizures.”

“A blood phobia, half-vampire?”

Knowing what that meant, Hazel was surprised.

“Then you can’t live, can you?”

"right."

Iskanda sighed in response.

“I don’t know if it’s a high-level purebred like Lewis. Normal vampires and half-bloods must consume processed blood on a regular basis. That’s what the Emperor took after using her supernatural powers. Especially when you are growing up, you need to eat more. But for Rowan, that’s impossible. It causes seizures the moment it recognizes that it is a blood product. My symptoms have gotten so bad that I can’t even take a common cold medicine that looks like it.”

"i See."

Hazel was finally convinced. The figure of Prince Rowan, who was staggering and unable to properly control himself, came to mind once again.

“After all, it’s a very serious anemia. Besides, the patient’s mental state prevents them from taking any medications.”

"right. Even if he summoned the best name of the Empire, it would be of no use to Prince Rowan. He went out to treat him, but he seemed to be holding a child, so he didn't seem to

be able to even try. We can only avoid the crisis with symptomatic treatment according to the symptoms at that time.”

“I think so.”

Hazel thought with a serious face.

From what I heard, the prince's situation was very complicated and special. It was a miracle that even a single strand of life's lifeline was attached to it.

Even if it wasn't intentional, he surprised such a child so much that he couldn't even take a walk with his only stigma. The Queen Seonjoo was just so grieved. Coincidentally, if it hadn't coincided with the date of receiving the award, Hazel's fate would have been over already.

“My heart is so glass, what can I do?”

I heard Sir Valentine's murmur.

“I had no idea that the situation would be this serious. Because my mother's right didn't allow anyone to look into it... . . . . But isn't that different? He said that if we don't bother, the prince will be strong again. I thought I'd come to say hello after getting better... . . . .”

That was then.

I heard footsteps approaching this way. It was the sound of the leather boots of the Imperial Palace Guard.

Iskanda flinched. I neglected my vigilance for a while because of family problems.

Hazel noticed his agitation and asked.

"why?"

“The guards are coming. I need to hide for a while.”

his figure disappeared.

It was just before my eyes, but it suddenly melted into the darkness.

But why can't I hear anything?

Hazel pricked up her ears.

It was also just quiet.

Alone in a house as quiet as a monastery, I replayed the story I had just heard.

About Sir Balthazar, Sir Louis' uncle, about Princess Catherine, about Prince Rowan... . . . .

As I was about to do so, a guard with a lamp came in. It seemed that it had been more than ten minutes since Lord Valentine heard the footsteps and left.

How good is your hearing?

The guard asked after confirming that Hazel was well.

“Are you okay?”

"Yes."

Hazel replied.

The guard scoured the house with a lamp. After checking that there was nothing wrong, I went out.

After he disappeared completely, Lord Valentine returned. He sat down again, bordering the threshold.

“Anyway, this should have given you a rough understanding of what this incident means to Princess Katarina.”

"Yes. understood."

“There is nothing that can calm the wrath of the Queen Princess in this state. Her will is very strong. He will be punished for inflicting harm to the royal family and then expelled from the imperial palace.”

exile.

I expected it roughly, but just hearing the words made my eyes go dark.

“What will happen to this land if I am deported?”

“It becomes a land without owners.”

"Oh My God... . . . .”

It was also as expected.

How have you been protecting this farm until now? How did you take good care of it? To be kicked out for a reason I couldn't have imagined.

“Of course, I will make sure to find out who the conspirators of this conspiracy are in the Imperial Palace and pay the price.”

Iskanda said.

“But that doesn't change the fact that Miss Mayfield will be punished. The Princess will never change her mind, and there is enough legal basis to support her decision.”

"I know. That's unavoidable. It is thanks to the Imperial Palace Law that I was able to run a farm here in the first place.”

"right. So there is no way around this situation.”

“... ..”

“There is one truth.”

Hazel shook her head.

“Is there a way?”

"Yes."

Iskanda nodded her head.

“Didn't Miss Mayfield receive the key to the Labyrinth Greenhouse in exchange for her work in discovering a cure for unicorn moonblindness? So we can avoid punishment in a way that no one thought of.”

“What is it?”

“Disappearing in the Labyrinth Greenhouse.”

he said proudly.

This was the key. I was here to say this.

“... ..”

However, the reaction was completely different than expected.

Hazel, as in his imagination, said, "That's the trick!" and was not happy. Instead, he frowned like a squirrel finding an acorn with a strange smell.

“Sir Valentine, that’s a little strange. Do you mean just commit suicide to avoid being punished?”

“No! It's not really disappearing. Just pretend you're missing. Until things calm down a bit.”

"i See."

Hazel answered with an ambiguous expression.

“But I don’t know what the hell that means. After all, you have to leave this farm, right?”

“Even in the labyrinth, you can do anything you want. It's just that the crops change a bit. Something like an insectivorous plant... ..”

“... ..”

“I can cook. Only the material changes a bit... ..”

“... ..”

“I will visit often and take a look. After all, nothing has changed significantly in life now.”

"Yes... .."

Hazel looked him up and down.

“You’ve been thinking hard.”

“I’ve been thinking all afternoon.”

“You did.”

This guy seems a bit weird too.

Hazel thought.

Anyway, aside from that, thank you. It was like the Valentine who was thinking about the dress of Grandma.

So Hazel said in a softer tone.

“I don’t know if that would be a good way.”

“As a courtesy, I get a lot of teasers saying I’m talking to you, don’t you?”

"Yes. Actually it's not okay. The Labyrinth Greenhouse was definitely a prize. His Majesty the Emperor gave me the prize, but in fact, it's like the two of us got it together. I received it because I did a good job, so when I go into it, I hope I can enter it confidently. It's not about sneaking in."

Iskanda was silently listening.

“As I said before, the Imperial Palace Law is the law that allowed me to live here. I used it back then, but this time I was in trouble because of it. It's the biggest crisis ever. If we stand still like this, the farm of our family, which we have defended recklessly even in front of His Majesty the Emperor of the great empire, will disappear like this. There is no way to get through this crisis.”

“... ..”

“Actually, there is one thing. I'm going to get the Queen's forgiveness.”

“What did you mean? You're saying the princess will never forgive you? I had told the long story earlier to get Miss Mayfield to understand it.”

“But there is one way to be forgiven.”

Iskanda looked at me with a puzzled face and was startled.

"no way... ..”

“That's it.”

“You want to cure Prince Rowan?”

He opened his eyes wide and asked. It couldn't have been more surprising.

“Do you know what Rowan is in now?”

"Yes. It's a serious anemia that no medicine can use.”

“To say something like this even knowing that... .. Do you have any way? What new way?”

His voice grew louder with excitement.

Hazel motioned for him to lower his voice.

“When I heard about Prince Rowan's complicated situation, I thought. None of the methods worked, so have they ever used 'that method'? no. you wouldn't have done it I saw it in the countryside. It's a method that instills the wisdom of rural people. The experts in the Imperial Palace cannot know that.”

Hazel said at once.

“Then it wouldn't hurt to try that method. Perhaps, it can be a surprisingly simple solution.”

“That would be great, but you weren't sure if it would or not?”

“Whether it works or not, you have to try it. We must overcome this crisis. I can't just sit still and get kicked out.”

Hazel spoke forcefully and looked at the black knight in front of her.

“Sir Valentine. Can you help me?”

He opened his mouth.

"any amount."

Their eyes met in the dark. He was shining with the same firm determination as if he had made a promise.

The next day was bright.

Everyone waited for the princess to express her intentions in some way. It was because she was in the lead.

After all, isn't she the younger sister of the terrifying Majesty the Emperor?

Lorendel walked around the training ground with a complicated head. After wandering around for a while, I decided to calm myself down.

He had work to do. Although it was a holiday.

Lorendel found Sir Rigel Kirov also standing there. He beckoned me to come closer.

“It is said that the person who put Miss Mayfield into this trap had a note stuck in the door. Whether it was you or someone else, someone may have something to testify about. Gather as much information as possible. It's like finding a needle in a haystack, but I think you'll do your best.”

Sir Rigel was looking for any way to repay Hazel, who had helped him without any cost. So I was very happy with this command.

“Leave it to me!”

His eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

Second Avenue in the capital, where luxury houses are clustered.

Cayenne came to play in the old-fashioned vampire mansion like a towering castle.

The two realized early.

Nothing will be able to concentrate until the Queen Mother expresses her intentions.

Lewis thought.

Time will pass if this cat is talking or listening to nonsense.

Meanwhile, Cayenne thought.

Time will pass if you hear or hear this vampire talking nonsense.

As a result.

The house became as quiet as a monastery.

It was unimaginable for the two of us as usual. The butler shook his head and prepared the car.

Even then, I prepared the car like this.

After the surprising incident that the lady had brought a friend, he was thrilled.

Could this possibly lead to a significant improvement in the girl's friendship? Isn't that what makes a bunch of good friends who laugh and talk like that?

But there was no such thing.

It wasn't that the young lady's sociability had developed, but rather the talent of her friend who seemed like a commoner at any rate.

My heart aches when I think of the day when the two girls laughed and chatted in that dressing room, and Master Siegwald was watching with a smile.

Life in the palace is really unpredictable.

He also witnessed a lot of things while going through difficult years.

But as I get older, my heart keeps getting weaker... ... I tried not to express myself, but as I picked up the teapot, my mouth moved without realizing it.

“It will work out.”

Saying so, he poured tea to the young lady and the master.

The residence of the Duke of Saxony Spiegel.

Anna Sophia and Isabella sat with their eyes wide open in the dark brown stone mansion that families who left the estate and stayed in the capital had used for generations.

The two children tossed and turned all night after hearing about what had happened in the Imperial Palace. All sorts of gloomy thoughts came to mind in the dark.

In the morning, the two stood facing each other and patted the other's pale face several times. Because if you show that you were worried to the point of not being able to sleep, Grandma Esmeralda will never talk to you again.

Anna Sophia and Isabella sat out in the living room, waiting for the servants in and out of the house to deliver more news.

The silence of the two children helped to create a more subdued atmosphere in the house.

Siegwald was sitting in the living room with a mountain of papers in front of him. There was a lot of work that had to be done on behalf of my father who was away from home. I had to deal with it on a holiday, but it didn't progress at all.

That was then.

The mother, who had been sitting quietly in the chair, abruptly got up.

The Duchess of Saxony Spiegel was by nature strong and upright.

As she started the family on behalf of her husband who was absent for many hours, she became stronger. He never showed any emotions.

For example, when two daughters got lost in the imperial palace and almost froze to death, they simply said, "Yeah?" did it

Then she went out without a word. I went out with the family's wagon.

The carriage went to the Imperial Palace.

The Duchess had a carriage on the north side of the main building. I walked with the old servant, and headed to the palace of the queen princess, which was on a remote edge like a hermit's residence.

She was the wife of a great hero who worked for the country. No one dared to ask her where she was going.

The Queen Mother, whom no one has ever met except the Empress Dowager, could not refuse the visit of this great woman who was respected by many people. The fact that he entered the palace in the first place was very surprising.

The queen's private palace was not accustomed to welcoming guests. I had to clear the drawing room and bring out the furniture.

Meanwhile, the Duchess stood and waited casually.

When I was ready, I sat down without hesitation. As if he had come to chat yesterday and that day too, he casually asked for his regards.

“It always is. Thank you for your concern... . . . .”

The Queen Mother replied with polite words.

Now everyone was lying flat and looking at their eyes.

The Duchess must also have come with a request. No matter how much she is, if she says something that hurts her heart, it's not even worth half a penny.

But the Duchess simply spoke of her feelings as a mother raising a sick child.

The queen remembered. The famous history of the family.

I did. Yes it was.

Then the Duchess spoke.

What did His Majesty the Emperor do to get the owner of the farm in the Great Garden to pack up and leave. How she saved her two children, who almost went wrong... . . . .

The Duchess spoke like a passing chatter.

It was just that.

Without adding a word to that, I got up after drinking the tea. I politely said goodbye and left.

Even after she left, the princess sat still.

The visit of the Duchess of Saxony Spiegel shook the princess's heart slightly.

The princess could do whatever she wanted now. He had a right to it, and no one dared to object.

But... . . . .

A question I hadn't thought of for a long time suddenly came to mind.

Am I behaving properly as a superior now?

The Queen Seonjoo lived with her back on the world for a long time, but the strands she was born and raised in the court did not go anywhere.

He had already noticed that several people were trying to protect the owner of the small farm. I didn't know that even the Duchess of Sachsen Spiegel would go out.

In other words, the fact that even such a woman moves... . . . .

The princess was engrossed in thought.

That was then.

“His Majesty the Emperor!”

The maid hurriedly ran in.

“It’s a big deal! The prince's forehead is as hot as a ball of fire!”

"what?"

Princess Katarina was startled and ran away.

The son was moaning with a pale face.

The people who took care of the prince in various fields, including the attending physician, were frantically clinging to it.

“Come on, get a towel!”

“Burn incense! Let the smoke come this way!”

He was such a weak child that he could not be given any medicine and could not be treated.

After trying all kinds of methods for a long time, the fever finally went down. It was such a hellish time that one hour felt like 10 years.

What's wrong with this little boy!

The princess was angry again.

The fever may have been raised by a surprise at the cemetery.

But how can you forgive? As a mother and a princess, I will never forgive.

She left the room and called the attendant.

“Call the sinners!”

"Yes!"

The servant hurriedly left the palace.

I went to the main building of the Imperial Palace to receive orders. It was when I was just looking for the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard.

Suddenly, a young lady grabbed him.

"you! What are you doing here?"

"Yes?"

She lowered her voice.

“I have a secret request for you. How is it?”

He seemed to have mistaken himself for another servant.

The servant was perplexed. I got very caught up in the midst of fussing.

Behind the pillar, a maid was watching the scene.

The maid turned back and ran. And whispered to another lady who was waiting in the distance.

She was the daughter-in-law of Grand Duchess Athena, Madame Frances.

“The Grand Duchess! Grand Duchess!”

The grand princess was startled by the clamor of the handmaiden. He shook his head, marking the document as a bookmark.

“Why are you so upset?”

“You must hurry! This is a great opportunity! Now my brother Kerual is on guard!”

“What kind of servant? Madam, I'm talking straight.”

“A servant sent by the Queen Seonwang! You have given the command to colonize the sinners! No one knows about this yet! Move quickly during this time!”

“Are you moving?”

“It means mediation! Although the Queen Mother is an elder, the Grand Duchess is the highest in the hierarchy. Even if you intervene in this, you can't do anything. If the nephew, the Grand Princess, will punish you on behalf of your aunt, it will not only serve as a cause but also be good for others, isn't it?”

“But it's a punishment... . . . The girl is actually innocent.”

“Of course, I'm not really asking for punishment. You have to quietly release the rumors as if punishing them.”

“Why are you acting like that?”

“Because that's a huge benefit! Think about it. The matter is so serious that I just can't stand up for it, but emotionally, there are a lot of people who are on her side. In particular, the four commanders of the Holy Knights and the Minister of the Interior Ministry want to

prevent the young lady from going through any hardships. You are troubled with worry. In such a situation, if the Grand Duchess comes forward and protects the young lady, it will be a great blessing to them. Didn't you tell me to wear out your mouth for a long time? I want to buy the hearts of those who serve His Majesty the closest. I want to make them on my side... ... ! Now is the time!”

The handmaiden was excited and said hard.

However, the reaction of the Grand Duchess was rather bitter than she had expected.

“I know what you mean. But I can't. The Queen Seon is not only my aunt, but her Majesty's aunt as well. What if you deceive him in this way and your Majesty gets angry?”

“This is not deception, it is mediation! For thousands of years, the hostesses of the Imperial Palace have been doing it for generations!”

"That's Okay. Most of all, this is to save the farm girl from danger. He's someone you really hate. I mean, even these days, you keep looking at him and sighing. Now that I can only get him out, how can I intervene? You will see me not as pretty.”

“I bet you would? The Grand Duchess is your cherished sister. Look at the big picture. Be bold. The grace that will be bestowed upon the four commanders of the Holy Knights and the ministers of the palace is indescribable through this incident. That's a huge benefit. Even if His Majesty frowns for a moment... ... .”

“Because it's done!”

The Grand Duchess frowned.

“Whatever it is, if it's something your Majesty doesn't like, I'll never do it. If you turn away from me because of this, will the handmaiden be held responsible?”

Mrs. Frances was speechless.

Still, it was too much of a waste to leave like this.

“Don’t do this, you have to look at the big picture.”

I tried to say it again, but the Grand Duchess didn't even say a word.

Meanwhile... . . . .

“The servant has gone out.”

The maid reported again.

Whew!

The handmaiden hit the ground because it was painful.

The servant, who escaped from the maid's sister Kerual, finally met the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard.

“Prince Catherine, Princess Catherine, has commanded you to colonize sinners. Be careful not to be noisy.”

“I see.”

The captain of the guard had good feelings for Hazel. I liked seeing the merciless disposition of the Counts of Diabelli and his wife.

But the mission was unavoidable.

Instructing the guards not to be too harsh was all he could do.

After a while, the guards quietly entered the farm.

What is to come has come.

Hazel was obedient and followed them.

The aides, attendants, and maids of the royal princess who entered and went in and out took a completely different route. It was an inconspicuous path.

Hazel arrived at the detached palace through there.

The detached palace at the northern end was almost completely separated from the rest of the imperial palace. Surrounded by dense trees, it blocks the eyes as well as noise. Even if one of them died, not even a scream could escape.

They took Hazel to the audience.

On the throne at the end of the long red carpet was sitting Princess Katarina.

Hazel knelt before her. The princess looked down with a cold face.

“Do you know why I called you?”

“Princess Catherine, I have something to tell you.”

"noisy! Anyway, I'm going to punish you, so stop saying it's unfair!"

“That’s not it.”

Hazel shook her head.

“I don't mean to say it's embarrassing. I want to ask you one thing.”

After taking one breath, he said.

“Would you forgive me if I made Prince Rowan healthy?”

The princess was stunned for a moment. I looked down at this little girl with a very absurd and absurd feeling.

“If that's the case, is it only forgiveness? I carry you very much!”

“I don't have to carry it around, please forgive me. I will make you healthy somehow.”

Everyone looked at them with puzzled faces.

The princess made an impression.

“I heard that you know a little about medicinal herbs. But Rowan is a child who can't take medicine. He was so frightened that he might have heard what he was afraid of, and now he can't even pass cold medicine down his throat.”

“I know that. I do not intend to treat the prince with medicine.”

Hazel looked straight at the princess and said.

“I will treat you through food.”

The auditorium became noisy.

Her entourage still regarded Hazel fiercely. But when he said such absurd remarks, he was even more startled.

"what? Do you treat it with food?"

"If that's the case, Donald would have fixed it sooner!"

They chattered. Then he looked at a man.

A tall, sharp-looking middle-aged man with a mustache.

He was the chef Donald, who oversaw the meals in the private palace where Princess Katarina lived.

In this detached palace, he had quite a bit of power.

Diet is the key to disease. The Queen Seonjoo believed in him and had a lot of reliance on him. Instead of the emperor's palace, it could be said that it was a location similar to the butler of Lewis's mansion.

Donald took pride in a position he could not enjoy as a single chef, and has been in charge of the princesses and princes. That's why I felt insulted by Hazel's words.

"what? Would you like to treat it with food? Are you saying you know who the prince is? joy! If you can eat 10 servings of raw meat at one meal, it might be possible to treat him with food! To the prince who can't eat as much as a normal child!"

After asking the princess for permission, he stepped forward and rebuked him.

"Where are you talking about such an arrogant thing? Although this is a secluded detached palace, it is truly an imperial palace! Prince Rowan didn't get sick because he couldn't eat! Do you know that I've been quiet since I ate the prince's meal? I have saved and sacrificed any food that has a hematopoietic effect that causes blood to circulate in the body! I mean, there's nothing I haven't tried! But what if you can't eat much because your digestive

system is weak! If you're going to fix it with food, you've already fixed it! You pretend you don't even know that!"

Hazel shrugged.

The audience room was originally a space that felt intimidating. Besides, there were only aides to the princess of the sun. I couldn't help but tremble when I heard the shouts like this and received a stinging gaze on my body.

However, if you notice that you are trembling, the slightest possibility disappears.

Hazel clenched her teeth and said confidently.

"I can of course get a good idea of how hard you have been working so far. But doesn't that mean nobody can't comment? It's not that I don't know what symptoms the prince is suffering from. I will surely treat you as an apology to the Queen Seonwang. So give me three days."

"Sounds absurd!"

The princess snorted a laugh.

"Do you think I am a fool? Will you give me time to run away?"

"I thought you would say that. Then give me just one day."

"Not even a day!"

"I thought you would say that. Then give me one night."

The princess was very embarrassed.

Is this haggling with me now?

He doesn't look like he's even 20 years old, but he's so fierce. The liver must have come out of the stomach.

The Queen Mother stared at Hazel without hiding her pitiful feelings.

But Hazel looked straight at her, not avoiding her blazing gaze.

I was even more startled.

“What can you do in one night?”

“Time is not important. There is one method I think no one has ever tried. It may be possible to treat the prince's symptoms very simply and restore his health.”

"haha... ..”

It got worse the more I heard it. Neighbors shook their heads.

“My Majesty the Crown Princess, there is nothing more to hear. Send him to the courthouse and give him punishment.”

“... ..”

The princess was silent. It was strange. Is it because of the Duchess of Saxony Spiegel?

I felt a slight change in my heart.

Hazel was kneeling on the floor, still facing her, not avoiding her gaze.

The princess looked into those eyes.

If there had been audacity, I would have thrown things with a fiery repulsion without looking further. They would have taken him out and ordered him to be judged immediately and punished severely.

But there was confidence in those eyes.

Thanks to Siegwald's mother's story, the princess learned at least one thing.

This farm girl in front of her had already saved someone's life with all her heart and soul.

One night, just one night, no matter how talented you are to fly and creep, you cannot escape. It cannot be extinguished into the sky or disappear into the earth, can it?

okay. The queen has decided.

"great. I will release you for just one night."

Everyone was astonished.

"His Majesty the Emperor!"

This was really not like Princess Katarina. People saw this scene with their eyes and heard with their ears, but they could not believe it.

"I will take you back as soon as tomorrow morning comes. If you don't make the prince healthy as you promised, then he will be punished with insults and the most severe punishment. So, let's try our best for the night!"

"Majesty! His Majesty the Emperor!"

Everyone was shocked and shouted.

"noisy."

The queen beckoned as if bored.

The guards took Hazel again and left the private palace.

\* \* \*

One of the earliest developments with the aristocratic society was the gastronomic culture. Cooking is such a long-established field.

In particular, the chefs working in the Imperial Palace were the best experts in the Empire. That pride was indescribable.

If you look closely at their world, it was a strict apprenticeship-class society. A teacher raised a disciple, and that disciple became a teacher and raised new pupils.

At the top was 'Meister Henkel'.

He was the head chef of the Empress Dowager and the greatest chef in existence. The outstanding chefs he raised served as the head of each palace.

The Queen's chef, Donald, was one of them.

When his teacher and colleagues all gathered for a regular meeting, he burst into anger.

“Everything that goes into Prince Rowan’s mouth is up to me! It's my realm! How can you not be angry that a blue young girl suddenly invades my territory!”

Heavy moans and sighs could be heard from among the fellow chefs.

“When did I know that a month like this would come? From the time I flirted with country food that couldn’t even be called cooking!”

"right! right! I wasn't the only one who felt uncomfortable. How is it cooking? It's just cooking the food over the fire. How is it different from a primitive man who made a bonfire?"

“It would be nice if you could learn it! Some are not even cooked properly! I mean, I'm just giving away the ingredients! How easy it is to live! Those who take and sell the medicinal water of alkane acid burn the acid until their feet swell! How good? Just pick the fruit and place it on a plate, and everyone will say, 'Wow! Wow!' and cheers!”

“Everyone is making a huge mistake! You confuse the sensation of the tongue with the sensation of 'delicious'!”

As if everyone had been waiting, they poured out their usual complaints.

"no. That's not right. It was really tasty.”

Giorgio, the chef of the restaurant used by the knights, was the only one who sided with Hazel.

That's it, twitch

Xavier Fontaine, the chef of the Imperial Palace, clicked inwardly.

That dull friend was unaware of a very important fact.

His Majesty took this opportunity to examine the loyalty of the chefs. Nevertheless, Giorgio introduced the country cuisine faster than anyone else without noticing it. Thanks

to that, I've heard many compliments from the knights that the food is delicious, but it seems that nothing I can see is missing.

Who would say this is good here?

Not surprisingly, everyone gave a stinging glance and nodded. As the atmosphere became chaotic, the teacher, Meister Henkel, shouted.

“Pathetic guys!”

Everyone was shocked and shut their mouths.

Henkel was a strict and strict teacher. He was also a great Meister who received several medals from me for splendidly hosting national events. Even the Emperor, who immediately summoned the chef and punished him if he did not like the food, recognized Henkel's skill and expertise.

He looked at the dead disciples and rebuked them.

“Cooking is a comprehensive art that harmonizes the three aesthetics of sight, smell, and touch, and is the most sophisticated means of socializing. It is the flower of aristocratic culture. Even if the little girl has won the palate of some aristocrats with a few dishes, it's just handling ingredients, not cooking. But why do you cooks care! Stop worrying and do what you have to do!”

“Yes, Master.”

Donald blushed and shook his head.

The teacher was right. It's not an issue to be concerned about.

However... . . .

On the other hand, it was still not clear.

The little girl's self-esteem had already been greatly damaged just by talking about food. It felt as if there had been a scratch on the prestige he had built up so far.

But that wasn't all.

In fact, there was a piece of anxiety in Donald's heart.

If the... . . . . What if the lady really did it? What if you could cure Prince Rowan's disease through some special food?

Of course, that's not going to happen, but... . . . .

Just imagining it made me sweat.

The young lady named Hazel was truly proud and dignified in front of Princess Katarina. He seemed to believe that there really was a secret method that no one had ever tried.

Does such a thing really exist?

The more Donald thought about it, the more he felt embarrassed.

But he wasn't alone.

On the way out after the regular meeting, I saw that Jeka, the first student, also had a very creepy face.

“Master, it won’t happen, but what if the girl succeeds? It's preposterous, but it's not something to be vigilant about. As Master knows, what kind of incident happened recently? Didn't that lady cure the unicorn's moon blindness with some extraordinary ingredients?”

"okay. Yes it was."

“The Imperial Majesty assured that the young lady would never be able to do it, but she was completely humiliated in front of everyone. There is still a lot of ridicule that experts who receive rust from the Imperial Palace are inferior to even a rural person.”

Donald swallowed his saliva. Jeka continued.

“It’s true even with the Queen Mother. Don't we know what kind of personality he is? But what does this mean for a person who is so hard-headed, who was desperate to punish him right away, suddenly giving him the end of the night?”

"right? I also feel very embarrassed about it.”

“That girl is really not an ordinary bet. Like the imperial court, if you let your mind rest without thinking, you will be seriously hurt. Everything we've built so far can be shaken. Master, there is nothing wrong with being cautious.”

It's heartbreaking. Every word of the disciple was the same as his feelings. He shook his head.

"okay. okay. You are right. There is nothing wrong with being cautious.”

He looked around for a moment. After making sure that no one was around, he lowered his voice and whispered to the disciple secretly.

“Don’t come into the kitchen today and secretly monitor the girl. If you find any unusual materials, report them immediately.”

“I see, Master.”

Jeka nodded her head nervously.

\* \* \*

Chef Donald was light-hearted, but the other close associates of the princess in the audience did not. Servants and maids also had a habit of seldom divulging things about their masters to the outside world.

As a result, rumors of what was happening in the detached palace did not spread well.

It was known outside that the princess had summoned Hazel again. But after that, nothing was said. The farm girl who surprised Prince Rowan just came back and was taken into custody.

Why didn't you bring him back to court?

All who were interested in this matter fell into doubt.

But there was nothing he could do. I only glanced at the farm, which was surrounded by no-entry lines and was quiet.

How the hell is it going?

There was also someone who had the same question. It was Jeka, a disciple who was ordered to be monitored by Chef Donald.

As soon as he received the order, he hid in a clear view of the farm.

He had a decent level of stealth skills. In order to satisfy the demanding taste of the nobles, wild grouse was caught and fresh live fish were caught and cooked without realizing it.

Jeka naturally hid among the trees outside the farm fence. The trees in the great garden served as natural cover. His figure was not visible from any angle.

However, I prepared and monitored so thoroughly, and nothing happened.

For some reason, Hazel didn't move.

Don't you have to go outside to get the ingredients?

It was really incomprehensible.

What the hell are you doing?

The detention order was not formally lifted. But Hazel was okay with going out now. The Crown Princess agreed to give me time for the night.

Still, he didn't budge.

Jeka was ready to follow Hazel as soon as he went out. But it was disappointing when things turned out like this.

Could it be that I didn't shout out loud without any countermeasures?

no. I can't. The imperial court also suffered like a ghost. You must not be vigilant.

Jeka tightened her eyes and continued to watch.

Meanwhile, the day gradually darkened. The outline of the small house in front of me gradually faded and was buried in darkness.

Couldn't you just sleep like this?

I couldn't see anything because I couldn't turn on the light. It was frustrating. Jeka couldn't even rub her hardened body and just stared at the darkness.

That was then.

click.

Suddenly a small sound was heard.

The door opened and a small shadow crept out.

at Las!

Jeka sighed inwardly.

Hazel walked slowly through the darkness. After a certain distance, Jeka quietly got up and followed him.

Where are you going so sneakily?

I said it was right and followed... . . . .

It was a chicken coop.

Hazel fed the chicks.

what!

Confused, Hazel suddenly turned around.

OMG!

Jeka was startled and hid behind a tree.

Glancing through the branches, Hazel was rummaging the farm.

It felt like my heart was freezing.

did you find me

That wasn't it.

Hazel just looked over the farm. Then he swung over there.

Don't be fooled this time.

Jeka just stood still to pay attention. However, Hazel's figure was getting farther and farther away.

no! It's real!

He hurriedly followed behind.

Hazel went out of the fence. I walked diligently through the trees in the great garden. Jeka followed her diligently with all her mind focused so as not to miss her back.

Then, suddenly, Hazel slipped into the maze garden.

uh? uh?

Jeka was perplexed.

This is a difficult place to follow. But if you close the distance further, you might be caught, so what?

While hesitating, the back figure of Hazel, who had been holding onto one side of his field of vision, suddenly disappeared.

what! Where did you go!

Jeka looked back and forth back and forth. But Hazel was nowhere to be seen.

Why is it a maze garden! This can't be! Unless it was deliberate and ostracized!

Jeka got angry and punched the tree. It was so strange that I mumbled without realizing it.

“You couldn't have known that you were following me, did you?”

That was true.

Hazel didn't know there was a tail. Still, there were reasons to be cautious.

It wasn't because of him. It was because of the person I was going to meet now.

He was a man he should never have met. Because he is an imperial knight.

I didn't even quit. You can't cut it because of me.

Thanks to concern for Lord Valentine's job, Hazel was able to unintentionally shun the follower.

The time they were supposed to meet was 9 o'clock. The meeting place was behind the Imperial Palace Butterfly Stuffed Vault.

It is a place where a man called a certain count, abandoned by his lover, committed suicide by hanging himself, but there are rumors that a ghost sometimes appears, so it is said that people are cut off when the sun goes down.

When I remembered that story, I was a little terrified. My steps slowed down and became sluggish steps.

Fortunately, Lord Valentine arrived first.

Hazel's pace accelerated again.

“You came early.”

“It’s not as difficult as I thought.”

He answered briefly.

Next to him was a horse.

It was a Black Pegasus named Ras Alghetti. It usually hides its wings, so it just looks like a large, normal black horse.

However, it is a different story when you start running. It is as fast as flying without wings.

He couldn't just show Hazel this famous saying that everyone in the Imperial Palace knew. In case you didn't know, I had to disguise the horse.

Fortunately, there are several types of magic reagents that change the color of animal fur. Iskanda transformed this black horse into a horse with brown spots on a white background.

“That’s Sir Valentine’s horse.”

Hazel said goodbye to the tabby horse for a moment. In the meantime, Iskanda checked once again that the saddle was firmly fixed.

“But where should I go?”

“I was going to ask about it. You must have said that at the last tea party, right? You can get to Palomares in no time.”

“Then there?”

"no. It's much closer than the port. When Sir Louise went to a place called Loiret to buy ranch milk, I saw rural villages that had not yet been urbanized around it. I have to go there.”

“Louven speaks.”

Iskanda nodded her head.

“If you are there, you can go there soon.”

"Good for you."

"for a moment."

Iskanda stopped Hazel as she was about to climb onto the horse. I handed over what I had prepared.

It was a blanket.

Once upon a time, Cayenne borrowed this horse and returned it completely chilled and stiff. remembered that

“Even in midsummer, you need to keep warm because of the strong winds hitting the horse.”

"i See."

Hazel wrapped a blanket around her body.

“Come on, here’s one more.”

"Yes."

"one more."

“... ..”

"one more."

“... .. Wait. Isn't that too much?"

Hazel shouted from under the blanket.

It was like a blink of an eye in the dryness of the two of them. His voice sounded dull, as if he was far away.

Let's stop.

Iskanda picked up the lump and put it on the horse. And he rode behind him.

“Then I will leave.”

When I gave the order, the horse ran right away. It leaped over the imperial palace wall without making a sound. While I was running at full speed, noticing the sudden change of scenery, I suddenly felt my words squeak.

Those eyes... . . . .

Well, it was kind of weird.

Come to think of it, it was the first time I had ridden a woman of a female gender. In addition, it became a very natural hugging posture from behind.

He stopped unconsciously.

When the reins were pulled, the horse came to a sudden halt. Hazel's voice could be heard from behind the blanket that he had grabbed in a hurry for fear of falling.

"why?"

“No, no.”

Iskanda hastily regained consciousness and ran again.

The road is dangerous and you cannot ride it behind you. It would be even worse to hang it next to it. The positioning was justified.

The question was whether Hazel knew about it.

Wouldn't you think it's strange to have it in front of you? Maybe you think I did this on purpose?

That would not be it. If that was the case, I would have asked you to take it down. "What's this! Please get off immediately!" I didn't shout, so it must have been nothing... . . . .

Then the hand stopped again.

Fortunately, this time the sudden stop was avoided.

He thought too much. It was a habit I developed when I left the Imperial Palace and walked around alone.

What's the point if you're honest with yourself? Gotta do the job right.

He looked down at the lump of blanket in front of him.

Those thick blankets had another role.

To get there quickly, I had to take a shortcut. This is the road over Mt.

It's fine during the day, but at night, unknown things roam the mountain. Because the night is their own world.

Iskanda got off for a while in front of Mt. Before entering their realm, he tore up the 'Lux' magic paper he had prepared in advance to ask for his understanding, and set it on fire.

A blue flame, visible only to the dark beings, flew up into the sky. It went to the top of the mountain and disappeared leaving a dazzling light.

Iskanda got back on her horse.

Even though I hadn't run for a long time on the mountain road, I felt a sign of something approaching in front of me.

Obviously, there was a slap in the face even though I had asked for forgiveness. It meant it was okay to kill.

Iskanda drew her sword with one hand as she ran.

Whoops!

The one that was about to attack this side was cut in half immediately and fell.

Hazel asked in surprise.

“What is that?”

“It’s just a branch.”

“Do you have eyes?”

“You must have seen it wrong.”

Iskanda answered calmly.

I don't think so... . . . .

Hazel thought, but decided to just stand still.

The same situation was repeated several times.

“Are your hands and feet running?”

“I saw it wrong.”

“Are you still moving?”

“It’s an optical illusion.”

“Are you singing?”

“I heard wrong.”

Even though Hazel knew the answer was fixed, he just kept asking.

Because it was so weird.

The articles I've seen so far are first, 'I will use a sword from now on!' And after putting in a lot of energy, I did something.

But he just swung it around casually.

There was no force going into it, and even while he was speaking, his breathing did not become disturbed.

Above all, there was no way to miss a single inch.

Both sides of the Ido were basic. I couldn't keep my mouth shut as I watched the giant monster shatter and scatter with just one flash of movement.

I think an imperial knight should do that.

Hazel didn't know much about swords, so he just thought so.

After running for a long time, dealing with such strange things, I finally crossed Mt.

The horse continued to run. The landscape changed swiftly along the flat ground.

Hazel glanced intently through the gap in the blanket.

Where are you? Is this the view you saw out the window when Sir Lewis came to buy milk?

At one point, the horse slowly stopped.

Finally arrived.

unurbanized countryside. It was the Lövven region near the capital.

Iskanda got down first and set the blanket down on the floor.

Hazel was finally able to throw off the stuffy blankets. After beckoning Iskanda to go quickly, he hurried into the village.

Gray stone stacked walls and hay roof. Real country houses were clustered together.

Hazel peeked through the woven fence. Iskanda followed.

So, what kind of material are you looking for?

I was very curious.

But I didn't ask because I didn't want to get in the way.

Hazel passed seven or eight houses. Then I suddenly stopped in front of a house.

“Ah, this is it.”

He pointed to something hanging on the fence.

Iskanda looked at it.

What Hazel was pointing to was very different from what he had imagined. It was astonishing.

“Is this the material you were going to try to win or lose this time?”

"okay."

Hazel replied.

“Hopefully this might save me.”

Saying that, he looked at it intently.

It was a black fan with a handle.

It was a real cast iron pan used in the countryside, and it looked like it was hung outside to get rid of the smell by wiping it clean.

Other than that, there was nothing special. Anyway, I was just a fan.

Iskanda asked, not understanding.

“Isn't that just a cooking tool?”

"Yes."

"I thought Miss Mayfield would find some special ingredient like that gnome egg... . . .  
Wait, doesn't that mean you're feeding that fan to Prince Rowan?"

"It's not, but I can't say it's not. To some extent, it is food."

Were you really eating?

Iskanda's eyes widened. Hazel explained step by step.

"I told Princess Seon that I would treat it with food, but in fact, the really important thing is not the food itself, but the tools for preparing it. It's a cast iron fan."

Hazel reached out and picked up the fan.

"These real cast iron pans stick to food, and they are heavy and painful to the wrists, and it takes a lot of work to keep them from rusting. So I was pushed to other things and gradually stopped using it. However, in poor rural areas, they still do not throw it away and use it a lot. Do you know why?"

"Well. To save money on a new tool?"

"no. This is a great anemia cure."

"what?"

"It is said that cast iron contains the same components as human blood. Surprisingly, it melts and seeps into the food during cooking. The villagers discovered this a long time ago. That's why I don't throw away the cast iron fan. It is a great source of nutrition for the poor."

After all, is it a very natural way to melt cast iron and feed it to children?

It was a sad story.

Iskanda suddenly remembered.

"Right. According to the research of the sages, iron contains a substance that is the essence of life that has existed since the creation of this world. It is said that it runs in our blood as well. The sages were researching it by naming it the essence of the source, 'Prima Essentia'. Of course, it would be beneficial to health if you could consume it, but I never dreamed of eating iron. But were the villagers already eating?"

"Yes. In the countryside, I try to eat anything first."

Hazel said with a smile.

"Then I discovered this benefit. In a country house, there are usually many children. Not to mention the meat and the vegetables are lacking. I can't eat well even though I'm bloated with anemia. It's the cast iron pan that solves that problem. It is said that the effect is so effective that it is necessary to refrain from poisoning a child who is overnourished."

"Right."

Iskanda listened in amazement.

It was interesting to see that the wisdom of life passed down by country housewives was in line with the studies of the wise men.

Prima Essentia, the essence of life, is enough to take in a small amount into the body and is not easily excreted. Therefore, it is also true that there is a risk of poisoning in the state of overnutrition.

"Unbelievable! There was a way for people to eat iron!"

Iskanda was excited.

As we all know, Prince Rowan's condition was very special.

A mixed blood vampire who fears blood. If it had been in its natural state, it would have been culled sooner.

Fortunately, he survived because he was a royal. Many people put their lives on the line with great effort. But it was there. He was so fragile and sensitive that he could not do any treatment and just let him live.

He was such a Prince Rowan... . . . .

This was a weird way to think about it.

“With this method, severe anemia can be treated without the use of drugs and without forcibly increasing the amount of food several times. It's very simple too! It is so natural that even a sensitive child will not notice it at all!”

"Yes. Even a prince, who can't eat more than a normal child, doesn't have any problems with this method. It can be concentrated in small amounts through cast iron. Of course, there are some rules. But I'm aware of it all. I can do it.”

Hazel said confidently.

That was then.

The small door of the farmhouse opened with a creaking sound. The child of this house came out with a sleepy face and a small lantern.

Hazel and Iskanda were bewildered.

He was excited to see the cast iron fan, and then he woke up the sleeping child.

“... ..!”

The child was terribly surprised to see the two people outside the fence.

Hazel said hastily.

“We are not suspicious!”

Wait a minute.

Having said that... .. It was a woman with a cast iron fan in her hand and a man with a black cloak. It couldn't get more dubious than this.

“You're a thief!” ' said Hazel quickly before the child shouted.

“Sorry to startle you. We were looking for a real cast iron fan like this. Can I buy this?”

“Sell it for how much you can call it.”

Iskanda also quickly helped out and showed her a gold coin. The child's eyes widened.

“I'll ask Mom!”

ran right inside.

Whatever they said, the owner and his younger brothers rushed out.

I understand how crazy it must be. All of a sudden, strange people appear and tell them to sell their cast iron pans at a high price.

Anyway, the deal went well.

They put gold coins in their palms and stared at them for a long time. He was suspicious that he might have been possessed by a goblin. Of course, those gold coins won't go away, and the children of this house will eat a lot of delicious food tomorrow.

Hazel was happy when she got what she wanted. He held a heavy cast iron pan in his arms.

“Thanks to Sir Valentine, I got a very good thing. Now all I need to do is make it work tomorrow. It is important to avoid deportation, but it would be great if the poor prince gets well.”

“I think so too.”

Iskanda nodded her head.

Treating anemia with cast iron cookware. No one really would have tried this.

“It’s a way to not provoke Prince Rowan, who is so sensitive. I think this is definitely going to be a success.”

“I have a feeling it’s going to be really good for Sir Valentine to say that.”

We talked and left the village.

Pegasus Ras Alghetti was waiting patiently even if he did not tie him up. But as they approached, I glanced again. I rolled my eyes strangely.

Until now, Iskanda had thought that her words were polite. I thought I should teach some etiquette.

The imperial palace in the capital far away, where they have accomplished their purpose and are about to return to.

The spies were still hiding on the farm in the middle.

Jecca, a disciple of Chef Donald's, reluctantly abandoned him and gave up while searching for the missing Hazel. just returned to the original position.

I do not know. I'll be back someday. You can take a good look then.

He thought so.

Hazel didn't come back soon. It didn't look like he was going anywhere close. Jeka waited and waited and waited.

how much time has passed

A chirping sound echoed in the silence of the night. Jeka rolled her eyes.

When I realized that I had fallen asleep, I was terribly surprised.

who is that girl?

A small light came on in a small house on the farm. The fire was quickly extinguished.

Hazel is back.

"this!"

He was very upset.

I should have seen you come back. That way, I was able to find out what kind of strange material I was getting. I suffered all day because of it, but I missed the most important moment.

Damn it!

After this, you have to somehow break into the farm and look inside the house.

He grabbed the fence.

I stepped on the lower part and was about to climb over, but the tree creaked. It was louder than expected in the silence of the night.

The light in the little house was turned on again.

OMG!

Jeka was embarrassed and hid herself in her original spot on the road.

After a while, the door swung open. Hazel came out and looked around the farm.

Jeka held her breath and hid. My palms were wet with tension.

Why are you so sensitive?

Then I realized

During the day, there was a natural noise of the great garden here. Using the presence of people coming and going, and even using the skills of catching wild grouse, he was able to hide.

but now it's too much

So what should I do?

Jeka tied her hair and thought about it, then came up with a better way.

If you can't sneak in, you can go in openly.

He ran straight to the guard post in the Imperial Palace.

While working overtime, he often drank with the guards on duty, so he was well aware of the internal situation. He pretended he had come to meet someone and naturally went into the post.

There was one mannequin in the dressing room. It was erected to teach new recruits the correct way to wear uniforms.

Jeka had been eyeing it for a long time. Maybe he had a foreboding that this day would come someday.

He stripped off the mannequin's hat and uniform.

When I came out, the lights flickered.

Stealing uniforms and disguising your identity is strictly prohibited. If you get caught, it's over.

But you can't get caught!

Jeka changed clothes in a shady place and went to the farm. Pretending to be a guard, he proudly opened the fence door.

Hazel couldn't sleep and sat down, then jumped up and looked out. When I saw the guards coming to patrol, I went back in and sat down.

I never imagined that he wasn't a real soldier. It's just, 'You work late at night.' I was just thinking.

Jeka came in naturally.

“Is there anything wrong with it?”

"Yes."

Hazel replied.

Jeka looked around the house with a lamp.

There was no such thing as a special material.

I thought it strangely and looked at it thoroughly again. Then I found a cloth covered on the table.

Well?

He became very puzzled.

I left the farm naturally again. Returning to the post, he took off his uniform and put it back on.

And hurriedly headed to the separate palace.

His mentor, Chef Donald, had applied for a job and was waiting for news from his student in the kitchen.

Jeka went there quickly and reported what she had just seen.

Donald was also surprised.

"what? No special ingredients, just a cast iron pan?"

"Yes, Master. Other than that, it was just common mushrooms, vegetables and meat. Only that cast iron pan was covered with a cloth as if it were important."

"It's so weird."

Donald raised his eyebrows in thought.

Then something popped into my mind.

"Perhaps... . . ."

"What is it?"

"Isn't it just our guess to use some special material? That ferocious little girl only said that food would cure the prince. Maybe the secret of the food she will make... . . Maybe it's in the cookware, not the ingredients?"

I suddenly got goosebumps.

"It's a big deal!"

Chef Donald shouted in thought.

“That’s it! Surely it is! I mean, I’ve already used all the ingredients. But the answer lies in the tools, not the materials! That cookware has a very powerful effect on treating anemia!”

At Master's words, Jeka tilted her head.

“Is that really possible?”

“If that village girl says so, then it must be! iced coffee! Why didn't I think of this before? Unbelievable! we got hit! I got hit!”

His face has now turned completely blue.

“Master, calm down!”

Jeka said quickly.

“It is too early to say that. If you're going to lose your hand, what did you make me watch?”

He lowered his voice and whispered in secret.

“That method is now what we came up with.”

"AHA?"

Donald's eyes widened. He seemed to be swaying.

"I see! I see!"

He immediately called the kitchen servant and ordered.

“Go to the market right now! Wake up the shopkeeper and buy some cast iron pans!”

“Yes, chef.”

The servant answered coldly.

After a while, the servant's horse, who had received the permission to go out, hurriedly passed through the gates of the palace.

The next day was bright.

Hazel waited for someone to come out of the villa. All the preparations had already been made long ago.

However... . . . .

There was no news until 10 o'clock.

The princess said she would definitely bring Hazel in as soon as the morning came.

I was wandering around, thinking strangely, and the servant finally appeared.

"Ah!"

Hazel hit him.

I waited, but when he showed up, I was trembling.

you're finally going

I couldn't help but be nervous that fate was now decided.

Hazel picked up a basket of ingredients. I also brought a cast iron pan wrapped in a cloth to keep it from getting dusty.

Then the servant stepped forward.

He had a special invitation from Chef Donald just before he left.

-If the young lady knows the situation and makes a loud noise in the annex, the prince's illness may get worse. So don't make a fuss.

In the eyes of the attendant, this heavy cast iron pan looks perfect for making a fuss. It seemed possible to use it as a weapon.

So he waved his hand to block it.

“Don’t take it.”

"Yes?"

Hazel asked in surprise.

"why? This is important.”

“You cannot bring anything into the palace where the royal family resides. Moreover, it is where the prince who is ill is located. If this item is absolutely necessary, I will bring it in after inspection.”

That made sense. Hazel couldn't help but agree.

"i See. Then please."

"... .."

"I need this."

"... .. Okay."

Unlike the servants I had met so far, I felt that his attitude was cold and blunt.

Besides, there was something else. When I came out, there were no guards, only the attendants of the detached palace.

"Let's go!"

They hurried Hazel.

The procession departed.

As he moved stealthily through the dark roads, few saw Hazel making his way to the villa. I watched only the chicks in the chicken coop.

Why do you keep worrying so much? Have you become too sensitive because you are nervous?

Hazel continued to tilt her head.

I never thought that there would be any setbacks in curing the prince. At least I had no doubts that he would fully cooperate with this.

But it was kind of weird.

After the door to the remote villa was closed behind his back, the attendants were taking Hazel in the wrong direction. It was not in the direction of the audience and the main space, but in the opposite direction.

“Aren’t you supposed to go to the Crown Princess first?”

"no."

“Why?”

The servant looked at Hazel.

Now that I've brought you this far, I've come to the conclusion that it won't be of any use to make a fuss.

“It’s not okay, miss. It's all over now.”

"Yes?"

Hazel asked, perplexed.

“I haven’t even started, so what’s the end? I'm here to treat Prince Rowan. Where is the prince?”

“You are with Chef Donald. The chef stayed up all night listening to the lady's blatant words yesterday. After searching through specialized books and pondering over and over again, he finally found a good way to heal the prince through food. It’s not about using any special ingredients like we’ve done before, it’s about changing the cooking tools.”

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel's heart pounded.

"But you decided to give me a chance first, didn't you?"

"What do you know? The chef said that this was an urgent matter to quarrel with, so he gave an audience to the Queen Seonwang, and explained in detail. The Queen Seon-sama thought it was a very good idea, and decided to try it out in a hurry. The work on the lady has been put on hold since then."

"I can... ."

I had an ominous feeling. What if Chef Donald's idea was to use a cast iron pan?

Then I have no way of avoiding exile.

My heart was rushed.

"Wait!"

Hazel flinched and ran away.

I ran after the smell of food and came to the kitchen of the detached palace.

The chef's assistants were bustling with trying out new methods. There was one thing in common in their hands, running around.

It was a fan made of cast iron.

Hazel was dizzy.

“How could such an ingenious coincidence! That's the way I prepared it! Cooking food using a cast iron pan!”

Everyone looked at Hazel's words. Then he burst out laughing as if he was stunned.

“It's so funny! It's just as the chef said.”

“What did you say?”

“The girl had no idea from the beginning. Today, I was just trying to pass the time by cleverly avoiding that moment. Just jump into the kitchen like this, spy on him, and look at him lying right away! It would be better to stop talking nonsense and quietly wait for punishment!”

My eyes darkened.

How could this be!

On the same day that he finally got a chance and decided to try a new method, the queen's chef just remembered that method! I thought anyone who had lived in the countryside wouldn't know how!

It was truly a prank of fate.

It seemed as if the strength was draining from his legs. After staggering for a moment, a large cast iron pan carried by a cook suddenly came into view.

uh?

Hazel was startled.

I looked around and saw the same cast iron pans the other cooks were holding. All were the same thing.

How could a chef make such a mistake?

My mind was blown.

At the same time, Hazel realized.

It wasn't something the chef came up with on his own. If you know the principle properly, you cannot make this mistake. He knows nothing and knows that all he needs is a fan of cast iron.

That is... . . . .

This was no coincidence!

I don't know what happened, but the secret was leaking.

What had happened during the day yesterday flashed through my mind.

Who stole the information and gave it to the chef?

There was only one possible. A guard who came late at night to patrol. The chef sent him on purpose.

I was sobbing with anger.

Chef Donald was such a mean and scornful man. He was a person who greedily hijacks other people's things by any means possible. His eyes were wide open to show off his abilities.

It was obvious what such a person would do with this cast iron pan.

“You can’t do this! It is harmful to the prince!”

Hazel exclaimed.

That was then.

The cooks were suddenly startled and split in two. In between them, the Queen's chef, Donald, strode forward.

it's that person

Seeing his brazen appearance made Hazel even more angry.

“How could you do that? You secretly spy on me and steal information! You lied like you found out! Stop such cowardice now! At this rate, instead of healing the prince, it will only harm his health more!”

“What are you talking about!”

Donald shouted.

Are you harming the prince's health?

He was already convinced of this method. I had a clear feeling that I was going to succeed.

You're just throwing a word and trying to get away like a loach!

He looked at Hazel with disapproving eyes.

“Is there anyone please? We have to stop the chef! This man's method is wrong! At this rate, it will only harm the prince’s health even more!”

This farm girl's voice was really loud. I was annoyed, and I was afraid that the Queen of Heaven would hear it.

Anyway, this girl is over. The only thing left for him to do is to restore the prince and receive praise for his work from the princess.

He hardened his face and shouted.

“What did I say! Didn't I tell you not to make a fuss? Lock him up in an unused room! Until the Queen Mother calls that criminal!”

"Yes, I understand."

The servants grabbed Hazel's arm.

“Leave this! It is harmful to the prince at this rate!”

Hazel resisted.

But they were experts. I lifted it up enough to lift my feet off the floor and locked me up in a small room at the end of the hallway.

“I’ll be quiet until I call you again.”

The lock was locked from the outside.

"Hey! Don't go! I speak for the prince!”

Hazel exclaimed.

But they are already gone. I knocked on the door, but to no avail. I hit it hard with my shoulder, but it didn't even budge.

It was an unfair and resentful situation, but first of all, I was more worried about the prince.

Hazel looked around.

It was a small room where a musty smell stung my nose. In the old days, when this private palace played a role in the social world, it seemed to have been used as a waiting room for guests.

Is there no way to escape somehow?

The door was too strong, so I gave up. I looked around and went to the window.

The sliding windows were held in place with clasps.

However, since this is not a cell, the windows were not locked from the outside. locked inside only.

Aren't you stupid?

Hazel rejoiced and twisted the clasp. I tried to open the window by turning it 90 degrees.

But he didn't even move.

Whether it's because it's been too long, or it's not supposed to move in the first place, it just hurts and didn't move.

Then yes.

But if you break the glass, someone will run right away. Anyway, that was too dangerous.

Hazel looked around again, looking for an opening. Then the smell of mold hit the tip of his nose again.

rancidity.

A thought flashed through my mind.

Hazel looked down at the window sill.

Like the rest of the room, the window sill was mottled with mold. The rainwater ran down the window and rotted.

As I moved from house to house, this was just a normal scene. If the window frame is rotten, it is scraped off with a chisel and hardened with wood padding or paste.

At that point, a good idea came to mind.

Just like when repairing a window sill, what if you dig up all the rotten parts?

You can't remove the clasp, but you might be able to remove the clasp entirely.

When the latch that locks the window disappears, that sliding window can be opened!

A great way to escape without making a loud noise.

Hazel hurriedly turned around.

To do that, I needed a tool to replace the chisel.

I found a tea set in the drawer of the dresser in this room. Among them, the silver butterknife was very effective. The whole pattern of the imperial family was engraved on the blade, so it was good because it was spacious.

Hazel clings to the window. The rotted part was carefully scraped off.

When the white painted surface was peeled off, mold was infested. The butterknife was pierced along the crevice of the wood grain. The wood fell piece by piece like a pie.

This task required skill. The rotten part came off easily, but the hard part had to be applied with force.

Hazel wrestled with the butterknife for a while.

Then it came right under the latch. The part was so hard that the knife didn't go in.

Now that I've gnawed this much, where should I try?

I looked around.

This time I needed something like a hammer.

A brass statue above the fireplace stood out. It was the shape of a small goddess, and it was about the length of a forearm and was slender, so it seemed to fit perfectly in my hand.

Hazel brought the statue.

He held it upside down and slammed the part with the clasp with the head of the goddess with all his might.

Tung! A heavy sound rang out. I was worried that someone might come running, but no one came.

beaten again

Tung! Then the clasp was slightly crooked.

"great."

It was a pity for the goddess, but she slammed the clasp with her head even harder.

Tung!

The lower part of the clasp was crushed and popped. Aiming well at the rotten part and hitting it once more, the latch flew away.

"done!"

Hazel pushed up the sliding window with all his might.

The window opened slightly.

It was so stiff that I couldn't open it wide. I managed to open it just enough for my body to escape.

Hazel brought the footrest of the armchair. He wrapped the long skirt around his legs and stood on top of it. I stood on the footrest and pulled my upper body out the window. He put his hands on the windowsill and pulled his legs out. Then he jumped into the yard below it.

Now the next problem was.

Everyone in the villa was hostile to Hazel.

So it was a hundred times better to get out and ask for help. Because Hazel's friends and other rational people are there.

But there was no time for that.

Prince Rowan's work was urgent now. If you delay even a little, Chef Donald will go ahead and do his own thing.

So Hazel decided to break through head-on. I circled the building and went back to the front door.

"for a moment! there!"

An escort knight on patrol followed.

"I am not running away!"

Hazel ran back into the building of the detached palace from which he had escaped.

I didn't know where the princess was right now. But it seemed to be in the most crowded and noisy place.

Fortunately, it was easy to find.

The people of the separate palace were all gathered in front of a room on the second floor.

Hazel grabbed anyone and shouted.

"Please let me see the Queen Mother! We have to stop the chef! The food he offers will actually harm the prince's health!"

Everyone looked back. I was surprised to see Hazel coming.

“How the hell did you get out?”

Everyone hardened their faces and surrounded Hazel.

Among them was Jeka, the chef's apprentice. He was waiting outside the door where Master was for a while.

When Hazel, whom he had been imprisoned for sure, reappeared like this, he clicked his tongue.

“You are so persistent! don't you give up now? The prince has already eaten all the food that Master has prepared for him.”

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel was surprised.

"No! Let me see the Queen Princess!"

“Hurry up and take this girl away! Lock him in a basement or something so he can't get out!”

A quarrel broke out in the narrow hallway.

That was then.

Suddenly, a loud noise erupted from the inner room. The servants rushed out.

“The attending physician! Where are you?”

“Here it is! But why? What's going on?”

“The prince vomited up everything he ate! You are suffering very much right now!”

"what?"

Everyone was astonished. Hazel exclaimed.

“I did! You are wrong!”

Jeka was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe it.

Why is it wrong? I was the same cast iron fan!

There was a lot of chaos as the doctors and assistants rushed inside.

Hazel shook off the servants' hands in the gap.

You have to tell the queen!

Taking advantage of this chaos, I quickly slipped inside.

A little earlier than this.

The main building of the Imperial Palace, far away from the detached palace where the commotion is taking place.

Iskanda had been spending time with the wise men in a round marble chair in the backyard after a long time.

I was reminded of what happened last night. Sometimes he had to call the wise men to fulfill his duties as an emperor.

So I called, but my mind was somewhere else, so I couldn't concentrate at all. I just decided to give meaning to letting the wise men, the wealth of the country, bathe in the sun, and I thought of other things to my heart's content.

By now, Hazel will be called to the private palace. I had no doubt that sooner or later we would hear the good news that the farm lady had ingeniously improved the prince's condition.

“... . Newly discovered fossils on the West Coast falsify previous assumptions. Centaurs were not a hybrid of a horse and a human, but were originally born as a new race.”

“Uh-huh. Isn't that an overly radical claim?”

The sage Devash suddenly raised his voice. Iskanda looked at him involuntarily, thinking about something else.

I was surprised at that moment.

There was something yellow between the feet of Devache, who was sitting around with the other wise men.

Tiberius?

Iskanda doubted her eyes.

That poultry escapes again while the owner is busy!

The sage continued to vomit, unaware that there was a chick between his feet. Then I got excited and said, "It's not that!" and stomped his foot.

Tiberius quickly escaped from there. Avoiding the feet of this wise man and that wise man, he crossed over here safely. I quickly hid behind Iskanda's legs.

What the hell is wrong with this poultry?

Iskanda bent down and picked up the chick.

The wise men were very dull. Besides, I was preoccupied with the discussion now. I didn't even know that His Majesty the Emperor had openly picked up chicks from the floor. It seemed that His Majesty would not know even if he had left the place.

In fact, he felt a strong temptation to do so.

But if that happens, the wise men who are raising at the best in the Imperial Palace will get heat stroke as a group... ... I finished it pretty quickly and went back.

After separating the servants who followed him, he took out the chick.

“Didn’t you reflect on yourself enough last time?”

He put it down on the floor and scolded him.

But something was a bit strange.

Tiberius jumped right in line. But after walking for a while, I stopped and turned my head to look this way. And then he stood there.

"So what?"

As Iskanda approached, Tiberius took the lead again. But I stopped again and looked back.

He said that the intelligence of birds is not very high. But this little beast now seemed to be expressing its will. A series of actions are like... . . . .

He seemed to be asking me to follow him.

I suddenly felt strange.

Is there something going on?

I thought maybe it could be.

Shall we take a sneak peek?

It was Iskanda's specialty to suddenly disappear from people's sight. He immediately ran to the farm a few minutes away from there.

There was no sign of anyone in the house. It was also called as a separate palace.

Iskanda looked out the window and looked inside.

A familiar object lay on the table. It was the cast iron fan I bought in Löfven last night.

what?

He frowned.

I was convinced that something was wrong. This cast iron pan is important. I couldn't have left this behind.

I looked down at Tiberius again.

Animals feel the crisis well. Especially when something happens in the nest, he notices like a ghost. In the process of Hazel being summoned to the princess's private palace, there may have been a dangerous atmosphere that could provoke this little animal.

Animals can learn the consequences of their actions.

This chick has definitely learned from the last experience. When Iskanda finds him, he immediately catches him and takes him to the farm. It seemed that he used it to bring him to the farm.

"okay. Well done."

Iskanda put Tiberius in the chicken coop. And immediately exited the garden.

"your Majesty! Where have you been?"

The servants who had been looking around came running.

Something must have happened, and no one now knew about it. I felt a sense of crisis. My heart was rushed.

Iskanda turned around without thinking any further.

"Let's go to the queen's private palace."

"Yes? Oh yes."

The servants hurriedly followed His Majesty the Emperor, who flew his cloak and hurried his steps.

A long procession headed for the detached palace.

At this time, the palace was completely turned upside down.

Hazel took advantage of the chaos to enter, and found that it was the prince's bedroom.

Beneath the veil that had been rolled up to the top of the pillar lay Prince Rowan, pale-faced. My heart was pounding violently.

Princess Katarina threw her watch while counting her breathing while rolling her feet. He seemed insane with fear and anger.

“You said so, why did it happen! Didn't I say that it would get better right away?”

Chef Donald couldn't raise his head at the fiery scolding.

“It seems that Prince Hwang Gong Haona's symptoms are phenomenal. It's a phenomenon that appears to be temporarily worsening before it recovers.”

“Temporarily worsening? do you think i'm stupid It's the first time I've vomited it all, even though it's not reminiscent of blood! You keep encouraging me to eat it!”

“I am sorry! My method was not wrong!”

"no. Wrong.”

Hazel squeezed the people in and said,

At the unexpected voice, the princess turned her head and looked at her. Eyebrows twitched.

"I said I'd put things off for you until later!"

Fierce gazes flew away.

But this time, he did not tremble. The image of the prince lying down like a sick puppy gave me courage.

Hazel opened her mouth again.

“I have something to tell you. The chef's method was wrong. Even that's not his way. It's my way.”

"what are you talking about! Donald came to me at dawn and gave me a tomb!"

“Before that, I had a soldier spy on what I had prepared. And I quickly hit the player. He is such a person. I don't cover the front and back to set the ball. So it was obvious that I didn't see it.”

“What was obvious?”

“Menu. I would have continued to recommend to the prince stimulant foods with stronger scents and tastes than usual. You must have thought that if you eat a lot, you will see the effect quickly.”

That was true. Donald prepared all kinds of fancy dishes today. And somehow I tried to eat even one more spoonful.

“I don't know if I knew how to do it properly, I didn't know how to do it properly, so I can't get rid of it? So I kept screaming. If you don't block the kitchen, the prince's condition will get worse. But no one listened to me.”

The princess looked around.

“Is this true?”

Everyone hesitated and did not answer.

“Did I really say that to you guys?”

When asked again, one of the servants hesitated and opened his mouth.

"That's right. said this lady. The chef's method is wrong, so if you don't stop it sooner or later, it will worsen the prince's condition. Everything is true.”

"what?"

A look of confusion appeared on the princess's face.

That was then.

The servant who was standing outside rushed in.

“His Majesty the Emperor! It’s a big deal!”

"what... .. ' A

roar rang out before she could finish her speech.

“You are the Emperor!”

At that moment, everyone in the room stiffened. The hot and bustling place froze in an instant.

His Majesty the Emperor?

Hazel turned to stone and rolled her eyes. What's going on with this now?

Princess Katarina was equally terrified.

“Why did His Majesty come all of a sudden? Did you decide not to get involved in the work here?”

“You seemed to be aware of all the commotion that took place today. You are very angry. The prince will be well taken care of by the experts, so please come to the audience quickly.”

"iced coffee... . . . .”

The Queen Mother woke up with a very perplexed face. After one glance at the prince lying on the bed, he hurried out.

As soon as the fluttering hem of her mourning disappeared, Chef Donald stepped forward.

"you!"

As he was about to snatch Hazel's arm, someone struck him like a lightning bolt and grabbed his wrist.

It was the palace maid.

“This girl must not hurt a single hair! You must always be neat and tidy!”

She was startled as she quickly wiped the sweat from her forehead with a handkerchief.

“What is this? Isn't that a spider's web? Where have you locked up this girl?”

“It's so noisy... . . . .”

"for a moment! What is this hand? How did it get so messed up!"

The maid jumped and shouted.

Hazel looked down at her hands, startled. I didn't know it, but it was red and swollen and scratched all over the place. It was as if the stinging thing had been pierced with thorns.

"You! Are you in the mood? What would the court cubists say if this young lady walked around like this? Why don't you gossip and say that it would be such a miserable thing to come out of His Majesty's eyes? How would you feel if your Majesty passed by and heard that? I still want to make this little girl with red strawberry jam right now, but it's a dream to have a single word written in the history book, 'He was a good emperor unlike the wealthy emperor', so he's just clenching his teeth and putting up with it! You don't know and treat this girl so harshly, your liver is so swollen!"

Everyone's faces turned blue at the handmaid's threat.

However, the content was a bit odd.

"... .. ?"

Hazel looked at her face. And I was surprised.

Sir Penelope!

Now it turns out she was Cayenne's subordinate, a sly-faced girl knight. The cat's ears were hidden under the maid's hat, so I didn't know it.

Sir Penny is coming!

Hazel was very happy. A savior appeared to be surrounded by the enemy alone.

“Shall we go over there for treatment?”

Penny dragged Hazel into the corner of the hallway. He whispered as he pulled out the thorn stuck in his hand.

“Relax. There are a lot of us out there.”

“How about work?”

“The state affairs have been suspended. His Majesty suddenly came to this detached palace.”

"Ah."

It was more reassuring that everyone was outside.

“Things have grown tremendously. Why did your Majesty come all of a sudden?”

“You must have come because it was something you had to come. Don't make it complicated, Miss Hazel. If it was advantageous to us, it was an advantage, and there is no disadvantage.”

"Really?"

"sure. Thanks to you, didn't you sneak in like this? I have been secretly commissioned to protect Miss Hazel and to communicate the inside of this place.”

Penny pulled out another thorn.

“By the way, how did it go? I thought they were just being detained on the farm. How is things going?”

"that is... . . . ."

Hazel told the story. What kind of proposal did he make to the Queen Seonwang? How did the queen's chef intercept and intercept the secret recipe? Then how did you mess things up? So, how did you get out of the waiting room?

Penny was very surprised.

"Something like that! It's a shame because the chef dug my own grave, and if I did, something really unfair would have happened."

She stared at Chef Donald, who was standing over there.

I wanted to get this news to the general manager and others outside, but I thought he was going to do something else when he was away. For now, I decided to be next to Hazel.

"By the way, aren't there any soft armchairs here? What to do if a lady collapses! You want to be carried on a stretcher and crawl to see His Majesty point fingers!"

Everyone flinched when she screamed.

"I'll bring it."

One of the servants hurriedly went downstairs.

As he went down the stairs, he was surprised. The sound from the audience echoed through the hallway.

Your Majesty wasn't angry at all.

He felt the urge to take a peek into the audience.

But he persevered and ran back upstairs to find the bandage.

In the audience room, voices were just rising.

Iskanda was stunned to see how things had turned out.

What a mean person who is called the Queen's Chef's Chef, snatches the ball!

In addition, there was a problem with the conduct of the queen queen. It was about children, so it was inevitable, but because of that, the order was disturbed.

He couldn't help but point out that fact.

“No matter how insignificant your opponent is, once you have given permission as a superior, you should have kept it as it is! Who will listen to your aunt in the future if you flip your palms like this? Is it okay for the Imperial Princess to be like this?”

“Well, I know that... ..”

At the sharp reprimand, the fiery fairy princess also stuttered.

“Your Majesty, there was nothing I could do about it. If it's not about anything else, it's about the life of the prince. Chef Donald has been caring for the Prince for a long time. Hearing her bold words, she pondered all night to find a new answer, and she came to me like dawn and begged... ..”

“The new answer was found by someone else! Leaving the real thing in the hands of a scammer!”

“How could I have known that Donald would have spied on her and snatched her away? Because I am too ambitious, I just want to grab some straw... ..”

“I know the heart.”

Iskanda frowned.

“As it was an incident related to the safety of the royal family, no one dared to intervene. However, the aunt who is in the lead is now in a state of confusion and unable to make a proper judgment. It's housework, so I'll go ahead and clean it up. So... .”

The queen's heart was pounding. His complexion turned pale and he looked only at his nephew's mouth. No. that... .

“You have to give that girl another chance.”

"Yes?"

The princess was bewildered for a moment.

Judging by the flow of the story, I thought there was going to be a talk about taking my son.

That wasn't it. Give the farm girl a chance.

"It's not possible. Even experts like Donald have failed, but how again... .”

“This is Huangming.”

Iskanda spoke firmly and kept her mouth shut.

In the silence, the princess read many things.

The chatter became cold. I couldn't say anything more. Since Hwang Myung had fallen, it was only obedience.

“I see, Your Majesty.”

She bowed her head.

The servants standing outside exchanged glances busily.

At this time, there was a bloody atmosphere in the hallway on the second floor of the annex.

"what? Who said what?"

A shrill voice rang out.

While Iskanda was arguing with the Crown Princess, another person was added to this place besides Sir Penelope Killingsworth.

A person who 'borrowed' his subordinate's cloak for a while, disguised himself in a very ruthless way, and doesn't seem to have any intention of hiding his identity in the first place.

It was Sir Luis Gallardo, the commander of the Holy Flame Knights.

“It is indeed the chef of the Imperial Palace. I know how to roll up things that other people can’t easily cook.”

Lewis added with a mouth.

own life.

Donald's face turned red at this mockery.

“Louis! I am the chef of the Queen's Majesty. Even if you are the Emperor's direct advisory council and the leader of the Holy Flame Knights, you can't insult me like this!”

“Louis, sir!”

She looked around.

"Well? I don't know who it is, but wouldn't that person show up during working hours? First of all, you better take care of yourself. State affairs, once suspended, can be resumed at any time, but I don't know if what's cut can be reattached."

Saying that, he quietly placed his hand on the sword.

Donald's face, which had been blushing, turned blue.

“Hey, can I threaten you like this?”

He protested, trembling, but Lewis didn't flinch.

She wasn't looking straight at her right now. He didn't even specifically call him.

Lewis knew dozens of ways to ridicule the bad guy while evading the law like that.

Hazel and Penny felt they had a lot to learn from her tone and attitude. In fact, the education needed in the Imperial Palace was not found elsewhere.

When you are having a good time if it is so beneficial.

The servant brought the news.

Chef Donald was barely able to breathe. Everyone was startled by the news and forgot his existence for a while.

“I have been told that this lady should try again what she was originally going to do.”

At the servant's words, the three looked at each other.

I did not know that His Majesty the Emperor would issue such an order. His intervention created an unexpected opportunity. It was unexpected.

Penny said.

“The Moonblindness case also played a big role. No matter how much your majesty wants to make strawberry jam, you have no choice but to acknowledge that one thing.”

“I had no desire to be recognized. I just did it for Sir Rigel and Windsong.”

“Don't do that too much.”

Lewis said with a slightly bitter smile.

“At least in this matter, your Majesty will be of the same mind as us. Rowan is the emperor's cousin, right? It is a member of the royal family. So Ys can no longer just stand by. I have to negotiate with my cowardly aunt.”

“It might be.”

“Of course, Rowan is also part of our family, but we can't say that externally.”

Adding that, Lewis felt a strange feeling again.

For Lewis and everyone else, the Crown Princess hat was something to be forgotten. It was a topic that was implicitly taboo because it was buried in darkness. However, due to an unexpected incident, it was revealed in the sunlight.

Perhaps a turning point has come for their hats. But you will have to approach it very carefully.

Hazel stayed there with Lewis and Penny.

The sound of footsteps echoing from inside the room suddenly became quiet. After a while, the door opened and the doctor came out.

“Fortunately, thanks to the quick vomit, the prince is showing signs of calming down.”

"That's fortunate."

The three of them answered together.

“It’s like you haven’t eaten anything all day... . . . . When I wake up, I will first soothe my stomach with a thin porridge, and then, if you say you feel hungry, I will serve you a meal.”

The doctor looked at Hazel.

“So, start preparing now.”

Hazel was nervous.

"Yes."

The servants led Hazel to the kitchen of the detached palace.

I've seen the kitchen before, but I'm too busy to observe it properly. The chef's assistants were overcrowded, so it was hard to see. So, this was the first time I saw it.

As soon as I stepped in, my eyes widened.

First of all, it was very spacious.

On one wall, there were not one, but five large fire pits. All of them blazed brightly. Of course, there were also wood-fired ovens with adjustable fire.

The countertop was spacious enough to hold a banquet. Beyond that, it was spectacular to see all sorts of unheard-of tools hanging so tightly that they filled one side of the wall.

On the other side of the wall was a mountain of round wooden barrels and huge kegs of cheese.

When you look around in amazement.

The entrance was buzzing, and a woman in a black mourning dress walked in. was a princess

“I'll see what you do.”

Neighbors also followed. There were, of course, chef Donald and his assistants.

However... . . . .

Hazel looked around for a moment. The Queen Mother noticed and spoke right away.

“Your Majesty, I wonder if you will be free enough to be here until now? He just said what he had to say to me and left. Don't worry about anything else, just let your craft work.”

"Yes, I understand."

Hazel replied.

At this time, Lewis and Penny also sneaked in.

They both heard that the emperor had returned. Then they must come back.

But pretending not to hear, he pulled up a chair and sat down. I don't think this person would have to join as well.

Hazel stood in front of the kitchen table, receiving everyone's attention.

One of the servants came.

"Is this correct?"

What he came up with was a cast iron fan.

The one I left at home was correct. It was the same cast-iron fan he had bought with Sir Valentine when he went to the countryside.

"that's right."

Hazel got a fan. It was heavy.

It was only one chance I got. It was also the last chance to protect the farm from deportation.

"The ingredients the lady prepared were not fresh already. Instead, you can use whatever ingredients you have in the pantry in this kitchen."

"I see."

Hazel answered and looked down at the counter.

As a dish that has a good effect on anemia, it is good to boil liquids such as sauces or stews. Especially sour ones like tomato stew or applesauce go well with cast iron pans. That way, the good ingredients of cast iron can be absorbed abundantly like a sponge.

Dry and hard foods are not good. Hard nuts and grains, those with skins, and vegetables without water absorb nothing from cast iron.

These were all knowledge acquired directly by the poor rural people. It was not possible to explain the principle as clearly as the wise men, but it was the wisdom of life that was passed down from mouth to mouth through experience.

What kind of dishes should I make using this?

Hazel turned around. I went to the pantry, which was set aside next to the kitchen.

There were all kinds of ingredients in the pantry of the Imperial Palace. Shelves on all sides were full, and there was even a separate refrigerator. It was a dream space for those who like to cook.

Originally, Hazel wanted to make tomato stew.

However, he changed his mind and decided to take advantage of this opportunity. I wanted to make a special dish that would make the prince's taste more vivid.

Nutrition is not always the answer. Moreover, if you have only eaten health food since you were very young, your taste buds will inevitably be exhausted.

What are some fresh and fun dishes?

suddenly came to mind

A delightful and noisy scene under the shade of a midsummer tree.

Hazel decided. I quickly walked towards one side of the storage room.

"what? what?"

The people waiting in the kitchen looked at each other and got up one by one. Slowly, I glanced towards the storage room.

I was very curious about what ingredients Hazel chooses.

Donald, the chef of the Queen Princess, and Jeka, who was a disciple, were also caught in the gap.

They were longing for now.

I have to ruin it please! That leaves a hole for me to get out of!

If he succeeded, he thought that it would be the end, so he gave strength to his eyes and looked around.

Hazel went to one shelf in the pantry, bent down and picked up something. It was a summer apple growing in the capital, Avalon.

Then I opened the door to the refrigerator. He reached out to the compartment where the meat was kept. Then, he left behind a lot of high-quality meat and picked up pork ribs.

what?

The teacher and the disciple exchanged glances with puzzled faces.

Hazel got all the ingredients and went back to the counter.

First pour apple juice into a cast iron pan. Originally, water was added, but this time it was changed to juice for a more sour and rich taste.

Next, cut the apple into bite-size pieces. Pour plenty of apple slices into the pan with the juice. After pouring the sugar, cover the lid and begin to boil.

What Hazel was going to make was applesauce.

Today's dish for the prince was grilled pork ribs in apple sauce.

On a hot summer day, I remember that dish. I used to go to the market and buy summer apples and pork ribs and make them in a small kitchen.

Then, for that moment, I felt like I was on a farm in Belmont where the dazzling sunlight was pouring down. The sound of the two older sisters and Noel older brother laughing and talking seemed to echo in my ears.

It was the atmosphere that Hazel wanted to serve.

The life Prince Rowan had lived could not be erased from his mind. A terrible tragedy suffered at a young age. Because of that, I spent each day in isolation in the palace because I couldn't grow up as strong as others.

Such a prince would not be able to imagine the dazzling sunlight of a southern farm.

You don't know what it's like to run around until you're hungry. You won't even know what it's like to grab freshly grilled hot ribs, blow it up and take a big bite.

Eventually, Hazel had forgotten the onlookers in front of him.

I want to treat the poor prince with something really delicious, even once.

With that in mind, I focused only on cooking.

The apples were ripening smoothly. Plenty of fresh-tasting juice oozes out and boils.

Open the lid occasionally and stir well. Remove from the fire when completely soft.

Apple sauce is ready.

It was specially thickened to give it a beautiful almost golden luster. It resembled the sunlight of a dazzling summer afternoon.

Hazel put the applesauce separately.

After cleaning the cast iron pan, I grilled pork ribs this time.

When the meat touches the hot pan, it makes a squeaking sound and cooks at once. A strange odor spread with the smoke.

The smell of grilling meat is so captivating that it sometimes feels like the taste is not as good as the smell.

But today, that should never be the case. You have to create the best grilled pork ribs that taste far better than this wonderful smell.

Hazel grilled the ribs until both sides turned brown. I seasoned it by matching the amount of salt and pepper with the sense I had cooked in the meantime.

Then a spoonful of golden applesauce was poured over it. The unglazed pork ribs were coated with plenty of overflow and then baked again.

The smell of roasting meat and the scent of sweet and sour applesauce are added.

It is said that one cup is usually enough to meet all the required amount in a day. However, Rowan was half vampire. I filled two cups and made them soak into the pork ribs.

The meat itself was also roasted in a cast iron pan, so this should be enough to catch the deficiency.

As the ribs cooked, the smell got stronger.

The smell that spread along with the smoke mercilessly attacked everyone present. Even though I knew I couldn't do that, I couldn't stand the constant salivation.

In the silence, the servant finally came down.

“Are you done? The prince says he is a mayor.”

"Yes. It's all done."

Hazel was nervous again.

The fateful moment has arrived.

Hazel handed the hot cast iron pan to the attendant. The servant took it, put it on the cart, and put the lid on it.

The queen maiden glanced at her.

“I wish you could explain to the prince what this food is and how it tastes.”

It was Hazel's wish. followed quickly.

The servants took the cart and went upstairs. I brought the pork ribs in applesauce filled with memories of summer to the prince's bedroom.

Prince Rowan was reclining on the bed with his backrest. He had red hair and his face was as pale as a piece of paper.

“Prince, this is dinner. This lady prepared it. It is said to be an apology for the surprise of meeting you at the cemetery that day.”

The servant said and opened the lid.

Pork ribs in a cast iron pan appeared. Hot steam came up.

It was different from what I usually eat. The prince looked at him curiously.

“What is this?”

asked in a soft voice.

“Grilled Pork Ribs with Apple Sauce.”

Hazel replied.

“It’s a meal we all enjoy together in summer. After running around for a while under the shade of a tree, I get hungry. Then we all run to the uncle together. The kind-hearted man has already roasted a lot of pork ribs and is waiting for us. We pick up hot ribs, one by one, and eat them as they cook. Then when they look at each other, the seasoning is all over their cheeks.”

Then he smiled at the prince.

“This is one of the happiest memories of food for me. So I wanted to give it to the prince.”

I hope that one day the prince will come to such a summer day.

added in my mind.

Prince Rowan was speechless. He was just looking down at the pork ribs on the cast iron pan.

“Originally, you eat it with your hands, but you can cut it and eat it.”

Hazel looked to cut the pork ribs with a knife.

Just waiting for how ripe it was, and the thick flesh fell from the bone.

Contrasted with the golden luster of the outer skin, which was coated with plenty of applesauce, the flesh was juicy and tender.

The smell of fire mixed with the scent of applesauce, and even the beginning made me swallow my saliva.

"done. Let's go out now."

said the princess

Hazel turned and left the bedroom.

I didn't know that I was nervous, but when I suddenly looked down, I was holding on to the skirt as much as I could. I wanted to go downstairs where Lewis and Penny were, but somehow I had no energy.

how long have you been standing The waitress came out and informed me.

“It’s all emptied.”

“... .. Ah.”

Is it safe to say that I ate it for now?

Thinking to wait calmly now, I went downstairs. Lewis and Penny were waiting all the time.

said Lewis.

“If you vomit it, you don’t deserve to be called my cousin.”

“Aren’t we supposed to be able to call each other cousins?”

Penny questioned. Lewis ignored it.

“Everyone knows what my personality is like. If he were my cousin, he couldn't vomit something so delicious.”

The conversation was finally cut off. I kept waiting in silence.

Hazel thought for a moment. How terrible would it be if you were alone?

At some point, the upstairs was noisy. My mind was blown.

Whatever it was, the result came out.

I was nervous enough to die. My stomach has been twisted.

I saw a maid run hastily down the stairs. Hazel tried to stay calm. But... . . .

“... . . Stopped!”

My heart sank at the maid's words. My eyes got dizzy.

"I beg your pardon? What stops?"

“My hands have stopped shaking! Even the prince is in awe now!”

Legs swayed. I was so nervous that I almost fell over.

Did you do it? Am I right?

I'm out of my mind, but the servant came running.

"miss! Her Majesty the Crown Princess is asking you to bring her!”

Lewis and Penny exchanged glances, holding Hazel.

Totally polite!

They hurried to the audience room.

Princess Catherine was very excited.

He was so excited that he was only slightly startled when Lewis, the nephew of his deceased lover, walked in. When I think of what is happening to the child now, it seems like nothing is insignificant.

“I wondered how many times I rubbed my eyes and looked again because I thought it was a hallucination! Well it was! My hand shaking has really stopped!”

“It is natural. Let me explain. There is no better expert in this matter than me!”

said Lewis.

It was true. Because she was in charge and commanding the Holy Flame Knights, a mixture of vampires and mixed vampires.

“If you don't get your processed blood on time for a variety of reasons, your body will harden first. If you hit the fireplace, it will cool down. Because there is no firewood. Rowan has had no blood supply since he developed a blood rejection reaction. The fireplace did not cool and it was frozen solid. Now all that's left is to crumble. But then, through Hazel's method, the firewood got in. It's also very bulky. Right, Hazel?”

"that's right."

Hazel nodded.

“I used to say that one cup of sauce or stew is enough for a day. But since the prince is half vampire, I thought he would need a lot more than a normal child. So I pounded all the two cups and cooked the meat on cast iron. Grilled pork ribs was a very appropriate menu in that regard.”

“Look at that, Princess Majesty. Thanks to you, a fire has ignited in the frozen fireplace. It started to heat up. Her body functions as a half-blood vampire began to function properly. Of course, half-bloods are less resilient than pure-bloods. But, you know that the queen is so superior that it can't be compared to normal humans, right? Oh, of course, you shouldn't be vigilant about that. Tomorrow should be as good as today. The day after tomorrow, and Glpi, and the next day. From now on, we will have to keep an eye on the prince's condition and take extra care.”

“You call that a horse?”

The princess was nodding so hard that her head fell off.

“How in the world could there be such a simple method!”

I looked at Hazel with a burst of admiration.

“It’s simple, but it might be more difficult because it breaks the mold. Not through some special food, as everyone thinks, but through cast iron cookware! Donald explained it that way.”

The Queen Mother tilted her head there for a moment.

“But there is one thing I don’t understand. Donald cooked the same thing in a cast iron pan and fed it to the prince, but why didn’t it work at all? Could it have been a counterfeit? Was it fake cast iron?”

“It’s not.”

Hazel shook her head.

“It’s faster to see for yourself.”

I asked the attendant to bring both Donald’s and Hazel’s iron pans from the kitchen. And laid them side by side on the floor.

Both looked at the two pans intently.

“Is it the same?”

I remembered only a puzzled expression on my face.

Then Penny shouted.

"no! different!"

“In what way?”

“Look! It flashes!”

He pointed to Donald's cast iron fan.

Everyone was able to figure it out then.

It didn't look the same. Hazel's cast iron pan was a dull black, while Chef Donald's cast iron pan had a lustrous sheen.

“Why is that glowing?”

Hazel answered the Queen's question.

“It is because of the enamel coating.”

“Enamel coating?”

"Yes. Cast iron pans are great for preventing anemia, but they do have the disadvantages of sticking to food, rusting well, and being difficult to wash dishes. That's why there are many cases where it is coated with enamel like this. This is certainly convenient, but instead makes it impossible for the beneficial components of cast iron to dissolve in food. The enamel layer blocks it.”

"Ah... . . . .”

The queen was admiring once again.

“This is too simple, Ichiro-kun!”

“That's right. That's what saved me. All the chefs and assistants had were cast iron pans with an enamel coating. It means that I somehow figured out I needed to use a cast iron pan, but I didn't know exactly what principle it was for. I must have thought about the heat transfer method or other absurd reasons. Or I just didn't think about it because I was in a hurry to intercept it. If I had known that the ingredients of cast iron had to get into the food, I would have bought a real cast iron pan for the country.”

“So you mean you went to the countryside to save yourself?”

Hazel, who was explaining like flowing water, stopped there.

“Who helped?”

Lewis noticed Hazel's trouble. I don't know why, but, well, did you try to entice anyone with food?

First of all, it was when he opened his mouth to save him.

Taking advantage of the pause in the conversation, one of the maids approached the princess. He whispered something into the master's ear.

“Um?”

The queen's eyebrows rose. She said to Hazel.

“Can I see your hand?”

“My hand?”

“Let me give it a try.”

Hazel held out her hands as ordered.

It had been swept by the rough wood and was still red and swollen. There were no wounds, but it was painful and bitter.

The princess frowned and asked.

“Why your hand?”

Hazel was forced to confess. The story of how she escaped after being locked up in the waiting room of her private palace, destroying a latch on a window and a butterknife engraved with the imperial design.

The more she listened to the story, the more confused she became.

“I don’t understand. Why did you do that? Even if he had stood still, Donald would have been ruined on his own. I had no choice but to fail because I had already been wrong in a crucial part? It would have been simple if I had gone back then and compared the two cast iron pans and asked for another chance. Why did you have such a hard time escaping by breaking your hand? And if you had escaped, you would have to run away, so why did you run into the palace again?”

“I know why.”

One of the escort knights rushed out.

everyone looked

Hazel recognized the knight's face. As soon as he escaped, he was surprised and followed after him.

the article said.

“I was there. I, too, felt the same question as the princess just said, and followed her.”

“Is that so?”

“That young lady was looking for the Crown Princess right away. He was trying to get out of there even for a second and block the kitchen somehow. I couldn't be more discouraged than that because the prince had already eaten the food he had made. It wasn't the chef's failure that mattered to her. It was far more important to prevent the greedy chef from overfeeding the prince.”

“... ..”

The princess was at a loss for words.

Lewis shrugged.

“Now do you know? Who cares the most about Little Rowan?”

“... ..”

“How are you? Can you forgive my friend now?”

The princess was unable to say anything.

Forgive me.

I had forgotten that I was angry.

Since when did you forget... ... I think it was from the time that the farm lady made and brought Rowan carefully and talked to her.

Until now, no one had made such a food to the child and told such a story.

Rowan emptied the plate for the first time.

What is forgiveness? You will completely forget that you were angry with that person.

What is clear forgetting? It's okay to look at that person.

then... ... Isn't it okay when you see that girl?

It got stuck there.

she was shy

After the accident at the cemetery, he looked back on everything he had said and done. I was even more genuinely ashamed.

The queen of queens soon opened her mouth.

“I revoke all charges that I tried to accuse in the name of Princess Katarina. All that's left is your work. Prince Rowan himself will thank him for that.”

he said stuttering a little.

Louise's face brightened. Penny, who had retreated to the back of the audience, quickly approached.

Hazel was overjoyed.

It was something I had volunteered to ask for forgiveness. I was forgiven, so I thought that was it.

But I wanted to see Prince Rowan again, so I decided not to say anything down.

The three of them left the detached palace with an empty mind.

The shadows of trees in the dark hit them. I didn't know how much time had passed, but it was already night.

Hazel shrugged.

“You have returned as a free man without any charges! The night air you breathe through your free nose is so fresh.”

Then I looked at the two articles next to me.

“Are you hungry? How about a stew made with free hands?”

Lewis had a very troubled face.

“I want to run right away, but I have to report this to His Majesty the Emperor... ..”

“Oh no, it wasn't. Commander Lewis.”

Penny turned around talking like a stranger and was grabbed by Lewis.

“Where are you going? How many good citizens are now waiting for the outcome of this work! If you are a knight, you should serve!”

It was a sign that if he couldn't go, no one else could.

Penny was absurd and raised a bunch of hair on her tail.

But when he looked again, a shadow was cast under Hazel's eyes. Penny scratched the bridge of her nose.

"I wish I could just rest today."

Hazel felt it then.

Oh, do I look tired now?

As soon as I thought about it, I was really tired. The bed in the orange light was pleasing to the eye.

"okay. Then the party is next. Thank you so much for today."

I said goodbye to the two knights and turned around.

It's been awhile since I've turned on the light.

With that in mind, I quickly walked over to the farm.

At this time, Iskanda, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayen were all gathered in the Emperor's office.

It was because of the Ministry of the Interior.

Today, the emperor suddenly abandoned state affairs and went to a separate palace, so the minister of the palace had a lot of trouble.

But he was not dissatisfied with that fact.

State affairs can be suspended at any time in case of emergency.

Our Miss Hazel is trapped in the dreadful princess's private palace, and the news has been lost! What is a more urgent emergency than that?

He shouted that whale whale in his mind.

However, he was a bit overworked as he suddenly took the place of the emperor. So Cayen had to give his cat a kiss on his shoulder.

“Oh my, that’s cool. If there is even rose water here, it would be a bonus.”

The minister of the palace murmured.

Lorendel heard that and shook her head.

“It was because of the rose water that this happened... . . . .”

"Well? What does that mean?"

“It looks like someone was trying to make more rose water. So when I saw the note, I put everything aside and ran away.”

For a moment, Iskanda's heart sank.

It was he who asked for rose water the most recently. Perhaps it was too much of her liking after receiving it, Hazel said that it was a pity that there was only one raw rose.

Is it me?

I was still anxious, but I became even more restless.

“I can’t do it anymore. If you have any news, please let me know. Your Majesty, I will leave.”

After leaving this seat on behalf of the Ministry of Interior, they continued to wait impatiently in the Oval Office.

Then he ran and reported.

“Louis is coming!”

Everyone jumped up.

Lewis came in.

“How is it?”

Iskanda asked urgently.

Knowing that everyone would be in a hurry, she informed the result first.

“Successful. I have been forgiven by the Queen Mother.”

"okay?"

Iskanda shrugged her shoulders. Then I was able to put my mind at ease.

“That’s great!”

The faces of the friends darkened. said Lorendel.

"It's a wonderful thing that Prince Rowan's illness was improved in such a simple way."

"okay. That's great. But Louis, have you been there all this time?"

Lewis flinched.

“Uh, how did it happen?”

“Good job. Very well done.”

“No, it’s not because I wanted to... . . . . You need someone to look at the situation objectively. is not it?"

"okay. good job! Even if it wasn't, everyone came and watched closely? I thought very well. Great."

“... . . . .”

The commanders of the four knights hesitated and then disappeared.

"Wait a minute! Haven't we started talking yet?"

Silence passed.

what?

Iskanda made an impression.

Why is everyone making excuses while looking at each other?

It couldn't have been more embarrassing.

It was all sincere! Why take it as ironic!

The people of the imperial palace in this country certainly had problems.

How long are you going to live in the illusion? Under the illusion that the emperor of the great empire has a scornful vengeance towards the little farm girl!

Iskanda couldn't resist the rising emotions and walked away. He opened the decorative cabinet in one corner of the office.

Turn the knob hidden inside to open a secret space.

There were bottles full of wine. 'The Knight's Wine'. It was a golden wine made from late autumn grapes that Hazel had informed me of. I bought a bunch of the rest I liked and hid them.

One of them took out a bottle and plucked it.

One drink calmed my heart a little.

Right. I don't know because I didn't speak.

he realized

To break the misconceptions of others, you have to speak up.

'Your emperor doesn't care whether she is farming next to her. So please, stop this strange misunderstanding!'

no. this doesn't seem like much

and... . . . .

Isn't it right not to farm next door?

Iskanda was momentarily confused. I drank the wine again.

Anyway, this is wrong now.

Just like that before

I wanted to see how you can cook with a cast iron pan to improve Rowan's condition. I went into the kitchen of the detached palace, but I gave up and left because I was afraid that my identity would be discovered.

This is not one or two problems.

You have to disguise yourself every time. If you are in a hurry, you have to turn the helmet over. To have to leave the place at the decisive scene. Having raised a voice and not being able to make a click for fear of being caught. You cannot enter the farm if there are other guests. You always have to be on the lookout for someone coming. Even if you tell the truth, everyone interprets it as ironic.

Everything was so uncomfortable. Besides, it was absurd.

I am the king! It's the emperor! Why do I have to hide like a mouse!

I couldn't stand it any longer.

Let's not live like this.

Iskanda decided.

To reveal the truth!

He had one trump card. It was Lord Valentine.

The emperor is hated, but he is not. The farm is obviously well-received. So, let's open up and talk about it.

'Actually, I am the emperor.'

okay. what can't you do

Iskanda was about to run away. Then it stopped.

Let's take a peek at it first.

When I tried to go out again, I stopped again.

No. No. You will be very tired today. When people say something when they are tired, it is unconditionally taken negatively.

Let's aim for the best time.

It seems like this is over, but it's not over yet. Numerous follow-ups remain. There is no real peace on the farm until everything is completely cleared up.

The most important of all is the culprit.

There is definitely an insidious person who sent a note and lured him into the forbidden area. You have to catch the culprit. If that's all done, the farmer's mood will be blown away.

Then it's going to be a breeze.

okay. Let's do that.

Iskanda made up his mind.

The first was a spy.

“How dare you steal a uniform and disguise yourself as an imperial guard?”

Iskanda was very upset by the spy who pretended to be a guard and stole information. The sin he committed was also a sin, but he had a reason to think more seriously.

It was for personal reasons.

As the emperor of this country, I risked the hassle thinking that it was not enough to just disguise my identity! I had to rummage through the musty storage room to find the old Imperial Knight's uniform and steal it!

First of all, he had him arrest Jeka, who was the head chef of the Queen's Lady, for the crime.

A lightning bolt fell on the Imperial Palace Guard.

“No, how did you know the clothes were there and stole them?”

“Then what do we become? You were very determined to water us!”

“You came and went to take care of me, and then you hit the back of the head like this?”

The guards were furious to the point where they took this brazen spy away.

Hazel confronted Jeka in her Imperial Guard uniform. He looked at him and immediately nodded.

“It is this person who came in that night. Turns out it was the cook who threatened me so much, right?”

“I am sorry! I didn't steal the uniform of the Imperial Guard! It's not a real uniform, it's a swatch on a mannequin! Mannequins can be worn, but why can't people?”

Jeka made an absurd excuse.

Disguise your identity was strictly prohibited.

In addition, he was immediately arrested on charges of forcible trespassing without the salon owner's permission, and above all, causing physical and mental harm to good citizens through spying and leaking technical information.

Chef Donald was terrified when his assistant was arrested.

Next is my turn.

Not surprisingly, he was also visited by the Imperial Palace Guard. He is a member of Princess Catherine, so he was dragged to stand in front of her.

"Majesty! I'm sorry! It's all made up by Jeka Gnome! Standing still, he urged me to get the farm lady's way out! I really didn't want to do that... ."

"Don't gossip!"

The queen maiden exclaimed.

"You said it was you who ordered the surveillance? Your assistant has already confessed! There are plenty of people who can attest to having a kitchen servant buy you a cast iron pan from the store! It's all up to you! Where are you trying to overwrite others? You deceive your superiors and try to trample them secretly because your opponents don't have the strength! You made me do stupid things too! Do you know how much rebuke I have been chastised by Your Majesty! What a sinful crime!"

Donald hurried to his knees.

"Wrong! I've been blind for a while! In the hopes of bringing joy to the Crown Princess and the Prince, I was reckless and did something reckless! It was all for the Prince!"

"what? For the prince?"

The more she listened to it, the more amazed and angry she became. It was even more counterproductive to gossip about trying to live somehow.

"Are you saying that you stole someone else's method for the sake of the prince and used it in haste without recognizing it? Are you suggesting excessively thick and spicy food for the prince?"

"He, he knew only that he would recover if he did... ."

"I hate to hear it! Someone guessed it all, and to prevent the prince from pretending, he broke the window and ran to the point where his hands were swollen! The chef is blinded by mere greed and does things that might harm the prince without thinking? If it was really for the prince, then it couldn't be! I will hand you over to the court of justice, so you can be punished according to the law!"

"Majesty!"

Donald's face turned white.

“You must not hand it over to the courts! Please forgive me just once! Until now, I have served the two of you with such sincerity! I've been working so hard! I have come to this point because of my efforts to cut bones!”

“If you knew that better than anyone else, you shouldn't have destroyed it in an instant!”

The Queen Mother drove him away.

In the Imperial Palace, the chef's responsibilities were heavy. As he was the one who made the food that went directly into the mouth of the royal family, he could not pass up any of them in vain.

The chef's position required stricter morality than any other position. The crime of aggravating the prince's condition by being blinded by greed was even punishable by death.

However, it was true that he had studied all kinds of nutritional supplements for three meals a day and took care of the prince.

'... .. Take that into account and avoid the death penalty.'

Princess Katarina wrote it like that and handed it to her attendant.

I didn't know if I wrote it right. How long has it been since you wrote such a public letter? I realized once again that my head was stiff while living in isolation from the world.

You can't live like that anymore.

The maiden shook her head.

Just dealing with Donald has already consumed a lot of mental strength. I wanted to rest. But there was one more letter to write.

She glanced at the desk.

A bundle of paper was laid out. What was written there was the recipe.

Actually, before this, he sent a servant to make a suggestion to Hazel. Would you like to become the new chef in the detached house instead of Donald?

But Hazel declined.

- I have a farm.

He didn't say anything else, he just said so. And he said he was going to send it to me, and gave me some recipes for cast iron pans that are good for treating anemia.

"Hmm... ."

The fairy princess turned the feather pen round and round.

I didn't think I would agree anyway.

I already knew everything about her. How did you get that little farm? How did you protect the Emperor while standing in a confrontation with the Emperor?

It was all because of the small farm that he feared exile so much, that he made a bold offer for his forgiveness.

The princess was immersed in thought, and then put down her pen. and called the servant.

After a while, a splendid procession lined with servants and maids left the detached palace.

At that time, Marronnier Farm.

Hazel was coming to the front yard with a large wooden barrel.

As households grew, so did laundry. Looks like I'll have to buy a new big copper bucket to boil the laundry.

I was shaking them up and hanging them up one by one, but suddenly there was a commotion over the fence. I glanced at it and was surprised.

A long procession of servants and maids was approaching this way. In front of them was a majestic blonde woman in mourning.

“Prince Katarina... ..?”

Hazel was startled, cleaned the laundry and greeted her.

The queen came in and looked around.

“You mean that farm?”

Even today, under the summer sunlight, the crops were growing rapidly. In the chicken coop, the heavy chicks that are slowly starting to take on the form of chickens were pounding. When the wind blew once, the wildflowers that bloomed along the walls of the small farmhouse shook.

The Queen Mother looked at all these scenery with a very interesting expression.

Hazel was perplexed.

“Hey, can I get you a cup of tea?”

"no. done."

she said cut off.

Hazel was even more perplexed. After a moment's hesitation, he said cautiously.

“If it’s about the chef... . . . .”

“I didn’t come here to tell the story.”

She just cut it too. Then, looking at the dark green vegetables, he suddenly opened his mouth.

“I was in seclusion with my back to the world. But now it will be different. I will play the role of the Imperial Princess properly.”

"Yes... . . . .”

“I realized this. Your Majesty's words are very true. Once the superior has spoken, you must keep it. If I fickle like flipping the palm of my hand, no one will listen to me in the future. You have to put in order. A word from the Imperial Princess is never taken lightly. I'm here to show you today.”

She glanced at the attendants.

they came forward A red cloth was laid on the floor. The Queen Mother bent her knees on top of it and sat down.

and said

“Get up.”

Hazel opened her mouth.

"Yes?"

I didn't hear it wrong.

Princess Katarina was sitting on the carpet and her back was turned to this side. This was clearly an attitude that someone was trying to lift.

“Are you really going to pick me up?”

“Did I not tell you? If you fix Prince Rowan, I will carry him around!”

"Ah."

Hazel just remembered.

When the first treatment was proposed, the princess snorted and obviously said something like that.

But isn't that just an idiomatic expression on people's lips? You don't really need to do it... . . . .

However, it seemed that the queen was really prepared.

"hurry! How long are you going to keep doing this?"

she urged again.

“What are you doing? Isn't your High Majesty the Emperor's order? Are you going to disobey your orders?”

The servants were also furious.

I do not know.

Hazel had no choice but to be carried on the queen's back.

Princess Katarina jumped up. I stumbled a bit at first, but I soon regained my balance.

Then he left the farm.

A long procession of servants and maids followed.

People who were walking in the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace doubted their eyes when they saw them appearing on the walking path among the trees.

A cup of coffee fell from the hands of the nobles. The ladies looked only at this side, and rushed to put their parasols into the trees.

The imperial guards passing through the great garden also saw this. The soldier in the front stopped involuntarily and stumbled and stumbled in the wind.

With that or not, the fairy princess walked proudly carrying the hazel.

It was the main building of the Imperial Palace after leaving the Grand Garden. It was the busiest place with many people coming and going.

The true scenery they direct turned upside down.

The emperor's office in the main building.

The roar of the open window grew louder and louder.

What happened?

The golden cat's ears perked up. Cayenne got up and looked downstairs.

“... .. !”

An indescribable groan came out of his mouth.

Lewis asked.

"what's the matter?"

Cayenne, unable to explain, pointed down there. Lewis, Lorendel, and Sigwald quickly went and looked down.

And at the same time it made a strange noise.

what?

Iskanda also woke up. I poked my head out among my friends and looked down there, surprised.

His aunt, Princess Catherine, was present.

That alone was surprising, but he was walking around with hazel on his back.

It was a landscape that made everyone doubt their eyes.

Down there, it was truly a crucible of commotion. In the meantime, it seems that a courageous person approached him and asked what he was doing. The shrill voice of the princess was heard.

“I said I would carry the prince if I fix it, so I carried it! Why?”

She was very proud. Hazel on his back was a face that had just given up.

The two circled around the main building like that and disappeared.

Iskanda said.

“It’s really funny.”

Everyone glanced at them. he explained

“It’s not ironic, it’s really, really funny... ..”

“Come on, hurry up! We have to work fast!”

Cayenne turned the horse like lightning. As soon as state affairs were stopped, he left immediately and rushed to the spot.

Besides, I have a very urgent business right now.

The task was to find the culprit who had sent a note to Hazel and lured him to the cemetery.

This was when someone used a third party to deliberately surprise the weak-hearted prince. It was a serious matter that could not be overlooked.

Lorendel had already entrusted Rigel to investigate.

The elf knight, who was burning with enthusiasm, left everything behind and investigated thoroughly while running on his feet. There was a momentum to find and meet all the people who had stepped into the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace that day.

“Even after searching so thoroughly, I almost couldn’t find it. The one holding the clue was the grocery purveyor who entered the palace twice a week. The culprit was really cunning.”

Lorendel gave everyone the clue Rigel had found.

While the food vendor was making procedures to enter the palace, the criminal approached the child he had brought.

He gave me candy and persuaded me to put a note in the door of a small house in the middle of the great garden. And I threatened that if I said this out of my mouth, it would be a disaster.

The child kept a secret all day long. But it was so strange to see pets that were nowhere to be found in a friend's house in that small house, so I accidentally said it while having dinner.

Those chicks did it again.

Iskanda thought.

The grocery vendor heard the story and felt it was very suspicious. I thought maybe someone would come and ask.

So, before the child forgot his memory, he looked into the person's impressions. When I asked the question again the next day, it was the same as what I had answered the previous day, so I wrote it down in my notebook.

“You are a good citizen.”

all praised

According to the child's testimony, the culprit was a young male of average height. He was wearing a big hat, so he wasn't sure about the color of his hair or eyes.

But one thing was special. The collar of the summer coat was upright. Even so, he was wearing a silk scarf in this sweltering heat.

“No matter how things change, the habit is hard to give up.”

Iskanda said.

“Enter the forbidden area within the imperial palace and bring it to ruin'. Such an idea is not something that so-called courtiers can easily do. When I was young, when I first started entering the Imperial Palace, I was the first to receive strict education. For example, like you shouldn't eat in the bathroom, it's a very natural fact that is deeply rooted in our consciousness, so we don't usually realize it.”

he pointed out

“It is the outsiders who are sensitive to the forbidden area. A person who has recently entered the Imperial Palace, or is about to enter the Imperial Palace.”

A young male belonging to an outsider who is not a courtier. A person who has a habit of always protecting his neck. That is, the singer. And someone who has something to do with Hazel.

There was only one person who met all these conditions.

André Delgado was a tenor at the Opera House.

It was only Iskanda that Hazel had turned down his business proposal. More evidence was needed.

Police rushed to his house immediately.

They found out that debt-ridden Andre Delgado had already escaped late into the night.

Everyone thoroughly searched every nook and cranny of the house.

Andre left nothing that could be used against him.

However, some burned newspapers were found deep inside the fireplace without fire. The police found traces of text cuts from the piece of newspaper. When compared to the note Hazel submitted, it was a match.

The most conclusive evidence has been obtained.

Andre Delgado changed from a suspect to a suspect.

order of delivery has been dropped.

Port Palomares.

Sailing ships were busy preparing for departure. Huge masts stood tall under the cloudy sky.

As the wagons loaded with luggage were running to and fro, a man with his hat pressed down and his coat collar raised was walking.

Andre Delgado put his hands in his pockets.

The ticket was loaded safely. It was a ticket that would take you to a new life.

I had to go through all the twists and turns to get here without being caught by the loan sharks. Now that suffering is over.

Outside of the Imperial Territory, no one will recognize you.

Even if everything was lost, he still had a million-gold voice and a handsome face. With this, you will never starve to death.

Andre looked at his pocket watch.

There was still some time before the ship departed. He entered the tavern in front of him.

There were several guests in the dimly lit room. I saw a monk skinny like a skeleton reading the menu. A man who seemed to be a hunter over there was talking and drinking with his friends.

Andre took a seat anywhere. I ordered cheap wine and fried fish and went to the bathroom.

I came out looking for work, and stopped in awe. Before the door, the skinny monk stood like a ghost.

what? You're surprised.

Andre leaned slightly.

But the monk didn't go inside, he just stood there stunned.

"what?"

I turned around, thinking strangely.

But what is this?

The monk had suddenly appeared before his eyes again. Without any sound or sign, it was as if he had teleported.

What, what?

Andre turned blue again.

Another person was standing there. It was the hunter I saw earlier.

He took off his hunting cap over his head. And he looked down at it and said.

“Hunting hat, this bastard bullied your friend Straw Hat. What do you do?”

“No, what an idiot... ..”

Andre was speechless.

A sharp metallic sound resounded from all directions. In the blink of an eye, sharp swords surrounded him.

Suddenly, all the guests of this tavern drew their swords and surrounded him. His red eyes flashed and his sharp fangs were exposed.

“The ship, the vampire... .. ?”

The monk said to Andre, who was terrified.

“We are paladins of the Empire. André Delgado is arrested for attempting to assassinate the imperial family.”

He was astonished to be stunned.

“Assassination of the royal family? I don't know! I don't know!”

I resisted with all my might, but to no avail. He was dragged and thrown into the convoy.

In the convoy heading for the capital, André Delgado had a very memorable time.

As a result, it was revealed that Hazel was resentful for bluntly rejecting his business proposal, and that he approached the old marquis and stole information about the forbidden area.

The crime of attempting to assassinate the royal family. It wasn't just a threat.

Either way, out of personal resentment, he deliberately tried to harm the imperial family using a third party. In fact, it could have resulted in an attempt to assassinate the royal family. It was a death sentence. If you get a good lawyer, you can get a life sentence in the tower.

With that thought in mind, the Holy Flame Knights Special Forces rushed the carriage.

Once again, the imperial newspapers seemed to be in turmoil.

Iskanda received a report of this kind early in the morning.

As I read it all the way down, the hand holding the paper got stronger.

It was a rough guess, but seeing this confession made me angry and couldn't stand it.

Even though I punished the rudeness I've already committed, I can't seem to regret it! On the contrary, to commit such a crime with a heart of shame!

Everywhere I looked, there were people like that. Whenever the opportunity arises, he reveals his true nature.

No matter how well-educated and armed with a cultured attitude, it was the same. It was like a jewel that looked fine from the front, but when viewed from the back, it was all covered with scratches.

In fact, isn't everyone like that? There's no chance to see the other side, isn't it all the same when you shine the light?

When you forget that you blamed yourself for thinking too much and fall into such thoughts.

Suddenly, a loud noise echoed outside the window.

“Mmm!”

Contemplations on human nature vanished from my mind in an instant.

'Mmm'?

no way.

My heart was pounding.

Iskanda jumped up and looked out the window. A view of the neighbor's yard came into view.

A sigh came out of its own accord.

"Oh My God... . . ."

This is nonsense.

He immediately jumped down and stopped.

Even in this crisis situation, I just couldn't go. He took out reagents and clothes and disguised himself as a knight. It was early in the morning, so I hurriedly ran down the palace where no one was walking around.

please hallucinate

earnestly wishing for it.

But it wasn't a hallucination.

When I got to the farm, it really was there.

big size. Black spots dottedly cover the pure white fur. A tail that wiggles behind its buttocks.

Iskanda's pupils shook violently.

That was then.

"Sir Valentine?"

Hazel appeared from behind the house. He was holding a basket full of herb leaves moist with the morning dew.

“I really thought I was wrong this time. What are you doing so early?”

“Miss Mayfield, isn’t this a cow?”

"Ah! You know cows too!"

Hazel exclaimed. It was more of a look that was more than welcome, but closer to being proud of it.

Do you think I don't even know cows?

Not knowing what he was thinking inside, Hazel boasted.

“Prince Rowan came to the farm yesterday. He couldn't walk yet, so he came in a silk chair with a handle. You can now hold a pen in your hand. He proudly said that he would soon be able to grab pork ribs and be able to do anything. And he gave me this as a gift.”

“The cow... .. Prince Rowan?”

"Yes. It's a Velasco cow. The prince said he had never tasted milk before. They told me never to drink milk because it could make anemia worse. So the prince said he would like to taste the milk from our horse chestnut farm for the first time in his life when his illness is cured. Do you know what Sir Lewis said when he heard this? 'It's also our family lineage! All I can think of is eating!'"

Iskanda listened blankly.

A cow with black stains on a white background was clearly visible beyond Hazel's smiling face.

It was an intense look that blew all thoughts out of his head.

The chick could stand it. chicken? How could it be tolerated?

But cows were different. I can't stand it.

The culprit was finally caught and the investigation into this case was completed. Now the time has come. Time to make a big announcement.

Of course not right now.

Gradually, I was feeling a sense of popularity somewhere over there.

It was time for the morning routine of the Imperial Palace to begin. We had to get back to the palace quickly before anyone could pass by.

Iskanda told Hazel.

"I will come back later in the evening."

"Ah? Will you come twice today?"

"Yes."

He took a breath and said.

"There is one thing I would like to ask Miss Mayfield."

"Please."

Hazel replied.

Then I looked again, and his figure was already gone.

Why do you have such a wretched face?

He shook his head and turned back.

That day, Hazel was busy.

After a few days of crazy, I got sick of tomatoes.

I was surprised to see the yellow leaves, and when I looked closely, it was a pest. A very small white powdery mildew pest clings to the underside of the leaf. Ironically, he was sucking the sap from the leaves.

"Unbelievable!"

Hazel was terrified.

Pests in the family Whiteleaf reproduce very quickly. Searching for only fresh leaves, they devour it. As soon as they are discovered, they must be dealt with immediately.

Fortunately, I found it early.

Hazel put on her garden gloves and ran through the tomatoes. He found every leaf that had pests on it, ripped it off, and burned it.

Smoke rose high in the summer sky.

Officials passing by glanced at them. Someone came up to the fence and sniffed it.

“Smells good! This is the romance of the countryside!”

Hazel just replied with a smile. Speaking of burning bugs, these neat and stylish bureaucrats might have fainted.

When the sun was shining brightly at noon, I stopped working for a while and went to the market. After buying dinner, I went through the whole farm again.

Time flew by without a blink of an eye.

Suddenly, I looked up and saw a small ladybug sitting on my shoulder. No matter how much I moved my arm, it wouldn't fly.

We thought we had become friends and worked together all day. After I was done, I carefully peeled it off and placed it on the leaf.

IV



황제궁 옆 마로니에 농장



정연 장편소설



Yeondam

Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace

Volume 4

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## 9. Jericho than a blade of grass and stronger than steel Mind (2)

The shadow of the Imperial Palace Clock Tower grew longer and longer.

When evening came, Iskanda slowly made preparations.

This time, the reagent was not taken out. He only changed into the clothes of an imperial knight, leaving his blonde hair and red eyes intact.

He wore a cloak with a hood over it.

If you take a peek and think the reaction is good, you can flip the cloak back and say something.

'Actually, I am the emperor.'

He came out of his burrow, rehearsing the moment several times in his head. I followed the safest route, always favored, to a small farm in the middle of the great garden.

Hazel got up from grinding herbs at the table.

“Are you really here again? Lord Valentine doesn't lie either.”

I was happy to say yes, then glanced at his hand.

“What is that paper?”

“The Incident Investigation Report.”

Iskanda replied.

“Actually, the man who sent a note to Miss Mayfield and lured him into the forbidden area of the Imperial Palace was caught. The culprit is Andre Delgado... .”

“Are you that former opera singer? Oh My God!”

Hazel exclaimed.

“The person asked me to join the rose water business, but I refused. You must have already confessed, right? It was a really absurd condition to get half of the revenue in exchange for publicity. Besides, his attitude was not very good. I wanted to become a court singer, so I flattered myself... .”

Hazel stopped there.

If it had been in front of anyone else, he would have given me details about his meanness without hesitation.

However, Lord Valentine is an imperial knight who must be loyal to the emperor. I didn't want to hear the unpleasant story of someone trying to manipulate public opinion about the emperor.

“Anyway, so... . That's how it happened, huh?”

When the story suddenly skips, Iskanda is disappointed.

I've been wanting to hear the details of the shot at the mean one again from a first-person point of view!

But avoiding mention was understandable.

If I had known that I was an emperor rather than an imperial knight, wouldn't it have been fun to tell?

The downside of hiding your identity has increased by one more.

“Then my dream of becoming a court singer was shattered and I was cut off at the opera house! Hopefully, I didn't know that he would hold a grudge against me and retaliate like that. Isn't it too harsh to get a deportation order for refusing an offer?”

“I needed a weak person to avenge my anger. It was a very wrong decision. I'm now trapped inside the strongest wall in the Empire, and no matter what the outcome of the trial, I can't get out of it alive.”

“Such. Still, it makes me feel strange to think that I was able to help Prince Rowan in the end because of that mean human being. Thanks to that, I would be upset and die if I found out that I had been carried on the back of the princess and received a present from the prince.”

Hazel said. And silence passed.

With this, this work has come to a close. The farm has been restored to peace, and anything that bothers the farmer has been cleared away.

The time has come.

Iskanda was nervous.

How do I get the story out?

when you are thinking Suddenly, a huge thing passed out of the window colored by the sunset.

Iskanda flinched.

No matter how much I thought about it, this was a very authentic rural landscape. The imperial palace and the outside turned around too much.

“That mammal... . . . .”

“Are you Julia?”

Hazel's face brightened.

“Prince Katarina gave her a name and sent it through her attendant. A ribbon with a large bell is also included. Julia, don't you really like it?”

that is great. In the midst of difficult contemplation, the topic just moved in a good direction.

Iskanda nodded and said.

“Still, I'm glad that it ended well with the Queen. Actually, the past is the past. Do you need to be tied down? Human relationships are always changing. No matter how much I hated the princess who was cruel when she said I was going to be expelled, it's as if she's okay now.”

"Ah."

Did you hate the Queen Princess?

Hazel remembered those words.

“I realized something again about this. After it was all over, I sat by myself and thought about it step by step. At that time, in addition to the feeling that Prince Rowan was not happy, I honestly said, 'It's unfortunate, it's been unlucky, people who are not of the Imperial family will live with shame.' I felt this way, but... . . . .”

“Isn't that too honest?”

“But strangely, I didn’t feel that I hated or resented the Queen Seon. Why are you saying that? 'A man can understand the suffering of others only through suffering'.

“That’s a good thing. Who said it?”

“It was just what I said. Anyway, I was able to understand the feelings of the Queen Seon, despite the fact that I was clearly in a position of being unfairly treated. What if you have been raised more preciously than your life, but suddenly suffer irreparable damage at the hands of a stranger? It really rolls your eyes and makes your blood flow upside down. When I saw the sprouts swept away by the rain, I felt terrified. 'Oh, I can't forgive this even if dirt gets into my eyes... ...'."

Hazel clenched her fists involuntarily. Her green eyes flashed so fiercely that they almost turned blue for an instant.

Iskanda was startled.

I forgot. She looked like that at first. When I misunderstood that it was a secret inspector dispatched by the emperor.

Iskanda unwittingly grasped the hood of the cloak tightly.

The first ambitious thought of making a bombshell declaration saying, 'I am the emperor,' and then flipping it open to the public, disappeared.

If I make a mistake and flip it over, I'm done.

He gave his fingers a desperate force.

Hazel then returned to reality.

I was so empathetic to the situation at the time that I forgot that Lord Valentine was here. It was a shame as a farm owner who always had to treat me warmly and comfortably.

The minister of the palace, whom Hazel liked very much, had said earlier.

No one is forcing you to forgive. Forgiveness and reparation are two different things.

In addition, the Queen Mother also carried the hazel on her back and said as if shedding tears.

Forgiveness is when you see someone who has done something wrong to you.

If so, it's still a long way off. Hearing the word "Emperor" made me uncomfortable. It was a complex emotion mixed with fear, rebellion, and vigilance.

As a result, I was very teased.

Fortunately, Lord Valentine was a good-natured knight.

Just because Hazel clenched his fists a little hard while referring to his boss wasn't the kind of person to run and tell him. Hmm, I didn't even cough in vain. They just looked elsewhere without saying a word.

It would be great if I could just change jobs.

Hazel softened her face again. Then I thought about it and asked.

“But what were you trying to ask?”

"Well?"

Iskanda was astonished.

“You came to see me this morning. There is one thing I want to ask you. What is it?”

"Ah."

He was confused and was speechless. I came here to sneak a peek, but I couldn't.

“Uh, um. What I wanted to ask... . . . how to make it What? Was it lemon curd? . . . .”

"Yes?"

Hazel tilted her head.

With such a wretched face, you ask, how to make lemon curd?

It must have been really delicious!

I was excited and told him right away.

“First, we need to prepare fresh lemons. Depending on the type of lemon, the harvest time is different. It is good to go to the market after finding out in advance which varieties ripen deliciously at that time. When you buy a good lemon, wash it thoroughly and peel it. The white part of the lemon must not get inside... . . . Oh, by the way, Sir Valentine, would you mind not writing it down?”

“Oh, I have to write it down! Can I borrow your paper and pen?”

"Here you go. How far did you just go?"

“To the point that the white part of the lemon must not go in.”

"Oh right. Peel off only the yellow skin and chop finely... . . . .”

Iskanda clasped her cloak hood with one hand and scribbled it hard. I think that my acting skills are increasing as time goes on.

“... .. Remove from heat when the sauce becomes thick. Do you have a refrigerated cupboard at home? Put it in there and let it cool. Like I did last time, you can spread it lightly on a sandwich, put it in a pie or tart, or spread it on a scone.”

“It’s really good information.”

Iskanda got up and put a piece of paper in her pocket with instructions on how to make lemon curd. I turned around and covered it, then opened my mouth again.

"However... .."

“What else?”

“This has absolutely nothing to do with me, but I suddenly became curious and I am asking everyone around me these days. Perhaps... .. What do you think about pretending to be someone other than yourself and keep dating someone?”

“It’s the worst.”

Hazel cut like a knife right away.

“I hate it when you lie, no matter how small. I hate it even more if it's a lie about myself. I think it is a lack of basic courtesy towards people.”

“I think so too.”

Iskanda's hand, holding the hood, got stronger.

let's go. Let's go back quickly.

It was the only thought in my head right now.

“It was helpful today. Then come on.”

Seeing him leave right away, Hazel was astonished.

"Wait! Are you going to eat nothing and just go? I'm grilling pork ribs for dinner! Topped with plenty of applesauce!"

Even though Iskanda was in a hurry, hearing those words reflexively made her hungry.

All kinds of images came up together with one word of pork ribs. I could see the smoke of grilling meat in front of my eyes, the sound of sizzling in my ears, and the stench of a wonderful smell wafting through my nostrils.

Anyway, shall we go eat?

For a moment, I felt such a temptation. It's because I've already realized that if I don't eat, I'm only hurting myself.

But today there was a very decisive problem.

You can't eat grilled pork ribs while holding the cape's hood with one hand.

“Thanks for the suggestion, but I'm hungry today.”

"Oh yeah? Then there is nothing we can do.”

Hazel sighed and put the meat back down.

Iskanda turned around.

As he passed the chicken coop, his eyes met Tiberius. The little chick tried to sneak out of the leather chest and stopped.

“... ..”

The two looked at each other as if promised.

Sometimes there are secrets that are better buried.

okay. Is it okay to just live like this?

Iskanda left the farm.

He trudged across the garden at sunset and back to his palace.

the next day.

The servants working in the emperor's palace picked up the morning newspaper. It was placed on a gold platter, placed on a cart, and brought to the Emperor's bedroom.

“Oh, I saw Prince Rowan yesterday.”

"really? where?"

“At that big pond in the north. Were you practicing to get up by yourself while holding the handmaiden's hand? One in five successes. Each time, the Queen of the Crown Princess loved it so much.”

“It must not be long before you will be able to walk on your own. That's awful. It's just that you've changed one kitchen appliance, but it's so different. Because I am also a native of the city, I never dreamed that cast iron used in the countryside has such a magical effect.”

“That’s it. At this point, it might be better to say that this was a phone violation... . . . .  
Ouch! What kind of cube is this? Can we talk like this now? Have you come to a level that is too dangerous?”

“Fortunately, I haven’t made a definitive statement yet. by the way. Since work is work, wouldn't your majesty soften a little this time? It's a matter that you took seriously enough to come and mediate in person. Even though he invaded the forbidden area, isn't he the number one contributor to restoring the prince's condition as a result?”

"right. No matter how much you destroy it, it will inevitably soften a little.”

Whispering like that, they entered the door opened by the entrance attendant.

“Your Majesty, I brought the newspaper.”

There was no answer.

His Majesty the Emperor didn't even know they were coming. He was sitting by the window with a dull expression on his face, taking a deep breath.

Overlooking the small farm right next to the palace.

The servants met face to face.

Far from softening... . . . It's not even worth half a penny.

Putting the newspaper down, he sneaked back and stepped back. Seeing His Majesty's suffering, he murmured.

“Even if I treat the prince, I don’t think it’s too bad.”

“That’s what the human mind can’t do. The thing I don't like is that even if Nara comes, I can't get relief. It’s the same with Nara himself.”

“It must have been a big deal. Let’s be alert and we’re going to crack down on them even more.”

At that time, the minister of the palace came to greet me in the morning. Seeing the attendants gathering at the entrance and chatting, they intervened.

“But why?”

Curious, I looked inside. And I saw it too.

His Majesty the Emperor looking down at the farm and ripping his hair.

like that, like that your Majesty... . . . .

The minister of the palace clenched his tongue and shook his head.

When will you come to your senses and acknowledge our Miss Hazel!

\* \* \*

There are always unhappy people everywhere.

The Empress Dowager Palace, where the Empress Dowager of the Empire is quietly recuperating. In the hallway there, the chefs of other palaces were gathering and whispering.

“Hey, Donald, that friend was right, but... ..”

“Did you even do something like that? If you were a salon owner, you would run a salon well. Do you have to ruin a promising chef like that to get your job?”

“Poor Donald cared for us all the way to the end. Beware of that handsome lady. I do. We are just the bridesmaids who will make her great country cuisine shine.”

“There is no such thing as a very bad fox. The prestige of the Imperial Palace cooks fell to the ground with this incident. I don’t even want to go out because everyone pointed their fingers at me because I couldn’t beat a girl in the countryside.”

They could not hide their uncomfortable feelings at the downfall of their colleagues, who had lived and lived together under the same teacher since childhood.

He knew that Donald's self-interest was self-sufficient. But the arms bend inward. Hazel, who caused it, never looked pretty.

If that village girl hadn't entered the Imperial Palace, this wouldn't have happened!

Meister Henkel, the head chef of the Empress Dowager, said something while listening to the complaints of his students.

“Uh-huh! Don't catch the nonsense. It's nothing else, it's about the prince's illness. Anyone can come up with an idea, even if it’s not necessarily the chef in charge.”

He said so, but it was heartbreaking to hear that his beloved disciple was kicked out of the palace overnight and was sent to prison.

It felt so humiliating to have been subjected to such humiliation at the hands of a young blue-eyed girl, even though she thought she had taught her wrongly.

“Take this as a lesson and try harder. Anyway, you should take pride in being the best chefs in the Empire. No matter what anyone says, that fact doesn’t change.”

That was then.

“Sir, come here.”

Princess Katarina, guided by her attendant, entered the Empress Dowager Palace. The chefs of each palace quickly retreated to both sides and bowed their heads.

She has been going out often. She fluttered her newly tailored purple dress and headed straight for the Empress Dowager's bedroom.

“His Majesty the Emperor!”

The Empress Dowager's hand-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld was greeted with a smile on her face. She quickly left her seat, noticing that she would take over the car.

The personalities of the Empress Dowager and Empress Dowager could be said to be polar opposites.

But there was a deep bond between the two women who had come through horrific times. So, when the two of us were alone, we used to talk freely.

The fairy princess sat in front of the bed lined with thin silk drapes and chatted. We talk, we talk, we talk again... . . .

Suddenly, a voice came from inside the veil.

The princess was startled and stopped talking. The Empress Dowager, who was always quietly listening, suddenly intervened in the conversation!

“... .. What did you just say?”

“It’s over now. How many times are you going to repeat the story that she has a kind heart, is bold, has courage, has a cute smile, and the food she taught me to cook is so delicious, and that she would have nothing to envy? Now that you understand enough, please stop.”

The sound of the Empress Dowager's sigh was heard from beyond the veil.

“Already Adelaide, Mrs. Augusta, who is touching my hair, and Alice, who comes to sing to me, have all told the story once. After all, of course. When an incident is in full swing, everyone keeps their mouths shut, and when it's all over, they come to me and quietly talk about it. Isn't that really boring?”

“That’s because everyone is worried about the Empress Dowager. You always have to be calm.”

“I know. If I cough even once, the entire imperial palace is turned upside down. But how many years has it been? Thanks to everyone who took great care of me, even if it's okay now, even if you want to go out for a while, they won't listen to me at all! I'm getting really sick of it right now.”

The veil was quickly lifted. Clear blue eyes stared intently at the princess.

“So, Katarina. Help me.”

The Empress Dowager whispered.

10. Mushrooms, Tomatoes, and Farming Fairy As

each day passed, the weather got hotter.

In the front yard of the imperial palace, which was as spacious as a square, the sun was pouring down without mercy. Even in this weather, it was hot to see the Imperial Palace guards marching with their uniform buttons tight.

At the same time, in a small carriage entering the Imperial Palace, a lady passenger sat outside and fanned it. Even the fountain with pure white water did not cool the heat. Gardeners diligently watered the street trees that had been observing the history of the imperial palace.

A white dove that was tired from the heat flew up.

The dove passed through numerous marble statues crying, laughing and grimacing. It continued to fly over the dark green walls of straight cut shrubs.

Among the magnificent garden landscapes of the Imperial Palace, a wooden fence finally appeared.

The dove landed in the shade below it. As if he had finally found a place to rest, he curled up and began to doze off.

Fresh vegetables were growing over the fence. In the chicken coop next to the vegetable garden, clumsy medium-sized chickens pecked the floor and roamed around bustlingly. Next to the small, rustic farmhouse, a spotted cow leisurely chewed the hay.

A peaceful landscape that does not match the imperial palace.

Inside, the farm owner wearing a straw hat was weeding hard.

Hazel got up after working in the fields for a while. He straightened his back, took off his straw hat, and fanned it.

It was worthwhile to diligently bring water in the sweltering heat. The fresh blue tomato holds a lot of moisture, making it more plump.

Thanks to Sir Lewis picking the side shoots with me, the tomatoes grew very well.

It was very spectacular to see the stalks, full of strong green fruits, lined up all the way to the end. Just looking at it made me feel rich.

Marigold and lavender, which were transplanted from time to time at the edge of the field, also grew well. They were wonderful friends who chased away insects.

Hazel admired the beautiful scenery of tomatoes, marigolds and lavender for a moment. And I started plucking the grass again.

Even though it didn't rain, there were weeds. Even if you pull hard for one day, it will grow again the next day.

These are the weeds that Uncle Karl and Aunt Martha were so tired of.

But Hazel had fun too.

You don't know how precious your time working on the farm without being disturbed by anyone is. I thought that happiness was just that.

Indeed, there is another thing that cannot be missed when it comes to happiness.

After working so hard, they prepare delicious food with good ingredients, and eat dinner together with the guests who come to the farm.

Today was such a day.

Dinner was to be held outside. Because there was no room for so many people in a small kitchen.

Hazel pulled out a large table from the warehouse after a long time.

It was wiped off with no dust. A clean checkered cloth was laid over it. An old glass bottle was decorated with wildflowers.

The first thing on this rustic table was a large wooden basket.

It was filled with hot french fries that had just been taken out of the oil pot.

"looks delicious!"

Applause arose among the female courtiers.

They were very excited to be invited by Hazel. The same was true for the Ministry of Interior. A smile bloomed on his face as he picked up a hot potato that had just been fried.

Outside, they are strict superiors and subordinates. But not on this farm. It was just like neighbors gathering to have dinner together.

"ruler! This cannot be overlooked."

Hazel presented them with a large bottle.

The cold, farm-made ginger beer was immediately greeted with a raucous welcome.

"Because you know what!"

Everyone rushed to pour the ginger beer.

Anything sizzling in hot oil is delicious. But these fries were particularly artistic.

Once cut into wedges, it was good to eat. It was deep-fried after being half boiled in salt water, so it was crispy on the outside and well cooked on the inside.

It was soaked in pepper and various herb powders evenly and marinated for several hours, so that the mellow flavor was absorbed very well. It was a particularly good idea to make the seasoning a little more salty than usual for guests who would be exhausted from the heat all day.

"okay! This is delicious!"

The minister of the palace and the officers of the palace picked up french fries as if competing. I was so busy eating and eating that I couldn't even see my hands.

Hazel quickly rolled out other menu items before they filled their stomachs with it.

"Try this too."

A fragrant smell spread from the steaming basket.

This time it was fried beef. You and I all smiled at the appearance of the meat covered in thin dough and deep-fried to a golden color.

"Isn't this the food sold at the market's open-air restaurant?"

"Yes. that's right. I ate it when I went to play with Sir Louis and Cayenne. They served it with a spicy white sauce. It was unique and delicious, but I think it would go well with this one too."

Hazel served lemon rosemary salt.

Everyone dipped them in hot fried beef and put them in their mouths. And they were all in admiration.

“It tastes heavenly!”

The scent of rosemary grown in the garden further enhanced the flavor of the fried meat. Lemon has a refreshing aftertaste.

As a result, I did not get tired of it and ended up eating it endlessly.

When you feel thirsty, there is no greater happiness than drinking cold ginger beer.

In addition, Hazel handed out another plate, one by one. Fresh pasta made by hand kneading into a round shape. And it was a sauce made by mixing farm spinach with cream cheese.

"No! My stomach is already full!"

The minister of the palace and the officers of the palace screamed.

Hazel smiled brightly.

There was a scream of being full, so today's farm dinner was a great success.

The great thing about summer al fresco dining is that you can enjoy the sun, the twilight and the night.

As dusk fell, Hazel turned on the lamp. The trees surrounding the farm were dyed orange. It was like a fairy tale landscape.

Such an atmosphere also added to the taste of the farm cuisine. They all emptied their plates while screaming that they were full.

Dessert was pickled apricots.

While enjoying the sweet taste, the imperial pharmacist Olenka shyly pulled out a large bottle.

“It’s dandelion wine. I made it myself once.”

"Oh my gosh! Olenka!"

Hazel hurriedly brought a beautiful wooden cup. I opened the lid and poured the transparent golden liquid and tasted it all together.

"it's delicious! You did a great job!"

Hazel praised.

"okay?"

Olenka became even more shy. I also felt a sense of bliss.

You can't go home by this time!

In the past, she always lived alone. The nanny couldn't believe it. I had to watch the children in person, so I was relieved and ran as soon as I left the palace.

But now I was just relaxed.

Sitting on this little farm, everything felt so insignificant.

The kids just seemed to be fine. No, why don't we fight while avoiding the nanny's eyes? What if I put some junk food in my mouth? You have a husband in the library.

so was the case. No matter how troublesome the problem was, it seemed to be solved easily. Well, what if it doesn't work out? I didn't want to worry about it now.

This time cannot be exchanged for anything.

The most precious self in the world is so happy!

“Come on, you too, have another drink.”

Olenka turned the dandelion wine to everyone with a happy face. He poured an overflowing glass of smiling Hazel.

She helped Hazel by uncovering Belladonna's identity during a cooking contest. Because of that, Hazel was grateful every time she saw Olenka.

But as I said back then, it was Olenka herself who should really be thankful.

Everyone here thought so.

They ate pickled apricots, drank dandelion wine, and chattered.

“Did you hear what other people say to us? pro-peasant! It refers to the happiest people in the world.”

"that's right! right!"

They all eagerly agreed with the palace officer Illina's words.

“This horse chestnut farm is such a fun place! I don't know why people keep coming up with strange conspiracies.”

"it's okay. The more you plot like that, the more it only makes our Lady Hazel brighter.”

"that's right. Rather than giving it a chance, I am promoting it more widely. Those who were jealous and envious would now have a liver the size of a pea.”

"sure. Working as a tenor singer must have been a very good lesson for you. Aren't you going to dig your own grave like that?"

At the words of the palace officials, the minister of the palace chuckled.

“That's right! But if everyone learns well by watching the teachings, then I don't have to worry about anything?”

“Oh, sorry.”

"sorry."

The half-drunk palace officers automatically bowed their heads.

"no! not you guys! So, what I mean is, why not get a dog to protect the farm?”

"summary?"

Hazel frowned.

“Very good idea!”

The Martin family farm also had a mongrel dog, Peter. A dog would be the perfect farm landscape. I was happy just imagining it.

But not yet.

It was a farm, but it was definitely not in the city. If you want to bring a dog, you must first ask for permission from the neighbours. That creepy neighbour.

It would be great if someone from the royal family like Julia gave it to me as a gift, but I don't think there will be a second chance.

There was no room for a dog anyway.

Julia is that big, but she's not grown up yet. There was even a chicken coop, so it was very messy. There was no land for the dog to run around. In such a situation, the happiness of all animals decreases because they collide with each other.

But you are free to imagine. Hazel was delighted to see a peter-like dog running around the Marronnier Farm, flapping its ears.

On the other hand, the feeling was new. At first, I thought it would be nice to just stick to my feet and live.

However, over time, the number of animal members increased one by one. The farm was steadily laying the groundwork.

After the guests left, Hazel sat down by the lamp.

“... .. It is my wish to lie flat like this and just go long and thin.”

I wrote that in my diary.

As Hazel wished, the next day went by without any problems. It was the same the next day.

In the midst of such a peaceful daily life, one wonderful news came.

\* \* \*

“Labyrinth Greenhouse Expedition?”

Hazel was excited by the sudden news.

"That's right. Now we can explore the Labyrinth Greenhouse.”

The royal palace official gave a polite reply and handed over the relevant documents.

Hazel had been given the key to the labyrinth greenhouse for catching a clue to the treatment of unicorn moonblindness.

The labyrinth greenhouse is a place where the plants of the underground labyrinth are collected and placed.

What is an underground labyrinth?

In a word, it was a monster's palace.

Cow-headed Minotaur-like monsters lived underground by digging labyrinths. Treasure hunters and other monsters were lured there and eaten.

“More than 100 years ago, Archduke Nicholas, an adventurer from the royal family, devoted his life to exploring this underground labyrinth.”

The royal family room explained as he walked.

“He was especially a plant lover. After exploring the Great Labyrinth of Memnoica, I collected a bunch of labyrinth plants and put them in a greenhouse. After exploring the Paracosmos Great Labyrinth, I collected a lot of labyrinth plants and put them in the greenhouse. And even after exploring the Great Labyrinth of Oneiro, I collected a lot of labyrinth plants and put them in the greenhouse. Then I saw... . . .”

The two stopped. Hazel looked up at what was in front of him.

“At the end of the day, this strange abomination was born.”

“Exactly.”

Cecil nodded.

The Labyrinth Greenhouse was located far behind the Imperial Palace Library.

It was a three-story building with a green steel structure and opaque glass. Just looking at it from the outside gave off a gloomy and grotesque energy.

It's been a while since no one went into this labyrinth greenhouse. Literally, it was a bizarre abomination that only took up space.

But that strange appearance did not dampen Hazel's curiosity. The same was true of the pro-peasants.

Everyone was looking forward to this expedition. Hazel believed that he could definitely get something out of a place like this.

The day I decided to explore.

Hazel got up like dawn and got ready. I headed to the labyrinth conservatory with Cecil, who had become somewhat like the person in charge of this case.

He told me not to go in alone.

However, he did not go in with this sloppy civil servant.

Cecil, who had been wandering around, said abruptly.

“You are here.”

Hazel looked at him.

Today, colleagues were coming to explore the labyrinth greenhouse together.

Lorendel looks around Longbow. A quiver full of arrows appeared over his shoulder.

Siegwald was holding an enormous sword at an angle behind his back.

Lewis wielded two long swords. Various daggers were attached to the leather belt.

Cayenne wrapped her body tightly in a cloak. In his hand, he was holding a magic wand of the Fairy, which was encrusted with a large, mysterious gem.

It is the image of the warriors who can defeat even a dragon.

Hazel looked down at herself in surprise.

red cloak. Skirt with lace hem. Mary Jane shoes with laces at the ankles. A basket with a lunch box and a checkered rug in the arm.

“... ..”

It was then that I realized

I totally misunderstood the mood!

“You said you could explore the labyrinth greenhouse, so I thought it meant it was safe now! I'll get ready and come back!”

Hazel turned quickly.

"no! it's okay!"

“It’s as good as it is!”

All dried hazel. Lewis said with a smirk.

“I think we have been preparing too hard. It's been a while since I've done this, so I'm excited. So, isn't it a botanical garden? Isn't it, management?”

“Yes, yes. It’s just a botanical garden.”

Cecil, an official of the palace, said, stepping back to the side.

“Then we will start exploring the labyrinth greenhouse from now on.”

"Yes!"

Hazel took out the key she had received as a prize. I put it in the key hole of an antique and intricate pattern in the middle of the iron door of the greenhouse.

Turning to the side, the door swung open.

“Then have a good trip.”

The royal family's office immediately turned around. Hazel looked at his back, who disappeared in an instant.

“Don't you feel like you're running away for some reason?”

“I hope.”

Siegwald took the lead and opened the door.

The iron gate moved with a squeaking noise. Siegwald, Lorendel, Lewis, Hazel, and Cayenne entered in that order.

The hot and humid air hit me. It was as if I had entered the jungle that I had seen in a fairy tale book.

Labyrinth plants grew tremendously while neglected without any management. The unheard of huge trees and thick vines were densely intertwined.

Hazel rolled her eyes and looked around.

“Is it bigger than you think?”

Cayenne, who followed, shrugged.

“Well, as Lewis said, is it not a plant at all? What will plants do to us? You can tear it apart and eat it.”

Then, Susuk! A strange sound was heard.

Hazel looked down. A suspicious vine was approaching Cayenne.

“What could be difficult? Actually, I've been living far from a vegetarian life, but Ms. Hazel taught me the taste of vegetables.”

“Yes, but Sir Cayenne... ..”

“It is rare for the four of us to be free all day like this. So I'm just trying to conquer the 3rd floor today. After all, it's a plant... ..”

swish!

The figure of the cat knight leader, who had been flirting, suddenly disappeared from his sight.

“Sir Cayenne!”

Hazel was terrified.

“Sir Cayenne has been arrested!”

"no!"

His voice came from far away. Then bang! Then a dazzling flash of light exploded. The thick vines shattered and flew in all directions.

Cayenne appeared from beyond the smoke.

“I am very unharmed.”

Everyone focused their attention on his tail without saying a word.

Her hair stood up, and her tail was popping out. It was evidence of the shock and horror that the cat had just experienced.

“Because it’s very safe!”

Cayenne quickly hid her tail.

“But everyone but me has to be careful. The inside is really great. There is some kind of giant insectivorous plant.”

“A carnivorous plant?”

“How am I supposed to do that?”

Lewis picked up a stone from the floor. I threw it at the inside where the vines were densely covered.

puck!

A stone hit somewhere.

Hazel followed everyone's recommendations and fled to a safe corner. waited there

It was quiet for a while.

Then suddenly there was a loud bang. The floor rumbled as if a giant was running.

The next moment, the vines in front of them were torn away.

A huge figure appeared between them.

It just looked like an odd green ball.

Stems as thick as a human forearm were entangled in a frenzy. Some of the stems were grouped together and moved like feet.

“Why is there something like this in the greenhouse!”

Lorendel chuckled and picked up the longbow.

The elf's arrows poured out.

The monster counterattacked by blowing thick stems in all directions like a whip. It was a terrifying force, as if the limbs would be separated even if it was slightly hit.

However, there were four Holy Knights commanders here.

Lewis drew his sword. Real sparks arose along the days of Flamberges, winding like flames. Whoops! As soon as he swung it, the whips that were rushing at him were cut cleanly and burned.

Sigwald's greatsword crushed the green vines into lumps.

The vines that were flying in the air aiming at everyone's heads were blown away by Cayenne's wind magic. They got tangled up and messed up.

The monster rushed to avoid the pouring onslaught.

At some point, while running wildly, a gap suddenly appeared inside. A huge flower appeared among the thick vines.

Lewis and Cayenne turned around and shouted.

“There!”

“There it is! hurry!”

But no one was there.

Lorendel furrowed her eyebrows in a bewildered way.

“Who are you talking to now?”

“Oh right! I knew there was Iss... .”

It was always like this with the five of us, up to Iskanda. As a result, I was mistaken. The two of them panicked and almost got hit by a vine.

There were moments of twists and turns like that, but... .

After the huge flower, the main body, was revealed, the next step was simple.

Lorendel's arrows flew through the wind and landed in the center one after another. On top of that, even Cayenne's magic exploded. The already tattered monster fell down as it was.

Hazel opened her mouth.

“Awesome!”

“Oh, what. This takes time and is just annoying... .”

Lewis kicked the fallen plant.

“By the way, this is Labyrinth Plant No. 1. Let's check it out. I don't know where it might be useful.”

"Yes."

Hazel squatted and examined the plants.

When I poked it, a strange juice came out. I tried to peel it, but it didn't work because it was too tough.

I looked up at the drooping petals. The inside had turned soft and was already melting.

"Well... . It doesn't seem to be of much use."

“Then I’ll have to look for something else.”

This time, Lorendel took the lead.

I couldn't go far through the jungle, but this time, something fell from above.

"what?"

Siegwald swung his great sword and struck them all at once. When I saw that it was attached to the back of the knife, it was a large dandelion seed.

But the bottom part was weird. Sharp hooks wriggled like tongs.

I could only imagine one use. It attacks from above and rips off the flesh of living things.

“Why the hell did you collect these things? Archduke Nicholas!”

Lorendel exclaimed in anger.

The strange dandelion seeds fell, covering the sky in black.

However, they also could not keep up under the pincer attack of the commanders of the Holy Knights. Most of them were swept away by the great sword Sigwald wielded. The rest were shattered and vanished by the swords of Lorendel, Lewis and Cayenne.

“Labyrinth Plant No.2. The dandelion of fear.”

Hazel examined the shattered monster.

“This would be really useless. For food or for any other purpose.”

“Actually, isn’t it all just useless plants here?”

said Cayenne. It was a very reasonable question.

Hazel peered through the torn vines.

“Still, I think there is something over there. It's like a meadow. I don't know why it's in the greenhouse.”

“Let’s go.”

Sigwald cleared the way.

That was then.

Fireworks erupted from the second-floor railing of the greenhouse.

Flame vines like thick ropes cut through the wind and descended all at once. It writhes and forms a circle, and then spins round and round to the point of dizzying eyes.

It was as if a huge ring of blazing flames was blocking the way.

“What else is this!”

Everyone stopped abruptly.

Hazel looked at the flame vines spinning frantically.

"Hmm... . . . Are you slow?"

Everyone turned around in shock at the mumbled words.

"Yes? Is that slow?"

“Miss Hazel! A master of the Grand Cavalier class?”

Everyone looked at them with eyes that couldn't contain their shock.

Hazel was perplexed.

How did this misunderstanding come about?

hastily explained.

“I can't! I mean, it's slow for your speed.”

“Oh, did you mean that? Phew, I thought there was one more Grand Cavalier in the Empire.”

Cayenne said with a somewhat relieved face.

“Thank you for valuing me so highly. But we have to detour back to the stairs over there. It’s not just us passing through, it’s also that Hazel must pass safely.”

“Thank you so much for your concern. It's as simple as just passing through me and shattering everything, isn't it? Why don't you do that?”

Everyone burst out laughing at that.

Hazel was confused again.

“Why are you laughing?”

“It’s not that they don’t do it, it’s that they don’t.”

Lorendel explained with a smile on his face.

“This is a fairly sophisticated trap. To the average person, they may look similar, but each ring has a different speed. Even if you dodge one, it's not as simple as flipping the palm of your hand to 'shatter everything in a swipe' without touching the other. When multiple targets move in a complex way, you have to do the calculations well.”

"Really?"

Hazel was surprised.

“If you were a knight, didn’t you do anything like that? I thought it would be very simple. He's not a normal knight, he's the commander of the Holy Knights.....”

"Cute!"

Lewis exclaimed.

“You think of us so much! The knights look so great! Isn't it such a naive and cute idea?”

Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne all smiled. He didn't say anything, but he looked cute.

Hazel was bewildered once again.

This isn't it!

Lewis said affectionately, trying to keep his mouth shut because he was speechless.

“We are a team. Even if we go round and round, we should all go on the same road together. Besides, I plan to spend half of the day eating my lunch box.”

"Oh right! lunch box! Lunch boxes are really important.”

Hazel quickly turned around.

But at the same time, doubts remained.

\* \* \*

That evening.

Hazel did the housework, thinking about what had happened during the day.

“I mean, that’s weird.”

After drawing water, I went to dig up firewood.

Just as the ax was raised, a black shadow suddenly appeared from beyond the fence.

When I say it, it comes.

Hazel greeted me warmly.

“Are you here?”

“Miss Mayfield, do you look a little new today?”

"Ah."

Hazel put down the magical item that made the other person friendly.

“You were surprised that he was holding an axe. I was actually trying to chop down firewood.”

“Firewood beat? can i do it I like it very much.”

Does anyone like that?

Hazel tilted her head and handed her the axe.

next moment.

What's bang bang! Then the wooden blocks were torn apart and scattered.

You're just going to like it!

While convinced, the suspicions that had been floating around all evening grew stronger.

It's so weird too.

Hazel continued to glance at Lord Valentine. At the same time, he brought up the right topic.

“You said you went to the labyrinth greenhouse?”

"Yes! Rumors have already spread there. I don't know where."

“But you said you couldn't collect any labyrinth plants?”

"that's right. It was a scarier place than I thought."

Iskanda hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Actually, I want to go there too.”

Ohh?

Hazel's eyes lit up.

“Of course you have to go! Who got this labyrinth greenhouse in the first place! It is jointly owned!”

I grabbed the key and hurried out.

It was a new feeling when I came back at night. I unlocked the door with the key and entered.

Ann was delighted. Inside the dense vegetation like a jungle, there was a sun-like light source. The traces of the daytime exploration remained intact in the greenhouse.

Hazel pointed to them and explained.

“This is Labyrinth Plant No. 1. It is a huge flower that attacks by swinging the vine like a whip. And this is Labyrinth Plant #2. I named it the dandelion of fear. This is the area we explored during the day.”

Then I looked around. just as expected. Another fire broke out on the second floor railing.

“Look over there! The Flame Vine starts moving again. In order for everyone to pass at the same time, we have to go round and round that staircase over there... .”

Hazel's words stopped there.

“Why don't you just go through it?”

As soon as he finished speaking, his eyes became dizzy with flames.

what?

That moment of wonder.

Lord Valentine, who did not know when he disappeared, has returned. Sparks flew behind his back as he flew down his black cloak.

It was just that. There were no flame vines blocking the front with a terrifying force.

Hazel stared blankly at the empty seat. In the next moment, something rushed in my chest.

“Look at this! I am right!”

Iskanda looked at him with a puzzled face.

"what?"

“I am right! But Lewis, Lorendel, Sigwald, Cayenne, you treat me like a child!”

I appealed with a sad heart. Iskanda didn't understand what Hazel was talking about.

“Is it that the commanders of the Paladins insulted Miss Mayfield?”

“That's not it.”

Hazel told me of a conversation I had with them during the day.

“... .. When I told the driver if it was a simple task, how smiled! The skill that Lord Valentine just showed you is absolutely impossible. Suddenly, I was treated like a child. They should see Lord Valentine!”

Iskanda was terribly surprised.

He saw everything that happened that night on Mt. Bröchen and remembered it at that speed!

It was a mistake to think that, as a farm girl, she didn't know much about swordsmanship. Hazel had sharp eyes that caught even the smallest bugs on the underside of tomato leaves.

I just wanted to break through the trap quickly and show you a new section of the labyrinth.

I was just trying to work hard.

Stop leaking dangerous evidence.

“But it’s very strange. Why did everyone cut it off like that? They said they couldn't either. Is it possible that Lord Valentine is stronger than the commanders of the Holy Knights?”

"no!"

Iskanda exclaimed.

"No way! They are just different fields!"

And he quickly looked over there.

“There is a meadow! grassland! It seems like a lot of strange plants are growing!”

"Ah."

At that moment, all thoughts vanished from Hazel's mind.

In any case, the commander of the Holy Knights is stronger than the Imperial Knights. As Sir Valentine said, it's just a different field. The important thing was that meadow in front of me.

Moss grew bright blue on the thick vines that had fallen on the floor. Small plants were floating like butterflies in the light that slanted at an angle.

And are those old trees?

With that in mind, I looked closely and saw that it wasn't a tree.

“Look at this! It’s a giant mushroom!”

Hazel watched in amazement.

In this strange meadow in the labyrinth greenhouse, there were several mushrooms that were much larger than humans. It didn't look like any tree.

"Right. What kind of mushroom is this big?"

Iskanda approached.

That was then.

Something fell from the air. It was sticky like raindrops. The moment I touched my fingertips, I felt an unnatural sensation.

"Harm! It has a powerful paralyzing effect!"

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel quickly put on her shawl.

But there was no jaw with that.

Iskanda hurriedly pulled out the giant mushroom. Using it as an umbrella, he retreated with Hazel, avoiding the mysterious liquid.

I could understand why my friends chose the lunch box over the expedition.

It was way too bizarre.

It was best not to overdo it with civilians. If you accidentally destroy this greenhouse, then it will be really hard to hide your identity.

I couldn't help but just came out with Hazel.

"I am going to explore step by step in the future. It's a pity that we didn't get any results today."

"no. There are no results."

Hazel lifted her head and looked upwards.

There was one monster they brought out of the greenhouse.

Labyrinth Plant No. 3. giant mushroom.

It was just collected by accident.

The sticky raindrops with a powerful paralyzing effect did not wet the surface of the mushroom at all. just popped right out. Therefore, they were able to coexist there.

Iskanda dragged the mushroom and laid it on the ground. Hazel looked at it closely.

"Well... . . . I feel something. Maybe this will be useful."

"is it? After all, 'Gnome Egg' was also a mushroom."

Iskanda frowned.

The national project of cultivating bokryeong was proceeding smoothly. Perhaps this curious farmer will find another treasure.

“How is it? Would you like to do research and development?”

"Yes. want to do. But there is one problem.”

Hazel looked at the mushrooms and said.

“The research subject is too large. The kitchen is going to explode.”

“Then we can expand the kitchen.”

“There is no land.”

Iskanda paused.

That was a serious problem.

Studying labyrinth plants is a good thing. However, it is not possible to increase the land on the farm even a little more.

“I’ll have to find a way.”

“I would.”

As it was an unidentified mushroom, I had to be careful.

According to Hazel's sense, it didn't seem particularly harmful. But maybe there is something like gas that causes laughter.

So I decided to leave it outside overnight.

So today's expedition is over.

Just as she was about to part, Iskanda stopped suddenly.

"that... .. It's a lunch box... .."

Lewis was very proud. It was almost impossible to listen to.

"Ah! lunch box!"

Hazel exclaimed.

"Yes! Now that we have explored, we should eat a packed lunch!"

I hurried back to the farm.

The lunch box prepared during the day was as follows.

egg salad. fried beef. Cream cheese and vegetable sticks. bun. Peach Ice Tea.

The bun and iced tea remained. He quickly cut the vegetables and fried the beef to fill the table.

Iskanda first tasted the bread and admired it.

“I really hate raisins. But the raisins on the farm are delicious.”

“I bought these raisins. There are no vineyards here.”

weird? Is it tastier?

He gave up cooking reviews and just showed his true intentions.

“Anyway, this lunch box will be the same as what Sir Lewis ate, right?”

"Well... . . . no."

“What makes it different?”

“Louis likes the peaches in this iced tea so much that he always asks for more. So I gave it 1.5 times as much.”

Then Iscanda opened the syrup bottle and added more peaches. The glass was about to burst.

Then, for some reason, he had a shining expression on his face with a sense of victory.

Hazel thought.

Sir Valentine, you are still strange today.

The iced tea, which was so full that the peaches burst, had a very good effect on the mind and body.

The next day, Iskanda worked more energetically than usual. Then, in my spare time, I started searching through the thick <The Grand Palace of the Imperial Palace>.

code of laws? Who else are you trying to beat with the law?

The high-ranking officials exchanged glances with dismayed faces.

Anyone who has been burned by a fire is startled just by looking at the spark. Besides, His Majesty was a Grand Cavalier. He was ten times more afraid than the average emperor.

They eventually sneaked out of the main building of the Imperial Palace.

In fact, that was a real concern.

Iskanda didn't even care about the officials now.

How can you freely study giant mushrooms without expanding your kitchen?

I was just thinking about that.

When I thought about it, I felt like I had read something about 'a new study of the salon lady' in the Grand Law of the Imperial Palace.

So I looked it up and it was there.

Iskanda nodded her head.

“I have to tell you this.”

As the troubles were resolved, another good news came.

Instead of overseeing the whole country's legal affairs, the Duke of Hattenberg came in and said:

“Your Majesty, the investigation is complete.”

"okay?"

"Yes. Here is the list.”

Iskanda received it coldly.

I recently gave him a special order. It was a long story, but to sum it up in a nutshell:

Write down the names of all the wrongdoers.

The Minister of Justice, who is always burning with a lust for honor, has indeed thoroughly investigated.

"great. It was a lot of work.”

After a few words of congratulations, I went to my desk. I stopped trying to put the list down.

There were other documents on the desk. It was an announcement of an upcoming event.

Iskanda looked down at it.

By the way, that time has already come. Time went so fast.

This time, I can't do it like last time. You should do well.

He was troubled for a moment.

“... .. your Majesty? You should do it quickly. Information may leak.”

Hattenberg's voice came back to reality.

"right. Go and call the commander of the Imperial Palace guard.”

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

The servant ran out.

Soon after, the commander of the guard, who was called, came running. Iskanda handed him the list.

After a while, all the nobles on the list were summoned.

“Since when did everyone become so interested in cooking?”

Everyone's faces turned bewildered at His Majesty's question.

"Yes?"

“Since when did you become so interested in cooking that you opened your eyes and bought hundreds of years old balsamic vinegar? Dozens or hundreds of bottles each! Even if I cook for the rest of my life, I won't be able to use it all.”

The faces of the nobles turned pale.

The crime of money laundering by falsely recording balsamic vinegar, which is more expensive than gold, as regular vinegar has been revealed.

No one made excuses in the face of clear evidence. For the crime of falsely reporting the income of the estate, I suddenly vomited a fine that was several times as large. In addition, there were also accusations.

It was refreshing and refreshing to catch a tax thief like this.

"Oh My God! How did you find out about all that?"

"It's balsamic vinegar! I didn't even know such a thing existed!"

The words that came from all over the place made Iskanda even more happy. After looking at the schedule earlier, I was very proud of putting aside the worries that had weighed heavily on my chest for a while.

You can't even imagine where I got this information.

As he was walking happily, a sight suddenly appeared in his eyes.

let's stay

Iskanda went there quickly.

"No, what the hell... .."

"Thanks to you, I won the bid and made a huge profit, so I have to mark my surname. You said it is customary to give 10% off?"

Count Wagner offered Count Janssen a nice pocket watch.

"Oh my gosh, this is embarrassing!"

The two of them quarreled for a while as a courtesy, but suddenly felt a stinging gaze and turned their heads at the same time.

His Majesty the Emperor was watching right next to him.

"Ugh!"

The two jumped.

"your Majesty! This is just a thank you! It's customary! If something comes, something must go!"

"know."

Iskanda turned around.

got enlightenment.

Yes. I have to thank you too.

Just because they're fighting over the land, you shouldn't just skip it. The more you do it, the more you need to clean it up.

But what do you say in return?

I think you'll like the Bona Mana Cash the most. I didn't like the idea of handing cash.

He skimmed through the inventory of the Imperial Treasury's collection.

After a while, one thing caught my eye.

'Hoe: silver plated, pearls on the handle.'

A silver-plated hoe with a pearl-adorned handle?

This is it!

I don't know why such a thing is in the Imperial Palace Treasury. Anyway, this was a great gift in return. As you can see just by looking at <Romance Romance>, it's because Hazel gets distracted when it comes to farming.

great. Let's present this

Iskanda went straight to the Imperial Treasure Vault and came out with a pearl-decorated silver-plated hoe.

That was then.

"your Majesty! You were there!"

The servant ran

"What's going on?"

"A maid came from the Empress Dowager's palace!"

At the Empress Dowager Palace?

Iskanda was surprised.

His real mother, the Empress Dowager, became ill from suffering too much in the past and was confined to the palace for recuperation.

It was rare for a mother to send a maid. It was even more so at a time when government affairs were in full swing.

My heart was pounding.

no way... .. ?

He looked hastily at the maid standing behind the servant's back.

“What’s going on!”

“Nothing is happening, Your Majesty.”

The elderly maid quickly waved her hand.

“The Empress Dowager sent me to make a request to Your Majesty. That’s all.”

“Are you blue?”

“Isn't there a visit from the hero knights soon? Because of that.”

"Ah."

Iskanda shrugged.

Of course I knew it. It was the contents of the schedule that had been placed on the desk earlier.

Heroic knights will enter the capital within a fortnight. Thinking about it made my heart feel heavy again.

The maid said slowly.

“The Empress Dowager said this. 'Heroic knights are the guests of the imperial family. But last time, even though I prepared so hard, I couldn't treat them satisfactorily. It shouldn't happen again this time. So, what if His Majesty the Emperor and the Grand Duchess show their sincerity? The two of them make their body and mind reverent, and copy the <Book of Knights> letter by letter to make a decorative copy'.

“A decorative copy?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. The Empress Dowager earnestly requested this kind of information.”

The maid said so and looked at Iskanda's expression.

“Are you having a hard time?”

“No, not that... .”

Iskanda mumbled.

Making decorative manuscripts was one of the culture of the royal family.

Since ancient times, there has been a tradition that, when something happens in the country, the emperor or empress makes a decorative copy by hand and offers it to the altar. The Empress Dowager was asking for it now.

Last time, despite preparing so hard, the heroic knights could not be treated satisfactorily. For the second visit, this time, it would be impressive if the Emperor and the Grand Duchess directly copied the <Book of Knights> and gave it as a gift.

That was a good idea. There was only one thing that struck me.

To make decorative copies, they had to be diligently colored with paints that melted gold and silver jewels. The letters also had to be decorated beautifully.

Fortunately, <Book of Knights> is not very long. But even if two people do it in half, I don't know how many days it will take. During those few days, they cannot roam freely because they have to keep their piety.

There were rumors that Iskanda would shoot around the Imperial Palace from time to time. And there were rumors that Athena would go to the Empress Dowager's palace and look into it.

If you lock these two in a room... . . . Mothers get freedom.

Iskanda thought about that and flinched.

Maybe that's your intention? Are you trying to do something without us knowing?

The maid saw the Emperor's complexion changing every minute. So he said cautiously.

“You said that if you are busy, you can say no. Or is there something you are not sure about? Would you like to come to the Empress Dowager Palace and share the word in person?”

“Um, is that so? Maybe a little... . . .”

Iskanda stopped to turn around.

When he arrives, the quiet place becomes noisy again. The mother has to get up, walk the veil, and show respect to me.

I thought that such a formality was absurd and tried to abolish it. However, the Empress Dowager herself cut it with a single knife.

- Your Majesty is the highest in the Empire. You must set the law straight in front of everyone.

It's like getting up with the help of the handmaiden and giving manners! My heart couldn't have been more uncomfortable.

What's the intent? His suspicions! Do you even doubt your mother now?

Iskanda scolded herself.

Heroic knights are symbols of spirit. They are grateful people who gave strength even from afar when their hats suffered hardships due to the tyranny of the Emperor Seon-hwang in the past. So, my mother is also like this.

He looked at the maid.

“I just thought about it for a moment. Go and tell the Empress Dowager. I will do it as ordered.”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I will tell you that.”

The maid bowed and returned.

After her figure disappeared, Iskanda's face darkened.

For at least a few days, he was locked up in a pious little room, immobilized.

You should have been coloring books or coloring books at such a young age. Just thinking about it made my heart ache.

Most of all, you can't go out for a while.

"Well... .."

He looked down at the treasure chest he was holding in his hand.

I can't go tonight

Reluctantly, he took off the helmet from the knight armor displayed in the hallway. In the sweltering weather, I put on a steel helmet and went to the farm.

But there was no Hazel.

Where did you go?

I was puzzled for a while, then realized.

Ah! I'd go there.

Iskanda hurried to walk with the treasure chest.

Iskanda's guess was correct.

Hazel went straight to the labyrinth conservatory after finishing her farm work.

Mushrooms were laid there quietly yesterday. There was no such thing as gas.

I wanted to observe more closely with peace of mind, but it was difficult here. It was too dark because of the shade of the trees. My legs were numb as I tried to squat down on the floor to look at it.

Can I move this somewhere?

That was then.

There was the sound of branches breaking behind my back.

Hazel looked back.

A knight wearing a steel helmet and a black cloak stood tall.

If it was anyone else, 'It's a ghost!' and screamed. It looked so gloomy and old-fashioned.

But Hazel wasn't too surprised.

Because it's something you've seen before.

“Sir Valentine! Are you going on a business trip?”

"Business trip. It's a business trip... . . . .”

Is it the steel helmet? His voice sounded somewhat hoarse.

"Right. I might do that.”

He murmured and handed the box in his hand.

“In return for the last time I told you about balsamic vinegar.”

"Five!"

Hazel was taken by surprise.

“I think the investment went well. Congratulations, Sir Valentine. It's nice just to have helped increase your fortune, but you're even giving it back.”

“Would you like to open it?”

"may I?"

Hazel opened the box. I thought it was something like a porcelain doll. The content was beyond imagination.

Silver-plated pearl-embellished hoe.

I have never received such an absurd gift in my life.

Iskanda looked at Hazel's expression.

"Why? Isn't it great?"

"no! Could it be! The fact that it is on a hoe makes the silver and pearls shine even more!”

"right? I thought it would be useful because it can be used as an emergency fund if it is used as an agricultural tool and is still in use.”

"no. I don't think it can be used as a farm tool, but... . . . .”

Hazel was gratefully received.

“In return, I will treat you to a grand dinner tonight.”

Then he suddenly suffered. Even though it was beyond the helmet, the emotions were vividly conveyed.

Hazel asked.

“Why?”

“Actually, I have been very busy over the next few days.”

“Wow!”

“It's okay. In the meantime, Miss Mayfield will be very busy.”

“Why?”

“I found a solution here.”

He pulled out a piece of paper.

“If you don't have a space to study mushrooms, you can rent the Imperial Palace's kitchen.”

“The Imperial Kitchen?”

Hazel asked in surprise.

“Can I really borrow it? You don't think I'll lend it to you?”

“Not like that. After all, the farm is a salon, and Miss Mayfield isn't the salon's lady? The salon's job is to introduce a new culture. If you ask to borrow the Imperial Palace kitchen under that name, you will not be able to refuse. All you have to do is write an 'elegant presentation to introduce a new culture' at the end.”

"i See."

Hazel nodded, still surprised.

"Anyway, all we have to do is hold an elegant presentation at the end, right?"

"right. That's the key."

"Okay then! This has cleared up the problem. I was still worried about it."

"Good luck... . . ."

Hazel glanced at him.

It was weird too. Because of the helmet, the expression on his face could not be seen, but the tail of the horse was dragged and drooped.

"Is something wrong? You look depressed."

"no."

Iskanda quickly straightened her posture.

"It's just that I'm busy. I wanted to watch you study giant mushrooms."

"I can't help it. In any case, I will do my best to give it a good result."

"I will definitely go see you later."

he turned

Disappearing through the bushes did not come and go as usual. It seemed to be walking.

“Hmm... . . . .”

Hazel looked carefully at his back.

It seems like someone is being dragged somewhere.

Surely you didn't get caught helping me secretly, did you?

Just thinking about it made my heart flutter.

But that didn't seem to be the case.

Finally, he said that he would definitely go see it. He knew that once he spoke, he would keep it.

Also, I just became depressed because of overwork.

Hazel licked his tongue inwardly. On the one hand, he promised

I'd better keep the secret so that it doesn't get caught.

After examining Labyrinth Plant No. 3 lying on the floor again, I got out of it. I immediately went to the minister of the palace and talked about mushrooms.

“... . . So, you said you could rent the Imperial Palace kitchen?”

“How did you know that?”

“Someone I trust told me.”

Hazel's answer was arrogant to the Minister of the Interior.

Getting good information means that you are slowly starting to occupy an advantageous position in the life of the imperial palace.

"like! I'm in great support of Miss Hazel's dissection!"

"Yes... .. Yes? Can't you do that?"

“Let’s see.”

The minister of the palace was already looking into the ledger.

“The White Rose Labyrinth would be appropriate. Because there is a spacious kitchen. Not long ago, there was an event of noble officials there. A giant mushroom like this would be difficult to handle alone, but the chefs and kitchen servants there will help.”

"Good for you!"

Hazel was happy.

Everything worked out smoothly.

I must find the merits of this giant mushroom and repay it.

so I made up my mind

\* \* \* For

some time now, the chefs of the Imperial Palace have hated entering the palace.

“That girl cured a disease that doctors could not cure! Even through food!”

“I heard you never learned to cook properly? Where did you get that knowledge?”

“Better than a hundred cooks!”

Everywhere I went, I heard stories like that.

People were talking about something else, but when the chefs appeared, they turned the topic around as if they remembered it.

How long have you been like this?

A group of cooks entered the kitchen with astringent faces. But, isn't it that the colleagues who had already come are in danger of dying?

“Why? What's going on?”

“Did you not hear me?”

They shuddered and delivered the news. It was said that the farm girl had rented the kitchen of the White Rose Labyrinth for a while.

It was like a blue sky.

It was rare for a lady in a salon to rent a kitchen in an empty banquet hall. However, all of them were noble young girls of very high status. There was also a noble purpose in the public interest.

But how could a mere country girl set foot in the Imperial Palace kitchen?

After trying to cut bones, they entered the palace as chefs of the Imperial Palace. but she? Have you ever tried anything?

“I’ll see you, let’s see!”

“How long do I have to endure?”

The cooks all agreed and complained.

It was like a dam that had been pressed down for so long had burst.

\* \* \*

Baroness Fiorenti gulped down the ice water.

Lemon-colored blonde hair with dazzling white skin. She was such a gorgeous lady that she was ranked among the top ten in the Imperial Palace.

However, her competitor, the 'Three Second Grand Duchess', Miss La Marche, has become more and more beautiful to the point of being ecstatic for a while.

Cheeky cheeks and dazzling eyes. Smooth hands that deliberately show off without wearing lace gloves.

The secret is said to be rose water.

That's the rose water.

Where the recipe came from is written right under the label! No matter how much you want to be pretty, isn't it too thoughtless?

No matter how quiet you are, the list is already circulating around who is using the rose water.

Even a boycott would not be cool!

The Baroness Fiorenti gulped down the ice water again.

In fact, there were other reasons why her belly button was twisted.

The Baroness of Fiorenti was deeply associated with a certain upper. When Sang-sang wanted to get into the luxury business, she recommended a few products. Gloves soaked in perfume, pomades used by gentlemen, ebony hair combs, etc.

One of them was a hit.

It was the Amor rose water.

It was a net exhaustion business that saw a profit tens of times by adding colors and spices to the boiling water of rose petals. Thanks to the popularity of social circles, even among the general public, low-end products were sold like wings.

The owner of the top was very pleased.

It meant that in the future she would walk on a solid road.

However, it was only for a while that I was drenched in sweet dreams.

One day, the Amor rose water business suddenly collapsed.

André Delgado's scandal took his breath away at a time when sales were still bottoming out because of the new rose water.

Her eyes darkened.

Top owner, what did you have to say to that fearsome Abbas Mamon?

It was all the fault of that little girl.

Even if I didn't encourage the Viscount Berne to make rose water!

The Baroness Fiorenti hated Hazel too much.

You have ruined my business, so you must go out of business!

She prayed every day.

When the country girl was caught entering the forbidden area of the imperial palace, she thought her earnest prayers had finally worked.

but what

Far from being expelled, the country girl made a name for herself by treating the prince. Even at this reading meeting, where the pro-peasant-like topic came up with a displeased face, the words came out.

“I heard that this time, they rented the White Rose Labyrinth’s kitchen and did something. Did you hear that?”

"sure. Even if not, Gustav, the chef of my family, has been holding me since morning and appealing to me about this."

"Ah, I have heard stories from cooks I know. People who have been faithfully engaged in their vocation must suffer such humiliation! It is very heartbreaking."

"What will they do? The so-called pro-peasants are holding out. Many of the Holy Knights Commanders are also very good. Why is it getting more and more?"

"What do those who have only been to the battlefield know? You know that others are just and honest just like you. The more people with that kind of attitude, the easier it is to fall for the trick."

"that's right. It is the only way to recognize high-order numbers that differ only in high-order numbers."

Once the topic came up, everyone helped out one word at a time.

The Baroness Fiorenti looked around them.

"Wow! Looks like everyone was deploring it? Me too. We don't know what the little one does alone on the farm. But as long as we dare to reach out to the social world, we can't just stand by, can we?"

After gulping down a glass of ice water, she continued.

"Let's find out about it, my friend. If you think we should keep that country girl out of the social world, I'll turn the teaspoon you're holding upside down."

The ladies took a teaspoon. One, two, one after another.

all turned upside down

“At least the people gathered here agree.”

A twisted smile crossed the lips of the Baroness Fiorenti.

Hazel never dreamed that she had been targeted by the royal chefs and some of the socialites.

You may be hated and kicked out because of your success.

I couldn't even imagine that. My head was filled with only thoughts of giant mushrooms.

I can't work in the fields in the middle of the day when the sun is pouring. So I decided to investigate the labyrinth plant at that time. A great way to spend your day.

There was another good thing. that you will meet new people.

The chefs and kitchen maids of the Imperial Palace kitchen. Learn to use various cooking tools and dissect mushrooms.

How fun would that be?

Hazel left the farm in anticipation.

The White Rose Labyrinth was not the residence of the royal family, but was mainly used for banquets.

We entered the palace through the grassy front yard. The waitress waited and guided me.

After following the grand hall, passing the 'Mirror Room', 'Red Staircase', 'Palm Room', etc., the dining hall came out. Behind it was the kitchen of the White Rose Labyrinth.

The servant went inside.

“Ms. Mayfield, the owner of Marronnier Farm Salon, a salon in the palace, has arrived. As part of an effort to introduce a new culture to the Imperial Palace, it was decided to dissect and study the labyrinth plants collected this time here. We would be obliged for your cooperation.”

After speaking out loud, he left. Hazel looked around the kitchen.

It was for a banquet, so it was much larger than the royal palace of the queen.

Beneath the magnificent vaulted kitchen lined with arches, there was a counter large enough to be used as a bed for a whole family. Various pots, pots, and cooking utensils were piled up to the point of being unable to control them. Each pillar was full of expensive spice stalks.

It was a facility I really liked.

In the kitchen, about 10 royal chefs and five or six maids were busy roaming around.

Hazel greeted them with a wide open face.

"Hello. It's called Hazel. Best wishes for the next few days.”

“... ..”

There was no answer.

Did you not listen because you were busy?

“It’s Hazel. I wish you all the best in the next few days.”

once again said out loud.

“... ..”

But still no one responded.

Is it the atmosphere where you don't say hello in the first place?

Hazel shrugged. I asked the kitchen maid who was wiping the cutting board with a cloth right in front of me.

“Didn't you bring labyrinth plants here this morning? It's a mushroom... ..”

The maid didn't even finish talking, but the maid sprinted over there.

Hazel was perplexed. I asked another maid next to me, and she answered with a frown on her face.

“I don't know.”

A cold wind blew out.

I wonder if that mushroom is the size of a pea, enough that two people can use it as an umbrella? Can't you see it?

I turned my head and saw a huge thing right there. Not even a few steps away from where the maids had just passed.

Hazel went there.

When I lifted the cloth, it was indeed the giant mushroom.

“Would you mind moving this to the kitchen table with me?”

“... ..”

“Shall we move these mushrooms together?”

“... ..”

Not everyone pretended to hear. It was strange at this point.

He must have been determined and ignoring Hazel. It was both embarrassing and bewildering.

I know you're talking about pro-peasants.

However, this was strictly according to the system of the Imperial Palace. The servant formally asked for cooperation.

Why are you doing this?

Hazel looked at the imperial cook and the servants and maids with astonishment.

That was then.

The entrance to the kitchen was bustling. Ladies in gorgeous dresses rushed in.

Hazel was surprised.

"What's going on?"

The bright blonde lady standing in the front answered.

"I came as an observer. We each run our own salon. I want to learn from her about a new culture."

Hazel looked at her with a sullen face.

It was an open tone that treated him like a blue child. Ladies in the same salon do not do this.

It was clearly there for a bad purpose.

That prediction was not wrong.

"Shall we move some mushrooms together?"

"... .."

The ladies gasped at the kitchen servants and maids ignoring Hazel.

"I can't even call a person below me straight!"

"Is this the new culture you spoke of?"

"Are all your salons like this?"

It was pouring out as if it had come from a lot of tantrums. Hazel groaned.

“There is a person holding a silver tray, a person holding a broomstick, and a person washing their hands on a dishcloth! Can you help me move these mushrooms to the counter?”

When I picked them up and named them one by one, they couldn't pretend they didn't know any more.

'When something dangerous happens on the street at night, it is easy for everyone to become a bystander, so make sure to specifically nominate a few passers-by and ask them to help.'

You can only move the servants by using this kind of crisis response method! Does this make sense?

Besides, it didn't end there. The three servants moved slowly with very reluctant faces.

"no. hold me here You two have to go over there.”

I wrestled with them for a long time, who came out uncooperatively. I just managed to put the giant mushroom on the countertop.

"Phew... . . . .”

Hazel wiped the sweat from her forehead.

That was then.

The entrance was bustling once again. Another guest rushed in.

They were the royal chefs in hats with golden badges.

In front of him was an elderly chef with white hair. The ladies bowed their knees slightly and bowed.

“Meister Henkel, what are you doing?”

“I came here once because an aristocratic antelope rented the kitchen of the White Rose Labyrinth to do something.”

He glanced at Hazel.

His sharp, sharp gaze seemed to dissect his entire body. He frowned and opened his mouth before Hazel could say anything.

“You haven’t done anything yet!”

“no. I don't do anything. I put the mushrooms on the counter. It took me an hour to find this mushroom that no one had ever seen because it was so small and put it here. How cooperative you are!”

Hazel couldn't stand it and sarcastically.

It was useless. It's all in one piece anyway.

just as expected.

“No, Master. Because this is unfamiliar to us. It seems that I was not able to move as quickly as this lady requested.”

“Hmm. That's right. Because you are not the servants she always serves.”

“We never had a servant in our house.”

Hazel's words were ignored.

“Once the preparation process is over, would you like to try something? There are so many spectators, what do I have to show you?”

"Yes... .."

Hazel looked around. But the sword was nowhere to be seen.

“Where is the knife?”

No one answered.

He looked around with a stinging gaze. I managed to find a cupboard where I kept my kitchen knives, but I didn't find a suitable knife.

“Where is the big sword? Chef with a hat over there, haven't you seen the big square kitchen knife?”

“This is how the day will go!”

One of the royal palace chefs shouted.

“Master! If you see one, you know the heat, there is nothing more to observe.”

"Hmm!"

Meister Henkel turned around. The royal palace chefs shook their heads and left.

okay. bye.

Hazel looked at them bitterly.

At that moment, the bearded chef who was following from behind stopped. I glanced back and squinted my eyes.

what?

Unlike the other chefs, he didn't seem malicious. "Wait." and followed quickly.

I went out into the hallway and looked around. He beckoned, hiding in the shade of the corner.

"My name is Giorgio, the chef of the 'Laurel Hall' that knights frequent. Lady, do you need this?"

Saying so, he sneaked something out of his apron.

It was a large square kitchen knife. Hazel frowned.

"that's right! This is it!"

"Hiding a knife is a very classic technique. I thought it would be like this."

Chef Giorgio said: He looked like he knew something.

"People are harassing me right now, right?"

"sure. It is very disrespectful and cowardly torturing them."

"why? I should have greeted the culinary god at the entrance and came in, but for not doing that, did I get cursed as a group? Otherwise, I can't understand."

"It's a bit complicated."

Giorgio told the story.

Treating Prince Rowan's illness with food and kicking out Chef Donald has twisted the cooks' stomachs. Moreover, as rose water became popular, there were ladies who did not like it. This incident brought the two forces together.

Hearing this, Hazel was astonished.

“I wonder if there is such a background behind it! That's too much! I'm completely in possession of the Sainte's house!”

“I think so. But how many things between people are logical? It's all just an emotional matter. The more you do that, the more you have to work hard and do well. I can't help you any more, but... .”

"no! no!"

Hazel waved her hand.

“Giorgio-san is also the chef of the Imperial Palace, so it would be difficult to enter. Thank you for helping me this much.”

"actually... .”

Giorgio said with a humble face.

“I can't say that I have no selfishness at all. If you get a chance, let me know just a few more country dishes. How to make ginger beer... . You don't know how much our knights like it if we only offer something similar to country cuisine.”

"I see. Do not worry. I will let you know after I finish this job well.”

"thank you!"

We said goodbye and parted ways with Giorgio.

I was embarrassed when I didn't know why people did that. When I found out why, I was angry.

I will never support

Fighting spirit flared up.

Hazel returned to the kitchen with a large square kitchen knife. The wrestling started again.

“Would you mind grabbing the mushroom body here? no. We need three. don't go there  
Could you please keep me out?”

The royal chefs and kitchen servants still came out very uncooperative. Ladies and gentlemen, who were spectators, continued to scold.

In the end, the time ran out without even trying to cut the mushrooms in earnest. Hazel packed up her tools and left.

"I feel tired... ..”

I lost all my energy from the stress of people. It was time to return in a hurry to return to the farm and take a break.

Who was standing at the entrance to the farm? He was standing outside the fence and snooping inside. It was a woman wearing a straw hat.

"who are you?"

The woman looked back in surprise.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’m also interested in farming... .”

huh?

Hazel doubted her ears.

Are you interested in farming?

It only takes a few seconds for a person to judge a person. Most of the information is grasped in a very short time when first confronted.

The woman's straw hat was large enough to cover her neck in the hot summer sun. The apron was made of a stiff material that did not absorb dirt easily.

Worn-out boots were visible under the loose, comfortable overalls skirt. On the inside of his neck, it looked like he had a handkerchief wrapped around him to wipe off sweat.

Hazel's eyes widened.

A real farmer! You'll find a real farmer like this inside the Imperial Palace!

I couldn't believe it.

"welcome! Welcome! Come in now!"

He took the lead and opened the bar of the fence wide open. He laid out a red carpet and wanted to get him inside.

“Then let’s take a look... .”

The wife was greeted like a storm and crept in.

A cool breeze blew in the evening. The green and fresh crops in the garden waved gently.

The woman looked at the scene for a moment. Then he moved his gaze slowly.

A small farmhouse beyond the front yard where wild flowers are in full bloom. A small side yard lush with various herbs. A cow with shiny hair. Chubby heavy chickens and a chick roaming around in the chicken coop.

“What a lovely farm!”

The wife admired in a voice full of sincerity.

“It’s amazing. There was nothing here just a few months ago! On tomatoes, on eggplant, on zucchini... ..”

Hazel's eyes widened.

“You know all these things! That's amazing! It's the first time I've seen someone like this. People here just say, 'The blue thing is grass.' That's the level.”

"okay. It will.”

The woman smiled and looked around the farm again. Then his gaze rested on the tomato.

Even in the hot summer, the tomatoes, which had plenty of moisture, were firm as if they were about to burst. Most were still fresh, but some of the dogs were starting to turn orange.

Tomatoes are best harvested early. Pick it when it starts to turn red and cook it until it turns red through the post-ripening process. If you pick it early, you can prevent damage from pests and diseases.

Hazel grinned at that thought.

The fact that the woman's gaze could not leave the tomato seemed to be firmly possessed by that coveted fruit.

So I slowly spoke up.

“Shall we pick just a few pills now?”

"Oh my goodness! may I?"

Again, the wife was overjoyed.

Hazel quickly brought two baskets.

He sifted through the lush leaves and picked the fruit. He found a tomato with a light orange color and held it gently like a baby. Then, press the stem with your finger and pluck it.

“It is important to leave the faucet like this... ..”

Having said that, I glanced at her, and she was already doing it perfectly.

Well, he was a real farmer.

Hazel smiled slyly.

The wife plucked the tomatoes one by one with admiration.

“Maybe it all worked out like this? I have never seen such a pretty and coveted tomato. Shapes and colors! You can draw a picture like this and put it in your textbook!”

“Thank you, madam. It’s rewarding to work hard.”

We had such a pleasant conversation and picked about twenty tomatoes. Then I grabbed my basket and headed home.

The wife did not enter directly in front of the farmhouse, but looked at the view. He smiled, pointing to the wild rose vines that climbed up the wall.

“By next year, there will be roses under the roof.”

"that's right. I wanted to see it right away, so I transplanted it here.”

“You did very well. If it’s a country house, it should have flower vines under the roof like that.”

“You know it very well!”

Hazel happily pointed to the side of the door. The wife immediately exclaimed.

"Oh my goodness! A flowerpot using a broken water jar! A country house must have something like this!”

"Yes? I worked hard on it!”

Hazel was excited and led his wife into the house.

The woman stood tall at the threshold. A blush blushed across his face under the straw hat.

"Oh my gosh... ..!"

He seemed to like the scenery inside the house.

Glittering firewood oven. A cupboard with bowls of various shapes and colors arranged densely. Various condiment bottles neatly arranged within reach. All kinds of various cooking utensils hanging on the white wall. A dining table with live wood grain. Country bread on a chopping board.

The woman's gaze stopped at one place, looking around at it all. She pointed to it with a bright face.

"That curtain! Exactly what I remember!"

Checkered curtains swayed gently in the wind on either side of the lattice window frame. The so-called 'national curtain', it was a red checkered curtain that every simple house had.

Hazel quickly turned on the small lamp by the window. All other lamps in the house were turned on. And put the tomato basket on the table.

"Would you like a taste?"

"may I?"

The woman's face turned red again under the straw hat.

There was only one tomato ripe enough to eat.

One of the best ways to enjoy the taste and aroma of freshly picked tomatoes from the field is to eat them with country bread.

Hazel sliced the bread baked yesterday. Take the garlic and cut it in half. Garlic was rubbed on the lightly toasted bread so that the outside was crispy, and the juice was soaked in. Chopped tomatoes mixed with olive oil and herb seasoning were served with bread.

I put a lot of tomatoes on the country bread and took a bite.

Tomatoes freshly picked from the field were full of fresh juice. It wasn't soft yet firm, but it wasn't hard at all. It was sweet and sour, so it saved my taste buds from being tired in midsummer at once.

It was crispy, chewy, and plentiful on top of the savory country bread, and it was like no other feast.

The garlic juice soaked into the bread in moderation without being offensive did a great job. It made this simple dish colorful and rich in flavor.

“Maybe this is delicious?”

The wife ate several pieces in succession with admiration.

Hazel was the happiest when the guests ate it so deliciously. Anything tasted two or three times tastier.

One tomato quickly disappeared.

To his wife, who seemed to be regretful, Hazel said quickly.

“There is even spinach!”

I still have some spinach left over from the first harvest on the farm. Steamed once and stored in the refrigerator.

It couldn't be as delicious as freshly harvested. Still, it was good enough to use in cooking.

Hazel lightly blanched the spinach. Boil water in another pot and crack the eggs to make a poached egg. Poached eggs are placed on top of lightly seasoned spinach so as not to spoil the taste. Sprinkle with parsley to make it more palatable.

“It's such a simple yet great dish!”

The wife cut the egg with a fork while praising. The soft, plump egg cracked, and the bright yellow yolk was dripping out. Roll the spinach around a fork, dip it in the egg yolk and put it in your mouth.

The spinach from the farm, which has been raised with great care throughout the spring, was tender and had a wonderful taste. Even though it was barely seasoned, the salty taste of the yolk made a great seasoning.

The wife was truly amazed.

“It tastes so good!”

"Here you go. Please eat more."

Hazel served another plate of spinach poached eggs. Sliced country bread and put plenty of butter on the plate. The woman's eyes lit up.

“Homemade farm butter?”

"Sure!"

The wife scooped up a lot of butter with a spoon and tasted it.

“What a rich taste! No other high-quality butter in the world can match butter from a farm made by rolling off the cream.”

"sure! sure! I think so. Butter is very important. That's why we brought in the stirrer as a very good thing early on."

Hazel flashed the stirrer at his fingertips and showed it to him.

Seeing the appearance of the sturdy stirrer, the wife really liked it.

"Can I touch it?"

"sure! You can touch it!"

The two put the butter stirrer in front of them and talked for a long time.

how much time has passed

The bells of the temple rang in the distance.

"Oh my gosh!"

The woman jumped up in surprise.

"I can't believe it's already 9 o'clock! sorry. I was only going to take a look, but it took too much time."

"Oh! no!"

Hazel shook her head and expressed that she wasn't with her whole body.

"Thank you so much for coming. It was a really fun time. It was really hard today, but I think I got a surprise gift."

He said so without thinking.

At that moment, the woman's face under the straw hat hardened slightly. Unknown color eyes glared at Hazel's face.

“I heard about what you did in the Imperial Palace kitchen. Was it that hard?”

“Oh, rather than... .”

Hazel was about to pretend. I didn't want to tell such a miserable story to such a precious and good guest.

But she seemed to have noticed something already.

“No matter how hard and difficult the work was, I wouldn't have gotten so tired. It's a people problem. People weren't listening. What was it? To keep an eye on His Majesty the Emperor?”

“It's not... .”

In front of his wife's sharp question, Hazel couldn't lie. So it was briefly explained. How his two successes offended the chefs and ladies of society.

The woman's expression changed when she heard the story. It was a face that felt very sorry for their actions and made them uncomfortable.

But she soon corrected her expression.

“Did you treat them kindly and tenderly in the first place?”

“Yes. I like cooks. Kitchen servants too. I don't know your lady... .”

“Not everyone returns a favor with a favor. It's heartbreaking. A kind heart is reserved for kind people. I didn't know that when I was young. Look them in the eye and tell them exactly. I don't have to say it. Just give me a hint. 'If you don't listen to me, you'll be in a lot of trouble.' Just that is enough.”

Hazel listened with her mouth open.

I felt intimidated by the way she gave me advice. It could not even be compared with the ladies who came to observe during the day. She was a true lady full of dignity.

Save your kind heart for kind people.

It was the word of truth. As my suffocating heart cooled, my mind seemed to clear.

“Don't lose your courage.”

After giving her one last encouragement, she left.

Hazel stood by the doorway to see off. I looked at her back as she disappeared across the garden in the dark for a long time.

My heart overflowed with gratitude.

I just came back from exhaustion. Thanks to the mysterious wife who suddenly appeared, the fatigue of the day was blown away.

Hazel fully recovered her energy. At the same time, I was skeptical.

A real farmer who loves farming suddenly appears in the middle of the Imperial Palace?

A few months have passed since the Marronnier Farm was established. A lady with access to the Imperial Palace would have come to see her sooner.

front and back don't match

The mystery that suddenly appeared. indescribable elegance. That attitude, as if he didn't want to show his face in detail.

The answer is one.

It's a farm fairy!

Hazel made that decision and turned around. I returned home and sat down at the table.

Anyway, what the fairy said was right.

everything is a fight Such people are weak to the strong and strong to the weak.

Hazel knew it too. He endured because he wanted to work harmoniously and have a good life.

But it seemed they had no intention of doing so.

If so, there was nothing I could do.

next day.

Hazel went to the White Rose Labyrinth's kitchen just in time.

"Hello."

Also, no one responded.

I didn't even expect it anyway. Hazel started working right away.

A giant mushroom was placed on the countertop. It was covered with a huge cloth to keep it from drying out.

I wondered why these uncooperative people had covered the mushrooms, but I soon found out why.

Several cooks were chatting over the counter. While holding the cloth tightly with your hand. No matter how much Hazel pulled him, he didn't move.

It was deliberately covered up to do this.

There are so many different ways to terrify.

Hazel listened to their chatter for a moment. Among them, I was able to find out the name of the chef whose forehead was exceptionally wide.

“... ..”

They glanced at this side as they stared silently. eyes met.

Hazel opened her mouth, looking straight into the eyes of the wide-brown chef.

“Fritz, get out of the way.”

Chef Fritz flinched.

Did I give that country girl her name?

Of course not.

Still, when I called out my name correctly and spoke in a strong tone, I was instantly depressed.

The chefs' chatter ceased.

Once the first button was put on well.

Hazel thought.

The farm fairy told me to give you a hint. 'If you don't listen to me, you'll be in a lot of trouble.'

What does it mean to be in trouble? that was embarrassing But the fairy said there was no need for words.

So Hazel just imagined it from her point of view. Suddenly caught by the country, or hit by a tax bomb. While imagining that, I looked straight into the faces of the cooks.

It worked.

“Oh, no. I can give you some directions.”

Chef Fritz mumbled and lifted his hand. It's like he did it on purpose to feed himself, but he didn't.

The other cooks mumbled the same way and straightened their posture.

done!

It was time to move on to the next step.

After thinking all night long, Hazel came to a conclusion.

In order not to be underestimated, I had to follow two iron rules.

first. Their strength comes from the fact that everyone is united and united. So don't give it time to gather.

“By the way, Fritz-san, aren't you pro-peasant?”

"what?"

“I think I saw them smuggling farm equipment.”

Hazel said nothing and pushed the mushroom away.

The cooks were startled when a giant labyrinth mushroom suddenly attacked them. “Ugh!” He screamed and grabbed him.

okay. right.

Hazel smiled of conversion.

second rule. Always have a weapon in your hand.

A large square kitchen knife was already in my hand. Hazel whirled the dreadful kitchen knife and slashed the bottom of the mushroom.

“It's holding up well.”

The three royal palace chefs who accidentally caught the mushrooms were bewildered.  
Why am I doing this?

The kitchen servants were even more perplexed.

"Gosh! Chef! Please!"

He hurriedly came forward and grabbed a mushroom instead of them.

I thought so.

If you make your superiors do chores and do errands, your subordinates will be shaken. It makes you restless as if you are on top of a hot pot.

Those who have worked in an organized society know the psychology. Although Rochelle's bank was really fed up. Anything you do will help.

Hazel smiled brightly.

"Come on, hold on tight."

Mushroom dissection began in earnest.

The kitchen knife that Giorgio secretly handed over to the Knights Templar restaurant was a very good piece of luxury.

I succeeded in cutting the root of the mushroom with a sharp knife. A huge mushroom root fell to the floor.

"done!"

Hazel looked into the cut.

The inside of the mushroom was white. The organization was densely packed. I grabbed the stem with my elbow and tried to cut off a part of it.

But the knife didn't work.

Need another tool?

Hazel turned and looked around the kitchen. The Imperial Chefs frowned.

“Don't touch it. Not a single small knife was laid out haphazardly. Everything has its place according to the traditions of the kitchen and the customs of our imperial chefs.”

"is that so? People here don't keep my position. Things are better than people!"

Hazel continued looking back in response.

When I opened the cupboard, there were only various seasonings. In the Imperial Palace kitchen, the same salt and pepper shakers were used as at home. After watching for a while, I thought about it.

The roots could be easily cut, so why not the body?

It reminded me of the time I collected these mushrooms with Sir Valentine.

An unidentified labyrinth plant dropped sticky raindrops from the air. However, the raindrops, which were said to have a strong anesthetic effect, had no effect. It just bounced off the surface.

Waterproof!

Hazel hurried back to the counter.

I carefully compared the flesh and surface of the labyrinth mushroom again.

I couldn't tell with the naked eye. However, it could be assumed that some kind of shell was attached very tightly.

"okay. That's it."

Hazel walked towards the blazing fire pits from one wall. I took out a thin wood stick from one place.

The kitchen people were amazed.

"What are you doing now?"

"Did you really send me to do something like that?"

He was stunned, but he just stood still with his arms crossed.

The reason was obvious. Then, you can either run a fire or burn your hand and say, "Oh! hot!" and throw it and cause a major accident. His eyes were anticipating such cases.

Hazel couldn't have known that.

He handled the fire more carefully than usual. With a skillful skill, I took a firewood and lightly grilled the outside of the labyrinth mushroom.

The part touched by fire swelled up.

There was indeed a thin shell.

right!

Turned around and baked. Then, when I opened it by hand, the skin was peeled off.

But then I ran into another problem.

Even after peeling it, it was still very chewy. The organization was so full that I couldn't do anything about it.

What do we do?

Hazel thought.

That was then.

The sound of heels echoed in the spacious kitchen. Today, as always, observers appeared.

The ladies knew Hazel was having a hard time and came very leisurely. But unexpectedly, progress had been made, such as cutting the root of the mushroom and peeling it.

The ladies looked at the cook and the male and female servants in the kitchen with puzzled faces.

“Why did you leave me alone?”

Instead of answering, the people in the kitchen shook their heads.

What else did you do?

The ladies' faces turned pale.

“What a lesson worth learning!”

The Baroness Fiorenti took the lead and sarcastically.

“But we don’t have the confidence to do that. Holding firewood and setting it up like a male servant! Are you saying that the young lady is also the daughter of the author?”

“It’s amazing. His attitude was so rude that I thought he didn’t know.”

Hazel countered.

The receptionist who was passing through the hallway glanced at him as if he heard a loud noise. When a third person appeared, they immediately shut their mouths.

The servant said to Hazel.

“It should be finished soon.”

it went fine Hazel caught the attendant as he headed out into the hallway. He pointed to the mushrooms on the counter and said.

"look. It's all peeled off."

“Is that so?”

The servant was puzzled, but just responded in moderation. He seemed to think that it was the words and actions of an ignorant noble lady.

But puck!

Hazel gave a meaningful glance to the ladies and the kitchen people.

Progress has been made today. This guide saw clearly how far he had gone.

Tomorrow he will lead you all the way here. If anything happens to this mushroom while he's away, he can be a witness.

So don't touch

sent such a hint.

Everyone's faces turned pale. seemed to understand

Hazel left the White Rose Labyrinth's kitchen.

"Phew... . . ."

A sigh came out.

There were achievements.

But every second was a war. I had to roll my head no matter what I did. I had to get stinging eyes all over my body.

Anyway, it was meant to be done.

But that didn't mean it wasn't difficult.

Hazel returned to the tattered farm. I wanted to go back to a quiet place and find peace of mind.

But it was almost over.

Who was standing outside the fence? A back view was seen wearing a straw hat and a work skirt.

I stared blankly in surprise.

I blinked my eyes. I pinched my cheeks too.

She looked back as if she felt a presence.

“Are you coming now?”

He smiled and greeted me warmly.

It's real!

Hazel jumped with joy.

"Oh my gosh! I didn't know you'd be here today! Have you been waiting long?"

"no. I just came."

I quickly went inside with my wife.

Perhaps it was hard to contain her curiosity, she asked as soon as she entered the house.

"How was it today?"

"Wait. first... .?"

Hazel opened the cupboard and took out the bread.

I put the tomatoes I picked yesterday in a warm place and one of them is ripe enough to eat.

Just like yesterday, I put plenty of fresh tomatoes on country bread soaked in garlic juice. Then, I made a salad by mixing spinach with walnuts and white cheese.

The woman's face brightened.

“Sheep’s milk cheese!”

“How did you know it was sheep’s milk?”

“You can see it just by looking at it. How delicious is this homemade sheep’s milk cheese made in the farmhouse’s way.”

"sure!"

Hazel was excited.

It's great to have real farmer friends.

It was simple and simple, and it was delicious. And he told me one by one what happened in the kitchen of the White Rose Labyrinth today.

Obviously, it wasn't a pleasant experience.

But good things happened when I confessed in front of like-minded friends.

Just as if you dig the roots of wild jackberry and leave it at room temperature, the bitter taste disappears and only the sweet and sour taste is left.

“... .. You said you were really rude and rude, and your face turned blue, didn't you?”

“Very good.”

The two looked at each other and burst into laughter.

Under the straw hat, a benevolent and benevolent smile appeared on the woman's face. Seeing that, Hazel felt her heart flutter.

Hazel didn't know her mother's face. Both of my parents died when I was still a baby.

But if your mother were still alive, wouldn't she make that kind of expression on her face?

As he thought about it, a warm smile appeared on Hazel's face.

The mysterious lady woke up having a good time.

“It's already time to go.”

Hazel followed him to the door.

“Take a look.”

He waved his hand and said goodbye.

After his wife's figure disappeared into the darkness, Hazel hurriedly ran into the house.

I took my bag out from under the bed. He almost threw away all the rubbish and pulled out the children's book at the bottom. quickly unfolded.

After looking through the book, I found out.

"Oh, I see!"

The fairy's visit might not be a one-time thing.

While the woodcutter was being harassed by the evil lord, the fairies came to help every day. When the lord was captured by the dragon and everything was resolved, he finally revealed his identity and said goodbye.

As long as the ordeal continues, the fairies will continue to come to help. Only when the ordeal is over, it fulfills its role and disappears.

"no wonder... ."

Hazel closed the book.

The fairy is helping me!

confidence soared.

I'll do my best tomorrow too!

\* \* \*

"Cute thing!"

The Baroness Fiorenti returned home full of drugs. He was so angry that he didn't even know that a black carriage was standing in the corner of the yard.

“Hey, madam... . . . .”

"Why!"

I screamed at the servant and realized it too late.

A man stood over the back of the drowsy servant. He was a middle-aged nobleman with red hair and an angled chin.

The baroness dropped the debt.

Sir Wolfhound.

A hidden big hand at the top of Mamon run by Abbas Mamon.

Her face turned blue.

"ma'am."

The Wolfhound said in a heavy voice.

“Do you have anything to say to us?”

“That, that... . . . .”

The impetuous Baroness Fiorenti trembled like a deer in front of a wolf.

“What the hell happened! He insisted on investing in the rose water business with such confidence! Do you know how much money this has cost you?”

“But not long ago, it was a big profit! If that hazel or somethin' bitch hadn't ruined our business!”

“So, have you paid for it?”

“I will take it!”

"Hmm."

The Wolfhound looked completely unbelievable.

“If I succeed, I will tell the superiors well. But how difficult does it look?”

He left those words and left.

Baroness Fiorenti bit her lip. He picked up the vase and threw it against the wall.

Clink!

The vase was shattered.

Not a single one was released. She jumped up and went back to the palace.

Whatever worked, the ladies who had gathered during the day were all out there.

“I know from experience! The young ones are so ferocious and reckless!”

They looked at the palace chefs with a hint of criticism.

“Reflect everyone! Instead of giving him a goosebumps, he was swung around like crazy!”

The Baroness Fiorenti immediately joined in and urged them.

“He promised that he would set the trampled authority right! what is this? I can't properly kick out a country girl like that!”

“Madam, calm down. Isn't it over yet?”

The cooks whispered in secret.

“It's a way to go out of your way without knowing the subject and end up stumbling on my feet.”

"that's right. Let's get rid of it by giving you a lot of shame."

“There must be a better way.”

They talked head to head.

\* \* \* The

next day.

Hazel proudly went to the White Rose Labyrinth.

“I’m going to finish it today, and I’m going to finish the presentation, so please prepare.”

The servant widened his eyes and answered.

"all right."

Hazel entered the kitchen with that momentum.

As soon as I stood in front of the kitchen table, the observers came in.

like that or not.

Hazel picked up today's weapon without even paying attention. It was a thick wooden bat.

With it, I pounded the mushrooms with all my might.

puck! puck! puck!

A crackling sound rang out. They all looked at each other with sullen faces.

I patted my palm to sweat, then looked at it. It was a success. Juice was seeping through the tight tissue, and the grain was visible.

Hazel put down the bat for a moment. I tore it apart by hand along the exposed grain.

I didn't know how ferocious the skill of making fun of his hands was. For that moment, everyone watched as if possessed. Forgetting what the current situation was, his gaze moved to follow Hazel's hand.

"That's Okay."

Hazel tore off a piece.

“Once you taste it, you know. What effect will this have?”

I carefully put the piece of labyrinth mushroom into my mouth.

I was surprised at that moment.

Well?

Everyone looked at Hazel.

Rumors had already circulated once when the Moonblindness incident happened.

The owner of this small farm said he had tried almost every herb in nature at least once. He said that he has a mysterious talent to know the effect just by tasting it because the classifications are piled up in his head.

Does that mean it's true?

The ladies who came to observe were skeptical and asked.

“Did you discover any special effects?”

“I made a great discovery. This mushroom... ..”

Hazel shut her mouth to answer.

“I can't speak.”

“The observer asks, but you don’t answer?”

“Because that is the rule. Since you rented the Imperial Palace kitchen, you have to hold an 'elegant presentation introducing a new culture', right? If you have any questions, ask them there.”

They were at a loss for words at the blunt answer.

Hazel went on to dismantle the Labyrinth Mushroom.

The male and female servants in the kitchen, who continued to be uncooperative, ripped off the mushroom's body. The umbrella-shaped cap smelled bad, so I decided to discard it.

dismantling is over

Hazel divided the mushroom pieces into a bowl. Then I went to the cupboard I had opened the day before.

I kept a close eye on what was there, so I didn't need anyone's help.

I quickly found a can of salt. Except for those to be sent as specimens, the rest of the mushrooms were lightly sprinkled.

At that moment, the ladies and the kitchen people exchanged glances. It was a meaningful look.

"It's all done."

Hazel went outside and called the attendant.

“Are you ready for the presentation?”

“Yes, yes.”

Everything went smoothly.

After a while, a presentation was held in the garden of the White Rose Labyrinth.

The rumors didn't spread because it happened so quickly. Only people who had just happened to wander around this banquet palace gathered in curiosity.

It didn't matter who

In front of them, Hazel announced.

“Through exploring the labyrinth greenhouse, we were able to collect the third labyrinth plant, the giant mushroom. What you're seeing now is the dismantled pieces of that mushroom. According to our research as a lady in the salon, we made a great discovery. To my surprise, this mushroom... .”

Everyone paid attention and listened.

“These mushrooms are very tasty.”

Hazel said.

A moment of silence passed.

One of the spectators asked a gentleman with a pair of eyeglasses.

“Any other benefits?”

“There is not. It's just very tasty.”

“Are there any special nutrients?”

"no. It's just very tasty.”

At that time, the servants brought what I had asked for in advance.

Firewood was burning vigorously in a large, round pot. A grill was placed on it.

Hazel put mushroom pieces on the grill. The mushrooms soon sizzled and ripened.

The first ripe piece was blown out and put into the mouth.

Also, the prediction was correct.

Originally, it was a tough and tangy piece that was difficult to cut with a knife and had to be ripped off along the grain.

But when baked, it softened. The outside melted like elastic cheese.

The taste was similar to cheese. However, it was much sweeter and more savory. Lightly sprinkled with salt, the unique aroma and taste of the mushrooms were enhanced.

There was nothing more to say.

“I will prove it to you. Oh, do it.”

Hazel put pieces of mushrooms in the mouths of those who came to see them.

People accidentally chewed it. Then his eyes widened. You both raised your thumbs.

“Really delicious!”

"Yes?"

Hazel nodded.

“There are no special effects or novel nutrients in these mushrooms. But it's very tasty. It's a great plant in its own right. Delicious things make people happy. We made a great discovery in the Labyrinth Greenhouse.”

"okay. right."

People shook their heads.

It sounded plausible to me to be chewing on these amazingly flavored pieces of mushrooms that are crispy on the outside and chewy on the inside.

“Great! great! But don't you think something's missing?”

The white-haired general took out a small wine bottle.

It was a very good idea. Those who had portable wine bottles took them out all the way.

Smoke billowed from the pot with the firewood. The smell of grilling sizzling mushrooms vibrated. In the midst of this, a drinking party took place.

The ladies who applied to attend this labyrinth plant research were astounded.

Maybe it's just like this, you can only do what you want to do!

Baroness Fiorenti exclaimed in embarrassment.

“Didn’t you clearly say that you were holding an ‘elegant presentation to introduce a new culture’?”

"That's Okay. How about anyone?"

“Let’s just have fun.”

The Imperial Palace cooks lowered their voices and whispered.

“Anyway, didn’t it go as we planned? Now we have to move slowly.”

That was it.

"okay. You are finished."

The Baroness Fiorenti smiled in conversion.

\* \* \* The

presentation ended successfully like this.

Hazel left the White Rose Labyrinth with an empty mind.

There were many difficulties, but in the end, the beauty of Yujong was achieved. I was just about to enter the farm with a proud heart, but it came to a sudden stop.

I saw the back of the woman wearing a straw hat.

Oh, today is the last day.

Suddenly, the tears in my eyes started to heat up.

I already have a lot of affection for the fairy of agriculture. The thought of revealing his identity and disappearing now made me saddened.

Then, she looked back. I was surprised to see Hazel's face.

"Oh my goodness! Are you okay?"

"Oh, no."

Hazel quickly opened her face.

If possible, let's say goodbye happily. Let's do our best until the end!

so I made up my mind

There were ingredients that were perfect for the last supper with the fairies. It was a labyrinth mushroom.

"It all went very well. look. This is the mushroom."

Hazel opened the bowl.

"Surprisingly, these mushrooms are very tasty. When I put it in my mouth, I immediately felt it. Although there was no particular effect, I thought that was enough."

"that's right. Delicious food is a treasure in itself."

He also got along well with the fairy of agriculture.

Hazel put the grill in the bonfire of roaring wood. Mushrooms quickly sizzle and ripen.

I took it out before I boarded it. The grill-marked mushrooms were blown back and forth into the mouth.

Eating in such an intimate atmosphere seemed to make it even more delicious. After all, the fairies of farming liked the taste very much.

"I can't believe it! How could there be such a delicious mushroom in that hideous labyrinth greenhouse!"

"The reaction from the audience at the presentation was very good. My face was red and I just called people passing by. It's great to share all the delicious things together, but I almost couldn't even bring it back."

"It's a taste that everyone will fall in love with. It's just seasoned with no other additives, right?"

"that's right. Anything else would spoil the taste of this mushroom, so I just added a little salt."

She glanced at the pieces of mushrooms that had not yet been grilled. But at that moment, a strange expression crossed her face.

"Well?"

It was an indescribably ugly face.

Hazel was bewildered.

“Why?”

I picked up the mushroom pieces from the bowl and tasted them.

salt right?

Hazel asked cautiously.

“Hey, what did I do wrong?”

“Ugh. no. no.”

The farm fairy smiled brightly.

"good job. Very well done.”

When I received the compliment, I felt relieved.

The two ate roasted mushrooms and started talking. Then I got hungry. He went out as if he had promised.

Yesterday there was not much to grow in the tomato field, but today there are several more.

One day you may be empty-handed, but the next day you will be full.

Hazel learned that it was nature. Even if things are difficult, tomorrow can be good.

When I said that while picking tomatoes, the wife laughed.

“Farmers in the south are very optimistic. There are probably many people who don't think that way. How can there be people in this country who live happily with such an easy-going heart? It cannot be a happy thing.”

Hazel was startled.

Wait a minute. How do you know I grew up on a farm in the South?

Well, it's only natural that she's a fairy.

During the interview, the wife continued talking.

“In my hometown, there was a myth that if there was frequent fog in April, farming would be good. Was there anything like that in the south?”

“Oh, yes!”

This was Hazel's favorite subject.

“We looked at the direction of the wind. It is said that on Saint Florian's Day, if the wind is in the north direction, the tree bears a lot of fruit that year. It is said that if you head south, livestock will give birth to many young that year. It is said that if you head west, pests and pests will prevail that year.”

“It's fun!”

The two picked tomatoes one at a time and put them in the basket.

Then I picked all the tomatoes.

Whew, it's really over now.

Hazel looked at the farm fairy with dim eyes.

But nothing happened.

Hazel said.

"it's okay. I was mentally prepared."

The wife looked at Hazel with a puzzled expression.

"Are you mentally prepared?"

"It's really okay. Even if it turns into light and disappears... ."

Something hot in my chest swelled up.

"I will never forget it."

"Yes... .?"

The woman looked at Hazel with a puzzled expression.

That was then.

The door to the fence swung open. A group of people appeared. It was the ladies of society and the cooks of the White Rose Labyrinth who had come to observe the mushroom research.

They entered the farm without hesitation with an official of the Imperial Palace. It was an awkward atmosphere.

Hazel asked, putting down the basket.

"What happened?"

"After the young lady borrowed the White Rose Labyrinth kitchen, the kitchen servants found an abnormality while cleaning it."

The palace official answered. Hazel asked again.

"What's wrong?"

"The food is gone. It's called gold salt."

"What is it?"

"Diamond salt. It is so precious that it is used only for food offered to the royal family. But it all disappeared, leaving only the floor."

Salt?

Hazel looked like he had been hit in the head.

"Maybe that salt?"

"Have you ever used salt?"

"Yes. But it can't be! It was just in a regular condiment jar."

"It is a traditional custom of the Imperial Palace kitchen."

Chef Fritz said to the official.

“Since many people come and go, there are disadvantages such as stealing precious ingredients little by little and selling them away. To prevent this, it has become a tradition to put it in a shabby container. Everyone who enters the Imperial Palace kitchen is familiar with this tradition.”

Hazel was amazing.

“Why didn’t anyone tell me about it?”

“Why are you blaming us?”

The chef raised his voice as if it were a red flag.

“This lady was really arrogant. I wandered around as if the Imperial Palace was my home. As if he had become something.”

"that's right. We saw it too."

The ladies were there to help.

“By the way, I’m sure you’ll write a lot of valuable ingredients! No matter how invisible it is!”

“To be sprinkled with the finest gold salt that the royal family eats like water on those mushrooms! Yeah, I didn’t get any great results. Have you all seen that messy presentation earlier?”

“The Imperial Palace kitchen is not a place for anyone to set foot in. I didn’t have the basic education, so I ended up having such a big accident! I don’t know how to make up for the situation of the fallen noble family!”

Hazel's hair turned white. The ladies and cooks are in charge of concocting such a vile trap!

the manager asked.

“Do you admit that you used gold salt arbitrarily?”

“I am really sorry. It was a situation where I had no choice but to be deceived. I'll tell you everything in detail. First, we send the guests. That's the owner's courtesy.”

Guest?

The ladies and cooks glanced.

Then I saw who was there. It was a woman in a straw hat and a shabby overalls skirt.

All of them urged her again without even paying attention.

“Where are you going to hang out? Come with us right now!”

“If you have done something wrong, be honest and admit it!”

“You won't be able to get out this time!”

An uncomfortable expression appeared on the farmer's face. She opened her mouth to the people.

“Calm down. Isn't that too pushy?”

Baroness Fiorenti, who was already excited, fired right up.

“My wife works in the fields. What the hell do you know?”

It was very rude. Hazel was furious.

“What are you doing! No one can insult my friend! Apologize right now!”

He raised his eyes and scolded the baroness fiercely. Of course, she didn't even listen.

“Doesn't the lady have nothing to say now?”

"what are you doing? Apologize to your wife!"

That was the moment.

As if she couldn't bear it any longer, the woman turned towards them.

“Did this lady say that using gold salt in her cooking was a problem? So, what would happen if the royal family ate the dish?”

“What... . . .”

“What would happen if the Empress Dowager of the Empire ate it?”

She raised her head straight. The face that had been hidden for so long was revealed.

The ladies and cooks were astonished to be stunned.

“Lung, Your Majesty!”

Everyone's legs loosened and they sat down on the spot. Hazel's head seemed to ring in shock and astonishment.

what? The farmer's fairy, not the real fairy... . . . .

Empress Empress Dowager?

Something so great has happened.

Why is the Empress Dowager here?

The ladies and cooks went crazy. It wasn't enough to sit down, so he banged his head on the ground.

“Lungs, Your Majesty... . . . .”

When I remembered what the Empress did not recognize and what she did, the chatter became cold. My whole body trembled like an aspen.

Strict rebukes poured over their heads.

“Did you say that this lady wandered around the imperial palace kitchen? They all do their part, and they don't tell you anything, so what do you do? What should I do if I am not cooperating with each other?”

“Well, it's not... . . . .”

“No, not what! How wonderful it is to find a recipe by researching unfamiliar ingredients without giving in to such a situation! It's a pity that I accidentally heard all of this. After all, wouldn't an innocent person have suffered injustice!”

The Empress Dowager rebuked him in a cold voice.

“This has taught me that there is a deep-rooted ailment in this imperial palace that cannot be seen with the naked eye! This is because I, the Empress Dowager, did not properly govern the people under the control of the Imperial Palace! I will take responsibility for this and pay for the gold salt in my personal safe!”

The hearts of those who had already been frozen without even being able to breathe fell. It felt like my soul was running away.

“Help me! If this happens to His Majesty the Emperor, we will die!”

“Please cut our salaries! Let him be disciplined!”

“We were wrong! I have really sinned to death!”

The ladies and cooks wept and begged. The sound seemed to reach the sky.

But Hazel didn't hear it.

The Empress Dowager was abolished... . . .

I was blown away by that fact and couldn't think of anything.

The scenery beyond the fence was reflected in the blank eyes.

Surprised by this extraordinary situation, people rushed to report the news.

\* \* \* The

center of the main building of the Imperial Palace, the backbone of the country.

For the past few days, the atmosphere there has been at its peak of boredom and boredom.

After completing state affairs, Iskanda went straight to the small annex attached to the ceremonial room. Wearing an unadorned gray robe, he sat on a hard wooden chair and made a decorative copy.

Although it is a long tradition, the previous monarchs used to leave it to their subordinates and only finish the work themselves.

But Iskanda had no intention of doing such a trick. As his mother said, he had to show the sincerity of the royal family to the white-haired hero knights.

But it was just too boring.

Originally the choir was singing, but they got bored and sent it out. I got tired of the smell of burning incense wood, so I had to put it away.

Servants lifted their toes and stalked and attended. The atmosphere was so calm and reverent that the sound of dripping paint resonated loudly.

There was constant confusion in it.

Labyrinth plant research is going well, right?

Iskanda thought as she painted the glowing halo behind the knights' backs with paint made by melting gold.

It's going well, so will you be quiet?

No. Of course, you have to be quiet. Because I have strictly ordered you to be quiet so that you can stop talking.

However... . . . .

Even so, isn't it too quiet?

It was a time when he was eagerly writing ancient characters on parchment with such thoughts.

"your Majesty! your Majesty!"

One of the attendants rushed in. The hat was crooked and the scarf was pulled back.

“Well, well... . . . !”

The servant could not even breathe and said without a mind.

It was really absurd. It was so absurd that I didn't understand it well at first.

“What did you just say?”

“The Empress Dowager has sneaked out of her residence! The one right next to this... . . . You are going to the farm salon! There he is rebuking the socialite wives and the cooks of the White Rose Labyrinth!”

"what?"

Iskanda jumped up.

“What do you mean! Tell me in detail!”

That was then.

"your Majesty!"

The Duchess of Winterfeld, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager, and her maids came running. They also looked like they had no mind, with their hair ornaments turned up and their collars wrinkled.

"Forgive me! We have sinned to death!"

I've seen the Duchess since childhood, but it was the first time I'd seen her face so pale and embarrassed. I thought it was true that my mother ran away from home.

"But is it possible?"

"His Majesty the Crown Princess has devised a scheming. We only knew that the two of them were spending time alone every evening. It seems that all the necessary tools for disguise were provided by His Majesty the Crown Princess."

"disguise?"

"Yes. The Empress Dowager has been complaining that the nursing life is frustrating. So, we told you all kinds of incidents and accidents happening in the Imperial Palace. Among them, the most interesting thing you heard was the story about the farm. So, it seems that you are curious. As soon as he left the Empress Dowager Palace, he went right there. It looks like you've been pretending to be your wife and doing things there over the past few days."

"What if this and that?"

"Picking tomatoes... .. or... .."

The Duchess couldn't speak any longer and shook her head.

Iskanda shook her head.

The palace is wide. There are many places to go to run away.

But after all, there it is! You even do farm work there!

How the hell am I supposed to do this!

Somehow, you asked me out of nowhere.

This was a deliberate trap. After imprisoning Iskanda here in this annex, and Athena in her palace, she roamed freely.

“But is it okay to go like that?”

“You are very good. You are rebuking the socialite wives and cooks like angry lions for their disgrace to the little girl. I've never seen him so energetic. So, Your Majesty, you're not going there right now... .”

I can't go anyway

Iskanda shook her head.

I didn't know how to respond to this embarrassing situation.

I suddenly realized one thing in my mindless thoughts.

You hide your identity and go there secretly.

After all, that mother is her child!

He sighed.

At this time, the situation on the farm was getting more and more urgent.

“Are you going to pay for the gold salt in my personal fortune? Know that and let everyone back away!”

The Empress Dowager's momentum was like frost. No matter how much the ladies and cooks begged, they did not give up.

They cling to Hazel with a face covered in tears and runny nose.

"miss! Please cut our salaries and get us disciplined! Please tell your Majesty the Empress Dowager so that it will happen!”

“Please, please! Just say one word!”

Hazel opened her mouth, her eyes out of focus.

“Please cut these people’s salaries and get them disciplined... . . . .”

"Hmm."

The Empress Dowager only slightly softened the momentum. The ladies and cooks quickly begged Hazel even more earnestly.

"miss! miss!"

“Please let these people be disciplined.”

Hazel recited again. The Empress Dowager's face softened.

“If Miss Mayfield says so, then there is nothing I can do. I will accept that generosity of heart.”

The Empress Dowager pretended not to win and said so. As he looked at Hazel, his face softened.

“I’m sorry for hiding your identity. I was ill and unable to move, and I was confined to the palace for recuperation, but I was able to refresh myself thanks to the fun time I had with the young lady on this small farm. How to express this gratitude... .”

As if when he was terribly rebuked, he repeatedly praised him with a kind face and soft voice.

That was then.

“Your handmaiden told your Majesty.”

The maid came over and whispered.

"Ah... . I must go back.”

A sad expression appeared on the Empress Dowager's face.

“I have been really happy the last few days. Now that happiness is over. It’s over.”

Her face hardened again. I looked around with cold eyes at the ladies and cooks who were lying on their backs.

“Because of making such a fuss, I feel comfortable coming here now! What should I think of this!”

“The Empress Dowager! We were so wrong!”

The ladies and the royal chefs were once again confused. It was truly a hellish time.

The Empress Dowager slowly turned her head.

“It’s been fun so far.”

said to Hazel. Then he turned back with a face full of regret.

People gathered outside the fence to watch, retreated to the sides and bowed their heads. “His Majesty the Empress Dowager!” “His Majesty the Empress Dowager!” The sound of shouting and saying hello spread.

“... ..”

The ladies and cooks, who had dignified their power as if to pierce the sky, were now out of their minds.

Even if they escaped now, their future is over.

In particular, the Baroness Fiorenti, who had insulted the Empress Dowager, was unable to recover. His taut and beautiful face seemed to have aged for several decades in an instant.

Abbas Mamon... ..

As she repeated the name, she panicked.

Anyway, I had to get out of here for now.

The crazy people ran out of the farm, going forward and backward. I lost strength in my legs and almost fell several times.

Then everyone disappeared.

Hazel stood alone on an empty farm. As the people left, the tension was relieved. All the strength drained out of my body.

“The Fairy of Farming... . . .”

He mumbled so much and sat down.

\* \* \* In the

main building of the Imperial Palace, there is a long and narrow 'passage room' that connects the rooms.

Usually there were old people. They were old nobles who passed on their estates to their children and spent most of their time in the capital's mansion. They liked to sit here and analyze politics here and there.

Once upon a time, the Empress Dowager was a topic of discussion.

“What a great man!” “It’s not normal!” “You really are the boss!” Most of them agreed that way. Then Duke Benito carefully raised the question.

“I don’t quite understand. If you are a really great person, why did you go through such humiliation? We're talking to each other, to be honest, wasn't it just normal?”

Upon hearing that, Mikhail smiled roundly.

“Think about it. Where is the terrifying Emperor now? And who has now taken its place? Who is it that has risen to the pinnacle of power as the Empress's Queen?”

"AHA!"

Benito Ball just hit the knee.

It doesn't matter right now, but in the end, the person who smiles at the end is the winner. The Empress Dowager once again proved that old truth.

Her son ascended to the throne, and she became the Empress Dowager's consort. With just one raising of an eyebrow, he was able to create a wave in the Imperial Palace.

However, the Empress Dowager has been excluded from the big picture of politics until now. It was because he was undergoing all kinds of hardships, and his health was damaged, and he was quietly recuperating in the Empress Dowager's palace.

However... . . . .

The Empress Dowager suddenly appeared in front of everyone.

It also appeared on the farm, not elsewhere. He said that he went in and out secretly in disguise.

That was great news. The entire social world went into a riot as if it had been stabbed in a beehive.

"Ugh! What a windy day!"

“That’s it. When will that poor girl be able to farm comfortably?”

The minister of the palace and the female palace officials lamented.

But after everyone passed by, a smirk crept up from their lips.

The wives and the cooks are really terrified. But thanks to that, Hazel was very lucky.

Her Majesty the Empress Dowager!

Isn't it true that you've caught a golden string, a diamond string?

They exchanged glances with a smile of conversion.

\* \* \*

This surprising news also reached the palace of the Grand Duchess.

“Is the Empress Dowager there?”

Athena was astonished.

“You sneaked out with the help of the Queen Seonwang! Is it okay to walk alone like that? You deceive me!”

“That’s it. Even the Grand Duchess deceived you!”

The handmaiden, Mrs. Frances, stuck out her tongue.

“And you know what's even more surprising? It is said that he was very friendly with the farm girl in front of everyone watching! It is said that everyone doubted their eyes! What does this mean?”

She hit the ground and regretted it.

“So, then, I should have saved her from the hand of the queen and gave her a favor. I should have made you a loyal maidservant of the Grand Duchess.”

“You decided to stop talking about it.”

“It’s too bad! Following the Prime Minister of the Royal Palace and the commanders of the Holy Knights, now to His Majesty the Empress Dowager! My brother Kerual ran to the scene and saw it in person, and he repeated these words without saying anything else. 'We have to make that girl ours quickly'.”

“How do you make it ours?”

“Call me and talk to me. Are there any difficulties or is there anything that can help? The young maiden is the daughter of a wretchedly poor fallen aristocrat. It looks like you've been through a lot. If the Grand Princess, who is like heaven, treats you kindly, you will be thrilled.”

"no, I do not want!"

Athena was disgusted.

“I know very well that your sister's brother is very clever and quick-witted. But like last time and this time, it seems like you're making too much noise. Empress Dowager is a serious person. As is the case with people of the most noble status, it was just a moment of disguise and a change of mood. That’s it.”

"Hmm... . . . .”

The maid shrugged her shoulders.

“Well, everyone thinks so. Above all else, the farm girl is so tenacious that she opposes His Majesty's intentions!”

“That’s what I mean.”

Athena nodded her head.

“I’ll leave it alone for now.”

\* \* \*

That time.

Hazel was in the wrong place.

It was the meeting room of the National Advisory Council.

It was not yet the time when the sweltering sun came down, but my head was dizzy, so I quit work early. I went to see Sir Lewis.

“I want to talk to you... . . .”

Lewis was going to talk to his friends about this anyway. When the person in question came, he said it was right and took him to the conference room.

This conference room was very old-fashioned and grand.

The National Advisory Council originally had the nickname 'Baekrimwon'.

Founding HwangDerived from the legend that Ze Krause I was taught the Thirteen Articles to rule the country well by mystical beings in a forest full of white trees.

The conference room had a beautiful ceiling reminiscent of that legend.

The pure white wood and deep gold made a clear contrast. Around the ceiling, beautiful masterpieces expressing the 13 teachings one by one were radiating splendid brilliance within the round circle frame.

Also, in the middle of the red carpet embroidered with imperial patterns, there was an elegant round table used by the legendary rulers of the founding country.

If it had been the same at different times, I would have been busy looking around.

But now, Hazel didn't notice any of this beautiful upholstery.

He just sat there blankly with a cup of tea in front of him.

Lewis waved his hand in front of him.

“I am in good spirits.”

Hazel replied.

Siegwald's head tilted. Without saying anything, he looked down and looked at Hazel's hand.

Hazel just realized.

I kept dipping the sugar stick in the mug while I was gone.

You only need to stir it a couple of times and it melts completely. The high elf's boiled black tea was turned into sugary water that made my tongue numb.

“Ah, this.”

I quickly lifted it with the intention of destroying the evidence by drinking it, but Cayenne took it away like lightning.

Lorendel poured the tea fresh.

“You have nothing to be afraid of. The Empress Dowager is not a scary person. He is a very good person.”

He put down his new teacup and said kindly.

"thank you."

Hazel took the car first. And answered.

“I'm not scared. I'm just so, so confused... . . . .”

My head was dizzy again.

From the first time I met the woman who was standing outside the farm fence, every word and deed of her passed by like a lantern.

“I really couldn't have imagined it. The woman was a real farmer. I thought you were a farm fairy, didn't you?”

Hazel sighed.

“How on earth did the Empress Dowager of the Empire know so much about farming? Were you a farmer's daughter?”

"no."

They all answered together.

“To the Empress Dowager, you are the daughter of a great aristocrat. We were just stunned, not knowing what the hell happened.”

said Lorendel.

“Then I realized it. When I think about it carefully, there was something that would make the Empress Dowager fall in love with farming. During the time of the Empress, she was expelled from the palace shortly after giving birth to the present Emperor.”

Hazel was surprised.

“Exile? You expelled the Empress from the palace?”

"Yes. It was the conspiracy of the villain Camilla, who had monopolized the favor of the Emperor. At that time, the Empress had her newborn baby taken away and expelled. He was detained in a shabby house outside the city walls. He had to spend two full years in that desolate place surrounded by soldiers. It must have been a difficult time beyond words, but Empress Dowager said later. It was comforting to have a small field in the house. He said that watching the sprouts sprout and grow, he was able to alleviate even a little bit of his longing and worries for the baby.”

“It is.”

It was then that Hazel could understand that the Empress Dowager knew a lot about field work.

At the same time, my heart was pounding. Such a sad story was hidden... . . . .

“Even after the accusation was finally released thanks to the efforts of many people, the Empress Dowager had to go through all kinds of hardships at the hands of the evil woman. When I think about it, I feel like this. Although I was forced to part with the newborn baby... . . . Those days, when I received secret messages from loyal people and soothed my aching heart with field work, must have been like a little peace in a storm. When you visit the farm this time, you must have been reminded of those days.”

“Is that so... . . . .”

Hazel sighed again. Lewis was terrific.

“Hazel, who hates lying the most? But can you understand me this time? She must have gained peace of mind by throwing off her identity as the Empress Dowager and farming with Hazel, who was friendly and courteous to her. You must have been really happy.”

"I know."

Hazel shrugged.

“Are you angry? It's never like that. I had fun too. Empress Dowager is a really nice person. It is very difficult to find a conversational partner who can happily exchange farm stories like that.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“Even if I am not very bright in this area, I know this one thing for sure. The Empress Dowager is the emperor's mother. It was the Empress Dowager who gave birth to the Emperor. So there is a huge wall between us that cannot be crossed. His Majesty the Emperor is a wall.”

“So, take this opportunity to take advantage of Empress Dowager to gain power... . . . .”

Siegwald quickly covered Cayenne's mouth. Lorendel and Lewis glared at the mean cat.

“I understand that feeling. But Empress Dowager is not the type of person who cares about such things. As Miss Hazel said, it is very precious to have someone with whom you can talk about farming openly. Where in the world could you find such a friend?”

said Lorendel. Lewis also helped.

“It's never wrong to be honest with him. Rather, it was very well done. But if it really bothers you, how about visiting?”

Hazel flinched.

“Are you going to visit me? To the Empress Dowager Palace?”

“Wouldn't that put your mind at ease?”

Lewis squinted his eyes.

Well... ..

Hazel was dumbfounded again. Something suddenly popped into my mind.

- No one can insult my friend!

I shouted like that in front of the naughty lady. The Empress Dowager of the Empire proudly called her 'my friend'.

face became hot Hazel buried her head on the table.

"That's Okay. I wish I could just disappear from this world like this.”

Everyone exchanged glances over Hazel's head. I tried to hold back my laughter.

“Don't do that, think carefully.”

Lewis stabbed him in the side. Hazel just squirmed.

My farming friend turns out to be the Empress Dowager?

This development is really a specification.

My farm turns out to be the imperial palace? This is enough to turn your life around.

Maybe Idaji is also out of luck.

In this city, I found a farming friend who is more precious than Mandragora.  
However... . . . .

“After all, your occupation is the Empress Dowager... . . . .”

“It's not a job.”

Hazel didn't listen to Cayenne and buried her head.

“Ugh... . . . .”

engulfed in agony

the next day.

Surrounded by a small elm forest, the Empress Dowager Palace was noisy from the morning.

It was because the emperor had been visiting for a long time. Soon after, she went to the Grand Duchess of Athena.

When they just came in, the Empress Dowager was sitting on a chair, not a bed, talking with the maid.

“... .. Would you like to be me? The innocent girl was in danger of being framed, so there was nothing she could do. I don't know how upset you are. How comfortable and nice it was to hide and sneak around!”

Seeing her sad mother, Iskanda made up her mind once again.

I must never be caught

In any case, the Empress Dowager was surprisingly energetic.

The blue eyes gleamed brightly under the silver hair that the maids wore. The color was also very good.

I was relieved to see my mother so healthy.

But at the same time, I also felt like I was devoured.

I was just about to bring up the story, but my mother intercepted me first.

“I have recently recovered a lot of health thanks to the care of many people with the utmost sincerity. Gradually, I said several times that I wanted to get some fresh air, but everyone was in a hurry to preserve their seats, so they didn't even listen with their ears! What can you do? I have no choice but to show you.”

“... ..”

Iskanda was at a loss for words.

Take good care of your Majesty the Empress Dowager. If anything happens due to negligence even a little, I will not leave it alone. It's because he used to say things like that as usual.

"sorry."

“Anyway, I'm happy to prove my health. It was a bit noisy, though.”

The Empress Dowager entrusted the decorative copy and deceived the two of them in that way and skillfully changed the subject.

“I am well aware that there are already all kinds of speculation. But I have no intention of getting involved in the affairs of the country. It is the work of His Majesty the Emperor. However, the inside of the palace should be in order and run smoothly so that His Majesty can focus only on government affairs, but it seemed that he could not.”

Archduke Athena quickly bowed her head.

“I have nothing to tell you. I'm always looking, but there's still a lot missing... ..”

“The Imperial Palace is too wide. Also, there are too many people in various departments. It will be difficult for you to handle on your own.”

The Empress Dowager said with a kind face.

“I know the situation is like this, but can you sit still? Even though I have stepped down from the front line, listen to the stories of many people behind you and do your best to help.”

Let's interpret it like this:

I won't do outdoor activities, but that doesn't mean I don't do anything. I'll do something on my own.

What are you going to do?

Iskanda was in trouble for a moment.

Anyway, you said that, but I couldn't say anything. As the Empress Dowager, it was a very exemplary statement.

“Thank you.”

Iskanda replied.

“Thank you.”

Athena followed suit.

\* \* \* The

imperial palace has a new vibrancy.

The door of the Empress Dowager's palace, which had been tightly closed for a long time, opened wide.

Soon after, rumors spread that the Empress Dowager would reopen the salon. It was meant to resume social activities.

The rumors even spread to small farms.

“What does this mean? No matter how much I wait, Hazel doesn't come to play, so doesn't that mean you're going to leave the door wide open?”

Lewis stabbed him in the side again.

“You're the only friend you can talk about farming, right? But does it really matter who the person gave birth to? Can you discriminate like this? Discrimination is bad.”

Yes. Discrimination is bad.

Hazel felt remorse.

It wasn't just that.

I worked harder in the field to control my thoughts, but I found something while picking orange-dyed tomatoes.

At first I thought I saw it wrong.

But when I looked through the thick leaves and looked again, I was also right.

It was a star tomato!

Tomatoes with blue marks in the shape of a star were hanging on them.

This was very strange. It is said that one in a million can be found.

When a really delicious crop is opened in the field, the little spirits of the earth secretly pick it up and eat it all night long. For fear of being caught on the frost, I pick a star from the sky and hang it up instead.

I don't know if this legend is true.

Anyway, all the crops in the open field of star-patterned vegetables tasted amazing. That was a proven fact among farmers.

“A star of spirits has opened in my field!”

Hazel jumped with joy. It felt good to have such an incline, but on the other hand, I felt empty.

Only the farmer knows the true meaning of 'Spirit Star'. I can't share this joy!

I lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling with open eyes.

Hazel, who was sobbing, finally picked up the basket. I picked up a star-patterned tomato and wiped it well with a clean cloth. I carefully put it in the basket.

and left the farm.

Aristocratic officials were leisurely strolling in the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace today. Hazel grabbed one of them and asked.

“Hey, where is the Empress Dowager's Palace?”

It was. Hazel didn't even know where it was.

I searched for the Empress Dowager's palace by asking this person and that person.

The Empress Dowager Palace was located to the east of the Imperial Palace main building. Even before discovering the building, the beautiful elm trees caught our attention.

It's full of majestic and old trees like this. Hazel liked it at first sight.

But it was just there.

As the palace's appearance was revealed through the trees, it seemed that my heart was drowsy. It was even more so when we went inside under the guidance of the attendant.

Beneath the vaulted ceilings, the halls of the palace were full of splendid people.

As the Empress Dowager's salon reopened, the crowd gathered like a cloud. It seemed that all the nobility in the country had come.

The Empress Dowager had just recovered, so she didn't see many people in a day.

Numerous nobles waited with their names on the list. There was another line waiting to even write my name. Those who were pushed out of there waited in anticipation that there might be an empty seat in the middle.

In this situation, Hazel couldn't help but shrink.

Pushed by each other, I barely made it to the front door of the salon. Several people were standing there and looking inside.

Hazel didn't have the guts to do that. He hid behind the door and poked out half of his face.

That was then.

The Empress Dowager, who continued to glance at the door while chatting, looked at her at the same time. I found Hazel just in time.

The Empress Dowager's face brightened.

“My little friend!”

She jumped up from her chair. He took a few steps closer and welcomed it.

Everyone looked back in surprise.

I was even more surprised to see who the Empress Dowager was so welcoming.

You're my little friend... . . . .

Hazel was heartbroken. The vague sense of distance that I felt when I knew her identity disappeared in an instant.

“The Empress Dowager!”

I came closer to it and stopped abruptly.

I put the basket down on the floor for a moment. Just as I was taught by my grandfather when I was young, I held the skirt with both hands and bent my knees, bowing like a baron's daughter.

“I apologize for not getting to know the Empress Dowager and being rude to you.”

“What does that mean!”

The Empress Dowager jumped.

“I deliberately disguised myself not to recognize him! I lied to you, so it's my fault. You don't know how happy I am to be here without feeling sad. now. Come here.”

She led Hazel herself into the salon. At the same time, his eyes lit up.

“But what was in that basket?”

"Ah. Actually, I came here because of this. I wanted to show it to the Empress Dowager.”

Hazel took a coveted tomato from the basket.

The Empress Dowager was surprised.

"Oh my gosh! Spirit Star!”

Sure enough, I figured it out right away.

“I said there is only one in a million! He'll show up on the farm next door!"

“I was surprised too. At first, I thought I was wrong.”

“It seems to me that tomatoes are raw and luscious. Congratulations. I've seen eggplant and carrots myself, but this is my first time trying tomatoes... . . . .”

The story of the crops continued.

Hazel chatted happily.

Actually, I was overjoyed. So I didn't realize it. The fact that even the smallest echo of the Empress Dowager's words can be heard very well.

The large salon was as quiet as a dead mouse.

The social nobles who came to the Empress Dowager's salon were looking at the two with their mouths wide open.

Her Majesty the Empress Dowager has just one tomato and has such a happy face and honest conversation! With that farm girl!

It wasn't even that.

“I'll have to take a closer look. Come here.”

The Empress Dowager dragged the farm girl to the armchair. Their eyes almost popped out at Hazel's shy but seated side by side.

This was such an outrageous treatment.

The Empress Dowager has never treated the daughters of any other great nobles so kindly. Even Archduke Athena, the highest-ranking girl in the country, would not have seen them sitting side by side like that.

“I, I... ..!”

Not everyone was able to speak. There was only the sound of breathing.

Hazel's low status. position in the palace. All things considered, it was very embarrassing and shocking.

Does that mean the work on the farm doesn't end there?

Are you going to continue the 'friendship'?

Everyone couldn't speak and only exchanged glances in a hurry. Because of that, there was a path of twinkling eyes in the air.

like that or not.

The Empress Dowager was absorbed in the conversation.

“After that, there was something I really wanted to ask. That day, he said something strange to me. It's okay to change into light and disappear, that you have prepared your heart... . . . . What does that mean?”

“Uh, actually, I mistook the Empress Dowager for a farm fairy... . . . .”

Hazel blushed.

"Unbelievable!"

The Empress Dowager tilted her head and laughed very happily.

“Come to think of it, this girl was also mistaken for a fairy once. This is a story I heard directly from Sir Siegwald.”

The maid put the chuimsae appropriately.

“Sigwald? That kid who can hardly speak? Come on talk!”

The Empress did it again.

The conversation continued without end in a friendly atmosphere.

Then, all of a sudden, a statue of a goddess shook the bell from a clock standing in the corner of the salon.

Hazel looked at him casually and was startled.

“It has already been an hour and a half!”

hurriedly got up from his seat.

“You should have a rest, but I was talking too much. sorry.”

“What!”

The Empress Dowager hurriedly waved her hand.

“I feel like my heart is pierced when we have such a pleasant conversation. I am very happy.”

Then he got up and took Hazel's hand.

“Please come again.”

Hazel's face turned red.

“Is that really okay? Then again next time... . . . .”

"okay. Let me take a look.”

The Empress Dowager took Hazel's hand in one hand and gently patted her back with the other, taking a few steps to see off.

He personally sent you off!

This event put a splendid end to the shock of the day. The nobility of the salon could no longer open their mouths.

As Sir Lewis said, it was a good thing that I had the courage to come to you.

It was a really happy time.

Hazel left the Empress Dowager's salon, her face flushed with joy.

Everyone's eyes followed the back of his head.

Everyone was at a loss as to how to deal with this. 'I do not know. Let's just pretend we didn't see it.' Some even closed their eyes.

The Empress Dowager quietly drank tea inside.

But beyond the teacup, he was closely observing the reactions of the social nobles one by one.

One thought that I had been holding on to became hardened.

She nodded slowly.

That evening.

The sun was setting and the wind was getting a little cooler. It was a time when farmers who had avoided the sunlight all day long could closely catch up with the backlogged field work.

Hazel worked diligently with her hands to pick tomatoes. I didn't even know it was hard to enjoy the joy of getting heavier and heavier in the basket.

At that time, Iskanda was finishing her day's work.

Finally finished making decorative copies. free from today

As I was thinking about it, a piece of paper arrived.

It was a briefing report submitted by Meister Henkel, the chef of the Empress Dowager and the head of the Imperial Palace cooks.

'Miss Hazel Mayfield, who runs the salon in the palace, borrowed the kitchen of the White Rose Labyrinth to study the labyrinth plants. However, the palace chefs did not cooperate, and in the end, communication failed and a barrel of gold salt was wasted. Accordingly, disciplinary measures were taken, such as cutting the salaries of all cooks and having them write a closing letter.'

It was something like this

Iskanda frowned.

He also did not know that the palace chefs would be dissatisfied. I never thought I'd have such a crush on Hazel.

What is the human heart!

He drew lines on the paper and tried to impose a more severe punishment.

But it stopped right away.

I didn't know if this was the right thing to do.

To him, the court was like stagnant water.

It was possible to eradicate the pests by spraying poisonous drugs. But it was also spreading the poison everywhere.

Arms bent too far inward, and Hazel had already earned their hatred. The more this happened, the more easily the hatred was concentrated on Hazel.

Again, this was not the right solution.

He put the pen down.

Being an emperor and Grand Cavalier was of no use. People's hearts and public opinion cannot be helped by power.

I know that Hazel persevered without giving in the slightest, but... . . .

"difficult. difficult."

Iskanda muttered.

At this time, I felt that the experience was too lacking. Reconciling millions of people with conflicting interests. I didn't learn it well.

My head was hurting terribly.

It seemed like I had to go to the farm at least once.

I thought it would be good to talk about this difficult problem that is bothering my head. Hazel was good at making silly sounds, but there were times when that unexpectedly gave a clue.

Iskanda quickly went to her room.

It was when I opened the secret drawer and just took out the reagent.

"your Majesty. your Majesty."

A woman's voice came from outside.

It's an unfamiliar voice. It came from another palace.

“Who are you?”

“I came from the Empress Dowager’s palace. The Empress Dowager is looking for your Majesty.”

"what brings you here?"

“You said you have something to talk about.”

“A secret talk?”

Iskanda was puzzled.

Due to the nature of my mother, I can't find it for anything other than that. There is something important going on.

If it had deviated even for a few seconds, it would have been very difficult. I was glad that I didn't use the reagent and put it back in place.

I locked the drawer and went out into the hallway. He told his servants not to follow him and went to the Empress Dowager's palace alone.

The Empress Dowager was waiting in the room. Iskanda asked as he walked in.

“What did you look for?”

The Empress Dowager once showed her respect and opened her mouth, suggesting a cool tea.

“Cut down, the farm.”

Iskanda flinched involuntarily. I didn't know that the story was going to hit me.

“Don't be too nervous, Your Majesty.”

At the next words, he stuttered again.

She was also a mother. It was difficult to hide the inside.

“I am aware that there are many complicated circumstances. I don't mean to say anything about your Majesty's decision. Of course, it is true that I found comfort there, and I have no intention of denying it. But let's not try to find any intention in this mother. A ball is a ball and a living company. Would the emperor's queen be forced to use it only through private affairs?”

That was a very sensible thing to say.

“Yes, mother.”

“The problem is, I have discovered one important fact with this. This can become a stumbling block in the future to establish the right ethos inside and outside the court. Listen, Your Majesty. The manager of the palace salon is a member of the Imperial Palace.

Even though members of the Imperial Palace have achieved tangible achievements, there are those who, because of low status or disadvantaged position in the palace, try to debase or even trample them. This should never be overlooked. Does your Majesty agree?"

"sure. of course. It has to be very uprooted."

"So I thought about it."

Empress Dowager Sogon Sogon said what she thought.

A difference appeared in Iskanda's eyes.

She was also a mother.

This will bring this job to the surface and make sure it is knotted. In addition, it can deal with another concern that pressed heavily on a corner of the chest.

Can you solve the two together? It was a one stone, two piece secret book.

Of course, he had no doubts that it would turn out well. It was because he believed in Hazel's skills.

After the story, the Empress Dowager looked at her son's face and asked.

"Yeah, what do you think?"

Of course, it's a big deal.

But if I said that, somehow it seemed that the truth would come out.

"Well... .."

Iskanda pretended to think for a moment.

“Whether this or that, honestly, I have nothing to lose. I will obey my mother’s words.”

"okay. Then, as the Empress Dowager, I will take charge of this.”

“If yes, thank you.”

Iskanda replied.

It was very difficult to hide my joy.

\* \* \* The

next day.

I trembled diligently in the morning and evening, and the tomato fruits also disappeared. My mind was about to go blank.

However, instead of it, the tomatoes were ripened bright red through the post-ripening process.

While picking tomatoes, Hazel was thinking about what to make with it. Many things came to mind, but in the end, the most basic was the tomato sauce.

Hazel prefers to eat big chunks of anything. So I decided to make the tomato sauce by mashing it by hand.

It was when I just rolled up my sleeves.

“Are you there?”

A maid came in through the wide open door.

“You are there. Lady, the Empress Dowager is calling.”

“The Empress Dowager?”

Now it has become a friendly name. Hazel's face immediately turned red.

But this maid was very sharp.

“I am not going to play. I’m going to the audience room.”

so softly slapped

“Are you real?”

Hazel was bewildered.

Anyway, I was really glad I didn't start mashing the tomatoes. I lowered my sleeves, adjusted my dress, and followed the maid.

There was still no one in the audience.

As I was standing with my head tilted, the entrance suddenly became crowded. Several people came in at the same time.

In front of him was a chef with white hair with a sharp impression.

It was Meister Henkel.

what?

It got more and more weird.

Hazel nodded in greeting.

Of course they didn't answer. Only Chef Giorgio greeted him, but the rest looked at Hazel with cold eyes full of displeasure.

That was then.

“You are the Empress Dowager!”

The servant's voice rang out loudly.

The Empress Dowager appeared. The handmaiden and the handmaidens followed one after another.

“I see you, Empress Dowager.”

They all bowed their heads and bowed their heads.

The Empress Dowager sat on the throne of the audience. A diamond-studded collar added to the dignity of her silver hair.

Everyone was thinking the same thing at that moment. The seat of a true smiling adult, which had been vacant for a long time in the Imperial Palace, was filled.

“I have something to say to the many people gathered here today.”

The Empress Dowager opened her mouth in a soft yet strict voice.

“I found out through a recent labyrinth plant research case. In this imperial palace, there is a deep-rooted ailment that cannot be seen. Somehow, I got involved in this. But my intervention only forced the voices of dissatisfaction to be suppressed. Those responsible were disciplined, and the impulsive wives were never again allowed to set foot in the imperial palace. But is this really a fundamental solution?”

“... ..”

No one answered. The Empress Dowager continued to speak.

"okay. It cannot be a fundamental solution. The cause of this incident was that the cooks played around with the impulses of socialite wives. But what is the underlying reason for that? It is because we were not able to win even after seeing the achievements in front of us. It's because I couldn't admit it in my heart, so I just ignored it. So I would like to make a suggestion to uproot it so that this does not happen again.”

The Empress Dowager looked around the crowd and said.

“It’s a fight.”

Battle?

Everyone looked up at the Empress Dowager with bewildered faces.

“A guest is coming to the Imperial Palace soon. They are heroic knights. Depending on the route of the pilgrimage, you will step on the Imperial Palace again after a long time. They are precious guests of our imperial palace. But last time, even though I prepared hard, I was not able to provide satisfactory service. Something was missing. Again, it won't happen.”

The Empress Dowager spoke again and again.

“So, for this banquet, Miss Hazel Mayfield and all the chefs in the Imperial Palace will face off to show off their skills. The evaluation will be taken by the hero knights. The losing side wins cleanly. Listen to what the other person wants so that there is no noise again.”

The order was dropped.

A cooking showdown with a banquet of heroic knights?

Everyone couldn't have been more surprised than that.

Without saying anything, he just looked up at the empress with a shocked face.

## 11. Heroic Knight's Banquet The

main hall of the Imperial Palace.

A crystal chandelier flashed under the masterpieces of the great old painters. Sunlight shone through the ceiling-to-ceiling windows, embroidering a grid pattern on the rug.

Even today, three or five of the court nobles were gathered there.

“Did you hear that too?”

“Having a showdown at a banquet!”

“What do you think of Empress Dowager?”

“Anyway, your Majesty the Emperor can sleep with only two legs outstretched now!”

A muffled chirping echoed into the balcony room across from it.

Iskanda, who was receiving a report from the head of the Metropolitan Police Department there, frowned involuntarily.

Originally, I slept well with my legs outstretched.

It's not a day or two that the noble officials of the Imperial Palace have completely misunderstood the point.

It is true that the land in the middle of the great garden must be brought back quickly.

But what are the challenges right now? Isn't it a banquet of heroic knights? It is an important event that must be held well, risking the pride of the imperial palace.

As the Empress Dowager also said, a gong is an emptiness and a living thing.

Your emperor is a person who judges objectively in public affairs, no matter how private it is.

The country girl, who has done all the tasks well so far, is a far more promising prospect than the cooks who succumb to a sense of privilege and harm others. Of course you have to walk there.

This was the basic position.

the problem is... . . . .

It was impossible to say that for a number of reasons.

Meanwhile, the misunderstanding has now turned to stone. Now that it came, I couldn't figure it out.

Then let's use it!

Iskanda thought.

“... .. Turns out they were the remnants of the criminal gangs that we cleared out in the West last year. They must have dared to hide in the capital when they had nowhere to go! I am very fortunate that Your Majesty found it early. This time we will completely eradicate them. We are doing everything we can to get rid of it.”

The mayor finished the report.

“Yeah, but there was one peculiar thing. Tracking them down, it seems to have something to do with the top. There are circumstances where they hired them.”

“What top?”

“The top of Abbas Mamon.”

“Is it suspicious? What did you do by secretly hiring a remnant of a criminal gang? I'll have to check it out to see if there's anyone behind it.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Iskanda praised the head of the Metropolitan Police Department for his hard work and then sent him out. Then I left the balcony room and went out into the hallway.

“... .. Perhaps the Empress Dowager solved her son's troubles in a very clever way.”

"right. There is a theory that the approach to that young lady was intentional... . . . ."

Iskanda appeared there.

The nobles of the court who beat the cubes were astonished.

"your Majesty!"

He quickly stepped back to the side and raised an example.

Iskanda crumpled her face in front of them.

"What is the plan! Even the Empress Dowager has already moved to half of the pro-Nong faction! If not, how can you do this? See it, it's obvious! The heroic knights, like everyone else up to now, will be engrossed in their first taste of fresh country cuisine and will raise their hand!"

It was a voice full of dissatisfaction.

The court nobles met face to face.

His Majesty has never said a word, ignoring the farm maiden and holding back. But it finally exploded.

They smiled softly and blinked.

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. That will never happen."

"How can you be so sure?"

Iskanda asked. The nobles replied with a smile.

"haha. forgot? Isn't there something in common that all of the heroic knights went to Tokyo alone with a single letter of introduction from a local noble? That is, they are from the countryside."

"Rural cuisine is a dish they ate to get tired of. In other words, the strange magic of the rural maiden cannot work this time."

"that's right. They are heroes. What do you mean by hero? He pours alcohol in and rips the whole meat. One turkey per person is standard. If you catch a monster, aren't they the ones who held a party with the villagers for 3 nights and 4 days with the treasure?"

"That's right. Right now, even at the last banquet. I looked smart. In our Imperial Palace, we really did our best to prepare a lot of different kinds of seafood. Even though they didn't enjoy the seafood and seafood at that time, they didn't even touch on the light dishes that were mostly vegetables."

"Isn't it 30 years of pilgrimage? The reputation of a hero knight is so great that everyone tries to treat him with all his heart. It means that among all the delicacies from all over the country, there is not one that cannot be caught. So, what kind of food would you like to taste? There is only one hope in this situation. The best chef in the empire, Meister Henkel."

"Meister Henkel's cuisine has reached a level that no one else can match. He is the god of cooking. At the last banquet, the disciples retreated to gain experience, but this time they say they will lead the way themselves."

"I am really looking forward to it. The skill and artistry that the culinary god has built up over decades will blossom. It will be a feast of gastronomy that will never happen again in the world."

"No matter how talented the farm maiden may be, there is no way this time. It would be better to abstain quickly. You will only be dishonored while the whole court pays attention!"

Everyone was talking actively.

Iskanda remembered diligently while pretending to listen roughly.

This job didn't seem like it would be easy.

But I had to do it well.

He had a reason why he had to.

\* \* \* The

hot sun poured down.

The bricks of the farmhouse were almost dry. The summer wildflowers between the fences didn't even move.

When I entered the house, I was able to breathe a little. It was because the front and back doors were wide open to let the wind in.

On the floor of the small farmhouse lay a rug made of sewn scraps of fabric. Each lamp had its wick cut clean, indicating that the owner of this house is diligent.

Another thing that stood out was the soup pot.

In the original farmhouse, a pot of soup was always boiling. This is because workers should be able to provide a simple meal whenever they come in.

But now it is summer.

The pot was full of cold tomato soup. It was bumpy and ugly, but the soup was made with only sweeter tomatoes.

The soup is prepared so that any guest can drink as much as he wants.

Hazel was out in the herb field.

The summer herb field was full of vitality.

A fragrant and versatile basil, a dill that grows well in summer and soothes the stomach. Mint refreshes just by adding a few leaves to cold water, a time that goes well with grilled dishes... . . . .

Hazel picked fresh leaves one by one and put them in a basket.

And then I was thinking hard in my head.

What do you think, Empress Dowager?

The banquet of the heroic knights.

Just by listening to what people were saying, I could see how important the event was.

But to ask Hazel, who is just a farm girl, to prepare food for such a banquet.

This is an opportunity.

If you want to continue living in the Imperial Palace, you have no choice but to meet the chefs of the Imperial Palace.

Through this confrontation, they calmed their dissatisfaction and gave them a chance to manage the farm well in the future.

The Imperial Chefs hate Hazel very much. If they win this match, Hazel's position will be very jeopardized.

You must do well.

enthusiasm was aroused.

He moved his hand like lightning and picked up all the herbs. Then it was time to look up.

“... ..!”

Hazel was startled.

In front of him stood an imperial knight in a black cloak.

“Sir Valentine! When did you come?”

"Just before."

He answered.

Hazel suddenly clenched her fists, and her eyes twinkled as she watched them pluck every leaf of the herb.

It was fortunate that he was not intimidated or worried and was burning with enthusiasm.

If you're willing, this one wasn't too hard either.

“I heard that Miss Mayfield is going to face off with the chefs of the Imperial Palace at this Heroic Knight's Banquet... ..”

He pulled out the thick paper wad he had prepared.

“I brought the information here. First of all, from ‘Who is a hero knight?’”

“I heard a little bit too. It’s so famous.”

“A hero knight is, as the name suggests, a hero of the people. He is the incarnation of a chivalry who can't stand it when he sees injustice and always stands on the side of the weak. As righteous knights, they suffered severe hardships during the Emperor's reign. Because they were the beings who gave hope to the people suffering from tyranny.”

“It must have been a thorn in my eyes.”

"Yes it was. The Emperor tried to get rid of them somehow. However, they did not yield to the extreme torture and persecution. He left many legends on a pilgrimage to avoid the Emperor's beasts."

“Seven in total. Right?”

"Yes. Sir Kendrick, Sir Percy, Sir Edward, Sir Guilford, Sir Hannibal, Sir Wayne, Sir Vancroft.”

“You’re memorizing everything. Are you very interested?”

“No, what. Absolutely.”

Hazel glanced at him.

“I think I will remember that. Isn't there a knight from the South among me? Was it Sir Guilford?”

"no! Sir Wayne is from the South. Sevira region to be exact."

"Oh right! Sir Wayne! What baron are you from?"

"no! Sir Wayne was born as the second son of Hunjaksa. He had a sword in his hand when he was three years old, and when he was five, he followed his father's hunting for the first time, and the first animals he hunted were two bunting birds and a hare. At the age of six, he began to learn swordsmanship in earnest from a swordsman named Alessandro... ."

Sir Wayne's biography came out without question. He had the momentum to recite the whole story of his life.

it just took

Hazel looked him up and down and said.

"Somehow, I felt like I was going to work extraordinarily hard. Did it turn out that Sir Valentine was an ardent follower of the Heroic Knights?"

Iskanda was frozen as it was.

stabbed the corner

Why is he so hung up on the successful banquet?

It was because he had an ardent respect for the white-haired old knights.

But I was kind of embarrassed to reveal it. So it has been kept secret until now.

"actually... . Yes."

Iskanda admitted.

“When everyone was holding their breath under the tyranny of the Emperor, the heroic knights took the lead and gave hope and courage not only to the Empress but also to the young Crown Prince. Especially the Whittingham case.”

“What is it?”

“It was a punishment for the Marquis Whittingham, who was a representative servant. They then ordered flags with 'IX', the number for the Crown Prince, instead of 'VIII', the number for the Emperor, to cover the entire castle. This fact was secretly passed down from mouth to mouth, and it was a great help to the Crown Prince, who was only a child at the time.”

Seeing him reminiscing with a faint face, Hazel fell into doubt.

Why is Sir Valentine thrilled by that? Is this person supposed to be that much of a marrow loyalist?

“The Crown Prince invited them right after he ascended to the throne. As the pilgrimage route was heading towards the capital, the heroic knights were able to enter the Imperial Palace after a very long time. The new imperial family prepared a banquet with all their heart, hoping to treat them in a grand way. However... ..”

At this point, Iskanda sighed involuntarily.

“For some reason, the seven old knights didn't seem to be able to enjoy the banquet to their satisfaction. Of course, everyone raised their thumbs and admired the delicious food and luxurious hospitality, but... .. Everyone could feel it. The banquet food prepared for them in the Imperial Palace lacked something.”

He clenched his fists.

“So this time we have to do really well. I'm sure you'll be treated satisfactorily. Listening to the stories of the court nobles, I don't think it's a normal farm dish. You need a super-special farm dish that can defeat even Meister Henkel, the god of cooking. If you prepare something like that, even the heroic knights will have no choice but to fall for it this time. I

will do my best to cooperate with Miss Mayfield for her success. Moving, arranging materials, carrying luggage... . Just say anything.”

“... .”

Hazel looked at him with a very subtle look.

“Thank you, but... . You didn't hear me.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Empress Dowager had a strict name.”

Hazel explained.

“This match has to be played very fairly as both sides' pride is at stake. So the cooks can't do any cowardly tricks on me. And I can't get help from the so-called pro-peasants. Only the Empress Dowager can be involved in this matter, and the people of the Imperial Palace say no one should help me. He said sternly that if he got involved, it would be a violation of the Empress's authority.”

"what?"

Iskanda was perplexed.

What Hazel said was true.

A death sentence has already been given.

In fact, Hazel just ran into Cayenne while fetching water earlier. But I couldn't even say hello.

“Sir Cayenne! Are you sure that you are not trying to help the farm girl in any way by violating Her Majesty's authority?”

someone said out loud It was a joke, but the day stood out.

Cayenne was so blinded that she couldn't say a word in the end.

'We trust Hazel. See you at the banquet. I'm taking care of myself. I look forward to delicious dishes.'

He said hello with his eyes and walked away. His eyes were as talkative as his mouth, so he had no problem communicating.

The court people kept their eyes on and watched until Cayenne completely disappeared.

Hazel could feel it too.

It was a dangerous situation just before the explosion.

The so-called anti-peasants, who are the center of the existing social circle, and the pro-peasants who support Hazel.

The two sides were engaged in a tense battle of nerves.

This banquet seemed to be a major turning point.

Even Iskanda could roughly read that flow. But the banquet itself was more important to him.

“Ah. I do not know. I am the exception. Exceptions to all rules.”

“Oh, Lord Valentine... . . .”

Hazel looked at him with salty eyes.

“As an ardent follower, I understand the anguish, but wouldn't it be dangerous to mistake him for being an absolute?”

“... ..”

The emperor of the empire heard such a name.

Hazel was just worried about his job. But anyway, he was right. Since the Empress Dowager issued a strict order, 'Lord Valentine' could no longer cry.

"I get it. Well then... ..”

he turned sadly gone away

Hazel looked at his back, which seemed to have shrunk for some reason.

So disappointed!

I couldn't help it. Because rules are rules.

In fact, there really wasn't anyone who couldn't help Hazel.

It is impossible to prepare a banquet alone. So Hazel was assigned kitchen maids.

However, here too, there was an order from the Empress Dowager.

Starting with choosing a person, he said that he had to do everything himself from the very beginning.

Choosing good workers is also a very important basic in farm work. To be a good farmer, you must do well.

We must work even harder for the poor Lord Valentine!

Hazel rolled her eyes and went to the muster.

Where the banquets of the heroic knights are held.

It was a silver lion's womb.

\* \* \*

There was one unique characteristic of the genitalia.

Unlike other palaces, this banquet hall had two kitchens. There was a kitchen on the left and a kitchen on the right.

The servant introduced.

“The two kitchens are completely identical. This is the perfect place for a cooking showdown.”

It was a huge banquet hall right outside the kitchen door.

Two tables were placed side by side in the center of the banquet hall. Dishes from the kitchen on the left are placed on the left table, and dishes from the kitchen on the right are placed on the table on the right. And each is evaluated.

As it is a banquet that draws a lot of attention, we also prepared spectator seats. On that day, a lot of onlookers will gather there.

Seeing all this with my own eyes made me tremble.

Hazel looked away.

Now in the middle of the banquet hall stood the maids.

It was the kitchen maids who were hired for this heroic knight's banquet. A white apron over a black maid's suit and a white hat looked solemn.

“The kitchen maid has a cleaning maid, a dishwashing maid and a cooking maid. You can use three cleaning maids, four dishwashing maids and six cooking maids.”

"i See."

Hazel looked around them.

The maids shrugged.

Oh my God! What if I get elected?

Please if it wasn't for me!

Everyone cried out in their hearts.

It was natural to do so.

The palace chefs gathered the maids before they were called out and said:

“Guys, if you go over there, act straight. Just because the Empress Dowager was a little friendly, if by any chance she was flirting with that rustic girl... . . . I think it's never too late to come back from the banquet and work comfortably!”

That was a threat.

If it looks bad, it can be cut off. livelihood will be cut off.

So the maids couldn't take a good look at Hazel. I shut the door of my heart firmly.

Hazel, of course, didn't know that. But he assumed that the kitchen maids wouldn't like him.

I thought to myself as I looked at the hardened faces.

let's not be discouraged

He deliberately greeted me with a brighter smile.

"Hello."

Then, according to the guidance of the palace staff, the selection began. As the maids circled through the queues, they looked at each one.

We had to hire someone who was good at the job.

How can you identify such a person?

All the big things seemed to be the same anyway.

The truth is revealed in trivial things.

Hazel thought so, and focused on the small parts.

For example, a maid who makes a small tool pocket inside an inconspicuous apron will surely do the job well. Because I was worried about making things a little more convenient.

Other than that, a maid who took good care of her hat and apron with stiff grass, or a maid whose sewing skills were noticeably savvy would be fine.

In that way, as if there were no standards, all thirteen were selected.

"great. Maid Abigail here will help too."

There was also a chief of maids to take care of these maids.

This is how the selection ended.

The maids who were not chosen here and went to Meister Henkel were overjoyed and did not know what to do.

On the other hand, the maids who went to Hazel were at risk of death. In particular, Abigail's displeasure seemed to pierce the sky.

How long is my career? It's like you're playing around with a country girl that everyone is reluctant to!

However, as it was the name of the Imperial Palace, there was nothing he could do.

"Okay, then you can use the kitchen on the left here."

"Yes."

After answering the servant, Hazel turned to the maids.

“Shall we go?”

"Yes... .."

A vague answer came back.

Working with these maids is not going to be easy.

But I had to think about the will of the Empress Dowager. What was the reason for choosing the maids for this showdown and having them work together from the beginning?

Apparently, this showdown wasn't just about cooking.

In order to do great things properly, you must win the hearts of those below you.

The Empress Dowager seemed to want to see this too.

You must win their hearts! So, we have to live up to the expectations of the Empress Dowager.

Hazel made that decision. He took the maids who were about to die and went into the kitchen of the Eunsa's womb vigorously.

As soon as I stepped in, a huge amount of dust hit me.

Hazel covered her mouth and coughed. It seemed that this kitchen had been neglected for a very long time.

“I need to start cleaning first.”

As I was about to go inside, the maid paused for a moment. He was standing in a slumped position, holding out a bundle of keys.

Hazel asked.

"why?"

“Oh, no.”

After Hazel turned around, a smirk appeared on the maid's lips.

You really don't know anything?

She thought.

Meanwhile, Hazel looked around the kitchen.

There was a pile of dust in the firewood oven. It seemed like it would take a while for the fire to light up properly.

I opened the cupboard and saw that something had dried up. I couldn't even recognize the shape.

“It seems that the last people who used this place didn't clean it properly. I don't know which era they belong to.”

I wanted to lighten the mood, so I added a meaningless sound. But no one responded.

Hazel gave up and looked at the maid.

“Shall we open that road?”

Abigail opened the closet next to the cleaning kit.

There were various detergents. There were also powders used to polish knives, beeswax to polish wood, and powdered lime.

“Is it okay to just use what I have here? It’s diamond dust, so no one is breaking into our house, right?”

“All right, miss.”

The maid replied It was the face of what kind of sloppy joke you keep doing like this.

Hazel first took out the powder for wiping the knife.

That was then.

“Lady, are you there?”

A middle-aged man poked his face outside.

“This is Salman, a food vendor.”

Food vendors, as the name suggests, are people who deliver food to the Imperial Palace. They are in charge of procuring food for the banquet.

"Wait."

Hazel looked around the maids.

“The four of us mop the kitchen floor and walls. The three clean the oven like new and make a fire. The three cleaned the countertop and cupboard. Two people cleaning cooking utensils. The other one is dusting all over the place. I wish you well. Maid, please supervise everyone.”

After a quick hand out of work, I went to see the grocery vendor.

When Hazel disappeared, the maid, Abigail, turned around.

A large kitchen in a palace or castle usually has a small waiting room for the manager next to the warehouse. The maid took the key and entered. I sat down on a chair and said to the maids.

“Have you all seen it? How not funny!”

It's not even funny. She laughed softly.

“Maybe it would be better to come this way. Let's just relax and smoke a joke.”

"Yes... .."

“Oh, no.”

The maid jumped up.

“When will there be another chance like this?”

She took the key and opened all the closets in the kitchen. I was able to see luxurious ceramics, tableware and ornaments to my heart's content.

"Guys! Because if you work too hard, you will be photographed. Leave it and come here and get this out of here.”

The maid called the maids and gave them all sorts of errands.

Anyway, they had to pretend to do what Hazel told them to do. In the meantime, even the chief of the maid grabbed them and tried to wield them, but nothing came of it.

"Laura! Can you help me with the mop to finish it quickly?"

"okay. Ellie! I'm going over there, so scratch the soot in this pipe."

"I have to go to the bathroom now. Tina! Come here!"

It was a noisy, muddy field.

Hazel didn't know what was going on inside. I was busy talking to the grocery vendor outside the door.

"Congratulations on taking on such an important task, my lady. By the way, have you decided on a sample item?"

"no. Should I decide now?"

"no. All you need to do is to deliver the order form to me through the maid by following the procedures within today. Then we'll send the sample materials here tomorrow."

"okay. I'll give you the list later."

"Yes, miss. thank you."

The grocery vendor was friendly and courteous.

There seemed to be little interest in the conflict between the two sides. As the attention of both inside and outside the imperial palace was focused on this cooking showdown, it looked like they were trying to get the order safely.

The material is safe.

Hazel came back a little relieved.

But what is this?

Little progress was made during his absence. They did something on their own, and then suddenly hardened when Hazel returned. My hands and feet were noticeably slower.

“We do it together.”

Hazel grabbed a broom and ran among the maids.

Maybe 1/10 of that.

“It’s time for work.”

The maid came and said,

It's already time for work!

After thinking about the menu in earnest, I tried to write an order form, but there was no time. I just decided to apply for a few basic materials as samples.

“Oh, my waist... ..”

I wrote the order form to the maid, who was sitting in the waiting room because of back pain, and sent it out. The maids also rushed out.

Hazel was left alone.

The oven was just starting to catch fire.

After checking that it was riding well, we decided to return to the farm. I'm also thinking of a side by side menu.

Hazel sat down in the distillery.

In the closet opposite, bottles of distilled water filled with fruit or petals were lined up. It's too old and I should throw it out, but the colorful colors looked mysterious in the dim light.

It was when I looked at them and was dazed in thought.

Suddenly, a loud noise was heard outside. It looked like someone was screaming.

I hurriedly left the distillation room.

There was smoke outside. The firewood oven was very hot. It looked like it was about to explode.

"Oh!"

Hazel was terribly surprised.

In times like these, we need to be more calm.

If you pour water out of your mind in a hurry, something really bad can happen. It was knowledge gained through painful experiences.

Hazel quickly closed the door. Then I found all the ventilation controls on the oven and closed them.

When the air was completely shut off, the fire began to subside. The smoke also decreased little by little.

Soon the light went out.

"Phew... . . ."

Finally, I slapped my chest.

There were a lot of people gathered outside. The servants of the Silver Lion's womb ran from afar.

"Are you okay? no! What is this?"

"The maids didn't clean the oven properly, they just started a fire!"

"You are crazy! It looks like everything is cut off!"

Hazel flinched.

Although it was slow, the inside of the oven was well cleaned. It looked like the pipe was missing. It was a mistake that could have been made. Because he did it several times.

I thought it might be like that if I was crazy on the first day. It is excessive to take responsibility for it and cut off their livelihood. But the managers will cut it casually. Because the maids are as many as ephemera.

After a brief moment, he made his decision and opened his mouth.

"no. I cleaned the oven."

Hazel's words surprised the servants.

"Is that true? Didn't the maids do it?"

"Yes. I should have cleaned the inside of the pipe and then started a fire. I forgot to blink."

The servants' expressions changed. They clicked their tongues at Hazel.

"You can't do this. Always be careful when handling the oven. It's a shame because I did a good job of fixing it. It almost caught fire."

"sorry. I will be more careful in the future."

Hazel bowed her head.

It wasn't just the servants who came. Meister Henkel, the cooks, and the maids over there also rushed out in amazement.

"No, how could you make such a rudimentary mistake? Even though you cleaned the oven yourself, you didn't clean the inside of the pipe! That's where I want... .."

The sound of gossiping and sneering could be heard all the way here.

Hazel's face turned red.

After they disappeared, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Nope. well done."

murmured a little.

Tea leaves were sprinkled on the ashes to prevent dust from forming and removed. I took a brush and cleaned the soot, thinking.

This noise is caused because they haven't won their hearts yet. There is nothing that can't be done if your heart is right.

I have to make it mine

What better way to do it?

Hazel stood in the empty kitchen and pondered for a moment.

Then, suddenly, I noticed a small box on the countertop. It was a box filled with wax used to polish wood.

Shall we try this?

Hazel took the wax box.

I took a peek outside and the kitchen over there was brightly lit. The preparations were in full swing in the clean kitchen.

It's in front of Meister Henkel, so you wouldn't be able to say that you're going to leave the office. It would be an honor to be with you.

My mind is complicated.

The more you do this, the more you have to energize.

Hazel came out of the Silver Lion's womb.

He headed out of the palace, not the farm. It was frustrating and I wanted to go to the market.

It was just the right time for people to gather.

Everywhere I went, it was crowded. But when I saw that lively figure, I felt a little bit energetic.

Hazel walked around, watching people.

Then, all of a sudden, I saw an unusually dark crowd of people in one place under the tented open-air restaurant.

What happened?

When I looked again, they were all wearing hats and had notebooks around their necks.

were reporters.

Hazel glanced at them involuntarily.

That was then.

There was a small gap between the reporters who were jumping to and fro trying to somehow move forward. Through the gap, I saw a black-haired girl who was pushing through more recklessly than anyone else.

Hazel's eyes lit up.

"Kitty!"

A loud sound rang out.

The black-haired girl turned around in surprise.

At that moment, Kitty had a loophole. uh? uh? However, he was pushed out by other reporters. But he didn't seem to want to go back.

“No, who is this?”

Kitty greeted me warmly. But his eyes were very bright.

Hazel was also very happy. The worries that had been weighing heavily on his heart disappeared in an instant. it was just good

“Have you become a great journalist?”

“I'm an apprentice journalist.”

Kitty corrected.

At that time, a handsome gentleman appeared from the open-air restaurant. Reporters rushed in.

"Ah! Wait a minute!"

Kitty hurriedly broke through them. Despite his small stature, he was never pushed. It was so vicious that several senior journalists were pushed out.

Kitty broke through them and went all the way to the front.

“Mr. Granville! You said you are building a new guild? Have you ever had anything else to flatter the government?”

The gentleman who answered reporters' questions with a relaxed smile was moved.

“What! I just... . . . .”

Unknowingly, he looked at Kitty and raised his voice to answer.

Success!

Kitty then posed a series of sharp questions.

She has changed a lot. A gray checkered shirt that looked comfortable went very well. She was pretty when she wore a fancy dress, but she was equally pretty when she wore a dress worn by ordinary people with a leather belt.

why am i happy

Hazel looked at Kitty with a happy face as she freely asked questions and wrote down answers among senior reporters.

Then the gentleman left.

Kitty jumped back to this side.

"success! Now I'm done with today's work! You can go to work!"

Hazel asked, suddenly curious.

“Where do you live now?”

“I got a small rented house. 30 minutes from here.”

"that is great! After all, we are at the market. If nothing else, I'll go to your house and make you a delicious dinner. Do you like roast beef?"

Kitty swallowed his saliva instead of answering.

Roast beef is a dish of roasted whole beef and then sliced it. It was also a dish I often made for my grandfather.

"You don't have beef at home?"

"Nothing."

Kitty said frankly.

The circumstances of the apprentice reporter's pocket were obvious.

Hazel went to a regular at the market and bought some good beef. He said he was going to eat with a friend, so the hostess kindly changed it to a bigger one and offered it to me.

I also bought garlic and vegetables to accompany it. I bought it because I didn't have olive oil.

For dessert, I decided to simply eat peaches. Because he couldn't even buy a pie.

"I'll pay you back later."

Kitty said blushing.

It would have been a miracle if he had an old personality. He wouldn't even take it home, let alone get it. This could also be called the development of the long family.

The two shared their bags and walked for 30 minutes to Kitty's house.

Four or five-story houses were clustered together on the street. Several households live on one floor. It was similar to the rented house in the Rochelles where Hazel lived as a banker.

“Here.”

Kitty took the lead up the narrow stairs and opened the door in the corner of the fourth floor.

I guessed it, but it was a really small room.

In one corner, an oven that doubles as a stove caught my eye first.

How small is the room? The oven where the pie mold was barely fit in seemed so big. It was full as soon as there was a bed and a table/desk in.

Kitty brought the pile of books with a cheerful face.

“This is our chair. My old tutor would faint if he knew.”

sitting on a pile of books That was a fun idea too.

Once the oven is on fire.

While waiting for it to heat up, the two ate the peaches they had bought for dessert, leaving only a few left. It was juicy and sweet, and very tasty, but Hazel was worried.

“What if I can’t eat meat because I’m full?”

"do not worry."

Kitty dismissed it.

And an hour later, it was proven.

From the moment they took the roast beef out of the oven, tied tightly with string to prevent its shape from being disturbed, Kitty's eyes did not fall from it.

As the hot steam sliced the meat rising up, I literally inhaled it.

The roast beef was crispy on the outside and moist on the inside. It was amazing when served with gravy made from the juice of the meat when it was grilled. Topped with mashed potatoes and lightly fried vegetables in oil, nothing else was needed.

“What did you do to the meat? It melts as soon as you put it in your mouth! I never ate anything like this even when I was living as Count Youngae!”

Kitty even ate it with tears in her eyes.

Seeing him eating so deliciously made Hazel excited too. The two ate the large lump in an instant.

By then the oven had cooled down moderately. The wind blew in through the window and the sweat cooled.

The two sat side by side on the bed. We shared the peaches we had left before and talked about various things.

“... .. So I wrote a few articles on my own and sent them out to the newspapers. After being rejected by six places, I was finally able to get a job as an apprentice reporter for the Dawn Newspaper. Next year, I will definitely become an official reporter.”

Kitty briefly talked about how she became a journalist.

“By the way, your story would be more interesting than this one. You said you were going to hold a banquet of heroic knights?”

Hazel was surprised.

"how did you know?"

“How could a reporter not know such great news? I know everything that has ever happened to you.”

“But it didn’t appear in the newspaper?”

“I just couldn’t decide on the tone of the article on how to deal with everyone.”

When he said that, Kitty's appearance really looked like a senior reporter. When I said that, Kitty was overjoyed.

“I wish our newspaper would set the tone sooner. Then there must be a lot of stories to write! Talk to me because I'm curious. How was your first day preparing for the banquet? Did you come to the market for the ingredients?”

"Ah... . . . .”

Hazel shrugged lightly.

“It’s not that I came here because my heart was frustrated.”

"Why? What's wrong?"

“Actually, the kitchen maids don’t like me. You don't like being with me instead of Meister Henkel. There is no progress whatsoever.”

“Your liver is swollen!”

Kitty shouted.

“How dare you! If you got it in my hands, it's all over!”

The sharply raised eyes lit up with a bright blue light. It looked like it was breathing fire from its mouth.

“Would you mind?”

Hazel nodded as she looked at the poisonous figure.

“If it was the daughter of Count Diabelli, she would have grabbed the maids at once.”

"right. I won't deny that I'm an expert on these issues."

Kitty's eyes lit up.

“As you know, I was kicked out of the Imperial Palace. So I can help you. I'll teach you the secrets of the experts. I can't listen to this even if I pay money. Because it's you, I'm special to you. What are you doing? Write it down quickly!”

"okay!"

Hazel quickly picked up the paper and pen from the desk.

“First, sit on a chair and cross your legs. Second, call your partner. Third, look straight into your eyes and smile. Fourth, relax your fingers and focus on your palms. Fifth, as it is, break your wrist in a snap and use the recoil to pair it! hit.”

Hazel's hand stopped.

"what's this?"

“What? Essential education for socialite girls! That's a good way to slap on the cheek! When you grab a subordinate, when a dressmaker tries to rip you off, when you get stuck in an argument with another young girl... ... It's an all-purpose recipe that can be used at any time! However, there are caveats. Be sure to check who is around you before writing. Then, another essential culture: grabbing your hair, pretending to be pitiful in front of the elders of the Imperial Palace, sneaking behind you to catch your weaknesses, buying someone else's housekeeper... ... .”

From Kitty's mouth, the 'essential culture of socialite girls' poured out endlessly.

Hazel opened her mouth halfway and only blinked. Kitty frowned when she couldn't even think of writing it down.

"what are you doing? Because it really works!”

“That, yes... ... .”

Hazel hesitated.

Kitty suddenly realized.

“Yes. If it had worked, I would have ended up looking like this... ... .”

"Nope! Nope! You are living very well!”

I said it hastily, but Kitty is excited! and put on a stern look.

But in speaking so casually in the first place, I could feel that Kitty Diabelli had really improved a lot.

The two looked at each other and smiled.

I dictated, but the paper was pushed to one side. That kind heart that tried to help you in your own way... ... No, I decided to receive only that ferocious heart.

mind. be mind

“How on earth can I win people’s hearts?”

"Well. I'm sorry, but that's not my field."

Kitty scratched her cheek.

“There is only one thing I can say right now. The roast beef is really good!”

“Then I’m happy. To write a newspaper article, you have to eat well. Next time I'll bring butter and cider. Ham, sausage, eggs, country bread, cream cake... ... I will bring them all.”

"when?"

“Once the banquet is over. Oh no. The tomatoes are in full swing right now, so can we come again next week?”

"really?"

Kitty's eyes lit up.

“Then can you come on Wednesday? It’s the hardest day of the week.”

"great!"

Hazel readily replied.

Today is Friday, so five days later.

No matter how busy the banquet preparations were, I wanted to properly congratulate Kitty once again for becoming an apprentice reporter. with a big cake.

Kitty was delighted and wrote down the address of the Dawn Newspaper.

“Let’s meet at the entrance of the newspaper. No matter what happens, I will finish everything by 7 o’clock and leave.”

"okay!"

What else to put in the big basket? Hazel was already in a pleasant trouble.

The market walk was a huge success.

Meeting Kitty, who has become a great apprentice journalist, made me happy to come back. The footsteps were full of energy.

In the end, the only thing that can move the mind is the mind.

Hazel thought.

So, I decided to put into practice what I had at first sight during the day.

Before entering the Imperial Palace, we stopped at a general store. I bought 15 small round tins with lids.

When I got home, I first took the bottle out of the shelf. The bottle was filled with glistening liquid and thin golden petals.

This was marigold oil.

When Lord Valentine was building a chicken coop and struck his hand with a hammer, he gave first aid with marigolds.

After that, I made an oil in case something similar happened again. It was a very good oil with a deep golden color.

In addition to this, two more pools were needed.

plantain and chickweed.

These two are often treated as weeds and plucked away. But it's actually a great herb.

Plantain soothes skin inflammation and removes toxins. Chickweed has the effect of healing wounds.

Hazel finely chopped these two grasses. Oil was poured into it so that the medicinal ingredients were poured out abundantly. Then the residue was filtered.

Next, I took out the wax I had brought from the Imperial Palace kitchen.

How to make it is simple.

Heat the beeswax in a hot water bath, then pour in marigold oil and mix well. Two types of oils derived from plantain and chickweed are added there.

The finished solid was divided into small containers one by one. Finally, a few marigold petals were added for decoration.

Finally finished.

Its name was universal ointment.

This ointment is great for sunburns from kitchen work. It also heals wounds from cuts and fires surprisingly quickly.

It will be very useful for the kitchen maid.

Also, this universal ointment was beautiful. The dark golden solid contained marigold petals, so it looked like a pendant.

Hazel put the ointment in the basket. I sneaked out of the house feeling like I was committing a secret thing.

When I went to the Eunsa Palace, the imperial guard made the way without asking. Of course, he seemed to know what his business was.

It was true that he had a business.

Hazel walked across the moonlit kitchen. I opened the cleaning tool box and neatly put 14 all-purpose ointments.

everyone will like it

As I imagined it, my heart pounded.

I returned to the farm with excitement.

There is one ointment left.

It's been a while since I pulled out marigold oil, and I kept thinking of Sir Valentine. The only thing left was to give it to him.

After the banquet is over.

With that thought in mind, I went inside the fence and stopped in shock.

“... .. !”

A shadow that seemed even blacker in the darkness stood tall in front of the house.

As soon as you think about it, it appears right in front of you. Besides, it's already the second time that he suddenly appeared like this today.

Hazel asked, wide-eyed.

“Sir Valentine! What are you doing again?”

"I'm just... .. .”

He grumbled in a very piercing manner for some reason.

“You're not here to help, are you?”

“... .. .”

“Maybe I didn't do my job properly because I was just thinking about the banquet all day today, right?”

“... ..”

His astonishment at every word was clearly visible in the darkness.

Hazel's words were very accurate.

All day today, Iskanda has not been working properly.

All his nerves were focused on the banquet of the heroic knight. At every hour, every second, my concentration was broken. Heroes, Knights, Banquets, Showdowns, Farm Maidens, Imperial Palace Chefs... .. Every time I heard these words, my ears perked up.

In fact, Iskanda wasn't the only one.

The entire palace was in turmoil.

Everyone knew how much interest the Emperor and Empress did in this matter. So, when there was any news, everyone diligently asked about it.

Meanwhile, Iskanda learned one important fact.

“Your Majesty, this is truly a secret that only Your Majesty alone should know... ..”

Liquor shop Siberius came and whispered.

Words that start with this kind of prelude usually have nothing to do with it.

But Siberius was a man of bright ears.

The news that he stumbled upon through a fireplace chimney was highly confidential. It should never have been leaked.

However... . . . .

Thinking about it, isn't it unfair?

There were cooks over there to help Meister Henkel, but Hazel was alone on this side. The ability to respond is bound to fall behind.

So it is right to give hints.

Iskanda thought.

So it came like this. Taking advantage of the darkness, I tried to leak clues around the farm.

Then I just met myself.

From the moment he recognized the owner of the sound of creeping footsteps, he stiffened. I couldn't even run away for fear that I might be surprised to know that it was a thief.

Then, 'I am not a thief.' I should have said

Still, he didn't have the skill to time the conversation. So I hesitated, and in the end I was startled to look like a thief.

It was really embarrassing.

“I'm sorry to startle you first... . . . .”

made an apology

“To be honest, I came here to help. I got caught and gave up right away.”

“I thought so! I thought I couldn't let go of that personality!”

“Didn't you say you gave up? Anyway, now that I've come this far, I'd like to hear what's going on. I am very curious.”

He was a man with no expression on his face. But now, his eyes looked very desperate.

"Hmm... . . . .”

Hazel thought for a moment.

Have I been being too savvy?

went inside and said.

“I know how important this feast is to Sir Valentine, an ardent follower of the Knights of Heroes.”

“Can't we just leave out the long modifier at the beginning?”

“As an ardent follower of the Hero Knights, of course things won't go well. Do you have any plans?”

“Isn't it going to arrive at the Imperial Palace in about a week? The banquet will be held that evening.”

“It's faster than I thought.”

“The day doesn't matter. Before that, wouldn't it be okay if we just breathe well?”

“Actually, that’s the problem.”

Hazel shrugged.

“The maids don’t follow me well.”

Iskanda was surprised.

“The maids? why? There are people who want to help but can't! Shouldn't we be more valuing our position?”

He was excited.

“I just do it. I was firmly stamped by the Imperial Palace chefs. Everyone must have wanted to go under Meister Henkel. As a result, I keep getting noise. For example... .”

I hesitated about whether to talk about the pipe or not, but I gave up. It seemed that Lord Valentine would immediately banish them. Then there's no reward for being surrounded by sounds you don't want to hear.

“Anyway, I was worried. How can I win their hearts? Then I went to the market. Well, do you know who I met? Kitty! Little Count Diabelli!”

“Oh, you tried to ruin the cooking contest?”

“It is completely different now. Are you already a good newspaper reporter? I work very hard.”

“A newspaper reporter?”

Iskanda was surprised again.

“Isn’t it great that you find a new path in such a way even though you’re embarrassed?”

"Yes. I'm really happy. It was me who recommended the newspaper reporter. Also, people can change. Meeting Kitty gave me energy. The maids will definitely change too. I'm going to start with a small gift."

"Gift?"

"Here you go."

Hazel gave one of the remaining round barrels in the basket to Lord Valentine.

“It is an all-purpose ointment made with marigold oil.”

"Five! marigold! It really works!"

Iskanda was very pleased and received it.

Hazel smiled.

“The maids will definitely like it. I think I can tell you some good news tomorrow.”

Iskanda looked at Hazel's smiling face.

It's tomorrow... . . . .

I have to tell you that!

I couldn't keep my mouth shut because I was told not to help.

Iskanda thought about it and picked up a branch. I sneakily scribbled on the floor. It looked like a huge crown.

"Wow! You draw well!"

Hazel had no idea what the graffiti meant.

Of course. It was so metaphorical. If you realize this, you are a mind reader.

In the end, Iskanda just said hello and turned around.

Hazel thought as she looked back.

Come to think of it, someone who suddenly appeared like this and asked me to tell you about what happened during the day resembles someone.

"Somehow, it resembles a farm fairy."

so muttered

Not knowing how keenly the insight she had just gained, Hazel returned home.

looking forward to tomorrow

\* \* \* The

next day.

After watering the fields, Hazel went to the Eunsa's womb early. The maids came as I was waiting to get things sorted out.

He quickly went over there and said.

“Shall we start cleaning today?”

“Ah, yes... ..”

The maids answered without hesitation.

We all went to get some cleaning tools. Then I suddenly felt a strange feeling and stopped.

Hazel slowly followed.

“Why, lady?”

“Oh, no.”

Hazel smiled awkwardly and waved her hand.

what?

The maids tilted their heads.

I went to the front of the toolbox and looked again.

Hazel drew closer. For some reason, he was staring intently at them with his eyes twinkling.

Why are you talking like that?

The maids were puzzled and opened the cleaning tool box.

A strange figure appeared in the middle of the toolbox. In the midst of mops, buckets and brushes, something was piled up in a triangular shape.

The door opened wide and light came in, revealing what it was.

They were small round barrels.

"What is this?"

"It's a gift."

Hazel said quickly.

"I made this last night to give to everyone. An all-purpose ointment with farm-made marigold oil, plantain and chickweed. It's great for getting your hands dirty by doing kitchen work. It heals cuts and burns quickly."

"... .."

The maids met face to face.

"Thank you, miss."

"thank you."

I nodded and took one by one.

Isn't this

Hazel was perplexed.

It was very different from what I expected.

The maids only looked at this gift as awkward and burdensome. I didn't even open the lid.

The walls of my heart were too thick. I realized that fact again.

I have a long way to go.

Hazel turned around helplessly.

“ . . . . . ”

Looking at Hazel's back like that, Abigail, the maid, looked at her with an astonishing look.

what's this? are you kidding me?

It is common for many things to fall into the hands of a noble young-lady. From small hair ribbons and luxurious handkerchiefs to large accessories. These savory gifts increase the loyalty of the maids.

But what about homemade ointment?

It felt so awkward.

This 'gift' once again reminded me of how poor the young lady they serve.

There is no such thing as falling down!

She shook her head.

Well done yesterday, too. The salty side income is something you have to take care of yourself.

As I was thinking about it, the servants of the Silver Lion's womb brought a large refrigerated box.

“Sample ingredients sent by food vendors.”

"Ah!"

Hazel went there quickly.

“Give me this way.”

“Yes, miss. Please check the contents and sign the receipt here.”

“Yes, wait a minute.”

Hazel reached out to open the box's lid.

But it was then.

Suddenly, a loud voice resounded from the banquet hall beyond the kitchen.

“You are the Empress Dowager!”

what?

Hazel was startled.

With some sample ingredients, I hurriedly ran to the door opposite the kitchen. The maid and the maids followed in haste.

It really was.

The Empress Dowager was in a gloomy hall with nothing but a table yet.

Besides, he wasn't alone. Surprisingly, it was with several substitutes.

“His Majesty the Empress Dowager!”

Meister Henkel and the chefs running out of the kitchen on the other side were also amazed. You both bowed your head and bowed your head.

Meister Henkel asked in a trembling voice on behalf of everyone.

“Your Majesty, why did you come here?”

The Empress Dowager looked around on both sides.

“The sample materials must have arrived by now?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Good. Doesn't it feel like we're talking to each other without realizing the passage of time? You must have gotten your hands on it to some degree now, but let's try it and try making a dish.”

They all looked at each other with surprised faces.

sneak check.

The Empress Dowager personally came out for inspection.

My mind was blown.

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

After everyone agreed to answer, they ran to the kitchen.

You must not lose to Meister Henkel!

Hazel hurriedly opened the lid of the refrigerated box containing the sample ingredients.

At that moment, I was stunned.

Inside the box was a marvelous sight.

Vegetables withered. The tip receded and the yellow water flowed out. The ham had a sour smell and the chicken was sticky. Butter and nuts had a musty, oily smell.

Hazel's eyes darkened.

“How did this happen? I'm sure I sent the order to prepare fresh basic ingredients!”

The maid looked in and clicked her tongue.

“Wow! like that! He's a really bad guy! How underestimated would you send these kinds of things? He's a very ignorant worker. I will recommend another contractor that I know well.”

Hazel looked at her.

Clearly, I had a feeling that this maid had done some trick.

This isn't it! Not really!

I stared at him with a scornful gaze.

But she was calm. I was angry at that arrogance.

Then the servant looked into the kitchen.

“What are you doing? That one has already started.”

It was a big deal.

I can't seem to get anything out like this.

The Empress Dowager is counting on me!

Hazel bit her lip.

It is still too early to give up. Surely there must be a way. I have to find a way somehow.

In a crisis situation, my head was taut.

Suddenly, a method came to mind.

Hazel hurriedly took out the ingredients from the box.

"Quickly! knife and bowl! Make more fire in the oven!"

"Yes."

Even the maids were so excited for this moment. He was nervous and scattered all over the place.

The knife and cutting board are ready.

Hazel took the ingredients out of the refrigerator box one by one. Among them, I reluctantly selected the ones that are still useful.

Ingredients piled up on the counter.

Onion, chicken, beef, ham, mushroom, turkey meat. Nuts and dried fruits such as cranberries and pistachios.

The condition of the material was so bad that when I applied it sparingly, it was all in pieces. When I put it all together, it wasn't much.

The maids were in doubt.

What the hell can you cook with such scraps of ingredients?

Amid the skeptical gaze, Hazel seasoned the ingredients one by one and cooked them. My hands were so fast that they flashed here and there.

Even more surprisingly, while preparing the ingredients, he kneaded the flour to make a large pie mold and lid.

“Come on, this way!”

When the maids brought the pie mold, Hazel skillfully stacked all the ingredients there, layer by layer. Place the pie lid on top of it to match the edges, then bake again.

The servant looked again.

“Are you done? They say it's over.”

“I'm done here too!”

Hazel exclaimed as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. My throat was tight, but I didn't even have time to celebrate for a while.

The maids took out a large, golden-cooked pie. After putting it on a silver tray, it was simply decorated with raw branches and brought to the banquet hall.

The Empress Dowager and her ministers sat at the table and waited for the dish.

First, Meister Henkel brought out the dishes.

When the lid was opened, fragrant smoke spread out. In the place where the thin steam was removed, the appearance of the dish he prepared was revealed.

At the bottom of the plate was a translucent golden sauce. Thick pieces of meat were gently piled on top of it.

Whatever it was, it looked delicious.

The servants placed the dishes on the personal plates of the Empress Dowager and the ministers.

A sweet scent permeated the hall.

The Empress Dowager and the ministers picked up a piece of meat and put it in their mouth. Then he opened his eyes wide and admired it.

“It tastes really good. What kind of dish is this?”

“The knight’s food, jerky.”

Everyone was buzzing. Instead of overseeing the national defense, Milov asked.

“Somehow, the outside is crispy and the chewy taste is exceptionally good! But how does the jerky taste so fresh?”

“Because I made it in a very short time in my own special way.”

Henkel answered.

“Besides, it looks just like a sauce, but it's actually a special flavoring liquid. If you dip it and serve it, it will feel like you are eating a luxurious sacrament even though it is jerky.”

“Great! How wonderful!”

praise poured in.

“Good job, Meister Henkel.”

After praising him, the Empress Dowager turned her head.

“Now then, what kind of dish would you prepare for this?”

Hazel was too nervous to speak. Instead of answering, he opened the lid.

A huge mass appeared, which was very well roasted to a golden color. It was a one-span-tall pie with a lid on.

Hazel took a knife and cut a piece.

It turned out to be full of all kinds of materials.

Pink ham and turkey meat. Ripe Chicken. Green pistachios hidden in between. Reddish cranberries. All of this came together wonderfully.

The maids widened their eyes.

I couldn't believe it was made with scrap materials. Even though I watched it in person and supported it from the side.

“How could such a figure be hidden in a seemingly ordinary appearance!”

Instead of Judgment, Hattenberg put a piece of pie in his mouth first.

In fact, he had some doubts that the Empress Dowager had entrusted such an important task to this farm girl.

But as soon as he tasted the pie, his doubts disappeared in an instant.

He smiled broadly and clapped his hands involuntarily.

"delicious! tasty!"

Hazel laughed a little at that moment.

There was nothing happy like that simple word.

“Even though we used a variety of ingredients, the taste doesn’t go away, but rather, it seems to bring out each other’s taste well. It’s a really fun taste.”

“If you know about them, they are common ingredients, but when you combine them like this, they are very different and taste good.”

all praised

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

“Then let’s talk about it for fun. Whose cuisine do you think is better?”

Instead, they talked about the naval forces. Soon after, Milov, instead of the national defense, spoke as the representative.

“Meister Henkel's venison jerky, and Miss Mayfield's special pie, both are great. There is no difference between superiority and superiority.”

At that moment, Henkel's face wrinkled slightly. A spark of fire flew from the eyes of the Imperial Palace chefs.

Hazel, on the other hand, sighed in relief.

thank God.

He managed to overcome the crisis by using the leftover materials. It was really breathtaking.

This time the maids did a good job.

“Thank you all.”

“... ..”

The maids looked away without a word. Again, there was an awkward and awkward atmosphere.

Among them stood the maid, Abigail. He looked so shameless, as if nothing had happened.

Hazel looked at her like that and realized.

In the end, it can't be done. Sometimes it can be impossible to carry them all.

It was a heartbreaking realization.

But the rotten part had to be cut out.

There is no way the vendor could have played with the material. But how did you come to receive these materials?

I had to figure it out first.

Hazel left the kitchen for a moment and went to the maids' quarters.

Abigail had a small private room thanks to her title of maid.

It was locked. But when Hazel asked with a hard face, the guard opened the door.

In the trash can there, Hazel found crumpled paper.

There were three orders that he had written yesterday. Abigail just threw the order away while preparing to go out.

why?

The question was quickly resolved.

I was asking the guards and other maids about Abigail's whereabouts last night, and someone came running from the other side.

"miss! miss!"

Someone said it was Salman, a grocery purveyor who had visited Hazel yesterday. He complained with a very sad face.

“What happened? Why did you drop me all of a sudden?”

"Yes? Are you dropping out?"

“You mean using someone else? All the ingredients have already been carefully prepared! I came here with the intention of asking the maid some money and asking again, and I just met the lady! You talk so well during the day and then suddenly change your words like that!”

“That’s not it.”

Hazel showed him the order he found in the trash can.

“I clearly wrote this to the maid. But today, some very poor quality ingredients arrived.”

"I beg your pardon?"

The supplier resolved the misunderstanding only after seeing the order form.

"sorry. I didn't know that either, and only the lady was resentful. The maid was cheating in the middle.”

"okay. Now I know. It must have been that he sent out poor quality ingredients instead of removing Mr. Saloman, and then introduced a business he had a connection with and was trying to get a separate fee for it.”

Finally, the number of maids appeared.

I learned one more thing while talking to Salman, the resentful vendor.

"I beg your pardon? The maid didn't hand over the keys? That's ridiculous! The set of keys to open all the cupboards and the waiting room belong to the lady! We must take it from you right now!"

Salman exclaimed with courage.

Hazel didn't know that rule.

Abigail's arrogance was beyond imagination. I hurried back to the kitchen.

The maid was sitting on a chair in the waiting room. Even after seeing Hazel return, he said, “My back hurts... ..” and groaned.

Hazel went and stood in front of her.

“Give me the key.”

The maid's complexion changed slightly. However, he soon regained his youthful expression.

“Hey, it looks like you don't know what... .”

“You are fired.”

The maid's lips stopped.

She looked at Hazel with eyes as big as a tray. It was a face he couldn't believe.

“Hey, what... .”

“I said I was fired.”

Hazel held out three orders she found in the trash can.

Blood dripped from the maid's face.

Is it possible to fire the maid in the Imperial Palace kitchen?

In fact, Hazel didn't even know. I just threw it

But seeing that Abigail's maid's face turned blue like that, it seems like it's possible to get fired.

I learned something new.

If you are unsure of the scope of your authority, simply test it.

“Uh, how do you... ..”

Hazel responded to the maid looking down at the order book with a pale face.

“There is something very surprising. I have two legs so I can go to your room. They also have two hands so they can search your room. Didn't you even dream of that? How dare you look down on people?”

“Well, you were wrong! Please forgive me just once!”

“Leave the key and leave.”

"miss!"

“Leave the key and leave.”

Hazel repeated like a parrot.

The maid realized that even the seeds were not eaten. With trembling hands, he presented the set of keys.

“... ..”

Hazel took it.

Everyone must have felt that this young lady was responding sharply now.

But that wasn't the case at all. He was no less than a maid, trembling.

I cut others!

For Hazel, who has been living as a small citizen, that was too much.

I really didn't know I would be doing this.

I looked around and it was as quiet as a dead mouse. All the kitchen maids looked at them without even breathing.

Hazel was heartbroken.

It completely crossed the water.

The dream of working hard together in a friendly atmosphere was shattered. The wall that separated the maids and Hazel was solidified with this.

it's all wrong

You will be working in this atmosphere of fear until the very end.

Hazel shrugged and turned around.

“I'm here today.”

I trembled and left the uterus and went to the Royal Household Office. Maid Abigail submitted an undelivered order as evidence and announced her intention to fire her.

The officials of the Imperial Household Agency were very surprised.

“Oh, I see. Then the new maid... . . .”

“I just wish it wasn’t there.”

Hazel answered and returned.

\* \* \*

That evening.

Iskanda took advantage of the break from the crowd to sneak up on the farm.

But it was so quiet.

He glanced at the farmhouse with the door open, and was surprised. Hazel was lying in the room with a blanket over her.

“Miss Mayfield! Where are you sick?”

A hand came out of the blanket. It swung left and right slowly.

“Then why are you doing this?”

“I can’t say that.”

A mournful voice came out.

Iskanda was perplexed.

You're lying in bed with a blanket on! What the hell happened in one day?

I never knew Whether the Empress Dowager was directly involved in the enlistment or not, there was no information leaking out like yesterday.

Anyway, this was a crisis.

No! She is the only one who can properly hold a banquet!

The only prospect lay down. Talent management failure. all of them are my fault

He opened his mouth, blaming himself.

“Perhaps the kitchen maids didn't like the all-purpose ointment? But that doesn't change the fact that it's the best ointment in the world. I guarantee.”

"Thank you very much. for saying so... . . . .”

The duvet was wriggling a little. But it didn't go away.

The whole farm was heavily sunk.

It's just that the owner is lying on the bed with a blanket on, and everything has changed completely. Even his palace that he looked out of the window looked gloomy.

This should not be the case. You have to get it up somehow.

A good idea suddenly came to mind.

He went outside and said loudly.

“I can’t help it. The farm cannot be abandoned, so the country has no choice but to do farm work. Let's see... . . . Can we plant these grasses in this empty land first?”

"Yes?"

The duvet was suddenly removed. Hazel jumped up.

"No! Those are weeds pulled all day long!"

He ran quickly and took the hoe.

succeeded.

The farm owner jumped out of bed to protect the farm from the townsfolk.

Once I got out, I was soon refreshed.

The evening breeze blew gently in the twilight, stroking Hazel's hair.

Julia welcomed her owner and cried a long time. The chickens and Tiberius rushed out to the entrance of the henhouse. The crops in the garden also waved their leaves as if begging to be taken care of.

“There is no time to be like my heart to work with people. It's not the first time I've left it without thinking and got hit in the back of the head. In the end, even if you take the time you don't have, you have to look into it yourself, so you can relax.”

"that's right. that's right."

The two sat at the back of the house, drank cider, and spent some time discussing their concerns.

Darkness fell over the wooden fence of the farm.

that time.

The kitchen maids took a deep breath as they folded the laundry in the dormitory.

“What do we do now? If you do a good job, you will be stamped by the chefs. But if you blur your discipline, you will be cut like a knife.”

"Ah! I'm really going crazy! You can't do this, you can't do that!"

Then, other maids appeared in the laundry room. They were maids working under Meister Henkel.

“Hey, you guys... . . . .”

They looked at them with very pitiful eyes.

“Your face doesn't speak. but. I don't feel like working.”

“When I think of going to work again tomorrow, I get excited already. Meister Henkel is a great man. You don't know how much I learn every day.”

“On the other hand, that ‘lady’... . . . hey, don't talk There was no real solution. You said you started a fire without cleaning the oven pipes on the first day?”

“Everyone ran and there was no riot. Ugh, I'm all embarrassed! Mistakes that even novice maids don't make!”

“Why did you start cleaning yourself without knowing how to do it? How funny is that!”

Everyone smiled and left.

After they disappeared, the maids looked at each other. His face was as pale as white paper.

"what is this sound? Ellie! Didn't you clean the pipe?"

"I was busy, so I asked Tina! Tina! didn't you?"

"At that time, the maid called me and asked Lucia... .. Lucia! What happened!"

Then they found out

After all, no one cleaned the oven pipes that day. The maid had lost her mind.

The maid Gemma's face turned blue.

"Oh My God! I didn't even know that, I just started a fire... .."

What happened next was obvious.

They left work like a knife as soon as the time came. In the kitchen where she was the only one left, the oven must have been burning red. The pipe was clogged and it would have gone on the verge of exploding.

The lady took care of it by herself. Then, in front of the people running in surprise, he said that he had cleaned the oven.

The maids who made such a huge mistake made the mistake on behalf of the maids.  
Hearing huge laughter.

You forgot to clean the pipes and almost set the palace kitchen on fire.

It was cheap even if I got fired.

But the lady covered it. Still, he didn't say anything. If I hadn't stumbled across the other maids while chatting late in the laundry room today, I wouldn't have known until the end.

“... ..”

Not everyone knew what to look like.

Only one thing was known.

that they had committed an irreparable mistake.

Up until now, I had too much misunderstanding about the girl. Thinking about the past, I couldn't raise my head because I was embarrassed.

The maid Gemma put her hands in her pockets.

Hazel pulled out a small canister that had been secretly tucked away in the cleaning toolbox. I just opened the lid once.

In the light of the lamp, the golden ointment was revealed. In the middle, yellow and tender marigold petals were gently rising.

“Oh, how pretty!”

All of them were in admiration.

“Then I thought I'd open it right away.”

There was no use in regretting it now. No matter how much I repented of the past, it was of no use.

“It is already late. You must have already been very disappointed with us.”

"okay. It's too late.”

The kitchen maids murmured with dark faces.

The next day was Sunday.

Hazel headed to the Silver Lion's womb early. I was still thinking of cleaning the cluttered kitchen by myself.

When I saw the cleaning kit, I tried to get depressed again.

Let's not do that.

I made up my mind and went to the corner. It was when I just grabbed the mop's sack that was leaning against the wall.

Suddenly, footsteps were heard and the maids entered. They were surprised to see Hazel. They crouched and looked at each other.

Hazel was surprised too.

“Is today Sunday?”

“I usually don't take a break during such a big event.”

I thought it was just that, and soaked the rag in a bucket and washed it.

I was just about to mop the floor when suddenly several maids ran up to me. Before Hazel's mop reached it, she rubbed it lightly.

what?

Hazel put down the mop and picked up a dishcloth. Just as I was about to wipe the countertop, the maids came running again. Before Hazel's dishcloth could even touch it, it wiped away the dust, dried it, and polished it in an instant.

No, what is this?

Everywhere I went, maids flocked to me. He had done everything before he even reached out.

Hazel was perplexed.

I was so embarrassed that I could only think of one thing.

“Hey, what kind of new bullying is this?”

The maids stopped.

He bowed his head and lowered his hands. Everyone hesitated. The maid Gemma mustered up the courage and barely opened her mouth.

“I know it's too late. But can you forgive us?”

Tears welled up just as I said that.

Tears spread quickly.

Hazel panicked once again to see all the maids weeping.

"What's wrong? Do not cry."

"Actually, I found out last night. Even though we hadn't cleaned the oven pipes, the lady covered them."

"Ah."

Hazel was surprised.

I completely forgot what happened on the first day.

It was already over. But unexpectedly, the maids find out. face turned red

"That's right, I made a lot of mistakes like that in the beginning... .."

The words of comfort made the maids even more moved.

"We were really immature and stupid. Even though the young lady came to me first, she kept her heart shut. I am so sorry."

"She was ridiculed for us. I can't stand thinking like that."

"I will go to the chefs on the other side and reveal the truth. I will restore her honor."

Hazel's heart fluttered as the maids cried.

finally found out

The corners of his eyes were hot and he felt like he was about to burst into tears. But if even Hazel had tears in her eyes, the maids would be so surprised and embarrassed.

He endured it hard and shook his head.

"no. You don't have to reveal that. It wasn't intentional, it was a mistake. So that's what I did. And it was my responsibility."

The maids became more remorseful.

"He's such a deep-seated man... . . . . We did something we couldn't do."

"Of course the people who work in the Imperial Kitchen will look down on me. Because a lot of things happened."

"That's not it. There was a rumor that if we worked hard under the lady, we would be firmly stamped by the Imperial Palace chefs. He said it would be very difficult to go back to work after the banquet was over."

I see.

Hazel finally knew for sure what was behind them.

"Do not worry. You worked hard at an important event in the Imperial Palace, and you are being photographed? So that it never happens, I'll make sure even after it's over."

It was a very strong promise.

The maids exchanged glances. He wiped away his tears and smiled.

I had only known Hazel for a while, but it was clear that he never spoke empty words.

"Thank you very much."

"Thank you, miss."

Everyone expressed their gratitude.

Anxiety and anxiety were completely gone. Now I can work without worrying about anything.

The maids rushed to work.

It was thoroughly swept and wiped so that not a single speck of dust remained. The cooking utensils were polished and polished without leaving any residue. Everyone worked together to wake up this spacious kitchen.

"There I did! Help the warehouse!"

"I'm done here too!"

Hands and feet fit perfectly. The sound of laughter did not stop even as the heavy pot was lifted and moved.

Hazel paused for a moment as she organized her tools and looked at her.

It was exactly what he had dreamed of. I worked hard by exchanging opinions with people who worked professionally in the kitchen.

A smile crept up on his cheek.

Hazel diligently teased her hands again.

Sunday when everyone is off. In the kitchen on the left side of the gift box, they worked hard and sweat like that.

It wasn't hard at all.

Working together like this, the kitchen maids got to know more and more what kind of personality the lady in charge was.

After working without noticing the passing of time.

On her way home, the young cleaning maid Ellie stopped in the hallway for a moment. He clenched his fists and muttered.

"after... . . . . Damn it."

That moment.

A faint shadow appeared between the pillars. Ellie was so startled that her heart almost popped out of her mouth.

“Wow, Empress Dowager... . . . .”

The owner of the shadow that suddenly appeared was the Empress Dowager and the Handmaiden. Ellie's mind went blank.

“I have sinned so great! The Empress Dowager and the handmaiden muttering such disrespectful words without knowing that they are here!”

"Okay. are you okay. Things like that happen, too."

The Empress Dowager shook her head with a kind face.

“Then why did you mumble by yourself? Were the banquet preparations so arduous and difficult?”

so kindly asked.

"no. That's not it."

Ellie answered.

“It wasn't hard at all and it was a lot of fun. However, when I went back after finishing it, I suddenly got angry. We had a really depressing first and second day. Because I didn't know my lady was like this. If I had known earlier, the past two days would have been just as fun as today, right? It was so painful to think about it, so I stopped muttering swear words.”

At the young maid's unadorned and candid words, the Empress Dowager smiled.

“Is your girl such a good person?”

"Yes!"

Ellie quickly shouted. As if that was not enough, he nodded hard enough that his head fell off.

\* \* \*

Rumors creeping in that the farm lady fighting Meister Henkel had fired the maid.

“There was a lot of noise from the start.”

The people in the court murmured.

But when Iskanda heard the rumors, he thought.

You seem to have solved the problem well.

He would have played a part in that. If I hadn't raided the farm and pulled Hazel out, I might have just lied down in a blanket the next day.

Thinking like that, I was proud of myself.

Across the front yard of the main building of the Imperial Palace, looking out the window, I could see the cart of the food vendor rolling slowly.

Hazel opened the box of sample ingredients that the supplier had brought.

The meat was pink. The vegetables seemed to come alive. It was different from the ones that Maid Abigail secretly sent instead.

“That's great too! I will write a receipt for you here.”

“Thank you, miss. Outsiders like us, if someone tricks us inside the palace, we can't help but get stuck. I'm always afraid of it. This time I lived thanks to her.”

Salman, the vendor, returned with a smile.

Everything has found its place. Although it was a long time behind the other side, I finally found stability.

All that's left is cooking. You have to cook the best dishes.

Hazel's eyes lit up. I was finally able to focus.

The kitchen maids were gathering in the garden and chattering.

“The lady... ..”

“So our little girl... ..”

Whether passersby glanced at them or not, they spoke out in a loud voice.

It's scary to go back once.

These days, whenever two or more get together, they will unconditionally say, “My young lady... ..” he started the conversation. I didn't realize the time was passing because I was talking about Hazel.

Joanne, the maid, passing by, frowned.

Still, I kept watching them. I was about to say that if I got caught once in the field, I would say something stingy.

okay. well taken

He said it was right, and he quickly approached and slapped the maids in the back.

"Hey guys .. hey guys! Are you planning to become a pro-peasant at all?"

“But, maid! look at this This is an all-purpose ointment that my lady made and gave as a gift. My hand swelled up from washing the dishes. You don't know how moist it is.”

“Look at my hand here. It was stamped on the door of the cupboard, and the flesh was cut, but it did not heal because it was crushed by water constantly coming in contact with it. But when I apply this ointment, the scab sits overnight. It's already sprouted. Isn't that great?"

“The maid was also burned there. Give it a try.”

When everyone sang enthusiastically, Maid Joanne forgot her original purpose and tempted her. Still, the spot where the oil splattered was sore.

“Let's see.”

A little bit of bright yellow ointment containing marigold petals was placed in a circular container with the bottom already visible. I lightly applied the oil to the burned area.

“Aww! Oh my gosh! The bitterness subsides at once!”

"Yes? Are we right?"

“Does it smell good? It smells like herbs!”

When the maid admired, the maids were even more excited.

“What about plantain? So, it is true that there are medicinal herbs in it. It was made in a special way on your farm.”

“I think the maids on the other side will die of envy because they can't even talk. I purposely take it out and apply it in front of them.”

“If you use it all, you can make it again. We are really blessed.”

He boasted and boasted until his mouth was dry.

A nobleman reading a newspaper on the opposite bench slowly lowered it. A face with a hard chin was revealed.

He was a wolfhound.

The man who visited the Baroness of Fiorenti and urged him. He was also a secret big-handed man from Mamon, who was doing business with Amor rose water.

A conversation between the kitchen maids caught his attention. After listening carefully to every word, I jumped up.

The wolfhound approached the chattering maids.

“Is this the ointment made by that lady named Hazel?”

“Yes, knight Nari. This is an all-purpose ointment made by our lady herself.”

“It’s omnipotent. Is it that effective?”

"sure! We've used everything that's good for us. But I've never seen anything so gentle and soft and powerful. I wouldn't be able to buy such a thing even for one gold."

"okay?"

There was a wound from using a paper knife. I asked for some ointment and tried it on.

I thought this was it.

The agonizing pain subsided gently. He covered the throbbing place coolly.

Besides, it's such a sweet scent. Even though it was just a small ointment, I felt like I was being specially cared for.

The smell of the businessman, who had a terrific smell of money, moved.

This was really stuff. The golden ointment looked like a lump of gold.

I'll give it a try once more.

Wolfhound thought.

Early tenor singer Andre Delgado had the same idea. But I rolled it all up because I was acting stupidly without thinking.

But I am different.

He returned to a confident gait. I got into the carriage and went straight to the high-end shopping district.

\* \* \*

Hazel checked the kitchen one round before coming out and stopping.

A middle-aged nobleman was standing at the entrance to the courtyard of the Eunsa Palace. He looked at Hazel and quickly approached him.

“Miss Mayfield!”

"who are you?"

“Call me a knight wolfhound.”

He politely introduced himself.

“Even though it’s only the first time I met you, I’ve heard a lot of rumors about you. Don't get me wrong. It's not because I have a dark heart, I'm just going to make a suggestion.”

“Any suggestion?”

The wolfhound motioned for a seat on the bench. But Hazel didn't want to sit with a stranger, so she pretended not to understand the gesture.

Reluctantly, he just stood there and held out the gift.

It was a high-quality macaron and blue sapphire earrings. It was a gift that girls my age liked the most.

"You are pretty!"

Hazel was amazed.

I just don't understand why he's suddenly showing this. Are you proud?

“What are you doing, why don’t you take it?”

"Yes? Why am I?"

“This is a sign of my little surname. I would like to work with the young lady to produce and sell an all-purpose ointment. I'm not trying to cheat. Let's negotiate the terms of the contract in a mutually beneficial way. how is it? Would you mind thinking about it for a moment?”

"no."

Hazel immediately refused.

“I can’t turn my attention to anything else right now. We are preparing a banquet for the heroic knights. If not, it would be difficult to do business with the knight.”

How can you trust someone who offers you an expensive gift at first sight?

Hazel didn't like this man. If you want to do business with someone, it's good to have someone like Rose.

So I went back without saying a word.

The wolfhound stared blankly at Hazel's back as he strode forward. It looked like he had been hit by one.

I can't even eat seeds like this!

That farm girl wasn't drenched in fuzzy dreams like so many young people who have set foot in the social world. It was very realistic.

If so, there was nothing I could do.

Wolfhound decided to write the next best thing.

I was wandering around the garden earlier, looking for Hazel's maids. After a few laps, I found only one.

“I’m told there are other places where I got hurt, can you help me with the all-purpose ointment?”

I brought out the pre-prepared canister.

“Oh, yes!”

The maid took out her ointment.

I thought it was a way to publicize the greatness of our young lady, and I happily relieved her a lot.

The day when the heroic knights visit is fast approaching. Every newspaper reported this in full swing.

Hazel also wanted to read the newspapers.

However, the seeds of newspapers that I could normally pick up just by going to a bench in a large garden had dried up. Occasionally, a servant or a maid would pick it up and pick it up.

Just in time, I brought a beautiful Valentine's Day wonder paper.

“Come on, here. Window mop.”

Hazel was delighted and accepted. Refreshing tea with lemongrass brewed and butter cookies were served and I read the newspaper.

The heroic knights came a little faster than expected. This Thursday, I will enter the Imperial Palace. A banquet is held that evening.

The fact that I had heard it piercing my ears came as a shock to me.

Hazel already woke up this morning and screamed. But once again I couldn't help but scream.

“It’s already Tuesday!”

“Because time goes by so quickly.”

Iskanda also struck back.

The two looked at the newspaper again.

As for the banquet, only Meister Henkel was brought to light. His career, his achievements, and the evaluation of the nobles... . . . Among them, only one newspaper stood out.

“... . . Against this kind of Meister Henkel, the winner of the 25th Imperial Palace Cooking Contest, Ms. Hazel E. Mayfield, will compete.” The

story about Hazel was inserted in a vicious way.

Hazel turned the newspaper over and checked the name of the newspaper.

“I thought it would be <Dawn Newspaper> as well. It's Kitty's newspaper.”

This must have been Kitty's. It was great to persuade Geary to put this one line in. Maybe he was sneaking in on his own.

Kitty could do it. Anyway, she was a resourceful girl wherever she went.

Hazel folded the newspaper.

“It really starts at noon the day after tomorrow. Not knowing this, I made an appointment with Kitty tomorrow evening. Poor Kitty! I would have been expecting a lot! We won't be able to spend the evening together, but I'd like to see it in person and deliver the basket. Would it be okay?”

“What’s wrong with that?”

Iskanda tilted her head.

“There shouldn’t be anything on your mind before something important. Isn't it the only way to get the best performance by maintaining the best condition?”

do whatever you want

The imperial emperor gave permission.

Hazel was his only hope for this banquet.

\* \* \* There

was a tense atmosphere in the kitchen of Eunsa's womb.

Hazel sat down on a chair in front of the counter and recalled the menus from the last banquet in the newspaper.

Beef, pork, chicken, hares stuffed with honey-pickled figs, laurel-wrapped sausages, stew with ten rare mushrooms, peacock dishes that take a week to make, stuffed with lobster, lobster and cuttlefish Steamed seafood, light and healthy vegetable dishes, and dishes from the peoples of the countryside that use a lot of unusual spices... . . . .

In the Imperial Palace, they prepared really hard. Considering the different tastes of each of the seven, we presented a variety of menus, from fancy dishes to simple dishes.

However, the heroic knights said they did not enjoy it.

So what kind of food should I serve?

Hazel decided to follow the royal road.

We have selected the menus that we are most confident of among all kinds of dishes we have done so far. In addition, I decided to mix some novel dishes that I had been thinking about.

Salman, the supplier, prepared all the ingredients with all his heart.

There were also farm vegetables that Hazel was proud of. Vegetables and herbs grown and harvested with great care have been mobilized as much as possible.

Special seasonings and sauces that are used are all prepared. With the cooperation of the maids, it was made with great care over several hours.

The kitchen was fully prepared like this.

Hazel glanced into the oven.

The chicken was cooked with the scent of wine. It could be said that it was halfway between steamed and grilled.

In the ice-cold refrigeration cupboard, the cake made with amelic acid was being cooled. It was a sweet-and-sour cake with a chewy chewy texture and a sweet and sour taste by keeping the flesh intact.

“And again... . . .”

As I was browsing the menu to try, Ellie, the maid, approached me. He whispered secretly into Hazel's ear.

“Lady, do you know that?”

"What?"

“If you go up the wall from the balcony on the second floor of the gift box, you can go right above the window in the kitchen over there.”

"okay? How did you know that?"

“I just visited.”

Hazel was startled and nearly dropped the wad of paper.

“Why did you do that dangerously?”

“I mean, I was very curious about what was going on over there. But how shameful! He used hand gestures and gestures to keep all conversations secret. Anyway, I was able to figure out one thing. It’s also difficult to decide on the menu over there.”

"Phew... . . . ."

At Eli's words, the maids were relieved. On the other hand, he was babbling as if he did not understand.

“I also have a lot of respect for the hero knights. When you meet a poor person, they rob them of their pockets. The clothes and even the scabbard are ragged. They are such humble and humble people! You are so picky about your taste!”

“I can’t help it. There is no way people can taste it. My father is poor too, but how short his mouth is!”

“Still, it’s a bit awkward being a short-spoken knight, isn’t it? All of them must have been paralyzed by the basilisk's venom from their mouths. I said that at the last banquet, but everyone didn’t even listen to it.”

Hazel grinned at the wheezing words of the maid Gemma.

In this situation, these kitchen maids are the only people who can freely share their opinions. Glad they were there.

As we exchanged opinions, the chicken dish was completed.

The maids cheered as they saw the roasted chicken soaked in the wine aroma. He picked up each piece and tasted it, then threw his face away and ripped it open.

"miss! So delicious!"

"okay? Is there anything missing?"

"there is! The quantity is not enough!"

"that's right! Each person has to rip them one by one!"

Hazel meticulously recorded the maids' reactions.

On the other hand, he didn't forget to make plenty of cakes or sweets, put them in a basket, and secretly put them in front of the Knights Templar training ground at night.

The pro-Nongs who even know the Empress Dowager's orders in a funny way!

Lewis did not illuminate the farm, lest he would hear the anti-peasant's slander. So how empty would it be?

The orange cake would have filled Lewis' heart with abundance.

Lewis reciprocated by placing an empty basket full of chocolate.

The next day the banquet was just around the corner.

Hazel took the chocolate and happily shared it with the maids.

“A chocolate gift from Sir Lewis?”

She was a wonderful knight that everyone admired. The maids' faces turned red.

But for some reason, the more chocolate he ate, the more red his face became. And Hazel was getting dizzy.

Suddenly, Lewis' words came to mind.

-All the chocolates sold here in the capital are a mess. At least there must be some alcohol in it so I can eat it!

I see.

not bad. The light intoxication relieved the tension for a while.

As the afternoon approaches, the final preparations begin.

It was especially important to tidy up the kitchen so that everyone doesn't get in the way tomorrow.

I threw away all the things I didn't use tomorrow, such as an apple peeler knife, a cherry extractor, and a skewer rack.

“Now get some rest.”

The maids made tea and patted their backs.

"thank you."

Hazel smiled and took the mug. Instead of going to the waiting room that Maid Abigail once intercepted, she went to the distillery she had liked from day one and locked herself in.

Is there anything else on the menu that needs to be supplemented?

They are heroic knights... . . . .

It was a time of deep thought.

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside.

“... . . I have no conscience!”

I could hear the maids shouting in indignation.

Hazel hurried out of the distillery.

"What happen?"

The maids flinched. “You talked too loudly!” and said to each other. Yet at the same time, it was a face that couldn't hold back his anger.

“What’s going on?”

“Uh, actually... . . . . Look at this!”

What they showed was some kind of pain.

It was very similar to the all-purpose ointment that Hazel made and presented. The color, the scent, the arrangement of the petals, and the shape they contain. At first glance, it was almost indistinguishable.

“How could this be? You completely copied the lady's ointment! This must be the nobleman's work! With that in mind, he must have asked me to take the ointment off!”

Hearing those words, there was a person that came to mind as well as Hazel.

“Aren't you a middle-aged man called some kind of knight?”

"that's right! A square chin!”

“He offered me to do business with him. Of course I refused.”

“The culprit is right! It's too shameful! How dare you copy it like this!”

Hazel laughed at the angry maids.

“I didn't create marigolds, plantains, or chickweed. How good would it be if the benefits of good herbs spread widely?”

Still, the maids' faces were bruised.

“We hate it! Besides, everyone is talking nonsense. The maids who have tried this awful ointment say that it works better than the lady's ointment.”

“Liars! I can't. This is a vulgar fake. Lady, please do so.”

"I see. I see."

Unable to overcome the maids' annoyance, Hazel put the ointment in her pocket. They came back smiling thinking they were really cute.

It seemed obvious from the circumstances that the middle-aged knight took Hazel's ointment and copied it.

But I couldn't help it.

Mixing marigold oil with beeswax to make an ointment has been passed down from mouth to mouth for a long time. The same goes for plantain and chickweed. If that person found out about it elsewhere, that's fine.

As I thought about originality, thoughts continued to grow.

As you can see, everything people think is there. It's really hard to think of something that no one else has ever done.

The same goes for this conference.

At the last banquet, I had already tried all the ideas in the Imperial Palace kitchen. You can't make new dishes that are completely out of there.

The menu that Hazel came up with after much deliberation is the same. It may not be completely new with only a few variations.

So it's not okay?

Maybe you got it wrong from the start.

At that moment, a thought popped into my head.

"Ah?"

A foolish sound escaped Hazel's mouth.

Why didn't I think of that until now?

I quickly took notes of what came to my mind. Then I looked into it.

An expression slowly appeared on his puzzled face.

okay! This is it!

Hazel smiled broadly.

It seemed that he had finally come up with a way to treat the heroic knights splendidly.

Then the bell rang outside.

"Oh!"

Hazel woke up in surprise. It was already 6 o'clock.

Let's go to Kitty first. Let's go back and make a new menu.

With that in mind, I hurriedly left the distillation room.

He put his hand in his pocket and caught something. It was the ointment pain that the maids had given her hands earlier.

My heart will be light, I opened it once. Without thinking, I took a small amount and applied it to the back of my hand.

“... ..!”

At that moment, his face hardened.

"miss?"

The maids approached and were surprised.

“Why?”

Instead of answering, Hazel put the ointment on the tip of her tongue.

The moment I tasted it, I frowned. I immediately ran to the sink and rinsed my mouth.

“Comfrey! I put comfrey here!”

“What is it?”

“It is a very effective herb for burns, wounds, and various inflammations. No, it was herbal. They were all pulled out of the fields and dried to death because it was found to contain a toxic substance that could damage the intestines. This ointment should never be used by children, the elderly and pregnant women. It should be banned right now!”

"no wonder! I knew it!"

“If it wasn’t for the lady, it would have been a disaster!”

The maids screamed in front. Hazel asked them.

“How can I ban it right away?”

“It is a product that is being sold among people right now, so it would be the fastest to report it to the police department immediately. It's right in front of you. Please go ahead and give your expert opinion.”

Come to think of it, I remembered that there were large government offices lined up on the way to the square. It was written as a place in charge of maintaining security and public welfare.

"Good for you. I just have to go out. I'll ask you to clean up."

"sure! Just leave it to me!"

"thank you!"

Hazel rushed out.

However... . . . .

Someone was watching the back.

It was a servant who was cleaning the statue in the hallway.

He was suffering from gambling debt. He also had an acquaintance with a wolfhound. I met him at a gambling house and gave him a few errands.

This servant knew what wolfhounds were doing these days.

It was an opportunity to make money.

So I went to the Wolfhound and informed him.

The wolfhound was startled to hear the servant's story.

"what?"

I immediately threw everything away and ran away. He ran to a new ointment factory near his home and grabbed the pharmacist by the collar.

“You put such dangerous grass in! Are you going to make me stop doing business?”

“Didn’t Nari tell you to copy it and make a more effective ointment?”

The pharmacist grumbled.

“I am! How did you know you put comfrey in it? People here probably don’t even know what that grass is.”

At that, the Wolfhound stopped.

“In other words, if only that country girl kept her mouth shut, wouldn’t it be okay?”

"Yes. You won't know until you make up your mind to do some research."

"okay?"

He patted his chin and pondered.

The girl named Hazel was also very annoying.

How long are you going to interrupt? I'm just trying to make money! You made me roll up the Amor rose water, and even this? I didn't think of going over to this side, I just grabbed my ankles in every case.

“I threaten you to keep your mouth shut.”

At the pharmacist's words, the Wolfhound shook his head.

“If you were afraid of intimidation, you wouldn't even set up that damn farm in the Imperial Palace in the first place. This is what I felt after being on this floor for a long time, and if it bothers me at first, it becomes a bigger problem later on. How much work we have to do in the future. I'd rather just keep it clean. No one knows.”

"Yes? If you did something like that these days, you'd be in big trouble. There is no one to entrust that to you.”

“I don't know. There are plenty of people The gangs from the docks. These days, the country is intensively sweeping, so it was smashed. I'm in a hurry, so I can do anything.”

The wolfhound quickly called back.

Hazel went to the farm and looked around to see if there was anything wrong. Then I immediately grabbed a basket for Kitty and left.

I left the palace and walked diligently.

It was when I had just entered the small road leading to the government office.

A wagon came running from the opposite side. Hazel stepped aside.

But at that moment.

Suddenly men's arms popped out from under the wagon's pavement. He grabbed Hazel and lifted him up.

I was suddenly stunned by something completely unexpected.

kidnap?

It was amazingly clever work. They snatched passers-by from the moving wagon like objects.

“Save people!”

I screamed, but my mouth was closed immediately. Hazel struggled with all her might. But in an instant, more than half were dragged in.

It cannot be caught without even a mouse or a bird.

At that moment, he showed a little wit. I pretended to have dropped the basket that was hanging tightly on my arm and threw it away.

puck!

The basket was thrown upside down. What was inside was scattered.

At the same time, Hazel was completely dragged into the yellow pavement.

"Help me! kidnapping... ... !"

Again, my mouth was closed.

In the dark someone gagged Hazel's mouth. He wrapped his arms behind his back and tied them tightly. And in an instant, the sack was covered.

Oh My God.

Hazel still couldn't believe it.

How did you get kidnapped so quickly!

They were experts.

They were criminals who were in a corner due to a sweeping sweep. Did anything to finance the getaway. It was nothing more than kidnapping a young woman.

They thought they did it perfectly this time too.

But there was one thing I didn't know.

Their abductees had an appointment now.

Kitty kept looking around in front of the newspaper.

“Why don't you come like this?”

It was 30 minutes past the scheduled time of 7:30. To keep this Kitty Diabelli waiting for 30 minutes! It would have been a long time since I had turned around.

But the opponent was Hazel.

Kitty kept waiting. After 50 minutes, I couldn't even see my nose, and it was over an hour.

"what! really!"

It was strange at this point.

Did you decide not to come because you were too busy with work?

But it didn't seem like Hazel would hit the wind that way. Had it not been possible, I would have canceled earlier.

Have you ever lost your way?

Kitty wrinkled her nose.

It was complicated around here. If I didn't look up every few seconds to check the street name, I was quickly lost. It could have been difficult for the farm lady.

"Hey, I can't help it. I will go see you."

Kitty turned around.

I turned the road back to the palace and looked around. He hoped to quickly find his dark brown-haired friend who was lost and bewildered.

Then I found

Four or five people were gathered on one side of the small road leading to the government office. I looked into something and saw that a basket had fallen off.

For a moment, my heart pounded.

It looked very similar to the basket Hazel was carrying.

"no way... . . ."

I went through the people and looked closer.

It smelled like butter.

It was a smell very familiar to Kitty. It was engraved in my mind very disgustingly during the tea party incident. could never be mistaken.

Hazel's Butter!

A bottle of cider was lying next to a lump of smashed golden butter that had fallen to the floor. Cream cakes, earthy ham and sausages, country bread, broken eggs... . . .

These were all things Hazel was going to bring.

The blood all over his body felt cold.

"What happened here?"

He hurriedly asked the people who had gathered.

A vigilant light appeared on people's faces. He shut his mouth and slowly avoided it.

Kitty shook her head.

I ran to the store and bought brandy with eggs and sugar. He handed it to the old woman with white hair and spoke.

“Senior, are you surprised?”

“Oh, thank you! But the lady... .”

“I am not a strange person. She's the grocery store's daughter. Our delivery man keeps getting into accidents. I was also wondering if it was possible to drop the basket and remove the shichimi.”

The old woman blinked her eyes. I knew I had to keep my mouth shut about this, but at the same time my mouth was itching too much.

“Well. Did you bump into the delivery man? We don't know either. When I heard a loud noise, I came out and saw that a wagon hurriedly ran away. There was such a mess there.”

“A carriage?”

“cart. It was a wagon with yellow pavement and a large keg beside it.”

The old woman was sipping brandy and gave an earnest answer in her own way.

Had the wagon kidnapped Hazel?

It was highly probable that

Kitty was a noble girl who had lived in the capital for a long time. Every day, I went to tea parties, parties, and picnics. If it was a carriage road, it was clear.

I pulled up my skirt and ran quickly.

His thorough and stubborn personality shined here. Kitty came to the bridge and asked the people instead of crossing it right away.

“Did a wagon with yellow pavement and large kegs pass here?”

"no. I went to the clock tower bridge.”

Several people raised their hands and pointed.

In that way, I went after him like a villain, asking around, paying bribes, and selling my journalist status. Thanks, it's not too late.

Kitty ran with all her might and followed her to the gates of the capital.

“Oh, that yellow wagon?”

Fortunately, the guards still remembered the carriage.

“If it was that wagon, it had passed before.”

“Where are you going?”

“To Marcelo.”

A long procession could be seen behind the guards. The horse-drawn wagons and wagons sprinted like wings as soon as they passed a tight section of the road.

You kidnapped people and then sneaked out!

It was amazing.

No matter how much Kitty, from here on, it was too much. I grabbed an empty wagon and hurried back.

I had to make this known somehow. Holy Knight Commanders. instead of the palace. to anyone Even 1 second faster!

When I got back to the city center, the road was pushed back. Kitty jumped out of the carriage. He rushed towards the Imperial Palace.

Soon, the huge main gate of the imperial palace appeared.

From here on was the problem. Kitty stood for a moment and hesitated.

She was expelled from the Imperial Palace for the Belladonna incident. Couldn't get in again. If caught, it is the death penalty. One o'clock is urgent now.

First, she put on her hat and raised her collar to cover her face. He quickly approached the people leaving the palace.

“Please! please get in touch with me... ... .”

But everyone just passed by. No one tried to deal with the suspicious young lady with her face covered.

I couldn't even shout it out.

Be careful when someone is kidnapped. If you report the wrong thing, the other side will know and deal with the hostage right away. You should only inform people you trust.

What do we do?

Kitty rolled her feet in anguish.

that time.

Iskanda was sitting in her bedroom, checking her schedule for the next day.

The hero knights put down the documents after checking all the routes so that there was no problem in entering the imperial palace and heading to the banquet hall. I stretched out and looked down at the neighbor's house down there.

But it was dark. He tilted his head.

That's weird. You said that because tomorrow is a banquet, you only deliver baskets?

Of course, it could be a little late. But somehow it didn't feel right.

Hazel is the only hope for tomorrow's banquet. Not a single hair should be injured.

Iskanda jumped out of her chair. I was never reassured until I saw with my own eyes that Hazel was safe.

I quickly disguised myself and went outside. In an instant, they reached the main gate of the Imperial Palace.

Do you want to come back now?

I stood around the front door for a moment and looked around.

That was then.

A corner in the dark suddenly caught my attention. It was as if someone was grabbing him and pulling him.

It was to sense the aura, a unique aura that each person has.

Why all of a sudden?

I was puzzled when I realized it.

There was a time when I had already focused on the same energy as this energy once. The sense of that time was stored in my brain, and when I found the same person, I naturally drew attention.

Iskanda looked at him.

Who was making a very reckless attempt. He tried to cross the imperial palace wall to avoid the eyes of the guards. Black hair was protruding from under the tightly pressed hat.

Iskanda was surprised.

Daughter of Count Diabelli?

The outfit has changed a lot from the last time I saw it, but I quickly recognized it. It was definitely Christina Diabelli. After a number of incidents, the former Earl Young-ae, who eventually became Hazel's friend.

Why are you here alone? Should the two of you be dating now?

he hurriedly approached Then Kitty's fourth attempt to cross the fence was unsuccessful. As I turned around, shaking my hand, I was startled by the sudden black shadow approaching.

"Ahh!"

Kitty screamed and ran away. Iskanda quickly stopped in front of her and waved her hand.

“What’s going on?”

He asked, covering his face and keeping his voice as low as possible.

Knowing that he wasn't trying to catch him, Kitty immediately changed his attitude. Grabbed Iskanda.

“Knight! Whoever you serve, can you do my favor in the name of a knight?”

"Of course."

“I promise! Then tell me inside the Imperial Palace! Even the commanders of the Holy Knights! Whether it's the Minister of the Interior! Please inform anyone of the pro-Nong faction immediately! Miss Hazel has been kidnapped!”

"what?"

Iskanda was astonished.

"Really! The kidnapped location is on a small road in the direction from the capital city center to the government office district! A wagon with kegs was kidnapped with yellow packaging! I chased after him, but he ran out of the capital! For Marcelo!”

"I get it!"

He turned around before he could finish speaking.

Dare you kidnap my only hope?

The anger was intense. It disappeared like the wind, with nothing to see.

Now what?

Kitty waited anxiously. And I saw it after a while.

Something suddenly flew over the wall in the blind spot that he had been secretly trying to climb over.

It was a black horse. The black horse jumped over the fence as if it had wings. With the knight on board, he disappeared in an instant through the darkness of the city.

what? Is the driver going directly?

It was a bit strange, but seeing that incredible speed made sense.

It's like selection.

Kitty then thought about it.

Doesn't that black horse resemble the Emperor's Pegasus you saw at the hunting contest?

But he immediately shook his head.

ah, please!

While Kitty stood there and watched.

Iskanda has already left the center of the capital.

The report was made anonymously before the horse was brought out. The police were sent to the suspected area.

But it will have to be tomorrow morning for the police to arrive at the scene.

He was the fastest way to get there so far.

If anything happens to the only hope that will brighten up the banquet of the heroic knights, it must never be.

With that thought, he spurred the horse Ras Alghetti.

The horse was sprinting at a much faster speed than usual, knowing the mind of its owner. He climbed over the roads and crossed streams and came to the city walls in an instant.

I had no idea who the monsters were. The purpose was unknown.

But it's Marcelo's. There was one place to put it.

After about six hours by horse-drawn carriage, there is a vast wasteland the size of a village. Once I left it there, I continued to look around.

A yellow wagon carrying kegs.

If you saw such a wagon, you had to stop immediately. I couldn't relax.

Iskanda ran for a long time in the night dew.

A wasteland finally appeared out of the darkness.

Bare trees stood like ghosts with arms outstretched under the dim crescent moon. A small abandoned building with a warehouse could be seen over the rubble.

Right next to it was the wagon. A wine barrel next to the yellow packaging. Exactly what Kitty described.

came right

Iskanda got off her horse and concentrated for a moment.

The presence of about 10 men was felt from the side of the abandoned building. The heavy footsteps were all the giants.

But only about ten.

It was time to take a step forward to finish it.

Suddenly, a huge shadow appeared in front of the abandoned building.

It was clearly in human form. However, it was twice as large as the average person.

As we went to the place where the moonlight shone, its appearance was revealed, albeit faintly. It was a monster with a wrinkled head and a body covered in muscle.

what is that

Iskanda moved closer.

there wasn't one It popped up from this side, and it popped up from the other side too. About 10 monsters were moving slowly in the dark without a sign.

What the hell is that?

Iskanda frowned and glared at him.

A thick fog began to form all over the place.

Hazel opened her eyes in the dark.

I tried to calm myself down, but the sack was too stuffy. At some point I lost consciousness.

The stuffy sack had now been removed. The gags and ropes were also untied.

Booth woke up.

The dim light of a lamp lit up the darkness. It was like some kind of barn. I saw people crouching all over the place.

All were women.

Hazel looked around them and asked.

“Where are you?”

Silence passed. After a while, a timid reply came back.

"I do not know."

“Did everyone get caught?”

"okay. They said they were looking for an old lady's companion, but... . . . .”

“He said he would teach me a technique. All the same. They were all kidnapped in that way.”

“And now it will be sold.”

Hazel was surprised.

“Are you selling? Where?”

“I don't know where I'm going. However... ..”

Someone pointed to a corner.

A small fire was lit on top of a pile of stones and a pot was hung. The water was boiling.

“I was told to wash up and come out when called. That's why it's a bit pricey. It's a place that sells young women, right?”

“Not long to go.”

They looked back.

Behind these crouched were other women. He was lying on the wall and didn't move.

“They were caught before us. I think I did something bad to them.”

Then the conversation was cut off.

The silence descended heavily. Everyone was terrified.

"I want to go home. Mom, Dad, Sister... ..”

who sobbed a little

Hazel was shocked and speechless.

It still didn't feel real.

It's a banquet tomorrow, and it's suddenly like this! It didn't seem like a coincidence. Someone was deliberately targeting Hazel.

A wolfhound's face came to mind.

Could it be that he figured out my intentions? Did you kidnap me so I can't report that the ointment contains comfrey extract?

It was crazy.

The problem is that crazy things can happen in this world. Why does the word 'trafficking' exist? Because it's a real thing! All the myths I've heard in my life until now have become a reality.

Fear arose in my mind.

Will it really be sold in a strange place soon?

Hazel quickly dispelled the fear.

It can never be. I have a banquet I must hold tomorrow.

The Empress Dowager entrusted it with high expectations. He gave me a chance to calm my dissatisfaction so that I could continue to live in the Imperial Palace.

So, you must go back and hold a banquet.

Hazel jumped up.

Relying on the light, I searched every nook and cranny of the warehouse.

But this place was a thorough confinement facility. Anything that could be a problem has long since been removed. There was nothing that could be used even after washing my eyes.

who said

“It’s a bunch anyway. There are scary monsters out there. That’s why they don’t even tie us up.”

With that said, Hazel looked out the window.

It was true.

They looked like giants covered in muscle. The head is shriveled compared to the body. Crushed facial features. The reflection in the cloudy moonlight was bizarre and creepy.

But it couldn't just be frightening.

Hazel looked up at the cloth covering the corner. There was food. It looked like no one had touched it.

Chilled chicken and bacon. Vegetables that are soft and mushy. A few charred potatoes just rolling around in the pan without being transferred to a bowl.

It looked like I didn't want to touch it.

Hazel picked up a fork and a blunt knife. First, I started slicing the chicken.

What are you trying to do?

The women here looked at me with puzzled eyes.

Hazel took it and went to the corner where the fire was lit.

After confirming that the boiling water in the pot is clean, pour it halfway into the basin. Then, I put the chicken cut into pieces in the pot.

Then I took out the potatoes from the pan. Cut off the charred part and cut the whole part into bite-size pieces. The bacon was cut in the same way.

What are you doing?

Taking everyone's attention, Hazel tore the apron lining. I washed it with the hot water I poured into the basin earlier. I cleaned the potato pan with the soot sticking to it.

Then, he scraped off the white chunks of oil from the plate and placed it on the pan. As soon as it was brought over the fire, it sizzled.

Put potato slices in it and stir-fry it with a spoon. After a while, the bacon pieces were also added.

A delicious smell spread through the warehouse. The smell of roasting chicken is added to the smell of potatoes and bacon being cooked.

Chicken cooked in boiling water. Hazel was carefully boiled while skimming the foam. After putting the lid on, I looked around the warehouse floor again.

Among the weeds sprouting through the wooden floor here and there, there was Myeongju. The young leaves of codfish, also called wild spinach, are edible.

After plucking the leaves and chopping them up, the chicken is finally done. Hazel opened the lid and scooped out the bones one by one.

All these movements were as unstoppable as flowing water. I did two or three things at the same time when others were doing one.

Everyone looked at them in disbelief. One woman eventually asked.

“What are you doing now?”

“Let’s make dinner.”

Hazel replied.

“Everyone, let’s eat first.”

“Do you want to eat now?”

"Yes. People should always take good care of them. Delicious food always gives me strength. What do you do when you have the power?"

Everyone looked at them in confusion.

Meanwhile, food was laid out one after another in front of my eyes.

Chicken and vegetables immersed in the hot broth of the pot. Bacon and potatoes garnished with deliciously grilled blue leaves topped with.

In the dim light of the lamps, everyone was smoking a hot steam and radiating an ecstatic light.

I couldn't have imagined that it was food that had been left cold and hard until a while ago.

It looked like some kind of magic had been done.

“Come on, eat now.”

Hazel gave everyone a spoon and suggested.

Both the chicken and the potatoes smelled very delicious. I couldn't resist at all.

I'm really what time to eat now

Everyone thought so. But unlike his head, his hands moved as if possessed.

My eyes widened as I scooped up the chicken with the hot broth and put it in my mouth. The savory lean meat spreads softly in your mouth. The soup full of flavor of vegetables relieved the stomach.

"tasty!"

“Really delicious!”

Cheers came from all over the place.

So was the potato.

It tasted amazing when eaten with bacon while it was still hot. Although it is not an herb, it has a more special taste by sprinkling the leaves.

Their hungry stomachs took this delicious food frantically.

Hazel was right. When I was full, I felt a little energetic. My eyes became clearer and my spirit was lifted.

“Come on, eat.”

Hazel tried to get the women who had been lying helplessly up to feed them as well. But they stubbornly refused.

"done. I ruined my body, but what about the food? ... .”

“Don’t say that!”

Hazel shook her head.

“Isn’t your body yours? Where's the mess? If you think that way, you lose. You've never been as bad as a hair. Don’t think like that.”

They looked at Hazel. His eyes were full of darkness.

easy to say If you said something like that, you've never been through the same thing... . . . .

It was such an expression.

Hazel could understand their minds.

“Anyway, let’s eat some first.”

“Because I don’t like it.”

Everyone kept their mouths shut and refused.

But when Hazel reluctantly suggested it, he passed. I opened my mouth and ate it. When I felt the smell and the warm energy, my body was clamoring for it, and I couldn't help it.

They were overwhelmed with emotion and wept.

“How could food pass in this situation!”

"no. Well done. you have to eat First, you need to stock up on energy. That way we can escape when the opportunity arises.”

Everyone looked at them in surprise.

“Escape?”

"okay."

To encourage them, Hazel shared their most recent escape success story. This is the story of the princess who escaped after being imprisoned in the royal palace.

“Okay? If you are alert, you can even escape from the Imperial Palace. Don't lose courage anywhere. There must be a way.”

That was then.

There was the sound of footsteps from outside.

watcher!

They all hurriedly dispersed. Like the first time, I squatted down or laid down looking at the wall. The door swung open.

The shaggy giant staggered inside. I looked around the warehouse to see if there was anything wrong with it. Then I found an empty bowl piled up.

"okay. It's easy to give up."

He turned back with a mean smile. After the footsteps disappeared, Hazel whispered again.

"Okay? It's about being alert and looking for opportunities."

"I see."

Everyone nodded.

In the dark, everyone quietly rubbed their hands and feet to loosen their stiff bodies. The girls, who continued to lie down, decided to pair up with relatively healthy ones.

So we divided the total into 3 groups of 3 people.

Gradually, the darkness gradually lifted, and a thick fog filled the outside. Dawn had come.

But it was then.

Suddenly, a light flashed like lightning from outside.

Hazel was startled. I rubbed my eyes and looked back.

At that moment, a strange light flashed once again from beyond the thick fog.

"This light... ."

eyes opened wide.

Maybe Sir Valentine?

The women looked at them with puzzled faces.

“Is it light?”

“Did no one see you? You just flashed twice!”

"no. I didn't see... . . . .”

No one saw the light. But Hazel certainly saw it.

This was not natural light. It was a light that someone created artificially. There was a distinctive color tone that pierced the eyes.

That night I ran all night to save the cast iron pan. Before crossing Mt. Breuchen, Lord Valentine fired a magical brilliance. It was very similar to that.

Its brilliance is invisible to the eyes of others.

Could it be that this time too? Because the kidnappers can't figure it out. Could it be that the magic brilliance was used so that only Hazel could see it?

So, is he really out there? Did you come to the rescue?

In the midst of a crisis, hope shone. It was quite possible. Lord Valentine knew that Hazel was going to meet Kitty.

Kitty! Poor Kitty! How surprised!

Kitty is a clever girl.

If Hazel had been suspicious of not showing up at the meeting and followed him backwards, he might have discovered the clue he had left on purpose. If it was, I would have somehow informed the Imperial Palace of this fact.

okay. Kitty could have done it.

energy arose. Hazel looked at the women.

“Everyone, I think someone has come to rescue us.”

"Yes?"

They were astonished.

There was still no sign outside the fog. They were alone in the vast wasteland. If it was like it before, I would have thought it wasn't funny.

However, after eating delicious food to the full, my mind changed to a positive one. A person's mind is greatly affected by the state of the body.

Besides, Hazel's steadfast attitude helped a lot. Like the sun in the dark, he was giving strength to everyone. It was reassuring as if thousands and thousands of horses were together.

“The opportunity has come.”

Everyone looked at each other with their eyes shining.

"okay. So please help me.”

Hazel called everyone together. First, I had to signal Lord Valentine.

The shawls were put together to make a large blanket. I opened it up toward the old building and covered it so that the light did not leak out, and then I brought a lantern. He blinked three times, covering and releasing with his hand.

Iskanda was watching from beyond the fog.

A moment later, the lights flashed three times on the side of the warehouse.

"also... ."

He nodded.

Hazel was there. He saw the magical brilliance and sent a reply. If so, now it is.

I couldn't hit that side blindly. The hostages had to be aware of the situation outside.

Otherwise, they could hide in fear and get caught again, or they could be so confused that they went to the kidnappers on their own. It sounds absurd, but I did it when I was too confused.

Otherwise, he had to escape to this side to protect everyone safely.

Hazel will definitely be able to do that. Now all that's left is a quick fix.

Iskanda sent her final signal through magic. A dazzling bluish-white brilliance flashed once more on the wasteland.

It's a start.

Hazel nodded.

He quickly observed the landmarks in the light that only his own eyes could see.

“Can everyone run? Team 1 jumps right out and hides behind a rock at 10 o'clock. Group 2 is behind the rock at 2 o'clock. The 3rd set is behind the tree debris at 5 o'clock. Then the driver will save you.”

Each was given a place to hide. And waited patiently.

After a while.

bang!

Something flew and smashed the warehouse door. Hazel looked out and was bewildered.

no! this person?

I hurriedly turned around and shouted.

“The ten o'clock rock just disappeared! Behind that old tree!”

"I see!"

At the same time, the attack started.

Sensing an abnormality, a monster that was approaching Iskanda collapsed. It stuttered for a while and then stopped.

Iskanda stepped out from behind.

These were weird.

He had unusual monstrous powers, but strangely, he had no vitality. It was as if a lump of dough had come to life.

So I was a little confused at first. However, he quickly discovered a weakness.

These monsters had no sight or hearing. Instead, his senses were unusually sensitive and he was incredibly fast. As soon as it sensed a vibration from the floor, a fist like a lump of iron flew away.

So you can move without stepping on the ground.

The bulging part on the back of their neck was their vital point.

Iskanda used the monster that had just fallen as a springboard and flew away. It hit the vital point of another monster right in front of it.

It was a success. That huge thing immediately lost its center and collapsed.

In my heart, I wanted to shatter it.

But I had to restrain myself because the police would come and investigate. You must not show that Grand Cavalier killed him.

So I just made a moderately blunt blade and deliberately slashed the knife a couple of times.

"what?"

"What are you talking about?"

The kidnappers belatedly noticed the commotion outside.

Huge monsters were spread out like rag dolls in an instant.

Between them was a black shadow moving so fast that it could not be seen with the naked eye. I couldn't believe it.

“Hey, what is that?”

while they freeze for a while.

Hazel hastily sent the women out.

"next! Quickly!"

Even though they made a plan, they panicked for a while and went back and forth. Of course, he knew Hazel would be the first to get out. Then I tried to run away. Hazel let them out first.

The women screamed hastily as they ran through the fallen monsters.

“Then you get caught! Come quickly!”

"I see!"

It was the last time they tried to run away after everyone had left.

The warehouse door swung open.

"catch!"

The assailants ran towards Hazel with their weapons.

Hazel knew that the kidnappers would of course run to the intruder.

But they were much more cunning and mean. Just by looking at it, the intruder was too strong, so he tried to take the hostage and threaten it.

It will come so soon!

There was no time to escape. The sight of the monsters attacking with knives and clubs filled the field of vision.

“Knock it out at once!”

The monster in front of him swung his club.

The next moment, puck! My vision darkened with the sound.

No, wait.

Hazel blinked.

puck! The sound did not come from himself. It came from a monster.

It wasn't that he had been hit in the head and his vision had gone black. A black cloak had obscured his eyes.

The joy and relief of the moment you realize it!

“Sir Valentine!”

Hazel screamed and ran to him.

The kidnapers were gone in the blink of an eye.

The blow of anger was terrifying.

Wherever they flew, walls were smashed and floors were dug. In a situation where he couldn't use his sword because of the police investigation, he did his best to punish him.

They're not even beasts!

Iskanda stepped on the arm of the assassin who was about to hit Hazel with a club and broke it. and muttered

“The knights of Bratania will surely repay you.”

“It was so delicious!”

Hearing that, Hazel exclaimed. Iskanda looked at him curiously.

“Did it taste good? what?”

"Ah!"

Hazel was perplexed.

“It was written like that on the first note from the vampire knights I received when I came to the Imperial Palace. 'The knights of Bratania will surely repay you. It was so delicious!' After reading that note over and over again, I memorized the whole thing... . . . It just popped out automatically.”

His face turned red from embarrassment.

Iskanda laughed out loud.

It was the first time the two had such a big smile after meeting.

Hazel, forgetting her embarrassment, looked at her in surprise.

Speaking of this farm girl, even the emperor of the empire was a great person who gave me headaches. There was nothing the kidnapper could do.

Iskanda thought so, but inside she was worried. For those who fall into the category of unmarried young women come with all sorts of risks.

So I kept my anxiety down the whole time I ran.

But it was unharmed. I was very happy.

“Are you hurt?”

“sure! Those scumbags didn't do any harm to me. I also had a good dinner.”

Iskanda admired the story of encouraging and calmly evacuating the abducted women. Thanks to that, they are now hiding in a safe hut.

“Miss Mayfield may not use a sword, but she is a good knight at heart! I can serve you!”

“It's a very nice compliment to hear!”

Hazel was terrified of fanning her hands.

Oh My God!

Without realizing it, he was holding Lord Valentine's hand!

I guess I was so happy earlier that I accidentally grabbed it. It seemed he didn't know until now.

"Ugh!"

at the same time put The atmosphere became awkward.

I was just expressing love for humanity. Don't think it's awkward.

Hazel thought. But I still couldn't shake the awkward feeling. As they both hesitated, an important fact popped into their mind.

"Oh! banquet!"

"right! banquet!"

They both screamed at the same time.

"What should I do? If you do not arrive by noon, you will be automatically disqualified!"

It was already morning and it was morning. Even if I couldn't, it seemed like 8 or 9 o'clock.

Hazel looked around with a bluish-tired face.

“Where are you? I think I've been running for a while... . . . .”

“It’s six hours away. But I will go full speed.”

"like. Please.”

Hazel hurriedly followed Lord Valentine to his horse.

A black horse was standing there.

“Isn’t that what you mean then?”

"no. That brown blotch is right. He was disguised in black to hide in the dark. To secretly raid the kidnappers... .”

Iskanda mumbled excuses.

At that moment, I heard the sound of horses and carriages running in the distance. The police, who received an anonymous tip, ran all night and finally arrived.

Iskanda hurriedly left the place.

This time I was in a hurry so I didn't prepare a blanket. I had no choice but to hold Hazel tightly from behind and ride.

I am only providing transportation services to the cook for the banquet of the hero knights now. There is no such thing as selfishness.

he muttered to himself.

Pegasus Ras Alghetti was taught etiquette that day. So this time, he didn't squint with strange eyes.

But why does my face keep turning red?

Iskanda pushed her horse back while holding back her thoughts.

Of course, Hazel had the same idea.

No blankets this time! What do we do?

But that thought was soon overshadowed by more important things. Now the light had gone out.

"Then I'll leave it to Sir Valentine to arrive, and I'll think about it from now on."

"What do you think?"

"You have to come up with a menu."

"Banquet menu? Didn't I say that I already made it all up?"

"There has been a change."

Hazel fell into her thoughts at the end of those words.

As soon as I had a major realization of this banquet, the incident exploded. There was no time to come up with a new menu.

There was no time to prepare new materials. Existing materials had to be used.

Hazel frantically conceived the menu on a horse running at full speed. Then I suddenly thought.

There must be a riot in the Imperial Palace right now?

The lady is missing!

The faces of the kitchen maids, who must have known that by now, were confused.

The actual situation was a little different.

The riot broke out much earlier.

Early in the morning, the time the farmer wakes up, the high elf, who changed the course and walked around the farm, was the first to discover the anomaly.

There were no signs of people in the farmhouse.

I hoped and looked closer.

Tiberius, the chickens, and Julia ran as if they had been waiting, with their eyes wide open. His eyes were calling for something.

What's going on!

Lorendel hurried into the farmhouse.

There was also no hazel. There was no sign of anyone lying on the bed last night.

He hastily summoned his friends.

“Miss Mayfield is gone!”

There was a riot right away.

The commanders of the Holy Knights hurriedly went out to find the kitchen maids of the Eunsa Palace. The maids who had been out of the kitchen early were stunned when they heard the news.

“Did the maiden disappear?”

"okay. What did you say?"

When Cayen asked, they looked at each other with pale faces.

“Maybe because of that ointment?”

“I said you were going to report it while you were going out!”

They told the Paladin commanders everything. Hazel gave the ointment, a wolfhound copied it to make a product, discovered a dangerous comfrey ingredient there and ran away... . . . .

“What do you do? What if my girl was wrong about it?”

“It’s still too early to worry. There is no law that has to be like that.”

Lewis calmed the maids. And they all went to the guard post at the main gate of the Imperial Palace.

There were records of Hazel going out. But there were no records.

Just in case, I sent someone to the office. He said there were no such reports.

Everyone's faces turned pale.

Is Hazel really missing?

Meanwhile, even more terrifying news came.

“Lorendel! Sir Lewis! Oh! Everyone was there!”

The minister of the palace hurriedly ran and looked between them.

“Your Majesty?”

"Yes?"

“Did you not see your Majesty?”

It was like falling over. Even Iskanda disappeared.

There was no answer in the morning, so when the minister of the palace went inside at the same time as he knocked, there was no sign of sleeping on the bed.

Sigwald exclaimed.

“Where are you?”

“It’s obvious.”

said Cayenne.

“Before the banquet, I was very worried. It is not unreasonable to want to sleep.”

“But the next time the hero knights come, you have to greet them by giving them a copy of the decoration. What if I can’t find it by then?”

Lorendel answered Lewis' worried words.

“I will find it as soon as possible.”

The palace was engulfed in commotion.

The commanders of the Holy Knights gathered all their subordinates.

Lewis and Cayenne set out to find Hazel. Lorendel and the Minister of Home Affairs set out to find Iskanda.

And Siegwald was given another important task.

He hurriedly ran to the kitchen of the gift box.

It was already 10:30. The kitchen to the right of Meister Henkel was getting ready.

On the other hand, there was nothing in Hazel's left kitchen. Only the maids were rolling their feet.

"no! Haven't you come yet?"

The palace chefs looked inside and asked in disbelief.

“I will come.”

Siegwald stood up in the kitchen and answered.

Everyone felt suffocating intimidation at War Bear's heavy voice. I couldn't even make a noise anymore.

He stood holding his weight like a mountain, but his mind was very complicated.

What the hell is this? No hazel, no yeast! What is the day of disappearance? Where are you, Isu, but Miss Hazel... . . . .

I couldn't even think about it after that.

I felt like I was going crazy with worry.

The perpetrator must appear at the scene.

A wolfhound was also sneaking into the banquet hall of the Silver Lion's Palace.

He did not know that the kitchen maids had been suspicious of him from the beginning and told the Holy Knights Commanders everything. Because he had committed a crime, he instinctively hid himself and observed.

“You haven't come yet?”

"still?"

There were noises from all over the place.

You can show up!

He thought leisurely.

Meanwhile, time passed and it was already 11:30. Only 30 minutes left until noon.

Meister Henkel, the palace cooks and their maids stood to the right of the banquet hall.

But Hazel's seat was still vacant. Only the maids on this side stood with an anxious face.

The waitress came and asked.

“Aren't you here yet?”

“I will come.”

Sigwald replied steadfastly.

At 11:45, the Empress Dowager entered.

The minister of the palace went quickly and said.

“I cannot see where the Emperor has gone. How about delaying the start?”

“well. His Majesty, as always, won't you appear out of nowhere? Banquets must be prepared at the scheduled time. The hero knights will come on time.”

the Minister of Justice said.

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

At 11:55, someone shouted.

“Let's just start! You still haven't shown up! It's not basic!”

"It's not possible. We decided to start at noon."

Siegwald replied.

56 minutes. 57 minutes. 58 minutes. Time passed as I waited anxiously.

It was 59 minutes.

"Let's just start!"

people shouted

The mayor came forward. It was just when he was about to open his mouth.

"... ..!"

The Wolfhound's face, which had been hiding and watching, suddenly turned earthy.

"sorry! Late!"

Hazel ran into the middle of the banquet hall.

"miss!"

The kitchen maids ran. He was surprised and relieved, and his face was full of emotions.

"Where have you been?"

"There was a situation. I'll talk to you later."

After calming them down, Hazel looked at the chaplain.

“You came on time, right?”

"That's right."

The mayor replied.

Hazel, cooling the sweat from her brow, went to the left and stood with the maids.

It was so breathtaking.

The words of Lord Valentine did a wonderful job. With only five minutes left, they jumped over the northern wall of the Imperial Palace and sprinted across the gardens at incredible speed. If it hadn't been for that, I would never have come at this hour.

“Then let's start preparing for the banquet from now on.”

The servant chief said to the Empress Dowager. The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

“I hope both sides do well.”

“Yes, Empress Dowager.”

Hazel and Meister Henkel answered.

Both camps went into their respective kitchens located to the right and left of the banquet hall. The huge door moved slowly.

Before it was fully closed, Hazel caught a glimpse of Sir Lewis' voice.

"Really? Are you really here?"

Lewis and Cayenne, who were looking for Hazel, heard the news and ran to them, raising their eyebrows.

There is no way to sleep before the competition. Surely there must be something going on.

Even with that thought, I was frantically worried that something was going on with Hazel, as the maids said.

"Phew... . . . ."

They finally wiped their hearts out. I told the Minister of the Interior Ministry and Lorendel, who had gone to find Iskanda again, to share this news quickly.

Among the ripples caused by this dramatic appearance, there was one person who was more shocked than anyone.

"Hey, this can't be... . . . ."

The wolfhound was very upset.

What happened? How did a girl who should be locked up in some sort of junk get out and show up here?

I couldn't catch up.

But one thing was clear. His position was very endangered.

He hurriedly tried to get out of there.

That was then.

“Sir Wolfhound.”

The Imperial Palace Guard quietly blocked his way. In the blink of an eye, he was completely surrounded.

The wolfhound was arrested and taken away.

Hazel had already forgotten about the mean knight.

Standing in front of the fully-prepared kitchen, the clutter disappeared by itself. I was only thinking about cooking.

"Phew... . . . ."

how heartbreaking As I walked towards the kitchen table, my legs stumbled. The maids hurriedly helped.

“Girl, get some rest.”

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

After overcoming many difficulties, I finally got to this position. So I had to do my best. The Empress Dowager gave me a chance. Hazel's dishes are waiting for you.

Never let them down.

“I’ll start right away without taking a break.”

I looked at the maids. They have been generously sending glances of trust.

“Do whatever you want, girl.”

And there was silence for a while.

There was a tense atmosphere in the kitchen.

It's a real start.

The maids swallowed their saliva and then quickly dispersed.

“Can I prepare the dough first?”

Gemma took out the bowl. Hazel hurriedly waved her hand.

“Oh, I changed everything on the menu.”

"Yes?"

They all looked at each other with puzzled faces.

“It happened. Can you take out all the ingredients first?”

“Yes, lady.”

The maids obeyed immediately, without voicing a word.

The kitchen soon began to move in a hurry.

Newspaper reporters gathered outside the palace.

A kite line was planted inside the palace for such a day. The servants, servants, and maids diligently came and went in and out of the news.

The hottest topic right now was by far the farm lady's lateness.

At today's banquet, she, who was supposed to have a cooking showdown against Meister Henkel, did not appear. Even though it was time to start preparing for the banquet.

“You haven't appeared yet?”

“Are you thinking of abstaining?”

Loud noises were heard from all sides.

Between them, Kitty bit her lip.

It has been a hellish time since last night.

As long as he gave up reporting, he had no choice but to trust the article he went to rescue.

Would you rather have followed me somehow? Nope. It would just be a hindrance. But what if it goes wrong? I do not know! A cooking showdown or whatever, please come back alive! please!

That was when I was screaming inside.

“Come!”

“Finally here!”

“He showed up!”

The reporters roared loudly once more.

The news was that Miss Hazel E. Mayfield, whose whereabouts were unknown, appeared just in time.

"Ah... . . . ."

Kitty finally let go of all the worries of the world. My legs felt weak and tears were about to come out.

thank God. thank God.

The unidentified knight, who was running like the wind, came to mind.

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Kitty sent him infinite gratitude in her heart.

that time.

Iskanda sneaked out of his room.

The horses were well tied to the stables. Her hair and eyes returned to her original form, and her clothes were changed to the emperor's robes.

He went downstairs like lightning to avoid the eyes of his servants. As he passed by the servant holding a beautiful piece of firewood, he stretched out his hand like a ghost and filled it with soot.

I messed up my hair with one hand, smeared soot under my eyes, and slipped into the cellar underground. He hid himself among the wooden barrels of wine.

how long have you been

The storage door swung open. A dazzling light came on.

“I wish I did!”

Lorendel ran in screaming.

“What if the Emperor was here like this? Do you know what time it is now? It is already midday!”

He dragged Iskanda from among the kegs.

“How many times have I been looking for you since morning! How much did you drink? Not even a bottle of wine!”

“I didn’t drink.”

Iskanda mumbled.

When I pulled it out, it didn't make sense. His hair was all messed up, and a dark shade was cast under his eyes. Even his clothes were in a mess and he staggered around.

like that

The good high elf immediately felt sympathy.

I understood what it was like. Even if he didn't say it, his friends all knew that Iskanda was an ardent follower of the heroic knights.

Not only did the last banquet lose his face because he was so naive, he seemed to feel a sense of shame as an emperor.

So, how burdensome was it when the banquet was approaching? Did he get drunk after drinking too much alcohol that he couldn't drink?

“It will be fine this time. The Empress Dowager has risen from the sickbed and is leading the way.”

He looked at his friend with salty eyes and encouraged him.

“Come on, let’s get ready. Everyone is waiting. It should be a wonderful welcome to the distinguished guests who will arrive soon.”

"okay."

Lorendel helped the staggering Iskanda and took her to the main palace.

The sentries on the capital's walls remained motionless, staring at the telescope.

At some point, dust rose from the horizon. Through the hazy dust, knights in gleaming armor appeared.

White-haired old knights were walking. One, two, three... .. There were seven in all.

"Ah!"

The guards blew their trumpets to announce.

Everyone rushed out.

The heroic knights appeared on the horizon, and cheers arose.

Sir Kendrick, Sir Percy, Sir Edward, Sir Guilford, Sir Hannibal, Sir Wayne, Sir Vancroft.

These veteran knights are already in their 60s. But he was still as strong as steel.

Everyone knew the legend about them.

Heroic knights made a pilgrimage throughout the empire, so they could only see them once every few years. So it was as if the stars in the sky had descended to the earth.

They passed through the walls and entered the capital in cheers.

People flocked to the streets to watch. They threw flowers and set off fireworks.

In a warm welcome, the heroic knights headed to the Imperial Palace.

The soldiers were there to meet you.

As they passed through the endless line of soldiers with their swords raised, the Holy Knights followed.

The Holy Mok Knights, the Lightning Knights, the Holy Flame Knights, and the Holy Wind Knights all paid their respects and went to the Imperial Palace to escort the heroic knights.

There was a splendid welcome ceremony.

“See you, Your Majesty.”

To them, who bowed their heads to show the example of a knight, Iskanda presented a decorated copy of the <Book of the Knights>.

“I respect you.”

The book given to them by Archduke Athena, they happily received. They all looked up at the emperor with sullen faces.

The Crown Prince, whom I had watched since childhood, became the emperor like this. The last time I came, I was still clumsy, but now I'm much more stable.

Sir Kendrick said as the representative.

“I am delighted to have overcome difficult times and welcomed such good times. We came all the way here and looked at the public sentiment, and thanks to His Majesty, everyone is living a more peaceful life.”

"That's overrated, Sir Kendrick."

Iskanda replied. I was genuinely happy and proud to hear such compliments from the old knights whom I respected.

He led them, who were exhausted from their exhaustion, into the imperial palace.

Eunsa's womb was decorated more grandly and splendidly for today. Where everything was sparkling, the Empress Dowager met the heroic knights.

“His Majesty the Empress Dowager!”

The old knights were so happy to see the empress who became incredibly healthy, they didn't know what to do.

"Welcome!"

The Empress Dowager also welcomed them like meeting old friends. After exchanging greetings one by one and relaxing for a while, we were guided into the Eunsa Palace.

“You will come a long way to market. I have prepared a banquet for you with all my heart.”

“It's a banquet! We just need bread and water.”

“Is it possible? Aren't they famous for ripping out the rich when they meet the rich in the barns?”

At the empress's innocent joke, the old knights burst into laughter. The Empress Dowager said with a bright smile.

“This time, I prepared something even more special. We decided to present a cooking showdown to the seven knights.”

“A fight?”

"Yes. Meister Henkel, the best chef in the empire. And Lady Mayfield in the salon like a rising star. Both sides fight each other. All you have to do is rate which one of the two dishes is the best.”

"Five! It's fun!"

“So, from appetizers to desserts, we're going to serve everything at once. And I would like to ask for your understanding in advance. To evaluate the taste, I will not serve alcoholic beverages.”

"Five! That's not fun!"

Everyone burst into laughter at the sight of the sad old knights.

“Come on then.”

The Empress Dowager guided the distinguished guests to the banquet hall.

The preparations for the banquet have come to an end. Both camps were moving without a blink of an eye.

The kitchen maids thought, teasing their hands diligently.

I did what I was told, but will this really work? Can you beat Meister Henkel with these things?

Nope. it will be Let's trust our girl.

In the tense tension, Hazel muttered to herself.

Hero Knights must be treated properly.

Just thinking about it, I focused everything on my fingertips.

Finally, the mayor announced.

“Seven knights have entered the banquet hall!”

Everyone shook their heads.

Servants poured in, pushing food carts.

“Give me the food!”

It was crowded outside.

All the members of the royal family, including the Empress Dowager, the Crown Princess, and the Grand Duchess, gathered at the supreme table.

In the middle was the seat of the emperor. It was clearly visible from the front, but it was deeply embedded in an insidious position that could not be seen from the left and right sides where both chefs would stand.

The spectator seats were also full. The so-called pro-peasant faction gathered between the pro-peasant faction and the anti-peasant faction between the anti-peasant faction, and there was a lot of buzz about today's confrontation.

That was then.

"Oh oh! Come out!"

The people sitting in the front shouted.

Food carts emerged from both kitchens. The servants took the plates one by one and set them down on the table where the heroic knights sat.

The moment they saw Meister Henkel's dishes, people's mouths were wide open.

It was dazzlingly dazzling. It was as if they were carrying elaborate crafts rather than food. Even the nobles, who usually enjoyed gourmet, opened their eyes.

"also! It's also Meister Henkel!"

Everyone admired and admired. He turned his head while admiring the beautiful and splendid appearance.

What did that farm girl prepare against a Henkel like this?

I looked at Hazel's dishes with anticipation.

At that moment, everyone forgot what to say.

The dishes there were not at all what people expected. It was utterly absurd.

"no! What is that!"

Some people jumped up. The noise seemed to leave the banquet hall.

Meister Henkel's cuisine was the pinnacle of splendid gastronomy.

Hazel's cooking, on the other hand, was incredibly shabby.

dimly die. Naburangi, a dish that seems to come out as a side dish anywhere. It was just that.

It wasn't the savory farm food everyone expected of Hazel. It just seemed like it was made up in a poorly ripped house.

People were amazing.

“What the hell is this? What are we going to do?”

I was dumbfounded and muttered.

The ministers of the palace, the commanders of the Holy Knights, and the officers of the palace met face to face.

Nope. Still, there must be some deep meaning to Hazel.

Everyone thought so and watched.

On the other hand, Iskanda had a different idea.

Hazel's dishes look much tastier, don't they?

He had already had thick bean pods in his eyes because he couldn't trust it too much.

In the midst of this commotion, the Empress Dowager looked at the dishes on both sides with an unchangingly kind and benevolent face.

Soon after, the servants put the plates down on both tables.

The Empress Dowager first asked Henkel.

“What kind of dishes did the Meister prepare?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I will explain.”

Henkel stepped forward.

“To greet the hero knights like this today, we decided to prepare a dish worthy of their prestige. First of all, this dish is grilled swan meat.”

Everyone was surprised. The Empress Dowager raised her eyebrows slightly.

“A swan?”

"Yes. Swan meat appears in famous paintings depicting the banquets of the ancient gods, but it is very difficult to cook deliciously. I carefully trimmed the swans and seasoned them with my own secret method. As a spice, cardamom is used to avoid a foul odor. It will taste new and fresh like never before.”

Meister Henkel proudly introduced it.

“This is a huge scallop from the Tyrolean Sea special clams. It is very chewy and the taste is amazing. Also, this is an eel dish with truffle oil that has been passed down from generation to generation in our Henkel family. And this is a kind of kingfisher. It is a very fragrant bird meat that is chewed with the whole bone. The pears are stuffed with spices and bay berries.”

And he went the other way. It was all green over there.

“In case there are knights who like simple dishes, I prepared light vegetables here. These fresh asparagus are crispy cooked and taste better than any other delicacy. Dip it in this special sauce made in the shape of a rose and try it.”

As if he was conscious of Hazel, he also prepared a variety of rustic and light dishes. The delicious farm food that people expected was there.

The Empress Dowager congratulated her with a smile.

“You really prepared it with all your heart.”

"Yes. I did my best."

Meister Henkel answered.

"Cooking is a comprehensive art that harmonizes the three aesthetics of sight, smell, and touch, and is the most sophisticated means of socializing. It is the flower of aristocratic culture. Among them, court cuisine is the culmination of all cuisines. This flamboyant feat isn't just about being fancy. Everything exists solely for taste. It is the art of bringing out the best taste of ingredients. I created these dishes with pride to present some of the finest art of our time today. It's the best skills I've had for decades. I can assure you that you will definitely be satisfied."

Hazel was listening to him.

And then I admired it.

Indeed, he was a master. I could feel the stubbornness and pride that had been honed over the years.

However... . . . .

Hazel looked down at the dishes she had prepared.

Was my thinking right?

I clenched my apron.

"I heard you well."

The heroic knights nodded towards Meister Henkel.

“Then let’s taste it.”

Cardamom-flavored swan meat, Tyrolean scallops, truffle oiled eel, laurel-stuffed kingfisher... . Meister Henkel's best craftsmanship was prepared in individual bowls.

After taking a bite, everyone was amazed.

“Great!”

“It tastes great!”

Every time I tasted it, I was amazed.

The heroic knights were amazed and curious, and they liked it. It was a very satisfactory response.

The pro-peasants looked at this scene with bitterness.

"for a moment!"

Lewis raised his hand in protest.

“This is unfair. Hero Knights are very market now. Of course, the food you try first will taste better. Couldn't it be fair to evaluate it like this?"

“It makes sense.”

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

"I'll take Sir Lewis's opinion and alternate with Miss Mayfield's dishes."

Everyone was gossiping.

“Louis was wrong.”

“Isn’t the qualitative difference between the two dishes even more distinct?”

In the hustle and bustle, Hazel stepped forward. I stood in front of the Empress Dowager with a trembling heart.

The Empress Dowager looked down at Hazel's dishes and opened her mouth.

“It looks like porridge... ..”

“Kills.”

“What is special about it?”

“There is no such thing. It’s just a porridge made with common ingredients such as nuts.”

"i See. That's tomato stew, isn't it?"

"Yes. Made with tomatoes that I grew on my farm.”

“Farm tomatoes. But for some reason, other ingredients such as meat and mushrooms are not visible?”

“I didn’t put anything like that. I just added a few flavors to the tomato and broth.”

“It is. What is next to it?”

“It is a ball made of minced meat, such as beef, pork, and chicken. This is fish meat.”

“Wanja is a dish that children often eat. Are there any special differences?”

"There is not. They made it deliciously with all their heart, but they are just dumplings.”

"i See. Is this the same with this omelette?”

"Yes. No special ingredients were added. Only eggs. I put cheese in it, but you won't see it because it's ground at all."

"I see. Lastly, are those desserts?”

"Yes. We prepared pudding, apple puree, and cake soaked in coffee.”

Hazel replied.

The heroic knights looked at Hazel with strange faces. One by one, they reached out their hands and put them in their own bowls to taste.

Silence passed.

None of the heroic knights spoke. With a sullen face, he looked at Hazel again.

Louise's heart sank.

The last hope seemed to be fading.

I thought there was going to be a twist. Although it looks shabby, I thought that once I tasted it, my eyes would open. I thought it would be exciting to say that it tastes much better than fancy dishes.

However, the heroic knights were obviously not pleased. It was a face that was trying to put up with the uncomfortable feeling.

Everyone was gossiping.

“Look at that! What kind of disrespect does this mean to a distinguished guest?”

The chief servant hurriedly went to the Empress Dowager and informed him.

“Are you going to tell me to stop here?”

"no. Continue.”

The Empress Dowager dismissed it.

It was the same with Iskanda. “Your Majesty, get that girl out right now.” I heard from all directions, but I didn't hear it even with my ears.

The meal of the hero knights ended in the roaring sound.

The seven old knights put down their spoons and forks.

“Then let's hear the evaluation.”

The mayor handed out papers to the old knights.

“Each knight can submit an evaluation of which food was delicious along with his or her name. Meister Henkel's dish on the table on the right? Is that Miss Mayfield's dish on the table on the left?”

“I see.”

Each of the heroic knights wrote an evaluation on a piece of paper.

The servants kicked it and took it. The chieftain took the paper.

“Then I will announce the results.”

The banquet hall was as quiet as a dead mouse. They all stared at the chieftain's mouth with a piercing gaze.

“First, Sir Kendrick’s assessment.”

The mayor paused to read. He looked at the paper again and said.

“Sir Kendrick said that the dish of Ms. Mayfield on the left table was better.”

“Um?”

Everyone was surprised. There was a commotion again.

“Maybe you gave me a sympathy ticket?”

"right. Meister Henkel will receive the remaining six votes.”

The mayor opened the next paper.

“Sir Percy... . . . You voted for the dish on the left.”

what?

In front of the people who looked at them with puzzled faces, the chief servant opened the rest of the papers and read them.

“Sir Edward, left.”

“Sir Guilford, left.”

“Sir Hannibal, left.”

“Sir Wayne, left.”

“Sir Vancroft, left.”

He ended the presentation with a puzzled face.

Everyone voted unanimously for Hazel.

Everyone was astonished. The banquet hall was as noisy as a beehive.

"why?"

The faces of Meister Henkel and the chefs of the Imperial Palace turned earthy.

How could this be!

I couldn't believe it, so I rubbed my eyes and looked again.

Come to think of it, the individual vessels of the knights were strange.

All the dishes left there were made by Meister Henkel. We ate all of Hazel's dishes that each of us had taken away.

The tribute was given to Henkel, but what was actually eaten by Hazel? You had such a shaky expression on your face?

The more I thought about it, the more I didn't understand.

“Why is that? Is it healthy food? It doesn't suit your mouth, but because it makes your stomach feel comfortable?”

“What a healthy dish like a ball! Besides, Meister Henkel also prepared healthy dishes!”

“I didn't even touch it. That's not it.”

“Then maybe it's a dish that reminds me of my poor childhood?”

"Nope! Even though they are the people's heroes, they are all from aristocrats! Eat well and grow up! Not even that!”

Everyone had different opinions.

That was then.

Lorendel jumped up.

While observing the two dishes alternately with the keen high elf's eyes, he finally discovered a certain characteristic in Hazel's dishes.

As everyone stared intently, he opened his mouth in surprise.

"no way... ..!”

Everyone in the banquet hall paid attention to Lorendel.

Of course, Iskanda was also staring intently from the back of the upper seat.

Whatever the case, the dishes Hazel made for this banquet were excellent. It was the greatest banquet dish in the world.

But he didn't know why it was so great.

I couldn't even sleep last night. Also, I was nervous at the thought that I would never be able to reveal my identity. So my head didn't work well.

In this situation, Iskanda was happy when her high elf friend jumped up.

Come on praise me! hurry!

He had such intense eyes.

“This is what I think.”

Lorendel's voice resounded clearly in the banquet hall that was so quiet that even the sound of a needle falling could be heard.

His pale green eyes were gleaming, and his white face was a reminder. Excited, he left the audience and strode downstairs.

“Ms. Mayfield’s dishes have one thing in common.”

He pointed to the bowls on the left table.

“Porridge made by grinding several ingredients. Tomato stew without ingredients such as vegetables or meat. A ball made of minced meat and fish. An omelet made with only grated cheese without any other ingredients. Apple puree. Cake soaked in coffee... .”

Lorendel introduced the dishes once again, pointing out each one.

Is it because of the high elf's clear voice? Even those who watched without much thought in excitement before finally realized what they had in common.

So did Meister Henkel.

Wasn't that girl even late? I thought I was out of my mind and ruined everything. You mean it wasn't? Are you saying that all those shabby and unsightly dishes were meticulously calculated menus?

His eyes were finally starting to see something in common. Why didn't I think of it? It was so simple that it was ridiculously simple.

“Those menus, maybe... .”

The quiet hall was buzzing. People looked at Hazel and whispered.

“Did you mean it?”

“What are your intentions?”

The noise grew louder and louder.

The eyes were poured on the hero knights. They turned away with a shy face.

“Knights.”

The Empress Dowager to the right of the headstone came out.

“It must not be very comfortable to be on the topic of people like this. But I want you to know that it all comes from warm interest.”

she said softly.

“This is no longer the old palace. Just like out there, everyone gathered here has a sincere respect for the Heroic Knights. We ask for your understanding as there is so much buzz in our desire to welcome the distinguished guests. Meanwhile, I, who hosted this banquet, will try to answer everyone's questions in order to quickly put this commotion to a halt.”

Then he turned his head and looked towards Hazel.

“Miss Mayfield, as you can see, the Hero Knights are in their 60s, but they are very strong. Look at those cast iron muscles and broad shoulders. Besides, they are knights. Knights of Bratania do not neglect their training. It never makes a loophole until the day I close my eyes. Even in their 70s instead of their 60s, they eat tough meat, drink strong alcohol, and hang out with young knights. But Miss Mayfield's dishes to the heroic knights are like banquet food for the elderly and debilitated. Does that mean that heroic knights need that kind of consideration?”

The empress's voice was slightly mixed with a tone of absurdity.

The people of the court heard this and thought about it.

I heard that the Empress Dowager took good care of that girl! Seeing you pry so sharply in front of so many people, it's all bullshit!

On the other hand, the so-called pro-peasant forces, including the minister of the palace, thought.

Laying out the slate as if laughing like that will make it even brighter no matter what Miss Hazel answers! It's also Empress Dowager!

In the midst of these mixed thoughts, everyone paid attention to Hazel.

The murmur stopped slowly.

Hazel unwittingly let go of the hem of the apron that she had been holding on to.

Everyone in the banquet hall was staring at him. There was no single exception.

It was a tense situation.

First, I took a few steps forward. Holding the skirt with both hands, he bowed his knees to show respect to the heroic knights.

“Thank you for your delicious meal.”

Hazel straightened her back and looked at them.

“Heroic knights make pilgrimages throughout the Empire to help the weak and the poor. without succumbing to any pressure. I was very proud of that. I felt like they really deserve to be treated well.”

He spoke slowly in silence.

“But the last time you visited the Imperial Palace, you said that you didn’t enjoy the banquet food? I was really sad to hear that. Of course, winning a match is also important. But even if I put that aside, I thought that this time, I would like to serve you to the fullest. However... . . . . As I pondered and thought about it with that kind of thought, one thing came to mind.”

Everyone was paying attention, not even breathing. Hazel said to the people.

“I was missing one thing. I didn't know that until the end. Until the last day of preparation, sitting in the distillery behind the kitchen and thinking blankly. 'Is this really the best? Can't we further complement the menu?' I thought about it for a long time, but I couldn't come up with a good idea. After all, I did everything I could in the kitchen at the last banquet.”

That's right. Several people nodded their heads.

“But then I suddenly had a thought.”

Hazel continued.

“At the last banquet, the reason the hero knights couldn't enjoy their food was probably something other than the menu. Then another story I had heard of them suddenly came to mind, as if I had been waiting for it. It's a story about their past.”

Saying that, I looked at the hero knights again.

“These seven knights did not give in even in the era of the Emperor and gave hope to many people. That's why I heard that you went through a lot of hardship at the hands of that terrifying Emperor. As I re-read the story, a question came to mind. That was it. 'Even if you are a knight of the Empire, even if you are a particularly strong heroic knight... ... If you have endured such severe torture, will your teeth be okay?’”

"Ah?"

Strange noises escaped people's mouths.

No one had even thought about it that far.

It is an important etiquette of nobility that the breath should always be fragrant. Nobles pay attention to oral hygiene from a young age by rinsing their mouths with mint-infused water.

This was especially true in the religious world. Old aristocrats used to proudly show off their shiny white teeth.

But what a toothache!

As the saying goes, the frog in the well, the nobles of the imperial palace felt like they were being ripped off.

But if you think about it, it wasn't wrong.

Those who have endured severe torture cannot grow their teeth. This is because when people suffer pain, they clench their teeth by themselves. No matter how strong your teeth are, they are bound to be destroyed.

However, the heroic knights have been very good at hiding that fact so far.

They all looked at them with a beating in the back of the head.

"Hahaha!"

The seven knights burst into laughter.

“You finally found out!”

The youngest, Sir Vancroft, said loudly. With short gray hair and a tanned face, he was as strong as a young man.

“The last time we were treated was very good. Meat piled up like a mountain! It's a juicy sausage! There was even peacock meat! In addition, various rare seafood dishes! Let alone healthy vegetables, what about dishes from the outskirts you've never heard of? You can see how hard the imperial palace prepared for us. Of course, the taste was amazing too! After such a grand banquet in a long time, we all untied our belts and tried to eat as much as we could... . . .”

his voice became small.

“It was the best up to there.”

“... ..”

"exactly. The seven of us suffered severe tooth trauma as a result of being captured and tortured in the past by the Emperor's knights. Everything else was recovered through training, but I couldn't recover that much. You may not know it from the outside, but the roots are lifted, the gums are swollen, and they are falling out one by one from the inside.”

Sir Vancroft was honest.

“No matter how hard you try, such as getting salt that you like, disinfecting it, and applying powdered medicinal herbs, it is useless. Even if you have meat, you can't cut it. Where is that? I can't even chew the soft veggie chunks in the stew.”

his face became congested.

“But how can you do that? We are called by the undeserved name of Heroic Knights, and we are greeted with a lively welcome wherever we go. People who are going through difficult and difficult lives are seeing us and saying that they are gaining strength. Those who have suffered injustice, those who work hard from dawn to night, children who fight diseases... .. Thankfully, those people are looking at us and giving us hope.”

“What if this fact were known to such people?”

Sir Percy continued to speak slowly.

“Even with heroic knights, there is no business in the face of time. After all, they are just ordinary old people... .. ! If this was known to the whole world, what would happen to the people who looked at us and gained strength? Isn't that really depressing? So we really didn't want to make it known in any way.”

he said quietly.

“Swan meat, kingfisher meat, eel, scallops, and rare healthy vegetables... . . . All of them are great food. These are seafood and seafood that you can't easily taste anywhere else. But even though the wings are so plump and oily, they can't be ripped off! I can't chew on it while admiring the fragrant and mellow taste in my mouth!”

The heroic knights looked at Meister Henkel's dishes left on the plate.

“That was our best.”

No one spoke.

In silence, the first, Sir Kendrick, spoke slowly.

"On the other hand... . . . .”

He looked at Hazel's dishes on the table to the left.

“As the lady's dishes came out one after another, we snorted. 'Gosh! You got it!' I wanted Naturally, there is no choice but to make a humble expression! It was really embarrassing and embarrassing. But that's it, and our hungry stomachs roared before these tender foods.”

"that's right. right."

Sir Wayne licked his lips and continued.

“A savory porridge that goes over. That thick tomato stew you just need to swallow. An egg omelette with a vivid cheese flavor. Best of all, the balls are just crushed in your mouth without chewing. How juicy it was even though it was thoroughly cooked!”

“How about dessert!”

Sir Hannibal intervened.

“They were both very nice! A fresh and sweet apple puree like biting an apple freshly picked from a tree! A cake that melts softly with plenty of coffee! I don't know how the heck it was made, but it wasn't mushy at all and it was moist! I have never had such a delicious dessert in my entire life!”

Excitedly, he came to his senses as he offered praises.

“Hmm, anyway, we didn't want our secrets to be revealed, so we ate quietly without saying anything... . . . . However, the evaluation cannot be false, right?”

"right! It should be fair!”

“It doesn't matter!”

The heroic knights spoke to you too. Sir Kendrick arranged it.

“So this is the result. It's all because we deceived you. I hope this clears up everyone's curiosity, including Her Majesty the Empress Dowager.”

The old knights smiled bitterly and shrugged their shoulders. He had a humble, embarrassed, yet complicated face.

Of course. Because the secret that he wanted to hide by all means was just revealed.

However... . . . .

Hazel looked at them with a sad face. Then, without realizing it, he screamed.

"no!"

I've been thinking about them since the first time I guessed their secret. There was something else I really wanted to say to the hero knights.

The people in the banquet hall looked at Hazel.

Still, it was a situation that drew attention. "no!" As I shouted out loud, my eyes focused even more.

Hazel was perplexed.

But I had to say it. If it wasn't now, I didn't know that there would be an opportunity to speak to these distinguished guests forever.

So I got up the courage to open my mouth.

“Once a match starts, you have to do your best to win. But if this was really shameful, if it was something to hide... ... I would never have revealed the secrets of the Hero Knights in front of everyone like this. I would never have done that. They are wonderful people who help poor and powerless people like us.”

The heroic knights listened quietly to Hazel.

“The knights are now like this... ... Isn't this proof that he did not give up and kept his will, no matter how oppressed he was in the past? That's a really proud and wonderful thing. I think it's something that should be revealed rather than hidden. I don't think people will be disappointed or discouraged by it. Rather, it will give you more strength.”

Hazel looked at them and continued.

“The knights overcame them all. Gone are the days when the righteous were harassed, and it is time to welcome the heroes of the poor in places like the imperial palace. That fact itself will give you hope. While preparing these dishes, I really wanted to say that to the knights.”

He stuttered a little and finished his long speech.

Silence passed.

Hazel's words lacked the sophisticated expression normally used by courtiers. There was no elegant analogy.

But instead, there was sincere respect and consideration.

As soon as Hazel spoke the truth to the heroic knights, the shabby and unattractive dishes suddenly began to shine more than anything else.

It was more dazzling than any sumptuous food Meister Henkel had ever made.

Iskanda stared blankly.

okay! That's it! I should have said that as an emperor!

But I hadn't even thought about it before.

It was natural. I didn't even realize that the heroic knights had their teeth damaged by the Emperor's torture. Can you say such a thing!

It was possible because it was Hazel.

He was also not wrong.

Hazel's only hope for this banquet was met.

It wasn't just cooking. did the best job.

The atrophied faces of the seven knights, the royal guests of the Imperial Palace, were softened. It became a face that was moved by the simple sincerity. A faint smile appeared on the corner of his firm lips.

It was the perfect treat.

The Empress Dowager turned her head back with a smile on her lips.

“Meister Henkel, what do you think?”

Henkel and the cooks of the Imperial Palace stood in a frenzy.

They almost fell backwards when the results came out earlier.

“How could this be!”

All seven of them voted for Hazel!

It was utterly incomprehensible. I haven't slept properly for a week and I put so much effort into preparing! Being pushed by such shabby and insignificant food that can't even be called cooking!

I thought something was wrong. All sorts of conspiracy theories ran through my head.

The atmosphere became harsh. It looked like it was going to explode at any moment.

But then the truth was revealed.

The palace cooks were as quiet as dead mice.

“ . . . . . ”

Henkel was amazing. Then it became futile.

I worked hard for this banquet. He poured all the skills he had accumulated over decades.

But the answer lies in something so simple!

It felt like I had traveled a very long way from a very simple road.

“Huh... . . . .”

A long sigh escaped his mouth.

'We serve dishes that our guests can enjoy.'

It was the basics of cooking. It was so natural that there was no need to talk about it, it was the basic of the basics.

However... . . . .

Did I really consider the basics of those basics?

Henkel looked back on the preparation process. and shook his head.

no.

As he prepared for this banquet, his motto was 'The best taste! The best technique!'

With that, he crushes that blue young country girl. Jailbreak so that he will never set foot in the palace kitchen again. That was their goal.

As for the hero knights who were guests, it had been pushed aside.

'Let the heroic knights who would have tasted all kinds of seafood and delicacies around the empire taste and admire the banquet dishes.'

In any corner of that goal, there was no deep consideration for the guests who would taste the food. He was only thinking about himself.

At that moment, realization struck Henkel's head.

Yes.

Although he was a chef who had risen to the top of the empire, he did not think of the most important thing. There is a person opposite the dish on a plate.

A cook should not think of himself. You have to think of the person who tastes the food.

He looked at Hazel's dishes again.

There was no 'the chef himself' anywhere in that shabby and insignificant figure. Everything was just pointing towards the person on the other side of the plate. He was caring with all his heart.

'We serve dishes that our guests can enjoy.'

The basics of the basics were followed perfectly.

Come to think of it, she was like that from the beginning. It was more urgent to protect Prince Rowan's health than to prove he was right, so he broke the window and escaped.

It was with such a heart that he was able to heal the prince through food.

Realizing that, Henkel was shocked.

I lacked

Unbelievable, but it was true. His body staggered at the feeling he had tasted for the first time in his life.

“No, Master?”

Everyone looked at them in surprise.

But he was only staring at Hazel. Then he opened his mouth and said.

“I lost.”

The palace chefs were astonished.

“Master! Master!”

Hazel's eyes widened too.

“Master... . . . .”

It was a situation no one expected.

The empire's top chef declared defeat to the farm girl in front of so many people.

But his face was rather gloomy.

From the first time we met, he'd been staring at Hazel with a grumpy and unpleasant expression all along.

But not now. It even made me feel comfortable. In fact, he was comfortable.

'The chefs of the Imperial Palace were made fun of by a young blue country girl who knew nothing about cooking.'

Henkel was angry at that. But now I know that's not the case.

There was something I lacked. And that girl surpassed me right there.

I was finally able to admit it.

If you are alone and firmly guarding the top, you cannot see what you lack. You can only see it when you come down and compare it with someone.

Meanwhile, he was locked up in a cage.

- It is because of not being able to win even after seeing the achievements in front of you. It's because I couldn't admit it in my heart, so I just ignored it.

I remembered the words the Empress Dowager had pointed out.

Henkel only now deeply understood its meaning. It was invisible because he did not want to admit it.

Now that I could see it clearly, I could accept it from the heart, just like the Empress Dowager said.

He looked around his disciples.

“This match was our devastating defeat.”

Then he turned around and strode away.

Hazel looked at his back with a puzzled look. Everyone in the audience widened their eyes.

The farm girl finally beat Meister Henkel!

There was buzz all over the place.

What they watched was a cooking showdown. But it felt like watching a jousting match.

To put it that way, it was a situation in which the strongest knight who had won consecutive victories was not a country knight, but the knight's servant defeated it with one blow.

How did Meister Henkel, who was like an imperial castle, leave after being defeated like that?

It's hard to comprehend. But in retrospect, that wasn't the case.

unanimous vote. There is a deep meaning behind it. Finally, the attitude of caring for the old knights so that they can put away their humble expression and bring a smile to their face.

It was such a neat match.

At this point, I have no choice but to admit it, right?

That there is something special about that girl.

“Look! What did I say?”

Marquis Masala, who advocated the potato monopolist conspiracy theory, shouted loudly.

The so-called pro-peasants who supported the Hazel and Marronnier farms smiled and rejoiced in the victory.

On the other hand, the anti-peasants did not hide their shock. It seemed that their existing values had been completely overturned.

"Unbelievable... . . . ."

Archduke Athena, who was watching from the top, also became dazed.

Naturally, I thought Meister Henkel would win. It was as if he had been hit in the back of the head while watching with a relaxed mind.

The attendants in the audience were equally astonished.

"haha! Oh my gosh! How could this be, Your Majesty?"

With so much lamentation, he unintentionally looked at His Majesty the Emperor.

But what is this?

Their emperor was smiling brightly as if it was really refreshing. More than just feeling good, he seemed very happy.

what?

The servants tilted their heads and threw strange glances. It was not unreasonable that they were bewildered.

Not so long ago, Iskanda said, "If the farmer wins this match, it's a big deal! Is it true that Henkel is preparing properly? What are you doing now?" While doing this, he was diligently digging for information from the other side.

In other words, the things that seem a little bit crazy in the eyes of the servants right now... .. Unfortunately, it could be said that it was self-employed.

The atmosphere was a bit distracted due to the hustle and bustle.

The minister of the palace, who had been preparing for such a time, rushed out.

"Everyone, how fun is this? Thanks to this, we have a good understanding of how to treat a distinguished guest. Now, let the great chefs of the Silver Lion's womb prepare food for today's banquet! The attendants give the winner a comfortable seat! The heroic knights who did a great job of judging the showdown, please come and receive the wine from His Majesty!"

The traffic was rectified in an instant.

"It is an honour."

The heroic knights came up in front of the head. The Empress Dowager said with a smile on her face.

"You made it difficult by suddenly entrusting the examination."

"no! It was very enjoyable. A great banquet that will be remembered for a long time."

Sir Guilford said with a smile to the emperor on the other side of the table.

"There is a very wise lady in Your Majesty's court. That alone shows how well your majesty is managing on your own."

The commanders of the Holy Knights who followed the heroic knights heard this.

I beg your pardon?

They looked at each other with astonishing faces.

Lewis exclaimed.

“What are you doing well? I’m so anxious that I can’t drive the main character who saved this banquet today from the Imperial Palace!”

“It’s fine. After hearing those words, Isu must also have some regrets.”

Cayenne replied.

That was it.

I can finally see your repentant face.

The four leaned their heads among the heroic knights in anticipation.

But what is this?

Iskanda showed no sign of remorse.

He didn't seem to feel any remorse. No, I didn't seem to understand it at all.

Even though it was said that there was a wise lady in the Imperial Palace, they just fought hard and laughed softly. It was more of a proud expression than a proud one.

In fact, Iskanda was very happy now.

There is no monarch who will feel bad when he hears praise from such a vassal.

Moreover, Sir Guilford was famous as a knight who would rather be decapitated and never speak empty words. Hearing the praises of such a heroic knight, it was like flying above the clouds.

My friends couldn't figure it out.

They also said that Iskanda recently said, 'I can't stand the owner of the farm winning the battle, so please give us the information.' I saw you walking around. Thanks to this, the misunderstanding had become even stronger.

So I didn't understand this situation.

Siegwald asked a question with a serious concern for his friend.

“Why are you doing that?”

After much deliberation, Lorendel carefully came up with a hypothesis.

“Is it possible that you haven't been drunk yet?”

“Oh, is that so?”

Lewis scanned his friend's face with a suspicious look.

It was more reddish than other times.

It was a little unclear, but that was the only thing that could explain this situation.

Their emperor looks very good, but he is actually drunk.

“Tttttt... . . . .”

they clicked their tongue I decided to pretend I didn't see the friendship and turned around.

Actually, I was in a hurry right now. I wanted to go see Hazel quickly.

I'm glad I didn't forsake the people who were waiting and showed up safely, but I couldn't figure out what was going on.

Perhaps he was hiding alone in an empty place to find a new breakthrough?

Either way, you'll have to ask yourself to know for sure.

They hurried to Hazel's seat on the left side of the banquet hall.

But Hazel wasn't there.

“Where did you go?”

The four looked around looking for the familiar figure.

A cheerful dance song rang out.

On the table were wine glasses stacked like a tower.

The clowns, regular officials of the Imperial Palace, worked hard. He also sang adventure stories while playing the bandora, an instrument similar to a small guitar.

On one side, a cake with a large engraved pattern of the imperial family was cut.

It was a very typical banquet scene.

Except that everyone is only eating soft foods like porridge, lean stews, and coffee-soaked cakes.

Hazel looked around eagerly in between.

“Who are you looking for?”

I was startled by the servant's words.

“Oh, no.”

I stopped looking around and quickly looked down at the table. After the servant left, he raised his head again.

Then I mustered up the courage and picked up an empty plate.

He covered his face and poked out his eyes. I quickly looked at the top of the other side, and then turned my head.

That was then.

“Miss Hazel!”

I almost screamed because someone was banging on me.

“Minister of the Royal Palace!”

“What are you doing? You won't be able to see the Emperor there anyway, will you?”

“I didn't look for Your Majesty... . . . .”

“It's okay! it's okay!”

He smiled wildly and patted Hazel on the back.

“No worries. I'm here and what's going on? It's not too late! Besides, it's a secret, and your Majesty has secretly admired those heroic knights immensely.”

“Ah, I heard that. Are you saying that they were the people who gave you a lot of strength when you were young?”

Hazel lowered the plate.

I couldn't help thinking of the person who said it. Anyway, that's what I was looking for right now.

“By the way, what happened? How worried we all were!”

“Ah, that's it... . . . .”

Hazel spoke carefully. I just needed to check it out.

“Actually, there was an accident.”

“It's an accident!”

“It’s nothing special. look. Are you okay? Anyway, thanks to someone's help, I was able to get to the banquet hall safely, maybe that's a violation of the rules?”

"Well? That's not it. Anyway, participation is a must. The person who helped me was cooperating so that the national event could be held properly, so it can be said that they made a contribution.”

"That's fortunate. I thought it wouldn't be a problem, but just in case it's an issue with jobs at stake."

“By the way, what happened?”

"that is... . . . .”

I was just about to talk, and the palace officials ran behind me.

“It’s a big deal! General Hector is drunk!”

The minister of the palace was taken right away.

rather good

How surprised everyone will be when they find out the truth!

I wanted to delay the explanation as much as possible. Of course, you can't hide it forever.

Little by little, I realized just how great it was.

Hell, I wouldn't even be able to be here now. If it wasn't for bad luck, he might not have escaped and might have been sold somewhere.

It was thanks to Sir Valentine that I was able to come on time.

However, he was nowhere to be seen.

Since it's nothing else, it's a banquet for hero knights, so even young apprentice knights go with their faces shining once in a while.

"Well... . . ."

Hazel wiggled her hands uncomfortably.

that's okay right?

Previously, I was so busy that I didn't have time to look around. After confirming that it was Kitty who informed them of the kidnapping, they quickly broke up.

But when I thought about it, even Valentine was late without permission.

Hazel, who is always worried about his job, finds out later and is very upset.

He said he would hand over all the credit to the criminals to the police. Therefore, there was no excuse for tardiness.

But was there God's blessing?

Just today, his superior, His Majesty the Emperor, also said that he only woke up after drinking alcohol and the sun was rising in the middle of the sky. After Lord Valentine's return.

That's good, but... . . . .

It was a pity that I couldn't come to this place.

Working outside even on days like this!

He always worked behind the scenes, but never saw a single moment that really mattered.

This time in particular, I thought it was too much. It means that Lord Valentine has great respect for those heroic knights.

“Too bad!”

Hazel muttered.

That was then.

"miss! You are here!"

The kitchen maids appeared.

“Look at this!”

Gemma pulled out the large bottle she had hidden under her apron.

Hazel was surprised.

“Imperial wine!”

“His Highness, the Crown Princess, called us and secretly took care of us. Because she deserves it. Come on, get a drink.”

Gemma poured the wine into the glass.

The beautiful purple liquor sizzled and the rich scent spread. Hazel drank the glass and admired it.

“After all, expensive wine is the best!”

But it was then.

"miss?"

A heavy low-pitched sound echoed from behind.

Hazel looked back and almost dropped the glass in surprise.

Seven heroic knights stood.

“I'm here to say thank you for the delicious food.”

Sir Kendrick said.

"Ah... . . . .”

Hazel quietly put the glass down and stood up straight.

Hazel, like everyone else, felt unrealistic when confronted with these legendaries.

But they were very humble people.

“Thanks to the lady, what a wonderful sight! Sir Wayne, who was never defeated by a lion, succumbed to a cheese omelette!”

“Huh, really! Who was it that couldn't bear the expression that it was delicious, and ate even the crumbs of a ball while burning a child? Aren't you Sir Guilford, 'Golden Eagle of the Wilderness' ?”

“You don't talk too much and get this paper quickly! Want to learn how to make such a delicious apple puree? Learn well and treat these hyungs a bit! Of course, not everyone can learn it!”

In the midst of praise for Hazel's culinary prowess, Sir Percy asked quietly.

“By the way, I have a question for you... . . . .”

“Yes, Sir Percy. Please speak.”

“Didn't the young lady say, 'People like us are poor and powerless'? that's weird Isn't the young lady a wonderful noble girl who plays an active role in the Imperial Palace?”

"Ah."

Hazel explained his origins to the old knights, whose eyes were shining with curiosity. How did you inherit the land and start farming in the Imperial Palace? He also briefly talked about how he had run the farm.

“It can be so much fun!”

The heroic knights chuckled.

“I love this story as much as the lady's cooking skills! To be honest, the Imperial Palace is not a comfortable place for people like us. Thank you for making it such a fun time! I want to repay you, but I have nothing.”

"no. It's the answer.”

Hazel quickly waved her hand.

But then something popped into my mind.

“Hey, there’s actually one thing... . . . .”

He whispered softly to the old knights.

After a while.

The kitchen maids saw their maiden come back triumphant like a triumphal general. His face was shining brightly.

"miss! What's that thing behind your back?"

“It’s a secret.”

Hazel rolled her eyes. After taking a peek at the atmosphere of the banquet hall, I told the maids.

“I’ll go out for a moment.”

I sneaked out of the banquet hall.

At this time, Iskanda also stood up.

He glanced to the left of the banquet hall without the crowd.

The heroic knights were still surrounded by someone.

In fact, he was a clown who danced the tambourine incredibly well. But of course Iskanda thought it was Hazel.

that is great. I need to get some fresh air in this break.

He told his attendants not to follow him and sneaked out of the banquet hall.

The banquet atmosphere of laughter and chatter spread to the outside.

In the hallway, male and female aristocrats with glasses were standing in the hallway and talking. Above their heads the light of the chandelier cast a twinkling brilliance.

Hazel sneaked out before anyone noticed.

I wandered around the Eunsa Palace. I didn't know the way except around the kitchen. I just walked wherever my feet went.

The further away from the banquet hall, the quieter it got.

As I walked along the dim palace corridor, my eyes were wide open.

A small garden appeared surrounded by arches on all sides. It was a small courtyard in the Eunsa Palace.

In the middle of the summer flower trees, there was a statue of a silver lion. The stream of water pouring out of the fountain was equally silvery in the moonlight.

It's my favorite scenery.

Hazel stood there for a moment and looked.

At that time, Iskanda was also running around avoiding the people. I walked down the dark hallway and came out at the end.

good here

When you are just entering the small courtyard.

I noticed that someone came first and stood still on the opposite side of the gifted lion statue. The moment I stopped in surprise, the opponent looked at me.

OMG!

Breathing in, he hurriedly hid under the arch.

Why are you here? I must have been surrounded by heroic knights until recently!

I looked at it again to see if I had seen it wrong, but Hazel was right.

It was clearly visible through the moonlight in the courtyard. No noble maiden in the Imperial Palace wears such dark brown hair braided. Don't wear a skirt other than a dress.

Meanwhile, Hazel was also surprised.

I didn't know that someone else would suddenly appear from the other side. I stopped trying to get out of my seat quickly.

The silhouette in the dark under the arch was somehow very familiar.

“Are you Sir Valentine?”

“... ..!”

Iskanda was surprised again.

This farmer was evolving day by day. Now, I recognized people just by looking at their silhouettes in the dark.

It's okay if you don't notice the color though... ..

Iskanda took a step back and disappeared.

I hurriedly ripped the curtains in the palace hallway. I wrapped it around my head and let the rest hang down. Like a hooded cloak, blonde hair and red eyes and robes were completely hidden.

He appeared in the courtyard again in that form.

Hazel looked around with a puzzled face.

The shadow suddenly disappeared. Did you see anything in vain? While I was doing it, a person appeared again from the other side.

"also!"

face brightened

“Sir Valentine! I thought it would be there when I went out. But it's really too much. You can't even enter the banquet hall on a day like this and have to work outside! You have no idea how the cooking contest turned out, right?”

Iskanda shook her head.

"no. I know everything. Heroic Knights must have had such a thing! Miss Mayfield had a very good idea."

"What."

Hazel shook her head.

"It was all thanks to Lord Valentine that we were able to hold this banquet safely. But, let alone being praised for his work, he couldn't even enter the banquet hall... ."

"no! I like it the way it is now! very good!"

"Even so, it's too much. Sir Valentine is an ardent follower of the Heroic Knights, isn't it?"

Hazel pushed forward what was hiding behind her back.

"So I prepared a present for you."

Iskanda tilted her head as she looked at the paper she had rolled up and brought.

"What is this?"

"Open it."

I unfolded it as instructed.

The paper had the signatures of the seven old knights.

Under the names of Sir Kendrick, Sir Percy, Sir Edward, Sir Guilford, Sir Hannibal, Sir Wayne, and Sir Vancroft, 'You are also a model for a knight' or 'May you always be so!' He also wrote down words of thanks and so on.

Hazel explained.

“The hero knights are asking me if I have anything to ask of. So I said. There was an accident just before I participated in the competition, and a righteous and brave knight rescued me from that accident. Then the heroic knights praised Lord Valentine very much. So I said it quickly. Please write one word at a time for my friend who truly respects the hero knights.”

Iskanda was shocked.

Thinking like this!

He looked at her with trembling eyes.

Isn't he a genius?

He has long wanted to have souvenirs related to heroic knights. But I hadn't even thought of this. Of course, even if you thought about it, it would have been difficult to put it into practice because of your status as an emperor.

“It's a very grateful gift. I will keep it.”

Iskanda took care of the paper.

I wanted to express my happy feelings more. But I didn't know what to say.

Oh yes! Would you like to tell a reassuring story?

So I spoke up quickly.

“Now you don't have to worry. Originally, we were clearing out criminal gangs that were operating secretly throughout the Empire. When the siege was narrowed, they secretly infiltrated the capital out of desperation. There is a saying that it is dark under the lamp. The robbers we encountered in the back alleys around the plaza last time were that group.”

“You mean those felons that Lord Valentine beat down in one fell swoop?”

"Yes. Thanks to early detection, we were able to suppress it early. After a sweeping sweep, remnants of criminal gangs have turned to crimes such as human trafficking to raise money to flee the country. But now that their powers have been fully revealed through this incident, we can definitely uproot them.”

"That's fortunate. Speaking of which, I'm actually very suspicious of that article called a wolfhound."

“Aren't you already caught by the Paladins? They are being interrogated now.”

"Good for you. What about the women who were held captive with me?"

“Of course, everything is fine. After receiving medical treatment, he and the police officers were instructed to return home safely. You will see your family again by now.”

"What a relief."

Then Hazel's face darkened.

“But I am worried about the people who were caught in the first place and suffered harsh things. I was very shocked. He comforted me not to despair too much, but there's no point in saying that.”

“It must be a huge shock.”

He nodded.

“I hadn’t even thought of that until now.”

“It’s really a problem. Crimes like human trafficking must be stopped quickly. You kidnap people and sell them! How many lives are you ruining, including the family you are desperately looking for?”

“Like murder, it should be treated with a medium sentence. Because we have witnesses and evidence... .”

Iskanda flinched as she continued to speak.

What are you doing now?

I was going to tell you a reassuring story in return for the gift you are grateful for. There was a lot of talk about crime and punishment.

I realized that too late.

Iskanda hastily corrected it.

“You sounded stupid! It hasn't even been a day since that happened, but it brought back a lot of bad memories. What's happening in this very capital city! It is because I am lacking.”

“It’s not.”

Hazel shook her head.

“Why is that the fault of Sir Valentine? It's ridiculous. And I just had no bad memories.”

"really?"

"sure. The culprits were all caught and solved. Well... . . . . To be honest, I can't help but think of that when the wagon comes running again from the other side. But it's ok. The beginning was obviously a bad memory, but it was not the end."

Hazel said, pondering.

"When I recall the incident, the first thing that comes to mind is that Lord Valentine came to the rescue. The moment they lit a magic light in the dark, the moment they threw rocks from which people were trying to escape, the moment they broke the warehouse, the moment they knocked out the kidnappers... . . . . Those are all good memories."

Then I realized

"It really is! To overwrite bad memories with good ones! How great is that?"

"is it?"

Iskanda muttered.

Overlay bad memories with good memories.

From those words, I could feel Hazel's sincere gratitude, and somehow it touched me.

Everyone was quiet for a while as they thought about each other. At that moment, the sound of running water was heard from the fountain.

The original moonlight was good in the courtyard of the Eunsa Palace. The moon was especially bright today.

Hazel looked around and marveled again.

“I didn’t know that the Imperial Palace had such a beautiful garden.”

“I love this place too.”

Iskanda suddenly thought and said.

“There is a legend about this gifted lion statue. It is said that if you climb on your back at midnight and whisper a word into your ear, you will fly into the sky. So I used to sneak in with my friends. I didn't know which word was a magic word, so I opened up the dictionary and took turns reading one by one. I was excited to see who would win.”

“It must have been very competitive.”

Hazel replied with a smile.

Then, all of a sudden, I got a strange feeling.

Sometimes it felt like a moment was engraved very vividly.

Even small movements and sounds that were seen in front of me were clearly stored in my brain, and when I recalled them later, they could be reproduced almost perfectly.

There were also very special moments, like when I first got my farm from my grandfather and went back to the bank. There were moments as insignificant as when I drank hot tea while waiting in line for a carriage on a winter morning.

It was like footprints in the snow. Some footprints fade as quickly as other memories, while others remain distinct on their own.

When Hazel is feeling so strange.

Iskanda was also feeling strange.

The figure of Hazel standing by the fountain was very clear.

Her dark chestnut hair reflected the moonlight, and the edges that met the darkness shone with silver. Because of the lights of the fountain, a rippling shadow of water was reflected on the side face.

If I was wrong, no one could be standing here now.

If it were, darkness would have filled that space now. There would have been no reflection of moonlight and no shadow of water.

But thanks to the quick run, that didn't happen.

He felt a little relieved by that fact.

Each of them was so engrossed in their thoughts that they didn't even know that the silence was flowing for a long time.

Then, at the same time, I woke up.

“Oh, I have to go now. People will find it.”

“I must go too.”

The two exchanged a brief greeting and parted ways, going in opposite directions.

As Hazel was walking across the yard, she suddenly looked back.

There was no one in the quiet courtyard. Only the silver lion statue was standing there and basking in the moonlight.

\* \* \* The

seven heroic knights were warmly welcomed and rested in the palace.

And I paid for the car to leave immediately the next day. As soon as I put my ass on it, it left immediately.

They were fast, but Hazel was fast too. As soon as I heard that the old knights were leaving the road, I hurriedly ran.

"Wait!"

Hazel handed them a gift she had made all night long.

“This is sage powder. Here, you can grind and mix salt from each region and disinfect it in the morning and evening. And this is charcoal powder made by burning rosemary stems. Please use the one that suits you well according to the condition of your teeth.”

The old knights happily accepted.

Originally, they did not receive gifts well.

However, if the poor and simple people prepared the items with sincerity, they were gratefully received. These small pockets were also cherished with such a heart.

"Yesterday's banquet was enough, but I'm sure you'll get something like this!"

“I must speed up the pilgrimage and come back to the Imperial Palace as soon as possible!”

“I should even consider making a pilgrimage inside the Imperial Palace!”

Seeing them even throw such jokes, the people gathered at the place poke each other in surprise.

“It’s not empty words, I’m really looking forward to the next banquet. Then her farm will be even more prosperous!”

The distinguished guests of the imperial palace left such warm blessings and set out on a long pilgrimage once again.

This is the end of the official schedule.

As soon as the distinguished guests left, the people of the Imperial Palace looked at the person who caused the most talk at the banquet.

But Hazel was already disappearing into the distance.

Without even having time to take off his apron, he untied it, rolled it up, grabbed it and ran. I hurriedly grabbed a carriage on the road in front of the Imperial Palace.

“Please go to a newspaper called <Dawn Newspaper>!”

When I went to the first floor and said my name, he said he would call me right away.

After a while, Kitty ran down the stairs.

“Hazel!”

"Kitty!"

The two held hands and were happy.

“You said you were trying to cross the imperial palace? Are you crazy?”

“Who is it? That knight?”

The two of them were finally able to share their secret story.

I guessed it, but it was heartbreaking to hear how quickly Kitty was able to use her judgment and bravely pursued the wagon.

“It was thanks to you that I was safe!”

“It’s not.”

Kitty raised her eyes and asked.

“So the knight rescued you and the others? Or the police?”

“This is a secret... .”

I was just talking about working in the warehouse.

Suddenly, reporters came from all directions.

It wasn't just the reporters of the Dawn Newspaper. Reporters from other newspapers also flocked to see where they had heard the rumors.

So far, they have not reported on Hazel. However, it seemed that the tone of the article was finally decided.

Kitty, who had been careless, was pushed away in an instant. It was a shame for Kitty Diabelli.

"Hey! What are you doing!"

Reporters rushed to ask questions to Hazel without listening.

What was the reason for being late, when did you foresee that you would win, how you felt after finishing the battle, what kind of conversations you had with the hero knights... . . . .

Kitty's face, who had been pushed back and listened, suddenly changed.

"Certainly, there is a problem with the chefs of the Imperial Palace today. As Meister himself admitted, he focuses on technology and neglects the basics. Please tell me about this."

A question posed by a reporter was a problem.

At first glance, it seemed ordinary, but there was a hidden trap. It was to spread the ground rice to ignite the controversy.

If Hazel expresses his views here, he will publish provocative articles with them.

No!

Just as I was about to break through, Hazel answered.

Kitty's hardened face loosened.

It was kind of a concern.

A smile appeared on his face as he looked at his friend.

The imperial chefs had a hellish time after the banquet.

Such a country girl cannot be a match for Meister Henkel. I'll flatten your nose by showing you what cooking is... . . . .

I couldn't raise my head because I was talking like that.

In addition, it was widely known that the chefs of the White Rose Labyrinth had murdered Hazel. All the chefs of the Imperial Palace were so humiliated that they wanted to go into a mouse hole.

But was that just the beginning?

Old nobles, who like to talk to others, have been talking loudly in the hallway with newspapers since morning.

“Look at this! Finally, the newspapers started to publish her story.”

“Because it was such an important banquet! Let's see... . . . . Oh! this would be fun! 'What do you think Miss Mayfield thinks of the Imperial Palace chefs, who focus on technology and put the basics behind the scenes?’”

The imperial palace chefs shrugged. I closed my eyes tightly, preparing for a huge laugh that would soon pour out. The entrance to the kitchen seemed too far away.

However... . . . .

The old nobles, who were reading the newspaper loudly as if to listen, murmured for some reason. "Huh? Isn't it?" Then he moved on to another topic.

The cooks stopped walking.

what?

He glanced over his shoulder at the newspapers the courtiers were holding. I hurriedly read the part where Hazel answered the question.

“I don't think so. The dishes presented by the chefs of the Imperial Palace this time are the sum total of the skills that Meister Henkel has honed over the years. I was able to feel the pride and persistence to make the best cuisine without fail. The Imperial Chefs are the people who have dedicated their lives to making the best dishes. I've learned a lot... .”

Such content was published in every newspaper.

It was a question to ridicule the chefs of the Imperial Palace, but Hazel only complimented it as if he didn't understand.

This was really unexpected.

Thanks to Hazel's remarks, they managed to save face. In a situation where he could not even lift his head, a rope of salvation came down.

I don't know what you think inside, but you're telling me... .

The imperial palace chefs were rightly stunned.

Complex feelings for Hazel melted away. I thought it was great. and thank you

On the other hand, I felt that I had taken a ten-year prison sentence.

No matter what that farm girl does now, she will never be able to vomit. must be absolutely matched. so there is no backtracking.

With that thought in mind, everyone walked to the kitchen.

After a while.

The entrance was noisy again.

The kitchen maids who had gone to help Hazel had returned.

They were quickly surrounded by other maids. Everyone looked at this with curious faces.

“You guys didn’t even know the menu until the end?”

“Are you sure you changed it at the last minute?”

It was a totally popular treat.

The maids were proud and proud. It was funny to think that I hated it so much when I was first selected.

“The lady told me to come visit the farm anytime! And he said you can bring anyone who is nice to us!”

I was startled when I entered the kitchen boasting that my mouth was dry.

The palace chefs were already there.

The maids were a bit startled.

In fact, there was a worry in the corner of my heart.

Even if I give in a hundred times, and pass over what I worked there... . . . Now that the cooking showdown ended in a victory for Hazel, how buoy would it be?

These maids even joined in. The dishes that brought them bitter defeat were made by hand. It's the same with maestro.

Even so, it was an industry famous for its strong hierarchical order and closed-mindedness.

But I have no regrets.

The maids entered the kitchen with a strong determination.

However... . . .

“Come on. Good job.”

The chefs greeted us with a pat on the shoulder.

There were no stinging eyes, no sarcastic words. Rather, he was more friendly than usual.

The maids rolled their eyes.

Hazel said when he said goodbye with regret.

- Don't worry about going back.

I thought it was just an encouraging word, so I didn't mean it too much.

also!

The maids exchanged glances with reassured faces.

A salon with the windows wide open for good ventilation.

The Empress Dowager was sitting in an armchair.

“Meister Henkel has announced that he will step down for a while. This means that we will have time to look back on the things we neglected and recharge ourselves. That's a good thing... ... The chef's seat suddenly became vacant, so what should I do?”

she said with a worried face.

“Ah, we haven't found a new cookhouse yet. When did the seat become vacant and still... ... .”

The Queen Mother also received the word with a worried face.

The eyes of the two men turned to opposite sides at the same time as if they had promised.

“Wherever you go, there are no chefs left!”

Sitting there, Hazel smirked and put down the teacup.

“Sorry, I'm sorry.”

"no."

The Empress Dowager and Empress Dowager shrugged their shoulders.

“Even if all the chefs in the Imperial Palace quit, there is nothing I can do about it. No one knows how much I was worried about this banquet. How can you fix it so cleanly! Who could do this?”

“In that experience, it is embarrassing, but I can say that I am older than the Empress Dowager. Prince Rowan is said to be free to go out soon. I can't believe it. Who would have dreamed of such a thing?”

“It is a story we are talking about, but it is a blessing from God that the state did not purchase that small piece of land in the middle of the great garden! If we had bought it, we wouldn't have been laughing like this today.”

The compliments from the two women poured in alternately.

I've already had two of them quit the cooking of the Imperial Palace.

Hazel only realized that and trembled for a moment.

But no matter what, the two people he loved very much were happy. Then Hazel was happy too.

“Come on, here.”

The Empress Dowager's hand-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld, poured the tea herself. The maids in charge of snacks brought chocolate bonbons to the Empress's exclusive gold plate.

“... ..”

While the people of the court who had gathered to make a connection with the Empress Dowager somehow stared blankly from the outside.

Instead of looking at the palace, he thought.

The Empress Dowager was never an indifferent person.

At the last banquet, I may have passed because I was not feeling well.

However, after thinking carefully ahead of this banquet, would you have guessed the secrets of the heroic knights?

Wasn't Hazel deliberately laying the plate like that, thinking that he would soon find out the secret too?

If you think like this, is it an overly vain imagination?

At that moment, the Princess of Heaven glanced at him.

“Lysander, what are you doing behind the pillar?”

“Oh no, just... ..”

“Come here and have a cup of tea together.”

The Empress Dowager called.

“Instead! Come quickly!”

Hazel beckoned too.

Er, I don't know.

The minister of the palace gave up the analysis and went there. I sat on the round chair that the maids brought me and received a cup of tea.

Soon after, the flower of the story was in full bloom.

“... ..”

The nobles outside the salon stared at them without blinking their eyes.

Empress Dowager. instead of the palace. In addition to that, the princess who is gradually growing in power as she started her activities recently.

It would be amazing to win the heart of just one of them! All three people?

Their gaze had changed to envy.

Meanwhile then.

"what? kidnap?"

A voice of astonishment echoed in the conference room.

It was only then that the commanders of the Holy Knights heard about what Hazel had been through. But it was more amazing than I had imagined.

“No, you mean you were kidnapped by a gangster, and then you came back and had a cooking showdown right away?”

Lewis muttered in disbelief.

Cayenne hastily asked the head of the police station.

“A kidnapper?”

“I got them all.”

“I don't think it's a simple crime, but to investigate whether the wolfhound we've captured was a hoax... .”

“The investigation has been completed.”

The head of the Metropolitan Police Department presented a thick report.

so fast?

The commanders of the Holy Knights read the report with their eyes wide open.

The wolfhound didn't say a word.

However, the kidnappers who were caught by the police confessed.

Failing to establish a place in the back alleys of the capital, they decided to raise funds to flee outside the empire. So I did whatever it took to make money.

However, a wolfhound has been contacting them by mobilizing a connection. It was a request to abduct a certain young lady after she was about to leave the Imperial Palace.

“He said he didn't really plan to sell Miss Mayfield anywhere. Then things get too big. It is said that he tried to scare him away and drive him back to his hometown. But even if those words were true, there would be no goodwill. Through their ledgers, we found illegal organizations that were buying and selling people and arrested them all.”

“Are you done with that already?”

"Yes."

"So quiet?"

"Yes."

The mayor replied.

Everyone looked at Iskanda with puzzled faces.

Something was strange.

If the police had discovered such a felony and reported it, His Majesty the Emperor would have already advertised so as to resonate everywhere. 'Look. The law is so scary.' They would have been severely punished to show them, slapped them outside the newspapers, and became a topic of discussion for the whole nation.

Why were you so quiet?

Maybe it's because Hazel is involved, so you're not motivated?

That can't be.

To protect the anonymous whistleblower who reported it for the first time?

No way.

Upon receiving the suspicious gaze, Iskanda frowned.

"Since the matter is a matter, we decided to deal with it quietly. Don't make too much noise, either."

And he brought out some pictures. It was a figure of bizarre monsters with their shoulders wide open and their bodies covered with muscles.

“When the police came to the scene, they found these monsters lying down. According to the criminals, they were being transported to sell to a circus, but they seem to have been deliberately created by someone.”

“An artificial monster?”

Sigwald frowned and looked at the painting.

"who?"

“I don’t know, but there have been reports of some upper part of the capital being in covert contact with a remnant of a gang. Bona Mana wolfhounds will also have something to do with that top. I've been told to look into it more closely. Let the knights know it too. If you see anything similar to this monster, report it immediately.”

Your friends answered yes and went out.

I searched the newspaper just in case, but didn't find any related articles. There were only articles about the banquet of the hero knights.

"right. Considering the victims, it is better to deal with them quietly. I have a life to live in the future. There is nothing good about talking about things like this.”

Lorendel nodded.

Everyone agreed. But there was still one curious thing.

"However... . . . .”

Lewis lowered his voice and whispered.

“I’m saying it’s because it’s just us, isn’t it surprising that he even thought of that?”

"right. I saw you again.”

“How did you suddenly become so considerate?”

Both Siegwald and Cayenne agreed.

Your friends stood for a moment and muttered.

Meanwhile at this time.

Several documents arrived at the Royal Household Office, which handles the official affairs of the Imperial Palace.

The recipients were victims of sexual assault in this case.

'Marie Etvard, who has this document, is a person who can be guaranteed by the Imperial Palace... . . . !

These papers, starting in this way, were letters of recommendation.

It was said that the imperial palace guarantees the integrity of the character if the victims start their job search activities to overcome the shock and make a fresh start.

The recommendation from the Imperial Palace was enormous.

The victims who overcame despair and bravely escaped have now become people with such a strong background. I was able to make a new start with confidence without suffering from gossip.

"Oh my gosh... .."

The palace officials were surprised to see this letter of recommendation.

Most surprising of all, it was a matter that His Majesty the Emperor decided for himself.

"How did you even think of this?"

"What a great treat!"

Everywhere I went, there was a constant buzzing.

Hazel heard the news while working in the fields. I couldn't help but be surprised at the stories the female courtiers told me in a fuss.

"A letter of recommendation from the Imperial Palace to everyone?"

"okay! The country cares so much about the victims. I hope this will give Hazel some peace of mind."

"That's great!"

Hazel was delighted and suddenly asked.

"Has this never happened before?"

"sure!"

“Did you suddenly do this this time?”

“Because it is!”

The palace officials responded together.

There is no way that His Majesty the Emperor would have suddenly attained such a great realization and have done such a thing... . . . .

Perhaps his subordinate, Sir Valentine, had something to say?

I remembered the night of the banquet.

Hazel talked to Lord Valentine, whom he ran into by chance in the courtyard of the Silver Lion's Palace.

I'm worried about the victims who must have been hurt a lot, I'm sorry I can't comfort you with any words... . . . .

Did you listen to me and do that?

Somehow, my heart was pounding.

\* \* \* After the

banquet, everything seemed to return to normal.

But there was still one thing left.

Hazel went to the market and found a pile of green grapes and bought it.

When it was washed clean, it shone like a transparent jewel. I immediately started baking sponge cake thinking that it would be good to make a fresh cream cake.

At that time, the four Holy Knights Commanders were standing outside the fence.

Their noses twitched as the smell of ripe cakes wafted in. However, he did not want to enter and hesitated. Because I still haven't decided how to act.

“It can never be compared to being kidnapped by such vicious criminals, but... .”

Cayenne opened her mouth.

“Actually, when I was a kid, there was a time when I almost got caught by a professional Catchy kidnapper.”

"know. You've said it fifty-nine times so far."

“Don't talk like you're revealing some new secret.”

Lorendel and Lewis were bruised. Cayenne pretended not to hear.

“According to that experience, it is better to act as if nothing special around you in order to quickly overcome the shock. He treats you naturally as if nothing happened.”

“Then let us do the same.”

Siegwald said.

The other two agreed.

"great. Naturally, as if nothing had happened."

And finally we entered the farm.

Hazel was just cutting the green grape eggs in half at the time.

The fresh and fresh scent of grapes permeated the kitchen. Thanks to you, I was still in a good mood, but I was so happy that even welcome guests showed up.

"What are you doing? Isn't it time to go to work?"

"I just took my time. Oh, what is this? green grape?"

Cayenne said very naturally.

But as soon as Lewis saw Hazel's face, he immediately lost his composure.

"A kidnapping! We didn't even know that... ... ."

He hugged Hazel and made a huge fuss while checking that his eyes, nose and mouth were okay.

The other three froze in embarrassment.

Lorendel apologized.

"sorry. To overcome this quickly, I decided to act naturally as if nothing had happened... ... ."

"it's okay. This is natural."

Hazel replied in a choked voice.

Meanwhile, the sponge cake was done. We talked about adventures while the cake was cooling.

How he got kidnapped while going to see Kitty. How did you decide to eat and drink with the women you met in the warehouse?

"... .. After eating so full, I decided to wait for a chance... .."

stopped there for a while.

Everything was fine, but then there was the problem.

In fact, Lewis and his friends were curious about that too. Cayenne asked, her eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"Based on the testimonies of the victims, did they say that there was an outside collaborator during the escape?"

"that's right."

"Who are you? You wouldn't be an average person to have defeated 10 people by yourself. A dragon that happened to pass by by chance?"

"It's not... .."

Up until now, it has continued to be obscure, hiding the identity of Lord Valentine. But he didn't have the knack for hiding anymore.

“Actually, it’s someone I know. There is a certain knight whom I have met occasionally and have been helped a few times.”

The four were surprised by Hazel's words.

"Really?"

Then it became the same happy face.

“These guys are so... ..”

Each of them had assumed that they were members of their own knights. Hazel shook her head quickly.

"no. Not a paladin. They go to and from the Imperial Family, but I don't know what their status is. I'm keeping it a secret... ..”

"Yes? So, are you a regular knight?"

Your friends are surprised again.

“Ah, it can be! I guess I've been deceived. There are no ordinary knights who come and go in the Imperial Household.”

Cayenne said with a smile.

Hazel was perplexed. I made excuses without realizing it.

“But there are a lot of great articles just in different fields, aren't there? The temple side, or the imperial knight... ..”

“Is it an imperial knight?”

Lewis rolled his eyes.

“How do you... . Oh right! Were you talking about Sir Randolph while reading a book at our house then? My memory is also very good. Certainly the Imperial Knights were once the best talent. It is no longer there.”

This time Hazel was surprised.

“No?”

“In the Emperor’s Era, imperial knights served as secret police officers and were a symbol of fear. So, the current Emperor has destroyed it.”

“It is.”

Hazel hid her surprise and put down the creamy spatula.

Imperial Knights don't exist?

What happened?

Sir Valentine is obviously dressed as an imperial knight, and it is correct that he is now working in the Imperial Palace... .

“Anyway, if he really is a knight, there is good reason for a knight of Bratania to hide his identity. No one should dig it out until it is revealed.”

said Cayenne.

Your friends have quietly turned their curiosity away. And after having a good time with a cake topped with green grapes, we left.

After the paladin commanders left, Hazel fell in thought.

Why are you wearing fake clothes?

I never knew In any case, it was clear that Lord Valentine was deliberately hiding his identity.

What the hell is it?

Once I got curious, I couldn't control it.

Hazel sat down at the table after roughly finishing the work inside and outside the house.

What if you could do some research?

It was a difficult problem.

There is one good way to face such a difficult problem.

Hazel put some tea leaves in a teacup and poured water. After asking that question in my mind, I closed the lid and turned it clockwise three times.

This was the traditional way of divination with cars.

After doing this, the tea leaves are left at the bottom of the teacup and form a unique shape when the water is poured out. You can foretell the future through its shape.

Hazel poured the tea and opened the lid.

The remaining tea leaves on the bottom of the teacup formed a distinct shape.

It looked like a bird hanging upside down.

This meant 'end'. If we were to investigate the identity of Lord Valentine, it meant that everything would be over.

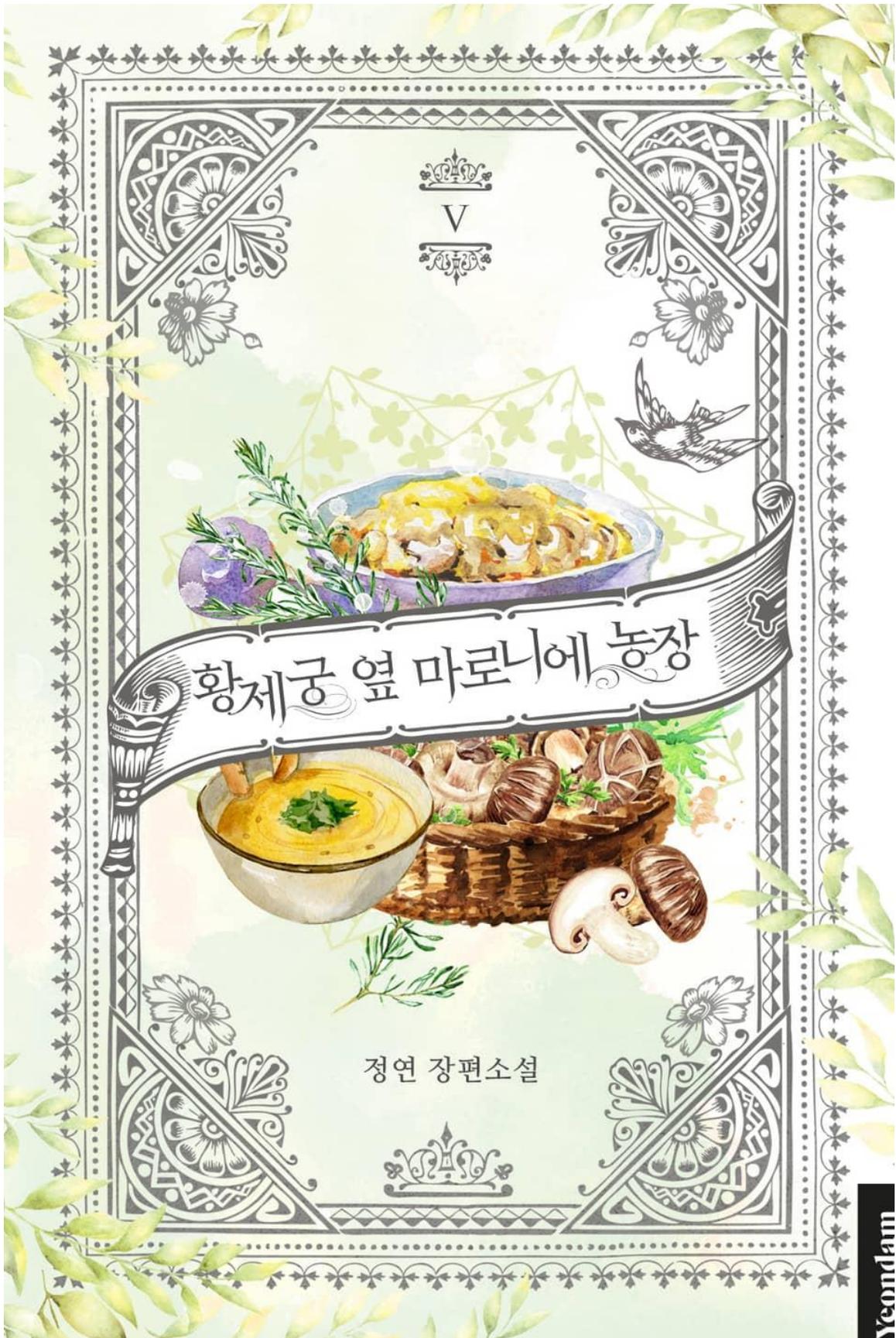
“That... . . . .”

Hazel shook her head.

I quickly washed the cup with water.

And staring at the moon outside the window, dazed in thought.

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The Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace

Volume 5

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## 12 A mirror of truth and a delicious gift from the Baba Yaga

During the day, the imperial palace is frantic and noisy, and the scent of perfumes of noble men and women floats in the air. However, at night, the population decreases dramatically compared to the area, making it more comfortable.

Magnificent palaces of classical style shone faintly in the darkness. The vines wrapped around the marble column were as beautiful as the hair of a goddess. I followed a small path shining in the moonlight through the forest in the garden, and it finally appeared.

The dark was full of bright yellow stars.

It was a lemon tree whose fruit was open so that the branches were bent.

"Oh my gosh!"

Hazel exclaimed in surprise.

"What a tree like this in a public garden! I walked around every day, how could I not have known?"

of course.

Iskanda thought.

This was not originally a public garden. But as of yesterday, it became a public garden by Huang Ming.

"In front of this fruit tree is a place where painters are usually invited to paint portraits. But you don't have to worry about Miss Mayfield at all. 'Cause I've been looking all over Are portraits important? Eating is much more important."

“Sir Valentine! Maybe you have such a good and right idea?”

Hazel clapped in admiration.

The lemons hanging from the tree were very pleasing. It was so plump that it was like a round ball. There was no place that had turned gray, and the whole was bright yellow and shiny.

“I am so lucky to be able to pick a lemon like this!”

Hazel liked it very much and reached out and picked each one.

"Here."

Iskanda quickly brought the ladder. As Hazel stepped on it, he actively cooperated by holding him tight so that he would not be shaken.

His heart is now very forgiving. I couldn't. Just remembering that the important banquet had ended successfully made me feel better.

This is about a lemon!

I wanted to say that you can have anything you want if you want.

Of course, running a farm inside the Imperial Palace is unacceptable, but... . . .

“Come on, take it.”

He flinched at Hazel's sudden words. When I reflexively took what was coming out from above, it was a plump lemon.

“Slightly rub the bark and smell it. I feel so much better.”

"Like this... .. ?"

He took a lemon and rubbed the peel with his fingertips. As Hazel taught me, I put it on the tip of my nose.

A refreshing lemon scent spreads with the fresh air of a summer night. The pungent, sour smell refreshed my head and made me feel refreshed.

Seeing him wrinkling his nose while holding a lemon awkwardly in his hand, Hazel laughed inwardly.

What is that clumsy appearance of a city man!

“The scent of lemon improves circulation, replenishes energy, and repels insects. It’s good to take on as many as possible.”

Having said that, I picked up the lemon again. I picked out the thick and thin ones and put them one by one in the basket.

When I think of 'picking lemons', the first thing that comes to mind is the dazzling sunlight. I remembered picking the bright yellow fruits one by one under the sunlight pouring through the lush green leaves.

However, picking it on a moonlit night like this had a unique taste.

The lemon in the white moonlight was yellow and very pretty. In the still and cool air, the scent spread more subtly.

In fact, in many cases, farmers deliberately harvested their fruits at night.

At night, the temperature is relatively low, so the fruit does not ripen quickly, which is advantageous for maintaining the state. Also, the dangerous wasps did not attack.

So I picked a few baskets in the moonlight. A large wooden barrel with two handles was full.

Iskanda flashed. I made my way back to the farm.

"Wait."

Hazel quickly stepped forward.

"I'll check the guards first to see if there are any guards. If you've ever seen Lord Valentine... ."

"it's okay. it's okay."

Iskanda shook her head and confidently took the lead.

Every road was empty. I adjusted the layout the day before and put the guards out of this area for a while.

I returned to the farm as I walked down the path in the moonlight.

A small lantern was illuminating the farmhouse in a cozy orange light.

Julia, a cow lying on her stomach next to the house, greeted her with a slow wag of her tail. The two entered quietly so as not to wake the chickens that were sleeping deeply in the coop.

Iskanda dumped a large bucket of lemons on the floor.

“Is the firewood still there? You can do that tomorrow.”

“Are you coming tomorrow?”

Hazel asked in surprise.

He visibly flinched. He mumbled, “Well then.” After saying goodbye politely, he left the house.

Hazel stood by the doorway and looked.

A black cloaked back figure quickly drifted away into the darkness beyond the fence.

Where are you going?

Slowly, I felt the desire to step back.

But soon he shook his head horizontally.

have to be patient

If you dig out Lord Valentine's back, it's all over. Recalling the contents of the tea leaf fortune-telling, I endured it and turned around.

\* \* \*

Hazel hasn't paid much attention to the atmosphere outside since coming here.

It is natural.

From the moment he decided to start farming in the middle of the Imperial Palace, he had already given up his reputation here. If he had been conscious of the unpretentious gaze one by one, he would have already suffered a nervous breakdown. Anyway, I was busy with farm work, so I didn't have time to worry about it.

Even so, I felt it clearly.

After the Heroic Knight's Banquet, the atmosphere has definitely changed.

"Oh my goodness! Are you going to draw water?"

"It's steaming hot today! Can I help you with anything?"

When passing by, the nobles greeted and talked to each other as if they knew each other well.

It's familiar, but where did you see it?

When I thought about it, it was like the people I met at the Empress Dowager's salon.

This small farm was slowly emerging as a social concern. The number of people passing by and looking into the farm increased.

A small house with vines growing day by day against the whitewashed walls. A cow grazing leisurely. Chickens and chicks roaring in the chicken coop. All of this seemed to intrigue me anew.

People who watched the farm unaware of the passing of time usually fixed their eyes on one place.

It was a purple object hanging from the field.

Eventually, the branches ripened.

You can tell if an eggplant is ripe by looking at its flesh. It should have an appetizing cream color.

But an experienced farmer knows when to pluck the branches, even if he doesn't necessarily cut them in half. When the purple luster shines brightly. If it loses its luster and becomes dull, it is too late.

Now, the branches of the horse chestnut farm are gleaming and shining.

“I am going to prune branches this week.”

Hazel bragged to friends who came to the farm.

Then you both came out to help.

Among them, those who could not get out of the body due to work were excluded. Those who did not know what the eggplant was also filtered out.

Then, a few paladins, three or four female palace officers, and the kitchen maids Gemma and Tina remained.

“Come on, this is the eggplant field.”

They followed Hazel and stood in front of the garden with many branches.

But somewhere, a strong gaze was felt. I stared at him without thinking, and then he became bewildered.

Outside the farm fence, socialites were watching. It was a gaze full of envy.

What is this?

They were embarrassed, but at the same time proud.

When Hazel succeeded in everything he did, his opponents were discouraged. There were people who wanted to avoid the Emperor's eyes and become friends with Hazel.

But now it's not easy to get to.

They were envious of their farm friends who had already developed close friendships.

joy! When are you talking about pro-nong-fan?

Everyone thought to themselves.

They came to help Hazel, not to play. But when things turned like this, I felt like I had come to play.

“Oh, it’s fun! It’s already fun before we even start!”

Sir Henry Dunby of the Knights Templar shouted loudly.

As if they were some kind of privileged class, they accepted the gloves Hazel was handing out.

“You must wear these gloves. The branches, leaves and flowers have thorns. Once nailed, it is difficult to remove and may cause inflammation, so be careful.”

"Yes!"

“When there are thorns like this, it means freshness. When you buy eggplant at the market, if you have a branch with thorns, pick it up.”

"Yes!"

They all answered together.

He followed the hazel like a flock of chicks and plucked the tops off the branches with scissors.

“The eggplants I have grown by myself are very valuable.”

“If you’re not a pro-peasant like us, where would you like to touch?”

I plucked up the branches and picked up all the shares today.

everyone was sad

“Are there any more?”

If there were no crops, even a button was a force to be reckoned with.

But unfortunately, I couldn't stay for long. I had to take the other branches as a gift and leave with them.

“If you come again next time, I will cook a delicious dish with this eggplant.”

Hazel saw off the farm helpers with a smile.

The people left, leaving nothing but a mountain of purple harvest.

Grilled, gratin, lasagna, fried, croquettes... . . . It seemed that even if I tried all kinds of dishes and ate it, there would still be leftovers.

Shall we set up a seat and sell it this time?

It was when I was organizing the branches with that thought.

smart.

who knocked on the door

Hazel looked outside.

There were people standing in front of the house for the first time.

Their ages and ages varied. The clothes were also different. There were some glamorous people and some frugal. I had no idea what they were doing.

Hazel asked, tilting her head.

"who are you? If it's because of eggplant picking, today's share is already over... . . . ."

"no."

They put their hands in their arms. You both took out your business cards and held them out.

"We are restaurant managers."

"Are you the restaurant manager?"

"Yes. Didn't the young lady give a presentation on the topic of labyrinth mushrooms a while ago? I heard about the presentation from General Lafrank and others who were there."

"You said that mushroom was so delicious? You say that you don't even know if one dies while eating? We want to get those mushrooms and put them on the new menu."

"The Labyrinth Greenhouse was a prize awarded to Miss Mayfield, so all the plants growing there are owned by the lady? That's why I came here."

"AHA... ... ."

Hazel finally understood the story.

Also, delicious is always right. Good reviews have led others.

The managers were very active. We have put together in detail what kind of restaurant it is and how it will sell a new menu.

After carefully reading the thick material, Hazel picked one out.

"The Pavilion'. I will do it here."

The manager of 'Pavilion' was very pleased.

"It has been decided! You must do it!"

After receiving the promise several times, I paid the down payment on the spot.

Hazel opened her pockets without thinking, and her eyes widened. One, two, three, four, five gold coins. 5 gold.

It was an unexpected extra income.

How can I use the huge amount of 5 gold well?

When I asked Lewis who had come to the farm to play, she answered.

“Of course you should use it to play! Play with me in the capital! Buy something delicious and ride a gondola! Of course, Hazel doesn't have to spend a penny.”

"thank you. But then, isn't that the way to spend 5 gold?"

“... ..”

Meanwhile, the Minister of Home Affairs replied:

“I have to buy a carriage. If you buy a wagon, your life will change.”

“Can I buy a carriage with 5 gold? I wouldn't be able to buy a single wheel.”

“If you go with me, I will cut you a lot. Because I am a regular!”

"no. it's okay... ..”

Siegwald came to play, so I asked him too.

"Well... ..”

He said he thought carefully.

“I will tell you at this time tomorrow.”

However, the next day, I started conducting statistical surveys from people around me. How careful you really are!

“Most answers have been that they use it for premium bedding. We spend a third of our lives sleeping... .”

"Yes... .”

When I asked Cayenne, he replied:

“Why don’t you put a cat tower to make the farm look even more beautiful?”

I also asked Lorendel.

“Why don’t you leave the farm to us and spend some time with nature? If you wish, I can recommend a day trip to Arcane Mountain.”

Like everyone else, I seriously thought about it.

I also asked Sir Valentine, who had been digging firewood, and he gave me serious consideration.

“It’s a good way to use unexpected extra income... .”

In fact, Iskanda recently asked her servants to learn a thing about common life. I decided to use that knowledge.

“Isn’t there something Mayfield couldn’t buy because she didn’t have money when she was young?”

"Yes. A complete storybook, a doll that can be put on a real dress, or a wooden saddle horse... .."

"Then wouldn't it be better to buy those things?"

"Oh oh... .."

Hazel nodded in admiration.

"After all, those 5 golds should be used to improve the farm."

"Why the hell did you ask?"

"It's fun!"

"... .."

"I have to take this opportunity to solve all the things I have been procrastinating for so long. It would be nice to make a well too. You don't have to get water every day."

"Good idea."

After talking here and there, he returned to Chimgung.

And I dreamed

A stream of water erupted as Hazel poked the ground with a shovel. The entire imperial palace was submerged in the sea of water.

Iskanda's eyes widened.

I haven't been able to sleep since then. Tossing and turning, as soon as the day dawned, I jumped up and ran to the window.

The farm has been bustling since dawn.

An old-fashioned man walked around holding a giant slingshot-shaped stick upside down. Hazel was chasing after him.

Iskanda watched with a pounding heart.

The detective who had been looking for water veins for a long time shook his head.

"Phew... . . ."

Iskanda was relieved.

But that was only for a moment.

"What else did you do?"

He murmured and looked out the window.

Hazel put a hand on her forehead and looked around.

I found the workers at the labor agency near the market. It's the off-season, so people gather quickly.

"It's a farm inside the Imperial Palace, are you okay?"

"Oh, yes!"

They answered in a cool way, but everyone came wearing masks.

Well, just do your job well.

Indeed, they dug very well. The natural purification system was completed in an instant.

It had a similar structure to the one on the Martin family farm, only different in size. Muddy water used by the farmhouse passed through a purifier made of sand and sawdust and turned into clean water.

This made the farm even more proud and proud.

The warehouse was then repaired. Most of the things I liked were done.

"That's too bad. It would be nice to make a smoking room if there is room."

said the workers.

"I really want to. I love smoked meat. But this is the most expensive place in our country."

Saying so, Hazel paid the workers and sent them back.

Today's work did not end there.

After a while, an elderly man with a leather bag appeared among the trails in the great garden.

Hazel's heart raced.

It was a visit to the veterinarian, one of the common sights on the farm.

This veterinarian was also found around the market. As I passed by, it seemed that I had been treated in one place for a long time. Also, there was a steady stream of customers. So I asked the king.

“Sir, this is Julia.”

Hazel showed the cow to the vet.

"Five! It's a Velasco cow."

The vet nodded after examining Julia.

“I am very healthy. In a couple of months, we can have babies.”

"That's fortunate!"

Hazel patted Julia, who had endured the examination well. Then I suddenly remembered.

“Oh, and Tiberius... . . . .”

I spoke and looked back.

The little chick was already gone.

How the hell did you know it was your turn to be examined? Have you ever been reincarnated with the memories of your past life intact?

Hazel scoured the farm in bewilderment. I found it under the shovel placed on the wall and grabbed it.

“Tiberius is growing so slowly for some reason.”

"okay? When did you bring it?"

“It’s May.”

The vet rubbed his eyes in surprise and looked again.

“Isn’t it just slow? Are you doing growth? Don't you think it's weird?"

“Of course I did. But other than that, he looks very healthy. Sometimes there are unusual animals.”

“But that... . . .”

The veterinarian took a closer look at the struggling chick.

“This is the first time I've seen something like this. If there is an opportunity, it would be good to show it to people like sages. Anyway, as long as you eat well and play well, don't worry too much. As the lady said, sometimes there are unusual animals in this country.”

“Yes, sir.”

With this, today's work is all over.

Hazel sat by the kitchen window to tidy up.

I used it sparingly, and even though I did everything I had planned, I still had 2 gold left. He laid down the two gold coins and fell deep in thought.

What do you do with this now?

saving. Save it.

Hazel ignored the voice in her heart.

When I asked around, everyone answered, 'Use it for yourself.' Except for one person who asked for a cat tower.

So, shall we try luxury?

It is good to use sparingly, but sometimes a small luxury is necessary.

Hazel shrugged and pondered. How to spend money came to mind. It was as if he had hundreds of gold in his heart.

When you've been dreaming for a while

Across the fence, someone appeared on the path between the gardens where the veterinarian had come before.

He was like a butler.

Fedoras, well-dressed tailcoats, one-piece glasses, and even a basket full of silver and blue roses. It looked like something straight out of a fairy tale.

Hazel thought she was seeing a vision.

So smart! With the sound "Are you there? Miss Mayfield!" I was surprised when I heard it. I almost fell off the chair.

"You mean it wasn't a fantasy?"

I quickly went out and opened the door. I asked the butler who was standing holding a flower basket.

"who are you?"

“Sent by Rose Allison.”

“Are you Mr. Rose?”

Hazel was surprised again.

When I received the flower basket, there was a white envelope sandwiched between the roses.

When I pulled it out, it was an invitation.

It had a sweet scent, and Hazel's name was covered in gold leaf. If I could summarize what was written in a round and pretty font, it was like this.

'Three days later, on August 26, there was a presentation of a new product, daffodil lotion, at the second newly opened store on Briar Street. I'll send you a wagon, so if you're not too busy with farm work, please come.'

Hazel opened her face.

“Of course I have to go! This is great news.”

“You thought well. I'm just passing it on, but you don't know how fiercely competitive it is in the social world right now to get this one invitation.”

"i See."

Hazel was delighted.

Unlike the drinking presentation he held at the White Rose Labyrinth, Rose's presentation would be truly an 'elegant presentation of a new culture'.

I found a place to spend 2 gold.

That money could buy you a new blouse and skirt for an elegant presentation. The more I thought about it, the better it seemed to be.

Hazel was satisfied.

I read the invitation again before putting it in.

Then I found the last line I hadn't seen before.

'You are welcome to bring any number of girlfriends.'

so it was written

Hazel's eyes lit up.

There were faces that reminded me of being friends. They were two people who could be called the embodiment of loyalty.

No, in fact, neither of them were human.

On the day they were locked up in the royal palace of the princess, they ran to Hazel, who was isolated alone. Thanks to you, I was able to get through that tense moment safely.

“Would you like to go to Rose’s new lotion presentation?”

When asked that question, Lewis and Penny liked it very much. I promised to clear my schedule.

So was Hazel. I was looking forward to the day of the presentation. Every time a guest came to the farm, he boasted of this fact.

“A lotion presentation with Lewis?”

Sir Valentine, who came to see the new purification plant, had a strange expression on his face.

"okay... . . . . At least it would be safe."

It was muttering as if there was only one advantage.

Oh, and he also wondered about the outfit. I asked in detail if I would go in the yellow dress I had helped with last time.

"no. I bought new clothes."

Hazel giggled a bit and showed him the new clothes.

A white blouse with a small ribbon around the neck and puffed shoulders and sleeves. Pearly pink skirt. The skirt was a trendy style with a high-waist design to wrap around the waist and ruffles at the hem.

On the day of the presentation, she wore a white feathered go-out hat. He also untied his braided hair so that it would not get in the way and let it hang in a curly manner.

If this is the case, will it be okay if I mix it with the lotion presentation?

On the other hand, what if Lewis and Penny don't recognize them? I was also a little worried.

But that was a really pointless worry.

When he got on the carriage that arrived in front of the Imperial Palace just in time for the promised time, Hazel did not recognize who the other person was.

In the seat opposite, a slender beauty in a dark wine-colored satin dress was sitting cross-legged. I thought my eyes were popping out.

“Louis! Are you on the go for a trap investigation?”

Unknowingly, he shouted, but quickly corrected it.

"sorry! I'm not used to wearing a dress, so stop... .."

“Oh, it’s okay. are you okay. I heard it 30 times in 15 minutes before I left the house and got into the carriage.”

Lewis ruffled her red hair and responded.

“Today, it’s right for me to attend as a noble girl, not as a knight leader. The truth is, I was just about to go out in my uniform without thinking, but the butler came and did this. 'Girl, if you go there today, you will be a wonderful knight among noble girls alone. Your attention will be focused on the young lady, not the new lotion. It's as ignorant as going to a wedding in white.' Reflecting on those words, I quickly put on a pitfall disguise... .. Ah! Look at this! 'Cause you're fooling me too! Anyway, she came out wearing a fancy dress.”

At the same time, the appearance of Lewis fanning himself was really fascinating.

Wouldn't either one end up monopolizing the gaze? Wasn't it the self-interested advice of a butler who wanted to see the pretty face of a young lady?

Hazel exchanged those gazes with Penny in the corner.

This cat knight was hiding in a corner where Lewis, who had transformed, was unfamiliar. It was only after Hazel got into the carriage that he slowly approached the center.

Penny was also cute, wearing a lace cape over a summer sleeveless dress instead of her usual uniform. If I had met you on the road, I would not have recognized you.

“Yeah, the butler gave me this too.”

Lewis took out the box.

I thought it was a snack, but it wasn't. The soft creamy cloth was full of tiny little things. Hazel asked.

"What's this?"

“Aegyo point set. Who will put dots on whose face?”

Lewis bowed his head and sighed. A cute dot was attached to the forehead in the shape of a constellation.

“What is it!”

Hazel and Penny laughed until their stomachs hurt.

I felt like I was really going somewhere to play while I was playing with a charm point in the luxurious carriage that looked like a 'National Justice' instead of the palace interior.

Besides, there was one more bonus upon arrival.

The Briar Street was bustling with reporters. Just in case, I took a look and found a black-haired girl stuck there.

"Kitty!"

Hazel exclaimed in delight.

Lewis generally disliked ambitious socialite girls. Penny once got caught up in a fight with the Count of Diabelli and several other girls holding their hair up and ripped off a handful of her hair.

But they knew what Kitty had done to save Hazel.

So he surrounded this apprentice reporter with a face full of goodwill.

"Kitty! Rose said you can bring as many friends as you like. Let's go in together!"

At Hazel's suggestion, Kitty hesitated.

You have to investigate the scene from the outside.

But it's a party! Gorgeous chandelier lights, orchestra music, finger food and fine drinks... . . . The soul was drawn so strongly that it could not be resisted.

"Let's go together, Kitty!"

Hazel once again recommended.

"But the clothes... . . ."

"This is it."

Penny took off her lace cape and placed it over Kitty's plaid dress.

The problem was clearly resolved.

Kitty decided to leave early today for only one day.

The four headed side by side to Rose's new cosmetics store.

A spacious hall appeared as we passed a marble arch lined with tailcoat servants.

I could see Rose surrounded by a lot of people. Wearing a dress with her shoulders exposed and elegant lace trim on her chest, she was eagerly explaining the new lotion.

As a successful businessman, he was confident and confident.

Hazel was heartbroken.

Then Rose looked towards the entrance.

When he saw Hazel coming, he cut off his words and rushed to take off his shoes.

“Miss Hazel!”

As Rose clapped her hands, the servants ran and spread the red carpet. The orchestra immediately stopped playing and struck the drums.

It was state-of-the-art courtesy.

Lewis, Penny, and Kitty had no acquaintance with Rose. But seeing Hazel so welcoming makes me feel like I'm already friends with her.

“Come this way.”

Rose took Hazel and her party into the middle of the store.

A bottle of the newly developed daffodil lotion was placed on the shelf. It was an elongated, narrow bottle that seemed to embody the innocence of a daffodil.

Still, I was curious about what the new lotion that Rose developed would be like.

Hazel opened the lid that resembled a daffodil blossom and held the bottle to the tip of her nose.

At first, I thought it was too light, but after a single beat, the thick scent spreads right away. Overall, it was sweet and lovely, but it had a refreshing scent like mint.

When I applied a small amount on the back of my hand, it was very moist because it contained a lot of moisture. The skin quickly became soft.

“Very good!”

Hazel was amazed.

Then, for some reason, people applauded. He shared his gaze with the person next to him and nodded his head.

Now it looks like it was very important to get Hazel's approval at this presentation. At this moment, the water daffodil lotion seemed to have been properly recognized as the successor to the rose water lotion.

“Because that’s how it sells!”

Rose smiled broadly and led Hazel, Louise, Penny and Kitty into the armchair.

Shortly thereafter, well-dressed servants brought in sumptuous canapés and desserts sprinkled with gold dust. Fearing it would be hot, he fanned me and provided me with soft cushions and slippers.

And the ladies and noble girls who attended today's presentation surrounded them.

“Miss Hazel, nice to meet you.”

“I’ve always wanted to meet you.”

Greetings poured in from all over.

When I think of the cold reception I received at the powder corner of the Avalon Opera, it seemed like heaven and earth had opened up.

People do this for a reason.

This cosmetics store on the Briar Street was far away from the political world, so there was no pressure.

And today's attendees were truly excellent customers, one of which Rose first skimmed through. Everyone saw the effect of rose water, so the eyes looking at Hazel were sweet like honey.

“Look at this! After using Ms. Hazel's rose water, the fat all over my body fell off and I became so slim! Because now is the thinnest time since I was born!”

“I gained weight. But from what I can see it looks a lot better now. Most of all, I feel like living when the vertigo is gone!”

Hazel laughed as everyone clashed and praised the rose water as if it were God's water.

“In the end, stress was the problem. The rose water only helped restore the lost balance. Your body has healed itself.”

That being said, it didn't make much sense.

“What kind of religion is it?”

Lewis muttered. Beside him, Penny ate salmon canapes until her cheeks swell.

“Sir, this is how business is supposed to be.”

Meanwhile, Kitty asked Rose.

“By the way, wasn't that rose water produced and sold in small quantities by hand? How could you make such a big profit?”

He left early and was doing research without knowing it.

“It is the power of trust.”

Rose replied as if waiting.

“It was a waste to throw away the rose petals, so I made soap and scented candles. Then it sold out quickly. It seemed that customers believed in my name and liked it. So, through a reliable company, we are producing and selling a variety of flower-applied products in earnest. Of course, while taking good care of yourself. Then they sell like wings.”

Hazel praised with a bright smile.

"It's great! Mr. Rose!"

“Because the quality is so good, it is popular with people of all ages. Even someone like you, Marquis, comes every day and buys things.”

"Great!"

“It’s not just that. I could never forget Miss Hazel's willingness to help out when I was living such a miserable life. Even more so when I see success. So, I have been looking for and inviting women who want to be independent like me. As this fact became known, its popularity grew. It seems that my success inspires a lot of people.”

“It’s really cool! Mr. Rose!”

Customers were surprised to see Rose, who was modest and less talkative, suddenly changed and worked hard to praise herself.

But I soon found out why.

It was because of Hazel. Rose didn't know what to do with Hazel's compliments every time she complimented her.

just don't do it

Customers nodded.

As I was being treated as a distinguished guest and looking around, time flew by.

'A little more, a little more... . . . .' I ended up sitting down without a hitch. He only woke up after the last group of customers left.

“Oh, we should go too.”

Hazel, Lewis, Penny and Kitty jumped up. Even though it was late at night, Rose had a sad face.

“From now on, I will be mainly in this store. Come play often, Miss Hazel. The knights and Christina are passing by, so please stop by.”

"Okay."

It was time to answer the question together and just walked out the door.

Something got stuck on the other side of the door.

The servants looked outside and picked up something. It was a big box.

Hazel tilted her head and walked over.

“What is that?”

Rose's complexion, which had been blushed with happiness, suddenly changed.

"it's nothing!"

Rose quickly snatched the box.

However, the rest of my hands floundered with the thought that I could never tell them. The wind dropped the box.

The lid opened and the contents spilled out.

Seeing that, everyone's faces hardened.

Several pictures fell flutteringly.

It wasn't an ordinary painting. He secretly watched Rose working hard, talking to someone, and selling lotion, and sketched it with charcoal. Just looking at it gave me goosebumps.

And it was full of notes. Rose picked it up hastily, but the phrase was clearly visible over her shoulder.

'Even though we are far away due to unavoidable circumstances, to me forever you are the only one... . . . !'

“Viscount Bern!”

Hazel cried out in anger.

“It was my ex-husband! Why are you being like this? Since when have you been like this?”

“It’s been a while.”

Rose sighed. With a face that gave up everything, I looked out over the street corner.

“Not now.”

“Now?”

Kitty inquired sharply.

“That person came to the first store every single day. I was in disguise, but I recognized it at a glance. From the time it opened in the morning until it closed in the evening, I stood on the corner and watched.”

“That is a crime!”

Penny shouted.

“Did you report it to the police?”

"sure. But the reaction is baffling. Besides my ex-husband, I am not one or two men who easily see and flirt because they are divorced, so I don't take it very seriously."

Rose closed her eyes tightly and shook her head.

“Anyway, I'm looking for a reliable security company right now, so I'll be fine soon. Thanks to Miss Hazel's help, I'm now on my own. I have to clean this up with my own hands.”

After that, the four of them looked at each other.

"okay. Rose will take good care of it."

Everyone nodded at Hazel's words.

"that's right. Rose is a successful businessman now."

"That's right. Money is everything in this country."

"sure. We don't care."

Lewis, Penny, and Kitty also matched. After saying goodbye to Rose, he turned his back.

I turned around so casually... . . . .

As soon as they came out, everyone's faces changed.

"Even though I'm in a dress and no sword now, I'm a knight of the Empire! I just can't get over it!"

"that's right. As a farmer who has been recognized as a genuine knight, I can't just let it go. How do you trust bodyguards? Those are pure men too! Why don't you flirt with our Rose-san on the pretext that you're protecting us?"

"sure. If you can't see it, you can see it. Viscount Bern, like a mouse! Without Rose's knowledge, let's take care of ourselves."

"Please let me hit the last slap. I am an expert in that field."

The four instantly agreed.

\* \* \* The

next day.

"your Majesty... .. your Majesty?"

Iskanda was dazed in thought and then came to her senses.

The mayor was also in the palace. never called?

"What's going on?"

"A wolfhound. Even after gathering all the evidence and putting it out in front of him, he hardly opens his mouth. Do you know where it is? There were even jailbreak attempts last night."

"what? Jailbreak attempt?"

"Is this an attempt to break free, to be precise? My brother, who came to visit me, was caught trying to hand me a small knife without the keeper of the prison. My brother was arrested at the scene and put in separate custody."

"Something like that... ."

Wolfhound is a felon for trying to harm Hazel.

At this point, I thought I'd make a vague confession. I didn't know there would be such a noise. I thought that there was definitely a behind-the-scenes thing, so I had it classified as a first-class case. I had to clean it up so that it didn't fall over.

I'll have to go on my own.

With that thought in mind, he looked out the window involuntarily.

Cumulus clouds were floating leisurely over the recently renovated small farm.

From the edge of the clouds, the sky turned red, and the sky darkened little by little.

Hazel was sitting at the table.

Every time he heard a small sound, he shook his head.

But it wasn't.

I looked down at the paper on the table again.

It was intended to capture Viscount Bern. I wanted to show it to Lord Valentine and ask for his opinion.

But he didn't even show a nose.

What is it that suddenly doesn't come after coming to play for a few days in a row?

Hazel thought deeply and shook her head. It looked like I was going to be late for my appointment.

'I'm going out for a while.'

I left a note on the table and left.

I met Lewis and Penny in front of the Holy Flame Knights training ground. The three of them came out to the entrance of the Imperial Palace, and Kitty was the first to come and wait.

The four exchanged only determined glances without saying anything.

I grabbed the wagon and headed to Briar Street, where Rose's new store is located. I purposely got down from the front for a while and walked slowly.

“Let's look for it.”

Kitty whispered. Looking around, Penny pointed a finger at me.

“Isn't that guy over there?”

As Rose said, there was a man standing on the corner across the street, staring intently at the store. He was wearing a fedora hat and raising the collar of his summer coat to cover his face.

Viscount Bern!

Louise's figure suddenly disappeared.

In the next moment, it suddenly appeared from behind the Viscount. Before he could even notice something, he punched him in the stomach with all his might.

puck!

Viscount Berne collapsed without even a gasp.

Lewis picked him up and tossed him into the back alley. Penny was tied very painfully with the 'pain rope' brought from home. Hazel sprinkled with water prepared in advance. Kitty snapped off his hat.

At that moment, Hazel was astonished.

“Isn't that the Viscount of Bern?”

Kitty mate his cheeks! beaten

"Anyway, you're the one who flirts with Mr. Rose!"

The man, who was slapped by a specialist and regained consciousness, screamed.

"Wait! I am not a suspicious person!"

“Aren't there some fresh lies?”

It was just when Lewis was about to kick between his legs.

“It is true!”

Another man rushed over and shouted.

When he came to the place where the light was shining, his face was revealed. He was a young man with blonde hair in his late 20s.

Lewis was surprised.

“Are you, Marquis Lanley?”

He nodded his head.

“Louis, ladies. I am very sorry. This is my servant.”

“The Marquis’ servant is a criminal!”

At Hazel's accusation, Marquis Lanley was very upset.

Then I found it a bit strange.

“Wait, were you hiding somewhere around here? A marquis alone without a wagon or attendant?”

“I passed by and just came to take a look. I will explain everything. Can you spare a moment for me?”

The tone is polite, though.

Hazel looked at Lewis.

“The Marquis Lanley is no stranger.”

She said.

“He is a gentleman. It has a good reputation.”

Kitty also helped.

I cleared my doubts and decided to follow him.

The Marquis Lanley paid a small inn nearby and hired a servant.

Then, I led Hazel and the others to a nearby tea house. We rented a small space inside and sat everyone comfortably, and then we started talking.

“The poor friend's name is Boschko. They were just watching the entrance to the store. It was actually my order to stand there and watch the entrance. I told him to report immediately if a suspicious man who was not likely to buy rose water was wandering around the store.”

"Yes?"

“It was my fault for acting to mislead you. What are you going to hide after this? Actually, I stir Mr. Rose... .. I’m secretly in love.”

The four opened their mouths.

Hazel couldn't find anything to say for a moment, and asked softly.

“Uh, then the reason I planted a servant... ..”

“Boschko is a mixed martial artist. I was very worried when I found out later that Mr. Rose was getting a divorce. All kinds of flies are entangled in successful divorced women. I decided to chase those flies backwards. I also learned through Boschko that my ex-husband wanders around every day. It seems that you too have come to know this and come to punish Viscount Berne... . . . Let me tell you that you don't have to worry about that any more.”

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. It was a memorandum.

Hazel's eyes widened.

“Have you already dealt with the marquis?”

“That's right. I was finally able to catch it last night. I followed him to the newly opened store and saw the fussing, and I couldn't stand it in anger. I took an oath never to approach him again.”

The quivering memorandum revealed many things the Marquis did not say. The situation on the ground seemed to be visible.

Everyone met face to face. Hazel shrugged.

"I see... . . . I'm sorry, Boschko-san, what should I do?"

"no. no."

Marquis Lanley waved his hand.

“I didn't know I was going to get hit by the fist of a knight who is one of the top five in the Empire, but I thought it would be okay because I was expecting a fight and wearing a thick bellyband. Boschko is a man of steel. You don't have to worry at all.”

“Then I'm glad... . . .”

It was disappointing too. Penny coughed heavily.

“Am I fortunate to have avoided the worst? Considering the tragedy that must have been inflicted on poor Mr. Boshko's national wealth, how fortunate that the Marquis was just around the corner! Perhaps you came to see Mr. Rose?”

Marquis Lanley's face turned red.

“I swear I didn't mean to be rude. I was just curious. Are there any difficulties in running a new store, or is there anything you can do to help? ... .”

“At the same time, I looked at your face in a distant light.”

"Yes. I saw your face once... ... .”

The marquis bit his tongue as he spoke involuntarily. Lewis's guided interrogation passed gracefully.

The four held back their laughter.

It was clear that this young marquis was madly in love with Rose. Even though no one said anything, he confided his feelings with a sincere attitude like never again to the world.

“Of course, your friends will be concerned. But I have no intention of dating Mr. Rose lightly just because he has already been married once. From the moment I first saw you, my heart raced. Rose is really the ideal type I dreamed of.”

His eyes were very hot.

“Mr. Rose has already been hurt by a man, so I can't approach him hastily, so I'm struggling like this... ... . When all the thugs I will punish are gone, I will make a formal confession.”

“When is that?”

Kitty's question turned him into a troubled face.

"well. First of all, if Rose remembers my face... .. ?”

"I beg your pardon? You don't even know your face yet?"

"Yes. I visit them every day to buy things and have short conversations, but they don't seem to care about me. They don't even know their existence. Can I even memorize my name before my hair turns white? In fact, that's what I'm most worried about.”

“That... .. .”

Everyone felt sorry for him and comforted him. Then Hazel suddenly remembered.

"no. Mr. Rose knows the Marquis. You told us that yesterday.”

"right! Did you brag that the Marquis always comes to the store?”

Lewis remembered.

"okay? What exactly did you say about me?”

He asked with a sad face. For the poor man who fell in love, Hazel traced back his memories and told them exactly.

“I said, 'Some people like you, Marquis, come and buy things every day.’”

The Marquis of Lanley took that word very dearly and repeated it over and over again.

“What a marquise. What a marquise... . . . How is that!”

It was a face of hope.

Kitty rolled her eyes.

“Well, Marquis, if you want to get along well with Mr. Rose, you have to show Hazel here. Rose listens to anything this farm girl says.”

"Is that true?"

The marquise's eyes gleamed.

“Miss Hazel! Please consider me your faithful servant. Since then, my influence inside and outside the Imperial Palace is not without it. If something is difficult or bothering you, just say it. I will run in a month.”

Hazel burst out laughing. I thought to myself.

it's okay. Such a person already exists. Marquis Lanley You're great, but he's even better.

Then I was startled.

What am I thinking?

Even though no one was looking into my heart, I was very shy. Hazel decided to erase the thought from her memory.

It was about time to get up.

"Gee, I've been holding on to you for too long while talking."

The Marquis Lanley was very courteous and held the carriage. After revealing his identity to the coachman, he gave a large sum of money and urged them to take good care of them all the way to their homes.

Lewis had a lot of money, but he didn't have that kind of delicacy. So I was truly amazed.

"There is no special treatment for the princess!"

"I'm so excited to score points on us."

Kitty was also impressed.

"I became friends today with Mr. Rose! Isn't this really a surplus business?"

Everyone laughed at Penny's words.

I felt sorry for Boschko, the servant of the Marquis of Lanley, even thinking about it again.

On the other hand, it was both silly and funny. Hazel shook her head.

"What did we do?"

"There was absolutely no need to worry about Mr. Rose. I already have such a great paper!"

Lewis said cheerfully.

"It feels good, how about going to my house and having a drink?"

All agreed unanimously.

A strange carriage stopped in front of the mansion, and the butler's eyes widened as he saw the girls rumbling down.

Miss Louise has so many friends?

Aside from Miss Hazel, whom he was familiar with, the rest were in very good shape. He had two heads or he didn't.

What's going on with my girl?

Anyway, it was very daunting.

The butler rushed in with a happy face. Instead of tea, I prepared champagne sensibly.

Everyone changed into soft slippers and sat down at the tea table.

They started chatting in earnest with champagne, smoked ham, salmon tart, and butter sticks in front of them.

“By the way, Mr. Rose is great too! You can't be uninterested in having such a young and handsome marquis come to the store every day to get your face stamped!”

Hazel responded to Kitty's words.

“Because right now, I have only business thoughts in my head.”

“How close are you? Instead of that rubbish ex-husband, you're an unmarried young wealthy marquis!”

Kitty then lit up her eyes playfully.

“Louis and Sir Penny are always surrounded by great knights. Is there anyone interested?”

“Of course, I am always interested in terms of ecosystem observation... . . .”

“Not like that, Sir Penny! Let's talk about it because we're together. What kind of man is your ideal Sir Lewis?”

“You're my ideal type.”

Lewis was in trouble.

“I haven't thought about it yet... . . . If you want to be treated like a man, you must first be as strong as me. If I get hit by my fist and don't fall, would I say that I passed the preliminaries?”

“No, then, even if you search the entire empire, there are only four of them, right? I have no choice but to look for them.”

“Ew!”

Lewis jumped with a look of complete displeasure. Penny said quickly.

“Miss Christina just said something she couldn't put out of her mouth. Our leader, General Lewis, and the other generals and His Majesty the Emperor are all like brothers. To put it a little more understandably, to General Lewis, they are like little brothers at home scratching their tummy with the wind in their pajamas.”

"sorry! sorry!"

Kitty hastily asked forgiveness.

“Seeing Mr. Rose and Marquis Lanley made my heart flutter. Unrequited love that started at first sight! Hiding in the dark, worrying about the safety of her beloved, she secretly protects her with all her might! How romantic are you? I've always loved stories like that. Even when I go out, I secretly follow you! I'm worried and secretly take care of the bad guys!”

“Hmm, that's fine, but how about this one?”

said Penny.

“The girl I love is going through a crisis. It's because something difficult happened before an important event. In that situation, he appeared salty and said, 'That's it.' And like a magician, he solves it quickly. I think that men are the coolest when they show their abilities like that.”

“Yeah, well, it's good to keep secret, and it's good to show off your talent.”

Lewis had his own opinion.

“But I think the most wonderful thing is to listen to me more than anything else. Taking even the smallest concerns seriously! Remembering every passing word and taking care of it later! Isn't this when a man is the most handsome?”

Hazel stopped analyzing the cream of the salmon tart as she listened to what they had to say.

what?

After all, it was all very familiar.

Go to the plaza ahead of time and hide behind the scenes and deal with the bad guys. Whether you need a glass bottle, need a cast iron pan, or be late for a cooking showdown, Salty Appears and magically solves a difficult situation. Just like you don't have a dress,

take even the smallest worries seriously. When you are concerned about crime victims, notify your superiors and come up with a remedy.

They were all things Lord Valentine had done.

“There are variations like this. Run to the rescue when your life is in danger!”

“Why is that a transformation? It's classic! No matter how hard you hit an iron wall, you can't help but fall in love with that situation! It's a classic, but in that case, you have to ride a horse and run cool! Isn't it?”

“That's right, Sir Lewis! You know it too! I have to get a nice one and then ride the horse and run. He hugged me tightly from behind and just felt the tight arm muscles! Behind my back, my heart is beating fast!”

Ugh.

Hazel just realized.

How could he not fall off his horse that day?

Because you hugged me from behind.

It was then that Hazel had to completely overhaul the menu of the culinary showdown on which her life depended. It is by no means easy to plan a menu without paper on a running horse. I had to focus my whole mind.

Even so, you didn't know that!

My head became dizzy. It felt like consciousness was flying away.

Lewis, Penny, and Kitty looked at each other, laughing and beating each other while talking. Then I was surprised.

“Hazel! Why is your face so red?”

“Look at this! Chick if you bring a glass of champagne! It will sound! Is the room too hot?”

Penny and Lewis jumped up and fanned.

“That’s not it.”

Kitty said with a mischievous smile.

“You can see it just by looking at it. What were you secretly thinking on your own?”

Hazel was perplexed.

"no! no!"

“No, what is it? My eyes can't lie clearly... . . .”

He tried to close his mouth, but Kitty quickly avoided it. and shouted

“Obviously he was thinking of another crop! 'What do you want to plant?' Or farm implements! It must be one of the two!”

"right! I just got it!”

“Isn’t it obvious? All I can think of is farming.”

Everyone patted the tea table and laughed.

Hazel shook her hand.

He was treated like a farmer. No, that's true, but... . . .

The three of them focused their eyes on Hazel, who was sobbing for some reason.

"for a moment. Come to think of it... . . ."

Kitty's eyes suddenly lit up again.

"The situation we just talked about. Did you actually experience Hazel a while ago? A mysterious knight saved me from the kidnappers."

"Oh right! right!"

It quickly became noisy again. Lewis asked quickly.

"Miss Christina saw the article herself! How was it?"

"Even though I didn't see the face, I could see it with my heart's eye through my male perception, which I've never been wrong about. He's tall and really handsome!"

"okay?"

Penny also showed great interest.

"I heard that too, not once, but how many times have you already helped? When we're together, won't you tell me a little bit? Who the hell is that knight?"

Hazel panicked again.

“I can’t speak. It seems that you have sworn to keep silence about the knight's identity.”

I wondered if Lewis would help me out of trouble.

“But not us! We didn't swear like that, so we can talk about it! All you have to do is keep your mouth shut!”

More excited than anyone else, I sat down.

Hazel was really upset.

But I couldn't get up and leave. Even though I thought I shouldn't listen, I was so curious about what they were saying that I began to listen as if possessed.

“Because it’s not just one or two things that are strange.”

Lewis started the analysis first.

“First of all, I have helped several times, but so far no one has seen the article. Because I haven't really seen a single one. It is clear that it is in the Imperial Palace.”

"that's right. It’s bizarre.”

“And second, the unidentified person is wearing the uniform of an imperial knight. But as we all know, the Imperial Knights no longer exist, right?”

“Ah, I didn’t know because it was dark, but was that the uniform of an imperial knight?”

Kitty was surprised.

“It’s definitely strange. I thought that the movement was not like that of a normal knight. I jumped over the fence on my horse and it was amazing. It seemed to have no weight at all. And it went away really quickly.”

“It’s not just that. Did you see the police report? In addition to about a dozen kidnapers, the knight knocked down all the monsters he had released outside the abandoned building. To be able to do such a thing in such a short time alone! Aren’t you incredibly strong?”

At Penny's words, Lewis thought of another thing.

"Ah! right! When I went to explore the Labyrinth Greenhouse, Hazel said something strange. Breaking through that Flame Vine trap is not easy. Now that I see it, I said that because I usually saw what the knight was doing.”

She narrowed her brow.

“It’s strange. I just can't believe it when I hear the description. Are you saying that I can easily do things that even I find burdensome? With such a strong knight in the Imperial Palace, how can I not even know it exists? This is nonsense. I can't. For that to be possible... .”

Then, all of a sudden, I was startled.

"Ugh!"

Everyone was surprised.

"why?"

“Why are you doing this, Sir Lewis?”

There was no answer.

Lewis looked back at the clues that had come out so far. As if he couldn't believe it, his purple eyes trembled.

“Think about it, everyone. For all this to happen, there is only one answer.”

she said with a shocked face.

“I know it!”

“Who are you?”

“What is your identity?”

Penny and Kitty asked quickly.

Hazel, even though he decided not to open his mouth, looked at Lewis with his ears raised.

“You really don't know?”

Lewis looked at everyone with a shocked expression on his face.

“No one in the Imperial Palace knows who he is. He seldom appears in front of anyone other than Miss Hazel. It always appeared suddenly and suddenly disappeared. It moves lightly as if it has no weight. It exerts supernatural powers that are impossible for humans. I'm wearing old clothes that no one wears... . . . I don't understand why I didn't know until now. All of this points to one thing, right?”

She swallowed her saliva and then said.

“The answer is a ghost!”

what?

Everyone was shocked at that moment. My hair stood still at an insight I hadn't thought of.

Ghost?

Hazel looked like he had been hit hard in the back of the head.

Nonsense! Valentine's wonder could be a ghost!

I forgot to keep my mouth shut in embarrassment. He hurriedly defended him.

"no! That knight has a shadow."

"It's not a shadow. They are the hands of hell that chase the dead."

"But the knight touched Tiberius several times. Take things freely. The hand becomes transparent and it just doesn't go through. I just do housework."

"Poltergeists are also ghosts, but they throw things around. Even incorporeal beings can exercise physical power if they have the will."

"But I once grabbed the hem of that knight. It was obviously cloth. He even healed me when I accidentally injured my hand while using a hammer."

"You can feel that way. I would never have imagined it was a ghost! That's the hypnotic effect. Our mind controls our body. I wandered through the desert to find an oasis and drank cool water, but when I came to my senses, my mouth was full of sand... .."

"But what about food? Ghosts can't eat food. Even if it looks like it's eating, it remains on the table after a while. completely injured. But not the knight. The food really disappears."

"Think about it. Don't they disappear very quickly as if they had teleported?"

"Yes. It's always scary to put the plate down and it disappears so quickly."

"Look! I'm not eating that. They disappeared into the void of the dead."

"... .."

Hazel couldn't resist any longer.

Silence passed.

That was then.

"Woah!"

Penny suddenly shouted.

The other three screamed and jumped. It was Lewis who shouted louder than anyone else.

"sorry. I have something to experiment with."

Penny said after apologizing.

"As expected, General Lewis is rightly afraid of ghosts. Why the hell are vampires afraid of ghosts?"

"What do you mean by being scared?"

Lewis just took it off. But he soon admitted it frankly.

“Actually, dark races like us are very reluctant to do that. If you corrupt it by mistake, the ghosts cling to it. It is the most terrible end for a vampire. Since I was a child, I heard a lot of people talking about it, so now I am a ghost expert.”

It really seemed like that.

All of Lewis' explanations made sense. It seemed that all the riddles I had felt while looking at him until now had been solved.

Even if I wanted to deny it, everything was just right.

Lord Valentine usually appears in the evening or at night. Although it appears occasionally during the day, it is usually seen wearing a helmet. walking armor. Isn't that the typical ghost knight?

Not only that.

He never shows up in crowded public places. Tea Party, Banquet, Templar Evaluation Test... . It is worth attending at least once as a member of His Majesty the Emperor, but he never showed up for any event.

Also, at the Flower Ball, I couldn't see him, only his voice. Then something like a mysterious gale arose to help Hazel.

If it's a ghost, everything can be explained.

It is also possible for ghosts to know the secrets of the imperial family, such as the story of the Princess and Prince Rowan. Aunt Martha said:

- When a person dies and becomes a soul, then all the secrets will be fully known.

Oh My God.

Hazel felt dizzy. In an indescribable feeling, he banged his head on the tea table.

Valentine's Wonder Ghost?

What happened on the horse made my heart race in a different way.

You came on horseback as if you were hugged by a ghost! That was a ghost's arm!

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

Lewis, Penny, and Kitty all looked at each other with concern.

said Penny.

“I got a mark on my forehead.”

"thank you."

Hazel rubbed her forehead.

“Anyway, I don't think it's a ghost. I just feel that way. Even if it's a ghost... ... So what about you? We never discriminate whoever comes to the farm to play. Even if you are a ghost, you can still get along.”

“What do you mean, Hazel!”

Kitty frowned with a pale face.

“I can’t think of it like that. Ghosts steal the life of a living person.”

“I don’t know at all? I’ve never been dizzy If that’s a problem, can’t we just increase the amount of food we eat?”

“This is not something that can be solved by eating several times more.”

said Lewis.

“The knight seems to be a very powerful ghost. One common sense here. Which ghost will be a powerful ghost? Here’s a good example. It’s the revolutionary Quibis who climbed the guillotine. It was so much the same as when it was raw, the bar owners didn’t even know it was served, and it caused a strong wind and made the water run backwards! Usually, souls with such grudges and terrible stories in this world become powerful ghosts.”

she explained

“Of course, I am not saying that the knight is a demon. Whoever sees it, it’s a good ghost. He helps Hazel when we can’t get out because of position or duty. I wish he would stay, but... . . . .”

He shook his head with a sad expression.

“It’s too bad. To have to wander around like this without finding rest after death.”

“That’s it.”

Penny also said with a sober face.

“Such a righteous knight must find rest soon. We must return to the side of Bratan and enjoy the true glory.”

"that's right. I've only seen it for a while, but it's a great article. And he was handsome.”

Kitty also stroked the goosebumps on her arm and nodded.

They were already convinced that Lord Valentine was a ghost. Because all the evidence backed it up.

But still... . . . .

Hazel couldn't accept it.

I had to be careful.

I thought Empress Dowager was also a fairy, but wasn't she a human? No matter how strange it may be, there may be people who are capable of such strange things.

You must first confirm before believing.

As always, Hazel decided to find the answer in nature.

After a small party at Sir Lewis's house, he returned home. I immediately found the basket and went outside.

At midnight, the palace was quiet. It was a different atmosphere than when Sir Valentine went to pick lemons.

A dark shadow fell on the faces of the statues lined up in the garden. So every time I glanced at him, his expression seemed to change. The branches kept swaying even though there was no wind.

It was kind of a gloomy atmosphere.

It was also a good atmosphere for the place I was going to now.

Hazel proceeded north past the Imperial Stadium. We entered a small forest at the end of a straight road leading to the various buildings of the Imperial Palace.

I ran into a few servants in front of the queen's private palace. They were startled to see Hazel.

“Miss Mayfield! What are you doing at this late hour?”

“I came here looking for some herbs. Princess Katarina said that she is free to wander around this area as she pleases... ..”

"Gosh! sure! Come here!"

They were all over the place and guided.

The hill leading to the Imperial Cemetery was no longer a forbidden zone for Hazel. It was like a backyard where you could go in and out at will.

Hazel wandered around the wild hills untouched by the gardeners.

I finally found it among the old tombstones in the moonlight.

A strong, pungent scent greeted me first.

A pile of herbs with tiny spatula-like leaves appeared. It was August, and the yellow flowers had already faded and it was time to bear fruit.

Hazel returned to the farm with a basket full of the grass.

There were several kinds of mysterious plants that ward off evil spirits in the world.

Rosemary says that sleeping in a pillow fights nightmares. A witch snail that is said to come to mind immediately if it is hung around the neck of a person possessed by an evil spirit. A copal tree with the ability to purify the energy of evil spirits... . . . .

Among them, this 'ru' was the most effective.

Another name was rhubarb, and the nickname was 'Herb of Grace'. Lu had a strong power to block ghosts and dark beings.

Hazel cut off the branches of the roux and hung them on top of doors and windows, as per tradition. The whole floor was rubbed with fresh branches. These herbs were stacked one after another in front of the entrance door.

If Lord Valentine were really a ghost, he would certainly react before entering the house protected by Lu's energy.

You will know the truth.

With that thought in mind, Hazel prepared diligently.

\* \* \* A

black carriage entered the Imperial Palace through a secret road.

A middle-aged man crouched in handcuffs and shackles in a carriage blocked by iron bars.

It was a wolfhound.

Those who know him will not know who this prisoner is if he is here now.

His hair turned completely white. The two cheeks were sunken and seemed to touch each other. The dignified physique was now rattling with only the bones remaining.

It was even summoned today as it was attacked by a disaster.

He was quick-witted. I quickly figured out what the sudden transfer meant.

Now I will stand before the Emperor's Majesty.

I thought there would be no more fear in that situation awaiting trial.

He was struck by another dread, fearing that he would blow up a secret source of money in front of the emperor.

There was something prepared by the owner, Abbas Mamon, for this occasion. I didn't know the day would come when I would really write it, but... . . . .

The wolfhound groped his mouth with the tip of his tongue.

The small beads planted on the inside of the upper lip and the part where the gums connect were pushed hard with the tongue. After several attempts, the shell broke.

From there, black darkness leaked out.

His consciousness also darkened.

After a while.

“Take it out!”

"Yes!"

The convoys dragged him down.

If the criminal is a high-ranking aristocrat or has committed a felony that has caused a great stir in society, the emperor and dignitaries may observe the interrogation process.

Iskanda often called in criminals, although not necessarily in such a common case.

There was a fairly practical reason.

When he sat behind the interrogator and exuded the life characteristic of the Grand Cavaliers, the criminals were seized with extreme fear. never lied

In other words, it was a living lie detector.

So far, it hasn't been difficult at all.

But today I have a hard time.

Nothing else, it was difficult to control my life.

The ills of the Emperor's Era took root in a wide area over a long period of time. No matter how many times I pulled it out, it would pop out of an unexpected place like this.

Each time he suppressed his anger and focused on punishment. But this time it didn't work out. It was the first time I felt this way.

Know that the law is your guardian angel.

He sat quietly with his arms crossed and repeated to himself.

As I was observing with such a heart, even though I was farther away than usual, the interrogation room was filled with suffocating lives.

However... . . . .

“What are you talking about? What kind of top secret big hand am I? You never know.”

Even after four hours of interrogation, the wolfhound vehemently denied it.

“It was all made up by myself. Through the servant I mentioned earlier, I got information that the lady is going to report my ointment. I was afraid my business would go bankrupt. After deliberation, he hired gangsters he met at the gambling house to kidnap the girl. I didn't really plan on selling it anywhere, I just wanted to scare you for the night.”

No matter how much he interrogated, he just repeated those words. It didn't shake at all. It wasn't a lie at all.

In the end, I had to stop there.

The wolfhound was dragged back to the road. These were the words of the one who dishonored the honor of the Imperial Knight.

Iskanda left the interrogation room.

The Wolfhound didn't seem to know anything more. Had to investigate the other side.

I thought about it and thought about it.

Comfrey.

Digging up the herbs included in the ointment that ordered the sale to stop might reveal something.

After finishing state affairs in a hurry, Iskanda took out reagents and clothes and disguised herself. I sneaked out of the palace and headed for the farm.

As soon as the wooden fence began to appear, it felt like a lie.

The dirty work of peeking at the underside of human beings is over. It was time to purify the tired mind.

Today, it was even more colorful. The thick, bitter scent of grass was emanating from the quiet farm.

Ummm, does it make you feel at ease?

He took a deep breath of that unfamiliar, fresh scent.

What other interesting things is Hazel doing?

Filled with anticipation, I strode into the small house.

The door was wide open. This means that guests are welcome to come. Iskanda stepped inside without thinking.

That moment.

A pile of herbs piled up like a mountain in front of the door was kicked by his leg and scattered in all directions.

OMG!

he took a breath

I did not know what it was, but I touched what I had been harvesting.

Hazel is usually very tolerant, but can't stand touching her crops. I already learned very painfully from the last artificial rainfall incident.

No!

Iskanda panicked and panicked.

That was then.

"who are you?"

Hazel, who was changing the curtains in the bedroom, felt a presence and ran out.

Suddenly Valentine's Day arrived without a trace! But his face was terrified.

My heart was pounding.

“Ah, too... .”

The light faded from Hazel's eyes.

Iskanda was sweating.

You get it right away!

"no! no! Everything is fine!"

He swept the herbs together in a lightning-like motion. It has been restored to its original state by demonstrating memory.

uh?

Hazel woke up in surprise.

what? Is it weird?

Iskanda destroyed the evidence in the blink of an eye. And he opened his mouth as if nothing had happened.

“Well, the reason I came today... .”

Naturally, he turned the topic around.

But Hazel wasn't listening. With a face full of doubts, he was staring intently at his shadow on the floor.

“... . Miss Mayfield?”

"Ah."

Hazel came to his senses again.

"Yes. What did you come here for?"

“That wolfhound.”

Iskanda said as she sat down on the chair.

“I can’t keep him alive for committing such a crime as a knight of the Empire, but we have to dig up information before that, so we’re interrogating him. But no matter how much I ask him, he doesn't say anything. It's the first time this has happened. No one can lie in front of me.”

"Yes?"

Hazel was dumbfounded again. He stared at him with a puzzled face.

- When a person dies and becomes a soul, then all the secrets will be fully known.

Aunt Martha's voice echoed in her head again.

“Uh, so, does Sir Valentine know everything? Even someone else's secret?”

“In general.”

Would you like to ask someone to sneeze? Iskanda thought so, and answered readily. Far from being happy, however, Hazel's face grew paler.

Why are you doing this?

I was very upset. At the same time, I was worried.

“I was so caught up in my work that I didn’t realize it, but maybe it hurts somewhere?”

“Oh, no! Interrogating criminals is very important. How can I help you?”

“I'm thinking of changing the route and asking them to investigate Comfrey. Because there must be a way to obtain it in large quantities. It would be of great help if Miss Mayfield could give me more information about the plant.”

Even in the Imperial Palace, you could have wanted herbal medicine experts. Why are you asking me, who is not an expert?

Maybe the expert can't see ghosts... ... ?

Hazel shook off the creepy thought.

"like. I'll write it down. Comfrey is a perennial dicotyledonous plant... ... ."

I tore up a notebook and wrote detailed information about Comfrey.

Iskanda looked around while waiting.

Have you redecorated the interior? Herb branches were seen hanging from the tops of windows and doors today. The smell of bitter grass wafted from the floor.

At some point, he fell in love with this herbal scent. I took a deep breath as it cleared my head.

"Smells good."

Hazel was startled again.

"Why? Is it a smell you shouldn't like?"

"no! no! No!"

He moved his hands quickly again.

Various characteristics of Comfrey, how the wolfhound crew would have processed the grass, and how to distinguish it from other herbs were all written in detail.

Finally, I drew a picture of Comfrey on a piece of paper and handed it to him.

"Here you go."

"I get it. I will pass on this information."

Iskanda took the paper and turned around. I took a few steps and then suddenly turned around.

"Hey!"

Hazel stood blankly and jumped in surprise.

Why are you doing this?

Iskanda frowned slightly.

It seemed like he was thinking of something weird by himself.

I wondered what he was thinking, but for now, work was urgent. Before destroying all the evidence from the other side, I had to quickly deliver this material to the undercover investigation team.

He got out of there in an instant.

Alone, Hazel fell into confusion.

what? what?

Lord Valentine screamed as he looked at the walls of the roux. It was definitely a fear reaction.

At that moment, my heart was pounding. What have I done? I was shocked and bewildered and ran away. I wanted to clean it up quickly.

But do you get rid of it?

This is where the confusion started.

Actually, it was terrifying . It was just the fear of the farmer who loved his crops so much.

Hazel didn't know about it, so her hair was twisted.

In addition, Lord Valentine has dared to say that he can see into people's hearts, so he certified them as ghosts.

And then you say, 'It smells good.' Is this a threat? You can't stop yourself with these silly herbs, so don't do this again?

no. I mean, Sir Valentine isn't a bully.

OMG! I really don't know!

Hazel banged her head against the wall.

That night ended up being awake.

I hadn't slept at all, and the next day I couldn't get my work out of my hands. I just finished the things I had to do and sat outside the house. He stroked Julia and fell into thought.

As I was sitting like that, not knowing the passage of time, I saw someone walking over the fence.

It was a high elf with dazzling platinum blonde hair that stood out even among the trees.

Hazel got up.

“Lorendel?”

“Hello, Miss Hazel.”

He greeted me politely.

This high elf knight leader often went for a walk around the farm. But if there was no business, he seldom came in.

Knowing this, Hazel asked, a little puzzled.

“Is something wrong?”

“I want to tell you one thing.”

he said

“Miss Hazel came from a different province, so it seemed like she didn’t know. Here in the middle of the capital, there is a strange phenomenon in which the temperature suddenly drops overnight in late summer. This unexplained anomaly is called 'Baba Yaga's Night' after the witches who live in the huts in the woods. But it's just a mysterious phenomenon, so plants don't get cold damage. Don't be too surprised.”

"AHA... .."

Hazel nodded.

“Thank you, Sir Lorendel. You are attentive too. It’s nice to have an elf who often walks around the farm.”

"You're welcome."

Lorendel responded as if nothing had happened, but he was proud of himself. Neither Lewis nor Siegwald nor Cayenne would have thought this far.

“And it is also famous for the unexplained creepy things that happen on Baba Yaga nights. So, by the way, there are many knights like Penelope and boy knights like Julien in our Knights of the Holy Tree. Everyone is eager to help Miss Hazel, the benefactor of our Knights. So please call and write. If you're worried that some sort of mischievous devil might appear in the forest.”

devil.

Hazel was dumbfounded again.

Lorendel was perplexed when the focus suddenly disappeared from the eyes of the person she was talking to.

“Miss Hazel?”

He waved his hand in front of me.

"Ah."

Hazel came to his senses.

Lorendel was looking at him with a worried face. Like an elf sensitive to changes in the emotions of those around him, he quickly recognized Hazel's condition.

“Are you worried about anything?”

Hazel looked at him softly.

There is no better partner than an elf to confide in.

They listen to concerns and have a heavy mouth. And since I'm living a personal life anyway, I quickly forget about other people's business.

“Tell me. I wish I could be of some help. I will keep it a secret.”

Lorendel said seriously.

“Uh, then... . . . I don't know if that sounds absurd... . . .”

Hazel opened her mouth carefully.

“Some of the guests coming to the farm may be ghosts.”

"Yes?"

Lorendel was stunned for a moment by the unexpected words.

right at that time.

In the imperial palace next door to the farm, Iskanda was again in disguise.

It's been bothering me all day that Hazel's strange attitude yesterday. I had to figure out what the hell he was thinking. I worked hard today and finished the work, so I quickly headed to the farm.

Behind a large yew tree, his favorite for cover, he stopped abruptly.

Who came to the farm? A conversation with Hazel could be heard. It was a familiar voice.

Lorendel?

Originally, he avoided the seat when there were other guests.

But even just listening to it, the tone was serious. It seemed that Hazel had some big concerns.

what? Why aren't you talking to me? Is it very serious?

He took a few steps without realizing it.

“... .. no. I don't think it's absurd at all.”

Lorendel's words were heard.

“We elves believe that life and death are one. It is no wonder that those who have left beyond the rivers of the underworld return from time to time. Even a ghost can come to the farm to play.”

Ghost? what is this sound? You mean ghosts appear on the farm?

Iskanda pricked up her ears.

“But I’m not sure if it’s a ghost or not. It’s like a ghost in all circumstances, but I don’t think it’s really. Like all the elves, I also look for answers in nature in times like these.”

“You are wonderful. So what did you do?”

“I used rous, a herb that ghosts fear. I painted the whole house with it and built a wall in front of the door. Then a customer comes in, touches it, and screams in terror.”

Wait a minute.

Iskanda flinched as she heard it.

Why are you so used to this?

Hazel’s words overlapped perfectly with what he had been through last night. If so, please... . . . .

My head felt dizzy.

Is that ghost me?

You trembled in fear! When did I? I was just a little bummed!

While Iskanda was unable to continue speaking, the conversation between the two continued.

“Is it strange? The living are not afraid of herbs.”

“Then, is it still a ghost?”

“I can’t say it’s not possible. Has he ever been obsessed with something?”

"Well... .. Country cuisine? rose water? Peach in peach ice tea?"

"Are you saying that you are obsessed with your health even after you die? Maybe it's because they come to the farm, because they haven't been able to farm in their lifetime... .."

"It will never happen. I'm a city person from head to toe. I don't know if I should call it a city ghost. Anyway, there didn't seem to be any obsession or resentment. Yesterday too, I broke through the hub defense wall and just did my job diligently. Where is that ghost?"

"Let's stay. There is no tenacity, no grudges, and he just does his own thing. Well, then, isn't he not a ghost, he's just a very strange person? for a moment... .. Ugh!"

Lorendel suddenly froze. Hazel asked surprised.

"Why?"

"Now I know! You're doing the same thing you did when you were alive, not knowing that you're dead! Oh My God! Totally creepy, isn't it?"

Iskanda's face, who was listening from over the fence, wrinkled.

This elf child... ..

Without imagining how the party was listening, the two continued their conversation very seriously.

"By the way, are there any ghosts like that?"

"Yes. It's not very popular, but there are surprisingly many types. Especially in places with a long history, such as the Imperial Palace, there are many such legends. The old emperors, imperial families and bureaucrats wander around without even knowing that they are

already dead. old knights... . . . Believing that they are alive gives them powerful power. It's a ghost, but it's like a living person."

"... . . ."

Hazel was speechless again.

Lorendel's words were also sharply struck. A ghost story was born in my head.

An imperial knight, Sir Valentine, who died of overwork during the Emperor's reign. As it was a sudden death, he did not even know that he had died and continued to work alone after the change of emperor. Then, when a farm suddenly appeared in the Imperial Palace, I went out to inspect it. But because of his personality that he can't pretend he didn't see other people's difficulties, he's already helping with farm life... . . .

Hazel trembled and wrapped her arms around her.

This sounds really plausible.

A sigh came out.

"What do you do? Humans can just laugh and move on, but if it's really a ghost, you can't just sit around like this. It would be great if that guest kept coming, but I'm always getting a lot of help... . . . I can't just think of myself. He's a really great person or a great soul. I can't let you wander around like that. You have to let them find rest."

"It would be nice to do that for him."

Lorendel nodded reverently.

"But before that, we need to know for sure whether it is a ghost or not. That's the problem. You can't ask the person involved."

"Yes. It would be really bad if you openly ask if it is a ghost or not."

"I don't mean that. Of course, it is rude, but hearing such words without knowing that he is dead is a big shock. Memories of the moment of death can suddenly arise and become evil spirits."

"It can't be!"

Hazel exclaimed hastily.

"It's hard to be a ghost, but to become an evil spirit! I can't stand it!"

"Well... . . ."

Lorendel pondered and shook her head.

"There is a good way. I will bring you holy water."

"Holy water?"

"The holy water from the Great Hall of the Imperial Palace is very effective. It has concentrated divine power several times more powerful than other temples."

"Is there any reason for that?"

"It is the flow of history."

Lorendel explained.

"People in power in the past maintained a somewhat friendly relationship with the temple. In particular, the emperor believed in superstition. In the era of the Emperor, the priests of

the Great Hall enjoyed great power by colluding with Camilla Berganza, the imperial premier.”

“But maybe not now?”

"Yes. Everything changed when the emperor changed. When it comes to Grand Cavalier in the first place, fatalism doesn't have much convincing power. Besides, Iss, His Majesty the Emperor, is going to do the opposite of whatever the Vice-Emperor did. That is why the priests of the Great Hall of Fame are treated only badly every day. If you bring it to consecrate the Holy Relic, 'Don't rely on this and take practical measures!' And they often throw it away while scolding them. So, what are the priests to do? I have no choice but to appeal to God day and night in shame.”

“Are you saying that in the end, you are living a good life?”

"That's right. I can't get involved in politics, I can't socialize, I can't make money, so I have no choice but to pray during that time. So we have more holy water than ever before.”

"i See... . . .”

Hazel nodded.

"Then can you help our farm's guests with that holy water?"

"Yes. Through the grace of holy water, it is immediately known whether he is a living person or a ghost. If you are a ghost, you will be surrounded by light. You can find peaceful rest in the blessing.”

“But I can't water it... . . . It will be cold.”

“You just have to touch it. How about making food with it?”

“Oh, is that so?”

It's getting worse and worse.

Iskanda shook her head.

But then a thought suddenly came to mind.

Wait a minute!

He left the place hastily. I returned to the palace in the blink of an eye. When the attendants felt the sudden wind and turned around, he was already in the bedroom.

As soon as I entered, my eyes turned to the corner. A silver bottle was placed in the shaded corner.

According to tradition, every royal bedroom had a bottle of holy water.

Iskanda hastily picked up the object she had never paid attention to before.

I went to the mirror and opened the lid. I sprayed it on my face.

Immediately there was a change.

Black hair turned into blonde. The black eyes turned red.

This magic drug, 'Research No. 382', looked insignificant, but the quality was good as it was made by wise men who eat the rust of the imperial palace in their own way. The effect was maintained well until the doctor removed it cleanly.

But yes, it was an illusion.

The holy water has the effect of 'purifying', that is, dispelling all kinds of deception just by touching it. Show your true self so as not to deceive people.

Had I gone to the farm without knowing what advice Lorendel gave Hazel, it would have been a very difficult situation. The moment you put the farm food in your mouth without thinking, the illusion would have been shattered right away.

'Sir Valentine! Were you the emperor?'

Hazel's voice was heard. The glowing green eyes and the pale blue face came to mind as vividly as you could see.

'You deceived me all this time! I trusted you!'

feeling betrayed. contempt. aversion. anger. His eyes were immersed in the mixture of all the emotions. It felt like a sharp arrow flew and pierced my chest.

what... .. ?

He unconsciously touched his chest.

I have been vaguely imagining such a situation. But it was the first time that it had come to mind so vividly.

He jumped up and waved the bell. The servants ran.

"your Majesty! What's going on?"

“Bring all the holy water from Daeshinjeon!”

"Yes!"

After a while.

A small annex to the bedroom was filled with a bottle of holy water. A silvery light flashed in the room.

Iskanda asked.

“Is this all?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Not even one bottle left.”

“Is there any possibility? I've been chasing after the humiliation. I, but the priests said that they had to record it. What is the reason for the sudden command to colonize all Seongsu? ... .”

“To put out the fire.”

“Oh, yes. I will tell you that.”

The servants retreated. Iskanda looked around the bottles of holy water.

It wasn't a lie. With this, I quickly put out the fire.

At the same time, I felt a strange feeling. No one was watching, but it seemed like someone was watching.

I just got very flustered. Fortunately, no one noticed it.

Iskanda sat down on a chair in the annex.

-He's a really great person or a great soul. I can't let you wander around like that. I have to help you find rest.

I remembered a word I had heard before.

I felt weird again.

Suspecting the emperor as a ghost and trying to prove it with holy water. This is so bizarre.

But I wasn't angry.

Hazel's words were full of sincerity. He was thinking so much for his well-being now.

Iskanda leaned back on the chair.

I have been reading the diaries of old emperors since I was a child. There, the words 'empty, lonely, vain' appeared at least once across two chapters.

In the past, I didn't even know these words came out. But strangely, these days, I've been trying to understand little by little.

'Except for a very small number of close friends who have been in trouble since childhood, everyone is busy with flattery. He bows his head and pretends to obey, and secretly tries to take care of his own interests from behind.'

'It's been a long time since we've had feelings for each other with the Empress. The children are not in the mood to fight for the right to succession. Even if you once loved, you never know when you will stick a knife in the back.'

'If even just one person truly cares about me, I can't ask for anything more. What good is the emperor?'

The lamentation that I used to only care about when I was young has caught my eye these days.

It wasn't because I felt the same way. Rather, it was the opposite.

I'm not

Because that's what I thought.

When he went to the farm, Hazel smiled and made him a delicious meal he liked. I was always worried about getting cut off at work.

Even if it doesn't seem like a big deal, it's not easy to do it consistently. It is possible only if you are genuinely paying attention.

Besides, the words I had just heard were decisive.

Hazel really cared for him.

'okay. okay.'

Another voice in his heart said as if he was waiting.

'But don't forget. It is her friend Sir Valentine who cares so much for Miss Mayfield. I'm not the emperor.'

Iskanda was startled.

At that moment I realized

The identity of the emotions that weighed heavily on my heart whenever the crisis of revealing the secret came.

There was a reason I hated being caught so much. There was a reason Hazel hated his disappointment and anger so much.

If caught, Lord Valentine will disappear from this world. Because he can only exist if Hazel approves.

Iskanda's eyes widened in surprise at this realization.

I... .. I like the times I live with Lord Valentine.

Sir Valentine is a wonderful man. It was possible because the unicorns of the Empire did not have to worry about vigilance anymore, that Prince Rowan regained his health, and that the old knights, the heroes of the people, returned with a warm welcome, thanks to Hazel's adequate assistance.

That's it too... ..

It was more enjoyable as a knight in the black cloak than as an emperor.

Having a nerve war over the land, commuting to and from the farm to find weaknesses, and then, when a difficult situation arises, we immediately come together, succeed, and celebrate it, have a nerve war with the land again, and commute to the farm to find our weaknesses. ... ..

I liked this daily life.

To be honest, I felt like I couldn't live without it now.

And didn't Hazel say too?

-It would be great if that guest kept coming, but I'm always getting a lot of help... .. I can't just think of myself.

I recalled those words that were clearly stored in my mind. At that moment, Hazel's voice trembled a little. He seemed to be deeply saddened.

Yes. We need Lord Valentine.

Realizing that, my head cleared.

No matter what I do, I will make sure Lord Valentine will never disappear. We will fight and overcome this ridiculous misunderstanding.

I also defended the borders of the empire. Can't protect a single fictional character?

Iskanda jumped out of her chair. I sealed the room filled with holy water and turned around.

\* \* \*

Sunflower Palace, the residence of the royal family in the eastern section of the Imperial Palace.

A meeting of the upper class aristocratic girls was about to take place in the brightly lit salon.

Archduke Athena, who presides over this meeting, finally reviewed today's presentation.

As I was reading a thick roll of paper, my hand stopped at some point. Two eyes wandered empty between the dense letters.

Lady Frances, the handmaiden, noticed it. He asked, biting his tongue as if he was sorry.

“Are you thinking about that again?”

Athena woke up in surprise.

"no!"

She hurriedly started reviewing the material again. But my heart was still somewhere else.

The maid's words were right.

After the banquet of the heroic knights, Athena was not at ease even for a moment. The thought of the farm girl never left my head.

He confidently commanded the kitchen maids in front of everyone. He was sincerely grateful to the heroic knights. Everyone sticking out their tongues and acknowledging... . . . .

How I wish it were me!

Hazel was younger than her. They couldn't even compare them to each other. Even though people didn't say anything, their eyes seemed to say something like this.

That should have been done by the Grand Duchess!

Thinking that everyone looked at him and looked down on him, he became ill. The waist of the dress was all loose.

But that's not the most important thing.

Athena struggled to find solace.

Even if you have everything in the world, it's all useless if it's out of your majesty's eyes.

So I calmed my mind and checked the data again.

Soon the noble girls entered.

The duke Yeong-ae, the marquise Yeong-ae, and the general's granddaughter were all from dazzling families. Each of them was also running a salon under their own name.

The social circles called their gatherings the 'Emperia Circle'. Being a member of this circle was the greatest honor for a noble girl of the Empire.

“His Majesty the Grand Duchess.”

They bowed their knees to greet Athena first, then glanced at each other quickly.

Their primary interests were the same.

was to become an empress.

They competed for that end, using their wisdom, wit, and family influence. On the one hand, information was also shared through this meeting.

In other words, this Emperia Circle was like a gathering of prospective students trying to get a job in a golden position. Since only one person was hired, there was no such needle hole.

So, once they met, they looked at each other face to face.

If he had even received His Majesty's attention, he would not be able to hide it. It was such a daunting task that I had no choice but to spit it out anyway.

But today, everyone was the same.

Haven't you got a job yet?

With such a sense of relief, they felt a bond between the students who had suffered for years, and they quickly disarmed.

Archduke Athena looked around the girls and asked.

“Now, have you all thought about this topic? 'A philanthropic initiative to solve chronic poverty in the Midwest Haiennes'.”

“Yes, Grand Duchess.”

I took out the thick material that everyone had prepared.

Even in the Emperor's time, this Emperia Circle existed. At that time, we got together to do oil painting, musical instruments, embroidery, and flower arranging.

But now the interest has turned to philanthropy. It was because His Majesty showed interest only when such a topic was brought up.

“The chronic poverty in the Midwest is due to local sentiments that sprouted in the past when there was a great labyrinth... ..”

“First, we build educational facilities to prevent the migration of young couples... ..”

Everyone shook their heads and worked hard to take measures.

How can upper-class girls with the highest level of education work so hard for charity? Either way, it was very helpful for the country.

They came up with a plan for the party to come up with a budget, and ended today's meeting.

The maids of the Grand Duchess brought the car.

Aristocratic girls were clear and we drank tea and chatted. Although the difficult discussion was over, his face was not bright. Everyone has been like that lately.

“You have to look at the sky to get stars. It's a bit annoying to even talk about it now, but maybe it's really hard to see you like this?”

"that's right. So far, 'Yesterday you had a match with Sir Siegwald at the gymnasium.' Words like this have been around. How did that even break off these days? It's too bad. It's always been a news story since I was last seen in the office or conference room."

"Yes. It was only when he made a copy of the Book of the Knights that I was able to get a clear picture of His Majesty's recent actions.”

“Your Majesty, do you really not know? Isn't it the Grand Duchess who is in the most advantageous position anyway? Are you saying that the elders are arguing that it is better to marry between members of the royal family for the sake of purity of lineage in this generation? So please share some information.”

Athena let out a long sigh.

“Neither do I. I really don't know. You can't turn it inside out and show it! It's the same with me that I don't see you often these days.”

Looking at the pale face of the Grand Duchess, everyone thought that those words were not true.

The noble girls of Emperia Circle left the Sunflower Palace after saying goodbye to the Grand Duchess.

Why is His Majesty so busy every evening?

Even if I asked the court officials who were close to the family, they said they did not know. The same was true for the ambassadors who often see His Majesty.

Even the chef Xavier Fontaine, who was in charge of the Emperor's meals, did not detect any abnormalities. The only peculiar thing was that he always ate dinner alone.

That was no problem. The bowl on the cart brought by the attendant always came back clean and empty.

But why does this guy seem to be getting chubby day by day?

Xavier looked the servant up and down. But I couldn't even imagine the story behind it.

While everyone is wandering in the fog like this.

His Majesty's Majesty's Servant has detected more than one thing.

He was quick-witted. When something incomprehensible happened, I continued to be puzzled by myself, and then went to the Minister of the Interior.

“Sir, it’s strange. The list of books that His Majesty had asked his servants to bring three days ago. Take a look here. Another book called <Policy for Nationalization of Land Through the Border Stones of the Age of Palatine I>, which I ordered a week ago, is also included. You asked for the book you asked for once again in 4 days.”

"Well?"

The minister of the palace looked at the list with a puzzled face.

At that moment, I felt strange.

I couldn't explain what was weird. However, the list of books evenly arranged by type felt unnatural.

The minister of the palace has been watching His Majesty for nearly 20 years. And then I established a certain pattern in my mind. As a skilled hound can tell right away between a bird egg and a speckled stone, his senses said.

“Why do you look so soulless? It's like a list I just made up for submission? Could it be that all of this is a lie? Are you not reading a book, but doing other things during that time?”

“What else? What do you mean?”

“Well. What is your Majesty the Emperor of the Empire doing to deceive people like us? Unless you're secretly entering a strange place... . her! Is that too?”

“Where are you secretly going, Your Majesty?”

“Isn't he someone who can disappear like an invisible person if he wants to? We can't even enter His Majesty's bedroom without a call. How would you know if you were sneaking out?”

“If so, what is the purpose? Have you ever met any pretty ladies?”

“Lady... . ?”

The minister of the palace suddenly felt a strange feeling.

If His Majesty was sneaking out like that and meeting the 'pretty lady', he would have welcomed it with both hands. Please, because I always pushed my back.

But why do you feel this weird?

When His Majesty showed a suspicious look, I felt strange. I just wished I didn't meet the socialite girls who were just outstanding in their beauty.

Until recently, I certainly didn't feel like that. Why am I doing this all of a sudden?

He shook his head.

In any case, His Majesty's intentions mattered. I had to figure that out.

If there was something different from usual, I had to quickly detect it, quickly understand my heart, and adjust it quickly. It was the duty and virtue of a subordinate to treat even the things that he couldn't even speak because of modesty, lack of savvy, and face.

"Hmm... . . . . How do you know this?"

"When you're alone in the bedroom, why don't you slam the door with a knock? Isn't that your specialty?"

"It is a last resort. So, you'll find out first. There is one way I have prepared for you."

He secretly gave instructions to the chieftain.

That evening.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the Emperor's sleeping palace, a bell rang loudly, announcing a fire.

"your Majesty!"

The chieftain screamed and opened the door and ran in.

There was no one in the bedroom. There was no sign of anyone staying there.

After all, did you sneak out as the minister said?

The chieftain scanned the room with sharp eyes. I don't know if I can find any subtle traces.

That was then.

“What’s going on?”

The door to the small annex to the bedroom swung open and His Majesty came out. The mayor was startled and flinched.

“Forgive me! The fire bell rings!”

“I heard that too. not here.”

After a short reply, His Majesty found a book on the desk and picked it up. And then back to the adjoining room.

The chaplain realized that he had misunderstood.

His Majesty, as always, was engrossed in books and research. Besides, his face was obviously soaking wet. He is trying hard by pouring water on him to keep him awake.

“What did I do!”

He scratched his head.

I just posted a message to the minister of the palace. When I recalled what he had said, I was already embarrassed.

Iskanda smiled of conversion as soon as she closed the door to the annex.

You thought I went out secretly, right?

This cleared their doubts well.

My nerves grew sharper as the goal of protecting the fictional character of Sir Valentine became clear. At the right time, I realized that people around me were thinking strangely, and decided to crack down on it.

It wasn't difficult either. I was researching while spraying water on my face, so I just had to go out once at the right time.

This is not very thorough.

My proud heart disappeared when I saw the holy water bottle.

If possible, if you thoroughly disguised yourself in the first place, you wouldn't have to suffer this much, would you? Wouldn't it be great if not only the color of the eyes and hair were changed, but the height, physique, age, and voice were all completely changed? Why didn't you do that?

“That’s because I didn’t know you would be caught on the first day.”

After answering the question in a lonely way, he resumed his research.

The principle of the disguise being released when it touches the holy water was simple.

When water and divine power combine, a special fender is created. With its power, the trickery magic that changes the color of the hair and eyes is washed away.

There was a way to fix this.

When you reach the level of Grand Cavalier, you gain unique defensive abilities. It can repel external shocks as it is.

In other words, before the holy water attacks the tricking magic, first activate the defensive ability to deflect the holy water.

There was only one problem.

Normal people do not think that holy water is dangerous.

So, the defensive ability was one beat slower. As usual, it did not activate in an instant at an instinctive speed.

Iskanda went back to training. First, he disguised himself using reagents, and then muttered while holding a bottle of holy water in one hand.

“This is dangerous.”

After brainwashing himself several times, he sprinkled holy water on his face.

It was also slow. I couldn't defend, so the disguise was immediately released.

He disguised himself again and took a bottle of holy water.

“This is dangerous.”

After brainwashing, I sprayed it on my face.

Again, the disguise was immediately released.

He repeated this process indefinitely. Even though it was late at night, he did not rest.

It wasn't easy to prove something in front of the Empire's greatest doubters.

Besides holy water reflex training, there was another essential thing.

In Iskanda's opinion, it was because of her friends that things turned out this way.

After all, it's Lewis and Lorendel!

From a young age, Lewis was particularly afraid of ghosts. Lorendel really liked fairy tales and horror stories. Of the four, I'm sure those two will get caught. I had bad luck with the draw.

Then you need to get your balance back.

go! cat! bear!

He decided to get help from two other friends.

The next day, I left the chimpanzee early.

I went to the main building office and prepared two sheets of paper. One sheet was picked up from a pile of waste paper piled up like a mountain in the corner, and one sheet was made by a palace official.

Iskanda stamped both sheets and approved. Then he went to audiences with the petitioners as usual in the morning.

Two documents from the emperor's office arrived at their destination right away.

Cayenne took the papers and was puzzled.

It was a vacation application that I sent once a week as if I were flying a paper airplane. But the emperor's friend suddenly gave me a stamp!

Siegwald was also bewildered.

Suddenly giving back a vacation that was canceled due to the Basel fire? Why all of a sudden after almost 3 months? Wasn't he the most stingy friend of all when it came to vacation?

Anyway, the two were very excited and started their day's work.

After completing the tasks that were delayed during the week, it was free time in the afternoon!

But then.

The little farm the bear and the cat imagined very happily was empty.

Hazel came to the market early, tossing through the night thinking about ghosts. Either way, the cupboard had to be filled. I had to look at the seat of the arm seat for the branch.

There was a new atmosphere in the capital, which came out after a few days.

A banner with a witch's hat on it hung on every tree. Items symbolizing witches such as a white haired wig, a skeleton wand or broom, and a thatched-roof model mounted on chicken feet were being sold with great success.

Maybe it's because of Baba Yaga's night?

As I was looking around here and there, the merchants spoke to me, wondering if I was a foreigner.

“Lady, are you ready for your furry cloak?”

“The wine with cinnamon is delicious in our shop! Please come!”

To the people of the capital, Baba Yaga night seemed to be a festival.

We prepared a lot of entertainment and food for a sudden winter night in late summer. Among them, 'Heaven's Ladder' was the one that drew the most attention.

"ruler! Everyone who will climb the ladder to heaven without fail this year! Hire a guide in our store and have a good time!"

Hazel accepted the flyer handed out by the man in the witch's hat.

There were clever letters printed on cheap paper so thin that the palm of his hand could be seen through.

On the night of Baba Yaga, dark beings come out and take the form of people and animals, causing trouble and tormenting good citizens. Veritas, the god of truth, took pity on this and, in mercy, lowered a large mirror to the ground.

That was the 'mirror of truth'. When a non-human object was reflected in this mirror, it was transparent, so it was immediately recognized.

When the Mirror of Truth couldn't cause trouble, the demons of the capital joined forces and placed the gigantic mirror on a very high place.

It was the 'Heavenly Ladder', an ancient magical site in the capital.

On the night of Baba Yaga, if I climbed to the end of this mysterious staircase, I could see the mirror of truth that only appeared that night.

But no one has succeeded in the last 100 years. Because there was one condition.

“Strange things keep popping up as you climb to the end of the high stairs. But you can't say a word. If you open your mouth, you immediately slide down the stairs. After that, no matter what I do, I can never go up.”

The person who gave the leaflet explained.

“It must be so much fun!”

Saying so, Hazel folded the paper well. Still, interest in ghosts was growing, so these things seemed more interesting than usual.

It was when I was about to pass by a store that rents a guide.

“Maybe Hazel... ..?”

Someone called from behind.

Looking back, it was a woman in her early to mid 20s. His face, with his brown hair tied loosely to the side, was unfamiliar.

“Ah, that’s right. I heard the name from the police. My name is Marie. You may not remember, but that night in the warehouse... ..”

"Ah!"

Hazel just remembered.

When kidnapped, she was one of the first women to be caught in the warehouse. Marie was then lying down in despair. As Hazel got up and offered a word of comfort, she looked at me with gloomy eyes.

Even now, her face wasn't as bright as she was back then, but there was no sign of despair.

You wouldn't want to remember it, but it was really nice to talk to you like this first. Hazel happily walked with her.

“I will see you again like this! Do you live around here?”

"no. I live far away on Pratt Street. Originally, I wanted to stay at home all the time, but I kept saying it was good to go out and walk around... . Mom is no longer worried.”

“What are you worried about?”

“It’s retaliation. It was like that when my mother was Even if they reported it to the police, they said they were colluding with each other, so the victim was retaliated against. But they can no longer retaliate. Because it was cut.”

“Did those vicious criminals have a job?”

"no. Did you not know at all? The one who did it once said he had to do it again, so they were all castrated in court and left for prison.”

"Ah!"

Hazel then understood her words and nodded.

“You said you cut it! What a relief. Everyone is at peace.”

Seeing Hazel happy, Marie hesitated.

“Hey, I’m sorry about that. He said that because he was worried about me, but he showed a cold reaction... .”

"no. I thought I might have said something presumptuous, but... . Also, I don't think this is a thing. There are other people who have sinned, so why do we feel sorry for each other?"

“That’s right.”

A faint smile appeared on Marie's face.

“Actually, the food I ate was delicious, but thinking about it later, Miss Hazel’s attitude was more impressive. The attitude that one cannot go hungry. The attitude that you will never lose your life even if you are kidnapped.”

“That's it! I have a good grasp of the point.”

“I thought I was going to live like that in the future. Occasionally, a strange feeling of humiliation comes over me, but in that case, I can take out the letter of introduction and look at it.”

“A letter of introduction to the Imperial Palace?”

"Yes. Ms. Hazel already told me once, but... . I feel like I've been recognized by an authority once again that nothing happened to me. I do not know. What would other people who were there at the time think? Anyway, I do.”

“I’m really happy.”

Hazel nodded at Marie's sincere words.

No matter how hard you take care of the field, at some point, insects will stick to the back of the leaves and eat them.

Small farms too, but what about such a huge empire? Preventing all crimes is practically impossible.

The problem is next.

To take measures to prevent recurrence and to relieve the victim's injustice even a little.

Isn't this what the country should be doing? No farm removal or anything like that.

Then, suddenly, Marie's words were heard.

“By the way, I heard that the Emperor himself ordered this, is it true?”

"well... . . . .”

Hazel nodded, then paused.

A lightning bolt of realization struck me in the head.

Ah! I see!

Hazel speculates that it most likely happened thanks to a suggestion by Sir Valentine. Because it doesn't make sense for the Sprout Slayer in the high places of the Imperial Palace to come up with such thoughts on their own.

But if Lord Valentine is a ghost, how can he make a suggestion to His Majesty the Emperor?

Finally, evidence to the contrary has appeared!

There is only one, but my heart is very light.

“Thank you, Marie!”

Hazel was so happy that she hugged her tightly.

Marie said she had been helped by Hazel, but Hazel was helped in the same way.

“No, what am I... ..?”

Marie had a bewildered face. Anyway, they shook their heads and hugged each other.

Hazel felt a little relieved now.

Lord Valentine isn't a ghost either.

After having a cup of tea with Marie, they parted ways and returned happily.

That wasn't the only good thing about the day.

When I came to the farm, I had double joyous news.

Two guests were looking at Julia, who had recently shown interest in herbs and had tied it up with a long string. It was a large, reticent War Bear and Catsie with golden ears poking out above her head.

Hazel quickly approached him with a happy heart.

“Sir Siegwald! Sir Cayenne! What are you doing in the middle of the day like this?”

“We are on vacation today.”

said Cayenne. Then he pointed to the haystack on one side of the farm, which had piled up like a mountain.

Julia was a happy cow. Although there is no meadow to graze on freely, we can share the quality hay that the horses of the Imperial Paladins eat.

"Thank you very much. I am indebted to you every time."

“Then can you show me milking? I want to carry a bucket full of milk... .”

“I would like to have it.”

Sigwald pointed out. Hazel replied with a smile.

“Julia hasn’t had a baby yet.”

“In my hometown, cows produce milk even if they do not give birth.”

“Sir Cayenne’s hometown is a fairy village.”

In response, he pulled out a stiff comb and scratched Julia's back.

It felt good, too, and Julia's favorite chicory was topped on top of the hay. Fresh parsley was also served as a special meal for the chickens and Tiberius.

The two commanders of the Holy Knights helped with this.

Chubby chickens pecked hard at the parsley. Tiberius, too, broke through under the big friends and took his share. It was always a delightful sight.

“I brought the chicks when the weather was warm and fed them well, so I think they will lay eggs early. I'm thinking about October, but what if I give birth in September? Our farm's historic first egg! When the choron comes out, it's too bad that I can't eat it. I'll just take him and take a look.”

Hazel closed the chicken coop door and left.

“Then I'd rather share. To Sir Cayenne, to Sir Siegwald, to the Duchess, to Anna Sophia, to Isabella... .”

“Oh right. Would it be okay for the twins to come play when the weather gets cooler?”

“sure! Wouldn't it be great if we could see those two cute little girls again? I'm really looking forward to it!”

When I shouted brightly, Cayen looked at me intently. He asked with a grim look at the whiskers of a cat that wasn't even on his face.

“There, there it is. Ms. Hazel when she works on the farm is always like the fairies portrayed in many media... .”

“In other words, you're like a manic-depressed person running around with your jacket off?”

“no. It just looks so exciting. But you look better today, is there any reason?”

“in fact... .”

Anyway, I've already consulted two of the four. The other two are also wise and excellent knights, so I decided to check it out implicitly.

“If a character only travels at night, appears and disappears suddenly, avoids places when there are others, has an inexplicable superpower, is reluctant to scare away evil spirits, and can know the heart of others, then he is also a ghost. shall? Although I always do what is right and just... . . . Sir Lewis and Lorendel say they must be ghosts.”

"I beg your pardon?"

Cayenne shouted with a puzzled face. He then burst out laughing as if he was stunned.

“Are you sure you asked those two about that?”

“Indeed, it is.”

The bear and the cat laughed as if they were having fun. Hazel asked.

“Isn’t that right?”

"Yes!"

Cayenne asserted.

“Louise and Lorendel saw the blanket flying and said, ‘Look at that! There are ghosts!’ and shouted. Of course, ghosts can exist. There are fairies and vampires, what are they? But the person Hazel just described is not a ghost.”

“Really? Are you sure?”

"sure! Ghosts are formless beings. Therefore, there is one absolutely impossible characteristic. That's consistency. If it's really a ghost, it doesn't appear so consistent that Miss Hazel thinks it's a human. It means that the shape will become clear and then faded, the strength will change from strong to weak, and even if it appears to be righteous, it will

always be capricious. Also, ghosts cannot learn, they cannot think rationally, and they cannot make logical decisions.”

Catsie, with golden ears, spoke without holding her breath.

“It seems that Hazel didn't notice anything odd about this. Then he is by no means a ghost. Everything is just a coincidence. If you hear it, you will grab your stomach and laugh. Be careful not to get caught.”

When Cayenne's long story was over, Siegwald immediately helped.

“He will be human. There are many reasons, such as turning away from the past and becoming a new person for some reason, or making an oath to remain silent until death.”

Clearly, unlike Luis and Lorendel, their eyes were shining with coolness and intelligent judgment.

By listening to them, I was able to clear my doubts more clearly.

Again, the first words you hear are likely to influence your opinion.

Hazel thought.

Sir Lewis and Lorendel have never actually met, so you might be misunderstood. But even though we met every day, I had the wrong suspicion.

face became hot

No matter how worried I was, it seemed too stupid.

Now it's over! It's really over!

I cleared the thought of ghosts and other things from my head. And he took them both into the house.

“I forgot, I baked walnut cookies yesterday. It’s a walnut I bought with the money left over from the labyrinth mushroom down payment.”

"Oh yeah! Did you say you started supplying food?"

They drank applemint tea and ate walnut cookies while talking about the labyrinth greenhouse. If this goes well, I think I will have to go again to gather giant mushrooms.

Siegwald and Cayenne helped out for a while with the little things on and off the farm, then left with a large paper bag of walnut cookies.

After they were gone, Hazel with a lighthearted mind cleared the ditch.

It was good that the facilities developed, but the work increased that much. Time flew by when I scraped away the leaves that were clumped together on one side with a rake.

Before the sun went down and it got wet, I rolled up my laundry and came in.

While folding the laundry, I found the apron straps about to come off. I took out my sewing tool and sewed it, but a shadow fell over my head.

Hazel shook her head.

A black-haired imperial knight wearing a black cloak stood there.

"Ah... . . ."

Hazel was a little perplexed.

I was hesitant to say hello, but he suddenly pushed something forward.

It was a silver bottle.

“What is it?”

“Sacred water. I came and picked it up.”

"Yes? Did you pick up holy water on the road? No matter how imperial it is... . . . .”

“But why is it so hot?”

He stopped talking and splashed holy water on his face.

Hazel was startled.

No, what is this?

Of course, his appearance was fine. There was no translucency or melting of the part that the holy water touched. It was natural. because he's a person

Hazel was sweating.

Caught!

Apparently, Lord Valentine had come to investigate what kind of herb it was. It must have never been easy for a city dweller. It was slow for that.

His face became hot again.

"sorry. really sorry. I was worried about it. I thought that if Lord Valentine was really a ghost, I should let him find some rest from wandering around like this... ."

"That is the problem. It doesn't matter if other people make that mistake, Miss Mayfield shouldn't. Once you decide, you can do anything. If I'm not a ghost, I'll make it into a ghost so that I can find rest."

"It's a misunderstanding."

Hazel spoke quickly, but he didn't listen.

widely!

I put the book I brought with me on the table. It was an ancient language sutra used in exorcism rituals to expel demons.

"It's my favorite book these days."

Then he glanced at Hazel to see his reaction.

"... . Look, I have no doubts now."

"Would you like to see this kettle? I wipe it clean so that my face is clearly reflected. It's reflected in this spoon."

With that emphasis, he glanced at Hazel and checked his reaction.

I'm not a ghost, so it's only natural that my figure is reflected everywhere... .

What are you so passionate about?

Sir Valentine seemed to have prepared a lot by grinding his teeth. What a shame it was to be misunderstood as a ghost!

“ . . . . . ”

Hazel looked at him without a word.

An odd idea came to mind.

You shouldn't think like that.

I quickly hit myself.

But I couldn't really control it. Hazel clenched her fists. Those fists trembled.

But it's so funny!

Slowly, a wicked heart lifted its head.

"calm down. because I believe Sir Valentine can't be a ghost. By the way, when is your birthday?"

"September... . . . Why all of a sudden?"

"Just in case. Ghosts belong to the realm of the dead, so if you suddenly ask for their birthday, they won't be able to answer."

"uh?"

Iskanda was perplexed.

I've been preparing so hard! Still don't believe it? I looked at him with trembling eyes.

Hazel couldn't hold back the laughter any longer.

“It’s a joke! sorry! really sorry! By the way, you just couldn't answer your birthday correctly, did you? Oh no! I'm not really suspicious... . . . .”

“... . . . .”

Iskanda was speechless.

Of course I am not a ghost. The only thing I can't say is because the birthday is the same as the emperor's birthday.

But anyway, it's true that I didn't say my birthday.

I passed the test of sprinkling holy water, proved that I am not afraid of the sutras that ward off demons, and I did everything I could to show that my image was reflected on all surfaces... . . . Another new test failed.

Hazel Mayfield is, after all, the most skeptical of the Empire!

How can I definitively dispel doubts?

he was in trouble. Suddenly, something came into my eyes that had been wandering here and there.

"great. This is it."

"What?"

“I need credible evidence to prove that I am not a ghost. So I will do this according to the history and traditions of the Empire.”

Iskanda pointed to the table.

Hazel looked at it.

There was a piece of paper under the teacup. It was a flyer for the 'Heavenly Ladder' that was being rolled out to be attached to a notebook as a commemoration.

“Are you going up here?”

"Yes. As the legend goes, I will go up to the end of the stairs, and through the mirror of truth that is there, I will prove to Miss Mayfield that I am not a ghost but a man.”

He spoke bitterly, as if he was making a battle announcement.

What is this?

Hazel glanced at him.

Still, I thought it would be fun. Why are you going all of a sudden for such an absurd and absurd reason?

Go to a festival spot to play.

My heart started to flutter.

"Well... . . . So is it? If we prove it there, shall we believe it?"

“You must believe it! It is a legend handed down from long ago! Farmers believe all legends?”

"I see. Then I will trust you."

Hazel pretended not to win.

Meanwhile, in my heart, I was worried.

What if Baba Yaga's night doesn't come?

That was nothing to worry about.

The next day Hazel woke up with a strange feeling.

The tip of his nose was cold. A cool breeze was felt outside the thin summer blanket. The trees surrounding the farm seemed to be whispering.

The witch's night is coming.

Hazel jumped out of bed.

Even the animals on the farm seemed to feel something strange. Julia bowed her big head, put her nose to the ground, and sniffed. The chickens did not run around as usual, but sat quietly in one place and roared. Tiberius's eyes widened as if he was surprised by the sudden change of weather.

It was the first night of Baba Yaga that everyone met.

Out of curiosity, I went outside.

The imperial palace was also bustling from the morning.

In order to spend the night safely, preparations for an unexpected visit to Korea have begun. Servants were hesitant to bring out things like thick tapestries to block the cold wind, braziers and candlesticks, and heating stones to warm the air. He even went with a thick coat of hair.

I was looking hard and suddenly found it.

There was another person like himself who went out and watched this scene.

A tall woman with blonde hair and red eyes. And he was a very cute-looking red-haired boy.

Hazel's face brightened.

“Princess Katarina! Prince Rowan!”

they saw this Immediately, his face brightened.

It was the first time seeing Prince Rowan after receiving Julia as a gift. At that time, servants sat on a chair and carried it, but now there is no need for that.

Even if I was able to go out freely, I didn't expect it to be this much better. Except for the fact that the limbs were still thin, it was almost indistinguishable from a normal child.

"Prince! You have become incredibly healthy."

"okay. Miss Hazel allowed me to walk like this on my own."

Prince Rowan answered confidently. Hazel glanced at the cute boy again and admired it again.

“Certainly, as Sir Lewis said, he is a mixed vampire, so he recovers very quickly.”

The princess was stunned at those words.

"I know yeah! Last year, I was hesitant to keep the bed, whether the night of the Baba Yaga passed or not. No, what was last year! Until recently, it was.”

And she glanced at Hazel.

“By the way, the servants said that they came to my yard and plucked some grass?”

“The Imperial Cemetery? that's right.”

“Then why didn't you come?”

“It was too late. I didn't want to make a fuss. I'm sorry if I felt rude.”

"no! no! I thought I didn't come here on purpose because my personality was rough and my tone was hard!"

The Queen Seonwang-nyeo had a face that was relieved at that time.

“The Empress Dowager is a well-educated person, so she speaks softly, but I just want to be friendly and comfortable with her. In an informal place like this between us. After all, if I got married when I was thirteen, wouldn't there be only one daughter like you?”

She smiled as she uttered an unreasonable remark.

He has a surprisingly charismatic personality. I'm not a farmer, but I'll grab a bunch of potatoes.

Hazel smiled inwardly at the thought.

“Sometimes, please visit the farm with the prince again.”

"I'm working hard to build up my leg strength right now, saying I'm going to walk there at once. Because of the blood of me, Rowan, or vampires, I prefer to go for a walk at night, but I don't know what to do with it tonight."

“Can’t we just dress warmly and go for a walk?”

“It doesn’t matter if it’s cold.”

The Queen Mother shook her head.

“It’s better not to wander around the Imperial Palace on a night like tonight. Because it is still a place full of ghosts of the past. On the night of Baba Yaga, all kinds of ghosts will be installed. Among them... . . . .”

After looking around once, she said.

“If you see the ghost of a dark-haired boy who looks about 12 years old, you must run away.”

Hazel asked.

“Who is that?”

“Adrian.”

The fairy princess lowered her voice and whispered.

“The Emperor’s dead illegitimate child!”

Hearing the words of Princess Katarina, Hazel also came to mind.

The former emperor was a very debauched person. When I was young, I heard people talking about the Emperor's illegitimate child on the street.

“The child’s mother, Camilla, would have almost overthrown the current Empress Dowager and became the Empress. However, he died suddenly under the protection of the god Bratan. That's why Adrian also died in this imperial palace without a mouse or a bird. He must be careful because he must be holding a huge grudge. really! Watch out for the ghost of the old man in red. He is the Emperor's Prime Minister Mercurio. Horny who doesn't know the subject. How coveted by that filthy bastard! Just looking at it, you seem to like it too. Be careful!”

"Eww... .."

Hazel shivered.

“Thank you for the good information, Princess Seonwang. Fortunately, I am going out today.”

“Really? I'm surprised. I thought you would spend it with the crops of course!”

Prince Rowan widened his eyes and said. Hazel smiled again at the cute prince.

“Lorendel said it was ok because it was magical cold. But, I only realized now... .. Sir Lorendel only said that plants are not harmed, not people.”

“In that sense, you’re also an elf!”

The princess was amazed again.

“People are harmed by this magical cold. If you do it wrong, you will catch a cold. It’s hot and then suddenly it’s cold.”

"also! Then everyone should be careful not to catch a cold. In this case, there is a cold remedy that you can easily make with ingredients you have at home."

"What is it?"

"It's milk. The ingredients are milk, breadcrumbs, nutmeg... .."

Hazel paused while sharing the wisdom of life. He recalled that his opponent was an imperial family who had never made a living.

"I'll just make it for you."

"Be kind too!"

The princess was delighted. I don't know what it is, but I thought it would be delicious as milk sake.

"Can I taste it too? Isn't it because it's alcoholic?"

Prince Rowan asked politely.

"I can't. The name alone is alcohol, but it's close to medicine. It will fit your mouth well. Then I have to go quickly. I have to hurry up to finish the farm work and make milk wine before I go out."

"Yes."

"okay."

The two hats united their mouths to answer.

Hazel greeted them and left. The Queen Seonjoo looked at her son happily while holding her son's hand, and then suddenly thought.

Are you going out anyway? Are you going alone? Or who are you going with?

I'll ask you that!

She glanced back and forth at Hazel's back, who was moving away quickly.

To make milk wine, you must first boil the milk.

Hazel poured two bottles of milk into an old pot with a dent on one side. Stir with a wooden spatula to prevent burning or sticking.

When small bubbles started to form, I added the breadcrumbs prepared in advance. Then it was removed from the fire for a while.

Then I took out the egg. After collecting only the yolks and loosening them, the bitter sherry for cooking was poured there.

Sugar is added to yellow water mixed with eggs and alcohol. I thought that Prince Rowan would also taste it, so I added a generous amount this time. After that, I lightly sprinkled a nutmeg to add flavor.

The milk in the pot was mixed well with the breadcrumbs and it was crumbly. As I stirred, hot steam came up. While stirring continuously so as not to harden, the liquid made by mixing the egg and alcohol was poured little by little.

Milk liquor good for a cold has been completed.

Hazel took out all the large and small bowls. Pour enough for one person to eat at a time and cover it with paper. Now let it cool and transfer it to a small bottle.

One important thing is done.

Then I went to the warehouse.

The fresh hay that Sigwald and Cayen had brought was piled up like a mountain, giving off a pleasant scent. It really was like a warehouse on a rural farm.

Hazel made sure there were no wind leaks in the warehouse. Then he went out and came in with chickens one by one. Tiberius was, of course, tied to a leather cord that wrapped around his chest.

Finally, I brought Julia in and made a seat in the middle of the haystack.

“Tonight is Baba Yaga’s night. A cold wind will blow outside in a little while. You have to be quiet here.”

Well done to farm animals.

All of them were born less than a year ago, so they experienced this strange phenomenon for the first time. Even when I went to the door, I felt a cool chill coming, and I quickly came back and sat quietly.

It was the same on Belmont's farm.

Animals and humans like warm things and hate the cold. No, it reveals things that are warmer than people.

When the weather suddenly turned bitterly cold, even the most itchy dogs tried not to go out the door. The runaway of animals was significantly reduced.

So you don't have to worry about it today.

Hazel said goodbye to the farm animals and entered the house.

I opened the suitcase I had brought from Rochelle. I pulled out the winter clothes that the Siegwald twins had used well when they had a cold.

And I started getting ready to go out.

The main building of the Imperial Palace was also busy preparing for Baba Yaga's night.

There were many other things to take care of besides taking measures to prevent the cold.

This magical cold had once damaged the precious masterpieces of the Imperial Palace. So, a few days ago, I started working on protecting precious works of art.

The last thing left to do today is to drape the historic ceiling painting.

“More up! heat! Spread more!”

In the midst of such chaos, the Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications was listening to the report of the chief servant.

"okay? Did you mean that you were just sitting in the annex and reading a book? Isn't it about meeting a 'pretty lady'?"

"Yes. I checked carefully. His Majesty was working harder on reading than usual.”

“Then, was the duplication of the list of books just a minor mistake?”

“It seems to be so. I'm sorry. To tell you something... . . . .”

“No. You should always be on the lookout. It's the job of people like us to take care of even the things you don't say. Hmm... . . . So, your Majesty will you read as usual today?”

"no. You said that today is a special day, so you will go undercover. He told me not to go out early and come back late. It's something you always say whenever you go undercover.”

"Well... . . .”

The minister of the palace was silent for a moment.

At that moment, a loud noise was heard from across the hallway of the main building.

The four commanders of the Holy Knights of the Empire were walking around talking.

“I don't know where all the holy water from the Great Hall has gone! I asked for it somewhere else, but it was the night of the Baba Yaga, so I was exhausted... . . .”

Lorendel, who was talking with a worried face, found the minister of the palace and quickly hung up and greeted him.

“Count Albert! Are you busy all day?”

“As the sun goes down, this is the beginning. What are you all planning to do tonight?”

“Knowing that we all have to wait all night.”

Lewis grumbled.

“No, not on the air, but tonight you have to stay with the frightened subordinates.”

“Your subordinates will be by your side.”

At Siegwald's words, Lewis stuck out his tongue.

“No. No, I and my men will be with your Majesty the Emperor.”

“You look pretty scary! But what? I just got a message from the chief of the aide, saying that your majesty is going out of the palace tonight undercover.”

"Yes?"

Lorendel asked with a puzzled face.

“It seems like they don’t know that today is a festival. Unfortunately, I was so absorbed in my work that I didn't even know what day it was... .”

"no. You said it was a special day, so you are right.”

"What's going on? Had I known in advance, I would have somehow managed to get out and follow him!”

Cayenne was sad.

“Don’t you think communication is lacking these days?”

"Yeah. I wanted to see you often for a while, but it stopped again. Did we talk too much about the farm again?”

Siegwald also tilted his head.

The minister of the palace fell into thought again.

I thought it was strange once, so no matter what I heard, it just sounded strange.

First of all, other things aside, it is true that it has become difficult to see His Majesty's face these days. They are always locked in the Imperial Palace, so the chance of encountering them should be higher.

I'm not sure it's absurd. Let me check it one more time with my own eyes.

He thought to himself without telling anyone.

When I just said goodbye to the commanders of the Holy Knights and turned around, the sky began to burn.

A deep orange twilight spread like a giant bird spreading its wings along the horizon. From the sky above, ultramarine darkness descended like a veil, creating a sharp contrast.

It was a perfect midwinter sky.

"this! It will be unusually cold this year."

The minister of the palace murmured.

The screams and cheers of the people outside the palace seemed to be heard already.

As soon as the sun went down, the weather turned cold like a lie. A cold wind blew through the muggy street.

"cold!"

Joyful screams erupted from all sides.

There was a huge crowd on the street. Everyone who was tired from the heat went out into the streets without exception. It was amazing to watch the breath come out when you breathe.

In roadside houses, water was poured into bowls and served outside. It was to get expensive ice for free.

However, the cold caused by the witch was special. Water that is intentionally frozen like that never freezes. Instead, the water that someone spills on the street freezes and becomes ice, causing people to hit their butt wheels.

So was the cold wind. Only those in thin clothes were selected and attacked.

“Aww! cold!”

While everyone was screaming, I saw the antics of people who deliberately took off their jackets.

As you can imagine, it's still fun!

Hazel fastened her steps as she adjusted the hat attached to her thick winter coat.

Fires were lit all over the square. In the middle, several people took turns dancing to the sound of the accordion to chase the witch.

People in curled-up witch hats drank hot wine, warming their hands at the campfire. White steam rose from the stalls lit with orange lanterns.

All were typical winter landscapes. But it didn't exist until yesterday, and I thought it would disappear tomorrow, so it felt very special.

Hazel broke through the crowd and finally arrived in front of the square clock tower.

Among the people waiting for an appointment, I saw Lord Valentine standing with his arms crossed, his face covered with a black cloak.

you came first

Hazel rushed over.

“Sir Valentine!”

Iskanda flinched.

In fact, he had been dazedly confused until just recently.

What am I doing here now?

The emperor sneaks out of the palace and stands in front of the square clock tower. It was a story that no one would believe.

But when I saw Hazel in a cloak with a hat, I suddenly woke up. enthusiasm was aroused.

The most suspicious person in the empire has finally appeared!

This citizen has troubled the emperor in so many different ways. I've already said everything that I'm going to go to a festival I hate so much.

While he looked, Hazel paused and talked to the hawker. I bought two glasses of hot wine from him and walked with him.

"That's fortunate. No one is paying attention to Sir Valentine in such a bizarre appearance."

"It seem to be like that."

“Wait, maybe it’s because people don’t see it at all, right?”

Iskanda cried at that moment. Hazel grinned.

“It’s a joke! joke! Now, I bought you some hot wine.”

I hesitated to give it to him.

“Give me one spoon! I must have seen you guys!”

“... ..!”

"Oh, here's another spoon."

Then he laughed again.

Iskanda groaned once more.

Let it go! I will definitely prove it!

He clenched his fists under the cloak.

“Come on, let’s go quickly.”

"like!"

The two went on their way.

Iskanda was in a hurry, but she couldn't ride Pegasus. The carriage was also controlled today. Because there were too many people, it was easy to have an accident.

In the end, I just had to walk.

"it's okay. You just have to go one step at a time."

He encouraged himself.

In fact, on the way there, I was going to work at the same time. I tried to look at the road conditions and also to find out about the troublesome street stalls these days.

But I couldn't concentrate because I had just been hit by Hazel twice.

"I didn't know there were such ancient ruins in the capital."

"Because it has nothing to do with farming."

In the end, I had no choice but to talk and walk while sipping hot wine.

After walking for over an hour, the ruins finally appeared.

'Heaven's Ladder' was a tower that was like a huge staircase that stood tall toward the sky.

A number of challengers had gathered in front of him. It was very noisy.

Today's target

Iskanda put a lot of energy into it.

Meanwhile, Hazel looked around with curious eyes.

It was full of people who could not climb to the end and were left behind along the way. Even at this moment, many people were tumbling down.

Still, people trying to go up the stairs were still crowded in black. Merchants followed such challengers.

“Come on, here it is! Lucky Cloak! Good luck to make it to the top of the ladder to heaven! The lucky cloak is only 10 silver!”

Hazel smiled and looked back.

“What kind of idiot buys something like that... ..”

Iskanda stiffened.

Two cloaks were in his hands.

When their eyes met, Lord Valentine hardened even more like a stone.

The hand that was holding the cloak slowly lost strength. I tried to throw it away naturally, as if I accidentally dropped it. It was an attempt to completely destroy the evidence.

Hazel was perplexed.

"no! no! If you buy it, you should use it!"

Hurry up and get the cloak.

“... ..”

Iskanda was standing still.

I couldn't believe what I had just done.

He did not believe in superstitions. The above was also disappointing.

However, when he heard the phrase 'the cloak of fortune that makes you climb the stairs', his hands moved on their own. I bought that absurd thing and threw it away. as if possessed by something.

That's how I wanted to do it.

Iskanda came to his senses and started moving again. Hazel held back her laughter as she looked at it.

You are so passionate!

Lord Valentine was generally cautious and cool-headed. But to buy all the things of such a junkie. How successful would you like to be!

I felt a sense of remorse.

Were you joking?

However... . . . .

When I saw the uniform under the lucky cloak he was sneaking around, another thought came to my mind.

The uniform of that imperial knight that is now gone.

That also played a decisive role in the misconception that he was a ghost.

Do you wear clothes that pop out of the past? There is nothing I can do about it, but... . . . .

At the very least, he almost had to perform a rite of passage to save a ghost by wearing a crown of grass on his head. I was genuinely worried that it might be a wandering soul that could not find rest.

huh. you have to suffer more

Hazel decided to break the shichimi again.

“Now, shall we go up those high steps to see if Lord Valentine is really a ghost or not?”

"okay. Come on."

The two headed there.

In fact, these ancient ruins had no presence not only for foreigners like Hazel, but also for the natives of the capital. Although it soared high, there was a mountain behind it, so it was hard to see at first glance. It wasn't particularly beautiful either.

Still, Baba Yaga's night was different.

It felt majestic to stand tall in the cold air, looking down at the multitude of people.

There were several reasons why the challengers gathered at the Mirror of Truth.

Because I can only see you tonight. 'Cause I'm pretty Somehow, if I go up there, I feel like I will be blessed. because it looks like fun Because no one has succeeded in 100 years... . . . .

Everyone was talking about it.

We must have been the only ones who really came to see people in the mirror.

Thinking so, Hazel stood before the ladder of heaven.

If you go up the zigzag stairs, you can climb to the top. However, as shown in the flyer, there was one rule.

“According to legend, anyone who climbs this heavenly ladder must never open his mouth until he reaches the top. If you open your mouth... . . . .”

Before Hazel said that, he said, “Wow!” A scream rang out.

Upstairs, the challenger slipped and pounded his butt wheel.

He got up and tried to climb the stairs again. But for some reason I couldn't go forward. As if an invisible wall was blocking them, they just kept walking in place.

Eventually he gave up and came down with his comrades.

“It's because of ancient magic. There is some mysterious magic at work throughout this staircase.”

Iskanda analyzed.

It wasn't magic of an evil nature. It was just a rule like 'You must not wear a hat to enter the temple.'

The problem wasn't that it was the devil. He had to beware of the mischief of the demons who guard the mirror of truth.

“This is the beginning.”

Hazel took the first step.

I couldn't predict what would happen. So Iskanda decided not to lead or follow, but to walk side by side with Hazel.

The lower part of this wide staircase was crowded with people. It was a light and cheerful atmosphere as he was just starting the challenge. The higher we went, the more mysterious and gloomy it became.

I can't play pranks anymore.

Before starting the challenge in earnest, Hazel decided to give him one last shot, Sir Valentine.

OMG!

She pretended to be startled and pointed behind him.

I thought I wouldn't fall for this simple trick, but... . . . .

He went right over.

Iskanda was actually very nervous from the beginning. Not because of the devil, but because of the guardian of the ruins.

Ancient ruins have guardians. It is like a spirit that protects the ruins. They pretend they don't care. But the truth is, they are as meticulous as the attendants at the entrance of the banquet hall to see what kind of visitors come.

There must be a Guardian in this 'Heavenly Ladder'. 'Emperor of Man!' And if you come out to say hello with a loud echo, it will be very difficult. So I spoke with my heart.

If you pretend to know, you die.

But when Hazel was suddenly surprised, he was surprised too. I quickly turned around to see if a guardian had appeared behind my back.

But there was nothing.

Seeing him bewildered, Hazel felt remorse. I was unable to speak, so I expressed it with hand gestures.

'I saw it wrong.'

But it was then.

"what! Hazel! were you here? How could you come to a place like this without me?"

A loud voice came from behind.

It was Lewis!

How is Sir Lewis here?

Hazel doubted her ears. I was so startled that I unintentionally tried to turn around.

That was the moment.

My mouth was choked as my head was blocked by something like a hard wall. In the very next moment, a white, flabby figure flew past.

The voice had just been an auditory hallucination.

It was the play of the devil who guards the mirror of truth. Without thinking, I looked back and saw people gliding around with their mouths open.

It was going to be a big deal.

However... . . . .

Hazel was bewildered when she realized how she had just escaped the crisis.

Iskanda was equally perplexed. When a crisis came, he grabbed Hazel from behind, hugged him, and covered his mouth.

There was one scene that came to mind at this moment.

What happened to the opera singer who stood in front of this farmer and came face to face? personality was trampled on

Iskanda jumped, released her hand, and returned to her seat. There were no nefarious thoughts, and it was hard to explain with hand gestures that it was just to prevent falling behind.

It was a very complex, rushed, mindless gesture.

Still, Hazel could barely understand what he meant.

'I see.'

In that sense, he nodded his head.

Even at this moment, the challengers continued to fall behind.

The demons of these ancient ruins were strange. It was different from when he crossed Mt. Bröchen to save the cast iron fan.

Even if Lord Valentine destroyed it at once, as it did then, it immediately respawned. He continued to seduce with hallucinations and hallucinations. It probably didn't seem real.

I had to keep my mind sharp.

Hazel shut her mouth and went up the stairs, stepping in with Lord Valentine.

The distracting hallucinations and hallucinations soon disappeared. Now, when I tried to climb a little easier, another difficulty appeared.

I didn't know at first.

I was definitely going up one step at a time, but I kept getting the feeling that something wasn't right.

When I woke up, I was standing on different stairs. Two Hazels were at the forefront.

Iskanda was startled.

Is it a strategy to keep them separate and deal with them one by one?

It was true.

The challengers who had come together so far fell apart without knowing it. The man alone was immediately seduced by the illusion and fell. I misunderstood the direction and went downstairs.

Iskanda looked at Hazel. After a moment's hesitation, he held out a hand.

It was a very polite and elegant movement, given the strict education he had received since the days of the Crown Prince. There was no way I could be misunderstood as being rude.

Still, he was kind of anxious and sent his earnest eyes.

'I have no evil thoughts, just to prevent falling behind.'

'I see.'

Hazel nodded. He reached out and grabbed his hand.

It was cold on the stairs, so they both thought their hands would be frozen. However, it was surprisingly warm.

The sudden change in temperature somehow made my heart beat faster. At that moment, both were thinking the same thing.

Can you hear the heartbeat through your hands?

no. Concentration! you have to focus

Holding hands, he started to climb the stairs again.

The Grand Cavalier, who had good eyesight and sensitive senses, was a very good guide. The progress was much faster than going up separately.

It quickly climbed above the middle level.

However, another challenge awaited.

"Ahh!"

"Ugh!"

The challengers who climbed up there screamed and hit their buttwheels.

I don't know what it was, but dark things flashed here and there and pushed people away. It was a section of the devil that had no choice but to drop out.

Iskanda sent another desperate look.

'I have no evil thoughts, just to prevent falling behind.'

Hazel nodded.

He carefully stretched out his arms.

I tried to wrap my arms around my shoulders, but I felt there was no stability. He went down a little further and hugged him near the waist. Then he noticed that Hazel was shivering a little because it was cold, and he gave a long gaze again.

'I have no evil thoughts... ... !'

Hazel waved her hand.

'Okay, so just do whatever you want!'

that's what it meant

Iskanda unfolded her cloak and wrapped it around Hazel. Then it was as if I had completely entered my arms.

He hugged her back again. But instead of going up right away, he carefully wiggled his hand for a moment.

What are you doing?

Hazel was puzzled, then realized. The metal decoration on the uniform belt made it uncomfortable, so it was turned sideways and removed.

I wouldn't be able to do that.

He sent a glance of gratitude for the consideration.

Then I went up the stairs again.

There were things running around screaming strange noises. But I couldn't push him. I kept trying, but it didn't budge.

I passed that section without difficulty.

When I got up there, there was no one there.

There was still a long way to the top. This can't be the end. As soon as Iskanda thought of that, her feet went numb.

It was a fake staircase.

There were several fake stairs intermingled between the real ones. At first glance, it was indistinguishable.

Perhaps an ancient space-moving magic was on it. If you step on the fake stairs, you will be eliminated and you will go back to the beginning.

The two looked at each other.

'Can not help it. For the conquest of the summit.'

'To conquer the top.'

They exchanged glances.

When permission was granted, Iskanda leaned over and carefully hugged Hazel. There was only one posture when trying to transport the subject while ensuring safety while keeping it completely within sight.

It was the so-called 'Princess Embrace'.

Hazel grabbed his neck with one hand to keep him from falling. Naturally, his head turned to the front and his gaze went to his face.

This is so... ... I'm shy

Hazel had no choice but to express that strange feeling.

Can't you think of something else? It would be nice if there was a new menu to be prepared today.

But there was no such thing.

I was forced to keep looking.

Lord Valentine was very focused right now. He looked at his feet with his sharp eyes, and chose only the real stairs and moved.

He still knew Hazel was suspicious of him. So, I was doing my best to show you the mirror of truth.

Looking at his face like that, Hazel suddenly realized.

Still looks like a potato.

I had to admit that fact.

It's really hard for a person to do that.

While Hazel was thinking about it, Iskanda diligently climbed up, jumping over the fake stairs and avoiding it.

The dangerous area has come to an end.

But it seemed like it would be much faster to go this way. So I just decided to go.

The end of the ancient ruins, which had been far away, was soon in sight. There was a point where the stairs going up in a zigzag form suddenly broke off. I could see the white, sparkling landscape of the top of the tower.

Finally reached the top.

Iskanda carefully put down Hazel.

The ancient magical energy that filled the air disappeared. Hazel exclaimed calmly.

“Successful!”

At the top of the ancient ruins, white and shiny powder like snow was piled up.

Strange sculptures shone transparently in the cold air. It seemed to have grown on its own like a plant. It looked like a lump of crystal.

There was a mirror in the middle.

It was a mirror of truth that only appeared on the night of Baba Yaga.

The huge mirror stood tall alone like a door. A mass of blue light floated inside the frame engraved with a pattern that was not on the ground. On the floor right next to it was a statue of a skull and an apple, symbols of the god Veritas.

Finally got here.

Iskanda took a deep breath.

“Now then, I will prove that I am not a ghost from now on.”

I walked slowly and stood in front of the mirror.

I worked hard to prepare for this moment.

The mysterious light that wandered inside the mirror united into one. I tried to reflect the image of the target standing in front of me.

As expected, its principle was similar to that of holy water. Of course, it was much more powerful than that.

A dazzling light burst out of the mirror. For a moment, the night sky seemed to be shining pure white.

Soon after, ancient magic that illuminates the target's true form came upon him strongly.

At the same time, Iskanda's defense mechanism was activated. It repulsed the ancient magic without any sign.

His image was reflected in the mirror.

It was just like a knight with black hair and black eyes.

None of the corners were translucent. My legs weren't even floating.

he asked frankly.

"how?"

“Certainly, Sir Valentine is a man.”

Hazel finally admitted it.

But it was then.

The mysterious light that wandered inside the mirror came together again. Some letters in the ancient language were formed.

'What is not true from the beginning cannot last forever.'

Iskanda flinched.

It didn't seem like a coincidence. It was like telling a story to listen to yourself.

did you see this

I quickly looked at Hazel's expression.

Hazel was looking elsewhere. Lord Valentine's uniform. Among them was the knee.

A white, shiny, mysterious powder filled here was lightly smeared on the knee of the uniform. It was like that when I put down Hazel earlier.

A knight of the Empire never kneels except in front of his master. He didn't even kneel before.

But he lowered his posture so that he could almost touch it and put Hazel down. This was to minimize the impact caused by the difference in height to ensure a smooth landing.

Hazel was heartbroken.

Still, I keep joking around.

I said to him, who was looking intently to see if there was anything dangerous around him.

"sorry. Actually, I just wanted to come and see you. The suspicion that Lord Valentine is a ghost has long since been dispelled. Everything I pretended to be suspicious of was a joke."

"what?"

Iskanda looked at him in embarrassment.

Have you been joking so far?

But it was strange.

Even though I knew I was deceived, I wasn't angry. I was just glad that my doubts were cleared up.

Besides, it was fun coming up here. There was no room for complaints.

Seeing him quiet, Hazel apologized once more.

"really sorry. I should not have done that."

"no."

Iskanda shook her head.

"It was my fault for misunderstanding. Because he behaved strangely in any way. On the contrary, it feels great to have solved my doubts in that situation... .."

I stopped talking. The old words came to mind again in the mirror.

'What is not true from the beginning cannot last forever.'

It was like a message from the god Veritas to him. He seemed to see through everything.

Why do you keep doing that?

While hesitating, Hazel said abruptly.

"It was because of His Majesty the Emperor."

Iskanda was astonished.

"what?"

"Thanks to His Majesty, I have cleared my doubts. Actually, I met Marie by chance. He was kidnapped together."

He finally understood what Hazel was talking about.

Thinking of the victim made me feel uncomfortable.

"We should have prevented such a crime from happening in the first place."

"It would have been nice if that was the case, but, no matter how good the times, there is not a day without crime, right? 'Even a person who does good deeds with the will to die will never be able to withstand a person who does evil with the will to die.' There is a saying."

"That's a good thing. Who did it?"

"It was just what I said. Anyway, Marie has made up her mind now. It can't stop all crime, but where is it that you care about the victims?"

"Did the victim say that?"

"Yes."

Iskanda's heart seemed to lighten a little.

"But what does that have to do with dissolving the suspicion that I am a ghost?"

"Because His Majesty the Emperor could not have thought of such a thing alone."

"... .."

Iskanda thought she was just asking.

“Surely it was suggested by Lord Valentine, right? I thought about that and cleared my doubts right away. How logical is that?”

It wasn't that he was good at it. Hearing these words felt like my heart was being stabbed.

Iskanda glanced at Hazel.

“Really, do you hate His Majesty that much?”

“To be honest... . . . .”

Hazel pondered.

“There are definitely good things about it. He cuts off when he cuts off a criminal's part, gives him a prize no matter how thorny it is, and I don't think his taste in music is bad. Listening to subordinates' suggestions can also give you points. Besides, he is a close friend of the commanders of the Holy Knights, whom I really like. Except for me, everyone seems to like His Majesty the Emperor. However... . . . .”

"However?"

“Because it's Lord Valentine, I believe and talk... . . . .”

Hazel lowered her voice and whispered.

“I don't think I will have good feelings for those in power until I die. 'You can do anything you don't like at any time. They are just putting up with it.' That's really annoying.”

“... . . . .”

“Of course, I don't mean to rebel or anything like that. Just in terms of social life. People who made a bad first impression didn't end up being right no matter what. It's best to just close the business relationship and end it. You can never be friendly. After all, one day, you will get hit in the back of the head.”

Hazel said it all frankly.

This would have been the answer.

After that, the atmosphere was awkward. What is the expression on Sir Valentine's face? ... He was trying not to express his feelings, but his face was wounded.

So why ask?

Hazel sighed inwardly.

I guess he wants me to think of his superiors a little bit better. As a pacifist... . . . .

There was only one way to break this awkward atmosphere.

“What is that!”

Hazel pointed to the mysterious crystal mass that surrounded this place.

Iskanda suddenly came to her senses.

okay. Let's just forget what we just heard. 'Cause I'm not the emperor It's Valentine's Day.

"Yeah. What is that?"

He followed Hazel there.

At the top of this mysterious tower, the wind did not stop. White and shiny powders gathered and solidified into different shapes. It was like a forest landscape surrounded by crystal trees and rocks.

“Isn’t this like Tiberius?”

"Right. Same!"

The two looked around the summit, unaware of the passing of time. The wind was blowing and it was cold, but somehow I did not want to go down.

But I couldn't keep going crazy.

The floor rumbled and rattled. From the crystal forest, glittering powders fell.

“Don’t you think you should go down quickly?”

“Looks like we're bored now.”

The two went back to the stairs.

But there, Hazel's legs did not move. It felt like my feet were fixed on the floor. I was stunned and soon realized.

“Because of this.”

Hazel pulled out that little Tiberius-shaped crystal ball from her coat pocket.

“I’m sorry, Ancient Ruins. It was because they resembled the chicks I raised so much.”

Then the foot fell off. He avoided becoming a frozen statue at the top of the ladder of heaven.

“Do you like this? then tell me One wall in our house is full.”

“It’s a house with a lot of money beyond imagination.”

They talked like that and walked down the stairs side by side.

There was nothing wrong with going down as opposed to going up. It was just a staircase that stretched out in a zigzag form all the way down there.

Iskanda felt a bit sorry for that.

The bottom of the tower was noisy. Everyone seemed to have seen the dazzling light that burst out of the mirror of truth.

“Who has succeeded?”

"who is this? who is this?"

Everyone looked around and found a successful challenger.

The two of them crept down to blend in with the dropouts.

It was unlikely that anyone would recognize the emperor in this noisy place. Still, Iskanda pulled down the hood of her cloak further to cover her face.

Now it was time to go back.

We walked back to the Imperial Palace for more than an hour, sharing stories of mirrors and ghosts without hesitation.

“I don’t know where Sir Valentine’s house is, but anyway, my house is here, so I’ll just go in.”

Hazel looked up after saying goodbye.

Of course I thought he was gone already, but he was still there.

“Then see you tomorrow.”

Iskanda nodded involuntarily.

"okay. tomorrow."

Hazel turned and disappeared among the crowds in front of the Imperial Palace.

Actually, my house is in the same place.

Iskanda thought with a bit of bitterness.

In any case, this has passed another crisis. Tomorrow, I can visit the small farm again without any problem.

Thinking like that, my mind was blown. It was worth the hard work.

Iskanda stood still for a moment, then turned around. There was one last thing to do before returning to the Imperial Palace.

He went back into the crowded crowd.

In the middle of the imperial palace, where the cold winter wind blew, a small house lit with orange lanterns was waiting for its owner.

Hazel opened the warehouse first.

The smell of hay and the smell of animals came together. It was a typical farm smell.

I don't know what will happen if there are more animals, but so far there was a sweet smell that was close to the sweet smell.

Julia and the chickens were fine. Tiberius also didn't like the cold, so he was buried deep among his big friends.

“I saw a crystal as big as yours today.”

There's no way the chick will understand that. But Aunt Martha always said. Animals have ears too. So Hazel added quickly.

“Of course, I won't sell you if I give you that crystal.”

Then close the warehouse door. Before all the warm energy escapes.

After checking that there was nothing wrong with the garden, I entered the house.

I turned the fire down a bit, just in case, and the cold energy turned around and it was dull. I hurriedly added more firewood.

Then I turned around and saw an unexpected sight.

Glittering powder of light was floating on the table. Hazel rubbed her eyes.

what?

I was surprised the moment I lifted the cloth.

The milk liquor made during the day had changed. Each bowl was frozen solid white.

Hazel's eyes widened.

“It has become ice cream!”

It was. This wasn't milk anymore. It turned out to be an ice cream made with milk, sugar and sherry.

None of the water or other food ingredients were frozen. It was really magical.

Hazel stared blankly.

Then I brought a spoon. I scooped up a spoonful of frozen milk liquor ice cream and put it in my mouth.

I was immediately amazed.

Couldn't have been sweeter than this. Even though I just ate a bite of ice cream, my heart melted as if I had become the main character in a fairy tale. My heart was filled with happiness.

Hazel took another spoonful of sparkling white ice cream.

But it was then.

I felt a strange omen.

It exploded before I could do anything.

“Ech!”

It was then that I realized

I've been in a cold place for too long. It was a little hot in the middle of going up the stairs. It was the perfect condition to catch a cold.

Hazel got up from the table.

Reaching out for the pilgrim's syrup I had stored in the cupboard, I thought for a moment.

Hopefully Valentine's Day... ... ?

It didn't seem like that.

Somehow, I couldn't imagine that he had a cold.

In fact, it was absurd that the only Grand Cavalier in the Empire caught a cold.

But at this moment.

As she wandered from place to place to deal with the last bit of work, Iskanda felt a little heavy.

But I thought it was because of fatigue.

After finishing his work, he went around the capital city center in a festive mood.

The imperial palace was also chaotic due to the sudden cold.

Guards in winter uniforms were patrolling. Silver buttons flashed on the knee-length overcoat.

Iskanda, as usual, swept past them. Without anyone knowing, he entered the king's bedroom.

There, he took off the disguise he had been working hard on all night long. He also took off the uniform of the Imperial Knights. With blonde hair and red eyes, she opened the door and came out.

The servants who had just entered the hallway were startled. He ran over and shouted.

"your Majesty! When did you return?"

"just now."

"Everyone is gathering in the Velvet Hall of the main building. Would you like to come?"

"no."

Iskanda replied briefly.

My body felt heavy and now my head hurts. After only hinting that he had returned, he went back to the bedroom.

There was still a muffled noise from outside.

Imperial Palace main building.

There were many velvet chairs, so the royal family were gathering and chatting in a banquet hall called Velvet Hall.

It was only a handful of the royal family. The Emperor was rude and most of them either died early or lived far away. It wasn't long after that.

The minister of the palace was busily roaming among them.

After living in the Imperial Palace for a long time, they are now like distant relatives. He is ignorant, nags a lot, and he thinks it will help him once in a while, but it doesn't help either.

They held him today and did not let him go.

“Where has your Majesty gone? I'm afraid I'm going to die If you're not coming, stay here. Because you are not afraid of ghosts.”

"Yes... .."

That was true.

After his wife died, the minister of the palace stopped being afraid of ghosts. Because if ghosts existed, it meant that I could see my wife again someday.

He pondered for a moment.

That was then.

"stop!"

The old lady's sharp scream rang out. It was Lady Pelmata, the great-granddaughter of the labyrinth explorer Archduke Nicholas.

The minister of the palace went to her quickly.

“Why?”

“I heard a scary story.”

Lady Pelmata said trembling.

“You said that Adrian, the Emperor’s illegitimate son, wasn’t actually dead? Apparently he was poisoned, but the body found was a drowning corpse. The body must have been fake!”

“Aren’t you fed up with that story? Adrian's body was real.”

“no! The real Adrian must still be rebelling somewhere. If Camilla the fox hadn't died, Adrian would have ascended the throne instead of our Majesty... .”

“Who said such nonsense?”

The minister of the palace clapped his hands to evoke the atmosphere. Lady Pelmata, who was overly excited, had to bring hot tea.

They were people I couldn't take my eyes off of.

After midnight, when ghosts were most active, the royal family barely found a place to sleep.

finally free

The Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications left the Velvet Hall without looking back.

I've been waiting for this moment

He left the main building and crossed over to the emperor's sleeping palace. He gestured to the guards guarding the hallway and cleared it.

“I have a secret meeting with your Majesty.”

"Yes."

It was a strange situation, but they left without thinking. Because the opponent is the minister of the palace. And tonight is a special night.

In the empty hallway, he pulled out a treasured item.

It was a key engraved with the symbol of the imperial family under a golden crown.

This was an item that had to be filled out with an inspector every time it was taken out. The excuses were already in my head.

The minister of the palace opened the door as secretly as possible through the techniques he had honed over the decades.

The grand golden door of the bedroom opened.

That's all he could do with his abilities.

As soon as you open the door, there will be a riot. At that moment, the 'Eye of the Hawk' technique must be raised to the limit. It is necessary to capture every questionable point exposed by His Majesty, who was attacked by defenseless raids.

The minister of the palace was firmly prepared and strode in.

However... . . . .

It was quiet.

Confused, he stopped.

Have you been out again?

That wasn't it.

There was a person in the bed. obviously abolished. He was asleep without knowing who had come.

The minister of the palace fell into suspicion.

This cannot be. It's not anyone else, it's Grand Cavalier. You can't sleep so defenselessly.

Is it also a trap?

He crept over and reached for His Majesty's bow.

This large bow was a treasure brought from the north. It was something I cherish so much that no one could touch it.

But even when I almost touched it, there was still no response.

sleeping is right

Unbelievable!

The minister of the palace called for joy inwardly.

It was an excellent opportunity. I quickly looked around.

I saw the gray cloak that His Majesty wore in stealth. I looked right away.

what fell off It was a piece of paper on which everything was written down. I opened it up and looked at it in the moonlight.

It was about the state of security in the capital. It was a record of thoroughly observing the entire area after clearing out the criminal organization to see if there was any other movement and for the festival time when everyone was relaxed.

"Eh... .."

Instead of the palace, it was cool.

You're just doing your job purely!

I put the paper back.

Actually, this was Iskanda's scheme. Even if no one knew about it, the minister of the palace couldn't have left like this. He was the type of person who had to break the stone bridge to release his character.

So after breaking up with Hazel, I really went on patrol. Anyway, I was going to go round it today. Then, just in case, I prepared another cloak and put a real patrol record.

His tactics really paid off.

But I didn't know that because I wasn't feeling well right now. I was just in a deep sleep.

In any case, the minister of the palace was not aware of such a story. Now I couldn't be more suspicious.

Then yes.

It was time to clear the doubt and just turn around.

“Collock!”

Suddenly, a low cough was heard from the side of the bed.

The minister of the palace paused abruptly. I rolled my eyes and looked back.

what?

His Majesty was tossed and turned. It looked like he was about to get up at any moment.

I can't.

He jumped in line. He got out of the door safely without being noticed.

"Phew... . . ."

The minister of the palace breathed a sigh of relief and organized his thoughts.

Unlike usual, he's drooping like that, and he's even coughing.

do you have a cold?

no. Her Majesty does not catch a cold. I put my ear to the door, thinking it couldn't be.

It was quiet even after waiting for a long time.

Did I hear it wrong too?

The minister of the palace tilted his head and turned around.

the next day.

Hazel woke up early in the morning.

Thanks to the pilgrim's syrup and a good night's sleep, I was able to catch the cold at an early stage. But it wasn't any better.

I got out of bed slowly. The air that touched my skin had changed again.

One night of winter is now gone. Although it was cooler than usual, the late summer weather seemed to return perfectly when the sun came up.

If you work hard all day today and sweat, the cold will drop.

Hazel opened the warehouse door. The farm animals were taken out and returned to their place. Then I opened the refrigerated cupboard.

Before I collapsed on the bed last night, I collected all the ice cream and put it in the coolest compartment.

The edges were slightly melted. However, it was in good condition because it was frozen through the witch's cold.

I was taking out the spoons according to the number of bowls, when someone knocked on the door.

“Miss Hazel!”

It was the voice of the minister of the palace. Hazel was puzzled.

What are you doing all of a sudden this morning?

The minister of the palace went right inside.

“Are you surprised? As I passed by, it felt like it had already happened.”

“Ah, it was. But why did you enter the palace so early?”

“I didn’t enter the palace early, so I didn’t go into the house at all.”

A yawn came out at the end of the speech.

“Sit down.”

Hazel lowered the kettle from the fire. The minister of the palace was soon offered a cup of hot chamomile tea.

Last night, he ordered tea to the royal family, but he couldn't even drink a cup of tea.

He inhaled a scent that comforted the mind. It was a time to forget all thoughts and take a break.

I looked around in a relaxed mood. A cloak with a hat stood out.

“Really, the Queen of Heaven told me that you went out last night?”

"Ah yes. We did some festivals.”

Hazel answered and pulled out a bowl. asked the minister of the palace.

“What else?”

“It’s milk-based ice cream. I originally made milk wine, but it was frozen.”

“Oh, is it? I haven't heard of anything frozen anywhere else. Baba Yaga must also be amazed at this small farm in the Imperial Palace.”

The minister of the palace looked at the ice cream with fun.

“Looks delicious!”

“If it’s early in the morning and you’re not on an empty stomach, I’d say try it. Not right now, I’ll bring it to you later.”

“Will it melt before then? Indeed, it is. How about borrowing Madame Dewberry's basket from the cooking contest? If you put it there, the food stays the same. I'm going to ask a servant to bring it to you.”

“Well then!”

Hazel exclaimed with a bright face.

That was the moment.

“Collock! Cologne!”

Suddenly, I screamed and coughed. The minister of the palace said, “Aigoo!” ' and hurriedly found the handkerchief.

Then it stopped.

what?

It wasn't just a cough caused by bad air. It was the cough of a person with a cold.

“Miss Hazel, do you have a cold?”

“I just have a bit of a cold. It must have been cold yesterday.”

The minister of the palace rolled his eyes once.

“Did you go out alone yesterday?”

"no... .."

Hazel frowned.

The minister of the palace did not inquire further. But inside, I thought it was strange.

As far as he knew, Hazel was the only person in the palace who caught a cold. Other than that, the only thing I heard last night was if the coughing sounded right, Your Majesty.

Miss Hazel went out yesterday with someone unknown. His Majesty also came and went.

Maybe the two of you didn't go out together?

He immediately countered the idea that came to mind.

What nonsense!

It was a conjecture and a leap. Would you say that with just one stain, you put the spotted puppy and the spotted calf in the same category? It was an absurd and childish idea.

But he was originally a thinker.

A common point that we discovered by chance gave us a new direction. It connected two people who had never even thought of connecting until now.

Even during the cooking showdown for the hero knights, while Miss Hazel disappeared, His Majesty's whereabouts were also unknown. You said you were locked up in a liquor store, but... . . . .

An unidentified person who helped Miss Hazel that day.

When I put His Majesty in the person's place, it fit perfectly. He seemed to have found a missing piece of the puzzle.

Unbelievable!

The minister of the palace said goodbye to Hazel and left. He called the attendant and told him to bring Madame Dewberry's basket to the farm. Then we headed to the headquarters of the Holy Flame Knights.

“Sir!”

Lewis sat at his desk and jumped up to greet him.

“I was going to go and ask. May I leak the news about the fall hunting contest to the newspapers?”

“Do whatever you want. Because it doesn't matter now.”

“Then what is important?”

"Louis doesn't usually talk a lot with Miss Hazel, do you? I think you might know something about that mysterious figure who's been secretly helping our farm girl... . . . .”

“No.”

Lewis got it right.

“Don't ask. Hazel made a oath of secrecy. So I will never say a word when I am not there.”

“Don't do that, please cooperate. I'm worried that he might be a strange person!”

It was true. If the lieutenant's guess is correct, it turns out to be a very strange person that I could not have imagined. My heart was pounding very hard right now.

Lewis looked at his complexion and felt more anxious.

I thought Hazel would do a good job, but I couldn't help but worry about it sometimes.

person who is abnormal? I'd rather be a human being!

Lewis decided to confide in Noh, who was just as concerned about Hazel's well-being as he was himself.

“Actually, it’s really award-winning. I did it with this cool head. First, no one knows the identity of the person in the Imperial Palace. Second, never show up in front of anyone other than Hazel. Third, it always appears suddenly and suddenly disappears. Fourth, it moves lightly as if it has no weight, and exerts superhuman strength that is impossible for a human being. Fifth, he wears the uniform of an imperial knight who now does not exist.”

She added with a worried face.

“Isn’t that also a ghost?”

It's also badass!

The minister of the palace was astonished.

He hid his identity so thoroughly that even his closest friends were unaware of it. But the more they dig, the more they find. The more I dig, the more it seemed to come out.

Oh My God... . . . .

He said to Lewis.

“It won’t be a ghost. Don't worry. And let's just bury this thing. Because that's good for Miss Hazel.”

"Yes?"

Lewis asked, confused.

The minister of the palace was not listening. I left the headquarters in deep thought.

His Majesty, disguised as an imperial knight, secretly meets Miss Hazel. I couldn't get out of this hypothesis at all.

But is that possible?

Even if Hazel was not interested in the emperor, he knew at least that blonde and red eyes were a symbol of the royal family.

But how could it have remained undetected until now?

I had to figure that out. Then, it was to go beyond the heart attack and grab the confirmation.

The minister of the palace worked hard to organize his thoughts. I was busy rolling my head, but at the same time, I was worried about another thing.

By the way, are you not feeling well?

Exploring the truth was important, but the basics should not be neglected. He hurried towards the main building of the Imperial Palace.

The mayor will be watching closely.

He was, of course, doing well.

The minister of the palace had called and ordered it early in the morning.

-I may be mistaken, but your Majesty may be in a place where you feel unwell. Today, I will follow you like a shadow and take a closer look. If you feel uncomfortable, you should take care of it quickly. When your Majesty shakes, the country shakes.

So the chief vassal followed His Majesty without missing a single moment today, and concentrated all his nerves and observed.

But nothing seemed wrong.

His complexion, tone, and gait were the same as usual. No signs of discomfort were found at all.

However, since the minister has ordered it, we must keep an eye on it.

The mayor gave more strength to the eyes.

“ . . . . . ”

Iskanda broke into a cold sweat as she received that gaze.

The valet was asking him once every 30 minutes if he had any discomfort. Each time, he simply replied, “No.”

But that wasn't the case.

I slept and woke up, but nothing improved. My head hurt and I felt sick to my stomach.

Maybe it's because I'm tired.

Iskanda persevered and continued looking at the report.

The state government was almost paralyzed since yesterday afternoon because of Baba Yaga's night. I had a lot of work to do, so it was decided to work overtime today.

Still, I was thinking of making some time and going to the farm. There must be some kind of medicinal herb to relieve fatigue.

Well, before that... . . . .

He was in thought.

After noon, the sun, which had been shriveled up, was hanging on the edge of tall trees.

Hazel paused in front of the cypress tree.

Afternoon sunlight gently spread from the treetops. Looking at him, he unconsciously fell into thought.

Then I calmed down and started walking again.

As the attendants of the detached palace had informed them, Princess Katarina and Prince Rowan were watching the swans on the shore of the lake.

“Hello, Lady Seonwang. Prince.”

Hazel greeted them warmly. Then he took out two bowls from Madame Dewberry's basket.

Prince Rowan's eyes lit up.

“What is it?”

“It’s the milk liquor I mentioned last time. I left it on the table last night and went out and it was frozen solid and turned into ice cream.”

“After all, there are always interesting things happening there!”

The queen was truly amazed. I've been through Baba Yaga's nights dozens of times, but never when milk freezes and turns into ice cream.

“I have tasted it and it is very sweet and delicious. Eat it before it melts. I have to go take it to the others as well.”

Hazel gave them two wooden spoons and then left.

The princess and the prince faced each other.

“Mom, I have never had ice cream before. This is my first ice cream.”

"okay. okay. Milk sake is also interesting, but it is milk sake ice cream! This is my first time doing something like this.”

The two hats were inflated with anticipation and scooped up ice cream with a spoon. "one two." and put it in his mouth at the same time.

At that moment, their faces changed strangely.

Prince Rowan swallowed the ice cream and said:

“Mother, this is... . . . .”

"Shh!"

The princess put her finger to her mouth. And with a puzzled face, he looked at the place where Hazel had disappeared.

Hazel took the basket and continued walking.

At the northern entrance of the great garden, I met some nice people again. They were Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne.

Cayenne asked, tilting her head.

"uh? Haven't you met Louise?"

"I haven't met you."

"I went to see Miss Hazel. I think the path is different."

said Lorendel.

"It's true, holy water. Even the things in the other temples in the capital were shut down because of Baba Yaga's night... .."

"Ah! right!"

Hazel exclaimed.

Then I forgot to tell the story. It almost made him seek holy water during the high elf's long life.

"really sorry. I was out of my mind and I blinked. Holy water is no longer needed. I know for sure that I am not a ghost."

"okay?"

They seemed very curious, but didn't ask any more. Siegwald said.

“Lewis is probably hovering around the farm.”

"thank you. Come on, have some ice cream here.”

Hazel pulled out three bowls from the basket and held them out. Cayenne asked.

“What ice cream is this?”

“I made milk wine that is good for a cold, but I left it on the table and it froze overnight. Very sweet and delicious. I'll go find Sir Lewis then.”

Hazel gave them three wooden spoons and turned around. The gunshot disappeared among the cypress trees lined up like pillars.

“That’s why ice cream was made... ..”

Lorendel looked at the milk liquor ice cream with a curious face.

Meanwhile, Cayenne had already poked her spoon into the white, shiny milky solid. Lorendel and Siegwald were also scooped out with a spoon and put in their mouths.

At that moment, everyone's expressions changed strangely.

“... ..”

The three looked in the direction where Hazel had disappeared with strange faces.

that time. The main office of the Imperial Palace.

Iskanda has finished reviewing and signing all documents relating to the government expenditure.

Of course, the next thing happened.

But my head was dizzy. I just wanted to go to a place where there were no bureaucrats or laws and just want to rest for a while.

"Previously... ."

He murmured and went down to the basement of his palace. I opened the door to one of the rooms and went in, looking at the crystal clumps filled with one side of the wall.

right then

After wandering around, Hazel finally met Louise in front of the garden water fountain. Lewis rejoiced as if he had found lost blood.

"Hazel!"

"Louis!"

It felt like I had to do the same. They held hands and waved for a while.

"Then why did you find me?"

"I am going to see Miss Christina. I'm going to give you a sneak peek at an article to the grateful reporter who saved my friend. The problem is I don't know where the newspaper is. let's go together!"

"like. Kitty will love it. There is even ice cream in this basket."

"Ice cream?"

“The milk liquor I made yesterday froze because of the witch’s cold. we eat together Everyone, even Sir Penny.”

The two went to the Seongpung Knights training ground with joy. I found Penny among the Catsie Knights who were laziing to their heart's content in the absence of the leader. We all got on a carriage and went to the Dawn Newspaper.

After getting the article, Kitty jumped and rejoiced.

“So you mean everything for the fall hunting contest has been decided? Thank you so much, Sir Lewis! We will publish the article as soon as possible. If this is the case, I will give my shoulders some strength for a while.”

“That’s about it.”

Vampires showed off their humanity like that today.

Kitty told the editor the story and left. We decided to have an ice cream party together.

I took a seat at a tea shop near the newspaper and sat down. As the four of us sat around the group again, it was fun before the car even came out.

“It feels so refreshing to run away like this after hanging out with your drab subordinates!”

Kitty took Lewis' words.

"that's right! Because we have to chat and eat delicious desserts like this from time to time. What was the last time you talked?"

“We talked about what a great man is.”

"AHA... . . . ."

A moment of silence passed.

"Hmm. I don't need them all, and I think I'm the coolest."

Lewis shrugged and said.

"that's right. It's nice to fall in love with a young, handsome marquis, but I think being a marquis is even better."

Kitty said too.

“Anyway, for me, it only means ecology observation. It doesn't matter if it's cool or not."

Penny said too.

Hazel looked at them with a puzzled look.

“Is it right to continue what we talked about last time? It's completely different, isn't it?"

“Yeah... . . . ."

Lewis shook his head and said.

“At the time, it was just a rough fit. It was one of my old dreams. Gathering with girlfriends and talking about romance!"

“Lewis, too? That's how I got it right!”

"me too. That was my dream.”

Penny and Kitty clashed.

but. Hazel wanted to do something like that at least once.

“That’s it. Actually, what are you looking for a nice guy for? We are the coolest.”

Lewis arranged it.

“But if you find someone you really like, it’s okay for the two of you to get along!”

Everyone burst out laughing. I thought it was a neat arrangement.

Then the car came out.

To not be too bitter, we ate black tea with salty biscuits and chatted.

And the time has come.

The tea warmed my body. The biscuit made my mouth salty. It was in perfect condition to eat ice cream.

“Is it finally time to taste today’s protagonist?”

Lewis looked at the basket in anticipation.

“You smell like milk and sherry?”

"that's right. It was originally milk. You make milk sake into ice cream and eat it! I didn't expect it to be so sweet and delicious. It is a gift from Baba Yaga."

Hazel took the bowls out of Madame Dewberry's basket.

Sparkling ice crystals settled on the creamy ice cream. Kitty had a ecstatic expression on her face.

"really pretty!"

"I will enjoy this food!"

Penny shoved the spoon in more quickly than anyone else. I put it in my mouth so quickly that I couldn't even see it. But the next moment, Penny's expression turned strange.

Hazel asked.

"why? Is it too sweet?"

"Oh, no. That's not it... . . ."

"Sir Penny! Are you on a diet? Not me!"

Kitty put the ice cream in her mouth. But it was the same. Kitty's face also changed strangely.

"what's the matter?"

Something was strange.

Hazel picked up the wooden spoon and tasted the ice cream.

And I was surprised.

It had no taste. Literally, there was no taste at all. A cold, soft mass simply melted away from the tip of his tongue.

“This is Baba Yaga’s prank. It took away the taste. Rumors of such a thing sometimes circulate among our fairies, but this is the first time I’ve seen it like this.”

said Penny.

“But it is surprisingly delicious even without taste!”

While Lewis was eating alone, Hazel was confused.

So, did you mean that you gave Princess Katarina, Prince Rowan, and Lord Lorendel and Sir Sigwald and Cayenne with tasteless ice cream?

But last night it definitely tasted sweet enough to melt your tongue.

If Baba Yaga took away the taste, it would have been like this last night. But why did the tasteless ice cream feel so sweet?

“... .. Hazel?”

Kitty called. But I couldn't hear it and I was lost in thought.

Then I jumped up.

Lewis looked at Hazel's bewildered face and said quickly.

"it's okay! Things like that happen, too! Because I am delicious!"

"no. That's not it... . . . I'm just going to try to think for myself."

Hazel nodded and walked out. My mind was completely elsewhere.

The three looked at Hazel's back with puzzled faces.

At that moment, Iskanda in the basement of the Imperial Palace finally picked up a crystal ball from the wall. I held it in my hand and looked closely.

It resembles the appearance of large and small oval masses sticking together.

It was the crystal most similar to Tiberius.

done.

He took good care of it.

After concentrating for a while, my head hurts again. His forehead was hot and his body was heavy. Iskanda hurried back to her bedroom.

That's weird. Are you going to be this tired?

Even in a dizzying state, his hands were familiar with disguise tools. Repeated over a dozen times, it was completely accustomed to the body.

After a while, he sneaked out of the palace building in the form of an ordinary knight. Without being noticed by anyone, they crossed the Imperial Palace garden, where the sun was just starting to set.

Give me this crystal ball we talked about yesterday, breathe in the refreshing air, eat farm soup and bread, and have a few silly conversations... . . . .

After that, the headache went away and I felt like I could go back to work.

But there was no Hazel.

Julia, with a long string tied up, was slowly chewing the hay she had brought from the stables of the Imperial Palace. The chickens in the coop were busy putting their heads together and pecking at the feed stuck in the crevices of the wooden floor. Tiberius was not interested in such things, so he went out to the wire mesh and wandered around.

They were all well in their place, but there was no owner of the farm. They pulled out only the overgrown weeds and disappeared somewhere.

Seeing that the bucket was full of water, I did not go to draw water. Seeing that the basket he always carried was placed in the cupboard, it was as if he had not gone to gather anything.

Where did you go?

I left the oven low without turning off the heat. It didn't seem like it went far.

Iskanda stood around the house and waited.

During this time, no other visitors came to the farm. But after waiting for nearly an hour, Hazel didn't come back.

I couldn't wait any longer.

Everyone will be looking for you because you are away from work while you are at work. You need to review what you want to review and reject what you want to return so that it can proceed.

Iskanda turned around. I left the farm with a sad heart.

Again, my head was throbbing. Holding back the headache, he quickly passed through the shadows and stopped. Suddenly, my throat tickled and I felt like I was about to burst out of cough.

what cough?

He raised his hand in amazement, wondering. His hands and sleeves were full of white dust. It looked very strange.

Come to think of it, I touched the crystal balls that had been adorning the wall for a long time without even wearing gloves. It was heartbreaking.

But actually, Hazel didn't even ask for it. I was just amazed at the fact that there were so many jewels in the house.

It was his choice to take it. It seems that he regrets not being able to come down from the top of the ancient ruins with a crystal resembling Tiberius.

It was strange.

Why do you care so much about every word and every action?

Another thought followed.

I've never been like this before.

Iskanda was stunned. It felt like my head was spinning.

It was. Never had anything like this before. I've never paid so much attention to every passing word or action.

But why all of a sudden?

why?

Hazel was also in deep thought.

“Lady, don’t you ride the carriage?”

“Where are you going?”

The drivers on either side were soliciting, but the sound could not be heard. I thought hard as I walked down the noisy street.

Why?

Why did the witch's prank on the ice cream, the tasteless chunk of ice, feel so sweet last night?

that is... . . . .

... . . because of your heart

The realization came almost at the same time in the minds of the two people who were far apart.

Why did the tasteless ice cream feel sweet?

The reason why I care so much about every passing word and every small action.

It's because for the first time someone came into your mind.

It was an embarrassing discovery.

Even if I wanted to deny that it couldn't be, I couldn't. Just like a seed blown by the wind secretly sprouted, it was taking root deeply in my heart.

Why did he say that then? Why did you act like that then? All the strange words and deeds up until now were finally understood.

I found someone I like.

Surprised by the belated realization, the two stood like that for a long time as if they were crazy.

At that time, there was a loud commotion in the Imperial Palace.

“Where are you?”

“Were you sure you were there a while ago?”

“Didn't you tell me where you were going?”

His Majesty the Emperor, who had gone to rest for a while, suddenly disappeared. Everyone struggled to find them.

In the midst of this commotion, the minister of the palace thought.

It is now!

Now was the only time to secure material evidence to support the heart attack.

He pulled out the emergency key once more. I stood for a moment in front of the portrait of the founding emperor and swore.

My only intention is to show allegiance to Your Majesty. It means nothing else.

Then he opened the door and went in.

After careful reflection, the chief's words caught my heart.

He said he saw His Majesty come out of the small annex to the bedroom. So I decided to open it up from there.

“ . . . . . ”

The moment the door opened, the minister of the palace was at a loss for words.

Bottles of holy water were piled up in the room. It was holy water consecrated by the priests in the Great Hall of the Imperial Palace.

Why are you doing this?

Something popped into my mind.

As Baba Yaga was preparing for the night, Lord Lorendel walked up to me and clearly said:

- I don't know where all the holy water from the Great Hall went! I asked for it somewhere else, but it was the night of the Baba Yaga, so I was exhausted... . . . .

This made it known

His Majesty had intercepted all the holy water. Don't let Lord Lorendel get it.

What was Lorendel trying to do with the holy water?

It was easy to understand by connecting with Lewis' words. He would have brought it to Hazel. Because holy water can exorcise ghosts.

They suspected that His Majesty was a ghost. So I tried to sprinkle holy water. Her Majesty prevented it.

why? What is the reason why you shouldn't receive holy water?

... . . . I see!

He finally got the hang of it.

Searching without knowing anything would have been like finding a needle in a haystack.

But he knew roughly what kind of thing he was looking for. A magic scroll that can be used multiple times, or a magic ring, necklace, jewel, or vial... . . . .

So I finally found it.

There was an empty book on the shelf. When I opened it, there was a hidden medicine bottle that seemed to have been developed by the wise men.

The minister of the palace tried to drop it on the back of his hand. There was no change.

Is it not to change the physique or appearance?

I dropped it on a feather fan in a pottery bottle once. Then the white feathers turned black.

“This is it!”

The minister of the palace had shouted without knowing it, but then quickly covered his mouth.

Finally got the proof.

His Majesty used this potion to disguise himself and visit the farm. Miss Hazel is not very interested in the Emperor's face, so she can only deceive her by hiding her blonde hair and red eyes.

The last riddle has been solved.

He put the potion back in place. He sneaked out of there before anyone could see him.

It was just when the door was closed and locked.

“Lysander.”

Someone quietly called from behind.

The minister of the palace thought he was stunned and passed out. I jumped and turned around and the Empress Dowager was standing there.

“The Empress Dowager! How to get here... . . .”

“I go to a farm farther away, can’t I come here?”

The Empress Dowager replied. Before anyone saw him, I took him to the small staging room right next door.

The Empress Dowager knew everything.

I had that thought at once. So he asked as soon as the door closed.

“When did you get the evidence?”

At that, the Empress Dowager sighed lightly. He laid down his authority and opened his mouth in a friendly and gentle tone, as if he were a friend.

“Lysander, think about it. What evidence do you need? My son teased me that much.”

“Your Majesty made tea? when?”

The minister of the palace realized while speaking.

Then, there was a scene that came to mind.

Not long ago, at the banquet of the heroic knights, there was one strange thing. Miss Hazel played an active role and, contrary to His Majesty's intentions, Henkel was defeated. Still, His Majesty had a smile on his face.

It was because he was so drunk that he lost his reason.

Lorendel said so.

I wondered if the discoverer said so. At the time, I thought it was just that.

Now that I think about it, it was also strange.

'What if I wasn't drunk?' When I thought about it, the answer was very obvious.

It was a happy face.

Of course. If it's been a waste of time to save Hazel so that he can come back safely... . . . .  
How do you feel about being so successful? I couldn't speak. How pretty and lovely would you be?

"haha... . . . ."

I was shocked and laughed out loud.

"I think it's time for me to retire. Why didn't I know that it was so obvious? no wonder. You said you've been ignoring your neighbor's farmer for too long. You must have been curious as your friends passed one by one. He wondered if she was a cunning evil woman like those who messed up the Imperial Palace in the past, but when she found out that it wasn't... . . . ."

The minister of the palace made an indescribable expression.

"Miss Hazel is a very fine lady. Even His Majesty couldn't help but fall in love with her."

"okay."

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

"I am crazy right now. It's just that I've never liked anyone that much, so I'm not aware of it."

“This is true. Finally, the young lady who has captured His Majesty's heart has appeared. For the first time in 22 years!”

The minister of the palace was soaked in a very strange feeling.

At this moment he realized. How much love he has for the Straw Hat lady who set up a small farm in the Imperial Palace. A warm feeling surged. He only wanted the good girl to be happy.

“What do you think, Miss Hazel?”

He mumbled a question.

“You probably don't like it. I've been helped so many times, so I'm sure you'll feel good. Heh heh, but this is... . He hates His Majesty so much, yet he has a crush on His Majesty in disguise. Even if things got twisted, didn't it get too twisted?”

“That's why Ys doesn't know what to do and is suffering like that, isn't it? The effort is virtual, but... . But he doesn't know the most important thing. A relationship that started dishonestly will eventually break down the moment you know the truth.”

“Yes. Yes. Your Majesty has kept the most important things a secret. This is too big a flaw. Miss Hazel still hasn't forgiven His Majesty, have you been secretly approaching him and building relationships? The moment you know the truth, you will be in a rage. As much as we had good feelings, the sense of betrayal would be great.”

He shook his head.

“Even so, does your Majesty not have a very strong competitor? The only thing in Miss Hazel's mind is farming. In itself, enormous difficulties are already expected... .”

After arguing like a complaint, I suddenly came to my senses.

Who is in front of you right now?

he got shy

“You were worrying unnecessarily. The Empress Dowager doesn't like Miss Hazel very much, does it? It must have been a long time since you marked it with a sense of embarrassment. Even if the situation has gotten so complicated, I'm sure you'll be able to solve it. You can make any number of plates in a way that covers your majesty's faults well.”

The Empress Dowager shook her head at those words.

"no."

"Yes? It's not... . . . .”

“It means you won't do that.”

The minister of the palace was surprised.

“No, didn't you like Miss Hazel?”

“That's not it.”

The Empress Dowager spoke with a serious face.

“If we use our hands to wrap the yase and, as Lysander puts it, ‘make a plate’, if we can all cleverly push it together so that they both work out... . . . . If so, I think we will be able to overcome the upcoming conflict as smoothly as possible. Anyway, when the king of a country clings to her with the determination to throw everything, as a 19-year-old girl, her heart is bound to be shaken.”

"sure. not like that What girl has never once dreamed of winning His Majesty's affection? What's more, Miss Hazel must have good feelings for some of His Majesty anyway... ... ."

"That's why it's a problem."

The Empress Dowager sighed again.

"How would you like it if it went well? What mother does not want her child with many shortcomings to be a good mate and live a comfortable life? So I looked at the girl out of curiosity. But that's it. How can I force myself to do it with only my greed in front? It's not anyone else, how can I, how I've lived through those years... ... ."

Her eyes were blurred. It was a look into the past.

"Love doesn't make everything beautiful. What if, after all, because of that love, you can't even open your dreams and your wings are broken? What if you are pushed into a world of responsibilities and obligations that you do not want? Even if two people truly love each other, once they start a family, the difficulties are endless. Normal families are the same, but what about the position of Empress of the Empire?"

She continued speaking slowly.

"I didn't know that. I didn't even have a chance to think. If I had known all these facts and had had the opportunity to think carefully about it, would I have accepted the person's proposal and held his hand that day? Did I really do that?"

"... ... ."

The minister of the palace was silently listening.

"Lysander, I can't let a girl like that walk the same path as me without knowing anything. I can never do that. Miss Hazel is someone who already has her own world. You must know what the future holds for you, the mighty being, the Emperor, the weight of it, the difficulties you will face, and you must make your own choices after considering everything. The way to be the happiest."

Another image was superimposed on the appearance of the Empress Dowager who spoke like that.

A long time ago, it was the appearance of a new empress wearing a white satin dress and a shiny crown, guided by the high priest, and entering the building. Her face, who was twenty at the time, was red in memory. With love for His Majesty the Emperor, with dreams and hopes for the future, my heart swells... . . . .

I will make sure that another girl does not follow the same path as me.

The Empress Dowager showed such a strong will.

“I didn't get it, so I want to give it to Miss Hazel. I want to give them the opportunity to make their own choices while navigating through conflict.”

At the words of the Empress Dowager, the minister of the palace slowly nodded his head.

Now I could understand. Knowing that a storm is coming soon, why does the Empress Dowager not want to get involved in this matter?

"Yes. All right. I also wish Miss Hazel to always be happy. I sincerely hope that no one pushes my back, no one is driven by my emotions, that I can always and always choose my own path.”

“Yes, Lysander.”

The Empress Dowager smiled brightly.

“Our job is not to do any tricks. It's just that you're always by my side. It's our job to give our little friend a warm hug so he doesn't get too hard.”

“Yes, yes. Not like that.”

The minister of the palace shook his head vigorously. A smile appeared on his face as well.

\* \* \*

Hazel opened her eyes.

The sunlight was different. The birdsong was different. The wind was different.

Actually, nothing really changed. Only the state of mind had changed. Hazel thought blankly as she lay down.

Yesterday, after all, Lord Valentine didn't come.

I returned home as the footsteps led me, and it was late at night. After tossing and turning for a while, I finally fell asleep.

Anyway, I'm glad he didn't come. He must have acted very strangely because he was nervous. Cooking dishes, or putting Tiberius in the cupboard.

Hazel lay on her arms crossed and continued to think.

I got a big realization yesterday and thought the world was turning upside down. But looking back, not much had changed.

Until yesterday, I was just doing farm work.

From today on, I start farming while I have someone I like.

That was the difference.

If there is one more meaning... . . . Later, when he became an old man and sat together on an outdoor balcony holding cider with the neighboring farmers, he said that if everyone talked about the past, he had something to talk about.

-When I was 19, I liked the knight who often came to our farm to play... . . . .

After thinking about it, it was a little strange that the knights often came to the farm to play. The background was the background, so I couldn't help it.

I'll have to change it to something like 'the neighboring farmer who often came to play'.

Hazel decided so. A lie like that would be forgiven.

As I thought about things like that, my complicated head was slowly organized.

'How do you treat Lord Valentine when he comes to play again? want to hide Or I just want to pass out.' This thought has been resolved. You have to drink cider and look back later, so you have to be alert.

Hazel got up Booth.

Once I got up, I was still numb. It felt as if I was walking on clouds.

As I procrastinated, I looked at the kitchen and was excited.

“Look at my mind!”

Hazel exclaimed.

There was a pile of eggplants in the corner of the kitchen.

Eggplant does not like places that are too cold. Store it in a place that is a little cooler than room temperature out of direct sunlight. If you wrap it in paper, it will rot quickly. Be careful not to come in contact with other vegetables such as onions or potatoes.

It was still in good condition due to keeping these things.

But if you leave it like this, it will all be damaged sooner or later. When the purple brilliance flashes, you need to take it to the market and sell it. That's the way for these branches.

Hazel took out the basket. I picked out a few branches to show as samples.

Then I remembered again.

"Ah! I'm really out of my mind!"

had completely forgotten I had to return Madame Dewberry's basket I had borrowed from the Imperial Palace.

When I thought of the tasteless ice cream, my face heated up again.

But even those moments can later be pleasantly reminiscent of sitting on the balcony outside and drinking cider.

Those thoughts helped to calm my mind.

Hazel took a few deep breaths. After a while, my mind calmed down, and I took two baskets and left the house.

"... .. your Majesty. your Majesty?"

Iskanda came to his senses.

For a moment, my head throbbed again. The heat seemed to rise.

Yesterday, I was standing idly in the palace garden, and I can't remember when and how I got back.

How did you undress and go back to work? how did you work I couldn't remember everything. There was only one thought in my mind.

What kind of fate is this?

He did not believe in fate. But for this moment, I thought that maybe there really is such a thing in the world.

That's how I tried to chase you away. Then at some point did you fall in love? I? Neighbor's troublesome adversary?

It felt like the world was turned upside down.

No, it's really overturned. It was because of vertigo.

Iskanda rubbed her forehead.

I'm thinking about something important, but why am I so unwell? Besides, why is there so much work? I want to run away... . . . .

Hazel's face lit up in front of him.

I guess I really did something big.

he thought blankly.

Then someone called again.

"your Majesty!"

When I looked up, it was Joshua, the official of the palace.

"The head of the Metropolitan Police Department said he has something to report to in a quiet place. Where do you want me to come?"

"Ah."

Iskanda managed to catch up.

"Tell me to come to the balcony on the third floor."

At that time, Hazel was also meeting the palace officer.

"thank you. Very well written."

I returned Madame Dewberry's basket and was about to turn around, but Cecil, the palace official, was curious about the other basket.

"Are you going to go there?"

"Oh, right."

Hazel showed me the inside of the basket. The purple branches were very plump and plump.

“Why did you bring the eggplant? I'm sure you're not going for a walk because you're bored, are you?”

“Cecil is very imaginative! I'll take it to the market and show it as a sample. It is said that you must have permission to sell at the stall.”

“Are you seated?”

Cecil gave him a puzzled look.

“What are you bothering about? That branch has been a hot topic here. If it were me, I would sell it here in the Imperial Palace.”

"Yes? Can I do business in the Imperial Palace?"

Cecil realized his mistake.

“Of course not. But you could make a sales contract. That’s in the realm of social conversation.”

"AHA... . . . thank you."

Hazel said goodbye and turned around.

Come to think of it, when he first came here, Cecil of the palace ran to kick him out, but sooner or later, they became friends with each other, exchanging life information. I was happy with that fact.

When I came out of the main building, aristocratic men and women looked at me.

This was one of the recent changes. Everywhere I went, there were people screaming.

“Miss Mayfield! How are you?”

Some even greeted me like this.

Hazel decided to try the words of the palace officer, Cecil.

“Yes, yes. But now I'm trying to sell the eggplant. Are you interested?”

As soon as the words were finished, the response came.

The people we were chatting with turned around. A few people who were nearby rushed over to me.

“Are you talking about eggplants that you grew on your own on the lady's farm? I'm interested. What do you think the price is roughly?”

Hazel looked at the businessman who was making the offer too seriously. Something was strange.

"Wait. Where are you going to buy these branches and use them?"

“I'm going to use it as a promotional product.”

"Yes? It's ridiculous. These are eggplants grown for eating. It cannot be sold unless it is used for cooking.”

Hazel beat them all.

But soon he was surrounded by more people. Everyone has been begging you to sell the branch to yourself. It was a polite but persistent request.

how do i get out

That was then.

"what's going on?"

who has approached

I turned my head to look at him, and it was a tall, blond young man. The face was not unfamiliar.

Hazel smiled broadly in delight.

“Marquis Lanley!”

Then, Iskanda came out to the balcony.

My head hurt so much. It felt like I had to get some outside air anyway. He leaned against the railing and took a moment to catch his breath.

Suddenly, Hazel's face appeared in front of her again.

I wanted to finish it quickly and go to the farm. It was only the mind.

While I was doing this, I heard Hazel's voice from somewhere. Iskanda shook her head. But the hallucinations did not go away.

It's really serious.

Iskanda lowered her gaze involuntarily.

found at that moment. It wasn't a hallucination, it was real. There was Hazel down there. But he wasn't alone.

His eyes widened.

Hazel was now with some young noble man. They were standing face to face and talking. The man was a man he knew well.

Marquis Arthur Lanley... ... ?

Iskanda looked down with a bewildered eye.

The Marquis Lanley was a loyal servant. He was single, owned a huge fortune, and was one of the most popular bridesmaids in the social world.

He was conversing with Hazel without even paying attention to his surroundings. I could tell just by looking at his face.

Arthur Lanley could only see Hazel. I paid all my attention, focusing on even the smallest movement. He looked like he was desperate to win Hazel's favor no matter what he did.

And Hazel... ... eyes shone brightly. face was blushing. It was a look on his face that was not at all wary of the man standing in front of him. It was completely different from when I was an opera singer. It was a face full of affection for anyone to see.

Iskanda's eyes seemed to darken.

How could this... ... !

I realized it in a big shock. I thought I was wrong.

It was a life that always kept something. I figured it would be the same this time. I thought I just had to do my best to keep it. But it wasn't.

-What is not true from the beginning cannot last forever.

The phrase in the mirror hit his head.

I knew I had made the wrong choice. You can't do anything with a fictional character. Even if you think you've been caught, you can leave sooner or later. just like this

should have told the truth

no. It's not too late now. It's so sudden, but still... . . . .

he hurriedly shouted.

"Wait a minute... . . . ."

There the words stopped. The voice no longer came out. As soon as I turned around, my head was spinning.

The floor came close in front of me. Just before the crash, someone jumped out and grabbed him. It was the servant chief who was hiding behind the curtain.

Following the orders of the Minister of the Interior, he watched His Majesty secretly today. Outwardly, there seemed to be nothing wrong, but he did not slow down the tension.

Sure enough, you're going to fall like this!

"your Majesty!"

He was startled and quickly blinked at the running attendants.

“Want to see the whole imperial palace upside down? Please don't make a fuss and let's go inside quietly.”

“Oh, yes.”

They secretly took His Majesty, who had lost consciousness, inside.

At that time, Hazel had just separated from the Marquis of Lanley and was leaving. Then suddenly I felt a strange feeling and stopped.

It was as if he had just heard the voice of Lord Valentine.

He looked around, but he was nowhere to be seen. When I thought about it, it seemed that the voice was coming from the sky.

Now I hear all the hallucinations.

Hazel blushed and returned to the farm.

The branch has just withered a bit from needlessly delaying time. I had to exchange it for something else to bring to the market.

Let's make gratin with this.

Hazel took the eggplant out of the basket and washed it clean.

That was then.

A knock was heard on the open door.

When I went out, I saw a young lady. She was dressed in a dress with tiny flowers and a thin lace shawl.

She greeted me with a friendly face.

"Hello. I am the Countess Manfreddy. I stopped by while passing by and wanted to ask you something about the trees in our mansion garden. If it's okay with you, can you spare me a moment?"

"Ah!"

Hazel frowned.

"sure. Come in."

She folded her parasol. Hazel looked up casually and found it. Inside her lace glove, her right little finger was empty.

"I stopped in an accident when I was young... .."

At his wife's words, Hazel realized that she had made a huge mistake. face became hot

"I'm so sorry, Countess Manfreddy."

"Call me Diane."

"Yes, Diane."

Hazel led her inside.

13. A secret taste bitter than ginger or thistle

. It is wonderful to have a field in front of the house.

I went for a walk, and the basket was full of eggplants, tomatoes, and all kinds of herbs. I also picked up a pumpkin.

The empty basket became heavy.

You seem to have done the greatest thing in the world. I'm full even if I don't eat anything. I feel the reward of sweating and my heart feels proud... . . . .

It was my turn to feel that way.

But today I couldn't. Even though it was full of desirable fruits, I couldn't focus on that fact.

Hazel's mind was full of questions.

what? What is it?

He wrinkled his forehead and looked towards the fence.

After a lot of hard work, I finished the preparations. I'm more confident that I can treat Lord Valentine as casually as he can if he comes to visit me. If you want to jump, jump on it. It felt like that.

However... . . . .

he didn't come

A man named Sir Valentine was originally shrouded in mystery. It appeared suddenly and suddenly disappeared.

Even so, it was a bit odd this time around.

As we parted from the ruins, he clearly agreed to meet again. Once spoken, there was no way to break it.

Isn't that weird?

Hazel turned her head and looked up there.

A magnificent palace towering high over the trees in the great garden.

The atmosphere there was also a bit strange.

I couldn't pinpoint exactly what was odd. But even if others didn't know, there was something that was felt in the neighbor's house.

The palace was different from usual.

What's going on?

I was curious, so I couldn't get my hands on it. Hazel eventually came out after rushing to take care of only the farm animals.

When I came around the main building of the Imperial Palace, it was definitely strange. Contrary to usual, several elderly palace officials were gathered around.

It wasn't serious at all.

I looked around and saw a familiar person. It was Illina, the palace official. She, too, just saw this side and made a friendly face.

“Miss Hazel!”

“Hello, Illina.”

Hazel approached her and asked.

“The atmosphere is different from usual, is something happening in the Imperial Palace?”

"actually... . . . .”

Illina lowered her voice and whispered.

“The Emperor has been overworked, so he is going to rest for a few days.”

“Your Majesty the Emperor?”

Hazel was surprised. I knew what was going to happen, but it was unexpected.

“Are you surprised? I was surprised too. In fact, he took care of state affairs every day without taking a vacation. Even when subjugating barbarians, he was often absent, so there is an emergency system in place. Still, it is unavoidable that there is a slight delay in processing the work. What's going on?”

“Oh, no. I didn't come here for some reason.”

Hazel turned around.

His Majesty the Emperor is resting from overwork. So, was that what kept Lord Valentine immobilized?

With worried eyes, he looked up at the palace where the emperor was staying.

Beneath the ceiling, where golden decorations gleam dazzlingly.

Iskanda, lying on the bed, was in doubt.

Why is my body doing this?

The first thing that came to mind was Seongsu.

They deliberately reversed their natural defenses to take temporary measures. In the aftermath, the function of the body may have been twisted for a while.

But that wasn't the only thing.

There was something before that. he missed it It was very small, cunning and evil.

The figure of a criminal wolfhound suddenly came to mind.

I had to drive out this little, evil energy. But no matter how hard I tried, it didn't work.

Another scene flashed before my eyes.

It was Hazel talking to Arthur Lanley affectionately.

I tried to get it out of my head, but the scene kept coming back to me.

What stupid thing have I done?

Every moment was urgent. I wanted to get up right away. But the body did not move.

Iskanda felt a pounding headache again.

A muffled voice could be heard around.

While Lorendel, Lewis, Siegwald, and Cayenne all watched, the imperial physician finished the examination.

“I think it’s been a few days. It is truly amazing to see the government with such a body.”

Silence passed. No one responded.

After coughing, the doctor raised his voice and spoke again.

“I think it’s been a few days. It is truly amazing to see the government with such a body.”

"Ah."

Then everyone paid attention.

The doctor, Matteo, was the most insignificant man in the Imperial Palace. Everyone called him 'The Invisible Man' Matteo.

Although the original impression was blurry, it was not to this extent. As he took over as the new emperor's doctor, his presence strangely faded and disappeared from people's memory.

I did just that.

The Grand Cavaliers did not need a general physician. No disease, no poison. However, it was not that he had to suffer trauma from taking care of the state affairs.

In addition, Iskanda was very bothered by routine check-ups. I postponed it, delayed it, and postponed it again saying that there was nothing wrong with my body.

Even the attending physician could only see His Majesty without permission. Therefore, his place in the Imperial Palace was getting smaller day by day.

As if the presence had disappeared, the attending physician had to speak twice.

“I told you earlier when the Empress Dowager came, but it seems to me that your Majesty’s bodily functions were running smoothly and then twisted for a while.”

“Why?”

Cayenne asked.

The doctor swallowed the saliva.

Surrounded by the Holy Knights Commanders, who are His Majesty's closest associates, to undergo a medical examination. The pressure was indescribable. His small chest was pounding.

But it wasn't out of fear.

Since the days of the Crown Prince, Iskanda has hated stalking and stalking those below him if something happens.

In particular, during the Emperor's Era, even when the emperor coughed, the royal doctors were dragged away and severely punished. He found it very disgusting.

So, I appointed this timid man as my doctor and gave the order in advance.

-If something goes wrong with my body, don't punish me even if my doctor doesn't know about it. Because I am the only one in the Empire with a unique constitution.

The doctor's hand, as he recalled the incident, trembled in a different sense, not in fear.

You can't lose such a good employer.

So he worked hard to prepare.

They could not be approached in the same way as ordinary people. So I went looking for articles that had reached a certain level. Through a tool such as a stethoscope, they learned how to read the flow of their unique energy.

“I think it is... ..”

“... ..”

“Hmmm! I think it is!”

“Oh, I'm sorry.”

When everyone paid attention, the attending physician explained.

“There may be multiple causes for this symptom. To be honest, it's so complicated that I don't even know. I can only guess one thing. Your Majesty has been deeply traumatized recently.”

“A psychological shock?”

All the commanders of the Holy Knights asked in amazement.

"Yes. So many complex symptoms suddenly exploded and he collapsed like this. But don't worry too much. Your Majesty will rise soon."

He said, pointing to each part of the patient.

“First of all, my heart is beating very fast because I am not feeling well. It is an expression of strong will to overcome shock and get up quickly. All body functions are good, and circulation and blood condition in the body are very good. Let me rest and you'll be up and running quickly."

“Then I’m glad... . . .”

Sigwald frowned slightly.

“What are some of the things that are going to shock you? What the hell are you doing all by yourself?”

“How would we know that? I don’t show my face even once in the break room or in the conference room.”

Lewis replied.

Everyone looked down at Iskanda, who was lying on the bed. Then Lorendel suddenly noticed something strange.

“Where did it go? It looked like that strange seed that I had hung around my neck all the time.”

“Ah, the wise man’s stone?”

Cayenne looked up at Iskanda's head. He was wearing an unusually baggy, loose-fitting robe, with nothing around his neck.

“It really isn’t. Did you not carry it around as a treasure?”

“When did you take it off?”

Everyone thought it was strange and whispered. Then, all of a sudden, I felt an intense gaze.

was the attending physician. He couldn't say anything and looked at me with a sad face.

"Oh right. you need to calm down Then we will go out."

“Anyway, when your Majesty wakes up, we can hear more details.”

They left the bedroom.

After a few steps, Lewis suddenly stopped.

"for a moment. It’s stable, but aren’t there experts in the field that we know well?”

"Ah!"

Everyone immediately remembered.

“Certainly Miss Hazel would be a better nurse than any other elf.”

“It would be the best thing in the world.”

said Lorendel and Cayenne.

“It might be a good opportunity.”

Siegwald also helped.

Although the words were short, everyone understood what it meant. Lorendel nodded.

“Now is the time to gradually improve the relationship. If we just dodge each other and avoid each other, maybe this will be a good opportunity.”

“Even if there is no compromise, Hazel has made many achievements so far. Besides, if she gets better care and gets better, Ys will have no choice but to bow down and go in.”

Cayenne was also optimistic.

"right? How great it would be if that were the case!"

Lewis exclaimed eagerly.

“But the problem is Hazel. Nursing the Emperor who hates him so much. What if they hate us too?”

“It will not be.”

Lorendel shook her head.

“Miss Hazel likes to look after poor people. look at this how pitiful Let’s talk for a moment.”

“Ask your doctor first.”

Siegwald said.

He was right. They went back to the attending physician.

“What if the lady of the palace salon, who had knowledge of folk remedies, was next to her doctor and helped her with nursing? What do you think? If you feel uncomfortable, you can of course refuse.”

At Lorendel's polite and careful question, the attending physician, Matteo, thought for a moment.

He knew what kind of person they were talking about.

After hearing about Unicorn Windsong or Prince Rowan, I was still curious. He felt that collecting all the knowledge in the world was not enough to treat a customer with the only constitution of the empire.

“Are you uncomfortable? Even so, a caregiver was needed. Maybe she can come up with a good way to share her thoughts with me.”

“Is that so?”

The four friends exchanged glances with meaningful faces.

Now it was up to Hazel's will.

The commanders of the Holy Knights went straight to the farm. Hazel listened to what they said and learned the situation.

“So, your Majesty the Emperor is not really resting, but suddenly collapsed?”

“The doctor said it could happen soon.”

Lewis said quickly.

“He said that if you help him calm down, he could wake up faster... . So we ran like this. Of course you wouldn't like it. you'd hate it But aren't Miuna Gouna His Majesty the Emperor of this country? It seems that the balance in the body is broken, but I was wondering if there was anything I could do to make you feel a little more comfortable. Of course I don't like it... .”

Her voice was getting smaller.

Hazel thought.

Of course, His Majesty the Emperor was afraid. It was burdensome and uncomfortable. As much as possible, I wanted to finish the rest of my life peacefully, without face-to-face contact.

But in that moment, Lord Valentine's face came to mind.

I remembered the conversation we had at the top of the ruins. When the emperor asked if he hated it so much, when he answered honestly, he had a hurt face.

Of course, he still wasn't relieved. It was still sad to think of the emperor's reckless attempt to expel him.

But now I'm in pain. Because he is a precious friend of the commanders of the Holy Knights. Wouldn't it be nice to bend over and enter even if you don't like it?

Maybe Valentine's Day is there too. If so, how surprised and delighted would you be to see Hazel coming in?

After that thought, I made up my mind.

Hazel replied.

"then... . . . I have a desire to see His Majesty."

"Really?"

Everyone was surprised. And rejoiced.

"It's nice too! Your mind is like an angel!"

Lewis grabbed Hazel's hands and shook them. The reaction was so loud that Hazel became embarrassed.

"After all, he's such a special person, so I don't think I can do anything. Your Majesty must get up on your own, as the doctor said. I'll just stand by the teacher and help you with mental and physical stability. Don't expect too much."

"I'm happy though."

Lorendel smiled. I was thankful that I gave it to you like this, even though you obviously didn't like it.

All of them had such a strong expression on their faces. Hazel found their reaction amusing.

"Even if you are usually face-to-face, when you are sick, you are worried with one heart. I guess they really are like brothers."

“We grew up together since we were young. It can be said to be the object of love and hatred.”

said Cayenne.

When I was young... . . .

Hazel suddenly noticed something strange.

“By the way, the lifespan of each race is different, isn't it? But how can we grow up together when we were young and be of the same age? I don't think that's possible, especially with elves... . . .”

“It just makes you think it's weird.”

Lorendel answered.

“Actually, being born to a high elf doesn't mean much. Would you say that it sleeps like a very old tree and then wakes up for a moment? I also fell asleep and woke up as a baby when Ys was born. to live another life. The elder brought me to the imperial palace.”

“So are we. After coming to the capital, we grew up together as a playmate for the Crown Prince. It seems natural, so I never really thought about it... . . . I think it's just because Ys is special.”

Cayenne supplemented.

Does the Grand Cavalier also affect the growth of other races?

It felt strange. I wanted to ask a little more, but the knights commanders all seemed very busy.

I was actually busy. When Hazel agreed, they were in a hurry.

“Then I will tell the Empress Dowager about this and get the final approval.”

said Lewis.

The Fairy of Farming would, of course, approve. However, since it was a matter related to the safety of His Majesty the Emperor, the procedure had to be completed perfectly. There were still many anti-peasants in the Imperial Palace.

They left the farm and hurried to the main building of the Imperial Palace.

The office was the emperor's only space. So the small exhibition room right next to it became a kind of emergency headquarters.

When the Empress Dowager heard the news that her son had collapsed, she was terribly surprised. It was only after listening to the doctor's explanation that he calmed down.

It's a psychological shock. It seemed to have something to do with Hazel. It was my mother's feeling.

After all, is it some sort of corporal?

In any case, the government was the problem. She was forced to break her oath to step back and crossed over to the main building of the Imperial Palace. While using the minister of the palace as a secretary, he gathered wisdom with high-ranking officials.

“Can anyone decipher what this means?”

When she held up her son's handwritten note, the Paladin commanders arrived there.

“Come here.”

Lorendel begins deciphering his friend's handwriting. Meanwhile, Lewis stepped forward and said.

"Empress Empress Dowager, I heard you said that if Ise calms down, she can get up sooner?"

"He said yes."

"So we thought about it. What if Miss Mayfield, who runs the salon in the palace, helps her with nursing?"

The Empress Dowager and the Minister of the Interior were tense for a moment.

They decided never to touch the two of them. I decided to let it flow naturally.

The Empress Dowager asked without saying anything.

"What is your doctor's opinion? Now that the attending physician is in charge of his treatment, wouldn't his thoughts be more important than ours?"

"We have already asked, and the doctor immediately agreed. It may be of some help to His Majesty."

"i See. Matteo is a prudent and meticulous person, so I'm sure he made good judgments on his own. But didn't that Miss Mayfield disagree with His Majesty over the exercise of property rights?"

"That's why I went there and asked in advance. Ms. Mayfield also said she was willing to cooperate."

It looked like it had been thoroughly prepared. The Empress Dowager and the minister of the palace exchanged glances.

“Then let me do it. When it is not easy to find a solution to a disease, getting help in various fields is... .. It’s an old practice.”

“Yes, Empress Dowager.”

The commanders of the Holy Knights responded with bright faces.

After they said goodbye, the minister of the palace went to the Empress Dowager. whispered into her ear.

“I think things are going to be like this. Miss Hazel will only find out who she is when she goes to His Majesty's bed. It might surprise you, but isn't it so merciful? Seeing you suffer like that, I can't be mad at you. It seems to work out this way.”

"Well... .."

The Empress Dowager did not speak katabuta. However, his face, which had been stiff due to the sudden administration of the government, was relieved a little. I swore I'd never force myself to intervene, but I was like, 'Are things going to work out?' I couldn't help but have a subtle expectation.

Anyway, it's something to watch.

“Come on, let’s work.”

The Empress Dowager picked up the interpretation note that Lorendel had written down.

Finally, he meets his Majesty the Emperor in person.

The thought of that made Hazel nervous and unbearable.

I could forget the tension while watering the fields, pulling weeds, and checking for pests and diseases. But as soon as the job was done, I became restless again.

From what I heard, the Emperor's Majesty was so special that it was not easy to treat him.

What can the farmer do in this case?

To be honest, I had a meeting.

Anyway, the balance was broken, so I first thought of the gnome egg.

The mushroom, which grows on a dead pine tree, was, of course, a good medicine for humans as well. The northern peoples said it was regarded as a treasure.

Come to think of it, there is one Grand Cavalier in the north.

According to stories I heard as a child, it was. He was one of three known to the world.

That fact has nothing to do with the gnome's eggs, but after thinking about it, shall I say something?

Hazel pulled out a piece of paper.

In order to tell a story, we need data.

Organizing plants was one of Hazel's favorite hobbies. As I was writing about the gnome's eggs, I suddenly heard a knock on the door.

are you open?

I wondered and went out.

A woman wearing a parasol was standing there. It was Dianne, Countess Manfredy, who had recently started visiting the farm.

“Who did it? Welcome, Dianne!”

Hazel greeted her.

The Countess, who always wears a floral dress, has been busy decorating the garden these days. As I sat down on the chair at the table, I immediately brought out the flower story.

“It’s September and I’m planning to plant more perennials while the ground is still warm.”

"okay?"

Hazel chatted with her. Chrysanthemums to fill the empty space in the garden, daffodil bulbs that are good to plant now... . . . .

After chatting happily, I got up to bring a snack. Then Dianne looked at the paper on the table.

“What is this? Is it an autumn crop to plant in the field?”

“Ah, I just have a separate use for it.”

Hazel put the paper away. This was the material to show to the emperor's doctor. Even the neighbors who came to chat, it didn't seem like a good idea to show them.

“It’s nothing. It’s just academic.”

Having said that, I prepared the car again.

Then, suddenly, my shoulder hurt. I felt something popping.

Hazel turned around in surprise.

Dianne suddenly came and stood behind her. He raised one hand and looked surprised.

“The bug was stuck and I was just trying to get rid of it. I have been working hard in the garden lately, so my hands are a little dry.”

Then he smiled with a sad expression on his face. Hazel was rather apologetic.

“I must have washed my hands too often. I have some marigold oil left, can I give you some?”

“Oh, marigolds! I think I'll make some oil by picking marigolds from the yard before the frost hits. Planted in a sunny place, how desirable it is... . . .”

The two talked for a long time about growing marigolds.

After having a good time, Dianne left the farmhouse.

“Then see you next time.”

"Yes. come again."

Hazel smiled and said goodbye to her. Crossing the farm and looking behind the fence as he stepped out of the fence, he tilted his head for a moment.

Conversation is really fun. Strangely, sometimes I feel like I'm out of focus.

Countess Manfredi, Dianne, left the palace in an instant.

I quickly walked along the bumpy sidewalk on the wheels of the wagon. Then, he orthodoxy collided with a worker who was distracted by the conversation.

"100 million!"

The worker looked at him with wide eyes. But she never looked back.

The paw that was walking straight ahead, looking straight ahead, kicked the cat. The cat screamed and was about to scratch. But she walked away without even paying attention.

The smile that appeared on his face while he was talking to Hazel was gone. There was no emotion on his face.

Diane continued walking down the shady sidewalks of Hargreaves, which were always wet. I stumbled into one of the pink, sky blue, or green houses that lined the road.

The servants guarding the entrance turned aside.

She walked up the wooden stairs. The maids standing in front of the large door on the second floor opened the door.

Several people were sitting around the curtained room. All were nobles.

They were looking at a man now.

If Hazel had seen this man, he would have felt paralyzed.

His facial features were distorted and his head was ragged. Even though he looks like a human, he doesn't feel like a human. It resembled the bizarre monsters that guarded the wasteland of the wasteland.

This is Abbas Mamon, the owner of Mamon Top, who was behind the kidnapping.

He saw Dianne coming in and put the pen down.

“You are back.”

Dianne didn't answer and sat down on the purple sofa. There was still no expression on his face.

The nobles gathered here looked at her with interest. One of them said abruptly.

“It's nice to be quiet, at least this time.”

“The benefits don't end there.”

Abbas Mamon looked at the wall over the desk.

There were several portraits attached to it. Three of them were marked with red cross marks. It was opera singer André Delgado, the Baroness Fiorenti, who observed the labyrinth mushroom dissection, and a wolfhound.

When the nobles saw it, they became angry and talked about it again.

“How much effort went into planting our people in the social world! You've already blown away three in vain! Wolfhounds in particular were quite useful!”

“How much have you lost already? I will go up to 10,000 gold like this!”

“Life and death depend on this business! That cute little girl is sure to get in the way again!”

“If the cops smell anything like this, everything they’ve been doing will be in vain!”

Abbas Mamon silently beckoned the maid.

The maid came with a strange, borderless mirror. She put it on Dianne's lap, who was sitting like a doll.

After a while, an image appeared in the mirror.

It was the data on the gnome eggs that Hazel had organized. It disappeared as smoke and changed into a different form.

It was a blurry shape, but it was recognizable. It was the appearance of a knight who almost covered his body with a black cloak.

“You got it right.”

Abbas Mamon smiled contentedly.

“Look at this. He's the one who rescued that bastard that night. I finally got to see at least part of my face! No matter how hard I tried, there was no information. They are moving in secret while completely hiding their identity. this should be it You can get rid of it very easily using this.”

“How do you mean?”

“What is the surest way to get rid of people? There's only one, right? It’s a charge of treason.”

Silence passed. They all swallowed their saliva and looked only at Mamon's mouth.

“Holy Knights Commanders? Empress Dowager? It's no use no matter who looks after your back. Even if you are a member of the Imperial family, your neck is blown off. It's just that the allegations are raised. Any amount of evidence can be created. By the time the truth is revealed, it must have been too late.”

Abbas Mamon glanced in the mirror.

“Even though there is a helper, I am in a position where I can't even reveal my identity... .”

He leaned back in his chair and smoked a pipe.

“Well, would you like to be a different person?”

\* \* \* As

is the case with members of the royal family actively involved in politics, Grand Duchess Athena had several shrewd sources.

After Iskanda's fall, she locked herself in the Great Temple. Thousands of candles were lit and wished for a speedy recovery.

Then I heard the news.

"what? Did the farmer take care of His Majesty? No! no!"

Athena forgot that there were priests and shouted out loud.

Even if it wasn't, I put a wedge into the charm that was getting more and more annoying. Now was not the time to pray.

She took off her robe and jumped up. Mrs. Branches, the handmaiden, asked in surprise.

“Where are you going?”

“I am the one who will take care of you! I will do it!”

“But, Grand Duchess, don't you have no knowledge of herbal medicine? You've never even healed a foal.”

“Then I will meet the lady and tell Her Majesty not to go. According to the law!”

“Oh no, no!”

The handmaiden seated the Grand Duchess back.

“That is against the law. Ms. Mayfield is free to go in and out of the Empress Dowager's salon. If we met in the hallway, I had to say hello first.”

She snorted timidly.

“Until now, the Grand Duchess has completely ignored her. But now, you cannot come suddenly and give instruction. How is this any different from the socialite fighters? The reputation she had built up so far as the wisest and most elegant girl in the Empire was blown away at once. The Grand Duchess, who is the Emperor's niece and His Majesty's cousin, who has everything, is jealous of the owner of the farm?”

“Not jealous!”

Athena beat her chest in frustration.

“Anyway, I hate it! I really hate it! Of course, your Majesty won't even bother, but I don't even want anyone to get so close!”

She bit her lip and said to the maid.

“I want to meet my wife’s younger brother.”

Now!

The waitress sighed inwardly.

Her younger brother, Kerual, was quick-witted and good-natured. When the Crown Princess misunderstood and pushed Hazel, she helped Hazel and gave her advice to recruit her here.

At that time, the Grand Duchess missed the golden hour while floating around.

It looks like you don't want to miss it this time.

The maid whispered secretly to the servant maid.

After a while, a slender lady with reddish brown hair came in.

She looked so young that the word “wife” was awkward, and she was a woman who boasted of her bubbly beauty. First, she held the skirt hem with both hands and bowed.

“I was waiting for you to call.”

"ma'am!"

The Grand Duchess grabbed her hand.

“Have you heard the rumors? I'd like to somehow prevent that country girl from taking care of His Majesty. By any means, somehow! What better way to do it?”

"of course."

Kerual replied as if he had been waiting.

the next day.

Hazel left the farm nervously.

I finally had my first face-to-face with the Emperor. Although His Majesty is lying down.

Thinking that Hazel was trembling, all the friends of the Holy Knights Commander came to pick him up.

"it's okay. are you okay. If your Majesty sees Hazel and jumps up in anger, then that's a huge gain! Another addition to the numerous public lists. After that, the sister next door will take care of it, so there is nothing to worry about.”

Lewis said so and patted Hazel on the shoulder.

As always, seeing her relaxed, calmed my heart. I thought I could do well.

It would be nice if Valentine's Day was also there. How surprised would he be if he met there? How glad you are that you have changed your mind and decided to be tolerant to your Majesty.

Hazel decided to focus on those thoughts.

He left the Grand Garden with the commanders of the Holy Knights and went out to the central section of the Imperial Palace. They came to the front of the palace where His Majesty the Emperor's bedroom was.

That was then.

"for a moment!"

A shrill voice rang out.

I looked around And I was surprised.

Dozens of old men were marching. Each was holding a flag embroidered with the coat of arms of their own family.

“Sir Mortimer? Sir Arms?”

Lorendel asked in surprise.

“What are you doing?”

Instead of answering, the gray-haired old man slumped to the floor.

“Chiefs! Stop right now! We cannot send such an obscure figure to take care of His Majesty! If you are going to do that, cut us off!”

A rumbling sound resounded all at once. All the elders drew a dark blue shining sword and placed it in front of them. And I shut my eyes tight.

Both Hazel and the commanders of the Holy Knights were surprised.

“There seems to be some misunderstanding.”

Cayenne rushed out.

“Is your identity unclear? Miss Mayfield is the young baron. I am running a salon in the palace.”

"I know. Where is that? I am well aware that the young lady has accomplished many merits. But that's not the problem. Everyone inadvertently calls me a village girl or a country girl, but in fact, it should be called a city girl. Lady, what did you do in Rochelle before you came here?"

Hazel answered with a puzzled look.

“I used to work in a bank.”

“That's it! That girl was dishonest. I lied about my identity and got a job at a bank.”

“I have never cheated on my identity. No one asked me, 'Are you from aristocrats?' Because I didn't ask.”

Hazel's answer left them speechless for a moment. But another old nobleman came back.

“Of course! How would you have imagined that the young lady who came to the bank would be an aristocrat? The nobility of Bratania only serves the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, but cannot work for anyone else! At that moment, the nobility must be disqualified! Shame on you!”

"no! No shame at all! If you don't work when you don't have money at home, that's a shame!"

At Hazel's reply, the old nobles grabbed the back of their necks.

“Wow! like that! I can!”

“Your Majesty must have a headache!”

“How can you take care of Your Majesty with your words or your healing hands! I'd rather stick my eyes out here than see it!”

They were very reckless. It looked like he was determined to stop Hazel from going inside, no matter what.

They all looked at each other with puzzled faces.

The statement of death at the National Advisory Council is frankly just intimidating and doesn't really sting. But these old-fashioned conservatives are really going to see blood.

Who the hell was chasing this swarm of wasps?

It was as if someone had secretly tampered with it. He instilled in these savvy old men a lot of bad ideas about the farm lady.

“Who told you about the bank?”

Even when Lewis asked, everyone remained silent. He was only blocking the front with a stiff face.

In the past, when the Emperor Seon abolished the Empress and tried to bring the High Priest Camila into the Imperial Palace, they were like that. He exclaimed, 'It's not the law!' He grabbed the tyrant's crotch, stretched out, and wrapped his life around the Empress Dowager.

A group of more than a hundred suffered the suffering and only a few dozen survived. So, he rose to the ranks of public trust.

Even the emperor's closest aides could not forcefully expel them.

Meanwhile, even the servants ran out of the palace.

“This is difficult. Your Majesty should rest, but it's too loud. This is how our necks fray.”

That was it.

At the end of the discussion, a conclusion was reached.

Hazel escapes the crash and returns to the farm for a while. Lewis, Siegwald, and Lorendel calm the old loyalists.

And Cayenne was going to call the Empress Dowager.

right at that moment.

Two nobles were having a secret conversation in the 'Room of the Oriole' in the main building of the Imperial Palace.

“Because it’s real! That's great information. If you accuse me of this, you will do a great job. Of course, the real credit lies with those of us who found this information, but I'll let you put the spoon on it too.”

The red-haired nobleman handed Count Janssen a thick wad of paper.

“Then I should be ready. Your title will go up one notch.”

He couldn't control his mouth open and the gun disappeared.

“Are you up for a rank? It's bluffing too!”

Count Janssen grinned and looked up at the stack of papers. As soon as I read a few lines, my complexion changed completely.

"Oh My God... . . . .”

The paper had some really great things written on it. My heart was pounding. He grabbed the wad of paper with trembling hands.

I need to tell you soon!

Count Janssen hastily rushed to the headquarters of the Imperial Palace Guard. Just then, he grabbed the captain of the guard who was preparing for the changing ceremony and shouted.

“Please read this quickly!”

The captain of the guard received the data with a bewildered face.

The moment he looked into it, his complexion also changed. After reading it, I was amazed.

“Adrian Berganza... . . . . Did you mean that the Emperor's illegitimate child was still alive?”

The thick papers were proving that fact.

A young man with black hair in his early 20s. Age and impressions were also consistent. Numerous eyewitness accounts of the person, various activities to raise funds... . . . . It was concrete data, as if his actions could be seen.

It wasn't just that.

There were even more disturbing things.

The Emperor's illegitimate son, Adrian, was secretly growing his power in this palace. In collusion with Miss Hazel Mayfield, the manager of the salon in the palace who suddenly appeared recently... . . .

“Look at it! Because I thought it was weird too! How stubborn you are to own only one farm! That's an absurd reason! Now everything fits perfectly! Since the salon is an independent area within the imperial palace, except for special cases such as house detention, wouldn't it be patrolled?”

"Oh My God. Oh My God... . . ."

The captain of the guard shook his head one after another. The eyes of this simple man who committed nothing but a crime of eating an apple without the doctor's knowledge were stained with shock.

"no. The lady really isn't that kind of person. He was caught in a conspiracy again.”

“But look at this situation now! You keep avoiding, and then suddenly you decide to take care of your Majesty! At this time right now! What does this mean? We must stop the irreversible before it happens!”

The captain of the guard was startled.

He looked down at the accusation again. My gaze stopped at the portraits attached there.

also.

Feeling threatened, he got up and ran.

... .. No!

Iskanda's eyes widened.

You can't lie down like this!

Blurry vision returned. I tried my best to get up, but the fever seemed to have gone down a bit.

If this was the case, the recovery was rather quick.

But it never felt fast. I felt strangely anxious. I kept getting nervous.

Let's hurry.

He jumped up his upper body.

At that moment, my eyes flickered again. A strong vertigo came over me.

that time.

Hazel was returning to the farm across the great gardens.

No, well, did you know that I said I wanted to go because I liked the Sprout Slayer? Because it's the boss of that person who resembles a potato. It's like, let's get a little sassy.

I groaned as I entered and stopped walking.

guests were coming A small, middle-aged man with a bag on his side.

Hazel's eyes widened.

“Aren’t you a veterinarian? What brings you here?”

"Ah!"

The vet looked back.

“The lady didn’t invite me today, so I had a little trouble at the entrance, but fortunately, I’m a well-known citizen.”

he asked with a smile.

“By the way, is that little guy okay?”

“Oh, Tiberius?”

He should be in the cage the vet is looking at now... . . . .

Of course, he had long since escaped. Just in case, I looked behind the shovel where I was hiding last time, and I was hiding there and trembling.

“I couldn’t even go far. The doctor must be scary.”

“Heh heh heh!”

The vet put Tiberius on his hand and looked into it.

“He’s such an odd guy!”

“Did you come to see me because it’s cute?”

“There are things like that, but I kept thinking about it, so I did some research. What's the reason this guy can't grow? Then I found one thing... .”

He looked around the chick and asked.

“Has this guy ever seen His Majesty the Emperor?”

Hazel was startled.

"Yes? Is Tiberius your Majesty the Emperor?"

“Obviously this guy could be a bit of an odd one, but I did some research and found something similar.”

said the veterinarian.

“He was a baby goat. I almost fell off a tree because of the flood. His Majesty went to inspect the flood-damaged area, found it and saved him, but the growth has stopped ever since. I couldn't control it for a while because I was in a hurry, so I think the special power that Your Majesty possesses has flowed into me a little. Since that day, the baby goat has grown very strong and, strangely, has a hard head. Isn't this guy similar? You are very healthy.”

"that's right. And, oddly enough, his legs are strong... .”

“Then think about it. Maybe something similar happened to Tiberius. When did you say growth stopped? Was it May? Around that time, he was caught by His Majesty, or nearly stepped on... .”

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

“It is only now that I have only seen His Majesty the Emperor for the first time. I wouldn't have been able to escape and meet you. By the time I got it, I couldn't go that far alone. It was only in the backyard.”

“Hmm, okay? So, are you still a baby of a mysterious bird?”

The veterinarian tilted his head and looked around Tiberius.

But it didn't seem to find anything special. He returned Tiberius to Hazel.

“I will have to investigate further.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Hazel saw him off.

I put Tiberius in the chicken coop and returned to the house. I sat down on a chair at the dining table and thought for a moment.

I told the veterinarian that it was just cut off, and I said no, but it was a bit strange when I thought about it.

It is certain that Grand Cavalier has some power that affects the growth of other races around him. Besides, by the way, don't you live right next door?

Tiberius stopped growing shortly after I bought it. Extra strong legs. If you've ever been accidentally caught by a Grand Cavalier... . . . .

Hazel jumped up.

It felt like I had to watch Tiberius again. It seemed that this complicated thought could be sorted out.

I opened the door and went out. It stopped right at that moment.

A knight in a black cloak was standing outside. For a moment, I thought I saw something in vain.

But it wasn't. Truly, Lord Valentine was standing there stunned.

Hazel was perplexed.

You appear so suddenly!

He opened his mouth to hide his disappointment.

“What are you doing in broad daylight like this? What do you do when someone sees you? ... . Come inside quickly.”

He strode forward without answering. As he stepped into the house, he suddenly reached out and grabbed Hazel tightly.

The hood was turned slightly, revealing the face.

Hazel was once again horribly surprised.

He wasn't Lord Valentine. She was a tall, broad-shouldered woman. Just as she was about to shout who it was, she quickly shut Hazel's mouth.

The imperial palace guards who had been hiding in all directions appeared without a sound.

“That, that.”

The commander of the guard approached.

Words cannot express how disappointed he was at this moment.

Ms. Mayfield clearly had a secret and intimate relationship with the person in the impression delivered by the informant.

Did he really pray for rebellion with the Emperor's illegitimate child?

he said with a sullen face.

“Do not resist. Because I know what you've been up to.”

“... .. ?”

Hazel, who was in doubt, was lifted up by a female soldier and wrapped in a cloak. The male soldiers who came with her surrounded her.

They had to be arrested in secret. Because the rebel Adrian freely moved in and out of the Imperial Palace. If he finds out that the insider has been caught, he will run away.

The captain of the guard blinked at his subordinates.

They left the garden very naturally, as if they were going to take a shift, hiding one person.

Hazel couldn't understand English.

I struggled to get out, but to no avail. Without even a mouse or a bird, they were dragged to the main building of the Imperial Palace.

Soon the guard's arm was released.

Hazel fell down. The floor was soft. He took a suffocating breath and got up.

It was a huge hall.

A long red carpet was spread over the marble floor. There was a high hem at the end of the rug. Above it was a chair engraved with the imperial emblem under the golden crown image.

It is the throne of His Majesty the Emperor.

here is the reality

Why did you bring me here?

Hazel looked at the guards with an anxious look.

that time.

Cayenne, running to the emergency headquarters, met the Empress Dowager in the middle of the hallway.

The Empress Dowager heard the noise outside and sent someone to investigate the situation.

Knowing what kind of commotion the old loyalists had made, he got up immediately. He left the ministers of the palace and high-ranking officials for a while, and was rushing out with his maids.

“The Empress Dowager! Old people are really stubborn!”

“Would you mind? Come on.”

The two left the main building and headed for the emperor's sleeping palace.

Meanwhile, the number of old loyalists increased. Even those who were sick from old age came and took part in the protests with their family flags.

The status and dignity of the commanders of the three Holy Knights only fueled the fighting spirit of these old men. They felt the spirit of becoming a hero against the dragon.

The Empress Dowager appeared here.

“His Majesty the Empress Dowager!”

The old loyalists bowed their heads to the ground.

“Please, take this thing away! We will never accept it! It is preposterous, but this is not the law!”

The Empress Dowager glanced back at her son's four friends and whispered.

“Stay away for a while. Don't go too far, because Miss Hazel needs to be called back soon.”

"Yes."

Lewis and Lorendel and Sigwald and Cayenne circled the building. I just hung my head there and looked.

The Empress Dowager went and stood in front of the old men.

“Fellow faithful... . . .”

Then, suddenly, her body shook.

"Ugh!"

Lewis was startled and tried to jump out.

At that moment, Sigwald quickly grabbed hold of it. He shook his head and frowned.

When I looked again, the maid and the maids were strange. He was obviously struggling, but his complexion was very calm.

"AHA."

Lorendel nodded.

I could see why the Empress Dowager had to stay away. They must have made a fuss too. just like them

“His Majesty the Empress Dowager!”

The old loyalists screamed. Although he quickly shut his mouth to crack down on the servants, there was a riot as his hands and feet ran wild. It was like a dog jumping among the flock.

Your friends have stopped spying. said Lewis.

“In ten minutes, the situation will be cleared up, and it will be revealed who controlled those old men.”

Cayenne asked.

“But what are you doing in the meantime?”

“How about this?”

Lorendel rustled and pulled the paper out of his pocket.

"what is that?"

“Everyone wants Iss to get up, right? If possible, Miss Hazel takes great care of her, so she'll be ill for three days, but wake up after two days. So the relationship gets a little better. Hosting a dinner of reconciliation on the farm. Are you dreaming of something like that?”

Lewis wrinkled his nose.

“What can I not do in my dreams?”

“Anyway, it's not bad to try. I wanted to be of some help to Miss Hazel, so I did some research. At any other time, I wouldn't even dare to dare, but now is the perfect time to dig into the Emperor's private life, right?”

“That's right. So what did you find?”

Cayenne asked, her eyes bright. Lorendel answered.

“There is still only one. The Ras Alghetti guy. That filthy Pegasus had suddenly changed a while ago. The Imperial Marshal said that he was finished as a gentleman?”

“Isn't it just that you suddenly became mature?”

said Lewis. I glanced at how the situation was going on over there, then saw the maid of honor rubbing the hand of the Empress Dowager and suddenly thought of it.

"Oh yeah! While patrolling the night of Baba Yaga, I heard a strange story from the maid. Someone had offered a bottle of hazel rose water to the Empress Dowager, but no matter how much he looked into it later, he couldn't figure out who it was. When I heard about it, I suddenly remembered it. There was a time when Ys had a very faint smell of rose water. Has anyone ever relieved you?"

"no."

"No."

They all answered together.

At that moment, Siegwald's eyebrows twitched as he looked at the paper Lorendel gave him.

"Well?"

Everyone looked at him.

"Why?"

"date."

He pointed to the paper. 'Is there a change in the character of the horse from the end of July to the beginning of August? Check the exact date in the journal.'

"Didn't there be a big incident around that time?"

"that's right. When there was a riot about Prince Rowan. I'll have to look for the date, but... ."

Cayenne replied.

Gradually strange expressions began to take place on the faces of your friends.

at that time.

The vertigo that had been churning through Iskanda's head had finally subsided. He could barely get out of bed.

I was going to call the servant, but I was in a hurry. He was able to wear a robe by himself. He pushed open the bedroom door and walked out, holding his still throbbing hair.

The waitress, who was standing outside, shouted in surprise.

"your Majesty!"

The servants were also surprised and ran away.

"your Majesty! Are you okay now?"

Iskanda waved her hand to indicate it was okay. As I was about to go out, I noticed someone standing at the far end of the hallway.

He was the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard.

For some reason he was restless. As soon as our eyes met, he approached me.

"your Majesty!"

“What’s going on?”

"your Majesty! I'm really embarrassed to bring you this news as soon as I woke up, but I just caught a traitor."

"what?"

Did I hear it wrong? Iskanda raised her eyes and asked.

“What do you catch?”

“To be precise, the traitor has not been arrested yet, but the conspirators have been caught first. They dared to conspire in this imperial palace.”

"what?"

It was absurd and astounding. My mind was blown.

“Who is the conspirator?”

“Come here.”

Iskanda hurriedly followed the guard's guidance.

At the time Iskanda was following the guards to the audience, the four commanders of the Holy Knights were discussing with their heads together.

“So, let’s recap what we’ve come up with so far. All the strange things that I had unintentionally overlooked.”

Cayenne pulled out a fountain pen.

That was then.

“Louis!”

A shrill voice was heard. Someone looked around and found that it was the royal palace's customs room. face was pale

“Chiefs! What are you doing here now!”

“What are you doing? Waiting for the call of His Majesty the Empress Dowager. I have to go to the farm to call Hazel again soon.”

“That hazel sheep is not on the farm now!”

“Then where are you?”

“Listen for now. Count Janssen is talking while leaving the paperwork errand. Why, there must have been some sort of person who secretly helped Miss Hazel.”

“Since I know this friend, I can't say that I helped 'secretly'.”

“This is not the time to be joking, Sir Lewis. According to Count Janssen, the true identity of the knight is the traitor Adrian Berganza!”

"what?"

Everyone looked at Cecil in amazement.

"Yes?"

Hazel asked with a puzzled expression.

“What did you just say?”

That's what I asked, but I listened carefully. There was only a cognitive dissonance that was unacceptable in the head.

what is this sound? Sir Valentine, now under the Emperor's illegitimate son again? The Adrian who said he died at a young age? And what are you doing with me?

Hazel was really outraged.

“No, Captain. I don't know where you heard the rumors, but the two of us only do farming... .”

Then the auditorium door slammed open.

“You are the Emperor!”

With the usual cry of the servant, Iskanda came in.

He has not yet fully recovered. I should have rested more, but I got up too much. The headache hasn't gone away yet.

But did the treason appear in that situation?

It wasn't that there was no force to push. In the era of the Emperor, there were many who flattered the tyrant and enjoyed luxury through corruption.

After Iskanda ascended to the throne, they were the first to catch them and punish them.

However, some of them very cleverly erased the evidence and returned to the local territory.

The investigation was persistent under the water, but it did not yield results immediately. They all pretended to be the best loyalists in the world.

As they were grinding their teeth from this side, they were well aware that they were also looking for a chance to recover while hiding their claws.

This time too, I thought I had uncovered the old Tamgwan Duck gang.

“I consider it. In this way, the conspirators of the rebellion were captured. He is a person you are familiar with.”

Even someone I know?

Iskanda stared at where the captain was pointing with flaming eyes.

In the next moment, that anger has lost its way.

“... ..?”

Seeing the person designated by the captain of the guard, he fell into doubt.

At first I thought I was hallucinating.

He thought of Hazel the whole time he was ill with unidentified symptoms. Even now, even after the great treason attempt had taken place, deep in his consciousness, he was still thinking.

Go quickly and clear up the misunderstanding. before it's too late.

That voice kept ringing in my mind. It happened in a rush to do that.

But that very Hazel appeared in front of me like this.

He blinked.

It wasn't a hallucination.

Perhaps it was because he had been caught, one end of the braided hair was loose. The hem of the skirt, which had been crumpled by hastily kneeling, was almost buried in the soft carpet of the audience.

This was real.

The Imperial Guard really caught Hazel and set her on the red carpet.

No, what did these guys do?

Iskanda was stunned.

His head, whose fever had not cooled down, came up with an absurd thought for a moment.

He was talking nonsense while he was sick. I poured out all the thoughts in my mind.

So everyone did this. 'I got it here. The charge is for stealing the heart of His Majesty the Emperor! Are you surprised? Hahaha!' So everyone smiles, clears up misunderstandings, confesses and gets forgiveness, Marquis Lanley becomes a chicken chasing dog, and... .

“Your Majesty was also shocked. He is known for being an honest person. But it's true. Miss Mayfield, who runs the farm in the Imperial Palace, is the conspirator of the treason.”

My head was spinning.

The captain of the guard truly believed so. It was a sad and painful face.

This soldier wasn't even that stupid. Unless something happened while he was sick.

But why? Who the hell came up with such a crazy idea?

Iskanda opened her mouth, trying to calm the vertigo that hit her head. I'm just about to order you to get all this shit done right now... . . . .

bang!

The auditorium door slammed open.

“Hazel!”

The commanders of the Holy Knights came rushing in. After barely showing his respect to the emperor in a state of being invisible, he immediately stopped in front of Hazel.

"your Majesty! This is a nonsensical plot!"

Lewis exclaimed.

Anyone who knows her will know that this red-haired vampire is very angry right now.

Lewis didn't get angry about anything. If she was angry, it was very serious, and the opponent had to be prepared for ashes.

"treason? I am! There is nothing else to say! your Majesty! You must not be deceived by these false accusations!"

As Lewis's voice rumbled, the other three rushed out.

“Your Majesty, there has been a faction that has recently clashed with Miss Mayfield over commerce. This is a conspiracy by them all. It was going to get in the way of business, so he was trying to get rid of it.”

“As I always say, those who have something to lose don't do anything reckless. Sheep Mayfield is very content with that little farm alone. There is no reason to treason.”

“It is an absurd conspiracy. At a time like this, we need to find the culprit as soon as possible.”

Cayenne, Lorendel, and Siegwald said so, and surrounded Hazel more tightly. It was an attitude that if anyone tried to take it out, it would be willing to go to war.

In a situation where everyone held their breath at the momentum, the commander of the Imperial Palace Guard quietly opened his mouth.

“But that person is definitely Adrian. As I've already told His Majesty before, I was also at the place where the child's body was first discovered about 10 years ago. There were several things that were not clear, but the Emperor forced it to cover it up and made it impossible to speak again. He was very fond of the son he gave birth to, so I guessed that he must have secretly stole it and kept him alive. But that turned out to be true.”

He presented the thick material that was reported. Lewis shouted without looking.

“The data can be fabricated!”

“Even with that in mind, there is something decisive. The portraits attached to these sightings are the problem. Although only a part of his face is exposed, it is said that he has a creepy resemblance to the lesser-known Adrian. If he had grown up, he must have been like this.”

Iskanda thought blankly.

I have no choice but to

If the conspiring party somehow witnessed Lord Valentine and attached an impression costume, it was bound to coincide with the appearance of Adrian as the captain of the guard remembered. Because my father is the same.

It was only then that I could understand why the captain of the guard had made such an accusation with such conviction. The dizziness hit me again.

“No way!”

All of a sudden, the pro-Nong-joo court officials shouted. Standing behind the commanders of the Holy Knights, he vigorously defended himself.

“I know you’re surprised, but the captain of the guard must have also raised children, didn’t he? A child’s face will never grow as it is. It usually changes completely as the skeleton changes.”

“Even if he yielded a hundred times and it was Adrian, we, Miss Hazel, were not guilty. He cheated and approached him. To commit treason with a base in the Imperial Palace... ..”

"no!"

A loud sound rang out.

Hazel had come out of nowhere. In the blink of an eye, he came and fell on his face in front of the throne.

“I am not a traitor! I can tell you for sure! He is a righteous knight! Everything I did was possible because of his help! your Majesty! Please look wisely!”

He called out in a trembling voice.

"no? When did you get out!"

Guards on all sides approached quickly.

that brief moment. Thousands of thoughts ran through Iskanda's head.

Even in such a messy situation, Hazel was the same.

she didn't run away Instead, he chose what he thought was the most correct. He stood in front of the emperor, the object of fear, and wrapped it around him with all his might.

A person named Sir Valentine.

She didn't want to take him away, her friend.

However, the truth was not to be kept hidden. While he was only doing nonsense with his wrong judgment, another man appeared.

When I remembered the two of them having a friendly conversation, a fire broke out in my heart.

It was different from the fire I had felt before. It was not directed toward others, but rather burned his own heart. It was very painful.

Wouldn't it be great if you could turn back time?

Everything was his fault.

Now I had to make Hazel comfortable. I had to get rid of the disgusting fuss.

In order to get rid of this absurd accusation, he had to reveal his identity.

Iskanda did not believe in fate. But for this moment, I thought that fate did not exist.

Otherwise, there is no way that everything will be twisted like this. He was cursed for being arrogant.

The two of us first met and tried to be honest and ask for forgiveness.

This was a shortcut to the worst catastrophe.

I wanted to keep seeing your smiling face. wanted to be together His mind was no longer his. Seriously, if there was any other way than this, I thought I could sell my soul.

But he knew.

It would be unbearable to see the bewildered guards trying to pull Hazel out of their rough touch.

Even if he was destined to hate him or if he went to another man, it didn't matter. It has already become so precious.

As soon as I realized that fact, my reason was cut off.

“Don’t touch it!”

A shrill voice rang out.

Hazel doubted her ears.

Lord Valentine?

I shook my head.

The direction the voice came from was the throne overhead. Thinking I can't believe it... ...  
For the first time, he raised his eyes and looked directly at His Majesty the Emperor.

blonde and red eyes.

That was the first thing that caught my eye.

It was obviously unfamiliar. But in the colorful colors, a familiar face appeared.

It was as if my brain was flying all over.

How can different people be so alike?

What happened?

In my distant ears, I heard Lord Valentine's voice.

“Don't be treason or nonsense!”

His Majesty the Emperor jumped up from his throne. He clenched his teeth and shouted.

“Because the traitor you are talking about is me!”

What did you just say?

Hazel was shocked.

Living in the Imperial Palace up to now, there were many surprising things. However, he was not very shocked and bravely got through it.

It was the first time I felt this way. I was so startled that it seemed that the great bells of the Great Hall kept ringing in my head.

What are you saying?

His voice continued to be heard in a state of disbelief.

“It was all me!”

Iskanda exclaimed.

“He helped keep the party safe. Blowing the Belladonna bottle. Cooperating to find a solution to Unicorn Moonblindness. Taking Rowan to the countryside with tools to heal him. To defeat and rescue the monsters of the wasteland and bring them back in time... . . . . All I did was disguise myself as a fictional character named Sir Valentine!”

confided everything

The commanders of the Holy Knights, the Imperial Palace Guard, the servants, and everyone in the audience's mouths opened wide. Hearing it himself, he looked like he couldn't believe it.

Iskanda bit her lip.

“No one did anything wrong! Miss Mayfield continued to be deceived by me and was dragged out without knowing anything. The guards only faithfully followed the orders of their superiors. and... . . . .”

I looked at the imperial palace guard commander who was in contemplation.

“The commander-in-chief also did his duty. I must have misunderstood The character of Lord Valentine had to look like the traitor Adrian Berganza. Because it's half-brother. Adrian had already died a long time ago, but it was confidential and he didn't tell anyone. So no one is at fault. It was all my fault that it happened like this!”

The audience was as quiet as a dead mouse. Only shock and astonishment spread like ripples.

Now is the time to get paid.

Iskanda thought for a long time.

I saw two people standing behind me. It was the Empress Dowager and the Minister of the Palace. since when did you come

“... ..”

Judging by the look on their faces, it seems that they already knew about Iskanda's double life.

The two shook their heads in disappointment. And he looked away as if he had promised.

There was Hazel.

He was still insane. But his ears were open. 'The words of the Emperor's Majesty' entered my ears one by one.

Gradually I was able to understand the meaning. Aside from accepting it with my heart, I interpret it in my head.

okay. Did you mean that?

A certain character usually only travels at night, appears and disappears suddenly, avoids places when there are others, has an inexplicable superpower, and can understand other people's feelings.

It is impossible for ordinary people. Did he even suspect that he was a ghost?

But there was another candidate that I hadn't thought of.

If that person is the emperor who hid his identity and the most powerful knight in the empire, it fits perfectly.

If so, who would have imagined?

The Emperor disguised himself as someone else and sneaked into the farm to help Hazel! Rather, it seemed more credible to believe that it was a ghost.

He really hid his identity completely.

Hazel thought in shock.

His palace is right next door. How cleverly hidden!

When he appeared as 'Your Majesty', he did not make a single voice. He always cleverly hid himself in the blind spot of his gaze.

He wasn't absent at the Flower Ball, the Holy Order's evaluation test, or the Heroic Knight's banquet. was there every time. another face

Everything matched.

But there was still something I didn't understand.

Even if His Majesty the Emperor was Lord Valentine, that alone didn't make much sense. I don't know if it's because I don't want to believe it, but I thought it was absolutely impossible.

Hazel opened her mouth slowly.

“This doesn't make sense. No matter how cleverly we disguised ourselves, we went all the way to the mirror of truth. In the light of that, Lord Valentine was just Lord Valentine. I clearly confirmed that with my own two eyes. That was evidence that there will never be any doubt in the future.”

“At that time, I practiced beforehand. To defend the moment the mirror reflects me. So that I can use magic reagents to keep my disguise until the end.”

Even the final evidence was broken.

Hazel was amazing.

My mind was messed up. Nothing was sorted out. It was just confusing.

“What the hell is the reason? Why did you do that?”

“... ..”

“Why did you come to my farm, disguised as someone else and thoroughly hiding your identity? Your Majesty, tell the truth without deceiving this time.”

Iskanda hesitated for a moment.

“In order to stop farming in the Imperial Palace. To find weaknesses.”

Hazel was speechless. Iskanda said quickly.

“But now that I think about it, that was just an excuse, in fact I... .”

"That's Okay."

“I was going to apologize. I confessed everything and tried to ask for forgiveness, but suddenly collapsed... .”

"That's Okay."

Hazel bit her lip.

“I wish you didn’t say anything. It all sounds like a lie. That's unavoidable. I've been deceived for the past 4 months. I didn't know that, and I thought he was the best knight who was good and just. A man named Sir Valentine... .”

Unconsciously, he clenched his fists. Nails pierced sharply into the palm of the hand.

“But it was all made up to get me off my guard, wasn’t it? The appearance of a better knight than anyone else! After all, there is no such person in this world, right?”

“... .”

Iskanda couldn't say anything. That was a really difficult question to answer.

Hazel looked straight up at His Majesty the Emperor of this country.

that face. That face that has been greeted warmly all this time. With that face, well... .

bang!

Unknowingly, he slammed the floor with his feet.

“I really do not understand Your Majesty!”

So I screamed and ran away. Since this is an audience room, I could only go out after asking for permission, but of course that was not in my mind.

Silence passed.

Everyone seemed to have forgotten to even breathe.

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald and Cayen looked at Iskanda with puzzled faces.

What the hell did you do!

I knew him first as a friend before becoming the emperor. So I was angry.

It was understandable enough to think that the appearance of the farm diminished the dignity of the imperial palace.

But Hazel was obviously a big help to everyone. The fact that the minister of the palace had regained his vitality, that General's tree got better, that Windsong regained his sight, that Rowan was better... . . . All of this was possible because the farm was within the Imperial Palace.

You don't even think about it, are you trying to get rid of it?

But when I heard it, it was strange.

Iskanda was talking nonsense now.

He rides Pegasus, a horse that can't be ridden by a trusted friend, several times, travels long distances without sleeping at night, does a colonel if there is anything he needs, and follows and helps when there is a problem... . . . .

It is said that he has been doing all of that work for four months, going in and out of the farm until the threshold of the farm is worn out.

It also hides its identity.

That was incredibly cumbersome. Moreover, it was large enough to mobilize the ancient ruins of the Mirror of Truth. You saved your disguise magic from the magic of the mirror. I didn't even understand what I was doing.

He came at the end and leaked clues. However, in any case, he used every means in his own way to lead a double life for as long as possible.

It doesn't just happen.

It is only possible with urgency.

He was the emperor of this Bratanian Empire. It was a life without any regrets.

But why would you do that... . . . ?

The four stared at Iskanda's face.

They were a government advisory meeting. It was his duty to criticize the emperor when he went wrong.

But this time it didn't seem necessary. I really wanted to criticize, but it didn't seem necessary.

Iskanda was already being punished.

A face that looks like he has lost everything in the world.

It was clear what the face was saying.

“That guy, maybe... . . . .”

Your friends were speechless. I realized a great truth hidden beneath this great commotion.

Iskanda was completely in love with Hazel.

It was my first love in 22 years.

When I realized that, I couldn't keep my mouth shut.

Oh My God... . . . .

They looked at the emperor's friend with expressions indescribable.

Iskanda didn't even realize the gaze of her friends.

I promised myself, but it hurts. It hurt a lot more than I expected. It felt like there was a hole in my chest and blood was pouring out of it.

He looked away blankly.

The commander of the Imperial Palace Guard approached crookedly. Although the emperor had declared that there was nothing wrong, he couldn't help the feeling of wanting to go into a mouse hole.

“Your Majesty, even with ten mouths, I have nothing to say.”

“Okay, call the police department and tell them to bring all the people involved in this accusation. You must have been vigilant knowing that you would receive a reward, so make a blitz now. They even submitted evidence with their own hands, so go through a trial as soon as possible and put them in a dungeon. Then I'll interrogate myself... . . . .”

Iskanda's instructions stopped there. My eyes flickered in front of me.

“Is!”

Your friends have finally come to their senses.

Lorendel, Siegwald and Cayenne have finally captured Iskanda. And Lewis immediately ran out.

Why am I so clueless!

she blamed herself

Iskanda wasn't the only one who was in love with Hazel.

Hazel's reaction every time the story of the article came out until now, and her attitude in the audience today. It was clear what they were pointing to.

Hazel had a heart for Lord Valentine.

Then you shouldn't let it go like this.

Lewis thought as he ran away.

If you stay still, the middle is going to go away. When I was young, I thought those words were excuses for cowards. But as I went through my social life, I found that it was wise.

That was the case at this very moment.

This problem is very difficult. I could have intervened and messed up with Hazel.

Lewis was afraid of it.

When I first set foot on a small farm, I had no idea it would be like this. But sooner or later, Hazel had become her precious friend.

If you don't want to lose a friend, it might be wise to just stand still.

but... . . .

In this way, both of them will be seriously injured.

I saw the back of Hazel running frantically through the front yard of the Imperial Palace.

Lewis ran. I mustered up the courage for the two of them and grabbed Hazel.

“Hazel! Listen to me!”

Hazel looked back.

When he saw Lewis following, his eyes quickly turned red.

I thought I didn't want to meet anyone. It felt like my heart was closed. But when he saw Lewis's face in front of him, his emotions surged.

“How could a person called the Emperor do that?”

“I’m sorry, Hazel. I should have figured it out sooner! Talking ghosts like a fool! I should have been hiding and digging it out then!”

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

“I hid it so deliberately, how could I have known? Why does Sir Lewis say he's sorry? I was also stupid. The veterinarian told me everything! Tiberius met Grand Cavalier! But suddenly he was caught!”

He just poured out words without hesitation.

"okay. okay."

Lewis patted Hazel on the shoulder.

“Iskanda was wrong. Everything from one to ten was wrong. I have no intention of taking sides. And yet, I am saying this for the sake of Hazel. I hope you don't get hurt too much.”

Lewis spoke, choosing one word at a time. I thought that I was not very sensitive, so it was a very difficult task in itself.

“Hazel, I can bet my everything at this moment and I can assure you. Listen. Of course, Iskanda is also human, so she can harbor malice. But basically, I'm trying to live a good life. Such a human being can't act with malice for such tenacious and long-term painstaking work. I'd like to ask you as a friend of the two. Don't deny that it's all lies, why don't you think about it for once?”

Lewis nodded eagerly and took Hazel's hand. It was a pity that this moment was a vampire. If you were a human, your hands would have been warm.

Anyway, apart from her cold hands, her warm heart was conveyed.

Hazel shuddered again as he spoke hard with a face full of worry and nervousness.

Lewis was a very good friend.

“Think about it. you are the king All you need to say is to pull it out, so why bother listening to the criticism? In his own way, he thought he should be scolded.”

My mind, which had been frantic as if hit by a bomb, calmed down a bit. Hazel muttered blankly.

“Louis, do you really think so? My heart hurts so much right now. Wasn't he really helping me with bad intentions?”

“It is true.”

Someone suddenly spoke in the dark.

It was in lieu of the Ministry of Interior.

Seeing Lewis running, he hurriedly left. I wanted to help.

Fortunately, there was one thing I had to show Hazel at this moment. I had no idea what it was doing, but I decided to gamble.

“Your Majesty was bad. But from a neutral standpoint, I would like to ask you one thing. Miss Hazel, could you please take a look at this?”

The servant chief, who had followed the old god, stepped forward. He took a wad of cloth from his arms and handed it to Hazel.

The moment I opened it, the brilliance pierced my eyes.

It was a lump of crystal. It was a unique shape with two oval masses stuck together. It might seem odd to others, but Hazel knew what it was.

It was a crystal that resembled Tiberius.

the mayor said

“I think it came from a treasure trove. When Your Majesty fell, it fell out of your pocket while carrying it.”

Hazel looked down at the crystal without saying a word.

If you had it when you fell, it means you found it when you were sick.

Why did you have to do that?

My head got complicated again.

As I was dazed in my thoughts, someone came from the other side in a hurry.

“Sir!”

It was the royal palace. He kept looking around with a terrified look on his face, sneaking up on him.

“If you get caught, it’s over.”

"I do not know. We haven't seen it."

"Me too. I took it out, but I didn't see it."

Said the servant who followed Cecil. He held out the box he had hidden in his cloak.

Instead of thinking about the palace, the lump of crystal that the chieftain was well cared for looked like a potato no matter how much you looked at it. Clearly, there was some meaning to Hazel, and it seemed that His Majesty had worked hard to find it.

But maybe it was something completely out of the ordinary.

So I decided to hold on to Hazel for a while, and try something else to win the real game.

It was His Majesty's secret drawer.

Cecil whispered with a worried face.

"What if those are weird too?"

They looked carefully at Hazel's complexion.

Hazel was still expressionless, confusing everyone. But my heart was pounding.

Bitter rose water. And a piece of paper with the words of the hero knights written on it.

The items were in His Majesty's secret drawer.

Hazel looked at them and thought. The exchanged situation came to mind in a good way.

"Phew... . . ."

Then he let out a long sigh. My mind was indescribably complicated.

The minister of the palace shook his head.

“How do we know what His Majesty is inside?”

I know in fact.

“Still, if it was all just a trick, there would be no need to do this. Miss Hazel knows better than anyone. Your Majesty has treasured every moment. You must be ashamed of yourself to the point that you can't even say anything right now. I will never be able to forgive myself for making things this way.”

Lewis also helped.

“In the end, we had a similar experience.”

There are, of course, crucial differences.

“At first, I was full of prejudice, but then when I found out the truth, my heart opened up by itself. Times that had no meaning turned into happy times, so I guess I didn't want to let go. 'If you get caught, it's over.' That thought made me desperate. When people get really desperate, they can do stupid things. It's completely incomprehensible to him from the side, but to him it's logical.”

Hazel listened quietly to Lewis.

Tears seemed to come out. I didn't know why.

As I gazed at the shimmering crystal chick, I was reminded of what had happened at the top of the ancient ruins.

- Do you really hate His Majesty so much?

He asked with so much hesitation.

So Hazel answered honestly. He explained in great detail why he didn't like the emperor, and why he would never like him in the future.

Other memories came to mind.

- That's great. Have you finally decided to quit your job?

-I also felt numb when I saw the sprouts that were washed away by the rain. 'Oh, I can't forgive this even if dirt gets into my eyes... . . . .'

Hazel shrugged her shoulders.

In retrospect, he showed his bad feelings toward His Majesty the Emperor even though he worked very hard.

So maybe I couldn't tell. He's the Emperor of the Empire, but the owner of the salon is Hazel.

His hot, angry hair cooled slowly.

Hazel muttered.

"i See. I think I made the same mistake. I didn't try to get rid of my prejudices."

After all, it was nice to see him also come to our farm. But I wouldn't like to admit it. That's why I've come too far.

It didn't make sense when I thought about it that way.

"Phew... . . ."

Hazel sighed again.

"But if it is possible, can't you explain it yourself? Are you saying you're going to keep your mouth shut even though things have come to this point because you couldn't speak? Then what are you going to use that mouth for? ... Oh, I stopped you."

"That's it too."

The palace official said quietly.

"If I hadn't stopped it, it would have been difficult for me to say it directly. You're down right now."

"Are you falling?"

Hazel was startled.

"Why do Grand Cavaliers fall so often?"

"Rather than falling down often... . . . You should see it as an extension of what you fell a few days ago. According to the doctor, he was forced to get up from an unrecoverable situation. He said he should have rested one more day."

A moment of silence passed.

"Really, I should go."

Lewis turned around. Then he looked at Hazel.

They seemed to want to go together.

At that moment, for the first time, I felt a strange feeling.

I felt like I could possibly forget the sprout massacre that I thought I would never forget. It looked like it could be smiling.

Hazel thought for a moment.

I thought maybe I could just throw it all away.

If he was someone else.

However... . . . .

It was heartbreaking that I loved you.

When I recalled that familiar yet unfamiliar face with blonde hair and red eyes, I realized that it was all over.

That's what I imagined back then.

In the distant future, I imagined talking like this when I sat down on an outdoor balcony holding cider with the neighboring farmers.

-When I was 19 years old, the knight who came to our farm often, no, I liked the neighboring farmer... . . . .

A story that everyone tells. loud laughter. A day on the farm that goes by like that.

The imagination ended there.

But in a corner of my heart, it continued a little longer.

So, after going to the neighboring farm to drink, he quickly returns before the sun goes down. Then the man who was working in the field greets you with a waving hand. White hair, but still strong.

- Who knew! It would be like this with that person!

As I recall the end of the story I just said, a smile appears on her wrinkled face... . . . .

That is still in the distant future.

But deep in my heart, I secretly imagined it. It may be a delusion like a soap bubble that explodes when blown.

It's not quite impossible... . . . Called.

face became hot

It would be great if you didn't like it.

Hazel clenched her fists once more.

“I feel like I can't help it because I'm a human too. There's nothing my head can't understand... . . . .”

I looked at everyone who was waiting.

“I don't even want to see a person like that.”

With that one word, he turned around. I strode into the dark.

“ . . . . . ”

Those left behind met face to face.

Lewis shrugged.

okay. okay. I understand.

that's what it meant

\* \* \*

“Oh my God! I almost noticed!”

A loud voice echoed in the drawing room of Lewis' mansion. Kitty was screaming excitedly.

“What a strange thing! I had a feeling that the black horse resembled Your Majesty's Pegasus! If I said this now, no one would believe me!”

“Yes, Miss Christina. No one believes it.”

Penny drank the salmon and responded.

“Can you say anything now? I thought so. I was suspicious from the beginning.' They caress the back of the head, and everyone is saying that.”

“But I am true! If I had been in the Imperial Palace, I would have found it out first. Even if I didn't get kicked out!”

“If I had found out about it because I wasn't being deported, wouldn't I have been deported because of it?”

“Oh, did you mean?”

Kitty and Penny chatted about giving and receiving.

It looked like they were making a bunch of nonsense, but in fact they were trying hard to comfort Hazel.

No matter how much Penny was interested in jam, Lewis was as keen as he was. Kitty was speechless. Just looking at Hazel's sad face, he knew it all.

The knight-sama, the partner of his first love, was the emperor he hated so much.

I didn't know how to comfort him.

This problem is difficult. If you curse at a man together, you could make a mistake and only become friends with each other. This is if your friend hasn't sorted out his feelings yet.

On the other hand, if he gave a man to him to relieve his anger, he could only become distant from friends. It made a friend sad.

It was still difficult for both of them to strike that delicate balance. Lewis couldn't even stand it.

So, the two of them just made noises, and the other two continued to listen quietly.

Anyway, it wasn't bad for Hazel.

Kitty and Penny were chattering. While controlling the water level to the point of not being charged with contempt.

Hearing that made me feel better.

That was then.

“This is it.”

There was a person who rushed into the drawing room under the guidance of a servant. It was the brown-haired lady, Rose.

Hazel was startled.

“Mr. Rose! What about the store?”

“It was closed for a while.”

“What do you mean? I have to do business!”

I tried to be as strict as when making rose water, but to no avail. Rose firmly shook her head and pulled something out.

It was some kind of paper.

Turns out, it was a deposit certificate. His name was in front of Hazel.

Hazel's eyes widened.

Lewis was also surprised.

“As a senior in life, I asked Hazel to give her a word of consolation, but why are you suddenly giving me money?”

“It’s rain, rain... . . . .”

Rose blushed without speaking.

“I can’t be as cool as Miss Hazel.”

“What do you mean?”

“Actually, I was secretly collecting slush funds.”

she confessed

“When Miss Hazel was going through a difficult time, I wanted to say the same nicely.  
“Power comes from economic power.”

“That was what the minister of the palace said.”

“Anyway.”

Rose blushed again.

When she heard what had happened to Hazel, she felt very absurd.

Trying to kick me out from the front and secretly helping from the back, what the hell is that?

That was an honest impression.

Other than that, I didn't know. He did not know exactly what had happened, and there was little information available outside the Imperial Palace.

But she had the dignity.

As soon as she heard Luisine's servants to comfort her, Rose understood Hazel's situation.

What are men!

With that thought in mind, I immediately closed the store and ran.

“This is fair money. Miss Hazel, don't bother me anymore. There are many cases where they create a brand and keep taking money away. So, for every bottle of lotion sold, make sure you take your share. 'Even if you kick me out, I have a lot of places to go.' Stay strong with that thought. It's not a huge amount yet, but I'll work harder to sell it in the future so that I don't feel bad about it.”

“Mr. Rose... . . . .”

Hazel was heartbroken.

I gave all the rose water as a gift back then.

It wasn't that I didn't have money right away. But more than that amount, my heart was grateful. You secretly collect slush funds. like a sister When a really urgent situation came, I thought I should be grateful for this money.

"thank you. I will live with more courage in the future.”

"okay. That's it.”

Rose nodded eagerly.

Lewis, Kitty, and Penny watched the scene in admiration. It felt like I had learned a new truth.

After we talked about this and that, the bitter feeling went away a lot.

okay. I'm fine.

Hazel widened her shoulders and returned to the farm.

But it was there.

The moment I entered the house, I felt strange again.

When I turned on the lamp, the firewood was the first thing I noticed. They were firewood that someone named Sir Valentine had left as a hobby.

"Eww... .."

Hazel quickly turned her head, as if she had seen something she could not see. Then he saw the chair on which he often sat.

"Ugh... .."

Wherever he looked, his shadow remained. Hazel shook her head and went outside.

Then he saw the chicken coop he had built. It was the same with Tiberius and Julia. I couldn't look at it without thinking of a person named Sir Valentine.

went back into the house.

It seemed that I had to make some flour dough.

But I remembered that moment again. There was a time when I was angry because of Viscount Bern. I remember when he was throwing dough and arguing with me, he came in and cursed with me.

“Please, let’s forget about it.”

Hazel banged her head in the cupboard.

I loved this farm so much. But I felt like I had to go out for a while.

Where should I go?

There was one place that came to mind.

Hazel was startled and immediately erased the thought.

“Not there.”

beat yourself up

You must not go there. It doesn't happen any more than this. Don't be fooled, you have to make up your mind.

But the next day, it was the same.

The knight in the black cloak, which no longer exists, came to the farm too often. Inside and outside the house, there was only one thing that reminded him of him.

Hopefully there isn't anything here.

I found a large wooden barrel in the corner of the back yard that I was looking at unattended. The lotus flower that sprouted from the wise man's stone was sticking out his head.

lost.

I had to raise both hands.

Hazel left the farm after feeding the animals. Thinking about this and that, I wandered aimlessly.

I couldn't help it.

His footsteps led him there.

When I woke up, I was in front of a green-roofed palace surrounded by elm trees.

Hazel went inside as if possessed.

Today, many guests came to greet the Empress Dowager. Waiting for my turn outside the salon.

You can't come here.

Hazel peeked timidly from the outside, just as she did when she first visited the salon.

The Empress Dowager was seen chatting while surrounded by nobles. Today, Princess Rowan was also there for tea.

I was staring blankly, and the Empress Dowager looked at me.

She jumped up from her seat. Without saying a word, he opened his arms slightly.

I didn't even think of hugging it.

I couldn't resist any longer.

Hazel went quickly and put her in the arms of the Empress Dowager.

"I really like Empress Dowager. Wouldn't it have been better if he had nothing to do with His Majesty the Emperor?"

My emotions exploded and nothing came out.

Of course, that was nonsense. You cannot become the Empress without giving birth to an emperor.

But no one pointed it out.

The Empress Dowager smiled and patted Hazel on the back.

"Don't say anything. From now on, it is forbidden to talk about all the men in this salon in this salon."

Hazel looked at the benevolent face of the Empress Dowager.

She must be well aware that she didn't mean anything bad to her son. Of course, I thought I'd go ahead and do it. Maybe you'll hear something terrifying. Even if she is a fairy of agriculture, she is his mother.

Still, I wanted to see it, so I was prepared to go in.

but not at all. The Empress Dowager cut off the space for words to come out.

Hazel could have been really comfortable.

“That’s right! Let us also drop the maxim!”

The princess said as if it was refreshing.

When it comes to 'the men in that family', she had a story as good as anyone else's. It was a moment when a new consensus was formed between the three of them.

Meanwhile, Rowan asked with a worried face.

“Mother, am I not the ‘men of that family’?”

"no. From today on, you will be the man of our family.”

The Queen Mother replied casually.

Prince Rowan seemed relieved at those words. After thinking deeply, he said seriously to Hazel.

“Don't worry too much. Later, when I inherit the kingdom, I will invite Miss Mayfield as Prime Minister. I'll give you all the roses in the kingdom so that you don't have to wander around picking wild roses. Is that enough to say that they are treated better than the Empire?”

At that, people burst into laughter. Hazel laughed out loud too.

“Certainly, the prince is not the man of the family we cannot tell.”

These words made the little prince very happy.

Hazel spent quite some time in the Empress Dowager's salon. At the same time, I received a kind and warm reading that was different from the comfort of my friends.

When I left there, my energy was completely restored.

It was so fortunate to have such good people around me.

I was able to regain my courage. Because there are still people who support you. I was able to calm my mind.

Hazel made a decision.

From now on, it's really just farming!

When one person overcame it, at least when he thought he had overcome it, the other person was entering the path of suffering in earnest.

The first to discover this fact was Princess Athena.

Athena followed the advice of her sister-in-law's younger brother to move the old-fashioned conservatives. They came out as expected. Hazel was desperately trying to stop her from nursing His Majesty.

After that, Athena hid in the prayer room of the Great Temple so that no one could find her.

So I found out after a day or so. That things were going in an unexpected direction.

"Huh? what?"

Like everyone else who encountered the case, she did not immediately understand what the source had to say. It was only when I listened to him explain it step by step once again that I barely understood.

“You mean that His Majesty went to and from the farm every day in secret?”

Athena asked blankly.

It was something I never understood. Why the hell is your majesty? wherefore?

She hurried out with the paperwork to be used as an excuse.

"your Majesty! The Grand Duchess... .."

Athena quieted the attendant, then secretly looked inside.

His Majesty the Emperor was seen. He sat at his desk, deep in thought.

The face was very serious. His forehead was full of water, and he did not know who had come.

Athena's heart sank.

It's my first time seeing something like that.

I couldn't believe it. The world seemed to be turning black.

She stumbled out of there.

Iskanda fully recovered the very next morning.

The body was very light. It was refreshing and full of energy, as if it had ever been broken.

But the mind was different.

"Yes. Miss Mayfield said she could understand roughly how things came to be. But it just seemed close to an academic understanding. In addition, Miss Mayfield strongly expressed negative feelings toward His Majesty, with the intention to nullify the temporary friendship with His Majesty... ."

The royal palace officer Cecil gave up trying to convey the situation as well as possible. I thought it would be better to just say it outright.

"I said, 'I don't even want to see a person like that.'"

"... ."

Iskanda was silent.

I didn't know that Lewis and the Minister of Home Affairs would have helped. They were the two people most likely to be angry with him.

Either way, their efforts were to no avail. In the first place, it is not something that can be done through other people's efforts. Just making him understand that it wasn't intentional was a relief.

He sighed deeply and went to visit his mother.

"Your Majesty must have learned from this as well. It's not easy to win people's hearts even if you're a king."

The Empress Dowager just said that.

okay. Let's tidy up.

Iskanda decided.

The farm owner was kind, cute, and well-spoken, the farm food was delicious, and he didn't hate the farm animals.

But what if I don't like it?

I also wondered what happened to me for a while.

So it was concluded.

Just then, the servant, who was watching him, approached and whispered.

“Your Majesty, of course, is very healthy. But there is no business in the face of overwork. This time, the elders were very worried. Your Majesty should enjoy life a little too. Why don't you take this opportunity to meet some of the best girls in the social world?”

"great."

Iskanda immediately agreed.

The chief valet was furious at this unexpected opportunity.

However, it was impossible to open the ball right away.

Instead, it was possible if it was a concert. I called Maestro Conchi and decided to listen to some of his newly composed arias.

The chieftain quickly sent invitations to the girls of noble families.

It was very sudden. It was also an amazing event. The noble girls quickly dressed up and ran to see if this was the case.

That evening, a grand concert was held in the 'Music Room' with a grand piano.

“You are the Emperor!”

When the emperor entered, everyone surrounded them. The noble girls thought at the same time.

uh? Has the mood changed?

The Emperor they knew was perfect and upright. But today, my hair was a bit messy and my eyes looked deeper than usual. It looked like it was immersed in the thick rain.

Such a sight made the hearts of noble girls even more fluttering.

“Thank you for providing this space. Your Majesty is truly an art-loving monarch.”

“What kind of views do you have on Maestro’s music... ..”

Everyone couldn't control their trembling hearts, and they rushed to get the Emperor's attention.

In this place, Iskanda discovered.

surprisingly... ..

Still not interested. It was very hard work because it was boring.

However, the maestro Conch has already begun conducting. If the emperor goes out in the middle, the people he cares about will be cut off one after another from the court band.

Iskanda endured the boredom and remained seated.

Then something caught my eye. It was a large emerald hanging from the hat of a noble girl.

The green is so bright that it looks so good.

Sad emotions surged. Then I calmed down.

Everything is already over. Those eyes will never again smile at you.

Suddenly, Aria's lyrics came into my ears.

“... .. I have offended you with my stupid mistake. Oh! my dear one! I will never see that face that shined brightly again... .. .”

Iskanda looked at Maestro Conchi in surprise.

How did you write my heart as it is?

It wasn't just that verse. All the lyrics were expressing his heart as it was.

“... .. Those happy days will never come back. If only I could turn back time... .. .”

In the end, he never met any of the socialites. I've been listening intently to music for two hours.

Attempts to enjoy life were so unsuccessful. All of a sudden, the sensitivity just increased.

okay. just do some work

Iskanda thought.

To be honest, there was one good thing about it.

Now you don't have to avoid your friends. We can be together without fear that we will find out the secret.

That meant one thing for the commanders of the Holy Knights.

work increased.

“Come on, it’s work! Work!”

Iskanda entered the conference room of the state affairs advisory meeting with a pile of papers.

I thought my friends would say a lot about this incident. But for some reason, there was nothing to say. It was only giggling.

Well, that's good.

Iskanda sat down in her seat and turned through the papers one by one.

Then I noticed one thing that caught my attention. It was the data submitted by local nobles to explain the source of the funds to purchase new real estate.

Pastures, cows, vineyards, chickens, mills... . . . .

Looking at all those items, Iskanda was also immersed in a strange feeling. I started counting with dim eyes.

Your friends looked at him.

“That... . . . .”

It was a pitiful look.

Cayenne stood up. He came closer and looked into it and whispered to everyone.

“The calculations are all wrong.”

\* \* \* As a result of

this incident, many people in the Imperial Palace were beaten hard in the back of the head. Looking back on the past like a lantern, I said, “Ah! then so... . . . .” and shed a sigh of belated realization. Everyone was busy exchanging opinions.

Xavier Fontaine, the chef of the Imperial Palace, also heard the rumor.

Oh My God! That's how things turned out!

Like everyone else, he had a tingling in the back of his head. He grabbed his head and fell into shock for a long time.

After all, isn't that the point of giving away a dog for a while?

Even if it wasn't every day, the dinner, which he had prepared with all his might, went into the servant's stomach. There was a fire inside

“Your Majesty has ordered, but what are you going to do? I was choking because I didn’t know when I would be found out!”

For such a thing, it looked very divine.

But I couldn't say anything more. The royal court attendant was not his subordinate. Above all, there was no time for that.

If the rumors are true, what do we do from now on?

Chef Fontaine was very upset.

No matter what happened, it was always dinner time.

He prepared the menu taking into account the fact that His Majesty took a break from overwork. Soft, low-fat duck, fresh orange sauce, lightly steamed fish with a little spice, soft bread, broiled chicken in medicinal wine... . . . They were all dishes with great care.

But the expression on His Majesty's face as he tasted the food was as if he was chewing a piece of paper. Even though it would have been very marketable.

“Uh-huh, that... . . .”

Chef Fontaine shook his head.

In fact, it was common.

The bright eyes and unadorned smile of a country girl. Honest and outspoken attitude.

These things have given a fresh shock to the hearts of many powerful people since ancient times. Didn't he always wear one of those country girls when he went to tour the provinces?

But that fascination disappeared as quickly as it was intense. There was no case where it lasted longer than 6 months, even if it took a long time.

So, apart from being surprised, people didn't take this very seriously.

But Fontaine was different.

He was once ignorant enough to tease His Majesty with all sorts of artistic outlets, but he knew one thing.

Once the taste is captivated, it's over.

pretty face? don't look Intelligence, charm, character? the same Don't see and don't hear

But the food is different. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, every three meals a day, you will inevitably suffer.

“Not everyone knows. This is a bigger problem than I thought.”

Fontaine murmured.

The wagon coming out of the dining room of the Imperial Palace was full of plates. It looked like they didn't even touch it.

The people of the Imperial Palace glanced at the cart going back to the kitchen.

Some people didn't attach much significance to it. But there were smart people everywhere. They ran to spread information here and there.

Among the destinations was the living room of Mrs. Palmer, a socialite expert. The source said excitedly.

"ma'am! Do you know what I just found out? Now that I see, His Majesty the Emperor... . . . ."

Mrs. Palmer responded with a fan, as if nothing new.

"okay. You are the number one pro-peasant in the Empire!"

smart!

The sound of knocking on the farm door echoed in the morning.

Hazel patted the pillow and inflated it, then looked away. I opened the door and widened my eyes. There were guests who were really unexpected.

A golden vest on a silk coat. Shiny tights. It was the rich beggars and old men.

"Acebedo Ball! Prince of Monte Alegre!"

Hazel almost jumped in delight.

"How much is this? Where have you been all this time?"

"I went down to the estate. Because I had to tell you that the dispute between the two families was finally resolved."

The two old men answered with a smile.

"Everyone was very happy. I thought we were going to have a duel."

"Is not it. If there was a duel, one of them would be dead or crippled. It's all thanks to Mrs. It's crazy to say thank you to everyone."

"You're welcome. It really didn't matter."

Hazel replied with a smile. It was a pleasant memory to reconcile the two old men by revealing that the letter as evidence was fake.

"Did you have breakfast?"

"I ate in the morning... ."

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre exchanged glances before continuing the conversation.

In fact, they went down to the estate and did another job. It was very important. It had to do with a firm promise to support Hazel.

"Actually, I mean... ."

Acebedo spoke out.

"Wouldn't it be difficult to run a farm alone like this in the Imperial Palace? I'm an old person, so I think there must be a fence. Not that wooden fence, but a human fence. So, since we have prepared a few true bachelors, why not meet them?"

"Yes?"

Hazel asked in confusion.

"Are you a true bachelor? Do you want me to meet a man now?"

"okay! Status, person, property, personality... .. Because nothing is missing!"

"no. Thank you, but it's okay."

"Don't do that, just take a look. Won't the young lady ever get married too? They are really true bachelors."

"True or not, I don't want to look at men for a while. I will think about whether I should get married or not after I'm 20."

"But don't even look at it. It was a really hard choice."

"It's really okay. Fine. it's okay."

Hazel took the two old men outside.

Are you worried about running a farm by yourself, so you've been working hard to prepare?  
I was very grateful for the kindness of the two old men.

However, it would have been better to buy farm implements one by one.

The time was bad. Apparently, they had just moved to Tokyo and didn't know anything.

Hazel shrugged once. I went back to my room and banged the pillow again to inflate it.

A very important thing happened today.

The downtown area of the capital has been noisy since morning.

Hazel caught a glimpse of it as she passed the shopping street.

“... .. If that was true, did you succeed in the challenge after 100 years?”

“Then why did you succeed and then disappear without a word?”

“What kind of people are they?”

People were gossiping as they put away the Mirror of Truth leaflet.

Hazel stopped and stood and looked at them.

After a while, they marched bravely again.

There was no time to think otherwise. I had to dispose of these branches today. Like Uncle Carl, I left the house with a determination not to leave even a single dog behind.

I pulled the cart and went to the market.

The capital's central market was administered by the union.

Hazel did not join the union. However, even if you were not a member, you could sell your products through stalls in the market for a small fee. However, the quality of the goods had to meet certain standards.

I went to the union headquarters in the center of the market to receive the examination.

The headmaster personally conducted the review. He picked up a branch, observed it, and immediately admired it.

“Hey! A very good branch!”

quality was recognized. Hazel was happy.

"thank you. Then can I sell it in the market?"

"well. That would be nice too, but wouldn't it be a bit of a waste to sell it for a few pennies? I worked hard to raise it, but if possible, I should get the best price. Why not take it to a restaurant rather than the market?"

The general manager advised so.

There was a place that reminds me of a restaurant.

Not long ago, restaurant owners visited Hazel. It was to sign a contract for the sale of labyrinth mushrooms. Among them, Hazel selected a restaurant called 'Pavilion' and signed a contract.

My friend decided to go there.

Hazel dragged the cart towards the square. I remember seeing a map of the capital's restaurants in a place that distributes tourist guides.

When I went, it was there too. Found the 'Pavilion' on the map. Said to be in Cellini.

I took the cart and headed to the Cellini this time.

After walking for about 40 minutes, we finally reached our destination. As the name suggests, the grand-looking restaurant building came into view.

When I told the employee what was going on, he immediately called the owner.

“Miss Mayfield!”

He came out with a smile. On the one hand, he had a bewildered face. Because the salon owner, who is the representative of the customer, came to visit.

“I was still trying to find you. The menu design is complete. Now we are going to start in earnest.”

“It was. Do not worry. Mushroom harvest is decided by friends to do their best to help... .”

Hazel stopped talking there unconsciously. I remember running away with Lord Valentine using the giant labyrinth mushroom as an umbrella.

“... . Miss Mayfield?”

"Yes! How far have you been talking?"

“The mushroom harvest is as far as my friends have agreed to help.”

"Yes it is. Actually, I'm here today to sell these branches. I went to the market and they told me to sell it to a restaurant.”

"Well?"

The restaurant owner looked at the cart.

“This is a great branch. I want to buy all of them in our store, but... .”

“But, what?”

“I have to maintain a good relationship with the young lady, so I will tell you frankly. You can get a better price for something like this. There are places where you can buy the best produce in the capital.”

“Where is that?”

“The Imperial Palace.”

“... ..”

Hazel was speechless.

Then I saw that Grocery vendors entering and leaving the Imperial Palace always brought the best.

In the end, it was said that direct sales were possible. It's also very simple.

Hazel tumbled back with the cart full of branches.

What the hell did I do?

He still has a long way to go to become a good farmer.

At that time, Iskanda was also working hard.

Prisoners in dungeons are not immediately interrogated. He goes through a hellish period of imagining what his fate will be in a gloomy atmosphere of horror. Police officers called this period the 'mature process'.

The prisoners were escorted only after the aging process was over.

They were holding a toast, believing that there would be a reward for accusing them of treason. Then he was caught without knowing English.

He didn't know English until the moment he was dragged into the interrogation room. They were horribly surprised to see their Emperor's Majesty sitting there.

“Is it possible to rebel against yourself?”

Iskanda asked as if genuinely curious.

"but. I would have filed a complaint because it was possible.”

Only then did the sinners realize.

I had a huge accident.

It wasn't just an article with a story that was secretly helping the country girl. It was the emperor himself. No one knew about it because it was completely hidden.

I didn't want it to be like this!

It was no use vomiting blood now and regretting it. He even wrote his name on the accusation and even signed it. There was no way out.

“Putting treason on others is also a felony no less than treason. Because he pretended to be a loyal servant and deceived the monarch! Learn how to rule like treason!”

“Help me!”

The sinners fell right away.

It wasn't a threat. According to the law, false reporting of treason was to be punished with the same punishment as treason if strictly enforced. Knowing that, he could not forgive those who did what he did.

However, there was still more to learn. Iskanda looked around the criminals.

“After researching, it turns out that all of them were on the verge of bankruptcy, but at some point they suddenly became rich. Investing in printing houses, auctioning jewelry, success in opera... . . . . The reasons were different, but the timing was the same. Who the hell is behind it?”

The sinners didn't say anything and just swallowed their breath.

Iskanda looked at the red-haired nobleman who was particularly agitated among them.

All the criminals were sent out and the interrogation ended with that for the day.

The next day, only him secretly called separately.

“Count Denal. Haven't you been disciplined for money laundering with vinegar recently? I'm the only one with a criminal record, so I'll stand alone at the guillotine.”

“Yes? Are you single? Am I alone?”

“If you don't like it, try negotiating to reduce your brother.”

the mayor said:

Count Denal made the calculations quickly. I don't know if everyone's throats run away, but I didn't want to be alone.

“I don't even know what Abbas Mamon decorates. I just invested because it was going to make me money.”

He opened his mouth.

It was difficult at first, but once I opened my mouth it was easy. Starting with the secret headquarters at the top, he blew everything he knew.

The police immediately raided the headquarters.

However, it was after the Sang Sangju Mamon had already disappeared. And there was no slush fund that should have been hidden under the wooden floor. According to Count Denal's confession, he had to have a huge amount of money.

A cunning guy!

Iskanda was very angry. I looked all over for clues.

Then I saw a portrait that the police had torn off the wall. The moment I looked into the face of the wolfhound with the red cross mark on it, a black haze suddenly appeared in front of me.

What is this?

The last time I interrogated him, he was nowhere to be seen. Once I got sick, I saw this strange thing.

Iskanda called the chief of the police.

“Where is the wolfhound now?”

“Beside the Greek goddess.”

"what?"

“It meant going to hell. already executed. Before moving from August to September.”

The case fell into the dark again.

Iskanda was in agony. Then I suddenly remembered.

no. It wasn't.

jumped up from his seat.

As I recalled the time of the interrogation, I remembered one thing.

I went straight to Hazel after interrogating the Wolfhound. When I smelled the scent of herbs on the farm, I suddenly felt good.

Now that I think about it, it was a bit strange.

It seemed that the herb had some secret.

As Iskanda remembered, the name of the herb was Ru. Said to have the power to ward off evil things.

Then a hypothesis could be formulated.

The wolfhound used some evil power to hide the information. When I went to the interrogation room, Iskanda saw the traces too. But it cleverly slipped through the gap of consciousness.

Still, the energy itself permeated, at least faintly. It was defeated by the power of that mysterious herb. Thanks to you, I felt exceptionally refreshed.

I could think of it that way.

Iskanda's knowledge of pharmaceuticals was nothing special. But I knew that there was no panacea in the world.

No drug can cure all diseases. It is mainly effective in only a few areas.

Lou would too.

You can start by finding out in which field the herb has a special effect. If you look backwards, you can see what evil powers were used by wolfhounds.

So, what is the most effective way to do it?

Iskanda thought about this and that.

A good idea soon came to mind.

It was for some special mission.

This required Hazel's cooperation. Either way, he was a good fit. Several conditions were met precisely.

“This is really unavoidable.”

Iskanda muttered.

To be honest, I had to admit it. He still hasn't completely sorted out his complex feelings for Hazel.

But this was something that had no room for emotions to intervene. I had to find a clue by all means.

"okay. It's unavoidable.”

he murmured again.

But the problem was with Hazel. He hated himself so much that he might not have cooperated.

But that shouldn't be the case. I had to make it work somehow.

Is that the only way?

Iskanda nodded slowly.

I had no idea that I would be visiting the farm for such an unexpected reason.

There was nothing good about revealing his identity. It was no longer necessary to disguise.

However, since this is a secret mission, the aim is the same when no one else is present.

Then a thought suddenly came to my mind.

Exactly what was the name? A name I had been struggling to put away for the past few days came to the surface of my consciousness.

Marquis Lanley.

For a moment, my stomach was twisted.

Even though it's not right to think that way about a loyal servant. I just wished we didn't meet.

He hastily erased the name from his head.

that time.

Hazel visited the Ministry of the Interior. It was the government office that handled miscellaneous affairs within the imperial palace.

The employees of the Ministry of the Interior still vividly remember the moment when Hazel announced the existence of the 'farm salon'. So, when the young lady in the straw hat appeared again, I was nervous.

"What happened?"

"I want to sell branches."

The eyes of the staff widened.

When I said it concisely, it became a word like a general trader. Hazel quickly explained.

"I picked branches from the field in the salon. Maybe I'll keep harvesting until the frost comes. It's not that many because the size of the field is small, but it's not enough to eat them all. So I am going to sell the leftover branches to the Imperial Palace."

"Ah."

The staff then understood.

"You mean you're going to deliver groceries after all?"

"Yes."

“Then take this document and go. It is a document about agricultural product standards. It is necessary to categorize them into special goods, goods, medium goods, and yawns according to the criteria presented here. After that, I will connect you with the official in charge, so you can get it checked out.”

"all right."

Hazel returned with the papers.

I laid out the branches on the table and started sorting in earnest.

Several things have happened in the past. For example, being driven to a rebellious road. I've been a bit busy anyway, so the overall freshness of the eggplant has dropped somewhat.

However, the product standards passed without difficulty. The items harvested yesterday and today were also available as special products.

This should be enough.

Hazel diligently sorted the branches.

Soon the sun was going down. A reddish light came in through a small window and filled the kitchen.

A daily routine is engraved in a person's mind and exerts a considerable influence. At this time, Hazel unconsciously thought of something.

It was a time he often came.

There was a time when I was just thinking about it.

smart.

Someone knocked on the door from outside.

The door was slightly open. Even so, you can't come in with a proud greeting and just knock. Could it be that the two tenacious old nobles came back with the list of groomsmen?

Hazel let go of the branches and got up.

"who are you?"

The moment I opened the slightly opened door, it hardened like a stone.

It wasn't just the two old men standing there.

blond hair. Red eyes. A robe full of dazzling decorations despite being dimly lit. He really didn't fit the porch of this little house.

When our eyes met, he said.

"I will first clarify my identity so that there is no mistake like the last time. I am the emperor of the empire... ."

bang!

Unknowingly closed it.

I didn't see it. I haven't seen anything.

I was so embarrassed that I avoided it.

My heart was pounding wildly. Hazel stood behind the door, trying to calm herself.

Meanwhile, another knock was heard from outside.

Why the hell did he come here? Alone with no attendants.

What Hazel thinks of him should have already been told by the palace officer. Does that mean that he showed up again?

confused When he didn't respond to that, he said.

“Miss Mayfield! I came here because I have something to say. It is very important.”

It was Lord Valentine's voice. Rather than having a conversation, a hard tone, as if announcing the facts. It was also Sir Valentine's tone.

I felt weird. It looked like Lord Valentine was standing outside the door. All kinds of memories came to mind.

Hazel shook her head vigorously.

Let's calm down. have to respond

After taking a deep breath, he opened the door.

Iskanda said.

“Because of government affairs.”

Our eyes met once again. Oh, I can't either.

"do your best."

Hazel tried to close the door. At that moment, Iskanda spoke quickly.

“I will make an offer that I cannot refuse.”

“There is no such thing as an offer you can never refuse.”

“If this is successful, I will give you the land.”

Hazel's hand stopped.

Earth? Did I just say land?

It seemed to me that this was too simple. But I couldn't help it. The word land was appealing to his ears.

Hazel looked at him.

Still, it was an unfamiliar yet familiar face.

“Tell me honestly. Surely you're giving me land that's hidden in a remote place, right? Do I have to be forced to relocate the moment I consent?”

"no."

Iskanda shook her head.

“It is the land around this farm. I will give you the same amount that I gave you as compensation for the last artificial rainfall experiment. The farm will double from what it originally inherited. I swear I will never cheat.”

He said it very seriously.

Really?

Hazel's heart weighed fiercely.

The back of my head still tingled because of this man. I never wanted to see your face again. Since this is a salon, an independent district, I had the freedom to do so.

But it's nothing but land. The farm will double in size.

I just couldn't resist this much.

Hazel lifted his hand from the door.

“Then would you like to hear what the proposal is?”

leaned slightly to the side.

Iskanda sighed inwardly.

After all, I hate people, but I don't hate the earth. I thought this was a possibility.

I went in quickly before I changed my mind.

It felt like it had been 100 years since I last came.

A lamp was shining on the wooden table. Water boiled in a wood-burning oven. There was a faint smell of tomato sauce from somewhere.

That was it. It was filled with an atmosphere that reminds me of the days of the common people that I did not even have.

Iskanda looked around the familiar house. Then, without realizing it, he found traces of other visitors.

There were no signs of any guests. It was a curious thing.

Hazel is framed as a traitor and has been arrested, but the Marquis of Lanley doesn't even come up to him and comfort him?

As I thought about it, I suddenly came to my senses.

What am I thinking now? come to work!

He sat down on the chair at the table where he had always been. I glanced at Hazel preparing tea.

I'm glad you seemed to be doing well.

For the past few days, Hazel kept thinking about me and it was painful, but when I was in front of him, he was surprisingly calm.

great. If I go like this, can I organize it well?

I had such a hopeful thought.

But when I thought about it again after a while, it didn't seem like it was sober. It seemed that they had finally found stability in the same space.

no.

Iskanda tried to think hopefully again.

At this time, Hazel was also glancing at him while preparing tea.

His Majesty, the blonde emperor in a colorful robe, is sitting in the kitchen of the farmhouse. It was a very disturbing landscape.

But the neck was very natural.

It is natural. Because that body belongs to Lord Valentine. It's natural to sit down... . . . .

Hazel stopped looking down.

Somehow it felt so farm-friendly.

A yellow lump was naturally raised on the bridge.

“Tiberius!”

Hazel shouted.

Iskanda was startled. I looked it up and then I found it.

A little chick was already perched on her leg. Still, I didn't know about it. It was amazing.

“When did you escape and sit here? Did you happen to see me come and follow me?”

Maybe you're not so ignorant?

Hazel was very upset.

“Come here, please.”

Iskanda grabbed the chick that was on the table. But Tiberius quickly escaped. He jumped down and took a seat on Iskanda's bridge again.

“Tiberius! Why the hell are you here?”

Hazel's scolding was useless. He didn't want to fall off the bridge.

Iskanda fell into a strange mood when she saw the little chick. Even if it wasn't, the sensitivity would explode from time to time these days.

he thought

Even in this situation, you know my heart as much as you do.

Iskanda lifted her head and looked at Hazel.

“I heard about it from a few people, but they said that Tiberius might not be able to grow because of me?”

"no. Tiberius is just a hairy baby dragon. It has nothing to do with Your Majesty, so don't worry about it."

“There have been several similar cases so far. According to the studies of the sages, the growth may not have stopped, but may have been very slow. Anyway, it's my fault, and I will take responsibility for the rest of Tiberius's life."

"No. Tiberius is a farm chick. I can't let you live in a cage in a palace."

Hazel paused in reply.

We were talking naturally. The emperor and the emperor were arguing over custody of the chicks.

let's talk dragon

I sat down next to him and asked.

“Anyway, what’s the offer?”

Indeed, it is.

Iskanda also came to his senses.

have to work

He put it back together in his mind.

My quest for the past few months has ended erratically. But that was not to say there were no results. I could learn a lot about the farmer who wears a straw hat.

From what I've seen, Hazel was clever. His insight into power was also quite sharp. He had great drive and had perseverance. Responsiveness was also great.

In that respect, no one better than Hazel would be able to search the entire Imperial Palace.

Iskanda opened her mouth.

“The reason behind this incident that dared to accuse the emperor of treason was revealed to be Mamon Sangha. It's run by a man named Abbas Mamon, and the people involved in the business include Andre Delgado, the Baroness of Fiorenti, and the Wolfhound.”

They were tenor singers, mushroom research observers, and kidnappers, respectively.

Hazel's face grew serious.

“So, was that person named Mamon caught?”

“He barely escaped.”

"Oh My God! Why are you so anxious that you can't eat me like that?"

“I have had a bad relationship since I made and sold rose water. When a new, high-quality rose water appeared, the lotion business at Mamon's top went bankrupt. The headquarters was robbed and all the investors were arrested in this case, but he quickly ran away with a large amount of slush funds.”

“Leave no clues?”

“That is the problem. That's why I'm here to negotiate.”

Hazel pricked up her ears.

“Do you have any clues? what?”

“I don't know if you remember that day. Who misunderstood me as a ghost and built a wall at the entrance with medicinal herbs... .”

"Ah."

Hazel felt a strong desire to avoid. I wanted to tell you that I don't remember such stupid things.

“Yes, that day.”

“Did I mention you met a wolfhound just before that? I was observing the interrogation, but no matter how much I threatened from behind, they caught me saying they didn't know everything... .”

“Yes, I remember.”

That very story further fueled Hazel's absurd suspicions. So I remembered it wisely.

“Is that a clue? You didn't leak any clues?”

"Yes."

Iskanda nodded her head.

“I thought about it, and suddenly it came to mind. I smelled the herb that day and felt strangely refreshed.”

"Ah!"

Hazel's complexion changed.

“Come to think of it, His Majesty must have said that at the time. That's weird. Lou's smell is very strong and irritating. Pregnant women or people with weak bodies should be careful. Everyone usually frowns at the smell.”

“I was not. Instead of being uncomfortable, I felt good and at ease. Could it be that the herb has the effect of warding off evil energy? If the wolfhound used some sort of evil power to conceal information, that energy had penetrated into my body without my knowledge... .”

“It's a possible hypothesis. Lu's power drove away the evil energy and purged it, so it may have been refreshing.”

"also."

Iskanda nodded her head.

“Then it is necessary to find out specifically what kind of evil power the herb exerts powerful effects on. It’s a situation where we have to catch even the smallest clue.”

He said with a serious face.

“In the past, people heard that if you had power, you did not have to be punished, and if you did not commit corruption, you would be a fool. Although they can't express it outwardly, there are people who miss that era everywhere. You're wearing a mask pretending to be clean on the outside. This case is very absurd and shocking. But maybe it could be made into a phone call.”

"how?"

“A man named Abbas Mamon is not a nobleman. Still, it has a surprising impact. The fact that he was able to increase his power so clearly means that the established elite looked after him. They must have been shaken by this incident. He must have been in a hurry to cut off the tail quickly. In order to detect such anomalous movements, we have to infiltrate the core of the social circle.”

Hazel looked at Iskanda in surprise.

“Are you sure you want me to do that?”

“It’s also quick. There is now a gathering of high-ranking noble girls at the heart of the social circle. It is a gathering called 'Emperia' with a long history. Any amount of Miss Mayfield can enter there. The delicious food, the kind attitude, the angelic face... . . .”

Iskanda bit her tongue without speaking.

What am I talking about now?

As I spoke according to the stream of consciousness, I unintentionally praised him.

Fortunately, Hazel was preoccupied with the first part of the story, so he couldn't hear the latter part very well.

"So you're saying you're going to become a spy for His Majesty, and go into social gatherings to dig up information?"

"Because I'll give you a chance to meet them."

"And do you do research on Lou?"

"right. You should investigate the herb with me. That's how I find out Mamon's true purpose, confiscate a large amount of slush funds, and clear out the nobles who looked after him. Miss Mayfield gets the land. how is it? Isn't it good for each other?"

"By the way, would it be okay to leave such an important task to the neighboring farmer anyway?"

"Because I am confident that I will not betray justice."

Iskanda answered without hesitation.

"It's all bad memories for you, but... .. I've come to know this through a lot of things. In addition, there is one more favorable condition. What did we do in the audience?"

"We fought."

"That's it. We collided openly in front of many people. And the rumor spread widely. No one knows that Miss Mayfield hates me very much. So everyone would not have imagined

that they were conducting a secret investigation according to Huang Ming. I'm going to divulge my secrets in an unwary way."

And he added.

"You may be hesitant to be involved in a conspiracy or be harassed again, but it will never happen, so you can rest assured."

Having said that, he took out what he had prepared.

It was a medal. Pegasus, the symbol of the empire, was engraved.

Hazel asked.

"What is this?"

"A medal that proves that you are the Emperor's secret investigator."

Iskanda replied.

"There are many privileges, but one of the most useful is immunity. No matter what charges the holder of this medal is, he will never be taken away. That is, it is free from all conspiracies. The words of the investigator with the golden Pegasus medal represent the golden age. Failure to do so will result in penalties equivalent to treason. So when you need it, you can show it to me."

Awesome... . . .

Hazel's heart raced.

It was a scene that definitely appeared in a novel my grandfather read to me when I was young. The protagonist of justice who receives a secret order from His Majesty the Emperor and works with that token.

I couldn't contain my excitement.

Oh, this is true. I'm also busy farming.

But this is for the public good. It is also a work for agriculture.

Since the farm is within the Imperial Palace, the country must be stable in order to farm well. If you catch the top runners who are constantly tormenting you, you will feel more comfortable.

In that respect, the interests of the two were perfectly aligned.

Although it was inconvenient to see his face, wouldn't it help to organize your mind by performing your duties in such a public relationship?

Hazel nodded.

“Okay, Your Majesty. I do that.”

“Thought well.”

Iskanda's face brightened.

At that moment he realized. He was very worried that Hazel wouldn't agree.

that... . . . .

of course. Hazel is the only person who can do this job!

I had a lot of free time, so I took a leisurely look around and found it.

A business card was placed on the plate. At first glance, the name 'Arthur Lanley' looked like.

Marquis Lanley.

It was a look that was very cherished.

The friendly image of the two witnessed on the balcony came back vividly. The good feeling I just had was gone. Instead, a strange thought crept into my head.

What the hell... . . . . You mean the Marquis Lanley is better than me?

Iskanda bit her lip.

i am the king he is a marquise.

I'm better at fighting too. No matter how wealthy he may be, he is not even a hairy tip of my fortune. I am much more popular.

Thinking about it, his face became hot.

It's a really childish idea.

Hazel kept making him think of these childish thoughts. Even knowing that, I couldn't stop.

Isn't it really blinding!

Iskanda jumped up.

“Then stop.”

Hazel got up too.

“Good-bye, Your Majesty.”

He was polite and greeted me politely. It was the manner of manners a noble girl should have for the emperor.

It also scratched Iskanda's nerves.

“I will tell you soon how to enter the social world.”

He left those words and left the small house.

“... ..”

Hazel looked at his back as he moved away.

Because work is really hard.

I had such a thought, but the moment I saw the blonde haired head, my heart swelled up again.

There's no such thing as a bad guy. If you make yourself hard, you are a bad man. In that sense, His Majesty the Emperor was the worst man in the world.

“You shouldn't get tangled up strangely again.”

Hazel muttered.

So, after we broke up, we got mad at each other, so we both thought at the same time.

I can sort it out soon.

#### 14. Milk, Eggs, and Emperor's Pride (1)

Hazel picked up the rake he had bought at the market.

This rake, with fourteen pointed blades, was strong and stout. I liked it

Hazel swung the rake like a holy sword and roamed the farm. It was time to do all the work and finally scrape the leaves floating in the gutter.

container.

A yellow cloth ball flew into the fence. Hazel looked out over the garden.

The next moment, his eyes widened.

Little cats were standing.

They were eight or nine-year-old Katsy knights in uniforms of the Knights of the Holy Wind. Gold, silver, blotches, stripes, etc., various ears perked up on her curly hair.

“I’m sorry, but is it okay if I go find the ball?”

The yellow-striped catsy knight asked seriously.

"sure!"

Hazel replied with a smile.

Catchy little knights rushed in. He picked up the ball, but did not go out immediately, but sneakily wandered around.

I thought so.

The eyes of these little cats were full of curiosity. It was nothing more than skillfully throwing the ball into the fence.

I just come here to play.

They resembled their knights leader in that they dared to plan.

Cats visiting the farm are always welcome. the more the better. That means the farm is comfortable.

Hazel swung her rake again.

When the owner didn't care, the little cat knights walked around the farm with peace of mind. A field of eggplants and tomatoes, a cow with shiny hair, a warehouse full of strange things... . . . Among them, it was the chicken coop that attracted their curiosity the most.

“Isn't it better than our dorm?”

The young knights whispered.

Do you know who made that chicken coop?

Hazel let go of his hand for a moment and fell into a distant thought.

At that moment, a little Katsy knight shouted.

"Lady! Chickens are weird!"

Hazel returned to reality.

It wouldn't be weird. For city kids, everything is amazing.

With that in mind, I went to the chicken coop and looked into it.

The next moment, his eyes widened again.

The brown hen that I decided to call 'Lena', but at some point called 'Tongtongi', was really strange.

Everyone was running around and playing, but he was restless alone. Dip the straw on the floor with its beak, place it on the perch, and repeat.

"Why are you doing that?"

"Are you hungry?"

"Are you sick?"

The cats who came to play on the farm were busily asking.

Hazel answered them with a bright face.

"It's not like that, I think it's about to lay eggs sooner or later."

It was both pleasant and surprising.

It has been over four months since I bought my first chicks. If they grow up healthy and well in a good environment, they lay eggs as early as 4 months old.

“You lay eggs!”

New farm cats excited. It was as if he had witnessed a historic moment on this farm.

“Thanks for finding and letting me know so quickly.”

Hazel said to the little knights. And to make it easier for the hens to lay eggs, the nest was lined with clean, soft straw.

the next day.

I got up early and went to the chicken coop. I looked into Tongtong's nest.

A brown egg was buried among the straw.

Really gave birth!

Hazel screams of joy and stretches out her hand.

It had just been born, so it was still warm. It was a little small because it was a choke, but if it stopped, I passed.

I don't have to worry about eggs in the future.

My heart was filled with joy.

The plump has started laying eggs, so the albino and the grumpy will soon lay eggs too. If three of them lay one or two a day, and the others grow up and lay eggs, you can get several fresh eggs every morning.

Hazel came out holding the first egg with both hands.

It was so painful that I couldn't even eat it.

A small basket was laid on a cloth and an egg was placed on it. After decorating the handle with scraps of ribbon, I went out with a clean face and clothes.

The Empress Dowager's salon has been open since morning.

“Miss Mayfield, are you here?”

The attendants recognized Hazel and led him right inside.

A soft harp sound resounded from the center. The Empress Dowager has been listening to music since morning. Maybe it's a topic that doesn't suit this kind of atmosphere, but... . . . .

“The Empress Dowager! Our hen has laid its first egg!”

Hazel proudly reported her as soon as he saw her. Then he offered a small basket.

“I will give the first egg as a present to the Empress Dowager.”

“Really?”

The Empress Dowager was overjoyed and accepted.

"Congratulations!"

The maids gathered. I was amazed to see the eggs in the basket.

“The freshly laid eggs are so cute!”

“Be really cute too!”

Their reaction was cuter. Hazel answered with a smile.

“It’s because it’s still the first egg laid by the little hen. In the future, I will feed them better so that they produce thick and soft eggs.”

“Okay, everyone. Our neighbor's farm feeds chickens very well. I have seen it with my own eyes several times.”

The Empress Dowager also said so.

“It’s hard to find eggs like this in the middle of the capital. But how convenient is it to be able to get it right next to you? I wish I could taste one of these eggs every day. Shall we sign a contract at all?”

"Ah! Will it?"

Hazel frowned.

The first customer of farm eggs is the Empress Dowager. It was really cool.

Of course, I wanted to give you at least a few every day. However, the Empress Dowager seemed to want to do business with a real country man.

"like. How much does an egg cost?"

"Well... .."

Hazel thought for a moment. I had to do it right so as not to disappoint the Empress Dowager.

"When I saw it at a grocery store, two eggs from free-fed chickens were one silver. However, the overall price was expensive there. So, one silver for three is a reasonable price."

"One silver for three?"

Mrs. Augusta, who was in charge of grooming the Empress Dowager's hair, shouted in surprise.

"I thought it would cost about 1 gold per piece!"

"no. If you go to the market, you will know. This price is right."

"okay. This price is right. However... .."

The Empress Dowager raised both hands.

"I don't have one silver. Who will lend you?"

Everyone was buzzing. The situation was the same. There was no such thing as little money.

"Wait."

Miss Templeton, who was playing the harp, got up.

"Unbelievable! I have the honor of lending coins to the Empress Dowager."

She took out a silver coin with a hole in the center. It was a curious thing and carried it as a talisman.

The Empress Dowager was delighted and took the coin and handed it to Hazel.

"With this, I can eat fresh eggs from the neighboring farm for three days without any worries."

"After three days you will have to borrow money from someone else."

Everyone burst into laughter at the words of the daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld.

The Empress Dowager was really serious about buying eggs, and Hazel was really serious about selling eggs. Everyone felt it pleasantly.

Sooner or later, the maids and maids who served the Empress Dowager were also eagerly waiting for Hazel's visit. After Hazel left, Empress Dowager became more energetic.

Where can you find a cure like this?

everyone thought

In doing so, Hazel unexpectedly earned 1 silver and left the Empress Dowager Palace.

Money is money, but it was a lot of fun to be able to share the food that I produced with sincerity with people I love.

I was able to get this pleasure thanks to raising chicks.

The farm was also happiness itself. The bigger the farm, the bigger the happiness.

E.g... . . . .

Hazel remembered a visit to the market's flower shop. After talking with the owner about this and that, I quietly asked.

“Is it too late to plant winter berries here in the capital?”

“It’s late. You can buy a seedling and plant it.”

The owner replied calmly. He also said that he would introduce a place he knew well in the vicinity of the capital if he wanted to.

Maybe there will be a strawberry field on the farm. Beneath the green bushes that lined up all the way to the end, I could clearly see in front of my eyes the image of red strawberries growing in rows along the furrows.

It might not have been a dream. If you do this job well.

Hazel was excited and moved on.

He was just crossing the central section of the Imperial Palace.

The front of me suddenly became busier. Noble bureaucrats scattered sideways and a commotion was heard.

“... .. your Majesty!”

your Majesty?

Hazel flinched.

Now that His Majesty the Emperor does not have to avoid him, he expected that one day they would meet face-to-face like this. But I couldn't help but be nervous.

what is to come has come

“Your Majesty, I have Miss Mayfield before me.”

Cecil, a bright-eyed palace official, quickly informed me.

At this moment, Cecil's expression was not good. Because it reminded me of an event that happened in the past.

One day before the prom of flowers, he followed Iskanda like a shadow and missed him in an instant. This was because Hazel, who had come to apply for the cooking contest, suddenly recognized Iskanda's voice.

When he recalled how much he had wandered around to find His Majesty the Emperor, Cecil couldn't help but mutter.

“Your Majesty, can you not run away now?”

“... ..”

Iskanda's face hardened uncomfortably.

Anyway, we had to meet. I had something to convey.

He strode forward as if he didn't care who was in front of him.

So was Hazel. Stopped just like everyone else. As if he didn't care who he was, he stepped aside and bowed.

"your Majesty."

"Miss Mayfield."

The two greeted each other with very shy faces.

For this plan to be successful, it was necessary to emphasize how much they hated each other in front of many people.

It wasn't difficult.

Bad Guy!

Blind woman!

At that moment, they thought of each other like this. I just had to express my feelings honestly on my face.

joy!

As it passed by while snoring, something flew into Hazel's hem.

It was a small note.

It was so swift and subtle that no one noticed. It was a message delivery technique that only Grand Cavalier could do.

Hazel secretly took the note.

After the emperor's procession passed, he fell by the side of the road. I went behind an empty tree and opened it.

'As I said last time, I prepared an opportunity to enter Emperia, a social gathering. You will be contacted soon. It couldn't be simpler. I don't have a connection, so don't just wander around alone and lie down with a blanket on like last time... .. !

closely.

Power entered Hazel's hand without realizing it.

“Can’t even tell the difference between weeds and crops!”

The note was crumpled.

Today, I hated him so much.

My once complicated mind was being organized so smoothly.

Entering the upper social circles.

The Minister of Home Affairs also tried to have Hazel do it. At the time, I honestly didn't have much interest in it, but I listened to the words of the god Noh, who I still like.

good at that He seemed to know how to do it.

“Naturally, we get to know each other and dig up information about the Mamon factions. Ask the Emperor's Majesty get land.”

Hazel arranged it again. He stroked the golden Pegasus medallion hidden in his chest.

To be honest, I had to admit it. It was very reassuring to have this.

By the way, what did His Majesty prepare? Wouldn't that be weird? Still, you work hard, so you've prepared well, haven't you? What is it?

I returned to the farm with such curiosity. I had to prepare well because I didn't know when I was going to be summoned.

I did the laundry in advance and took care of all the small household items in the house so that I didn't have to go out of my way.

Then I baked bread. I was kneading the dough on the counter that had been dusted with flour, and the long-awaited official notice finally arrived. It was brought by the royal court attendant.

“There is going to be an event at the Imperial Palace soon. The girls who were selected were ordered to put aside everything and immediately gather at the Imperial Palace.”

The servant said so.

It would be the young girls of the Emperia group that Hazel had to approach.

I was a little nervous.

"all right."

Hazel put the bread dough down. After changing clothes soaked in flour, he hurriedly headed to the muster place, 'The Hall of Balance'.

The Hall of Libra was mainly used as a banquet hall for the ceremonies of the imperial palace officials.

It was already crowded inside. While Hazel was changing her clothes and doing something, the other noble girls rushed to her. After entering the palace and engaging in social activities, he had just crossed over.

"well. Some court officials close to my father said there was going to be a surprise ball... ."

We had a chattering conversation like that, but it stopped when Hazel appeared.

Oh? why is he

It was such a look.

Everyone knew well what happened in the audience room recently. Therefore, he thought of Hazel as a 'returned fallen noblewoman'. Naturally, a thick wall was created.

When Hazel saw them, they were all high-class girls in splendid and luxurious clothes. The nose was no joke.

You have to be part of this great crowd.

That seemed really difficult. But for the land, it had to be done.

As I was observing, I suddenly heard a chirping voice.

“Shall we just start?”

An old woman walked in.

His hair was as white as snow, so he looked like he was in his 60s. But other than that, he looked like he was in his 30s. His face was tight as if he had been ironed, and his waist was as straight as a wooden board.

“This is Madame Elegance, who is in charge of this event. He has been advising the Imperial Palace for ceremonial events for over 20 years.”

The servant introduced. And he said to Madame.

“The Grand Duchess of Athena was not able to attend because she was sick.”

"I see."

Madame replied. And with sharp eyes, he glanced at the noble girls.

“As I entered earlier, I noticed that everyone was talking nonsense, but this time, the event planned at the Imperial Palace is not a typical ball. Your Majesty's Majesty has a special mission for you, so I have issued an official letter to you.”

The noble girls murmured.

"Your Majesty's special?"

"That's right. Thanks to God's care for our empire, the Empress Dowager, whom we all respect and love, is restored to health. The Empress Dowager has always liked the heroes of the Empire. Therefore, you expressed your desire to go to the upcoming hunting competition and feel the atmosphere of the field.”

Madame Elegance said looking around at everyone.

“Your Majesty the Emperor came up with a good idea. There is one legend that Empress Dowager likes. Long ago, when the Founding Emperor and his friends worked together to defeat the Black Dragon and lay exhausted, mysterious saints appeared from somewhere

with fairies. When they roasted the leaves, they became meat, and when they poured water, they became fragrant wine, and they all ate.”

“Yes, Madame. We know. It is a very famous legend.”

“Your Majesty said that you would like to entertain the Empress Dowager by reproducing this legend in an outdoor play. He said that if the fine ladies of the court could play the role of a saint, he would be highly congratulated.”

Wow... . . . .

The eyes of the noble girls widened.

For a long time, they had only wished to be close to His Majesty the Emperor. I came here without thinking, but a greater price was waiting for me than I expected.

have to do it I have to do it somehow.

Everyone's eyes lit up. He was conscious of his surroundings anew and showed a great competitive spirit.

“What a great plan! Your Majesty is a true saint!”

“Maybe you’ve done all of this?”

praise poured in.

In fact, Iskanda came up with this plan after much thought.

There's nothing like a big event for a new person to blend into the heart of the social world. This is a golden opportunity for a person who has been neglected until now to get attention.

But he lacked the creativity to plan the event. So I diligently searched the classics. I found an event like this about 70 years ago and quickly used it.

Despite these efforts... . . . .

Hazel was very upset.

Is there a very easy way to get in?

what's this? What's simple? How did you get chosen as a saint among these prominent noble girls? The competition is huge! Did the back head expert hit the back of the head like this again?

Of course it wasn't.

Iskanda thought it was really simple. There was no doubt that if it was Hazel, of course, he would be chosen first.

However, this Madame Elegance was not so easy-going.

She has been successfully hosting these kinds of events for the past 20 years.

Working with people was her specialty. Even a three-month-old hound with a nose in a bowl and a mud puddle could be made and presented as the perfect ladies and gentleman.

In her view, these young girls who are said to be noble girls from the most prestigious families in the Empire... . . . was not young

Among them, one young lady was particularly impressive.

Madame Elegance looked at Hazel and thought.

What is it? What is this wild pony?

This brown-haired girl did not know where to start. She gave up on nagging and looked away.

Even if everyone was lacking, it was not enough for a long time.

But it was quite expected. So today I dared to call this banquet hall.

“The Emperor made a seemingly easy yet difficult request. No matter how tall you are, no matter how well educated you are, it is very difficult to do this well. First of all, you need to get the basics right.”

Madame Elegance clapped her hands. The people who were waiting suddenly appeared.

Hazel was surprised to see them. They were familiar faces.

“What cooks all of a sudden?”

The youngsters were buzzing. Madame Elegance replied.

“These are the imperial chefs who will play the roles of the forest fairies in the outdoor play that day. The saint must get along well with them. That is the basic of the basics. To see if you have any of these qualities, I’m going to give you an immediate assignment. With these chefs, bring me some refreshments.”

"Yes?"

Everyone looked at Madame with puzzled faces.

It was just the reaction I expected.

Madame knew what they were like. I thought I was the best because I was supported by people around me since I was little.

In order to participate in the Imperial Palace event, we had to break that idea first.

poison to poison

The Imperial Chefs were really tough people to deal with.

As he entered the Imperial Palace through fierce competition, he always tried to be compensated for his hardship. The bridge of his nose pierced the sky at the thought of serving the royal family closer than anyone else. "Yes, yes." But inside, he was strict with the ranks of the nobility.

Occasionally, when meeting with nobles like this, I turned on the lights and compared them to see what kind of surname they displayed. There was nothing more to say if the opponent was an ignorant girl.

Anyway, I know better than a lady. I've been rolling here longer than you.

With that thought, I looked down on the noble girls in my heart.

Madame Elegance was well aware of that psychology. So today I deliberately called the cooks. They were chefs who had never worked in this 'Hall of Libra'.

where ever you go

she thought to herself.

Indeed, within a few minutes, a chaos ensued.

The cooks were equally perplexed. I wasn't even an attendant, but I couldn't figure out why I was suddenly called and had to do this. In the first place, this was not their field.

“No, miss. I don't even know where the car is. Not there anyway.”

“Suddenly, I don't know where to boil the water.”

“I don't know if I can use it. You should ask the manager. I don't know who is in charge... .”

It was all like this. There was nowhere to go for anything.

For the noble girls, this was a disaster. His hair seemed to turn white because he was accustomed to the servants of the household, who used to be a colonel just by beckoning.

as planned.

Madame Elegance looked around with a smile of conversion.

Then, her complexion changed.

In the midst of the chaos, the atmosphere was different in only one place.

“Yes, Miss Mayfield! Boiling water here!”

“I got the cupboard keys! My hometown friend works here.”

“I'll bring you fresh milk! I don't know where it is, but I'll find it if I look for it. Wait a minute!”

“Here is a teacup! Look at the plate and choose the pattern! Do you have a favorite?”

In only one place, the cooks were running hard.

It was before that brown-haired wild pony.

The royal chefs took care of everything before she could even speak.

It wasn't just doing what I was told. How about this and that?

“It’s okay.”

When the wild foal said that, he looked relieved.

“Is there anything else?”

When the wild pony said that, he was fidgety. He ran to his hair to flutter and brought something else.

There was no such absolute obedience in the world.

Madame Elegance forgot etiquette and looked at her with her mouth open. The other young girls continued to glare in disbelief.

The cooks didn't even know that.

They were very nervous now. Because he knew very well what would happen if he looked wrong to this farm owner.

After a while, tea was ready.

All the other noble girls did not do it right. Somehow they made me make tea, but they didn't have snacks, couldn't get a cup of tea because they were out of competition, or they didn't prepare anything at all and stood empty-handed.

Only Hazel did it right.

The royal chefs brewed black tea and poured it into a gilt-rimmed teacup. Biscuits were placed on a plate, and cream was squeezed into a rose shape and served. In accordance with the season, the brier fruit was prepared and decorated.

There was a level difference that could not even be compared with the other young girls.

Madame Elegance stuck out her tongue.

This would have been impossible unless he had subdued his subordinates from the depths of their hearts and treated them like limbs.

It's a task you were told to fail, but you succeeded as if it were a reward.

How did you do it?

So far, I've met many young noblemen for ceremonial events, but this was the first time I'd been able to direct such a scene.

Rubbing her eyes, she looked back at the girl.

It was definitely a wild foal, but seeing what he was doing, he looked like a different person.

You are the best of these!

I can't admit it so quickly. I'm just getting into bad habit. But Madame couldn't contain her emotions and shouted.

"pass!"

"pass? already?"

The noble girls were astonished.

A young aristocrat of the fallen aristocratic hoped for is the first to pass alone!

I didn't want to admit it. However, seeing her ability with her own eyes, I couldn't help but admit it.

Meanwhile, Hazel was surprised.

Seeing what Madame was saying, it seemed that the next ten days would bother her. I didn't expect it to pass so quickly.

Of course, that didn't end there. Madame Elegance added sternly.

“However, we have to change that attitude. Why are you standing so crooked?”

"Ah."

Hazel quickly straightened her posture.

“I keep thinking that I just got hit in the back of the head again.”

“Are you slapped in the back? Who are you talking to?”

"no."

“What else do you have on your face?”

“I have had a huge psychological shock these days.”

Seeing Hazel respond, someone giggled. Madame Elegance immediately opened her eye.

“Are you laughing now?”

She looked at the girls with a dissatisfied look.

“I'm not talking about looks. Everyone is beautiful from birth. However, it does not properly express its beauty. Especially the children of noble families! Serving you when you drink a glass of water, staying up all night for meetings, skipping meals because you are hungry! The result is this. Pale and pale skin! Busy and rough hair! Yes, you will be eliminated from the qualifiers!”

Madame relentlessly evaluated. The faces of the noble girls turned pale.

As a person lives, it can become a little drab and dull. Your hair can be dog hair. Then how about something?

That was Hazel's idea.

However, according to Madame Elegance's high standards, this was not the case. It really felt like it was all gone.

The supreme group called the Emperia Circle was immediately dismantled.

"What do we do?"

“I have to be selected anyway!”

They all bit their lip with desperate faces.

It was fortunate that Madame Elegance was so picky. I thought of a good way to get into the social world.

Hazel hurried back to the farm.

I looked into the chicken coop and there was something else wrong. I gave him the name 'Pilia', but the hen he called 'Albino' was pecking at straw with his beak. It was the same thing Tongtong did.

Hazel quickly made a fluffy bird's nest.

I was fortunate to be able to get such a good egg.

There was only one thing that bothered me.

At that time, Iskanda received a report from the head of the Metropolitan Police Department.

Wolfhound tried to sell Hazel's all-purpose ointment by adding a dangerous herb called comfrey.

He took the data from Hazel and handed it over to the Police Department to dig further. The Metropolitan Police Department immediately started an investigation into the distribution of Comfrey.

Comfrey could impair visceral function and cause tumors. In particular, as the fact that it is dangerous for the elderly and pregnant women spreads, farmers have gradually turned to not planting.

But it was too effective to eradicate it altogether.

After a thorough investigation, the police found it. Comfrey was being distributed in such a way that it was blindfolded through another name, 'Small Bell Grass'.

Most were small. However, only once, a flow of mixing with hay and distributing it in large quantities was discovered. This coincided exactly with the time when Wolfhounds were just making and selling the ointment.

The police followed the flow. Eventually, the wolfhound succeeded in arresting the pharmacist who entrusted the ointment production.

“I know nothing! I just did what Sir Wolfhound told me to do!”

The pharmacist was vigilant, knowing that as the wolfhounds died, their secrets had also disappeared into the grave.

However, when he was unexpectedly caught by the police, he was terrified. There was no will to keep. In return for a commutation, he blew up information.

Police immediately stormed the Wolfhound's ointment manufacturing plant.

From the outside, it looked like a mansion that was just put up for sale. No one would have believed that the ointment was made there.

After the ointment was banned for sale, it was closed. However, the equipment and various objects remained intact.

“The facility is quite large and complex, so we are thoroughly researching it now. Obviously something is coming.”

"okay. It was a lot of work.”

Iskanda read the report carefully and organized it in her head.

After that, the promised time came.

he got up from his seat.

Of course, there was no need to disguise now. However, since it was a secret business, he went to the farm secretly, avoiding the eyes of the servants.

Hazel came back from work outside, and was thinking again.

Then there was a knock on the door outside. Soon after, a very familiar voice was heard.

“Can I come in?”

Hazel was startled.

It's Lord Valentine's voice.

In an instant, my head made an illusion. However, as soon as the illusion was shattered, His Majesty, with sparkling blonde hair, came in.

Hazel's face darkened.

“The Emperor has passed away. What are you doing all of a sudden?”

“Suddenly?”

Iskanda asked, bewildered.

“I came to get a report. Didn't you write on a note that you would come to get the report at 6pm?”

uh?

Hazel rummaged through her pockets and pulled out a note. Seeing the crumpled paper, Iskanda's face was also crumpled.

“It’s really too much. That's still the Emperor's secret letter.”

Hazel pretended not to hear and quickly opened the note.

'Don't lie down with a blanket on... ... .' There was indeed such a content under the phrase. 'Originally, I had to call Miss Mayfield to hear the report, but since I have to investigate secretly without the aristocratic officials, I will go directly to hear the report at 6 pm.'

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Hazel hid the crumpled note and straightened her posture.

“Then I will report you. After receiving the official letter, I went to see that His Majesty had prepared an outdoor play for a hunting competition. I think His Majesty’s purpose is to approach the Emperia Circle through the process of selecting saints.”

“Exactly. So what is the result?”

“I passed. And I figured out how to successfully access circles.”

"how?"

“With eggs and milk.”

“Eggs and milk?”

Iskanda asked, wondering. That was too common. It was not likely that upper-class girls would be attracted to it.

But Hazel must have thought it through.

“Then should I go buy it?”

“Eggs are really good. The chickens on our farm have started laying eggs. The problem is milk. Since I prepared such a good egg, it would be good to prepare the best milk as well.”

“Then you can squeeze it.”

Iskanda pointed out.

“I thought you would say that. But Julia is still not milking. Milk comes out to feed the young. Will Julia have cubs or not? It's as it looks. Julia doesn't even have a groom. In order for milk to come out, you must first meet a good groom and have a baby. That's the law of nature. No matter how much your Majesty the Emperor is, you cannot make milk come out overnight.”

Hazel said without thinking.

Those words touched something in Iskanda's mind. he shouted

"no!"

“Isn't it?”

"can do."

"Yes? no! You can't. How did you suddenly give milk to a cow who wasn't pregnant? ... .”

Iskanda raised a hand and stopped Hazel from speaking.

“Prepare and wait.”

He got up and ran out of the farm.

Hazel blinked.

Just that, is it Huangming?

I guess I should interpret it that way.

I went out and went to Julia. Julia whirled her tail and cried a long time.

"okay. I do not know."

Hazel grabbed Julia's string and dragged her to the barn.

I unwrapped a haystack, laid it softly on it, and put Julia on it. Then I prepared warm water, towels, soap, and a clean bucket.

Meanwhile, Iskanda headed straight to the Tower of Knowledge inside the Imperial Palace.

When the emperor suddenly and in a hurry to find him, the wise men ran to him in amazement. I thought for sure that something big was going to happen.

"your Majesty! What's going on?"

“How can I get a non-pregnant cow to give milk right away?”

“... ..”

The wise men were perplexed.

His Majesty the Emperor would ask the wrong questions instead of allowing them to immerse themselves in all kinds of research without any worries in the Imperial Palace. This question was absurd enough to be counted among them.

While I was bewildered, the reminder fell.

"Quickly! The Emperor's pride is at stake!"

I didn't know what the cow's pregnancy had to do with the milk and the emperor's pride, but anyway, it was the Emperor's orders, so I had to answer.

“Um, that’s... ..”

The sage Devash opened his mouth.

"Actually, Your Majesty's best friend, Sir Cayenne Lunbad, knows it very well."

“Cayenne?”

"Yes. As you know, the Catsie are very fond of milk. Once upon a time, a quick-tempered fairy researched a way to obtain milk directly from cows without pregnancy and childbirth. Everyone said it was crazy, but it turned out that it was not only more humane, but also had the advantage of improving circulation in the body, so there was less bottleneck when I actually started producing milk later. This is a branch of fairy dairy farming, and it is not well known because it is not practical to extend to general farms... ..”

The sage gave a long explanation along the way. In the end it could be reduced to one scroll.

Iskanda took it and ran to the farm. Hazel was standing outside and waiting.

Did you really find a way?

Looking at him in doubt, he held out a piece of paper.

"here."

“What is this?”

“Imaginary Pregnancy Magic.”

Hazel doubted her ears.

“What did you just say?”

“As the name suggests, the magic that makes an imaginary pregnancy happen. According to a dairy research paper, if you cast the spell once by now, it will improve circulation in the cow's body and reduce the number of small sicknesses. It's not practical because of the huge cost, but because I'm the emperor, magic is free. Exactly, I am paying my taxes.”

Hazel was stunned and looked down at the magic paper.

I just said something casually. Go right now and really find a way.

At that moment, my heart was pounding.

The knight in the black cloak, who was so serious about everything and sometimes acted absurdly, came to mind clearly. that can't be seen now.

miss you.

My heart was pounding.

Then Hazel was startled.

This man is the Emperor's Majesty. But why do you feel this way?

Could it be that my heart is now freed? Have you finally been able to forget the past and forgive?

I looked straight at the man standing in front of me.

But as soon as I saw the golden hair, I felt hatred again.

Can't you forgive me?

Hazel was confused. I couldn't understand my own mind. Why are you shaking like this?

“Come on then.”

Iskanda glanced at Hazel, who was standing still.

Because of the twilight, I couldn't see her face turning red and white. I just assumed it was because it was so absurd that it had hardened.

He looked around. I saw the barn door wide open. There was a cow in it.

“I will cast a spell on that beast.”

Iskanda strode into the barn. He got closer to Julia and picked up the magic paper.

That was then.

squash!

Julia swung her tail 360 degrees and hit him hard in the head. Hazel was startled.

like that!

But at that moment, something strange happened. A lot of complicated things that had been bothering me in my head disappeared at once. Instead, it was filled with exhilarating emotions. Couldn't be more upset than this.

Hazel exclaimed.

“Good job, Julia!”

Iskanda turned her head to look.

It was amazing. He ripped the magic paper and muttered an imaginary pregnancy spell on Julia.

“I guess I shouldn't have come forward and defended you then. Treason is also right!”

“On charges of conspiring with His Majesty to rebel against himself?”

“It's not about that! I still remember clearly what I said when I drank the first wine. They said they would push the palace and make vineyards.”

Hazel was perplexed. Turns out, he was the emperor.

Just then, a light burst out of Julia's body. Thanks for saving me a few seconds.

“What can't people say when they're drunk?”

Hazel said as she put her hand into the basin of hot water.

“You can't keep in your memory what you said comfortably without knowing the person's identity and then punish them later. If you don't like it, you have to hide your identity. If I had known you were the Emperor, would I have said that?”

“Of course I wouldn't. There wouldn't have been anything to talk about. I wouldn't have even brought it in.”

“You know it very well!”

Hazel answered, picking up the soap.

“I don't think it's that good for people to know too many things. If His Majesty had confessed earlier with a simple heart, things would not have been so complicated. At least, the most absurd incident in the history of our Empire would not have happened, that the Emperor himself would be accused of treason. Of course, that event will go down in history, right?”

Iskanda flinched.

“So, on this occasion, the persistent conspiracy forces... ..”

I gave up trying to make an excuse somehow.

“It should have been so crazy! It's good to keep people's original intentions to the end, but did it have to drive me that far? Is it a balanced view to never give the emperor of this country the generosity he gives even to the kitchen maids?”

“If humans are not machines, can we take all cases into account and respond fairly to everyone? Some of it can be tolerant and some can feel painful.”

Hazel got a fever and threw her shawl off.

Apart from that, my heart was very refreshed.

I didn't know I could tell a story like this. After learning that Lord Valentine was the Emperor, I thought I would never again speak frankly with him.

But suddenly, while milking cows like this, we started talking.

The matters surrounding his disguise were very sensitive to each other. But when I took it out of my mouth, it didn't really matter.

“It's not my fault. Isn't His Majesty the Grand Cavalier and His Majesty the Emperor? Were you so afraid of what I would say because I couldn't even hold a knife properly?”

“Then what are you going to do? What if the people were educated to fear the sound of murmuring? What if it was the result of the education provided by the Empress Dowager, who is so fond of you, that the Empress Dowager doesn't know what to do?”

“... ..”

“You have nothing to say?”

“... ..”

“I'm speechless at this level, can I go into a social world and do well? Could it be that I have to turn the duvet over again? Do milk and eggs really work? Maybe he just wanted to drink milk?”

"You're welcome! I'm sure you'll succeed! If you fail... ..”

That was then.

“Mmmmm!”

Julia cried out loud.

The two looked at each other and were surprised.

The magic of the sage was powerful. Suddenly, Julia's milk was brimming. It looked like a real cow.

How can this happen only with an imaginary pregnancy!

Hazel was amazed. On the other hand, my mind was blown.

what am i doing now?

“Now I have to express my milk. Your Majesty, please leave. We have to protect Julia's privacy.”

Iskanda suddenly turned around. Hazel opened the barn door to get him out.

But who was there?

It was the sage Devash.

He secretly followed His Majesty earlier. No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't guess what the relationship was between the cow's imaginary pregnancy and the emperor's pride, so I wanted to solve my curiosity.

But of course I missed it.

He was going to be looking for His Majesty the Emperor, so the acolyte informed him.

“Maybe he went to the farm again. If your whereabouts are unclear, you must have gone there.”

"AHA."

He had heard and knew about the small farm in the middle of the Imperial Palace garden. I didn't know the details. I just found out that there was a farm for some reason. I didn't know who lived there.

I walked hard and saw that the barn had a light on. The sage Devash couldn't get inside and waited outside.

Eventually the door opened, but... . . . .

The sage looked at the scene in front of him with a surprised face.

Out of the barn came His Majesty and a certain lady. Both had faces recalled, and their attire was sparse.

The sage was astonished.

"Gosh! what did i see! Your Majesty, I did not see anything!"

He became contemplative and flirted.

Why are you doing that?

Confused, Iskanda looked at the sage's back.

Suddenly I had a bad idea.

"wait!"

He hurriedly ran to catch the sage.

Why are you here?

Hazel looked back for a moment in the darkness where the two had disappeared.

After fighting hard with His Majesty the Emperor, he became more peaceful. It seemed like things were getting better day by day.

I shrugged and went back to the barn.

Hygiene is very important when expressing milk. If done wrong, bad diseases could be transmitted to cattle. So, I first washed my hands with soap.

After that, she meticulously wiped Julia's swollen breasts with a wet towel. After wiping off the moisture with a dry towel and making it dry, I massaged the cow carefully for about 30 minutes so that it could relax and feel at ease. This process is said to be of great help in obtaining good milk.

Then the time came.

Hazel took the bucket and placed it under Julia's body. He grabbed the large nipples one by one and squeezed them slightly.

White milk poured out in a straight line.

Julia stood quietly. He seemed more comfortable than before. Hazel could feel it.

"okay. kind. Very nice."

Gently hold it with both hands and squeeze the milk hard.

After squeezing it until my arm was sore, milk was dripping in the bucket. Although it went through a bit of a strange process, it was the first milk produced at Marronnier Farm.

"Good job, Julia."

Hazel wiped Julia's body clean once more. After warm encouragement, they were taken out of the barn and tied up in their original place.

Now the milk had to be sterilized.

Boil the milk once on low heat and then cool it. Then, I pulled out a bucket of ice that I had bought during the day and stored in the coldest compartment of the refrigerator. I used plenty of ice to make the milk as cold as possible.

That day it was over.

The next day, when I checked, the milk was frozen in lumps.

Hazel took out a chunk of milk and put it in a bowl. After placing the bowl in a pile of ice, pour in the lye little by little and mix well. It was a job that required persistence.

Eventually, all the lumps melted and became a pale cream.

The cream was poured into good quality olive oil. Stir vigorously with a whisk to ensure the two are well mixed. Stir the arm until it is completely mixed, then let it sit.

After a while, I checked and the mixture had turned thick.

Hazel poured the mixture to a small height into a small paper box. and let it harden.

After a few hours, I looked at it and found that the mixture had solidified. Moisture leaked out and soft water droplets formed on the cream-colored surface.

Hazel wiped the water off. He picked up the cutely sized white lump.

Milk soap is complete.

Now it was the egg's turn.

Hazel broke the eggs laid by the hens on the farm that morning.

The thick, dark yellow egg yolk was placed in a bowl. Add salt and vinegar and mix well.

Pour in the olive oil little by little and stir with a whisk. Stir hard enough to pierce the bottom of the bowl until the mixture turns yellow and thick.

It was mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise was once a sauce made by a chef at a certain castle by mixing eggs, vinegar, and cooking oil. It is very delicious if you eat it with fresh vegetables or put it on a soft egg dish.

This mayonnaise is also very tasty. Made with fresh farm eggs, it has a flavor that stimulates the taste buds.

Hazel looked down at the mayonnaise.

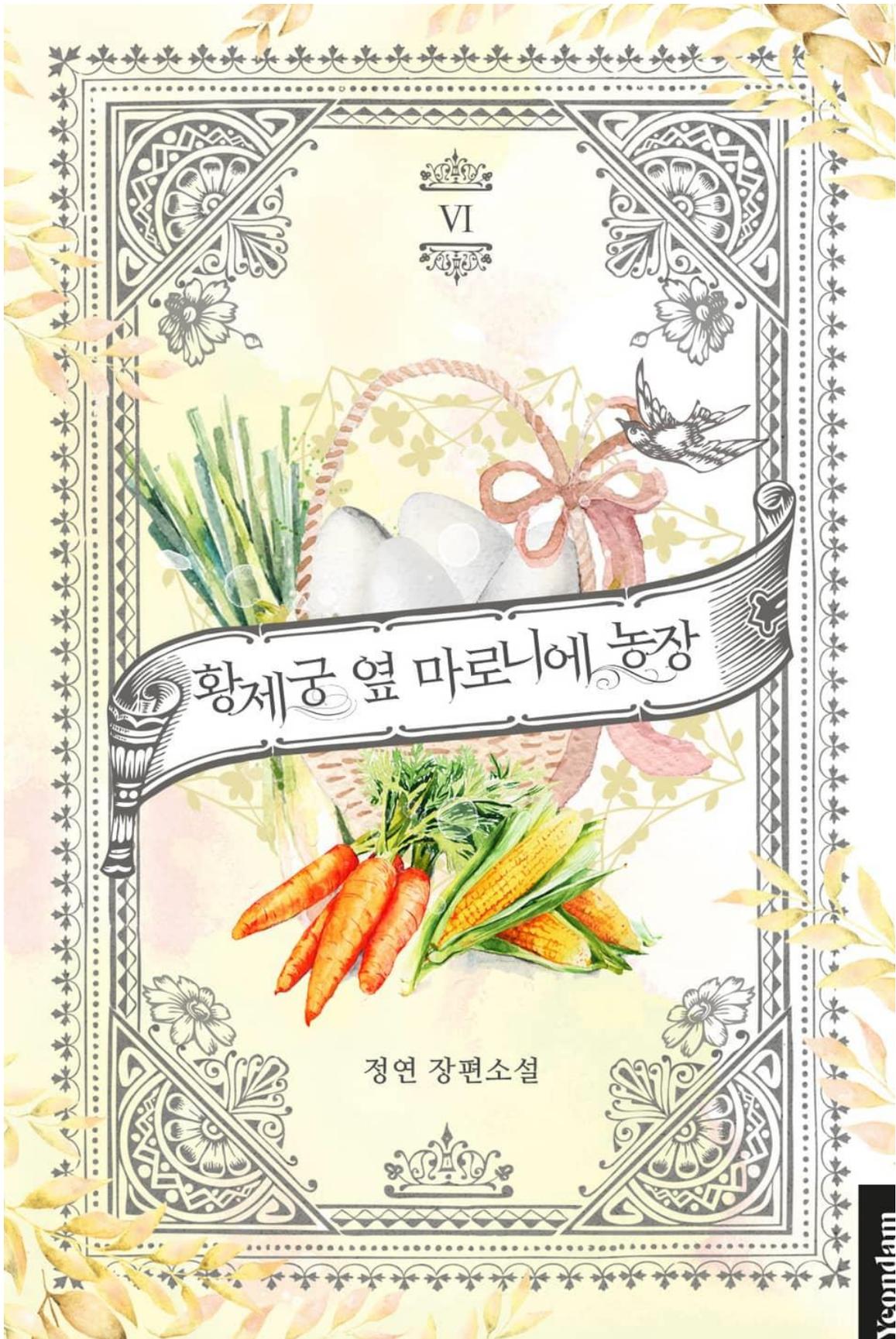
If Aunt Martha and Uncle Karl knew what they were going to do from now on, they would be surprised. But if you know it's for the sake of acquiring the land, you will definitely praise him for doing well.

Hazel boils a lot of hot water and pours it into the bathtub.

After soaking my hair with warm water, I scooped a lot of mayonnaise with my hands. After applying it carefully so that there is no missing place, I wrapped it with a towel.

Then I went into the bathtub. I lathered up the milk soap I just made and put it on my face.

The smell of fragrant mayonnaise and milk filled the bathroom.



황제궁 옆 마로니에 농장

정연 장편소설

Yeondam

Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace

Volume 6

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#### 14. Milk, Eggs and the Emperor's Pride (2)

The second convocation date designated by Madame Elegance.

The noble girls of Emperia Circle were gathering and talking.

After receiving harsh criticism from Madame, they resorted to management by all means. However, it was not possible to see a remarkable effect in a short period of time.

Still, isn't it better than it was back then?

Someone appeared in front of the noble girls who were trying to comfort them.

Everyone widened their eyes.

A round, reflected light shone on his dark chestnut hair. It looked like it was hanging down on a shiny satin cloth. A white, moist face was visible through her shiny hair, so that passersby could be seen through. The brilliance was enough to dazzle my eyes.

That face, maybe that farmer?

Everyone looked at them with astonished faces.

How did you change so much in just two days?

Hazel looked at everyone's reaction and was relieved.

It was a great success.

The work of art was greatly influenced by the mind. Food tastes better when it's comfortable and fun, and it comes out well no matter what you make.

The incident in the barn made me feel a lot lighter. I secretly fell in love with His Majesty the Emperor, who secretly hid his identity, and then I was hurt in the most absurd way in the world. So milk soap and mayonnaise worked well.

Thanks to you, I was able to appear in such a dazzling form.

They all stared at Hazel in confusion.

These were the daughters of noble families who had persevered in the turbulent political world. He enjoyed the luxury that he lacked throughout his life.

Cosmetics, of course, were only expensive and precious. Benzoic, rosewood, wood incense... .. Even jewel powder was applied to the face.

No matter how rare all of them are, I have developed a tolerance after using them for a long time. The effect didn't work. I needed something new.

Then Hazel appeared in this form. Everyone could not help but be amazed at the brilliance and softness they had never seen before.

Some girls have used rose water labeled 'Marronnier Farm'. That was good, of course, but this was different.

To my surprise, Madame Elegance was the same.

Last time, this lady had a good complexion. But it didn't shine like that.

“Have you ever used beauty magic? You will regret it later. It may seem to work right now, but it may have side effects, such as a strange color change to the skin or a lump in the wrong area.”

At Madame's concern, Hazel shook her head.

"Do not worry. I didn't use beauty magic or anything like that."

"Then what?"

"That's because no one can do it without a farm... . . ."

Only the two voices could be heard in the quiet hall. Everyone was holding their breath. There wasn't even a squeaking sound.

Aristocrats were indoctrinated to always behave gracefully. I couldn't make a fuss just because I discovered a mysterious beauty method. I had to be aware of my surroundings.

So, while pretending not to be interested, his gaze continued to follow Hazel. It was the eyes that said that I couldn't live because I was anxious.

When I saw them like that, something came to mind.

They were foxes who lived in the forest adjacent to Belmont's farm.

Those foxes, who were fond of red hair, always stared at the farm with brown eyes that didn't know what they were thinking. He was always aware of his surroundings and moved slowly. He pretended not to be interested, but if there was delicious food, he noticed it faster than anyone else.

Now these red foxes were about to come over.

I guess it was really urgent.

"great! Very good! Let everyone imitate this one and only successful person. There are no additional successful applicants today."

Even after Madame had left, the noble girls hesitated on the spot. The maids were waiting outside, but they didn't even think about going out.

After some hesitation, someone finally got up the courage to ask Hazel.

“Of course, you won't tell me the beauty secret, right?”

"no!"

Hazel answered right away.

“I came here to let you know. What can you do with Madame's selection criteria so high? I already passed, so I want to help everyone. Anyone who wants help can come to our farm. It's always open.”

Everyone was agitated by those words. It was a very tempting, yet hesitant face.

Hazel knew why they did it. So I added it quickly.

“Of course I would be reluctant. Don't know that heart. All of you can't help thinking of the Most High in this country. I'm in his eyes. He even went out in disguise to get him out somehow. When it came to light recently, I had a loud accusation against him in the audience. So you will be hesitant to go to my farm salon.”

Having said that, he turned around.

“I want to help, but I have a problem like that, so I can't help it. Well, if you go through the back door, you can... .”

As Hazel left, the noble girls flinched.

They prided themselves on being the top class in the social world. But sneaking in and out through the back door like a thief. That was very degrading.

But I wanted to be selected as a saint. I wanted to hear from His Majesty the Emperor.

The wind was so desperate.

Hey, I don't know.

In the end, a few people moved first. Slowly, but with an urgent step, he left the place.

The maids waiting outside followed their maidens without knowing the English language.

Their group hurriedly headed for the Grand Garden of the Imperial Palace.

As I was walking along the promenade, a wooden fence appeared in front of me.

A small house was visible over the field overgrown with unknown crops. There was also a speckled cow, and there was a coop with chickens roaming around. Although small, it was a real farm.

The noble girls secretly went round and round the fence. The rear bar was not locked.

They hesitated there for a while. Then, as if waiting, the door swung open.

"welcome!"

Hazel smiled and welcomed him inside.

Thanks to that bright and bright smile, the thought of doing something inconsequential now has completely disappeared. They naturally entered this little house.

It was interesting to see the kitchen where items such as pots and pots were neatly placed. It was a space the nobles had never seen before.

They looked around with curious eyes. Then I found

A strange object lay on the wooden table. It was a bottle of white soap the size of a palm and a yellowish cream sauce.

“Are these... ..?”

"that's right. This is the beauty secret you want. Farm milk soap and mayonnaise.”

Hazel introduced.

The youngsters were surprised.

“Milk and mayonnaise? Was that the secret?”

"Yes. Of course, these are not ordinary things. The milk was made by Julia, the cow outside, and the eggs were laid by the chicken coop hens themselves. Since they are farm animals raised with care, the quality can be guaranteed. It is nutritious and very fresh. look. I just lather my face with this milk soap and put mayonnaise on my hair.”

“I can... ..”

Aristocrats looked closely at the soap and mayonnaise.

It really looked like that. The white soap had a very strong milky scent. When I touched the surface, it was as soft and smooth as Hazel's face now.

The mayonnaise was also different from what they usually eat with eggs. It looked thick, fresh and nutritious, as Hazel said.

I want to try it once.

They felt that temptation. So I checked again with a questioning face.

“Are you really going to give us this precious thing?”

“Because it is. I don’t care because I’ve already passed.”

“You are so generous!”

Everyone was impressed. It was unimaginable between them, who only competed with each other who was prettier.

In a house that was too small for maids to enter, they tried the farm's new beauty secrets.

Part of the hair was washed clean and applied with mayonnaise. After removing some makeup on the cheeks with olive oil, lather with milk soap and rinse.

After soaking their hair and skin with plenty of fresh nutrients, Hazel served tea. It is a tea made by mixing rosemary grown in the field and peppermint, and it gave me a clear and refreshing feeling.

The noble girls were unexpectedly having a very good time.

It goes without saying that the farm's fresh new hairdressing method had an excellent effect. I was able to make a more convincing comparison because only a few were tested first.

The next day more noble girls knocked on the back door of the farmhouse.

You have successfully tamed the forest foxes!

His Majesty the Emperor gave the order to go there at once.

But Hazel was not satisfied.

He searched for bizarre magic and worked hard as a colonel. So I can't lose either.

With that thought in mind, I put all my heart into it. As a salon manager, we did our best to ensure that our guests had a comfortable time.

Gradually the noble girls came to feel comfortable and cozy about this small farm.

In addition, the lady at the salon generously provided a very delicious meal.

How wonderfully delicious it is to eat freshly baked bread with fresh farm butter. The soup, which is served from time to time in the pot, has a rich flavor of various vegetables, so how delicious it is. After eating such delicious food, it felt like the tension in the social world had loosened.

Suddenly, they started talking about this and that and that.

“... .. You said that there is one ambitious person among the ministers who wants to advance to a higher position?”

“What is a higher seat? I don't know if the position as Prime Minister is revived.”

“Oh, did you hear that? Soprano Sylvia de Larett might be the new court singer. Is it better to invest in a field related to Sylvia in advance?”

"well. If it were me, I would be a little more optimistic. But what if it doesn't happen?"

Hazel listened, pretending not to be interested.

From their mouths, who occupy the center of the social world, all kinds of rumors from the political and business worlds came out. Then finally, the information Hazel had been waiting for came out.

“Are you all okay by the way? This is the Mamon top incident.”

One young girl inadvertently started talking and then stopped.

That was a very sensitive topic. I couldn't take it out of nowhere. Moreover, the owner of this salon was also involved.

They rolled their eyes for a moment.

But the salon owner wasn't listening to them now. He was busy making special meals to feed the chickens.

Besides, who is she? Wasn't he the only person who dared to confront the Emperor in a tense confrontation? In other words, this salon is the least likely place for such a story to come out.

They chattered at ease, massaging their faces with milk foam.

“A man named Mamon dares to decorate a fake treason! The bureaucrats who secretly worked hand in hand with you must have gone down on fire right now. Even if your Majesty knew it, you would not be able to avoid anger.”

"that's right. Our house barely escaped. Also, you shouldn't touch it like that. No matter how much money you have.”

“It’s our house. It turns out that the wolfhound must have approached his grandfather while playing a card game. I'm glad that the story was dubious, so I cut it off and turned it down... . . . .”

Suspicious story? make money?

Hazel pricked up her ears.

I had to talk more. I had to figure it out at any cost.

“Miss Tabner, you said you were suffering from a migraine? This is lavender oil.”

"Oh! Be kind too!"

“Come on, rub it on your forehead. like this.”

Hazel took care of the salon guests with a more caring touch.

\* \* \* As

rumors spread that religious life was worthwhile, the nobles who had gone down to the provinces in the past moved to Tokyo one by one. Youngji came to enjoy a splendid social life, entrusted to her trusted relatives or custodians.

The Marquis of Vincenzo was one of them.

"your Majesty! The atmosphere of the Imperial Palace has changed a lot.”

While greeting the emperor in the corridor of the palace, a group of noble girls appeared from the other side. The old marquis couldn't help but marvel at that moment.

“There are so many jewels in Your Majesty’s court!”

Iskanda looked at him.

There was Hazel among the noble girls who sparkled from head to toe. He looked more dazzling than anyone else.

He was bewildered.

Why does the halo appear naturally? Can't you stop right now?

He quickly scolded his eyes. Then the palace officials said:

“Are you so dazzling? It’s a popular beauty technique these days.”

Oh, my eyes weren't crazy to see the halo.

Iskanda was relieved. But I still couldn't take my eyes off it.

“... ..?”

From the other side, Hazel looked at him with a puzzled look.

In order to show that he had successfully infiltrated the upper social circles, he purposely led a group to find his majesty the Emperor. Then I finally met him, and he didn't understand me at all.

Eventually, Hazel signaled with a wink and a gesture.

'I have something to report.'

It was then that Iskanda came to his senses. But he hadn't come to his senses yet, so he asked a stupid question.

'now? How do we meet?'

'I do not know. How about pretending to fight each other?'

Iskanda tilted her head.

should it be?

Anyway, I decided to give it a try.

“Miss Mayfield! Did you dare to make manure again yesterday? Do the people around you not care at all?”

"no. I didn't make it. You can smell it even though you haven't made it, doesn't your Majesty really like manure?"

“Are you saying that now? Follow me.”

“Do you think I can't keep up?”

Everyone was surprised by this sudden collision. Leaving behind the bewildered people who looked at them, the two entered the 'original's room', pretending to fight.

Iskanda asked as soon as the door closed.

“What do you want to report? After all, it would be difficult to infiltrate the upper society by yourself, right?”

"no. Did you just not see it? I'm already very friendly with those girls. Everyone comes to our farm every day and spends a lot of time. Thanks to that, I have uncovered an important piece of information.”

Iskanda was surprised.

"already?"

“Because it is.”

Hazel replied with a smirk.

I just wanted to surprise you like that. I felt the reward of treating the noble children with sincerity.

“It’s been a while. I wanted to report it quickly, but it didn’t come, so I ended up looking for it like this.”

“I knew it would be difficult and gave me a lot of time. I've been busy researching, and there are things I've found out on my own.”

"Good for you. Then see you tonight. I’m going to put together what we learned from both sides.”

“Good idea.”

So we made an appointment and parted ways.

Come to think of it, there was one good thing about my identity. That way, you can get to it when you need it.

Hazel left the main building of the palace with a gloomy expression on her face as if she had been scolded by His Majesty the Emperor.

This little incident went viral that afternoon.

Was your Majesty too much? Did the farm lady who was not compliant made a mistake?  
There were pros and cons everywhere.

Anyway, one thing was certain.

No one could have imagined that Hazel was on a secret mission from the Emperor.

What the heck did you find out about important information?

Iskanda waited for dinner with a pounding heart.

At the same time, I was skeptical.

Since they are neighbors, I was able to roughly grasp the atmosphere of the farm. But there was nothing special about it.

Eventually, in the evening, the riddle was solved only after visiting.

The front of the farm was no different than usual. But the back was buzzing. When I turned around, the atmosphere was completely different.

“Lady, take it easy and come back.”

The maids were lined up waiting for their master. The butlers also came in and out to make an appointment for a visit. And Hazel... . . .

“Miss Cassabien! welcome.”

He greeted the visitors with a very familiar attitude.

When did this happen?

Iskanda looked at him with a puzzled face.

Although hiding his presence, Hazel quickly recognized that he had come. It was because he was accustomed to the manner of Lord Valentine's visit.

After the last visitor had left, Hazel beckoned him quickly.

“How are you? Isn't this a popular salon?”

“I can't believe it? Did you really do this with eggs and milk?”

“Exactly this.”

Hazel pointed to the objects on the table.

“I made soap from farm milk obtained with the help of His Majesty. Mayonnaise was made with eggs from farm hens. I was very lucky this time. Because the protocol advisor asked everyone to look shiny. The young girls, who wanted to be chosen as saints, hung up on these wonderful things on our farm.”

“But you didn't sell it or rent it, you let it be used here?”

"that's right. You made me dig up information. As Your Majesty knows, people are relaxed and talk about everything when they are bored. After waiting for a while, he talked about the top of Mamon, the biggest topic of discussion these days. Thanks to you, I got crucial information.”

Hazel pulled out a piece of paper she had hidden in the cupboard. All the stories of noble girls who had visited the farm were written down.

“Mamon approached the higher ranks through wolfhound-like knapweeds planted in social circles. I don't know what it is, but I think he seduced me by showing me how to make a lot of money. In return, the officials seem to have given Mamon various conveniences so that he could grow his power. Giving you a connection to a higher place, letting you take on a business in the country, secretly giving out confidential information... .”

"I'm out of my mind!"

Iskanda exclaimed.

I thought so. I couldn't get rid of my old habits and I thought I was going to start working on corruption again.

“Why not?”

Hazel struck a match. From the point of view of a small citizen, this story of corruption is really twisted.

“I was able to raise a large amount of slush funds because the high-ranking people looked after me. But in the meantime, the cunning Mamon stumbled upon his scheme and fell. The upper part of Mamon was smashed in one day, and the officials who secretly held hands are now on fire. When His Majesty finds out about this secret relationship, they too will be over. We are desperately hiding the evidence.”

“I have to figure it out!”

Iskanda frowned.

“You seduced me by showing me how to make a lot of money... . Do you have anything to do with those monsters?”

“What kind of monsters?”

“When I dug in the backyard of the factory where wolfhounds made the ointment, they found the remains of the monsters. They were the same kind of monsters we saw in the wasteland back then.”

“The monsters that protected the abductees?”

"Yes. However... . . . .”

He took out the paper he had prepared and showed it to Hazel. It was a copy of the picture attached to the police report.

Hazel was surprised to see it.

It was obviously the same as the monsters I saw back then, but none of them were intact. Some had a large head and a normal body. Some had a large arm on one side and the rest were normal people. Everything was like that.

“What does this look like?”

Iskanda asked.

"like... . . . .”

Hazel responded with a creepy feeling.

“I think I failed to make it.”

“It seems to me, too.”

Iskanda replied. Then he pulled out another piece of paper.

“There is one more thing. Do you know this person?”

Hazel looked at the paper and was surprised once more.

There was a portrait of a familiar face. A friendly and kind-looking face. A little floral dress... . . . .

“Diane! Countess Manfredy!”

Iskanda's complexion changed.

“I know, too.”

“Before the incident, I often visited the farm. While decorating the garden, I went to ask questions about it. Come to think of it, he disappeared after the incident. I felt that people were a bit strange, but... . . . . Why is she?”

Iskanda hesitated for a moment. Hazel noticed right away.

"i See. Dianne was also found underground with these monsters.”

It was really creepy and shocking. A person whom you once met and talked to every day was found dead.

But somehow it wasn't surprising. I even felt as if I foresaw the day it would become like this one day.

“Dianne didn’t have a little finger on her right hand. Maybe that could be a clue.”

“I will make sure to remember it.”

Iskanda replied. There was silence again for a moment.

“There are clues, but no clues. Now it seems the time has come to investigate the herb.”

“Lu?”

He nodded.

Lu reacted to the evil power Mamon used. Using this fact, we can find out what kind of Mamon's powers are. Hazel was accustomed to processing and handling the grass, making him an expert on a secret mission.

There was only one concern.

He said that he had to compare each and every one of the evil forces in direct contact.

Is there any way to do it safely?

Iskanda was in trouble. Then I thought of a better way.

All you have to do is find out the identity anyway, so there is no need to face the evil power itself, right? Just the sample is enough.

"Right! You can go to the magic library!"

Hazel was the first place I had ever heard of.

“Where is that?”

“It is one of the royal palace treasures. As the name suggests, it is a place where all the magic books found so far are kept. The magic book contains the power of evil magic. But after all, it's just a book, so if I go with you, it's no threat.”

Iskanda said confidently.

“The sooner the better, so I will prepare it by tomorrow night. Until then, Miss Mayfield has something for you to do. It is to create a potion condensed by the powerful power of herbal medicine Lu. I'll give you a magic wand to hold it in tomorrow afternoon. If we fight and deliver it like before, no one will know, right?”

"Yes. This is how everyone gets hit in the back.”

The two smiled softly and nodded their heads.

Then, at the same time, I was shocked.

Why do you agree so well?

Because I worked so hard, we were talking naturally again. As soon as I realized that, the atmosphere suddenly became awkward.

“Then stop.”

Iskanda nodded and disappeared.

Seeing him like that, Hazel suddenly thought of something. It was an idea I had never thought of before.

Perhaps... . . . .

He was deep in thought with a serious face.

\* \* \*

The next morning, as promised in advance, there was another clash in the middle of the imperial palace corridor.

“How dare you let the crowing of a rooster enter the palace of the emperor!”

“The rooster on our farm didn't even click! I can't cry yet!”

“Anyway, follow me!”

“Do you think I can't keep up?”

Through this process, Hazel was secretly handed over the magic wand.

At the top of the staff was an empty crystal ball. After turning it round and round to remove it, Ru's extract was poured into it. A dark amber colored liquid filled the crystal ball.

So I got ready and waited.

Late in the evening, His Majesty the Emperor finally came.

“Ready.”

Hazel wore the sage's robe he brought. It was to hide his identity. The sage's robe also had the function of blocking evil energy.

Wearing a dark brown robe and holding a staff with a crystal ball, he looked like a wise man.

“Then this way.”

The two of them hid in the dark and sneaked around.

The Imperial Palace Treasury was located in a shady corner a little far from the center.

Of course, the guard was very strict. Knowing that there was no doubt that he had come with the Emperor, Hazel squatted down like an old sage.

I'm here to work, so do it right.

It was from that thought.

The Imperial Magic Library was located in the basement of Jangseogak. I usually keep it tightly sealed, but tonight I left it open in advance.

“It’s not a very cozy place... ..”

Iskanda opened the door with a witty attitude, as if introducing a messy warehouse in the house.

In the darkness, a magnificent library was revealed.

Blue flames were burning everywhere. There were spider webs all over the place. An ominous shadow fluttered in every dark corner. It was a place I was afraid of coming out of my dreams.

Hazel thought again.

I'm here to work, so do it right.

And resolutely stepped in.

At that moment, a swarm of black bats came screaming and attacking.

“Can’t you see me? My eyes are really bad. Just like anyone.”

Saying that, Iskanda drew her sword. It looked like he was insulting someone. If my guess is correct, I think he was probably cursing Hazel.

But apart from that... . . . .

Flashing, flashing, once horizontally and once vertically, the sword flashed and everything disappeared without a trace. It was so fast, there was no time to panic. I even thought it was fun.

I remembered the past days.

- To overwrite bad memories with good ones! How great is that?

What he said then was sincere.

He saved himself from crisis several times. That was really appreciated. No matter who he is, the fact that he has received grace does not change.

But even so, can I keep hating myself because my secret love was shattered?

Probably not.

Hazel shook her head.

The suspicious personality didn't always apply to others. He often doubted himself.

In that sense, I continued the thought I had yesterday.

Perhaps... . . . .

Could it be that this isn't real hate? Could it be that you are forcing yourself to hate because you think you should hate it?

Hazel thought blankly.

That's why I didn't even see the dark shadows rising under my feet.

“It is the spirit of the magic book! Use the herbal wand!”

Iskanda exclaimed.

Of course, I thought I heard that. But it was still standing still.

he realized late. The farmer was thinking differently now. For a moment, my heart pounded.

“Hazel!”

Unknowingly, he called out his name and threw his sword at the shadow.

The sword hit.

The spirits of the magic book were immediately scattered. A book fell in its place.

Hazel just woke up.

Oh, you saved me again.

She shook her head and looked at Iskanda.

“Look at it! Don't you get help from someone you hate so much because you don't focus? It is self-sufficient!”

he said with a blunt face.

At that moment, Hazel couldn't stand it anymore and asked.

“Hey, Your Majesty. You seem to care a lot about what I said that I didn't even want to see your face?”

“... ..”

Iskanda was as hard as a stone. He answered only after a while.

“Yeah... .. When people say things like that, it makes me a little uncomfortable.”

“Ah, that's right.”

Did you mean that it was even painful? Hazel continued with a serious face.

“Actually, I just thought of something... ..”

At that moment, a monster with huge wings suddenly rose from the thick darkness. Kik! He screamed and hit this side.

At this crucial moment!

Iskanda swung one hand and slashed the monster.

I mean don't disturb me!

He screamed inwardly and looked at Hazel again.

“What do you think?”

“It is, in fact... .”

The spirits of the magic book were rising one by one. Hazel said, touching them one by one with her magic wand.

“Actually, I thought maybe it wasn’t because I really hated His Majesty.”

Iskanda's ears lit up.

Investigation is good and eradicating corruption is good, but at this moment, nothing seemed more important than this.

“Are you saying that wasn’t the truth?”

“You could say that... .”

As we talked, my cluttered head seemed to have been cleared up a bit. As Hazel continued her search, she spoke frankly.

“It was bad to say that that day. Now that I think about it, I guess from the beginning I did not want to think of His Majesty the Emperor as a good person.”

"why?"

"that... .”

It took a little more courage to confide in this part. Because he was confessing how cowardly he was.

But once I started, I couldn't stop. Hazel said with courage.

“If your Majesty is a good person, I might give up the land on my own. Because I might give up on my dream. Your Majesty hates my farm so much... .”

"Not like that!"

Iskanda shouted unconsciously.

Hazel looked at him in surprise.

Don't you hate farms?

Now the demons weren't the problem. This was a very important story.

“Really?”

He shook his head and asked. At that moment, a dark demon intervened between them.

Oh really!

Iskanda immediately put it away and said.

“At first, it was so annoying that I had no choice but to get rid of it somehow. But as I continued to come and go, I came to admit it without realizing it. The small farm is a beneficial space. I just didn't want to accept that fact because of my pride. I was going to say this in the audience at that time. But because everything I say sounds like a lie... .”

"Ah... .”

Hazel's face grew hot.

That's how I felt at the time. But knowing the context before and after, it was too harsh. He opened his mouth and said hesitantly.

“Uh, that’s... . . . . Not anymore.”

Yes? not anymore?

Iskanda was very happy at that moment. It seemed more joyful than when the banquet of the heroic knights was a success. So I stopped being distracted.

Aiming for the gap that had arisen for a while, the spirit of the magic book flew in.

Hazel was startled.

"your Majesty!"

He reflexively swung the magic wand in his hand.

But what is this? Lu's energy, which had been quiet until now, immediately responded. pop! Fireworks exploded with a sound.

The spirit of the magic book disappeared immediately. A book fell on the spot.

"Unbelievable... . . . .”

Hazel looked up at Iskanda, stunned.

“You just found the answer, right?”

"It seem to be like that."

"What book is this?"

"Let's see... .."

Iskanda leaned over and picked up the book. Deciphered titles in ancient languages.

"I think it has to do with necromancy."

"What is necromancy?"

"Simply put, it is magic that deals with death. I'll have to find more similar books and try them out."

The crystal ball containing Lu's energy was cloudy. Hazel settled the impurities and made them clear again.

In the meantime, Iskanda came to visit the magic books related to necromancy.

Bringing the staff to the book also had a reaction. Break up! Fireworks went off with a sound.

"After all, it seems that Abbas Mamon's power has something to do with necromancy."

"I got a clue. Our method worked."

I was happy to get results.

And there was something else that felt good. It was only through dialogue that the misunderstanding was resolved. The two faced each other.

“Then shall we go?”

“Is that so?”

I quickly exited the gloomy magic library.

In fact, Kim was relieved and wanted to say something more. But they both had the same thought.

I can't believe my mouth.

I was worried that it might have the opposite effect by saying the wrong thing for nothing. At least the misunderstanding has been cleared up. So they both kept their mouths shut and walked to the farm entrance.

“Then go in.”

“There was a lot of hard work for the public good.”

They greeted each other carefully as if they had met for the first time through the introduction of their parents and parted.

Hazel looked at Iskanda's back as she disappeared into the darkness for a moment.

What's so stupid Are you afraid of giving up on your dreams?

I turned back with an open mind. But it was then.

But that's not all.

I heard a whisper in my heart.

There is one more reason why I had to close my heart to His Majesty the Emperor.

Hazel was startled and stopped on the spot.

\* \* \* While the

two were engrossed in a secret investigation, the Imperial Palace was busy with other things.

It was the preparation for the hunting competition.

Traditionally, hunting competitions meant hunting monsters.

The commanders of the Holy Knights did not have enough 24 hours a day to search for a place and check the safety. The minister of the palace did not open his eyes as he inspected everything of the event in general.

During this time, rumors about Grand Duchess Athena became a hot topic in the Imperial Palace.

Usually, whenever there was an event like this, she received the most attention. What kind of clothes to wear, what jewelry to wear, every move through the mouths of the maids used to wander around with exclusive information.

But this time it was different.

Archduke Athena has been sick since the false accusation of Abbas Mamon. He also announced that he would not participate in hunting competitions.

In fact, she was in great shock.

When he found out that His Majesty the Emperor had a heart for the farm girl, the whole world seemed to turn black. I'm acting like a madman, and the handmaiden, Mrs. Branches, ran in screaming loudly.

“It’s a big deal! It’s a big deal!”

"What? Why are you making such a fuss?"

“While the Grand Duchess was confined to the room, the other side hit the player. I've got all of Emperia's girls! Everyone worships the farmer like an idol!”

"I beg your pardon?"

Athena was sober.

I couldn't believe it. There was no doubt that he was the idol of the socialite girls.

She ran to confirm this rumor.

There was nothing to check for a long time.

Her salon in the Sunflower Palace was empty. Instead, the rumors that the little farm was bustling came piercing.

How could this be!

I staggered around and ran into someone. She was the daughter-in-law of the Empress Dowager, the Duchess of Winterfeld.

“Are you okay now?”

After she greeted her, she spoke immediately.

“The Empress Dowager was very concerned. If the Emperor finds out what the Grand Duchess has done to stop Miss Mayfield's nursing... . He said that there might be a case of raising voices between good cousins. In my opinion, it would be better to visit the public officials again and crack down on them once more.”

Athena's face turned red.

The exhaustive examination was uncovered. Besides, everyone seemed to know where His Majesty's heart was.

I wanted to bite my tongue and die.

When I returned to the palace, Kerual, who had come up with a plan to move the gods, was waiting.

Athena threw the lace gloves in her hands on the table.

“Everything is ruined because of my wife! Disgrace is treated as disgrace! Your Majesty is selling your mind in the wrong place!”

Kerual's complexion changed completely.

“I am not the dog of the Grand Duchess. Don't get angry. Isn't it my fault that things turned out like this?”

That was it.

Athena slumped into her chair. Kerual said to her.

“Your Majesty the Emperor only regards the Grand Duchess as a sister. Everyone in the know knows that. Nevertheless, the Grand Duchess was holding two good cards. The first is that he has worked hard to show that he is a good Empress Timber by participating in state affairs and working for philanthropy. The second is that the elders, who believe that the time has come to protect the purity of the lineage, are raising their voices with full support for the Grand Duchess. His Majesty the Emperor is a stubborn man. But when duty takes precedence, he is willing to break his stubbornness. If he had done well, he would have taken the position of Empress without any difficulties. You were so uncomfortable.”

At that, Athena burst into tears.

“What should I do? All you have to do is disappear. Then you can go back to normal. ma'am! What better way to do it? I'll give you anything you want. What do you want?”

“What I want is nothing else. She will become the Empress's handmaiden. I want to occupy the position now enjoyed by the Duchess of Winterfeld, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager. The daughter-in-law of the Grand Duchess is my older sister, but we have already talked about it.”

“If I become the Empress, would that be a problem? As soon as we get married, I will appoint my wife as the handmaiden. So let me know. Do you have any good tricks?”

Kerual nodded his head. Athena asked urgently.

“What is it?”

“You don't use tactics.”

Athena looked at the young woman in front of her with a puzzled look. Kerual said.

“If you have eyes, you should notice them from what she has shown you. The trick doesn't work. You must act fairly. Even if genuinely good feelings develop between two men and women, it is difficult to achieve in the first place. Look at your majesty, who can have it all, trembling like that. Maybe it was a good thing that the girl appeared. Your Majesty's frozen heart is now only slightly opened. You should aim for this time. Compete proudly with the Archduke's weapon. Only then can you win.”

Athena listened quietly.

don't write tricks Growing up in the Imperial Palace from a young age, it was something she could not understand at first glance.

But this shrewd woman seemed to be right.

"okay. I see."

Athena nodded her head.

“I will win you fair and fair!”

“To do that, you have to meet first.”

Kerual blew out a sting. That was also correct.

Athena went back to the Sunflower Palace, accompanied by Lady Frances, her handmaiden.

Perhaps he was trying to make things complicated, so he just ran into Hazel holding a basket in front of the main building of the Imperial Palace.

Hazel was just about to find time to go and deliver eggplant. Suddenly, the two of them stopped in front of me, and I looked at them in amazement.

For a moment, his eyes seemed to open.

Dazzling blonde hair and a white porcelain face. A dove-colored dress that goes very well with her eyes. There stood a young lady of great beauty, which she had never seen in this imperial palace.

“Miss Mayfield.”

Mrs. Frances greeted me first.

“This is Princess Athena.”

“Oh, Grand Duchess... . . . .”

I heard that there was a young lady in this imperial palace with the status of a Grand Duchess.

Although I had never met her, I had good memories of her. This is because they approved the subsidy at the salon opening tea party.

Just as she was about to say hello with a smile, the maid said.

“You should be fine. The Grand Duchess will soon become His Majesty the Empress.”

Hazel was startled. At that moment, I lost strength in my hand and dropped the basket with the branches.

Baskets spilled and branches scattered on the floor. Hazel panicked and hurriedly picked it up.

“Excuse me.”

“It must be too heavy for you to bear.”

said Archduke Athena. And I went back first according to the law. The maid hastily followed after him.

After turning the corner of the main building, they stopped.

"saw?"

Athena shouted in shock.

“Isn’t it true that you are greedy for the position of Empress? How dare you be so proud of your majesty in front of so many people! It’s an attitude that he already kicked it!”

“Originally, everyone is like that. I believe your love will last forever. We need to get things right quickly.”

“First of all, I want to meet the Emperia Circle members. What the hell did you use to get him into your side?”

“I will come and find out.”

The handmaiden disappeared quickly.

Athena stood for a moment to calm her anger.

I looked in the mirror and my complexion was uneven. He took out a portable pouch, patted his cheeks carefully, and headed back to the main building of the Imperial Palace.

His Majesty the Emperor was in the office right now.

"your Majesty."

When she went and bowed his head, he lifted his head.

“Are you all well after being sick?”

It was more friendly than usual. It was like going back to my childhood.

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

A blush appeared on Athena's face in an instant.

\* \* \*

Iskanda was in a very good mood.

Of the five, I felt good alone. Naturally, your friend's eyes turned to him.

“... ..”

Lewis and Lorendel and Sigwald and Cayenne were in a bad mood.

For the past few days, they've only been out and about. Little was known about the news inside the Imperial Palace. It's been a while since I didn't go to the farm. Therefore, the mind was exhausted.

In such a situation, he suddenly received a call from the emperor. What was so urgent, Iskanda took them somewhere recklessly.

Cayenne asked without following.

“Where the hell are you going now?”

"Cemetery."

"Yes? We're not dead yet! I'm half dead, but... . . ."

“I don’t mean to ask. I want to show you.”

Iskanda stopped at a small vacant lot facing the northern side of the Imperial Palace. It was a place used for temporarily tying up livestock entering the palace or for carrying loads.

Today there were six huge masses lying there.

“Are you here, Your Majesty?”

The police rolled up the cloth.

A tube two or three times larger than normal appeared. It was a coffin made of poor quality wood, used to dispose of the bodies of executed prisoners or criminals.

When the lid was opened, the body was revealed. They were ordinary citizens in shirts and trousers. Not one of them had decayed, and it seemed to be asleep.

“Why are you wearing such a large coffin?”

Lorendel asked, frowned. The high elves, who like rules, looked particularly irritating.

“What are these corpses?”

“Giants. The monsters I defeated in the wasteland of attempted human trafficking.”

"what?"

Everyone was surprised. The signs of tiredness disappeared and immediately showed curiosity.

Siegwald asked.

“How did those giant monsters change like this?”

"okay. I found evidence that it had something to do with necromancy. Just in case, I had to dig up the bodies of the monsters that were buried there, and this is how it turned out. That's not all. The person involved in the case, Countess Manfredy, was also already dead. He died three years ago, but he came back to life and went to Miss Mayfield and stole information about me.”

Iskanda looked around her friends.

“Nectarism, what do you have in mind?”

Everyone's complexion changed. At the same time, a word came out.

“Savage?”

It was a name that still makes me shiver.

The barbarians called the Byzantines who invaded the borders of the Empire were very cruel.

They even killed all the children of their own tribe, forming a formation so that the remnants had nowhere to go. However, in the end, the imperial army, especially Lorendel and the elven knights, were angered and annihilated.

Their specialty was the necromancy of dealing with death. He brought the corpse to life, manipulated it at will, and even changed its form.

I had never heard of making such a huge monster. However, if the technique had developed in the meantime, it would not have been impossible.

“If Abbas Mamon really has anything to do with the barbarians, then you have a good clue as to where they are hiding now. Each of us selects ten elite members. Let's form a special task force to find them as soon as possible.”

“I see, Your Majesty.”

They all answered together.

The siege around Abbas Mamon was getting narrower.

After doing a few more things, Iskanda headed to the farm. I had to tell Hazel about this. There were also things to discuss.

Hazel returned home and washed the branches that had become muddy.

The plan to deliver it as a special product was in vain. I was proud because it was my first harvest. It was kind of like selling something that was once dropped on the ground.

So I decided to just eat it.

It was just a quiet evening. At this time, the socialites, who had come to visit me, were nowhere to be seen today.

Hazel drizzled olive oil in a large pan. When hot, add eggplant pieces. After it is browned well, take it out and drain the oil.

After a while, the appetizing eggplant pieces piled up like a mountain.

Soon, the garlic, onion, and beef were sautéed and seasoned. Sauce made from farm tomatoes is poured and flavored with herbs.

On top of that, I piled up the previously roasted eggplants. Topped with homemade ricotta cheese, farm milk and cream.

It was eggplant beef gratin.

The combination of vegetables, meat and cheese was not lacking in one meal.

I thought I had no appetite today, but as the gratin matured and gave off a savory smell, my appetite returned.

I won't starve to death.

Hazel looked into the oven. Then I looked up and was amazed.

Suddenly, His Majesty the blond emperor stood in front of the door.

“When did you come?”

Hazel was so surprised that Iskanda was surprised too.

Did I sneak in like that?

It wasn't at all. After confirming that there were no noble maidens, they entered with a deliberate voice.

Guess I had another thought.

he sat on the chair.

“I came here to inform you of the progress of the investigation and to discuss something. First of all, it's about the identity of Abbas Mamon... .”

I talked about what I checked with my friends during the day.

However, Hazel's attitude was somehow strange. Even when he was concentrating on the story, his eyes kept getting dazed.

Have I done something wrong?

Iskanda seriously considered it. But I really didn't know. In the end, I asked openly, even though I knew it was stupid.

“Did I say something wrong?”

"no! no!"

Hazel came to his senses.

At that moment, the smell of burning cheese stung my nostrils. I got up and opened the oven.

“Would you like some eggplant gratin?”

Iskanda looked very pleased.

After clearing up the misunderstanding last night, food started coming out today.

It was really good. Are you finally saying goodbye to stale white bread, fatty meat, and fishy seafood?

However, the moment he saw the bowl spewing steam, his expression turned slightly bizarre.

Beneath the charred cheese, round pieces of vegetables with green rims were sticking out their faces.

He was in anguish for a moment.

is this really true?

Eggplant had a purple rind. According to his knowledge, this was not an eggplant, but a pumpkin.

You've really lost your mind.

But Iskanda chose not to point out that fact.

First, Hazel was enjoying the pumpkin gratin without saying anything. Second, it was the same whether it was eggplant or zucchini, which went well with cheese and had a wonderful taste. Third, maybe it was a pumpkin-like eggplant. Because the expert isn't him, it's Hazel.

With that thought in mind, I fell asleep and ate hard.

“Anyway, the whereabouts of Abbas Mamon decided to go out with a special mission composed of paladins. And I had another thought.”

“What is it?”

“You can stop treating the troublesome noble girls now. Come to think of it, there was no need to find out who the officials who colluded with Mamon were. If you don't know the name, there's a way to catch it. Just borrow your trick and use it.”

“Are you going to trick me?”

"okay. aka Operation Sardine Pie. They use medicinal herbs that ward off evil spirits. The problem is that there might be one variable in that plan... . . . .”

“What is it?”

"partner. According to tradition, when hunting, a lady should bless her knight. They move in pairs all day except for dangerous hunting. But we can't be partners. For the plan to succeed, it must continue to disguise itself as an enemy. I have no choice but to go with my cousin, Athena, as always.”

And he glanced at Hazel.

“What do you think Miss Mayfield will do? It would be good to know ahead of time for planning.”

“My partner, of course, is Sir Lewis, isn't he?”

Hazel answered right away without thinking a bit.

At that moment, Iskanda's heart became very light.

“If it's Lewis, there's nothing to worry about.”

He also had nothing to do with Marquis Lanley. I really liked that fact. I was able to present what I had prepared for the next turn more pleasantly.

When the paper suddenly appeared on the table, Hazel lifted her head.

"What's this?"

“Please pass it on to Miss Christina, my best friend. At that time, I desperately followed the carriage and informed the whereabouts of the kidnappers, but I couldn't even congratulate them properly because they had been banished from the palace. Since I became a reporter, I thought it would be good to report the arrest of Abbas Mamon first as a scoop.”

"Ah!"

Hazel finally regained consciousness.

“How did you come up with all this? That's a really good idea. Kitty will be very happy.”

Iskanda's mood improved as she regained vitality after being dazed.

“Go ahead and let me know. Shall I take you to Pegasus?”

"no. it's okay."

Still, looking at his face, he just kept getting annoyed.

Hazel broke up with him and left the palace right away. I got into the carriage and headed to the <Dawn Newspaper>.

Kitty was also working overtime. He came down with a tired face and almost screamed when he heard the news. My mouth was wide open at the unexpected gift.

"Oh My God!"

Kitty couldn't contain her excitement and immediately dragged Hazel to the coffee house.

“I need to listen closely! Did your Majesty really say that?”

“Because it is. I was surprised and ran right away.”

“I can't believe it! His Majesty the Emperor I know is not like that! This is absolutely ridiculous!”

Kitty frowned for a moment and pondered. Not clever enough, his evil eyes gleamed with agility.

“Yeah, Hazel. Maybe your Majesty likes you?”

"what?"

Hazel almost jumped out of her seat.

“What nonsense are you talking about!”

His face turned white and he cried. It was late, so I thought it was fortunate that no one was in the coffee house.

“It's not nonsense.”

Kitty nodded resolutely.

“It's strange. From what I've observed for nearly 10 years, His Majesty is generally not interested in other people. insensitive and insensitive I don't have the brains around to think of such a great idea. This is a miracle! It's like a wild bear suddenly getting up and doing a court dance. When will miracles happen? We all know the answer. When you fall in love!”

“Since when have you been so romantic?”

“No. logical shit. Can you explain step by step? A personality like His Majesty cannot really care about things like this unless it comes from the heart. What does that mean? I'm really grateful for what I've done. What does that mean? I'm so glad you were able to come back safely. I'm going crazy. What does that mean? That I like you!”

“How does that happen?”

Hazel shook her head. I was at a loss as to how to resolve Kitty's relentless misunderstanding.

“Your Majesty may seem insensitive, but it is not. It's a Siegwald hardness bear, but it's delicate. Your Majesty is also delicate and thoughtful. I can think of this on my own.”

"Nope. This isn't just about having subtlety. Have you not seen Marquis Lanley? When you find someone you like, you want to be seen by that person's close friends. That's the human mind. Your Majesty wants to look good to me now.”

"no. Your Majesty is not such a selfish person. He has a fair and just personality. It's just a reward for what you did bravely."

"you're welcome! It's because you don't know how extreme this is. His Majesty has handed over information about the ongoing case to the press in the highest secrecy. Even for a pyramid reporter like me! You believe in me just because I'm your friend. If it were anyone else, I'd call it crazy. There is only one reason people do crazy things. This is also love!”

"no. Why do you interpret favor like that? Your Majesty sees right through your character. I thought I was going to do my best, so I gave him a big present. I have a good heart... ... .”

"Hahaha!"

Kitty couldn't take it any longer and burst out laughing. Hazel was bewildered.

"Why are you laughing?"

“You are so funny! Look back at what we've said so far. After all, isn't this the conclusion? 'Your Majesty is delicate and thoughtful. fair and just and be good you don't know I know well.'”

OMG!

Hazel hardened like a stone.

“Are these really words that describe Your Majesty? Not your friend, the Ghost Knight? Hazel, you already know very well. You two are the same person!”

Kitty's sharp point penetrated her chest.

I fell into the trap of this clever girl. Thanks to this, I was able to see the truth that I had turned away from to die.

So far, he has been struggling to separate the two. To His Majesty the Emperor and Sir Valentine. They even paid tribute to Lord Valentine as if he had died after only living for four months.

But they are both the same person.

The only difference is the hair, the color of the eyes, and the clothes. The people in it are the same. The character Sir Valentine is not a concocted man. It is the character of His Majesty the Emperor.

Hazel knew this better than anyone. I just didn't want to admit it.

Well, I thought that if he admits that His Majesty the Emperor is a good person, he might want to give up his dreams for him.

But no.

I knew it was okay not to give up on the farm, but I still hated to admit that they were the same person.

There was another reason why I had to close my heart tightly.

I clearly heard that inner voice last night.

that... . . . .

“Your Majesty already has a marriage partner.”

A strange word came out of nowhere. Kitty asked right away.

“Who is that?”

"You know that? Grand Duchess!"

what?

The investigator's eyes lit up.

Things were going to be fun.

For once, Kitty was convinced that His Majesty the Emperor liked Hazel.

Still, it was strange to go so blindly and effortlessly like that. To give you such a shocking award for helping save Hazel.

This person is very precious to me.

It was like shouting a whale whale like this.

Kitty clicked inwardly as she saw her friend blinking like a calf from the other side.

Because His Majesty is showing off like that, many people in the Imperial Palace already know his heart.

But Hazel won't know until the end. If you leave it alone, you'll have gray hair later and say, 'Ah! Could it be that he liked me back then?' something to do.

I can't see that!

Kitty shook her head.

Something had to be done to prevent such a tragedy. I had to get that calf friend to wake up somehow.

There was just something good about it.

“Yeah, right. I was so excited, I made a joke.”

Kitty said sternly.

“There is no one who does not know that His Majesty regards the Grand Duchess as a marriage partner. First of all, the Grand Duchess is the most beautiful woman in the Empire.”

"right. I saw it for the first time this time, and you were really pretty.”

“And the status is great. Because it's royalty. Aren't you the highest-ranking bride-to-be in the social world right now?”

"okay. Higher than the peacock girl."

"Where is that? Do you know what kind of girl your Majesty is going to welcome as Empress? The Grand Duchess fits all criteria. She is kind, well-educated, does a lot of volunteer work, and she would be the ideal empress in your opinion."

"right. It's just a feeling of empress."

"Besides, the timing is right. There is a saying that once every few generations, the royal family should marry to deepen the royal lineage. Your Majesty will want to do the same."

"I will. You have to deepen your bloodline."

Hazel responded calmly, but her face continued to turn blue and then white.

It was sad to see that. will you stop? I thought

However, when I remembered Hazel's gray hair and lonely reflection of today, my heart became poisoned again.

Even if you go back then, you can't help but regret it.

It may be bullying right now, but in the long run, I believed it was for a friend. And also for His Majesty the Emperor.

I have to pay for the gift of the scoop knight.

Kitty praised the Grand Duchess diligently with such a heart. Actually, I didn't like the Grand Duchess very much, so it took a lot of effort.

Fortunately, the reporter's talent to turn even things that didn't exist into articles was a big help.

after an hour.

Hazel broke up with Kitty and came back tumbling.

I felt like my head was ripped out.

I listened to all the stories in a state in which Lord Valentine and His Majesty had become indistinguishable forcibly. It was as if Lord Valentine eventually married the Grand Duchess.

"Phew... . . ."

A sigh came out on its own.

I now know another reason why I had to close my heart to His Majesty the Emperor.

Even if they are the same person, there is a difference between the emperor and the imperial knight. I had a feeling that the imperial knight might secretly like it, and then it might turn out well. Maybe they would build a farm together.

But the emperor... . . .

Hazel shook her head vigorously.

too much it's really messy nothing can be expected

No matter how many times you meet him every day, no matter how many times he has saved himself, he is the one who has to return to the throne in the end. To the girl who will become the future empress.

So I closed my heart. If you close your heart first, you won't be hurt. I hit the wall like that myself.

When I realized such a mentality, I was very perplexed.

It wasn't even that. I still haven't been able to organize my mind, so the review of the story of the Grand Duchess became uncomfortable.

I'm ugly. I'm really ugly.

Hazel banged her head on the table. My friend pounded it at all.

At that moment, a soft voice was heard from outside.

“Hey, excuse me.”

Hazel shook her head in surprise. It was a familiar voice. Anyway, I talked to Kitty about him earlier.

“Marquis Lanley!”

"Yes. That's me. I'm sorry it's late, but can I talk to you for a moment?"

"sure. Come on in."

The door was wide open.

Outside, besides the marquis, there were several servants and maids. When we first met, Hazel said, 'It's suspicious that you go alone without an attendant!' He seemed to remember what he said.

The Marquis Lanley came inside and was startled to see Hazel.

“Are there any inconveniences?”

“Oh, no.”

Hazel hurriedly straightened her messy hair.

“By the way, what are you doing all of a sudden? Have you ever made any progress with Mr. Rose? Did you remember the name?”

“That’s not it.”

The Marquis shook his head.

“Even though many days have already passed since then, I still have not been able to escape from 'what a marquise'. Even though I go there once a day to buy rose water. I think we need a new breakthrough.”

“Wow!”

Hazel was truly sorry.

“I’m really sorry, but I’m also an idiot who can’t control myself, so I don’t think I can give good advice to the Marquis.”

“Is it possible? Miss Hazel is the smartest person I know. It’s not flattering, it’s sincere. Besides, doesn’t Rose think of you like a real sister? So I want to do some counseling, but you seem to be very busy these days.”

“Ah yes. Actually, I have a job other than farming, so... . . .”

“It was. Then I can't take my time without worrying about my problems. I would only appreciate it if you could give me some spare time or a moment. In fact, I've come up with a way to keep Miss Hazel from bothering you.”

“What is it?”

“Why don't we meet up for a while at a hunting contest and talk about Mr. Rose? It rained quite a bit that day because I was standing still. Have you already decided on a knight partner?”

“Oh, I was originally going to be with Sir Lewis... . Talk to me and I'll be happy to change it. Lord Lewis said he would like to help our 'Marquis,' if given the opportunity.”

"thank you. Then I will visit Sir Lewis and tell you.”

Marquis Lanley's face brightened.

“Thank you for your time. I will serve you with all my heart, risking the honor of our family. Then I'll see you that day.”

"Yes. See you that day.”

Hazel made that promise and broke up with him.

\* \* \* The

3rd convocation day for the selection of saints.

You can't have just one wild foal on stage... .

The white-haired madam, who entered the Hall of Libra with such worries, was startled.

The hall was full of light. Almost all the noble girls were radiating their health and beauty.

“How did this happen?”

Madame Elegance looked at Hazel with wide eyes.

It must have been the work of this chubby girl.

Madame was not interested in the latest trends. Because etiquette transcends time.

But this time, I was so surprised that I looked into it. After finding out, I was even more surprised.

The farm girl passed all the noble girls of the upper classes and passed first place?

In addition, today, he has made other young girls shine just like himself. Until now, I was worried because there were not enough talents to choose as saints.

“Now I’m going to try something.”

Madame couldn't hide her satisfied expression.

“There is not much time left until the feast of St. Animus. Since this is the day when the energy of monsters is strongest in the year, there is a custom of stabilizing the public mind through hunting since ancient times.”

She looked around everyone and briefly explained.

“Now the schedule has been finalized. First, everyone gathers in the forest to hold a ceremony, and then, soon after, an outdoor play is presented to the Empress Dowager. Even

if it's a play, it's all about grilling meat with the chefs. But it should never be taken lightly. You must show the best manners as you are in front of the Empress Dowager, the Empress Dowager's mother.”

Madame called Hazel, a first-class student, to the front.

“Come on, give me an example. First, you have to bend your knees and bow. Then, raise your eyes slightly and look in the direction of the Empress Dowager to greet you. For example, like this. 'How have you been? It seems like yesterday that I saw Your Majesty... .’” At

that moment, Hazel flinched. Madame asked.

“Why?”

“Do I have to say that?”

“This is the most exemplary greeting.”

“But if I say that, wouldn't Empress Dowager wonder if I have dementia? After meeting you that morning, you say that it feels like we met yesterday... .’”

Madame Elegance raised her eyebrows.

“What do you mean? Do you have any chance to see the Empress Dowager on the morning of St. Animus' Feast when the hunting competition is held?”

“Rather than that... . I usually see Empress Dowager every morning. We talk for 30 minutes each.”

“You talk with the Empress Dowager for 30 minutes every morning?”

“I am his egg supplier.”

“ . . . . . ”

Madame was at a loss for words.

What kind of life is this lady leading?

She was confused.

Talking to the tallest person in the Imperial Palace for 30 minutes every day. It was the most difficult social activity. There was nothing more to teach the young-ae who did it.

But this lady was a mess. Holding the skirt skirt with both hands and saying hello was the right thing to do, and the rest was like a blank sheet of paper.

"like. So let's start by getting escorted and appearing. Did you know that unless you are married or engaged, you should never cross arms? The position where you hold your arm changes depending on your relationship with the other person... . . . . .”

Eventually, Hazel suddenly became a model and was forced to learn various manners. He was only released two hours later.

It's very difficult to do my country job.

It was such a feeling.

Madame immediately tested what she had taught that day. After scoring the rest of the girls except for Hazel, the papers were closed.

“The finalists will be announced next time.”

After Madame left, the noble maidens surrounded Hazel.

"Oh my gosh! Were you offering eggs to the Empress Dowager every day?"

"I didn't even know that! Talk to me!"

Hazel looked around them.

What about these red foxes?

According to Huang Ming, he no longer had to deal with them. After finding out the information that the officials were blinded by money and colluding with Mamon, the business was over.

However, using it as it is and throwing it away broke my conscience.

We have a lot of branches in our house. Shall I take you and eat the eggplant?

That was when I was thinking about it.

"Girls."

Suddenly, women in nice clothes appeared. He glanced at Hazel with a fresh face and said.

"The Grand Duchess has invited the girls. You have a new cosmetic product in gold and you want to give it to everyone."

"Look at this. Put this thin gold leaf on your skin and rub it with perfume to absorb it all. Gold seeps into the skin. It gives a radiance that cannot be compared with anything."

Turns out they were the maids of the Archduke Athena.

When they brought gold leaf and perfume oil and demonstrated it themselves, the noble girls flocked to each other.

uhm?

Hazel looked at them with a puzzled look.

Thinking of the Grand Duchess, I felt a slight tingling in my heart.

But aside from that, you're going to take all these noble girls away?

"okay! How amazing! Come on!"

I pushed everyone's back. I came out of the Hall of Libra with fresh footsteps.

that time.

The commanders of the Holy Knights were looking at the roll of paper with serious faces.

The police, who were pursuing Abbas Mamon, who accused the emperor of treason, finally achieved one thing. It was to find the Baroness Fiorenti, who had acted as the top naupul.

She was bullied as she watched Hazel dissect the labyrinth mushroom. Then he committed a great disrespect to the Empress Dowager disguised as a farmer.

The baroness hid as if dead after her social life ended. Then, when the Abbas Mamon incident occurred, he fled at night. He hid in the monastery near the Califano Cliff, and his actions were revealed by a report from the director who thought it was suspicious. He had been secretly consigned on charges of conspiring with a super-rebel who dared to innocence the emperor on absurd charges

According to her testimony, Abbas Mamon spoke fluently. He knew the social world very well. Everyone had no doubt that he was an imperial citizen.

But there was something strange.

Cayenne tried to re-read the description of Abbas Mamon's appearance in the affidavit once again.

“As if trying to hide the original features, the bumpy, crushed face and the skin whose original color is difficult to understand. and... ..”

“Yellow water with a pungent smell that my wife once discovered by chance. It is most likely water with turmeric powder.”

said Lorendel.

The Byzantines had a custom of drinking water with turmeric powder before the battle. Therefore, they indulged in the smell of that spice, turmeric, throughout the subjugation war.

The Baroness of Fiorenti once did something presumptuous while waiting for her master in Abbas Mamon's study. He opened the lid of the teacup he had left on the desk. I wondered what kind of tea Sang-ju Sang-ju, who knows the luxury of luxury, was drinking.

Unexpectedly, at the bottom of the teacup, there was yellow water with a strange smell. It was terrifying.

The wife also wrote that in the affidavit. In order to seek mercy, I wrote down everything that came to mind about Abbas Mamon.

“Mamon is a very suspicious person, isn't it?”

Everyone nodded at Siegwald's words.

Just because he used Necromancer, the barbarian's art, could not be said to be the remnant of the barbarian.

Just because he looked like he had deliberately ruined his features, he couldn't be said to be a remnant of the barbarians.

Just because he was seen drinking water mixed with turmeric powder, it doesn't mean he was a barbarian remnant.

But since all three overlapped, it became a probability that was hard to ignore.

Lorendel turned over ten or so statements with a serious face.

“The more you dig, the more suspicious evidence comes out... .”

“It's like Ys.”

Cayenne took the word for granted, using the new popular idiom among them.

“Hazel collided with Mamon while trying to enter the social world according to the orthodox method guaranteed by the Minister of Home Affairs. After all, it was no coincidence.”

“It was fortunate that the opponent was Hazel. No matter what anyone says, just go your own way. Even a guy like Mamon got involved in a hurry.”

Lewis said so and picked up the pen.

“Come on, let’s wrap it up. A place where a barbarian villain who has lost all his base overnight by accusing the emperor hastily hides his slush fund... . . . .”

She marked a few places on the map.

“These are the most likely places.”

They were all refugee camps.

The surviving tribesmen from the barbarian conquest followed the Imperial Army. Iskanda accepted asylum applications from innocent civilians.

However, to the people of the Empire, they were still unfamiliar and reluctant. As they went down to the provinces, prejudice grew stronger and conflicts arose. So, I set up a small refugee camp near the big city and lived there.

“A place unfamiliar to pursuers. On the other hand, a place very familiar to him. It's perfect for a temporary stash to hide slush funds in a hurry.”

Siegwald agreed. Everyone had the same opinion.

“Let’s dispatch a special task force to all refugee camps right now. If you stay hidden, something will appear.”

"great."

They came to that conclusion.

While I was working out my undercover plan, a palace official came to collect my documents. It was a report about the safety check of the hunting grounds.

The inspection has been completed, but the report has not yet been produced. Palace Officer Joshua had to wait a while.

“You are insanely busy.”

He murmured after glancing outside.

“But do you know what Your Majesty is doing with this opportunity? Every time you meet a farm lady, you're betting on a fight. Because it smells like manure, or the livestock is noisy.”

"what?"

Everyone was surprised.

“You do such a bad thing!”

“Aren't you ashamed?”

“I have to make a stinging advice!”

After Palace Officer Joshua disappeared with the report, they met face to face. The angry expression on his face disappeared and he was filled with wonder.

"Nonsense. What's the fight all of a sudden? You should be holding your breath and just staring at Hazel.”

Lewis just cut it off.

“That's it. Isn't it the time to be in the midst of being deceived since you found out that you lied about your identity?”

“You must be busy blaming yourself, but what kind of fight is it? I can't even go to the farm at will, so I'm sure they're packing the manure to smell good?”

Cayenne and Lorendel also helped.

“I have something to hide.”

Siegwald said.

“Would you like to visit before it gets busier?”

"great!"

everyone agreed

The small farm was a special place from the beginning, but after the uproar, it became even more special.

A place where a friend's unrequited love lives.

It was in that sense.

His Majesty the Emperor has been in and out of the place for four months, taking charge of all kinds of work.

Now that I found out about it, if I go back to it, it seems that I can do a very exciting tour.

"let's go!"

They left the conference room with their eyes shining with anticipation.

Then Hazel stood blankly in the kitchen.

It was because they found a purple object tucked away in the corner of the countertop.

Oh My God... . . . What have I done?

The eggplant gratin served to His Majesty the Emperor was delicious. But there was a crucial problem. it wasn't a branch.

So what did you make with it?

I didn't remember. In any case, considering that neither of them died, it seems that it was not an inedible ingredient.

“Calm down.”

Hazel shook her head.

That was then.

A roar was heard from outside. I thought someone was coming, so I went out and saw that there was a customer as well.

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, Cayenne.

Hazel's face widened. I wanted to say hello.

But somehow they didn't come right away. He was busy pointing his fingers and talking in front of the chicken coop.

“Somehow, this chicken coop just popped up... . . .”

Such words were heard.

Hazel approached them with a puzzled look.

“What are you doing there?”

"Ah. It's like a tour of historical sites.”

Cayenne replied as the representative.

"Never mind."

They handed Hazel the meat and flour they had brought as a gift for their visit. Then I lost my attention to the chicken coop again.

“Look at this! Seeing that the nail was nailed at the right spacing, he must have been good at it. Why didn't you know yet?”

“What is a tree? It looks expensive.”

“It's a high-grade cedar. You must have just picked up what came as a tribute to the Bona Mana temple.”

I've already had a heart since then.

The four put their heads together and nodded.

Hazel looked at them with a strange feeling.

Come to think of it, it was the first time since the identity of Lord Valentine was revealed. It is natural to be so excited.

"okay. that's right. This chicken coop was built by your friend, His Majesty the Emperor. I am also surprised by that fact. If you have any questions, ask."

At Hazel's words, the four friends exchanged glances.

Are you more generous than you think?

Cayenne raised her hand as if waiting.

"What did Ys say when he built a chicken coop? In fact, it's obvious that you don't see it. Because the monarch is taught not to reveal one's private desires, he always says this when he really wants to do something. 'I absolutely did not make this chicken coop because I wanted to make it. That's just how it happened'."

"That's right! I once caught this little Tiberius when he escaped. He also said that he would make a chicken coop so that such a troublesome thing could not happen. His Majesty then accidentally hit his hand with a hammer. We're going to build this floor right here."

Can you catch a chick and take me? Hammering and vain grooming?

From the very beginning, great stories poured out.

I want to write it down.

With that in mind, they entered the house.

It's a kitchen I've been to often, but it still looks new. Lewis said, pointing to the table chair he enjoyed sitting on.

"You mean that guy was sitting right here and eating hard?"

At that moment, Hazel's lips rose.

“At first, I never tried to eat.”

“It would have been. You have to be stubborn! It's not like we've been hit once or twice.”

The high elf shook his head. Meanwhile, Sigwald expressed his curiosity about other subjects.

“What is the historical menu that ultimately subdued the emperor?”

“It was a cutlet.”

AHA. Everyone understood right away.

"and... ..”

Hazel paused after a few more words.

Branches piled up on one side of the countertop caught my eye. It was a special product, but the basket fell to the ground and the branches were slightly scratched. So I decided to eat it.

okay. Let's all eat together now.

Hazel's face turned red.

He opened his mouth as he took a knife and sliced the eggplant thinly.

“I will tell you something funny. Maybe Sir Cayenne remembers it. Did I ever ask about hereditary diseases?”

“I remember. The question was whether genetic diseases also affect human language.”

“It was because of your friend, His Majesty the Emperor. When I asked him why he spoke so hard, he said it was because of a genetic disease.”

“Fuck!”

Your friends burst out laughing.

"Oh My God! It's definitely not wrong, but... . . . .”

“Who would have guessed that it meant that?”

Hazel clapped her hands in a chirping noise.

Long eggplant slices thinly sliced so that the back is visible, seasoned with salt and pepper. It was lightly roasted until soft and then laid out.

Then, I took out the white, fluffy cheese made on the farm and mixed it with herb powder. I scooped out a lot of that cheese, put it on the eggplant, and rolled it up. Then, spread the tomato sauce with a spoon and top it generously.

“Can I help you?”

By the time Lewis spoke, everything had already gone into the oven. His hands were that fast.

"no. You just have to eat it. as many as possible.”

Hazel said the happiest thing they had heard in the past few days. and added.

“It reminds me of helping, but your friend, His Majesty the Emperor, once offered to help with cooking. As a result, I mashed a whole carrot. At the time, he looked cute like that, but now that I know who he is and think about it, it really is... ..”

As I lined up the emperor's saga, the eggplant in the oven was already cooked. A mouth-watering smell filled the kitchen.

Hazel and Lewis took out a hot bowl.

The cheese melted through the rolled up eggplant and the bijuk came out. The round chunks that looked appetizing were so full that the plate burst. There was plenty of tomato sauce on top.

It was eggplant cheese roll.

In fact, the material was the same as eggplant gratin. I just didn't want to make the same dish twice.

“I will eat well.”

The commanders of the Holy Knights raised their forks with joy.

Eggplant dishes were never the food they paid for. I don't know if I get money to eat it.

However, the eggplant on the farm was soft and soft in taste while still having a chewy texture. The moisture that came out while baking was exquisitely combined with the grilled cheese.

“Strange! Why does this ugly thing taste like this?”

Lewis picked up a branch and considered it seriously.

I thought it looked like a goblin's nose, but it turned out that it wasn't. The deep purple color and lustrous sheen gave her some inspiration.

“You only sell one of these to me!”

"Yes?"

Hazel's eyes widened.

“Louis, what are you going to do with the eggplant?”

“I’m going to take it to the tailor and order a dress in this color and texture!”

Lewis said brightly.

Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne looked at them with puzzled faces. and said at the same time.

"No."

"No."

Hazel took the branch back with an embarrassed look.

“Because it’s such a novel way to use it... . . . I'll think about it for a bit."

“Just ignore it.”

Siegwald advised.

“Louise's dress is as many as grains of sand. Didn't we go together and see for ourselves?”

"that's right. Well, speaking of that, you know that yellow dress that I got as a gift from Sir Lewis. Your friend, His Majesty the Emperor... .”

Once again, the story began.

It was a fun time with roasted eggplant and all the sagas of the emperor. All their time on the farm was fun, but today was especially fun.

As a result, I ate the whole eggplant. The storyline also barely exposed the bottom.

“I ate really well.”

Everyone woke up with happy faces. My stomach was full and my heart was full.

Iskanda is up to something.

I came to find out about it, but now it doesn't really matter. I just confirmed that Hazel was more generous than I thought.

“Maybe we will meet while hunting.”

Lorendel said as if it were a pity.

Hazel replied with a smile. It's because I've heard stories about growth. This tall, straight high elf sometimes looked cute.

Then it suddenly dawned on me.

Oh, hunting!

Lewis, who was just about to turn around, hurriedly called for him.

“There is. Marquis Lanley.”

“Why that poor yangban?”

“Mr. Rose keeps ignoring me. So, I decided to take advantage of the waiting time during the hunting contest to give you counseling. Being a partner with him.”

“Oh, my! We were going to show off our friendship in front of everyone in the Imperial Palace and the animals of the forest that day!”

“It will probably be over soon. The Marquis, for some reason, has very high regard for me, but I don't have much to tell him.”

“It's a question that doesn't have an answer anyway. Still, I'm sorry, so I need to help you.”

The vampire's humanity, which is revealed again and again, made my heart warm. Before parting with her, Hazel pulled something out of her apron pocket.

“In principle not, but... ..”

He poked a branch tied with a scrap of ribbon.

“Make a pretty dress.”

"Ah!"

Lewis was impressed.

“I’ll show it to the tailor and then put it in the oven. I will come here to eat deliciously and give you a review.”

I made a strong promise and left.

Hazel waved her hand until she couldn't see her back.

As the guests left and it became quiet, the thoughts flowed back to one person. His Majesty the Emperor, who was not present, but played the role of the main character of the day.

Then why doesn't it show up like this? Shouldn't I be directing you to the next step?

Hazel looked up at the grand palace in the neighbourhood.

After a while, a mischievous smile appeared on his face.

I'm sorry. To tell your friends all the shameful history.

That was a mistake. The emperor of the empire was underestimated.

Shameful history was accumulating one by one even at this moment.

At that time, outside the Imperial Palace.

There was someone approaching quickly towards a corner of the outer wall shrouded in darkness, not at the entrance guarded by the guards.

It was Kitty, a girl wearing a cloak.

Kitty looked around. And soon found it.

Standing in the dark stood a man in the same cloak as himself. He looked at Kitty and raised a hand proudly.

"your Majesty."

Kitty did her best to show her respect by silence.

It is certainly strange for the emperor to stand in front of the imperial wall at this time. However, there was nothing particularly strange about this emperor's Majesty. Because it is famous for moving quickly from east to west.

“Originally, I should have called you to my room, but I can’t enter the Imperial Palace because I’m in exile now, so I have to come out.”

It is certainly strange that the emperor himself comes out of the palace to meet someone who has been expelled from the palace. However, there was nothing particularly strange about this emperor's Majesty. He is famous for being very punctual with the law.

For Kitty, other things were more important than those things now.

Why did you secretly send someone to call you?

After all, it must have something to do with the Abbas Mamon incident, right?

Kitty asked politely.

“Your Majesty, may I ask what you called me for?”

“Did you hear about the reward I gave you this time?”

"sure. Hazel explained it all. I wonder what kind of grace your Majesty has bestowed upon me, who was expelled for my sins."

"okay. So I mean... . . . ."

Iskanda beckoned him to come closer. After looking around once, he asked secretly.

"How was it?"

"What?"

"Did Miss Mayfield like it?"

Kitty was speechless.

No, did you call this busy man to ask that?

Even though he knew well that his Majesty the Emperor had to look up like the sky, his face could not help but wrinkle slightly.

At the same time, I thought it was really silly.

who is he is the emperor

Not just the king. It is a Grand Cavalier that has completely conquered the troublesome border so that there is no noise.

His appearance in the Imperial Palace was always dignified. As an ordinary Earl Young-ae, she did not even dare to approach her.

But now he seemed like a completely different person.

The fact that Kitty had been banished also seemed to play a part. Because there are no rumors spreading. You may be revealing yourself a little more frankly, unconsciously.

There's something really cute about it.

At that moment, in Kitty's eyes, His Majesty the Emperor looked like an older brother he didn't even have. Everyone else thinks they are prosperous and well-behaved, but the younger brother knows the truth.

A sly expression appeared on Kitty's face.

"well. Did you like it or did you not like it? Guess it once."

"Can you guess? Didn't I just ask because I didn't know? Are you kidding me now?"

"It's because you're asking stupid questions. As soon as Hazel heard about it, she ran to me right away. Can't you tell just by looking at it? How I loved Your Majesty's surprise."

"Hmm... . . ."

His Majesty the Emperor's face grew serious. Kitty thought for a moment as she looked so serious.

Then yes. This is just a prelude, and you must be trying to give important information in fact.

"But I think I must have done something wrong with Miss Mayfield."

... . . No.

Kitty's face hardened again.

“Your Majesty make a mistake?”

“Not in my own words. Because he was so kind, he felt bad, but maybe he lied?”

“Ah, yes... .”

I couldn't even say a word before. Behind the scenes, they are busy praising each other for being nice. what is the situation to do?

Kitty said as she forcibly straightened her wrinkled face.

"You're welcome. Actually, Hazel isn't that kind, right? If your Majesty had made a mistake, you would have teased him in some way.”

“Then why were you making such a sad face?”

“I'm curious too. Why?”

“Miss Christina! This is for the government. It means that the work efficiency is lowered because of care. There is no one else to ask but you.”

Iskanda said with a frown.

“I thought you might like it, so I named this mission ‘Operation Sardine Pie’. Was that also the problem? Was it like a joke?”

“Hey, Your Majesty! It was an incident that put our house into disgrace!”

Kitty protested timidly. But he didn't listen.

Wasn't it because you wanted to look good on me, so you gave me an article?

Hazel was terrified at the slightest shiver, and otherwise was seriously indifferent.

That's why you're walking on a thorny path because of your hairless personality.

Kitty swallowed the words.

“Your Majesty, I really want to help, but I didn't come into Hazel's mind either... . . . .”

I paused while answering.

Wait a minute.

Then, there was one thing that caught my eye. When the two met, Hazel obviously said:

- Your Majesty already has a marriage partner. Grand Duchess!

If he continued to think about it while looking at the emperor, it was only natural that he could not make a happy expression.

The moment she realized this simple fact, Kitty felt as if she had become a genius playwright.

Life is a script!

With a serious expression on her face, she asked the emperor, who was in agony in front of him.

“But why do you care so much about my friend's mood?”

“Yeah, you know, the two of us are working on a very important secret operation right now. If there is division inside, it is natural that the chances of success will decrease.”

"AHA. i See. That's a really big deal. Actually, there is one thing to point out. Hazel must also have a lot of trouble these days. There are so many men chasing after they like it.”

"Well?"

Iskanda's eyebrows twitched.

“What are you so surprised about? Basically, all good people leave early. Your Majesty didn't know, but there were a lot of suitors in line. It seems that some of them are serious about making progress.”

"you're welcome! You weren't even close to the Marquis of Lanley, were you?"

Iskanda said bluntly.

what?

Kitty looked at him with her mouth slightly open.

Marquis Lanley? Why is that person suddenly appearing here?

At that moment, Kitty's head was spinning at the speed of light.

I saw you two meet!

Marquis Lanley knows that Rose listens to anything Hazel says. Since he is a person who freely enters and exits the Imperial Palace, it is highly likely that the two have already met. Of course, they would have had a friendly conversation about Rose.

just saw it

“Oh, are you, Marquis Lanley?”

Kitty said skillfully.

“He's desperate to win Hazel's favor right now. 'Think of me as your faithful servant.' When I said this, I was there too. No frills, he really wants to become Hazel's servant. A man must be so caring! You seem to be good at farming!”

Kitty just threw a word. Now, instead of being a playwright, I felt like a fire witch, and I put in the firewood diligently.

“... ..”

There was no expression on the Emperor's face. But Kitty was sure she was doing very well.

In fact, I didn't know much about the Marquis of Lanley, so it was difficult to praise him. But this time too, the reporter's talent shone.

"Never mind. Is there a law that says I am not allowed to participate in national affairs just because I am married? Wouldn't your Majesty's capable Miss Hazel become even more capable if she became the Marquis?"

“... ..”

“If you have nothing more to say, I will leave.”

Kitty bowed the last word and walked away. After throwing the firewood hard, my heart was pounding. I wanted to get to a safe place quickly.

After the little demon disappeared, Iskanda finally wrinkled her face.

Marquis Arthur Lanley.

Red eyes flared up.

\* \* \* The

day after Kitty met the Emperor.

The Empress Dowager secretly received a small note. A newspaper reporter who frequently publishes articles about her secretly delivered it to me.

The content of that note without a sender was pretty cute.

'On a cold winter day four years ago, when I greeted the Empress Dowager, I was so nervous and trembling. I can never forget that. So, by all means, I send this note. Please don't be surprised. Even if the Son comes to you with a face of despair as if he has lost everything in the world, it is because of his jealousy towards a young marquis... . . . !

It was something like that.

The Empress Dowager waited and thought it was fun.

just as expected. My son really came before lunch time.

“You are the Emperor!”

The salon was buzzing with the sudden visit.

“Are you here, Your Majesty?”

When the Empress Dowager greeted her, her complexion didn't look good. It looked like he couldn't sleep all night.

It's a shame because I received an anonymous note, and if I had met without knowing anything, I would have been surprised to know that something had happened to the country.

I'm jealous... . . . .

It was obvious to go back. It is a situation that everyone experiences at one time or another.

Due to his personality, he would have suffered only inwardly without telling anyone. Then he thought of himself, that is, his mother's face.

"Phew... . . . ."

Iskanda sighed and sat down on the chair.

“Are you having a hard time?”

The Empress Dowager offered condolences.

“Yes, mother. Nothing goes the way I want it to... . . . .”

Iskanda brought up the story of state affairs. The story progressed to a more profound level.

“I still don't know how to become a good monarch.”

“It's a question that no one has been able to find an answer to for thousands of years. We just do our best.”

At that time, the Empress Dowager's handmaiden came with a tray. Iskanda glanced at him, then fixed his gaze.

On the tray were a soft-cooked egg and a glass of pure white milk.

“Do you know how precious this is?”

The maid said with a smile.

“This morning Ms. Hazel herself brought it from a neighboring farm. Look at this fresh one. You can't get it even with money. You don't eat such a precious thing yourself, but rather give it to your son. After all, isn't that the mother's heart?”

“More than that, Miss Hazel brings it to you every day, so I can give it up in a day or so. It will happen again tomorrow anyway.”

Iskanda looked at the tray as she listened to her mother. His gaze remained fixed.

The eggs were really fresh. Just looking at the yolk seemed to give off a fragrant smell. The milk was also very thick and tasty. A small creamy bubble appeared on the edge of the glass and disappeared.

He shook his head.

“You can ask for it yourself.”

He declared with his eyes burning. It was the most dignified figure I had ever seen.

"Please."

The Empress Dowager replied. Holding back the laughter that was about to come out, he secretly shared his eyes with the maids.

Even after meeting with her mother, Iskanda continued to have fierce conflicts.

I had a strong urge to send the Marquis of Lanley to a far-off country because it had suddenly given him great honor. It's very big and it has a lot of annual income, but the monsters give it a lot of duchess at once... . . . There were plenty of ways.

But when I thought about it, I felt ashamed.

Is this really what a true monarch intends to do?

He scolded himself.

Even if it gives you glory and wealth, isn't that what drives you away in the end?

It was very embarrassing to think this way about a loyal servant who had never been pushed back in taxes.

This was something my father did very well. If he liked the servant's wife, he removed the servant first. Without glory and fortune, of course.

Haven't you made a promise to yourself dozens of times while watching it?

You should never assume that all women are yours just because you are an emperor. Every woman in Bratania is free to choose her husband.

Calm down.

He went to the headquarters of the Holy Flame Knights. I borrowed a chair of reflection used by a friend for a while and trained my mind.

Then I jumped up.

thinking too far ahead

Hazel hasn't decided anything yet. You're my husband! He hadn't even chosen him as a partner in a hunting contest.

Let's take this opportunity to show that the emperor is better than the marquis. Otherwise, I will be very proud of myself.

he decided

I went back to my office and took out a piece of paper. I reworked the plan for the sardine pie that I had made concisely out of a bit of embarrassment from the beginning.

More splendidly, more dramatically, so that the world can show off that the most powerful person in the empire is looking after him, not the marquis.

It didn't matter if other people were there or not. First, it was important to win the competition.

He worked hard all night to revise his plans.

the next morning.

A small squeak could be heard in Hazel, who was still sleeping. I immediately opened my eyes.

what?

It sounded like a long, heavy object falling to the floor. I put on my shawl and went outside.

A shadow moved swiftly in the dim dawn light. Hazel's eyes widened.

intruder?

I forgot that this was inside the Imperial Palace and made that mistake for a while. Then I soon found out about his identity.

Still, it was astonishing. Hazel was in doubt as he watched his regular movements.

Why do you come to someone else's farm like dawn and chop firewood?

"your Majesty! What are you doing?"

Ugh.

Iskanda was perplexed.

It's only been dropped once, but when you hear the sound, it jumps right out. Also the ears are too bright.

I shouldn't have done it.

Seeing the pile of trees piled up haphazardly, he couldn't resist the urge that surged in his chest. Before Hazel woke up, he quickly tried to shred the firewood.

Iskanda gently lowered the axe.

“It was just so annoying that I couldn’t help it.”

Hazel remembered the conversation he had with the commanders of the Holy Knights last night. I couldn't help but smile bitterly.

I really wanted to do it.

Meanwhile, Iskanda quickly changed the topic.

“I made time today and came early. Last time, I just said that I had planned the operation, but I didn't talk about anything really important.”

“Oh, right. Why didn't you come? We have to move on to the next step.”

Hazel stretched.

Seeing such a strange person since dawn woke me up.

Like a farmer who could not stand still, Hazel decided to start working right away.

Anyway, thanks to the hens and Julia these days, I was enjoying a real farm morning routine.

First of all, I decided to milk Julia's lumpy breasts. Hazel grabbed a towel, soap and water.

“The last thing I heard was this. That we're going to launch Operation Sardine Pie. To use Lu's power.”

“Strictly speaking, that’s the primary bait.”

Iskanda said as she picked up the bucket and moved it.

“The sages have speculated that Abbas Mamon is most likely using a very unique kind of dark magic that no one knows about. I found out that that power was based on necromancy, so I asked them to reproduce it similarly with a magic book.”

"Incredible. Is that possible?"

Hazel said as she milked Julia.

“It should not be possible. It's not a duke or marquise, it's the emperor's order.”

Iskanda grabbed the bucket.

“I found out through the experiment. The evil energy emitted by Abbas Mamon seeps into human body and objects like strong cigarette smoke. A healthy person can expel it naturally and quickly, but it leaves a light burn-like mark on the soul. After 6 months to a year, various sequelae remain, and the reaction to Lu is one of them. In accordance with the body's natural healing instincts, it is refreshing to smell the medicinal herbs that the average person would call stinky.”

“Sardine Pie!”

Hazel knew right away.

"i See. So it's Operation Sardine Pie. I seduced a conspirator with a sardine pie that everyone avoided because it was nasty and ugly.”

“That's the point. The culprits are people who are attracted to others saying they like being alone even though they hate it. But that's not enough evidence. Once you've put them on the dragon's board, make sure to catch them through the second trap. It's a double trap.”

The two talked and went into the chicken coop.

“In other words, after attracting suspects through Lu’s smell, dig a second trap?”

"right. The first is chemical warfare, the second is psychological warfare. You are using the prejudices of the nobles of this country in reverse. Have you not suffered from such prejudice while working in the Imperial Palace until now? 'What a farmer knows, he must be of a lower standard than us'."

“It certainly was.”

Hazel nodded as she put the eggs laid by the hens in the basket.

“Using prejudice to catch corrupt bureaucrats backwards! Your Majesty is also an expert in the back of the head. How can I do it?”

“After making your contacts with Abbas Mamon take notice of you, you act like you are revealing your frivolous nature in front of them. I know your secret. However, I am not going to accuse you right away because I have a bad relationship with the emperor. Instead, give him an appropriate price. Let's take advantage of the hunting contest when all the deals are crazy.' That's a very blatant suggestion."

“So, if you really want to make a deal, do you get it right away?”

“I think no one is going to make a deal. They're the ones who committed corruption while avoiding my eyes. Are you afraid of a blue country girl? He'll threaten you and try to shut your mouth. At that very moment, on the stage I prepared, I will reveal it with everyone watching. All of this was a secret mission entrusted to you by the Emperor.”

Just thinking about that moment made me feel refreshed. So was Hazel. He unconsciously stroked the golden Pegasus medallion hidden in his chest.

“But the problem is that until the truth is revealed, you have to be looked down on with contempt... . . .”

“It doesn't matter.”

Hazel replied, holding up the basket of eggs.

“Those gazes don’t even penetrate my face, so what does it matter? I don't know if it's something that puts the family name to shame. It's a mission for the public good, and it's also about creating land. It doesn't do any damage at all.”

Again, this farmer was the right person for this plan. Iskanda was very pleased to see her taking care of her.

"great. So, from today onwards, shall we thoroughly scan the inside of the Imperial Palace and throw the bait?"

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Hazel replied.

“Before that, I eat breakfast first. Do you like eggs and milk?”

I straightened my back and looked around.

But he wasn't. Not knowing that he was going to serve breakfast, he said, 'You probably don't deserve it yet.' and went out.

“I can’t let go of that habit.”

Hazel shook her head.

After a quick breakfast of bread, cheese and milk, we got to work.

First, prepare the oil. And I brought all the piles of roux that I had ripped and dried and preserved last time. Put it in oil and bring to a boil over low heat.

While I was working outside, I came in from time to time to check it out. After boiling it for five or six hours, the ingredients of the roux were completely revealed.

Even with the doors and windows wide open, the smell permeated the house.

I could never say it was delicious. It was a strong, musty smell that touched people's stomach. Naturally, this herb is relatively unknown compared to its efficacy.

Hazel then poured the finished oil and cooled it. I put it in a small bottle without a lid and went out with it.

The effect of roux oil was strong.

Every time the hem fluttered, a stimulating scent spread. The people in the court, sensitive to fragrance, frowned.

Hazel didn't mind them and went to the long, narrow room in the main building of the Imperial Palace.

In the 'Aisle Room', I watched the nobles always gather and discuss. We decided to use it as the starting point for Operation Sardine Pie.

At that moment, a round chair without a back was empty. He sat down there.

"Oh My God!"

The lady sitting opposite her frowned.

"What does this smell like?"

I saw some people twitch.

maybe it's them You may have been embarrassed to find out that this refreshing scent is perceived as a bad smell for others. Hazel remembered their impressions well.

“It looks like some spice has leaked.”

He nodded calmly towards the woman on the other side.

“Everything is leaking well here in the Imperial Palace. Even on my small farm, upper-class girls come and go these days, but I don't hear anything special about it.”

“What are you talking about?”

"well. I don't want to say much. It's a story that His Majesty the Emperor would be very pleased to know. As you all know, I'm not very good with him, right? There are only one or two people who should be very fortunate about that.”

I felt like there were more people around me. There may have been some people who were drawn to Lou's scent, but desperately pretend not to do so. Hazel remembered their faces well.

“What do you mean?”

The unnamed lady on the other side was a pretty good conversationalist. She frowned and asked.

“Aren't you the salon owner? Are you going to divulge the stories that leaked out of the salon at will?”

“Who said that?”

Hazel shrugged.

“Like I said, if you talk like that, your Majesty the Emperor will like you. I never want to do anything that he would like. Phew... . . . . But I don't know. I have an urgent need for money these days. It would be nice if it could be resolved by the time the hunting contest was over.”

Many people frowned at the overly explicit suggestion of wishing for money. Their eyes spoke with one voice.

Then yes. I thought that the baseless, fallen noble girl would one day reveal her true colors!

Eyes full of contempt poured out.

It was as expected.

“Hey, Your Majesty... . . . .”

Several nobles came to Iskanda, who was sitting in the office. they said timidly.

“It’s embarrassing, but why aren’t you taking any action this time?”

“What action?”

“The girl who recently made your majesty frown with the smell of manure and the sound of cattle. Also, when you enter the main building of the Imperial Palace, you can smell the countryside. We paid attention, but we didn't even turn back. What should I do if I can only be quiet in front of Your Majesty's Majesty?”

AHA.

It was then that Iskanda understood.

Have you already started? so fast?

While admiring, I remembered the faces of the officials who came to complain now. Perhaps it was because he heard Hazel's threats and was pricked.

Then I woke up.

let's go

This was an important task. I had to make sure it went well.

I immediately left the office.

The central hall on the first floor of the Imperial Palace was more crowded than usual. Even without concentrating, Hazel's voice was clearly audible.

“... .. Because I never wanted to do something he would like... .. .”

It seemed to be going well.

I wanted to see it a little closer. It seemed like it would be good to emphasize once again the discord between the two of them.

"Shh."

Iskanda slowly approached, quieting those who recognized her.

That was then.

A group appeared from the other side.

She was the Grand Duchess of Athena. He has been leading the noble girls of the upper classes of the Emperia Circle one after another.

The girls were perplexed when they saw Hazel. I felt like a traitor, even though I had obviously pushed my back.

Why did you come this way?

She wanted to turn, but the Grand Duchess went straight ahead.

“... .. I guess I have accumulated feelings with him... ..”

Hazel stopped talking.

Noble girls were not interested in who they followed.

The problem was the Grand Duchess herself.

I was taken aback when the dazzlingly beautiful woman suddenly appeared. How flustered and flustered. It was indistinguishable from the reactions of young people who had unrequited love for the Grand Duchess.

no. this is not

Hazel hurriedly hit herself.

The Grand Duchess stood straight in front of him. While waiting for Hazel's greeting in the presence of several people, he showed off his power.

“... .. ?”

Iskanda looked at them with a puzzled face.

Not long ago, all the noble girls who followed Hazel had gone to Athena. He said he didn't need it, but this atmosphere was a bit strange.

He looked back at the servants and asked.

“What is Athena doing now?”

"that is... ..”

The servants were sweating, not knowing how to explain this situation. It was time to choose the expression as carefully as possible.

“It’s trying to kill the spirit.”

who said abruptly

It was Siberius, a liquor store with bright ears.

“Your Majesty may not have known. Last time I took a break from overwork, the Grand Duchess had already bitten that girl once before.”

"what?"

Iskanda doubted her ears.

“Have you already been bitten once? Athena? What does that mean?”

Iskanda raised her voice and urged her.

Siberius was nervous.

He had overheard the sound of the princess who misunderstood Hazel and tried to capture it, and passed it on to His Majesty the Emperor. He had bright ears, but he wasn't quick-witted, so even after His Majesty's fraudulent hoax was revealed later, he just wanted to do it.

But his wife heard the story and said,

“As long as you enter the Imperial Palace, there is one thing you need to keep in mind. Your ears are there to hear what Your Majesty wants to hear, and your mouth is there to say what Your Majesty wants to hear. Sweetheart, I will continue to ask Your Majesty for information about the young lady. However, in any case, you must talk to the girl in the opposite direction.”

I've never had a loss by listening to Mrs. The house was also enlarged.

So I paid special attention to it. Then, as Mrs. said, the opportunity came.

“Your Majesty, what happened?”

Siberius whispered secretly.

“Isn't everyone busy preparing for hunting competitions these days? I also came across this while asking about traditional sake to be served at banquets. Well, wouldn't the Grand Duchess's maidens meet the public servants and talk like this in a very secret way? 'Please don't say anything about that day. If your Majesty finds out, you will be in trouble.' I thought it was strange, so I listened.”

"therefore? What did you say?"

“It turns out that while His Majesty was resting from overwork, the Paladins at the National Advisory Council persuaded Miss Mayfield. I want you to take care of Your Majesty. Miss Mayfield pondered and agreed. It was said that such an event was carried out with perfect procedures and no one, including the Grand Duchess, knew at all.”

Iskanda was stunned at hearing his words.

What if it went on?

Hazel must have seen the Emperor's face, which he had been hiding for the first time. You probably recognized it right away. You must have been very surprised.

However... . . . .

At least if he had been there, he wouldn't have been taken away by the Imperial Palace Guard. No matter how much the captain of the guard felt a sense of crisis, he couldn't even enter the emperor's bedroom. Even if a commotion had occurred, the person involved would have been framed on the spot.

Besides, maybe he got a sympathy vote. Hazel has infinite compassion for sick people and animals.

The feeling of betrayal that hurt my heart may have weakened a little. He might have been able to explain on the spot that his thoughts about getting rid of the farm had gradually changed.

“But Athena stopped it... . . . ?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. After the Grand Duchess got this information late, she went to the public servants. He expressed concern that the identity of Miss Mayfield, who would be nursing His Majesty, was uncertain. Even though he was an aristocrat, he was bitten by the fact that he worked for a bank. The public servants, of course, stood up. Miss Mayfield was getting ready and about to enter the palace, but he stopped us, telling us to cut us off. When the backlash was so strong, Miss Mayfield left the knights behind and returned to the farm. That’s when the captain of the guard arrested him.”

“I can... . . . .”

Iskanda was angry and stunned. Did something like that happen while you were sick?

“Why Athena? Why did you do that? Are you saying you don't want me to be cared for?”

“If the nurse was a shaggy man, what would be the problem? It was a problem because she was a mysterious girl. I didn't want to approach His Majesty for nursing or anything.”

“No, really, why?”

“It's not that rare. My sister was also blindfolded to all women before I got married. Even the palace officials who talk about their work. I didn't want my brother to be taken away, so I unconditionally scolded him.”

Liquor Hall Siberius answered with his own diligent interpretation. Iskanda was even more amazing.

“Is that really the attitude that the Grand Duchess of the Empire should have? I thought he was a good and upright kid... .”

My chest has been stuffy.

Is it because you don't get too close to women? How can you keep an eye on me and keep me in check with only receiving one nursing care?

Let's say that by giving in a hundred times, I can be grumpy like the sisters in a normal family.

But if that's the case, I'd rather openly oppose it. It was very disappointing to move the old public servants from behind. My heart was heavy as I had to lead the imperial family.

Iskanda looked back at the servants.

“Even though something like this happened, no one said anything, right?”

The servants, who were still sweating, became contemplative.

“Wrong!”

“Forgive me!”

He could not raise his head and prayed that his hands would become his feet.

"done!"

Iskanda waved her hand.

The Grand Duchess is also their superior, how dare they tell their faults? If it wasn't for this liquor store, I wouldn't have known until the end.

“You are a great servant. Tibet... ... No, Siberius.”

“It’s crazy! We will continue to work hard!”

I turned around, leaving the liquor store behind me with my mouth wide open. After putting off other things, we headed straight to the Sunflower Palace, the residence of the Grand Duchess.

“You are the Emperor!”

Athena was startled as she read the book. It was very rare for His Majesty to take such a step on his own. I jumped up and met him.

"your Majesty!"

“Are you crazy?”

Unexpectedly, a scold flew right away.

“I heard everything that happened while I was lying in my bedroom! Are you the one who wanted me to wake up late? How could the Grand Princess of the Empire treat others with such a petulant heart! What's more, you're devising a scheme used by the wicked who messed up the court in the past! How can you set an example with that?”

Athena turned pale blue.

I've never seen Iskanda so angry. I lost my mind and listened, then finally came to my senses and prayed.

“I was really wrong. It was because I was so worried about His Majesty's well-being. It was really wrong.”

"What's the use of apologizing to me? You should go to the person concerned and apologize!”

"Yes?"

Athena was astonished.

“Your Majesty, how could I, as a member of the royal family, apologize to another young girl, even to a fallen noble girl... . This is degrading the imperial family.”

"what? As the Emperor, I apologize to Hazel if I make a mistake! Are you saying you can't do that? Do you mean that I have degraded the imperial family?"

"no! that, not that... .”

“Go to him right now and bow your head to apologize!”

Athena was speechless.

Hwang Myung was solemn. He put a toe on the horse, and even had a condition called 'bend your head'.

How could this happen... . . . .

My eyes darkened.

that time.

Hazel was in the Hall of Libra. He was practicing hard with six noble girls who were chosen as saints through fierce competition.

But it wasn't easy.

"for a moment! stop! You shouldn't show up bravely and swinging your arms like that! Miss Mayfield is now a saint, not a soldier! Gracefully accept the cooking utensils the fairy gives you! Don't spread your palms out like that!"

Madame pointed out every move with particularity.

“Miss Mayfield lacks elegance. It can be perfect if you just complement it.”

“Teacher, do humans need to be perfect?”

It didn't work out well because the fundamental values were different.

Madame Elegance was very disappointing.

Ms. Mayfield handled the high-spirited Imperial Palace cooks freely. Like the saints in famous paintings, it has a shining figure.

These two jobs were very difficult. But after doing them with ease, I struggled with the easiest etiquette training.

Hopefully, the best masterpieces could come out.

The imperial court attendant approached the mournful madam.

“This is the message of the Grand Duchess. Fortunately, your condition has improved so you can participate in hunting competitions. Of course, he said that he would be able to brighten up the stage in this outdoor play prepared for the Empress Dowager.”

“Oh, then that’s good. Standing alongside the pony sheep, to complement the elegance... ..”

Hazel pricked up her ears.

On that day, the Grand Duchess also accompanies him. Besides, you will be standing next to yourself.

knew that fact.

I was trying to be a little indigestible. It was a very strange feeling for Hazel.

Meanwhile, the six noble ladies who were chosen as saints were feeling the same uncomfortable feeling.

It became clear through the behavior the Grand Duchess showed in the main building of the Imperial Palace. She was using them as her bridesmaids, who belonged to the same group.

Without thinking that the position would become difficult, he dragged him freely and pressed Hazel.

Of course, Hazel didn't seem to have helped them barefoot either. But at least that's what he said.

—I prefer this milk and eggs, but... ... If you are happy with shiny hair and moist skin, I am happy too!

The words were sincere.

It was quite a comparison with anyone.

“Shouldn't we, perhaps, apologize to Miss Mayfield?”

They whispered and discussed.

Then I saw Hazel turn around and leave.

“Miss Mayfield!”

The noble girls hurriedly called.

But Hazel didn't listen. I returned to the farm in thought.

But outside the fence, someone came and waited. It was an imperial court servant in uniform and wearing a gold-rimmed hat.

"What's going on?"

“I'm here to tell you this.”

The servant held out an envelope.

When I opened it, it was a piece of paper. It was written in a woman's handwriting that they wanted to meet outside the imperial wall at 7 pm. The seal of the imperial family gleamed beneath it.

"Well?"

I had a feeling that it would be some kind of Grand Duchess.

Hazel was nervous.

I went to work with a broken heart.

Afternoon milking time came back and I was milking again. After mixing hay with fresh chicory and feeding them to their full, a thick layer of soft straw was laid out so Julia could rest.

Today was a day to clean and polish the oven once a week. After cleaning, the soot bin was emptied.

After finishing all my work, I changed my clothes. I left the palace on time.

As I was standing outside the wall, an opponent appeared.

Again, they were the Grand Duchess and the Handmaidens.

Even in the dark, the appearance of the Grand Duchess looked very bright. The dark green dress was also unique in its luster. I staggered on its own.

But apart from that, he couldn't stand the question. So Hazel asked a question first.

“We both live in there, so why did you call me here?”

The Grand Duchess was silent. Then suddenly I looked down.

“Ah, this.”

She bowed her head and unfolded the crumpled laces on her chest. Then he said abruptly.

“I’m sorry for using public officials to block your way that day to prevent you from taking care of His Majesty.”

"Yes? Was that what the Grand Duchess did?"

“Well then, I apologize.”

The Grand Duchess turned back. The maids followed immediately.

Hazel opened her mouth.

He seemed to understand why he suddenly pretended to run the race. He seemed to understand why he had asked to meet outside the Imperial Palace. He hated seeing other people apologize to the fallen noble girl.

If you could call this an apology, that would be it.

Something hot swelled up in my chest.

After encountering the Grand Princess and dropping the eggplant basket, the spirit that had been wandering all along seemed to return to its proper place.

Hazel said loudly to the back of the Grand Duchess.

“I have a personal theory. Would you like to hear it? Just because you're good at apologizing doesn't mean you're necessarily a good person. But if you don't apologize properly, you're definitely less of a person.”

The archduke's feet stopped abruptly.

She beckoned the maids and set them apart. Then I looked back.

“What did you just say?”

Her face, which was always noble and elegant, changed. Unable to hold back his anger, his eyebrows contorted.

“Are you saying that I'm less of a person now?”

“Oh, Grand Duchess. Are you admitting that you just didn't properly apologize?”

“... ..”

The Grand Duchess was speechless. Hazel asked again.

“The Grand Duchess said that she would become the Empress? Can a person who can't even apologize properly become the Empress of the Empire?”

“What am I doing very wrong now... ..”

The Grand Duchess frowned and said.

“The Empress does not apologize to anyone! The same goes for the Grand Duchess! I didn't just apologize to you! I was just following the decree to do it!”

Hwang Myung.

Athena spoke with the intention of scratching Hazel's insides, but those words only had the wrong effect.

Did you know what happened that day and deliberately gave the order to the Grand Duchess?

Even though it was already a thing of the past, how meticulously cared for them touched my heart again . There were times when he was so attentive. It was blunt, yet deep. I couldn't deny that fact.

However... . . . .

Hazel glanced at the gorgeous beauty in front of her.

“Grand Duchess, what exactly is the Empress?”

The Grand Duchess flinched at the sudden question.

"uh... . . . Empress Ran, um... . . . He's a perfect person. You have to combine intelligence and beauty, you have to be bright in current affairs so that you can take care of state affairs by the Emperor's side, and you have to have the charisma to grab the people below you.”

"Yes. Then I think it would be good. But at the same time, I think like this. Is the Empress special? The person the Emperor loves is the Empress. But does your Majesty love the Grand Duchess?”

The complexion of the Grand Duchess changed completely.

The arrow seemed to pierce the heart. No one has ever directly asked such a daring question to himself.

“That, that... . . . Your Majesty keep me closer than anyone else.”

she replied

“Anyway, national marriage is decided by the big picture. Marriage is an important duty for your Majesty to perform. The most suitable opponent is me, a member of the imperial family. Once you get married, your Majesty will love the Empress with all your heart.”

Then he looked at Hazel with cold eyes.

“It’s different from you, who is just a game of boredom! Do not think that the favor you have now will last forever!”

This was also meant to scratch Hazel's stomach, but it only brought about an odd effect.

favorite?

Hazel was bewildered.

It seemed that the Grand Duchess was making the wrong mistake.

But before he could dismiss it like that, another thought popped into his head.

This is already the second time I've heard this. Kitty has already said that.

Neither of them is ignorant of His Majesty the Emperor. Besides, the Grand Duchess has been watching since she was young.

Does it really look that way in their eyes?

Hazel looked at the Grand Duchess in doubt.

“Your Majesty, you say you like me?”

Athena was stunned.

don't you know that

Even though I thought that His Majesty couldn't do that, I kept thinking of the two secretly meeting in the corner of the farm. It was very painful.

But instead of whispering to her, do you not know that she has a heart?

Did your Majesty hide your heart as thoroughly as you hid your identity? Or is he shivering to deceive me?

Anyway, it was the same.

"no! Could it be!"

The Grand Duchess shot.

“I will no longer deal with you. Just know that I apologized according to Huang Ming.”

“It was not an apology. And do you know this? Even if the other party prepares the best apology in the world and offers it politely, there is no obligation on the other party to accept it.”

"I beg your pardon? Do you really care about people?"

“It’s not me that people don’t care about, it’s the Grand Duchess. Surprisingly, other people also have eyes, ears, and heads. Not everyone is the Grand Duchess's bridesmaid. Why don't you know that?”

“Are you asking me now?”

The Grand Duchess was about to refute, but the maids who were far away suddenly waved their hands. The patrols were approaching this place hidden in the thick darkness of the wall.

The two fell quickly.

Even after leaving the place, the excitement did not subside. Hazel fanned and returned to the farm.

It's also an apple!

When I got home, I still couldn't calm myself down. I went back and forth between the kitchen and opened the back door with the intention of going to the herb garden.

And I was surprised.

There were people there. all six. They were noble girls who were chosen as saints along with Hazel.

"Ah... . . ."

Hazel was perplexed.

Why are the red foxes all of a sudden?

On the other hand, the noble girls were also perplexed. I'm so used to going in and out of the back door, so naturally I was standing in front of the back door like an animal on a road.

By the way... . . . .

They looked at Hazel's complexion. The friendly salon owner asked before saying anything.

“What happened?”

“Uh, that’s... . . . .”

Hazel said frankly.

“Actually, I had an argument with the Grand Duchess.”

"Yes?"

The noble girls were astonished. They saw each other face to face.

“Actually, we also came here for him... . . . .”

"Yes? why?"

They bowed their heads slightly.

"sorry. Did you feel bad when we met in the main building of the Imperial Palace?"

“What about gold leaf cosmetics? ... .”

“It must have looked like she betrayed Miss Hazel and was attached to the Grand Duchess. It was not my intention.”

No, you didn't care about that.

Hazel felt a fresh shock.

“You have nothing to apologize for. I was the one who helped you.”

My conscience was stabbed again.

Hazel used these red foxes as sources of information. Even though there was no harm to them because it was due to the twilight.

“I am the one who should apologize. What helped you... .”

"I know. How many years have you lived in the Imperial Palace, you don't know? Miss Hazel must have also benefited from helping us. It's common sense.”

When I opened it up, it was cool.

Hazel realized she had unwittingly distanced herself from these red foxes. He didn't want to blame others, but it seemed that His Majesty's influence was inevitable.

He ordered them to seduce them and dig up information. When the duty was over, I told him not to deal with him.

It seemed that he had an antipathy towards the socialite girls. And he seemed to want to keep Hazel from getting acquainted with them. Worried about getting bad water?

But once I opened my heart, it was honest and refreshing. They looked like real red foxes. After opening their hearts with delicious food, the foxes lied down on the floor and showed their stomachs and behaved flawlessly.

I want to be like them someday.

With that thought in mind, Hazel led them inside. They spoke bells and whistles with a cup of tea in front of them.

“Who doesn't know that friendships on this floor are entirely based on interests? Even so, the Grand Duchess was too harsh.”

“Even if it's shallow, there are friendships I've built over the years. We threw our face down, preoccupied with breaking Miss Hazel's spirit.”

“You know what's amazing? The Grand Duchess isn't really that kind of idiot. If you had been out of your head, how could you have assisted His Majesty over the last few years in government affairs?”

“It's philanthropy. The nobles don't even pay any donations, so they set up shoe shiners in the audience waiting room to help the poor with the proceeds... . Even if it was meant to win the favor of His Majesty, I worked hard with my own head.”

“Only in matters related to His Majesty, he becomes shallow and childish, as if he had become a different person.”

"i See."

Hazel nodded.

“Can love make a man a fool?”

Everyone smiled bitterly. Even if I didn't say it, I knew the answer. So was Hazel.

While talking to the red foxes, I realized one thing. The Grand Duchess is your Majesty's cousin. His bloodline can't be stupid. It's just that something is wrong.

“We have been in the same group since we were little. We wore little dresses and went hand in hand. Of course, we compete against each other every moment, but we still have our own loyalty. It's not a problem for the Grand Duchess to become the Empress now. At this rate, you will be abandoned by everyone and you will be alone.”

They spoke frankly about their concerns. Then he said abruptly.

“Oh, how about this? Miss Hazel is giving the Archduke an enlightenment.”

“How am I?”

“It shows that you're not the best. In a hunting contest, you defeat the Grand Duchess and become the main character. In the midst of a lot of people watching, I have to break the arrogant nose of the Grand Princess.”

“Please. Miss Hazel can do it. We'll give you full support that day. Please help the Grand Duchess.”

Hazel thought.

He never hesitated to help people. Even the Grand Duchess who ignored her. Even if I can't deny that I'm jealous of her... . . . .

For His Majesty the Emperor, it would have been better for the Grand Duchess to come to his senses. In order not to be ashamed of the Empress as his cousin, second only to the Empress, he must first become a human being.

"like. I will."

"thank you!"

The noble girls answered with joy. Then, slowly, I looked around.

I went in and out of this little farmhouse to take care of my skin and hair. I took another look at the things I thought were just interiors.

Thanks to my hard work in the past, I was able to recognize him soon.

The living was very frugal.

The lamp was used while cutting the wick hard. The rugs on the floor were made by hand sewing from scraps of fabric. The tablecloths and curtains were faded. Because it has been washed dozens of times.

They looked at Hazel again.

“I’ll be busy with farming and preparing for hunting competitions, so can we lend you the hunting clothes and a few things we need that day?”

“Oh, can you please?”

Hazel welcomed it. It was because he was talking about borrowing the rubbish that was rolling around the house.

"Thank you very much. I still had too many things to worry about. If you lend it to me, I will surely return it."

“Thank you!”

The noble girls said goodbye to Hazel. After they came out the back door again as usual, a clever smile appeared on their faces.

Money is what you spend it on!

The eyes of the red foxes gleamed.

Hazel took out her notebook after the noble girls left.

I thought the outdoor drama was a time to take a light break between dating counseling and hunting for corrupt bureaucrats. It could be said that it was a banquet of jokes for the respected Empress Dowager.

But now that's not the case.

He looked at the notebook with a serious face and muttered.

“I need something special.”

Uncle Karl's face appeared in front of him.

Some of the secrets that my uncle gave me were really amazing. As much as I can use it for my country's affairs.

Hazel reflected on the methods that Uncle Carl had taught him as he wrote them down on a piece of paper.

Each one was intertwined with pleasant memories from the Martin family's farm. I finished the review with a smile.

That was not all. There was another thing needed to become a good saint.

The next day, after a day's work, Hazel headed to the Chamber of Commerce.

Madame Elegance said she would use it as her headquarters and reside there until the start of the hunting competition. I opened the door and she was really there. He opened his eyes wide and hit Hazel.

“No, I was busy, so why did you come to see me?”

“Teacher, I think I need to learn etiquette. Please teach me again.”

Madame was even more surprised by Hazel's words. I blinked and looked again a few times.

If I worry about something, the next time I show up, I will definitely solve it. What a strange girl!

She jumped up, putting away the papers.

“That’s right! Although we don't have much time, let's do our best!”

He overcame everything and started training.

Preparations were coming along.

Hazel didn't waste time coming and going to get fit. In a place where a lot of bureaucrats gathered, the lid of the bottle containing the extract of Lu was slightly opened. It became a human air freshener and drew attention.

Rumors of the farm owner demanding a ransom spread through social circles. Everyone talked about it in a very secret way, holding their breath.

Eyes full of contempt flew everywhere. After passing by, I could hear a slurping noise behind my back.

But Hazel brazenly accepted it.

They had to catch every corrupt aristocrat as harmful as the bugs hiding behind tomato leaves. Thinking like that, it was like becoming a farmer in the country. He shook his hand to spread the smell further.

This also required skill.

In order not to cause vomiting or nausea at all, even the irritating scent of roux had to be exposed for a short time in a well-ventilated area.

The nobility of the court was sensitive to fragrance, regardless of age or gender. They covered their noses first to avoid it.

However, he seemed to see a few faces that kept circling around while pretending to avoid them. Like garbage floating in the waves, their faces disappeared quickly.

But it will appear again that day.

Hazel made it a habit to check that the golden Pegasus medal was in place. Then I went across the hallway.

Then he met the emperor's procession.

“See you, Your Majesty!”

Hazel bowed by with a stern look on her face.

But just before they disappeared from sight, they secretly nodded once to signify that everything was going well.

thank God.

Iskanda also secretly nodded her head.

After the two disappear.

Lewis came out from behind the red curtains in the quiet hallway.

Cayenne jumped up from under the waiting chair. Behind the marble column, Sigwald strode out. Behind the statue of a Faun holding a grapevine, Lorendel appeared.

Meanwhile, from the recessed niche behind the tapestry, the Crown Princess and Prince Rowan jumped out. It was hiding there using the amazing high jump skills of the vampire.

Behind the armor of the knight displayed in the hallway, the minister of the palace walked out pretending to be. Using the invisible human technology he had honed over the years in the Imperial Palace, he was standing there, but no one saw him.

They gathered in the middle of the hallway.

“Did you see it?”

Cayenne's question was answered by everyone.

"then!"

Everyone looked at the other side of the hallway as if they had promised. Lewis muttered.

“Obviously, we secretly nodded to each other. What are you decorating?”

“I didn’t even know that, so I misunderstood what!”

said the princess

“Is there a couple of times where the superiors don’t know anything because only the people below them are quiet? However, these days, I have been paying close attention, and all kinds of rumors have come in easily. But no one else and Hazel was asking the bureaucrats for money! My eyes have gone dark 'Ah! My nephew's friends have finally

helped out with that poor house!” “We don't go that often.”

Lorendel made an excuse.

“It must have been an unfair accusation. This made it clear. The two of them are secretly plotting something. maybe that's... . . . .”

"Shh!"

The minister of the palace stopped it.

“You have to be careful. You will know what to decorate on that day. We just need to wash our eyes and look around.”

“It should be fine.”

Cayenne tripped over.

“Follow me!” “Can't you keep up?” How many times is this already? I don’t think I have any intention of thinking of any other lines.”

“Where is that?”

Lorendel shook her head.

“To go into the secret room so loudly and exchange only a single note! Can't we just go to a farm where no one is there and speak directly? Why do you have to... .”

“I think I am enjoying it.”

Sigwald said a word.

“Still, didn't everyone pay much attention? People in the courts of this empire usually act theatrically and have unnatural conversations.”

said Prince Rowan. The minister of the palace burst into laughter at the little prince's words.

“The prince is right! Still, those who are keenly aware already know that His Majesty is the most pro-peasant faction in the Empire. If they even light a candle... .”

A moment of silence passed.

“What can I do, Lysander? We have to help.”

said the princess

They soon got to work.

He walked around with a worried face and worried about Hazel. Each of them worked steadily and hard in different places.

Eventually, rumors spread among social media sources as well.

In order to get His Majesty's attention, the farm girl continued to be cold-headed, and then she went overboard, and eventually fell out of sight again.

In fact, such a thing was common in any royal palace of any era.

\* \* \* In

the reign of Emperor Seon-hwang, there was a prime minister, who flattered the emperor and controlled state affairs at will. He was the infamous Mercurio.

Even after his death, his name did not disappear. On the night of Baba Yaga, he and Adrian, the illegitimate son of the Emperor, made everyone tremble in fear.

Iskanda abolished the post of prime minister shortly after his accession. The authority of each department was revived as before.

And he summoned the nobles who had been pushed back from the imperial palace. It was because they saw that the fact that they were outside the eyes of the Emperor was proof that their humanity was okay.

Iskanda scrutinized them and selected the right person to take over each department. Even if they had enough wealth, they did not have the opportunity to realize their desire for honor, so they hoped that they would work hard while watching the emperor.

However, there was a weakness in this.

Wealth was never enough.

Instead of the treasurer, Duke Silas was walking down the halls of the Imperial Palace when he suddenly smelled an amazing scent. It was refreshing, as if washing away the insides of my chest.

“Oh?”

He sniffed and looked around for the source of the scent.

could be found soon.

It was Miss Hazel Mayfield who gave off this heavenly scent. As I was about to approach him while praising him, I heard the loud voices of the people around me.

“Wow! What is this bad smell?”

The finance minister was startled.

a bad smell?

Everyone was running away. He seemed to be the only one who felt this scent was fragrant.

What happened?

He looked at Hazel with a puzzled look. At that moment, the small voice of an old nobleman who was fleeing in a hurry came to his ears.

“That symbol is worse than the smell. Finally revealing the true color of a villager! You did a good job severing the offer of that mammon and rejecting it. Those caught in weakness will not sleep at night.”

what?

The finance minister was astonished.

In an instant, my heart went cold and my back became wet. He secretly looked around, wondering if anyone had noticed his embarrassment.

A familiar face stood out. Collector Ravid. It was one of those people who shared their own special secret.

When our eyes met, Ravid quickly approached.

“Duke, something has happened!”

When I heard Ravid's words, it was like that.

That farm owner somehow knew everything. Perhaps it was by accident that he got the information when he was kidnapped by a wolfhound.

Anyway, the problem was this.

She was asking for money in exchange for keeping her mouth shut.

“200 gold per person. We're going to prepare that amount and secretly trade it while everyone is busy on the day of the hunting competition.”

“What crazy things are you talking about!”

A middle-aged woman approached me with a frown on her face. One of the people who also shared this secret was the foreign secretary Claudio.

“This is really annoying. How far have the rumors spread?”

“I wouldn't have made it to the top yet. I saw that the Minister of Finance was completely unaware of it.”

Several people's eyes flashed in the dark. They muttered secretly, glaring at the young aristocrat of the fallen nobles who spoke naturally.

In the atmosphere of such a rush, the feast of Saint Animus, where the hunting competition is held, has finally arrived.

that morning.

One piece of good news flew to Iskanda.

Sir Gideon and Sir Ivers of the Knights of the Storm, Sir Ivers and Sir Cullen, Sir Haas and Sir Dietrich of the Order of the Lightning Storm. In other words, the 5th group of a special task force consisting of three cats and two bears had arrested a person believed to be Abbas Mamon who appeared in a refugee camp near Ferrybach.

The Brave Sir Gideon, the leader of Article 5, described in detail the process of arresting the suspects.

How secretly they waited, how cleverly they followed when the suspect finally appeared, how they managed to find the slush fund through all sorts of tricks and security devices, how did they get into hiding again after confirming that there was nothing wrong with the cache? Were you chasing together? . . . .

In particular, he wrote very vividly about the intense arrest operation that took place on a moonlit night in the closed wagon depot in Ferrybach.

The person presumed to be Abbas Mamon tried to escape through a mysterious and mysterious technique. But since the bottom has already been revealed, I couldn't get over it like last time.

The Paladins dispatched this time were all veterans who participated in the Barbarian War. The three Catsie defended themselves thoroughly through magic characters. He also kept in mind that the suspect was as shrewd as a loach. Thanks to this, we were able to catch the suspect through the arrest operation. He was imprisoned in a magically sealed convoy and transported under strict supervision.

This was the content of the report.

Iskanda felt good. I thought I'd be able to figure out what's going on before the hunting contest at the latest, but I even caught it.

He quickly read the report once more and went outside.

I was going to be very busy today.

Florentville Forest, one of the historic royal hunting grounds.

This year's hunting competition will be held here.

There has been a noticeable increase in banshee rabbits in this forest recently. These rabbits were wild beasts. An area was devastated in the blink of an eye. Therefore, it suited the purpose of today's competition well.

At least it looked like that.

The plan was simple.

As usual, the grand event keeps people alert. When the entertainment is over and the hunting begins in earnest, the real game of today is lured into the trap. The moment they reveal their claws, they hit the back of the head. By the time you realize you've been caught in a trap, it's probably too late.

This forest fit the plan.

Iskanda looked around the terrain once more and checked the operation. Then it returned to its original position.

A flag was waving in the clearing of the forest. On one side, a colorful striped tent was lined up. It was a place for rest, first aid, and protection for lost children.

Spectators installed for large events such as jousting matches have already been prepared. It was personal freedom to participate in hunting competitions. Those who did not participate were allowed to sit in this spectator according to their status.

Under the red awning in the middle of the grandstand, there was a headstone with a golden pattern flashing. The center was the seat of the emperor. On either side were the Empress Dowager and other members of the Imperial Family.

“Placing the facility right here... ..”

A white-haired woman was checking the scene in front of the grandstand. It was Madame Elegance, who was in charge of the outdoor play, which drew the most attention among various events.

Iskanda nodded quietly.

It was a good idea to embed an event like this. It will not only please the Empress Dowager who has regained her health, but it will also be a good spectacle to boost the excitement of the competition.

Everything was going smoothly.

Iskanda asked, looking to the side.

“When will the general admission start?”

“It is from 10 o'clock.”

He checked his watch. It was still 7 o'clock.

“It's been a while.”

Looking towards the entrance of the vacant lot, he waited for the secret investigator to appear.

that time.

Hazel had just been receiving guests.

They were the maids and servants sent by six noble girls who came like dawn.

“Come on, here. This is a hunting suit that our young lady borrows. I just brought what was rolling around the house with me.”

Saying so, the maids opened the big box.

Hazel looked at him without thinking, and was startled.

Very luxurious clothes came out.

It consisted of a dark purple top that wrapped around the shoulders and split to the sides below the waist, and a cream petticoat skirt below it. The luster of silk and that delicate embroidery work. At first glance, it was a great luxury.

Seeing Hazel's eyes fluttering wildly, the maids said quickly.

“It’s just rolling around at home.”

“But is there a price tag attached?”

“This is not a price tag.”

As they destroyed evidence, they swiftly dressed and sized Hazel in hunting suits.

Meanwhile, other maids put jewel pins in Hazel's hair. The small thing was so heavy that my head tilted itself.

"Wait! From a borrowing standpoint, what would you cover? ... Haven't things been changed by some mistake?"

"no!"

The maids answered together. Among them, said a maid who seemed particularly experienced.

"Lady, what language should I use when I go to another country?"

"That country."

"okay. Our lady said If you don't understand, just think of it as a foreign language. Today, the lady is going to some kind of fight. You talk to the other person through this outfit. The more glamorous and expensive things are, the more harsh and harsh words they speak on behalf of the young lady."

Saying so, she put a hunting hat on Hazel's head.

It seemed to make sense.

A hat with a clear and large emerald brooch. Suede boots studded with sparkling diamonds from the instep to the calf. Hunting whip with a platinum handle.

According to the logic of the red foxes, all of these were 'tough horses'.

Most of all, the highlight was the accessories. Earrings and necklaces that emit a dazzling brilliance with countless diamonds studded in them. According to the same logic, these were harsh words that could not be put into words.

With the help of the maids, Hazel put on a rough horse on her head, draped a rough horse on her body, and put on a rough horse.

When he was armed like that, today's partner appeared.

The blonde Marquis Lanley walked in freshly dressed in a sleek white hunting suit with a lion headdress on one shoulder.

Then I saw Hazel and was surprised. He stared blankly for a few seconds, then asked with a very bewildered look.

“Didn't Miss Hazel say that Ms. Rose was definitely not her sister? But were they actually real sisters?”

Hazel was at a loss for words.

It seemed that the appearance of the dress was dazzling. To the extent that he looks like Rose and his sister whom he worships like idols. It was a great compliment to him who only knew Rose.

"Hello. Now that I see, the Marquis is the escort?"

The maids recognized him and greeted him. Marquis Lanley replied with a smirk.

"Yes. I'm speaking for Miss Hazel's sake, but I'm not that great a person to this lady."

“You mean it’s not about holding the upper arm? Anyway, it's good that someone like the Marquis took the role of the partner. Miss Hazel has to stand out from everyone else today.”

"okay?"

The Marquis Lanley responded immediately.

He really wanted to help Hazel. It wasn't just to win favor. I was very grateful that this young lady did not think of me as annoyed or frustrated during the few times we met and that she always treated me with sincerity.

It was good to prepare hard.

The Marquis thought.

With a platinum whip in hand, the decoration was completely finished. Hazel and the Marquis went to the carriage storage next to the front yard of the Imperial Palace.

I thought there would be no more surprises.

I was surprised once again when I saw the carriage in front of me.

In an unusually empty place, a gleaming golden carriage stood.

No other colors were visible. The statues of angels in front of the carriage, as well as the body of the baby angel, were all golden as if they had been slapped with gold.

Hazel, who lives in the Imperial Palace, also saw such a carriage for the first time.

“Marquis... .. ? The condition of the hunting wagon... .. ?”

“I have been having trouble sleeping at night, and my eyes are blurry. I bought a bright one.”

“... ..?”

“Uh-huh, you can't get a girl who is as close as Mr. Rose and her sister in any wagon, can you?”

but. If so, I would have thought so.

Hazel took his guidance and rode into this noisy wagon.

"Oh yeah! Is it okay if I take a friend in front of the Imperial Palace? This is the newspaper reporter Kitty whom I met last time. He said he was going to cover a hunting contest, so we decided to go together. Kitty knows everything about dating, so I think it will be helpful to the Marquis."

"okay? Thank you for your consideration."

The Marquis had the carriage stop for a while in front of the Imperial Palace. Hazel looked out the window.

"Kitty!"

Kitty knew Hazel was walking, and was looking at the other exit. Hearing the voice, he turned his head and was startled.

“Hazel? how are you What is all this?”

I got into the carriage and touched my friend's face. When I confirmed that it wasn't a hallucination, I asked urgently.

“What the hell happened?”

“It's a bit long to talk about. than that... ..”

Hazel turned her eyes to the other side.

Kitty then found a young man in a hunting suit. It was the third shock after the transformation of the Golden Wagon and Hazel.

“Marquis Lanley? Why is he here... ..?”

"Of course it's because of Mr. Rose. I decided to become a partner today because I had something to discuss."

Oh My God!

Kitty's eyes rolled wildly.

What the hell does this mean? Am I dreaming right now? How did things turn out so exquisitely?

“Marquis, now that Kitty is here, please tell us about your concerns. Are you still not making that much progress?”

"no! In fact, there has been some progress."

“Really?”

"Yes! It just happened yesterday. I went to buy rose water again without any expectations, but isn't Rose present? My heart is trembling and I am only reading the product description, but Rose is suddenly talking to me. 'Marquis, do you know anything about the rumors that Arcane Bank is being shaken by an investment failure? I have quite a few important deposits there... ..!' That was it."

Kitty couldn't hear his words.

Not long ago, I used the Marquis of Lanley to provoke the Emperor. It's that he shows up escorting Hazel?

Your Majesty's face will be very attractive?

My heart was pounding and I couldn't stand it.

that time.

General admission began at the hunting grounds of Florentville Forest.

Aristocratic men and women who will participate in the Banshee Rabbit Hunt appeared in great shape with their partners.

As usual, the Paladins also attended to add to the spectacle. Unicorns, griffins, black hellfires, and fairy ponies have been brought along.

The Empress Dowager Sang-seok was delighted to see all these spectacles. It was a heart-opening expression.

“... .. I? Well. Your Majesty liked the story of the saints and delicious food more than I did... ..”

She was smiling as she told this to Prince Rowan.

It bothered me that Princess Katarina and the minister of the palace kept holding the opera glasses up and down, but everything went smoothly anyway.

Why aren't you coming anyway?

Iskanda looked around, constantly watching those who entered the hunting grounds. Then, at some point, a familiar voice came from behind.

“Where do you see the best? Are you here?”

Iskanda looked back.

A red-haired vampire friend was walking around looking for a good spot. he asked in amazement.

“Why are you here?”

"Huh?"

That was then.

The auditorium was suddenly buzzing.

When it was time to start, a gleaming golden carriage appeared at the quiet entrance.

“Oh my, what is that?”

"Ah! My eyes hurt!"

The carriage showed off its presence by mercilessly reflecting the morning sunlight.

Who the hell came in that wagon?

With everyone's attention, the door opened. And the passengers got off.

At that moment, the roar grew louder.

A young lady who was more dazzling and glamorous than anyone in attendance today appeared.

Dark brown hair under a hunting hat with a thin veil. Green eyes that sparkled brighter than the emerald that adorned the hat. His natural and dignified attitude, dressed in a hunting suit with a combination of deep purple and cream colors.

It all made her look like a princess of a country.

Hazel?

Iskanda jumped up from her seat.

That was the moment.

A man suddenly appeared from behind her. It was none other than the Marquis of Lanley.

uh?

Iskanda was astonished.

The carriage attendant pulled the stairs down. The Marquis Lanley went down first and held out his hand. Hazel took her hand and came down slowly.

“It suits you!”

There were shouts of admiration from all over.

Of course, that didn't mean they got along well as men and women.

Hazel put the marquise's hand right away. And the two walked side by side with some distance apart. This made it clear that the two were not lovers. Sister, daughter, friend... . . . Anyone could be a partner in a hunting contest.

But that fact was not seen in Iskanda's eyes.

Wasn't your partner Louise today? Why did you suddenly change it? Is that supposed to be that Marquis of Lanley?

Just looking at the two of them standing next to each other made their hair turn white. I was shocked and didn't know what to do.

Lewis looked at such a friend with a puzzled face.

Why are your eyes like that?

His flaming eyes turned to one place. Lewis looked at him.

My eyes widened right away.

“Hazel!”

Her precious friend, the farmer, was wrapped in diamonds. From head to toe, everything was a luxury.

"Wow!"

Lewis, who likes jewelry and expensive dresses, was deaf. Adding good things to good things made me happy just looking at it.

“Why did our farm girl wear all those clothes? I wouldn't even have money to buy seeds! for a moment! is it yours? 'Come and pick it up.' Did you even throw it away in the front yard of the farm?”

There was no answer.

Are you crazy because you're so pretty?

Lewis tilted his head and looked at Hazel again. At that time, something else caught my eye that I did not know because I was only watching the transformation of my friend.

It was the Marquis of Lanley.

He, who has a crush on Rose, becomes Hazel's partner to use the interlude for counseling today.

But Iskanda didn't know that. As Hazel appeared under his escort, he stared at me with those flaming eyes.

What are you jealous of?

Lewis couldn't help but laugh.

I'll do anything!

With that thought in mind, he observed his friend's face in earnest.

Hazel and Marquis Lanley's affectionate appearance didn't seem to have shocked him at all. Louis, who has been with her since childhood, can now read Iskanda's feelings in detail. It was funny and even salty.

“That... . . .”

She walked over to Iskanda and tapped her on the shoulder.

“If you call me sister, I will tell you an important secret.”

That was then.

“Louis!”

A desperate voice rang out.

Lewis looked back. Kitty, whose face was blushing from running so quickly, stood there.

“Reporter! Are you here to investigate?”

“It’s a news report and something’s happening right now! Come here quickly!”

Wherever he got that strength, Kitty pushed Lewis, who was much taller than him, with him.

"why? What's going on?"

Lewis was dragged away with a puzzled face.

Meanwhile then.

Another person appeared at the entrance almost finished.

She was the Grand Duchess of Athena.

Originally, he had to come with his partner, Iskanda, but he had to come to the scene like dawn, so there was no choice. Now that this has come to pass, I decided to appear at the very end to make sure I was the main character of the event.

Today she wore a braided headdress full of pearls and rubies over her dazzling blonde hair. And he wore pure hunting clothes with a pearlescent luster. The wide-open sleeves were lined with white and soft fur for a unique feel. As an accessory, she wore a sapphire necklace that was passed down to her by Empress Dowager.

He was ecstatic to see himself dressed up like that. The Grand Duchess took her maids and entered the hunting grounds proudly.

However, the atmosphere was strange.

I didn't even feel half, no, half of the gazes I had been pouring in. Most of them looked in the wrong direction. There was another girl at the end of that direction.

For a moment, Athena did not recognize who it was. My heart sank when I realized that a powerful new competitor had appeared.

But it wasn't. She was the daughter of Baron Mayfield.

An unbelievable thing happened.

The owner of the small farm came from where he got it, adorned with all kinds of extravagant clothes and accessories.

The diamond necklace that Miss Mayfield wore around her neck never fell behind hers. After checking that, the rest of them felt so bad that they didn't even want to look at them.

“No, where did the money suddenly come from?”

Mrs. Frances, the handmaiden, exclaimed in an absurd way.

“Still, the Grand Duchess is more overwhelming. Never mind.”

keral said.

But the judgment has already been broken. The Grand Duchess felt a deep displeasure. His steps were a little shaky and he headed towards the top.

There were people watching her secretly. They were six noble girls who were chosen as saints.

Who wears prettier and more expensive clothes? They were fed up with this competition that had been going on since they were toddlers.

However, if you want to touch the hearts of socialites, this method is also the most straightforward and effective.

They poured out their own budgets for this preparation. The cost of decorating from head to toe for six upper-class aristocratic girls was invested in only one Hazel. So, no matter how much the Grand Duchess gave strength to her dress, she couldn't resist.

Besides, there was another helper that I hadn't thought of. It was the Marquis of Lanley.

It is no surprise that well-educated aristocratic men assist the lady well.

But for some reason, he seemed to have made up his mind today. All movements were meticulously calculated to highlight the partner very naturally. Very cleverly, he always guided him to the center of his gaze.

Where did such a lucky angel suddenly appear?

The six girls were preoccupied with watching people's reactions to Hazel. I was so engrossed that I forgot for a moment even the subject of which I had always paid keen attention.

The Emperor of Shang Suk was overthrown.

There was a commotion going on at the top.

"Mother! My future prime minister, my God! It has been decorated so beautifully!"

Prince Rowan shouted. The little boy was so excited that he was spewing hot steam from his nose.

"Miss Hazel won't be your prime minister, and she's pretty even without that shiny thing."

said the princess Then, with a happy face, he exchanged glances with the Empress Dowager. Anyway, it was really fun to see the new image of the Empress Dowager's exclusive egg seller.

"Where did you get those things? He said that it was a banquet for his Majesty the Empress Dowager. So are you ready?"

"Because it's my first time, it must be painful and heavy. That's what I'm worried about."

The Empress Dowager replied that way and continued to watch.

Beside him, the three friends who had come all the way here looking for Louise were also watching intently. Lorendel asked softly.

"Is that extravagant outfit a part of the secret plan the two of you made?"

"Well... .."

Siegwald and Cayenne looked at Iskanda's back. It looked like his shoulders were stiff.

"How come it's so secret that even Ys doesn't seem to know?"

"How is it going?"

I wanted to poke my friends and try to trick them, but I was afraid that they might get their job wrong.

I wouldn't have known if I stabbed it anyway. Iskanda was now completely distracted.

I didn't even notice the loud trumpet sound. Of course, he did not know that the priests would come out and hold a ceremony to pray for the safety of hunting.

What the hell are you two doing?

I was so curious about it that I went crazy.

Iskanda looked intently at Hazel, who was sitting in the lower row to the left.

Normally, I would have looked at this right away. But not today. He bowed his head slightly toward Marquis Lanley and whispered more affectionately.

A fire broke out in my chest.

I don't even care! Since when did you become so dead and unable to live?

Iskanda insistently tried to make eye contact. But Hazel didn't even look this way until the end.

What are you talking about in such an honest way!

I felt like going crazy. All the intimate conversations between lovers came to mind.

At that moment, Hazel, who was whispering with Marquis Lanley, suddenly burst into a small laugh.

“... ..!”

I was almost on the verge of losing my temper.

The hand holding the throne trembled. I remembered what kind of seat this place was, and barely grabbed my attention.

“No, Marquis. If you're so nervous about explaining the bank, what are you going to do with your confession later?”

“That’s it. So, first of all, I prepared the material very diligently. You just have to watch and read.”

"no! Wouldn't Rose be embarrassed when she suddenly pulled out a roll of paper and read it? Even if you stutter, look into your eyes and say it! Oh My God! The Marquis is really clumsy than I am!"

Hazel burst out laughing.

A conversation with Marquis Lanley was quite helpful. He kept his eyes from moving towards the top.

“The Grand Duchess is here!”

“You are really beautiful like a goddess today!”

From the time the people around him whispered like that, he hadn't looked at the top.

When I saw the two of them together, it felt like my heart would fall apart. It felt like my heart, which I had been struggling with, was shaking like crazy again.

“At the same time, Boschko chased away almost all the flies that were hovering around Mr. Rose. There were some really bad-quality ones among them, so I struggled with them. First of all, I think I should tell you about what happened while delivering the security log that Boschko has kept diligently to Mr. Rose... ..”

“I think it would be better if Sir Lewis and Sir Penny, who witnessed the scene at the time, me and Kitty would talk instead.”

Hazel focused more on her conversation with the Marquis Lanley.

As a result, the priests' prayer ceremonies were over.

"Everyone!"

The voice of the minister of the palace was heard. Hazel almost inadvertently looked at the top again.

No. let's not look

He gripped the thick silk skirt tightly.

“Then I will start the autumn hunting contest from now on. But before that, we prepared a simple performance dedicated to Her Majesty the Empress Dowager to congratulate her on her recovery from health. Everyone is familiar with the legend of the founding emperor and

saints, right? Archduke Athena, who will play the role of the saint, and the seven young women who have been chosen as saints, please come forward!”

The trumpeters blew their trumpets.

Hazel was nervous.

The Grand Duchess will be escorted by her partner, His Majesty the Emperor.

never look at I'm going to ruin it all.

With that in mind, I made my way to the center with Marquis Lanley.

That was then.

“Hey!”

A sharp cry of horses rang out. Everyone looked at him in surprise.

The emperor's horse, the black Pegasus Ras Alghetti, brought in in case of an emergency, was making a fuss. He slammed his paw on the floor and looked at Hazel, then slammed his paw on the floor and looked at his owner.

“Why are you doing that?”

Not everyone knew English. But Hazel and Iskanda knew.

Ras Alghetti was asking now.

If you two are riding on my back together, why do you each show up with a different partner?

He didn't seem to like it very much. The two were bewildered.

That ignorant guy!

In the midst of panicking, not knowing what to do, the gazes that Hazel had been avoiding until now collided in the air.

In an instant, everything in the world stopped. Only the images of each other in front of them came close and stuck in them.

His Majesty the Emperor in a robe with blonde hair and red eyes. An innocent Grand Duchess in a cream-colored hunting suit standing close next to her.

In Hazel's eyes, it was as if the words 'good men and fairies' had been translated into a single picture.

On the other hand, so was the other side.

A dark purple hunting suit that stands out from the crowd. Hazel's dazzling dazzling look from head to toe. The tall Marquis of Lanley standing next to him and smiling sadly.

In Iskanda's eyes, none of the men and women at today's hunting contest was a better match than these two.

At that moment, it felt like his eyes were on fire. At the same time, my heart was torn.

I knew in my head that I would see something like this. Still, it took a huge hit.

"your Majesty!"

Hearing the rush of the servants calling, Iskanda barely came to her senses.

“Everyone was scared! Only Your Majesty can calm that Pegasus!”

"Ah... . . ."

He was forced to turn back.

“I’ll help too.”

Archduke Athena also tried to follow. But the maid dried it.

“The outdoor play will start soon. In order to please Her Majesty the Empress Dowager, you must prepare as soon as possible.”

"okay."

The Grand Duchess followed the maid.

Shouldn't we go too soon?

The Marquis Lanley looked at him like that. But Hazel stood still.

No matter how hard the head tries to deceive, the heart cannot lie.

This pain in my chest right now was real. Seeing the back of the disappearing Grand Duchess, I tried to make up my mind, but I couldn't help it.

I do not know! It's good, but what do you do?

It was just that thought. And I wanted to go home. However... . . .

Hazel closed her eyes tightly.

Anyway, I'm already caught in the trap. From the moment I knew it was for His Majesty, who resembled a potato, I couldn't help it.

I had to do it. I knew I would do it at any cost.

The Grand Duchess must be a good empress who can respect even those of low rank.

Hazel bit her lip. said to Marquis Lanley, who was waiting patiently.

"Go."

This outdoor play was an event using interludes. Therefore, the stage was not decorated separately. It was designed to harmonize naturally with the forest landscape.

Also, for the magic scene of the saints, the brazier and pot were cleverly hidden between trees and rocks, which were not easily seen from the audience.

When the time came, the court musician Maestro Conchi took up the baton.

A man appeared from the royal hunting music, blowing trumpets and beating drums. It was Sylvia de Larett, a silver-haired soprano dressed like a tree with a crown made of leaves.

“After defeating the black dragon that burned the sky and the earth, all the heroes fell exhausted... . . .”

Sylvia introduced the plot of the old story through a recitative singing as if speaking.

Soon after, green fairies appeared from the other side of the stage. They were the royal chefs in hoods and pointed shoes.

“... ..”

They were all faces with lost souls. When I ordered it from above, I was pushed all the way here, but when I stood on stage, I heard a strong meeting.

am i someone Where are you?

Then, all of a sudden, I was shocked.

“... .. A bright light shines in front of them who are weary and hungry... ..”

With Sylvia's Recitativo, her eyes brightened. Eight saints appeared, clad in pure white cloaks embroidered with gold thread.

They all looked dazzling.

However, the chefs' eyes were focused only on a woman with brown hair.

“Come! You are here!”

“Have you prepared everything you asked for? Or I'm in trouble!”

"Sure!"

The cooks were very nervous.

that time.

In a dark place in the forest, someone shouted in a very startled voice.

“There’s nothing else to put the firewood in!”

Lewis looked at the dark-haired girl in front of him with a puzzled expression.

“It’s going to be crazy! How dare you push a guy who is good at running far alone into such a misunderstanding! I will write an epic of love and betrayal by myself!”

“I don’t even know how far this runaway wagon will run.”

Kitty whispered, shaking her body slightly with excitement.

“Anyway, the important thing is that today’s runaway wagon isn’t just one!”

Then, like a magician, he raised one hand.

Behind me, a murmur was heard from the open air stage. Everyone was staring at the stage with their eyes wide open.

"saw?"

“Did you just see it?”

A whisper of surprise spread.

“Have you all seen it?”

The audience at the top was equally astonished.

A strange thing happened suddenly in the procession of the saints who appeared lightly.

Somebody outstripped Grand Duchess Athena, who appeared to be at the forefront. As he fought back and forth, he took the spot that received the most attention.

Brown hair with a twinkling halo. His face is exceptionally bright, and his complexion is so good that it catches the eye at a glance. Under the gold thread embroidered cloak, a pretty hunting suit that fits perfectly as if it was tailored to the body... . . . .

Hazel's brilliantly decorated figure completely occupied the middle of the stage.

Good!

The red foxes secretly exchanged glances.

They knew the taste of Archduke Athena. It wasn't even a matter of guessing how to decorate for today's hunting contest. So, through a fierce debate mobilizing collective intelligence, a dress and jewelry that can successfully kill the color of the Grand Duchess were selected.

The plan included, of course, themselves.

Hazel had to be more gorgeous than anyone else. For the friendship that Athena had thrown away, they had the courage to appear in the most shabby clothes of the year at the hottest spot.

The plan succeeded. Hazel easily pushed the Grand Duchess away and took the center of the stage.

“ . . . . . ”

The audience opened their mouths.

For anyone, this was a fight. He was openly requesting a duel in front of everyone.

“That is... .”

Princess Katarina muttered with a puzzled face.

“Did the two of you plan so hard to even gossip false rumors, to actually punish Athena?”

“Hey, maybe!”

The three commanders of the Holy Knights, who could not even return to their seats, shook their heads.

“I’m curious, so I can’t figure it out. I’ll just ask you once.”

Cayenne walked over to Iskanda.

But the emperor's friend did not look back. I was staring straight through the stage.

“Dear His Majesty, could you please share a secret with me?”

Cayenne jumped around him, trying to make his presence known.

But to no avail. Iskanda continued to remain unresponsive, but eventually raised a hand and pushed Cayen away.

did you kill me

Cayenne was amazing.

In fact, Iskanda didn't even know that her cat friend was nearby. He barely recognized only one yellow obstacle jumping around.

He was now in great doubt.

Wasn't this saint's play meaningless? Maybe it was just a means of infiltrating the upper social circles?

Of course, he said that he wanted to make his mother happy as well. But it's not very difficult. My mother is happy just looking at Hazel's face, so I just have to show her her face.

But why are you clenching your teeth and working so hard?

Iskanda wanted to ask.

But the gaze that had been so hard until now did not hit me, telling me to die again. It's been a while since we met.

The emperor doesn't care.

That was right. That is... . Isn't it obvious why you work so hard?

Because the Marquis Lanley is watching!

Iskanda glanced at the grandstand on the side of the marquis.

He was smiling now. He pointed to Hazel and was bragging about it.

A spark flashed in Iskanda's eyes.

Why is that guy bragging? what is he

blood gushed upside down.

Meanwhile, the play continued.

“... ... Only the black dragon is lying dead, because there is nothing there to satisfy their hunger... ... .”

As Sylvia's commentary resonated, the eight saints pretended to graze and float water.

Archduke Athena didn't know what to do with it.

what? What are we going to do now?

At first I thought it was a coincidence.

But it wasn't. All of these actions were definitely intentional. Hazel cleverly took her attention whenever Athena tried to stand out.

All the nobles of the court have honed their dignity by honing even the smallest gestures from an early age. It's hard to get something like that by cramming.

But it wasn't impossible to succeed once in a while.

Standing stiff, gracefully grazing once, and gracefully drawing water once, the audience exclaims, “Oh!” and admired it.

okay! That's it!

Madame Elegance looked at me with a happy face. The audience was also watching with interest.

Among them, there were those who felt uncomfortable.

They were the founding emperor and his friends.

To take on the role of the protagonist of the story, last year's 'brave citizens' were invited. Rescuing people from a fire, or jumping in front of a wagon to save a child. They were righteous people who did such wonderful things.

They felt the atmosphere of this play was a bit strange.

The seven saints continued to outnumber the other one. Judging by the fact that they all have sad faces, there seems to be a story behind them... . . . .

the next moment.

They completely forgot what they had just thought.

“What does this smell like?”

A wonderful scent that cannot be described in words beckoned to them. No, I grabbed her by the neck and dragged her away.

There was a large pot. Chicken chunks sizzling and cooked in the oil.

Hazel prepared farm-style fried chicken for today.

As Uncle Karl told me, the chicken was marinated in buttermilk, which is produced when making butter. The special flour made by mixing various herb powders such as basil, thyme

and oregano is evenly coated. All of this had been prepared exactly as Hazel had directed by the Imperial Chefs.

Never add too much when frying. Three or four large pieces were suitable for this pot. Fry the hazel until it's a perfect golden brown, as my uncle taught me.

“Are you in the market to defeat dragons? Now, here is the farm-style fried chicken.”

The founding emperor and his friends flocked together as if possessed.

Athena was really outrageous.

In order to bring out the realism, I thought that it would be good to grill some venison or smoke it. So, I prepared just enough to match the assortment.

But why are you preparing yourself in earnest like this?

It was my first time seeing fried chicken. But the taste is amazing. The faces of the people who were biting the golden brown fried chicken that looked crispy at first glance were full of happiness.

"eat a lot! There are more!"

They all stared at Hazel, skillfully frying chicken, as if possessed.

The cooks obeyed like knives before giving orders. I couldn't see my hands. It was the same with the chefs in charge of this. The body was before Athena, but the mind was with Hazel.

what's this!

He couldn't even smile a fake smile any more. Athena's face contorted.

She wasn't the only one who had her face distorted on this fine day.

“Is that farm girl so attractive?”

“You never fall behind even with the Grand Duchess, don't you?”

“Why do you know now?”

Iskanda was dizzy at the sound of gossip here and there. It felt like the veins in my brain were about to burst.

The marquise alone would be annoying to death, but what about the other ephemeras?

It was really crazy.

The smell of fried chicken spread and reached the grandstand. You both wrinkled your nose.

Authentic fried chicken flavored with farm buttermilk and herbs.

With the secret weapon in one hand, Hazel sent an intense gaze towards the Archduke Athena.

Calm down, Grand Duchess!

she had to know

The Grand Duchess of the Empire is great, but it's also nothing special. No matter how much she looks down on her, with everyone's help, she can outdo her anytime, anywhere. The Grand Duchess is not the most handsome in the world. So no one should be rude.

and... .. She still has friends who care about her.

Hazel had to tell the Grand Duchess all about it. My heart ached every time I saw her, but I persevered and did my best.

“Overflowing alcohol! Oh, heavenly scent!”

Sylvia's Recitativo has been replaced with Arya. The atmosphere of the play reached its climax.

Athena completely collapsed.

The state of mind also affected the attitude. My shoulders sagged and my hands kept shriveling.

Athena completely lost her confidence. At the same time, it was completely pushed out of the public eye.

How could this happen to me!

Despite being bullied outright in front of so many people, they all just watched with interest. It seemed that he was more interested in Hazel's performance than his own downfall.

Athena realized that she had lost a lot of love without realizing it.

It was only thanks to his rigorous education that he did not leave the position. Recalling her identity as the Grand Duchess, she barely survived.

Float!

Then the drum sound rang out. It meant the short interlude was over. A loud applause and cheers soon followed.

Athena staggered and touched the rock next to it.

Her bookkeeper Kerual glanced at him. Then he shook his head.

did it!

Hazel sighed.

I overcame the desire to go home and made it to the end. That fact felt great. It seemed to have gone up a notch.

Yes. I became a better farmer. Even if something similar happens again in the future, we will be able to continue farming without being shaken.

There will never be a second time in my life where I have to surpass the Grand Duchess of the Empire.

“It was great! It was great!”

Marquis Lanley came running. He handed over a handkerchief and fanned him, diligently performing his partner's duties.

“Thank you, Marquis.”

Soon after, the red foxes also came. His attire was incomparably shabby as usual, but his face was brighter than ever.

“It was great! I didn't know you'd be this good!”

"no."

Hazel shook her head.

“Thanks to everyone working together. It would be great if the Grand Duchess could attain enlightenment through this. At least the fact that he has friends who care about him... .”

Then he took out his notebook.

'Press the bridge of the Grand Duchess' nose.'

I drew a line on that part. Now it was time to move on to the next task.

That was then.

Suddenly, the surroundings became extremely noisy. Hazel put the notebook in and looked at him involuntarily, startled.

"Oh! depose! your Majesty!"

The red foxes roared.

His Majesty the Emperor, who should still be at the top, was coming down.

Everyone jumped up and was busy trying to get away. The noble girls also hurriedly straightened out their disheveled attire.

“Are you coming this way now?”

“Isn't your congratulations the last order for today?”

"what? What happened?"

It was Hazel who was more bewildered than anyone else.

You're not coming to me, are you?

But it seemed right. His Majesty, who resembled a potato, kept trying to make eye contact as he came this way, defeating the people around him.

'Talk to me!'

It was these eyes.

Hazel was even more perplexed.

What do you want to talk about now? Didn't we say that we should pretend we don't know each other now, because the savvy corrupt aristocrats might notice? All you need to do is lure the fish you've caught and put them in the net. Why all of a sudden?

'your Majesty! Aren't you going to catch the corrupt nobles?'

had those eyes

But it didn't reach me at all. I didn't know what it was, but it seemed like I was engrossed in my own great thoughts.

Hazel looked around quietly. There were secret and stinging gazes everywhere. There were people hiding and staring at them.

The splendid appearance decorated by the red foxes had one more side effect.

Gorgeous hunting clothes, jeweled hairpins, diamond jewelry... . . . It was unusual for those who knew what the farm lady was talking about these days.

I'm also addicted to luxury!

It was good to think that way. The setting of blackmailing bureaucrats with secrets and demanding money would be more convincing.

You laid the boards out like this, so why are you doing this?

Meanwhile, His Majesty the Emperor approached right in front of his eyes.

I couldn't help it.

Hazel took advantage of the confusion and sneaked out. The Marquis of Lanley and the noble maidens fled without knowing it.

I can't come here!

I looked back as I headed towards the wooded forest.

However, His Majesty the Emperor drove the people away and kept chasing them.

What are you going to do?

Hazel ran away again.

For today's real hunting, the banshee rabbits were locked up in a safe place in advance. I jumped into the woods without any worries. It headed in the opposite direction to the pond that was supposed to lure corrupt officials.

have you given up now?

I looked back and what His Majesty the Emperor was following him into the forest.

How can you do such a big job!

Hazel took off her diamond-studded suede boots. He silenced the sound of footsteps and sneaked into hiding among the trees of the forest.

As with all events held at the Imperial Palace, people who had sneaked out were noticed here and there. People who are interested in the dating business rather than the event.

Hazel slipped through the trees carefully so they didn't notice. I was going to turn around and go out to the other side to outrun His Majesty the Emperor.

I had to return to the field quickly and carry out today's mission. Neither the new land nor the public interest can be overlooked.

But it didn't work out as intended. It was impossible for ordinary people to run away from the Grand Cavaliers in the first place.

Among the dense trees, a man clad in golden brilliance appeared silently.

Hazel sighed.

"your Majesty!"

It was a voice of protest.

Iskanda flinched.

—You can feel the presence of a strange monster in the forest!

Saying that, he shunned all nobles, officials, and servants. The thought was that we should meet soon before Hazel escapes again.

I was so engrossed in it that it suddenly appeared.

“I’m sorry to startle you... . . . .”

"no. I'm not surprised. Your Majesty is now accustomed to appearing that way. That's not what's important. What are you doing now? Wasn't the goal today to catch corrupt officials?"

“That’s right. But I can't concentrate before that important event! All I do is to do my job well.”

"okay? What's the matter?"

Iskanda looked at Hazel who asked that question. He took off his diamond-studded boots and held them in his hand.

"okay! Well done! Take everything else off!"

"Yes?"

Hazel looked up at him, puzzled.

Iskanda was perplexed. My heart was rushed, so the words came out hastily.

Even so, it was too harsh. If anyone heard it, it would be a big deal. This guy's mouth got into an accident every time he had a break. It had to be downgraded to the snout, not the mouth.

“That’s not what I mean... . . . .”

He hurriedly explained.

“It means there is a problem with this outfit now. A straw hat and an apron are enough. Why did you show up with so many jewels? Did you really need to dress up like this?”

“Is it that important?”

Hazel asked astonished.

“I don’t know why Your Majesty is suddenly dissatisfied with my dress, but this is because of the Grand Duchess. The noble girls in the same circle were worried about him, so they asked me for a favor. Dress up like this, become the protagonist of the social world, and give me enlightenment.”

"Ah... . . . ."

Iskanda was at a loss for words.

Was it all because of Athena, for all of this glamorous outfit and the strange acting on the stage? It was a complete bummer.

“I didn’t know that.”

he said with a shy face.

“I sent you to apologize for what happened last time. People around you worry about it, so you probably didn't even apologize properly, did you? I will apologize instead. Athena is a member of our family.”

"Yes. I know."

Hazel's heart sting again.

who doesn't know that In this busy time, do I have to hold onto the busy person and tell them that the two of us are from the same family? I'm tired of not being very proud of myself.

I hated him for being ignorant.

At the same time, I had another thought.

Even though he is the emperor, he apologizes for the mistake his future wife has committed. The truth is, it is right to cherish and love the Grand Duchess very much.

“... ..”

suddenly became gloomy. I didn't want to talk to him anymore.

“Anyway, that’s what I was curious about. Now that you know why, you should be fine. When I'm done talking, I'll excuse you first. I have to lure the corrupt nobles as soon as possible.”

Hazel turned around, trying to hide her sadness. But at that moment, Iskanda jumped and blocked the front.

"Wait a minute!"

he shouted

“It’s not over yet! Anyway, you have to take off all these fancy clothes and jewelry! Do you know what all the playboys in the Imperial Palace are talking about?”

“You must be insulting me. He's obsessed with luxury and wants to extort money by threatening the nobles... ..”

“That’s not it!”

Iskanda groaned.

The young lady in front of me, with only her big eyes blinking, was very frustrated. Because you don't know the world like this!

“They don’t care about rumors! Farmer Ms. Mayfield is arguing that she just found out she's pretty! Why do you dress up so gorgeously and tell them that!”

Iskanda shouted out in a hurry.

"Then I'm the only one who's embarrassed! I've known for a long time!"

what?

Hazel looked up at him, puzzled. It was like being hit in the head. I quickly forgot how sad and frustrated I was because of Grand Duchess Athena.

What are you talking to me now?

Hazel asked with a puzzled look.

“What did you just say?”

“Change your clothes!”

"no. After that.”

“The playboys are after!”

“After that.”

“Change your clothes!”

Only those words came back. It seemed to be the most important thing right now.

You look calm, but you lose your temper.

Hazel judged.

“I didn’t bring anything, how do I change? Plus, it’s an advantage because these outfits stand out well. The corrupt nobles should follow me well.”

“Because other people other than the corrupt nobles will be chasing after you! keep in mind All those approaching today are playboys who only care about their appearance! You must never do it!”

"Do not worry. After all, I have no interest in men like that.”

Iskanda calmed her heart a little at the cut-off words. However... . . . .

“It’s crazy to have to take care of my partner anyway.”

What Hazel added to make Iskanda more calming was the problem. His heart plummeted to the abyss again.

Just heard that word to mean that Hazel is crazy about the Marquis of Lanley.

Do you like him that much?

The words went up to his throat.

But the last pride of the Imperial Emperor kept his mouth shut. What the hell is this!

Now it's all wrong.

He could see clearly in front of the darkened eyes. After their honeymoon, the marquis couple came to an audience in their travel clothes.

It seemed better to just disappear from this place than to see it.

It felt like the first time I was born.

Iskanda realized at that moment.

Despite all this humiliation, he couldn't hate Hazel. I couldn't be cold.

It will be forever and ever.

Surprisingly, even the fact that she was in love with another man had no effect. Even the shattering of the emperor's pride had no effect either.

Anyway, I'm better than Arthur Lanley!

He still believed so. But Hazel had no choice but to choose him.

You must have made a wise decision. There must be some advantage to Arthur Lanley that I don't know.

Iskanda thought bitterly.

already caught in the trap. I tried to get out, but I couldn't get out.

"I'm just going to do what I can."

"Yes?"

Hazel suddenly came to his senses.

This man, who was once Lord Valentine, had a hard time reading his original expression. But now anyone can recognize him, he had the most tragic face in the world.

why?

Hazel looked up.

He hated me when I came in glamorous and attracted the attention of other men. Why? First, I hate it. second... . . . .

no way?

I had goosebumps on my arm. It was the chill of trembling.

"Perhaps... . . . ."

I looked up, but there was no one in front of me. The emperor in his robes was already going far away.

"Wait! your Majesty!"

screamed and followed.

Then he ran faster. The exact opposite of the previous chase took place.

Of course, the average person could not catch up with the Grand Cavalier.

boo!

A trumpet sound echoed in Hazel's ears as he wandered around. When she got out of the bush, Iskanda was already at the top.

“Go ahead!”

He ordered his servants.

“Yes, Your Majesty. Then, before starting the hunt, a blessing ceremony to pray for the safety of the partner proceeds immediately... .”

"no! Skip that!"

Skip the blessing ceremony?

The couples who were most looking forward to this order murmured. I couldn't quite figure out why. I could not have imagined that it was because of His Majesty's grumpiness.

“Is it because of an unidentified monster?”

The atmosphere of the hunting competition was gradually changing.

"Phew... .”

Hazel sighed a little as she returned to her seat.

His Majesty the Emperor was very excited now. In the meantime, I was trying to work hard, but if I did something wrong, I thought I would have an accident.

If so, there is nothing you can do.

Let's also hold onto our spirits firmly.

Hazel made a decision.

I didn't think this opportunity would come again. What if Abbas Mamon is caught quickly? Or what if you've already been caught? Those who commit corruption will be more vigilant. There is no way to fall into this trap.

You have to catch them anyway.

Hazel put on the diamond boots she had in her hands again. He slanted slightly because of his sudden heel height and went to the side of Marquis Lanley.

He was astonished.

“Miss Hazel! Where have you been? I’ve been looking for it for a while!”

“I’m sorry, Marquis. I’ll let you know later. For now, I have one request.”

“It’s a nice story to hear. What is it?”

“Get people’s attention.”

It was an absurd request. But the Marquis Lanley decided to try his best.

I looked around and saw General Lafrank, a famous drunkard. He brought more than ten hounds, as he does every year.

this is it

The Marquis Renly peeked at the bottle that General Lafrank always carried with him. I immediately threw it at the dogs.

Whether sleeping or awake, the hounds that were only looking for the bottle rushed in enthusiastically.

"No! These guys!"

General Lafrank was terrified.

Several people ran and caught the dogs. There was a huge commotion, with hair flying and spitting. There was no one who didn't look this way.

As soon as the situation calmed down, Hazel opened her mouth quickly.

"The noise of the dog gives me a headache. I want to be alone for a while. Marquis, I will be resting by the pond inside the forest."

After speaking loudly as if to listen, he quickly left the place.

great. it's now

Iskanda watched it from afar. After Hazel disappeared into the woods, he looked back.

"Then shall we go hunting soon?"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Nobles and servants followed him long. Iskanda led this huge crowd in the opposite direction.

"okay! right!"

The minister of the palace took the opera glasses down from his face.

“Everyone, it is now! Let's go see a real play today!”

Princess Catherine, Prince Rowan, Lorendel, Sigwald, and Cayenne. Those who had been waiting only for this moment before, jumped up from their seats.

Cayenne quickly approached the Empress Dowager.

“Let’s go together. I will support you.”

“I’m done.”

The Empress Dowager smiled and declined.

“Don’t waste your time advising by looking at me for no reason, let’s go quickly.”

“Yes, Empress Dowager.”

Everyone quickly went downstairs.

A tent where the royal family rested.

Archduke Athena sat there in a frenzy.

I had to go out and do outside activities, but it wasn't easy. The gazes of people who only paid attention to Hazel kept coming to mind.

How dare I be humiliated like this!

I couldn't believe it. I just wanted it to be a nightmare.

At that time, Mrs. Branches, the handmaiden, rushed to the door.

“The Grand Duchess! Grand Duchess!”

Athena looked at the handmaiden with a tired look on her face.

“Why again? Now I won't believe the fuss of your wife. You bring only useless rumors every time!”

“This time for real! I've uncovered a great secret! You must know this!”

Mrs. Frances did not give in and came closer.

“Do you know what everyone is talking about while taking a break? Well, it is said that the mean country girl has uncovered some secret secret of the nobles. I don't know what the secret is, but he threatened them with it to try to seize a fortune. That's why we're secretly meeting in this hunting contest today!”

"I beg your pardon?"

Athena was surprised.

Do you get paid back in return for hiding a secret?

A spark of hope blazed from the ashes of his chest.

The daughter of the fallen nobles has finally revealed her true nature.

This was a very common story. The immature girls, carrying the favor of the king on their backs, used to satisfy their self-interest, and then collapsed in an instant. It was enough to kick out normal emperors right away, even more so if it was Iskanda.

I can send it away in one room!

Athena jumped up.

“Where did you meet?”

“In the forest pond. Grand Duchess! You must catch the scene!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he ran away.

He knew the geography of this forest, the royal hunting ground, as well as his palm. I headed towards the pond through an inconspicuous shortcut.

just as expected.

The hem of his clothes could be seen through the thick trees. It was a dark purple hunting suit that Hazel wore today, which she would never forget in her dream.

Athena stopped the sound of footsteps and turned around. I hid behind the right rock and watched the situation.

The nobles were gathering one by one. He pretended to have arrived here by chance while walking around, but his attitude was awkward just looking at it. It was an expression that had something to say.

also!

Athena's heart raced.

But it was then.

Suddenly, I felt a chill in my back. My heart was more aware than my head.

His Majesty the Emperor was coming this way!

As a Grand Cavalier, he had a unique aura.

Athena was not a knight. However, since he was young, he had been concentrating on him, so he could feel his energy, even faintly.

My mind was blown.

Your Majesty is also coming this way!

Things were going better.

She smiled contemptuously. But the next moment, I felt something strange.

He must have come to hunt... ... Where have all the rabbits gone?

Today's prey didn't look strange.

According to a report sent by the Paladin, this forest was supposed to be home to hundreds of Banshee Rabbits. But there wasn't even one.

Athena secretly looked around.

Instead of rabbits, there were other things all over the place. were soldiers. No matter how much they were patrolling, the numbers were too many.

she finally realized

This was a trap.

The purpose of this hunting contest today was not the rabbit. They were nobles with secret secrets.

It was weird from the beginning. The meticulous farmer who has done everything successfully so far, openly spilling out the intention of receiving back money.

not like her If you really wanted to receive back money, you would have snatched it up without even a mouse or a bird.

This is a trap that exploits the psychology of the court people. As a poor fallen nobleman, as an uneducated villager, he used the heart that he had implicitly ignored. Everyone believed Hazel's actions because of that prejudice. There was no doubt that it was a trap.

He just got caught up in it like an idiot. I should have been suspicious of it. But now it's too late.

The last incident finally reached His Majesty's ears. There was snow everywhere.

Someone must have seen him running excitedly to send Hazel away in one shot. I will tell your Majesty Bona Mana again.

My eyes went black

This time it will not end with a scolding. You will be kicked out of the palace. When I imagined His Majesty's cold gaze, I felt like dying.

“I can’t help it.”

Athena murmured.

There was only one way out of this crisis.

It was to help Hazel.

I came here to send you out in one room, but you have to help?

I really hated it. But I couldn't help it. Only then can I make excuses in front of His Majesty.

Athena looked around with a deadly presence.

I have been living in the Imperial Palace for over 10 years. I knew to some extent the psychology of the nobles.

It is the lower ranks who move first. The really big fish are waiting for you in the back.

She focused on where the big fish might hide.

Moments later, a man appeared behind a mossy rock on the other side of the pond. I don't know who he was, but he seemed to be a high-ranking official.

Athena gathered her skirt and held it. Not minding the wrinkled and ripped dress, I sneaked up to him.

The feeling of His Majesty the Emperor was getting closer.

Hazel shook her head.

Operation Sardine Pie was a success. The nobles who committed corruption did not miss Hazel's suggestion. As expected, they gathered one by one by the pond.

I secretly checked my surroundings.

There were soldiers patrolling the forest all over the place. The moment they reveal the golden Pegasus medal hidden in their chest, they will all become their own soldiers.

There was nothing to fear.

Hazel looked around the fish caught in the fishery.

“Is the money ready?”

"her!"

Everyone burst out laughing as if they were excited. On behalf of all, Foreign Minister Claudio stepped forward.

“What the young lady needs isn't money, it's a lesson. You're trying to get your money back with a secret leaking from the salon! What if the Empress Dowager and the commanders of the Holy Knights, who worked hard at best, find out about this? How will you react?”

“Nothing is known.”

Hazel snorted back at her.

“Aren’t you the ones who get hurt worse when the secret is revealed? So no one can know. We are the only ones who know the secret.”

“You did well! In other words, only the young lady needs to keep her mouth shut.”

they came close.

“I heard that even though I don’t have my parents, I have a grandfather... ..”

It is now!

Hazel put her hand on her chest. The long-awaited moment has finally arrived.

do you know what this is

The very moment I was about to shout while taking out my medal.

pop!

Light exploded from his chest with a roar. A dazzling brilliance completely enveloped Hazel.

“What, what!”

The nobles who tried to intimidate Hazel were startled. It looked like it was going to be blinded by the dazzling light.

Appearance of a saint?

For a moment, I even thought about it.

Instead of the treasurer who had come to check his mouth shut, Duke Silas had a chill in his spine.

Something is wrong!

He hurriedly tried to get out of the place. But then, someone was standing in front of me. It was Princess Athena in her wrinkled and torn clothes.

“Arrest him now!”

she shouted The soldiers, who recognized the voice of the Grand Duchess, ran to them in an instant.

Hazel stood bewildered in the midst of this commotion.

The golden Pegasus medal was not even taken out properly. I was so looking forward to it!

Instead, all kinds of colorful magical effects surrounded Hazel.

Among them, the highlight was the arrow. A huge arrow flashed overhead. Letters floated on it.

'The Emperor's Secret Investigator'.

Hazel made a face that couldn't cry or smile.

what is this!

"What is that?"

Princess Katarina, who took the lead with her son, widened her eyes.

“What is that?”

The minister of the palace and the commanders of the three Holy Knights, who followed her, looked up at the sky in amazement.

'The Emperor's Secret Investigator'.

These letters were floating in the sky.

At that moment, the forest on the other side rustled. Lewis and Kitty popped out from among the trees. They also looked up at the sky with puzzled faces.

Everyone was at a loss for words.

I guessed that Hazel and Iskanda were doing important things for the country. But I didn't expect it to be revealed this way. Even Kitty, who knows the story behind the corruption, didn't expect this.

These splendid magics were announcing one fact to the whole world.

“The anti-peasants are over now.”

Cayenne murmured.

The magic I saw now was not an illusion or a trick. It was real. In other words, it meant a huge magic tax.

For the emperor, of course, it was free.

But it's just that you don't pay, and that you have to treat it as a tax was right. The tax was used as a budget for the wise.

Therefore, at this moment, a huge amount of idiot money was flowing out towards the wise men in real time.

Everyone met face to face.

At this moment, everyone couldn't help but admit it.

“It’s a tearful tragedy.”

said Prince Rowan.

Iskanda nodded after confirming that the magic had been properly activated.

Operation to arrest corrupt bureaucrats. The so-called 'sardine pie' operation was reinforced and the magic was linked to the golden Pegasus medal. As soon as it was taken out, various magical effects were exploding.

Then, he came to the scene with the nobles and attendants.

The nobles who tried to intimidate Hazel froze in surprise at the outrageous magic. Iskanda yelled at them.

“Did you know I didn’t know? It’s flattering on the outside, but behind the scenes, you’re just trying to save money!”

"your Majesty! That's not it... . . . .”

“Don’t even think about making excuses! Because the undercover investigators have already secured all the testimony! Can I tell you one piece of good news? The upper-level master Abbas Mamon has already been captured! It doesn't matter if he uses evil magic to cover it all up again! We've got a bunch of witnesses here!”

they found out then

That Miss Mayfield actually didn't know exactly their secrets. It seems that they only accidentally found out that Abbas Mamon had approached them. He skillfully threw the bait with it.

You got a secret order from the emperor!

I just wanted to take a picture of the instep. But now, there was no turning back.

“Factories, mines, transportation, manufacturing... . . . Everyone is busy with various side jobs, right? They have one thing in common. It takes a lot of labor!”

The emperor seemed to have caught up already. He stared fiercely at the corrupt nobles who were only sweating and swung one hand.

puck!

The long sword flew away with its scabbard and plunged deep into the ground.

Everyone was confused by that momentum. There were some people who lost strength in their legs and collapsed.

“I put so much emphasis on not committing corruption! Everything is self-sufficient! Don't even think about getting out!”

Iskanda exclaimed once more.

I had to lose my soul at this opportunity.

Frankly, he admitted it. My father was better at dealing with the nobles.

It was natural.

In the era of the emperor, the more you follow the emperor, the more money you get. Thick pockets of gold coins came and went in return for making various requests and committing corruption. wealth has grown exponentially.

It was in his own interest to keep his office at the mercy of the emperor, and he never dreamed of disobeying it. The emperor enjoyed absolute power in return for the benefit of his subordinates.

But now it has changed.

According to the emperor, the more he followed, the more he suffered. I had to pay the bloody tax without cheating a single penny, and if something happened to the country, I had to rush to pay the donation.

Other than that, there were only a couple of things to lose. As a result, greedy people were bound to become dissatisfied.

Controlling them all was as difficult as controlling thousands of mice. This was the only way to periodically drain the soul.

There was an advantage of a large-scale event called a hunting competition. It was also a political show, as well as securing numerous witnesses.

No matter how hard you try, you will eventually get caught. Don't even think about committing corruption in secret.

that's what it meant

Everyone watched this scene holding their breath. This will probably be quiet for the time being.

Iskanda turned her head.

Hazel's figure, still enchanted by the sudden magical effect, caught my eye.

My heart ached again.

The job was quite successful. But the other side was completely defeated.

He shook his head.

Anyway, I've already decided.

It doesn't matter if you don't like him or if someone else likes you. Even in the sense of compensating for the past mistakes, I had to let Hazel do what she wanted to do in the future.

Iskanda strode over and stood next to Hazel.

“There is no such thing as a law prohibiting nobles from working in this country! The doubts about the identity of Baron Mayfield Young-ae end with this!”

Then he looked at everyone with strict eyes.

“This work would have been difficult to succeed if it had not been for the stereotypes that prevailed throughout the Imperial Palace. The idea that country maidens would be uneducated! The poor man is blinded by money and thinks he will do anything! I've seen this farmer have helped all sorts of people so far without paying anything, but I can't stop thinking about it!”

“... ..”

“So what happened in the end? I was caught in a trap without knowing that Hazel was serving the twilight! Hope this was a good lesson for you! I will not say anything more to those who have already tasted bitterness and have repented.”

And he cried out one last time.

“Everyone learn farming! Let's make it even one hundredth the same!”

Silence passed.

While everyone was frozen, only the reporters who flocked to cover the hunting competition rolled their eyes.

The article about the aristocrats colluding with Abbas Mamon was already the first to pop up in the <Dawn Newspaper>. But there was another story.

"The beginning of the pro-peasant era"

Everyone thought of similar titles and moved their pens diligently.

Iskanda didn't say anything when she saw it.

Now he didn't care what the reporters wrote in the newspaper. That didn't even come to mind right now. Instead of the palace interior, the aunt, Rowan, and friends stared at me with strange expressions in a detached way.

This is what I'm done with.

With that in mind, I looked around without a second thought.

That was then. A man hiding in the crowd caught my eye.

It was the Marquis of Lanley.

The Marquis has decided not to meddle in what Hazel does today. All he had to do was help.

However, I was worried because there was not much news. I decided to go to the pond and have a look.

Then I encountered this commotion.

I couldn't figure out what the situation was. I was worried that I might mess up what Hazel was doing. So, mixed with the crowd, he stayed quiet as if a mouse had died.

Iskanda glared at the Marquis of Lanley.

It wasn't out of jealousy. That has already transcended. At least he thought he had already transcended.

There was another reason for staring at him.

"... .. Well?"

The Marquis Lanley suddenly felt the need to live in this crowded field. While looking around, I found the source and was terribly surprised.

Why is His Majesty looking at me?

He didn't know where to put himself in front of the cold gaze that seemed to freeze.

weird. Have I ever forgot my taxes?

It was at a time when Iskanda was driving one of her loyal nobles into such anguish.

"your Majesty!"

Guards have caught another suspect.

Iskanda looked at his face involuntarily, and was startled. He frowned in surprise.

"Instead of finance?"

"... .."

Instead of the treasurer, Duke Silas did not raise his head. The soldiers answered instead.

"I was about to run away right away, but the Grand Duchess at the scene found him and caught him right away."

"Athena?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. It seems that he cleverly induced them to receive the testimony."

"Good job."

Iskanda praised. But at the same time, I was skeptical.

"Then why were you there? Didn't I tell you to rest in the tent?"

"that's right. While I was resting, the maid came to me and said, Ms. Mayfield is trying to take advantage of the weakness of the royal nobles and collect back money. I was surprised by that and ran away. If that's true, then as the Grand Duchess who has to correct the rules

of the Imperial Palace, you can't stand by. But when I think about it, Miss Mayfield wasn't the kind of person to do that. So I changed my mind and cooperated.”

Well.

Iskanda noticed that she had not properly apologized to Hazel.

Therefore, it was hard to believe that he ran without any emotion, only to seize the discipline of the imperial palace.

However, in any case, it was true that he quickly grasped the situation and contributed to the arrest of the finance minister. So he nodded.

“Let’s talk later.”

A few pats on the shoulder as a token of appreciation.

“... ..”

Hazel, who was standing blankly, looked at him.

My mind came back.

Archduke Athena was very strange. Even if her hair was messy, it was messed up beautifully. Even if the clothes were torn, they were torn beautifully. The dirt on the cheeks emphasized the white skin even more. Everyone will treat her kindly.

But then you will only be kind to her, why did you do that to me earlier?

Hazel bit her lip.

He had been very suspicious of his behavior earlier. I can think of one of two reasons. This emperor resembling a potato is actually a rare bad man. Or a rare idiot.

What is the correct answer?

Ever since I was a child, I was the type of person who could only find out if I had to ask a question.

Hazel broke through the complex scene.

Iskanda was already out of there. It was about to disappear abruptly through its unique way of moving that was not seen by anyone.

Hazel didn't see him like that once or twice. Thanks to you, I was able to follow you.

"Wait! your Majesty!"

Iskanda's feet stopped.

But soon he walked again quickly.

Now he felt like the protagonist of the saddest tragedy in the world. He took on an infinitely lonely atmosphere and walked away.

"your Majesty! That is the forest!"

"is it? Does not matter."

"It doesn't matter! Let's talk!"

"Because I don't feel like talking to anyone right now."

"okay? Are you saying I'm useless now that I'm done?"

Iskanda stopped abruptly.

I don't want to be a hindrance in their lives, so they disappear on their own. You don't even know what you're saying!

That was then.

"Oh!"

Hazel's diamond boots got caught in a stone beak. I didn't fall, but I hit my nose badly. it hurt to tears

like that, like that

Iskanda hurried back. I kept all the banshee rabbits in, but I didn't know where one or two would pop out.

When I saw Hazel's figure in front of my eyes, my heart was stirred again. He turned his arrow to the pitiful boots.

“That’s why we have to throw away all these things!”

“I’ll throw it away. It must be returned to the owner. But what do you do with scratches like this?”

“That’s all it is... ..”

He bit his lip to answer that he would ask any questions.

What the hell is this little guy Arthur Lanley? Why are you still making me worry about money?

The cry was intense. It reminded me of how I was doing nothing before. In the morning, he was so sympathetic! Are you saying it's a fish caught in your net now?

Why did you choose such a guy!

But he didn't deserve it. I swore to just let the two of us live together. decided to disappear.

Iskanda turned again.

"Wait!"

Hazel hurriedly put on her boots and shouted.

"I have something very important to do now!"

"what is that?"

"What kind of man are you talking about? I have a marriage partner, can I not show excessive interest in other women?"

"what?"

Iskanda was angry all the way to the tip of her head.

Arthur Lanley is doing something like that?

I couldn't stand it any longer. He lost his last patience.

“I thought you would have picked a very good man! Were you just like that?”

"Yes?"

“Get away now!”

He spit out the words he had endured until now.

“The Marquis Lanley is trash! I don't know what kind of sweet words he seduced, but when looking at a man, look at his actions rather than his words! Even when the woman you love has disappeared alone, you take it easy, and only appear after the situation is over? Are you just watching while vicious nobles surround you? If it were me, I would never do that! Never left me alone! I didn't let even a single rabbit get close!”

"Yes?"

Hazel made a bewildered face.

“Yeah... . . . If Mr. Rose had disappeared alone, the Marquis would have done the same. But you can't do that to me. It's not a gentleman's job to show excessive interest in another girl even though she has a lover.”

“... . . ?”

Iskanda was stunned.

“What do you mean?”

“The only thing for the Marquis is Mr. Rose.”

"what?"

He became even more dazed.

“You mean you’re going to marry the marquis, knowing that? Wake! What the hell am I missing!”

“What are you talking about!”

Hazel shook her head in shock.

"okay! I knew this! I thought you were alone in some crazy idea! But no matter what! When the hell did being a partner in a hunting contest mean getting married?"

Iskanda was perplexed. The more I listened, the more my head twisted.

“Then you mean you have nothing to do with the Marquis?”

"Yes! I just became a partner today to give you advice on Mr. Rose in spare time!"

Hazel groaned as she answered.

“No, but why do I have to explain this? Even if the Marquis-sama and I have a hot relationship, what does that have to do with Your Majesty? It's this attitude that's confusing me right now! Why did you do that before? The playboys in the Imperial Palace told me not to dress up pretty because I shouldn't be interested, and again... .”

Thinking about it, my face turned red.

–I've known (that you are pretty) from a long time ago!

what the hell is this Isn't this a flirt line?

Hazel looked straight at him.

“Anyway, I think so! No matter how much your Majesty the Emperor, you can't do that! You say such strange things only to people you like!”

This time, Iskanda cried.

From the moment I woke up this morning to this moment, everything I did was for Hazel.

In order to provide a way for them to live comfortably in the future, they also performed a raucous performance in front of prejudiced idiots. Finally, I decided to disappear so as not to get in the way.

I didn't expect you to get that feeling. But not knowing so openly, it was the most unfortunate feeling in the world.

“If you like it?”

Iskanda couldn't take it any longer and shouted.

“I liked it, but what's wrong with it? I really like it!”

He confessed to a loud cry.

“... ..”

Silence passed.

Hazel stared blankly at Iskanda.

It didn't feel real. But his face was very serious. As always, he was serious, as if at this moment the fate of the world was at stake.

“Then the Grand Duchess... .”

“What is Athena?”

“Are you going to get married? With the Grand Duchess.”

"what?"

Iskanda was astonished.

“Am I marrying Athena?”

“She is a wonderful empress in many ways, and she said that she should preserve her lineage. First of all, didn't your Majesty say it yourself? It's our family!”

“It's my cousin!”

This time Hazel was perplexed.

“Did you mean that?”

"okay! I'm just trying to find a decent husband for Athena! Or, it will give you the foundation to live well on your own! But marriage! We've lived together in the Imperial Palace since we were little, so we're no different from our real brothers and sisters, so how do we get married? No matter how important bloodline is, I will never do it!”

Ugh... .

Hazel took a breath.

"i See. We were both in a huge delusion. When did you start having such an absurd misunderstanding?”

The two thought. Then I realized at the same time.

"Kitty!"

“Miss Christina!”

It was all the work of that clever girl reporter. Kitty gave them some crazy ideas.

“I was completely blown away... ..”

“I ended up playing... ..”

Both had hot faces.

What have you done so far!

Iskanda punched herself inwardly.

For nothing, he competed alone against the Marquis of Lanley. Imagine sending an innocent servant away, staring at him to death, even calling him trash... .. You should apologize very properly.

Hazel was equally embarrassed.

what the hell did you do Alone, I envy and envy the Grand Duchess, and I do everything I can to make him a good empress... ..

My hair was messed up. If there was a mouse hole, I wanted to hide. I wanted to go home all day today, but now I really want to go.

Hazel turned quickly.

“There, then... . . . Good-bye.”

"for a moment!"

Iskanda quickly grabbed Hazel's sleeve. It was the first time in my life I had held onto someone so desperately.

“Did you not hear what I said earlier? I had the courage to say this, are you just ignoring me?”

“Oh, no... . . .”

“Then how should we react to that?”

"Well... . . .”

“What do you think of me?”

"that is... . . .”

“Are there any other men you like? Are you among my friends?”

I couldn't even breathe. I couldn't calm myself down. Hazel groaned again.

"no! Why are you so ignorant of this while using your hair well? 'If you don't like me, don't pretend you're interested in me.' Shall I say that to anyone?”

"then... . . . ?”

I felt very strange.

He didn't want to admit that he felt this way for a man who wasn't a crop or a human. But on the other hand, I also wanted to admit it loudly so that the forest rumbled.

So shouted.

“I like it too!”

The birds of the forest were startled by the loud voice and flew away.

-I like you! I like you... . . . .

Echoes spread from inside the forest.

Just before that bold confession leaked out of the lush trees.

Boo!

The sound of the horn rang out.

Outside the forest where the emperor and the farmer secretly disappeared. There, Lord Lorendel Blenheim, the commander of the Holy Wood Knights, was blowing his horn with all his might. With her white face completely bare.

I'd rather advertise everywhere!

Lorendel exclaimed inwardly.

He listened to every conversation in the forest with the excellent hearing characteristic of an elf. Even if I didn't want to hear it, it came into my ears and I couldn't help it.

And he blew his horn precisely in response to the two bold calls.

Do I have to do something like this?

Lorendel felt skeptical.

I would have been happy if I stayed in the forest of the elves. Coming to the human world for nothing... . . . .

It was a face that clearly showed such feelings.

Anyway, thanks to the sacrifice of this high elf, the secret was hidden. Neither reporters like hyenas swarming everywhere, nor the court nobles who attacked with their eyes lit when it was a topic of discussion, could not hear the confession that resounded in the forest.

“What horn?”

“You seem happy to have arrested the corrupt nobles.”

Everyone looked at Lorendel and smiled. And then I covered my ears.

It was. The sound of the high elf's horn was so loud that it was deafening. Every living thing in Florentville Forest heard the sound.

Except for just two people.

They didn't even know who blew the horn. It was so crazy.

How could this be!

Iskanda seemed to have flown from hell to heaven in an instant.

Hazel had nothing to do with the Marquis of Lanley.

When I found out about that fact, my reason was cut off in another sense. I couldn't turn back and forth.

Don't miss it.

With that thought alone, he challenged a head-to-head match.

If Hazel only replied, 'I'll think about it,' he would have been relieved. I would have been happy if I had answered 'I don't like it.'

But what about 'I like you!'?

It felt like he had the whole world. I actually have an empire, but... . . . . When I inherited it, my face kept getting red like this and the corners of my lips didn't go up.

Hazel looked at Iskanda like that and thought.

Are you so happy?

All the emotions he was experiencing were reflected on his face.

I could see how much pain he had been through. And how happy I am right now.

Guess I'm really good

Hazel's face flushed too. I thought I liked him first, and I thought he liked me more. It didn't seem like it was.

we like each other

It was good, but I was very shy when I drove the nail into my heart like that. I couldn't make eye contact again.

But this shouldn't be the case.

Iskanda thought desperately.

It shouldn't be awkward like this. you have to say anything

Meanwhile, Hazel thought hard. Then I suddenly remembered something hanging around my neck.

"Oh right."

He put his hand inside his collar and took out the medal.

"I will return it. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to use it properly... ... ."

Iskanda flinched.

"Right. You must have been looking forward to the moment when it was unveiled beautifully. I must have been disappointed when I hit the player with magic. I get it. I'll make up for not wearing the medal, so let's try it for now."

He said with a humble face.

"Aside from that, did I do a lot of absurd and outrageous things today? It wasn't any malicious intent. It was to lay a solid road so that I could live comfortably in my palace in the future. Even if you become the Marquis of Lanley... ... ."

“The Marquis of Lanley?”

Hazel jumped.

“Maybe you go that far?”

Then I realized He himself was no different.

"okay. So did I. It was all for His Majesty that I was not like me today. I hope that the Grand Duchess, who will be your mate, become a better person... . . . .”

His face turned red again.

Wrong. I said something to calm my mind. My heart raced even more when I confirmed that they did it for each other.

What else do you say?

It was when we were thinking together.

"your Majesty! your Majesty!"

The sound of searching for His Majesty the Emperor, who had suddenly disappeared, could be heard in the distance.

"Phew... . . . .”

Iskanda sighed.

I was in sweet heaven. The reality they had completely forgotten overtook them. Wasn't really happy with it.

“I want to go see you soon.”

Hazel glanced out of the woods.

“If you keep hiding, your Majesty’s subordinates will suffer... ..”

“Are we going to meet and talk later?”

Iskanda asked urgently. Hazel was perplexed.

"Yes? We met and talked well even when we were enemies, wouldn't it be strange that we suddenly stopped seeing each other and didn't even talk?"

It really was.

Maybe not this smart!

Iskanda was amazed.

Apparently, Hazel was the smartest in the Empire. As I continued to think about it, I heard a distant voice again.

"your Majesty! your Majesty!"

Now I really had to go.

We could have parted right there. But there was no one there anyway, so we could go together to the entrance to the forest. Then we can be together a little longer.

After making that calculation, the two walked side by side towards the entrance to the forest.

The hunting grounds were noisy.

Instead of Treasurer, Duke Silas, though corrupt, did one thing to help. For a brief moment, he completely dominated the topic of everyone.

“How many mines would be rolled and the fortune would be huge?”

“Did you not have enough money even though you had so much money?”

“They said more and more... .”

It was a great spectacle to see a high-ranking official wearing a luxurious hunting suit was arrested on the spot and unable to raise his head.

While everyone was preoccupied, Hazel escaped from the forest.

"I'm here!"

Cayenne, who was watching the net, whispered.

In lieu of the palace interior, the princess of the palace, Rowan, the commanders of the Holy Knights, Kitty... . Everyone secretly shared their eyes and watched.

Exactly five minutes later, Iskanda cleverly escaped from the other side of the forest. He was immediately surrounded by servants, bureaucrats and soldiers.

"done."

The minister of the palace looked around.

"For now, our smoke screen operation seems to have been successful. Everyone has been through a lot."

He paused after speaking calmly and formally.

The cold face shattered. I couldn't contain my broken heart.

"Still, it's okay if you put it on! haha! Confess! I can't believe it. Should it be called divine providence?"

"No, sir."

Kitty stepped forward, highlighting herself with a big move. At that moment, the minister of the palace was reminded of this girl and stuck out his tongue.

"okay. right. Not God's providence, but Miss Christina's providence. That audacity that even provokes even the emperor of the empire!"

"It's not."

Kitty shivered in humility.

"It was all calculated and done. If my adventures fail, the two will be separated forever, so you will never know that I've tried my best. If it succeeds, then you can't blame me because it's going well."

"Great! great! If this is the case, I can become a palace official!"

The Minister of Home Affairs praised Kitty. And I looked around all over again.

“Anyway, that’s all we have to do with this. I will hide it well so that hyenas don't get caught in the future... . Well, no. No. I don't know whether to hold on to it or not. We didn't see anything today and we didn't hear anything.”

And he turned around. After walking a few steps, he slowly pulled out a handkerchief.

“Such.”

Lewis clicked his tongue.

“You seem to have been reminded of the past. Memories of the deceased Countess... . I heard it was a hunting contest back then too.”

“Actually, isn’t this a contest where men and women hunt each other?”

Cayenne raised the question.

“Anyway, I feel really weird. I thought Iss would be so picky and never see anyone again. Thank you so much Hazel. Knowing that he's a good guy... . Oh no! Hazel is being deceived! All of Ys looks like that! I must tell you the truth!”

The cat's eyes went round and round. You are in great confusion right now. said Sigwald, who had not seen it.

"talk too much. Have you forgotten the minister’s advice?”

Those words hit me in the wrong place. Princess Katarina, who had been immersed in all sorts of delusions about the two of them, flinched as if struck by lightning.

“Oh, I don’t know!”

“Mother, then Miss Hazel will be our family... . . . .”

"Shh! Shh! Let's go see the rabbit!"

She quickly disappeared, grabbing the hand of her son who was trying to pry it out.

"okay. You will be fine.”

said Lorendel. Contrary to the words, it was an expression of disbelief at all. Anyway, he returned to his place with Siegwald and Cayenne.

Only Louis and Kitty remain.

The two knew that Hazel had been secretly fond of Sir Valentine. So, I felt a little different from others.

“I have no free time now. At least the gray-haired Hazel can be freed from the nightmare of sad remorse... . . . .”

“Congratulations, reporter.”

Lewis wrinkled his nose.

It's good to confirm each other's feelings, but a relationship like this must be difficult!

The relationship between the two of them now was like a kind of in-house romance. If it breaks, one will want to quit the job. 'Cause it's always hard to meet

But can Iskanda quit the emperor? Can Hazel leave the farm?

But let's hope it goes well... ... Is Hazeler telling you to become the Empress of the Empire?

“Will Hazel be happy if she becomes Empress?”

"a! What are you worried about already? The progress is too fast!"

Kitty grinned.

is it? Is it a generation gap? Nope. It's because we don't know what kind of personality our emperor friend is.

Lewis sighed inwardly.

I just want everyone to be happy!

I walked away hoping for that. Kitty scribbled hard in her notebook next to her.

“I think we can find ten more articles.”

It really was.

Now the hunting had begun in earnest, and they were all scattered all over the place with their hounds. In it they found Hazel.

“There it is.”

they hurriedly approached.

Hazel was walking into the forest, watching the procession of hunters. He seemed calm and carefree.

Lewis and Kitty exchanged glances again.

“I think I have regained my composure.”

"thank God. One of them is sane.”

Then Hazel suddenly stopped.

His face turned red at what he was thinking. “Hey!” He made a strange noise and shook his head vigorously. I was so shy that I grabbed the towel in my hand. A towel with red eyes and white rags... . . . .

The commander of the Holy Knights and the reporter were terribly surprised.

It wasn't a towel. It was a Banshee Rabbit.

But Hazel didn't seem to know anything about it. I casually brought it to my forehead to wipe off the sweat.

The two looked at each other in shock.

No, you didn't come to your senses, did you?

It was then that Hazel noticed something strange. I was surprised to see it in my hand.

"what's this!"

What is it? monster.

Banshee rabbits look like ghosts. The sight of them flying around and flashing red eyes is creepy.

These rabbits harm the forest. They do not eat plants, but dry them and destroy the ecosystem .

It has a violent nature and is difficult to deal with. He was lured and imprisoned for a while for punishing corruption, but he quickly broke the temporary fence and escaped. Even though it was small, it was an absolute monster.

But you catch this banshee rabbit with your bare hands? Is that also a farm lady?

People around them doubted their eyes.

The guards flipped through their arms. Soon after, the signal to announce the success of the first hunt exploded.

Everyone cheered and applauded.

"Great! Now that I see you, you are a great hunter!"

Lewis nodded as someone shouted.

okay. That's great. Did you even hunt the emperor?

Anyway, looking at Hazel, the complicated thoughts disappeared. I felt happy. Lewis smiled broadly.

"So pretty! It really suits you! Sometimes this style is fine. Surprisingly, it is also good for farming. It will be fun to drop a gem between the furrows and find it the next day!"

Hazel grinned at Louise's absurd remarks. Then I found Kitty and immediately my eyes were sharp.

“Christina!”

Kitty quickly hit the player.

“By the way, who is your partner?”

"Oh right! First you have to find the marquis. I lost my mind.”

“By the way, I didn’t see it either.”

Lewis put a hand on his forehead and looked around.

“Where will I be inside? Let’s find it together.”

“Yes, Sir Lewis. Before that, some... . . . .”

Hazel lost his mind and handed the outstretched Banshee Rabbit to the soldier.

Louise bit her lip to hold back her laughter.

To catch monsters with your bare hands because you are so absorbed in your thoughts about your opponent. The grandmother, who was a vampire lord, looked at the humans and said, 'It's a good time. It's a good time.' He seemed to understand the meaning of what he mumbled.

I do not know. Just enjoy.

Lewis drew his sword.

"let's go! 1st place belongs to us!”

“Yes, Sir Louis! I will write an article in advance!”

Kitty followed along and shouted.

It would have been even better if the sly cat knight Penelope had been present here. Unfortunately, she left to arrest Abbas Mamon and has not yet returned.

However, the two alone were not enough to conspire.

Lewis and Kitty put comfy shoes on Hazel's feet and dragged them around.

Playing with stray hounds, eating fruits packed by kind wives, watching the kids show off their strength... ... At first glance, it looked like it was just shooting, but it wasn't. I was looking for a place where people were hustle and bustle.

Then I found

“There! There you are!”

Officials were rushing in one direction.

Hunting or whatever, there were a group of people who were engrossed in the incident that shook up the political world today.

found!

Lewis and Kitty skillfully went there.

Hazel followed without thinking. However, I was surprised to see Iskanda surrounded by people.

“Anyway, because everything has been investigated... ..”

Even Iskanda, who was meeting with the officials, was startled.

Lewis and Kitty saw them both equally bewildered. Not knowing what to do, I mustered up the courage to see them secretly making eye contact. Then I just blushed and saw something I liked. saw it all

I was originally trying to make fun of you.

For some reason, I kept feeling happy.

The Imperial Palace's Autumn Hunting Tournament came to an end like that.

Hazel succeeded in her first hunt with her bare hands, but haven't caught a single one since.

Contrary to the fact that Lewis declared that he would take first place, he was too focused on the spectacle and couldn't catch it either. Kitty was also busy doing her main job.

In fact, for most of the participants, hunting was an afterthought. Everyone swung their whips dry and was busy pounding the cubes on the other topics of the day.

So the first place was taken by General Lafrank, who brought many hunting dogs. He caught a total of 57 banshee rabbits.

All those who played an active part in the hunting competition were awarded prizes by the emperor. Afterwards, there was a time to congratulate the saints who made the Empress Dowager happy through an outdoor play.

“Thank you, Your Majesty.”

The six noble girls who came today dressed in shabby clothes rolled their eyes as they accepted the golden feather pen as a bounty.

It was all because of His Majesty's secret orders!

The moment it was revealed to the public that Hazel was the Emperor's secret investigator, they were startled and nearly tripped over their skirts.

At the same time, I felt very sad.

'It seems that there are high-ranking officials caught in Abbas Mamon's work.'

Should I have taken the information to His Majesty first? Would you have taken the risk of not knowing who might be entangled and would have just tipped and scored?

Everyone thought the same way.

But now it was unavoidable.

“Thank you, Your Majesty.”

They glanced at Hazel receiving a bounty from the side.

At such a close distance, I could tell right away.

His Majesty, who was dignified and upright in front of them, suddenly appeared shy and awkward in front of this farm girl.

The red foxes felt strange and withdrew before His Majesty.

He had been competing fiercely for such a long time for the emperor's affection, but he always had this thought in the corner of his heart.

In the end, His Majesty will suddenly appear holding the hand of a young lady who has no idea where it came from. Everyone will drink the bitter cup of defeat in front of the truly perfect angel who has the best beauty, intelligence and character.

That idea is half right and half wrong.

Really, someone came out of nowhere. However, it didn't seem like the 'real perfect angel with the best beauty, intelligence and character' they had imagined.

Still, somehow, he seemed to be able to readily admit it.

“I will never admit it!”

A shrill voice resounded in the forest where no one was there.

Archduke Athena was sitting behind a rock. I heard it all there. What His Majesty the Emperor confessed. And what Hazel later confesses.

“What are you going to do if you don't accept it?”

Kerual, who came all the way to find her, said.

“So you should have hired me sooner. I said that I should compete fairly and fairly! As soon as you think you've found a weakness, do you run right away? At least he showed his wits at the last minute and made a corner to get out of, so it's a shame... .”

Kerual shook his head.

“Anyway, I just managed to avoid being kicked out. The position of the Grand Duchess has become infinitely narrower. Now there is only one way. You will reflect on everything and become a good sister. 'I will never be jealous of Miss Hazel, and I wish you two well.' You

have to show that you are taking this position. Both of them are clumsy, so they're bound to face difficulties, so I actively step forward and connect the two... ..”

"I beg your pardon? Are you crazy?"

“I just want you to pretend like that. Your Majesty will let go of all your ignorant feelings toward the Grand Duchess, so that you can start liking her again.”

“I still hate it! After all, I'm narrow-minded, so I wouldn't be able to act like that naturally! Find another way!”

Athena shouted.

Kerual frowned silently. It was a deeply thoughtful face.

Meanwhile.

There was one person everyone forgot.

It was the Marquis of Lanley who suffered all day today.

Even after suddenly receiving the emperor's terrifying gaze, there will be no nobles who will remain calm.

He was also so nervous that he couldn't stand it. I went out for a while and sent someone home. He made sure to check carefully to see if there were any unsavory things that he was unaware of.

Then I came back and Hazel was gone.

The Marquis Lanley set out to search everywhere.

While wandering, he rescued three nobles who ate too much meat and caused stomachaches. I also picked up a wallet that someone had dropped. I also caught two banshee rabbits using the interlude.

But Hazel couldn't find it.

Where the hell did you go?

I was looking around and someone came up to me and asked.

“Is the play of the saint already over?”

“Oh, yes. It’s over.”

“Come a little earlier! How was Miss Hazel?”

"sure! It couldn't have been more beautiful and wonderful than that! I can say for sure. I was Miss Hazel's partner... . . . .”

Marquis Lanley stopped talking proudly.

Wait a minute.

He finally looked back. I almost fainted to see who was standing there.

It was Rose. She was standing there holding a bouquet of flowers, wearing only a hunting cloak, on top of the dress she was wearing at the store.

"I know."

Rose laughed softly.

“Is there already been a rumor? I didn't know the Marquis was interested in our Hazel. So why do you come to our store that often?”

uh? uh?

The Marquis Lanley froze.

This isn't it!

Rose tried to turn around.

There was nothing to see for a moment. He shouted with all his might.

“Not that! I confess now, but from the moment I first met Mr. Rose... .”

\* \* \*

Banshee Rabbit was a really useless looking monster.

But surprisingly, it was useful. Before demolishing the development area, the purpose of releasing these rabbits was to save on demolition costs.

Hazel found the story interesting. So before I forgot, I wrote it down in my farming notebook.

The farm notebook was full of other things as well.

These were the things Hazel had to do.

The amount of milk Julia was offering was getting smaller and smaller. But, I still had to keep going.

The amount of crops grown in the fields has also decreased. But this, too, had to be harvested.

In the midst of crazy things, I got a call from the Pavilion Restaurant. Now I really had to harvest the Labyrinth Mushrooms. The greenhouse is not dependent on the season, so it will be a good source of income during the upcoming agricultural season.

In addition, many other things awaited.

“You must be busy.”

Hazel stretched. First, I went outside to pick up the newspaper.

It was just when I stepped out of the fence.

Dark shadows popped out and surrounded Hazel. They were the royal guards.

“I will arrest you!”

they shouted fiercely.

Hazel was perplexed. But soon he put his hand in his arms.

"I'm Your Majesty's Secret Investigator!"

He displayed the golden Pegasus medal high up. The Imperial Palace guards were startled.

“Ah, that’s right. I did not know.”

As if reading a book, he spoke in a hard tone and backed away.

And there was an awkward silence for a moment.

Well... . . . .

Hazel looked at them with a strange face.

-I'll compensate for not having a medal, so let's try to keep it.

His Majesty, who looked like a potato, said so.

Isn't this the 'reward'?

what! He said he regretted not wearing the Golden Pegasus Medal, so he sent the guards right away to do a play like this!

“Isn’t that a waste of public power?”

“Hmmm. After all, it's time to exercise in the morning. I have been told to do it over and over again until you are satisfied.”

"no. That's Okay."

Hazel shook her head. Then he called the guards into the farm and gave them a glass of fresh milk.

“When you work in the Imperial Palace, there will be times when you have deep doubts like this. But since your Majesty is telling you to do everything well... . . . Even if it makes you want to quit, I will continue to ask for your favor.”

“Yes, yes.”

The guards laughed and drank milk.

After sending the guards in, Hazel went out to pick up the newspaper again. They walked around the bench in the great garden and picked them up evenly.

I set out milk and ginger biscuits and read them one by one.

The story behind the incident was being revealed one after another.

This is what Abbas Mamon approached and proposed to the nobles whose side jobs were mining, factory management, transportation, and manufacturing.

“I have a recipe for making labor costs zero.”

I don't know if you can cut labor costs, or make it zero at all?

Many people were curious about this statement.

Even so, as the emperor changed, the wages of the workers rose. Various welfare policies had to be strengthened. So everyone was embarrassed.

Abbas Mamon showed some facilities to those who had been fishing on his horse.

It could also be called a kind of mine. There was, however, one crucial peculiarity.

It was a human mine.

It was literally. Abbas Mamon mined people who were not registered as citizens. They supplied them to the nobility, and in return, they received various privileges.

The nobility fired the old workers and secretly hired these new workers. And they intercepted all the labor costs that had to go in front of them.

No one was not surprised by this bizarre story.

Everything was very secretive. There was no way to find out from the outside.

And yet, His Majesty knew it all! Besides, to dig a trap through the Lady of the Farm Salon, who was so confrontational!

Maybe everything was a grand plan from the start? Did you anticipate everything and arrange it in advance?

Everyone had this question.

The emperor said about this.

"no. I just got caught."

Hazel read that far and was perplexed.

"I replied, 'I, too, was part of the grand plan Your Majesty has laid out!'"

If possible, it would be better to float it. It doesn't cost money. That's what I thought when I said that. The words didn't match each other.

I'll see you later in the evening and get along well.

Hazel thought so, and then blushed again.

The thought that we would meet in the evening was so natural.

... .. But, thinking about it, it really wasn't a big deal. It was often the case when Lord Valentine came over to play.

Don't habitually blush even if it's nothing special.

Hazel continued reading the newspaper, biting on the hard ginger biscuit.

After this incident was revealed, reports poured in from various places. All kinds of ghost stories flooded the newspapers. Among them, there were several issues that seemed to have something to do with the top of Mamon.

In this way, Abbas Mamon raked in the money by gaining preferential treatment and expanding his business.

Although he did not disclose the exact amount of the slush fund he had hidden, it was followed by modifiers such as 'unprecedented', 'unbelievable', and 'Gyeongcheon dongjihal'. According to an anonymous official, it was equivalent to the budget allocated to one area of state affairs.

Where would you use that slush fund?

Is Abbas Mamon really behind all this? If you hadn't been caught at this stage now, what would you do in the next stage? What were you ultimately trying to do?

In front of all these questions, Mamon just kept her mouth shut. He said he was seriously injured during the arrest and could not say anything.

However, since they cut off the funds, their true colors will soon be revealed. Accordingly, a strict warning has been issued to immediately report any movement, no matter how small... ..

The above was the content of the articles.

Hazel put the newspaper down after reading it thoroughly for nearly an hour. And he thought for a moment with a strange face.

If you think about it, the starting point of all this was the rose water. The project, which the Minister of the Palace of the Interior recommended with his favor, brought about this result.

How did it happen all of a sudden?

Suddenly, a goblin came to mind.

Goblin is a weed that harms the ecosystem. It got its name because it is a plant of the Solanaceae family that has thorns like Goblin.

When this goblin grows in the field, the nightmare begins. It dries up the seeds of the crop and completely ruins the crop for that year. Goblin sprouts reproduce at a great speed, and even if there are only a few roots left, new shoots will appear. It has to be made into powder.

Abbas Mamon's conspiracy felt like this goblin branch. I was just farming. I dug up the vine of the plot that was secretly spreading out.

“If you are farming in the Imperial Palace, that might be the case.”

Hazel drank the leftover milk from the wooden cup. I put a bunch of newspapers in the cleaning kit and came out.

A farmer's day is not breakfast, lunch or dinner. morning, morning, noon, and evening. After the morning work was done, it was time for the morning work.

So I went to the chicken coop.

The chickens cleaned the mess and sprinkled the feed. Then he caught Tiberius and tied him up for a while. Measure how much they grew overnight with a tape measure and record them in a notebook.

Then I took the egg of the day and went out.

I put one of the most coveted and pretty eggs in the basket. After pouring milk into a small bottle, put a lid on it and tie it with string. Then, I left the farm for the important morning routine.

Hazel walked diligently to the Empress Dowager Palace.

After passing through the splendid hallway, I naturally entered the salon, which I had become accustomed to like a friend's house, without thinking.

Then it stopped.

Someone was sitting on the chair opposite the Empress Dowager. The blonde emperor was slain.

Hazel was momentarily confused.

No, why are you here... .. ?

The maids joked, "It's the egg girl!" ' he said, and he glanced around. I secretly laughed and liked it.

Of course, everything was planned.

A busy day awaited today. But Iskanda wanted to see Hazel. I couldn't wait until the evening when work was done.

Then, it occurred to me that Hazel brings eggs to her mother every morning. I crossed over to the Empress Dowager Palace early to see her face and waited.

Such an act was very obvious.

Originally, he did not come to the Empress Dowager Palace because he feared that he would disturb his mother. Even after her mother recovered her health, the habit was not easily changed. But then, suddenly, it came running like this.

Maybe that's it?

The Empress Dowager and her maids secretly glanced at each other and held back their laughter as they were conscious of each other.

okay. let's all be good

But at this rate, Hazel seemed to be standing still forever. So the Empress Dowager opened her mouth pretending not to know anything.

"sit down please. As you can see, His Majesty is here. Just to talk about this hunting contest... ..."

"Ah yes. Hello, Your Majesty."

Hazel then sat down on the empty chair next to Iskanda. The emperor's robes were visible at the edge of the field of vision. It was a person sitting there, not a stove, but the side of the face was burning hot.

"At that time, a lot of people surrounded me and kept talking to me, so I couldn't even talk to Miss Hazel properly. The play you prepared for me was very good. It was great."

"You are so proud, Empress Dowager."

“I would also like to thank you, Your Majesty. Thanks to you, this mother had a very enjoyable time after a long time. The play is also a play, but it was very refreshing to capture the nobles who committed corruption. No one knew that he was making such a plan! I was kind of worried. I thought a war would break out sooner or later over the land of the great garden! I found out that they were even engaged in a secret operation... .”

Hazel and Iskanda flinched.

“It’s for the public good. His Majesty said he would give me the land... .”

"That's right. As your mother knows, isn't Miss Mayfield something she can't do because of the ground? Because there is nothing I can't do to punish corruption too... .”

Both of them made excuses. The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

"i See. It was just the land and corruption.”

"sure. Not so long ago, His Majesty and Miss Mayfield were fighting to leave the entire Imperial Palace.”

The Empress Dowager's hand-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld, was cleverly assisted.

“By the way, Miss Mayfield. Did you just bring it to the Empress Dowager to take a look?”

"Ah!"

Hazel then thought about the basket. I forgot I had come to deliver the eggs and almost took it back with me.

“I can’t! I'll give you today's eggs and milk.”

The Empress Dowager herself reached out and took the basket.

“Eggs alone are enough, but you get such fresh and delicious milk! The belly button must be bigger than the belly button. I will pay for the milk separately.”

"no! You'll run out of milk soon anyway. Until then, I'll just put it on top."

“Thank you so much!”

The Empress Dowager smiled and looked at Iskanda.

“As I said before, the eggs and milk from the farm are amazing. Your Majesty must have tasted it already?”

"no. yet... . . . .”

“Is it okay if I ask you directly? Even if I tried to show you a taste, he refused after saying that.”

Hazel was surprised to hear that. Did something like that happen?

“Your Majesty, you did not say anything.”

“Mother, look at this. They say they will give it to you.”

I have that level of status on the farm. Iskanda frowned slightly with that expression on her face.

The Empress Dowager and her maids smiled again.

They suffered the scourge of the Emperor more closely than anyone else. Therefore, he was blunt in matters between men and women.

However, seeing the two secretly exchanging glances while being conscious of each other like this, it felt like a spring breeze was blowing in this salon as well.

“Then I will go away.”

Hazel took the empty basket and stood up. After a while, Iskanda also woke up. The two met in the elm garden surrounding the Empress Dowager Palace.

Hazel looked around, then lowered her voice and whispered.

“What if I just come here? What if the Empress Dowager and others find out that we like each other!”

“Maybe you will notice? We did a great job before.”

“It does.”

Hazel nodded.

Iskanda looked at the scene and thought of a question.

But should I keep it a secret? Everyone will know soon anyway.

Apparently, it was better to keep Hazel a secret. It's a peculiar taste. But if you like it, you should respect it.

Historically, this has never been the case. But when I think about it, there was nothing I couldn't do. It was possible enough with a little touch on the system.

That's how he organized his thoughts.

He was fine either way. Regardless of the format, all you have to do is do it anyway.

“Then shall we meet later in the evening?”

"Yes, I like it. I will be waiting for you."

The two parted in the elm forest.

Iskanda stared at Hazel's back for a moment as he moved away through the trees.

My heart was thrilled. It felt even more exciting than when I gave the order to advance ahead of the barbarian army.

that afternoon.

Hazel screamed all of a sudden while making the butter with a stirrer.

“Marquis Lanley!”

I made a huge mistake. He was looking for a partner in a hunting contest and just forgot about it.

"Oh My God!"

Hazel left the stirrer and hurried out.

“Did Marquis Lanley come to the Imperial Palace today?”

This person grabbed that person and asked.

"well. I don't know."

"I don't think I saw him today."

After much fuss, I finally met a certain court official.

"Ah! It will be difficult to see him in the social world for a while."

"why?"

"I made a confession at a hunting contest, but I was rejected."

"Yes? confession? A confession of love?"

"okay. Who was your opponent? What kind of wife have you recently divorced? Oh yes!  
The brown-haired Viscount Berne... ."

"thank you!"

Hazel ran in haste before the court official could even finish speaking.

What happened in those brief moments?

I got out of the palace and got on a carriage. I headed to Rose's lotion shop on Briar Street.

When asked about the self-inflicted species, Rose gave an ambiguous smile.

"Ah, that person... ."

He sat down on a chair and told the story.

“When I asked why the annoying men suddenly disappeared one by one, the marquis took care of it secretly. I was a target because I had a lot of money, but I am grateful... .”

She shrugged.

“How long have you been divorced? still a bit I'm comfortable being alone.”

“I understand, Mr. Rose.”

Hazel let out a small sigh.

He didn't pay attention because the heavens and the earth were about to open up to him. You will have to visit Marquis Lanley, who has suffered all day, and say that he is sorry and comfort him.

“So, are you finished with the Marquis-sama now?”

"well. I think it might be, but... .”

Rose picked up a piece of paper from the desk. There was a small portrait of someone attached to it. Hazel's eyes widened.

“Mr. Boschko? Servant of the Marquis?”

"that's right."

“Did you like this person? Did you like this one more?”

“That's not it.”

Rose laughed outrageously.

“The Marquis Lanley showed me a log of his security activities, and I expected it, but isn't he a very reliable and competent bodyguard? So, after I paid the marquis for the security guard, I canceled the employment contract with the marquis and hired him as my bodyguard.”

"AHA... .."

Hazel agreed.

It was over, but it seemed that there was still a glimmer of possibility.

I don't know if the Man of Steel, who almost lost something important to Lewis, will be able to become a fairy to connect the two... ..

Anyway, Rose seemed to have memorized at least the name of Marquis Lanley this time.

Now he has a good bodyguard, and his business is doing well enough that he doesn't have to worry about his salary. As Lewis and Kitty and Penny say, you don't have to have a young, handsome marquis by your side.

However... ..

If you fall in love with each other, then it's good that you two get along well!

Lewis was right.

If there is any sign of an open heart, then I will have to work hard to help.

With that thought in mind, Hazel left the store.

Listening to Rose's story made me think about myself.

It's hard for people to fall in love with someone, but it's even harder for people to understand each other.

In analogy, it is like a tiny seed that barely sprouted without being swept away or rotting away.

That's a miracle. But that doesn't end there. It takes a lot of effort to grow well.

As I was walking out of the shopping mall, I suddenly found something. I approached and asked the owner.

"How much is it?"

"Three silvers."

"please."

I thought as I embraced the item the owner was wrapping it in paper.

I really want to do well.

"I really want to do well... ."

Iskanda muttered as she sat in her office.

Then, the minister of the palace came in.

“Your Majesty, I have prepared a land document for Miss Hazel Mayfield. I tried to make it a little more colorful in the form of a scroll.”

"Well."

Iskanda looked at the land documents.

"great. Leave it there.”

"Yes? Wasn't that what I was delivering?"

“I do it myself. later in the evening.”

The minister of the palace looked at Iskanda's face as he said that. Although it was hard, I could feel a certain emotion trying to break through the thick skin of his face.

It was exciting.

Why are you so excited?

He didn't think he was suddenly so excited. The excitement of the confession period now curves downwards and has to enter a plateau.

Hmm... . . . Maybe you're having an accident?

Instinct raised its head in the heart of the old god. The instinct to grab a skein that is about to become tangled and unravel it with an experienced hand. The instinct to make a solid road in front of those who are lost and wandering. In short, it was an instinct.

But he persevered.

forgot? If there are many sailors, the boat goes to the mountains.

He closed his mouth, which was about to open, and turned around.

An evening after a day's work.

Iskanda hurriedly left the office. He took the land document, shoved it into his pocket, and lifted the large box that the attendants had to prepare in advance with one hand.

The servants did not follow. 'You are going to the farm.' And I vaguely guessed.

As autumn deepened, the days became shorter day by day. It was a little past 6, but it was dark.

Iskanda went across the great gardens. I went inside the fence of the farm, took a deep breath, and then knocked on the door.

“Your Majesty, are you here?”

Hazel welcomed him.

It's been a long time since we've seen each other like this, and it reminded me of the past. At the same time, the fire in the oven lit up nicely. A cozy glow in the small kitchen with orange lanterns.

When Iskanda was about to speak, Hazel spoke first.

“I have a present.”

Then he pulled out a bundle wrapped in yellow paper from under the table.

“It's a gift. to something like that.”

Iskanda unwrapped the paper. A dark yellow object was revealed.

It was a straw hat.

“It’s for the garden, but I thought it would go well with my straw hat. I passed by and bought it right away.”

Hazel explained.

"then... . . . ."

Iskanda was impressed. I didn't say anything, but I'm buying couple items. If you write this, no one will doubt the relationship between the two.

Will I use it that day?

Slowly, I had a thought. However, I quit because I thought all the royal families, nobles, bureaucrats, and servants would all fall behind.

“Great. I like it very much. You made a good choice.”

Iskanda rolled up her hat and placed it on one side.

“Actually, I have something prepared. I don't know if I chose as well as you... . . . .”

He picked up the box he brought and placed it on the table.

“What?”

Hazel opened the lid of the box.

At that moment, a brilliance pierced his eyes. From the neck to the chest, an amber dress filled with polka dot diamonds was revealed. It was the perfect color and material for fall.

“What dress is it all of a sudden?”

“Because there will be more events in the future.”

Iskanda said in such a way that it wasn't a big deal.

Even before he realized his heart, he didn't like Hazel worrying about not having clothes. There was only one concern about the clothes he could allow.

I'm worried because I have too many clothes!

It had to be carried forward diligently to get the sound to come out of Hazel's mouth. This fall dress was just the beginning.

“You don't have to return the clothes and accessories that were lent to you by the young girls during the hunting contest. 'Cause I've paid everything. Let the dresses borrowed by those girls be worn only for cleaning, and from now on, only wear what I bring.”

Nonsense.

Hazel thought.

This dress was so glamorous that it hurts my eyes. Expressed in the red fox's way, it was at a level that could be overpowered even if they had an immediate abusive fight with the bad guys in the back alleys.

Too rough. It's violent.

But somehow I couldn't take my eyes off of it. Hazel stroked the dress as if possessed.

“I don't like this... . . . I like it strangely. What happened?”

“Actually, this dress has a secret. I added a secret effect in case I didn't like it because it was too flashy. If you look closely at this silk, there are subtle patterns of sowers, plowers, and grain harvesters. Even if it's not overtly, it appeals to the subconscious and elicits a farmer's liking for this dress.”

“You can be so cautious!”

Hazel said, still unable to take her eyes off her dress. He thought he was stupid, but he couldn't help it.

“I have to admit it. Your Majesty's plan succeeded. I love this dress.”

"thank God. I have to wear this the next time I have an important event. Oh, but you can't wear it that day."

“That day?”

“Uh... . . .”

The well-prepared gifts were well-received. Hazel's eyes twinkled. The atmosphere was good too. The conversation was smooth.

it is now

Finally, the time has come. It is the moment that determines the major milestones of your life.

Iskanda asked.

“Then when? I have to bring my grandfather too... . . . .”

“What do you do when?”

“It’s marriage.”

"Yes?"

Hazel shook her head. He had a very startled face, as if he was talking now.

Even Iskanda was surprised by the reaction.

what? Isn't this

He was very upset.

The next confession is marriage. I thought Hazel would know, too.

He wanted to keep it a secret, so I thought he wanted a secret marriage. The emperor when he goes to work, and the husband of the farmer when he leaves. in this way Although it was unprecedented, I respected taste and tried to do so.

But it turns out that it wasn't a secret marriage that Hazel wanted. There, 'marriage' had to be omitted. It was just a 'secret'.

Although Iskanda was clumsy in her personal relationships, one thing was clear.

It went well and then it stumbled.

I had to pick up what I just said and put it back somehow.

He looked around with desperate eyes. I looked out the dark window. A good idea came to mind in an instant.

“That cow!”

"Yes?"

“Now that the milk has run out, you say you have to marry the cows?”

Iskanda pointed out the window. Although he couldn't see it now, there must have been the cow Julia.

“I was just wondering when to do it. Grandpa is a veterinarian. Shouldn't we call the vet?”

hurriedly stitched it together.

“Oh, you said that!”

The look of embarrassment disappeared from Hazel's face.

Whew, I just passed.

It was a moment when Iskanda was just reassured.

"I'm pretty sure I'll believe it."

A shrill voice rang out. Iskanda shrugged.

“Aren't you deceived?”

“Okay then, Your Majesty. It was good to try, but I ran out of tee by force. Even if you are a city dweller. Isn't it too harsh to call it 'marriage' to find a mate for a cow? Even a five-year-old will not be fooled.”

“I'm sorry I ran around, but I was so embarrassed.”

Iskanda said with a puzzled face.

“I really want to hold a hearing. Now that we know we like each other, shouldn't we get married after that? Isn't that common sense?”

"no!"

Hazel responded with an equally perplexed face.

“Is it common sense? Usually, we make a decision after dating for 10 years.”

“Ten years? Who are you trying to kill? In the meantime, there is enough time to reincarnate and propose one more time!”

Both opinions conflicted.

Now that I see, there was a significant difference of opinion between the two.

The road that I thought was a solid road rattled wildly. The wheel was about to come off. The carriage was in danger of overturning.

No!

Hazel said hastily.

“There is a time for everything. Your Majesty will know it if you try farming. In that sense, how about owning a farm? It tells when a person can get married.”

“Are you going to do business in this situation?”

“Anyway, I like His Majesty the best.”

Hazel's slurred words left Iskanda speechless.

In fact, I couldn't help but ask this question.

Maybe the reason why they take a step backwards when the marriage story becomes a hot topic is because their feelings for the other person have just cooled down?

But Hazel spoke as if she had just read the thought.

When I heard that you liked me again, my heart softened. The Hazel in front of me felt even more lovely.

I wanted to look good. Originally it was, but I wanted to look better. I wanted to do something good.

Then I remembered

really! That was it!

Iskanda pulled out a small scroll that she had stuck in her pocket.

“It was on the road, and it had your name written on it.”

I handed it over on purpose as if it wasn't a big deal. Hazel was astonished to open the scroll.

“It’s a land document! Are you ready already?”

“Because we talked about it from the beginning. In a few days we will be replanting the trees in the garden and expanding the fence.”

Hazel was very happy.

I immediately went outside and looked around. Iskanda stood beside her and pointed with her finger.

“It’s the same as last time. Half forward and half backwards.”

“It’s like a dream!”

Hazel pointed to the garden in the dark and explained the plan.

“I will make a strawberry field over there and plant winter strawberry seedlings. We will also make a cage where Julia and her cubs can rest.”

“I’ll have to get some good wood from the temple again.”

“I was thinking of building a smokehouse behind this one. You can smoke to your heart's content. This winter, you can eat lots of strawberries, smoked meats and sausages. You can look forward to it.”

"for a moment. Strawberry aside, how do you manage the ingredients for smoked meat and sausages? There is no meat in the fields.”

“I have to work. All this winter we have to work hard to harvest the Labyrinth Mushrooms. When are we going to the greenhouse?”

Hazel's winter plan clearly included Iskanda. He was pleased with that fact.

The two talked and looked around the place that would become the new farm. Then I went back into the house.

"Oh yeah! You should have dinner."

Hazel put a large pot on the fire. Then I took out the bowl I had prepared in advance in the cupboard.

"Tonight is farm-style fried chicken."

"Five!"

Iskanda was pleased.

It was Hazel's cooking show in an outdoor play. Even in the midst of burning with jealousy for Marquis Lanley, the smell of fried chicken has attacked the stomach without mercy.

You'll get to taste it so quickly!

A delicious smell filled the small kitchen. After marinating in buttermilk, the chicken coated in herb seasoning flour was cooked to a delicious golden brown color.

Hazel pulled out the fried chicken. After draining the oil, put it in a basket and set it down on the table.

Uncle Karl's secret recipe had one clear purpose. It was to feed the family as much fried chicken as possible.

Pepper, basil, garlic powder, oregano, thyme, and other seasonings are exquisitely permeated to remove the smell of chicken and add flavor. No matter how much you eat,

you won't get tired of it, and it's fried chicken that makes your taste buds even to the last piece.

Hazel served cabbage here. The fresh, crunchy, and sweet taste of cabbage, which is delicious to eat as it is, was washed clean and cut into bite-size pieces. I sprinkled a very light dressing with a refreshing taste.

The steaming hot fried chicken with a single bite and fresh cabbage went very well together. There was also plenty of cider and ginger beer. If your mouth is sore or your throat is sharp, you can drink one of them depending on your mood at the time.

It was a very hearty dinner.

“I think Tiberius has grown quite a bit over the past month.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I don't know if the buttocks were pressed and then stretched out... .”

Even such a leisurely conversation made the food more savory.

Iskanda was full of delicious farm dishes. It has been a long time since I cut firewood and relieved stress. I pounded hard at the place where the nail came out.

We had such a good time and parted with the promise of the next one.

As he returned to the Imperial Palace, he suddenly realized.

It was only natural that Hazel was not interested in the topic of marriage.

'Cause I'm happy with my life right now

I really felt it today. Farm life was full of happiness. He knew that fact better than anyone. Even though he had nothing to envy as the emperor of the empire, he made an effort to keep coming to the farm.

He seemed to understand why Hazel kept trying to keep it a secret. The happiness was quiet, cozy, and peaceful. I didn't want to break it.

Everyone wants to be happier. No one wants to be less happy than they are now. With no guarantee that you will be happier in the future, who wants to jump into a new life?

The knowledgeable emperor, who had never been in a relationship, suddenly realized one truth.

Marriage is not the end of two people meeting. Two lives met.

That night.

Iskanda sat in the strategy room, contemplating.

In the meantime, Hazel has shown him how wonderful and wonderful his world is.

But he didn't.

Even the Imperial Palace is never pushed to the farm. Hazel is so unique, but ordinary people long for the splendid life of the imperial palace.

okay. Let's show the power of the Imperial Palace!

he decided

the next day.

When Hazel got up patted on the waist after weeding the field, the maids of the Imperial Palace came to visit.

“Your Majesty is calling.”

“What happened?”

“Come at once. It’s a very good thing.”

They secretly led Hazel to the back door of the chimney. And I opened the door to a certain room.

Hazel was disappointed. There was no Iskanda, only a bathtub.

“I’m going to take a bath from now on.”

"Yes? why?"

“Your Majesty asked me to do it just once.”

“Do you smell me?”

“That’s not it. This is a massage only for women of the royal family.”

They put the hazel in a bathtub full of all kinds of precious ingredients. Then, she put on a soft robe and laid her on a soft bed. I started the massage by applying high-quality perfume to my shoulders and limbs.

“There’s a lot going on here.”

"how is it? Are you cool?"

Hazel was released two hours later.

Upon receiving the maid's report, Iskanda smiled of conversion.

how is it? The taste of Hogang?

'I also like money.', 'I think I'm addicted.' Anticipating such a reaction, I went to the farm.

But an unexpected sight met him. Hazel, who should have been moving around vigorously, was lying in bed.

“Are you here?”

Booth got up and fell down. My whole body was sobbing. Iskanda asked in surprise.

“Why did you do this?”

“All the peasant muscles were relaxed. I can't move. The body is very fragrant, but... ... .”

“... ... .”

“It doesn't suit me.”

this is a failure

Iskanda erased an item from her mind.

But there was still a lot left.

As soon as the farmer's muscles were restored, he took Hazel to the imperial treasury.

“You know what I found?”

proudly raised the badge.

Various items were displayed in large and small glass boxes. Rake, pitchfork, shovel, axe... . . . They were all farm implements. However, it was no ordinary farm implement. It was adorned with gold and silver jewels.

“Remember the silver-plated pearl hoe I gave you last time? Turns out, everything else was there. Use this when farming on new land. A luxury item like this suits you.”

“... . . .”

Hazel quietly rolled her eyes.

"what's the matter? Are you saying you have to buy a new one anyway? Don't you like it?"

"no. pretty. However... . . .”

“But what?”

“I can happily take a hoe, but... . . . Because farm implements are as important to me as a swordsman's sword. I wanted to go from store to store and choose each one by myself.”

failed again.

The light disappeared from Iskanda's eyes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't even know that... ."

"Together!"

Hazel said quickly.

"Shall we go buy farm equipment together? I think it will be more enjoyable if we choose them together."

Iskanda's face, which had been pale for a moment, brightened.

The two put on their cloaks and sneaked out of the palace. Since the day I went to see the mirror of truth, it seemed like it was the first time we went out together.

I was excited for a while.

"There!"

Some reporters appeared from all directions and followed them.

How did know?

The two looked at each other in disbelief.

There was a limit no matter how much it was hidden around. The quick-witted reporters did not miss the strange atmosphere between the two. He was hiding near the Imperial Palace to catch the secret meeting.

"Escape now!"

The two quickly ran away. He ran for a long time and barely escaped reporters.

Another failure

Iskanda was frustrated. But Hazel smiled brightly.

“You practiced well! You will have to get used to this situation in the future! It’s also fun in its own way.”

"Do you really think so? I thought you ruined everything because of me... . . . .”

“It is not. Remember what I said before? Sir Valentine, Your Majesty, turned all the bad memories into good ones. If I can do it, I want to do it too.”

After all, massages, jewelry, and being chased by reporters are all bad memories, right?

But apart from that, Iskanda was strangely moved.

He was trying, but Hazel was trying too. I was trying to do something good.

As I looked at each other and smiled, I suddenly realized.

When I was running away from reporters earlier, I inadvertently held hands. To this day, I still hold on to it.

"Ah!"

They were both surprised. But like last time, I didn't let go. He pretended that his hand was paralyzed and held on to it.

I don't want to miss it.

Iskanda thought.

But the two were very different. For nearly 20 years, I have lived in a background of polar opposites. Their lifestyles, consumption habits, and ways of thinking were all so different.

Is there any way to get closer by narrowing the distance?

He fell into deep anguish.

Iskanda didn't know, but while he was in such anguish, Hazel too was troubled.

Aunt Martha from rural Belmont believed in one superstition.

When the farmer sits silently, little goblins appear and secretly mess up their hair. Then the thoughts in your head get entangled even more and you can't get them out.

So, you have to move faster than ever. To prevent the goblins from following.

That was a really good lesson. As I was busy moving around, my concerns were often resolved.

But this time it was different. This should be asked by someone else.

Hazel felt that way. So I went out of the farm.

Outside the Grand Garden, people gathered in the courtyard leading to the main building of the Imperial Palace. They were magic officers who worked in the stables of the Imperial Palace.

In front of him, I found the minister of the palace. They gathered the magistrates and gave them various instructions.

This old god is very cool and professional. He is also very good at interpersonal relationships. There are many life experiences. And always wants to help Hazel. If you ask me something, I will give you very detailed advice. However... . . . .

No.

Hazel shook her head and turned around.

In front of the main building of the imperial palace, palace officials in charge of each specialized field gathered and talked. These white deer were also wise and seasoned. However... . . . .

No.

Hazel also shook her head and turned around.

If you go up from here, you will find the Holy Knights Training Ground. Lewis, Lorendel, Sigwald, Cayenne... . . . . No matter who you talk to, they will be happy to listen.

But it was the same. I could never even give advice to them, who were kind and friendly.

Hazel's footsteps spontaneously headed for the Empress Dowager Palace surrounded by elm trees. When there was a difficult problem, the kind face of the Empress Dowager always came to mind.

However, this case was an exception. Now, I couldn't ask for advice from the worries that complicate my head.

"what? I hate Your Majesty so much!"

All of them were shocked and clearly seen in front of them. Even the most serious Sir Siegwald will be forced to widen his eyes.

Thinking about it, I wanted to go into a mouse hole. The tongue did not move. I couldn't raise my head.

Grandpa often said.

- You never know what will happen between people later. Always make a corner to get out of.

Now that I was nineteen, I thought I knew what that meant.

I can't help it.

I decided to go there after just taking a look around the Empress Dowager Palace.

A house resembles a person. After the Empress Dowager began to move freely, the palace surrounded by trees was filled with a bright and comfortable atmosphere.

Hazel walked slowly.

Beyond the fountain where a thin stream of water gushes out. A lady was walking in front of the bushy promenade that seemed to be surrounded by green walls.

Hazel thought her back looked exactly like someone.

Could it be your maid?

It seemed right. However, it was a clumsy gait that was not like the elegant Duchess, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager.

I quickly found out why. She was now walking with her skirt full of something.

Its identity was also quickly revealed. Before long, a red apple fell from her skirt.

"Oh!"

It was still heartbreaking to see the carefully grown branches fell to the ground. Hazel quickly ran and reached out. He succeeded in snatching the apple before it touched the ground.

“Be quick!”

The waitress accepted the apology as if it was surprising and amusing.

Her skirt was already full of sixteen apples. Hazel asked curiously.

“Why are you carrying an apple like this?”

“I just got it myself. In the apple tree garden behind the archives. All the courtiers gathered there and picked apples.”

“Why all of a sudden? Anything that opens on a tree is treated like a decoration.”

“Because of Miss Hazel.”

The waitress replied with a smile.

“Your Majesty gathered everyone and said, 'Farm or learn!' And did you gossip? It must have hurt my pride, though, that everyone would run to the farm and talk about it. Instead, I guess I decided to watch Miss Hazel do it and imitate it. In this way, farming could become very popular in the Imperial Palace.”

"really? Will such a day ever come?"

“I think that's enough. Was it really fun? I am going to give this apology to the Empress Dowager as a souvenir. I should have washed it clean first... .”

“I'll help you!”

Hazel shared half of the apples in her apron. I followed the handmaiden to a secluded place in the garden.

Soon there was a small spring with clean water rippling out. It seemed like a place no one could enter.

“It is a spring that has been given tea for high-ranking people since ancient times.”

The waitress explained.

I received cold, clear water and washed the apple peel until it made a popping sound. Hazel then glanced at the handmaiden.

The Empress Dowager's handmaiden, the Duchess, was quiet and weighty. It is said that when the Empress Dowager suffered persecution in the past, she fought bravely more than anyone else. He was a trustworthy character in many ways. You may be lucky to have met by chance.

Hazel thought so and opened her mouth.

“Madame, if it's okay with you, would you mind listening to my concerns while I was washing my apples?”

"sure. Tell me whatever you want.”

The Duchess of Winterfeld responded and glanced at Hazel.

Could it be that?

There was a slight sense of anticipation. Those expectations were not met.

“Actually, I have someone I like.”

“Oh my gosh, right?”

The waitress pretended to be startled.

Now, the Queen Princess and other people were anxious to hear some kind of story from this farm girl. However, he himself, who was not very close, heard the story. Thought it was ironic, I listened with a serious attitude.

“So?”

“Surprisingly, we had feelings for each other. It was only recently that we realized and confessed to each other. At that moment, I was the happiest in the world. However... .”

Hazel hesitated for a moment. Soon after, he confessed his worries with a serious face as if carrying all the troubles of the world.

“Then that’s the problem. If you really liked it, you wouldn't be able to... . It kind of feels like they don't fit well together.”

"Five!"

The maid, who was very nervous, burst into laughter.

“That’s the way it is!”

“Really? It's really hard for me... .”

“It’s like that!”

The maid said again.

“Then I’m glad... . . . .”

Hazel was a little relieved then.

“I understand that he is trying to be nice to me. But sometimes it looks too grandiose. Like giving them gorgeous jewelry, or calling my grandfather right away to have a wedding... . . . .”

what?

The maid almost overturned all the well-cleaned apples.

"i See. He has a very hot personality.”

"I think so."

Hazel shook her head.

“I have dreamed of working on a farm together when I have gray hair. But other things don't draw well. He's a very important person in this country. When we're together, we're friendly and comfortable, but when we're apart, I feel like a huge person... . . . .”

Hazel groaned and continued.

“Did it look like I had to push? So would you be upset? Until now, I had hurt him several times without knowing anything. I don't want to do that in the future. So when I was speechless, I decided to say something like this. 'I like it anyway!' But is this good?”

Seeing her seriously contemplating and consulting, the maid smiled.

“I think I’m good at it. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with being honest. Miss Hazel was honest from the very beginning. I've known him since he submitted me an application for a cooking contest. 'The purpose of application for the competition: the gold ring!'”

“Did you remember?”

"sure!"

The waitress nodded her head.

“Can I tell you an old story? There was someone I liked too. He was a knight.”

Hearing those words also reminded Hazel.

When I went to Lewis's house to borrow a prom dress, Sigwald and Lewis talked about a book with pictures of the imperial knights. It was a story of regret that the handmaiden, who was close to the Empress Dowager, and Sir Randolph, the imperial knight, did not go well.

“Prime Minister Mercurio, who was in charge of the Emperor’s dirty work, looked at me. He tried to force me, his handmaiden, to become his second wife without the permission of His Majesty the Empress. Seon-hwang, though, was loyal only to the Empress and tried to get rid of me, who was a thorn in the eye, in that way. First, after removing the person who was my lover... .”

The handmaiden blurted out her words.

“At the time, I was in turmoil. I hated the old and filthy Mercurio terribly, but for the sake of the Empress, I have to go into his house and get some important secrets... . My lover didn't understand me like that. Falling in despair, he fell into the Emperor's trap and died. Since then, I haven't had a single day without thinking about it. What if I had been a little more honest with my feelings? How will the future of the two of us be different? ... ?”

She sighed and was startled.

"this. I'm not consulting on my worries, I'm just lamenting my situation."

“No, maid! It must be a difficult story, but thank you for telling me this.”

"is that so? In any case, the Duke of Winterfeld, who had remained single until the age of 70, took pity on me and rescued me. No one knew that it was a nominal marriage, but Mercurio could no longer reach out to me. Anyway, that ugly old man, the Emperor, and the villainous Camilla, all have long since died and returned to the earth. We have nothing to worry about.”

The maid smiled.

“And you don't have to ask me. Miss Hazel already knows the answer, doesn't she? What an absurd face Madame Elegance conveyed! You said, 'Sir, do humans have to be perfect?’

"Ah!"

Hazel's face turned red.

“I usually think that way, but at that time, I really hated practicing etiquette... . . . .”

“Anyway, you are right. From a distance, everything seems to fit well, but as the distance gets closer, you realize the reality. Growth background, values, living environment... . . . . They'll all collide. But what about it? As Miss Hazel said, we don't have to be perfect. But I think you need to be brave.”

The waitress advised.

Yes. That was really true.

Hazel thought.

Thanks to the apology, I got an unexpected realization. It's time to move forward bravely and not be afraid to collide.

If so, I had a good idea.

The next day, from early in the morning, the workers of the imperial palace came to visit.

“Group 1 is pulling all the trees from here to here! Group 2 lifts and moves! Group 3 is in charge of cleaning up!”

Finally, a new land was created.

Hazel watched in amazement as the workers pluck and move the trees in the great garden. Then he calmed down and walked out.

Today I had to be more diligent.

I got out of the palace and got on a carriage. I ordered winter strawberry seedlings in search of some savings I had saved up to buy a farm in the past.

It's hard to find good things when you're really close like this. But since I said last time, I was able to keep some good seedlings in advance, thanks to the constant face-painting.

Then he went to the manpower office and hired workers to build the smokehouse. As I was out of town, I stopped by the veterinary clinic.

“The temporary milk production period for our farm cows is coming to an end... ..”

Before going to find Julia's groom, I also made an appointment for a medical check-up.

Then, when I returned to the farm, the workers had already removed all the trees and moved them.

Hazel's eyes widened as she looked around the new land that was exposed. The famous horses in the stables of the Imperial Palace were diligently plowing the ground with their dignified muscular bodies and plows attached to them.

“What is this... .”

“It’s a celebration gift!”

The minister of the palace came over with a broad smile.

Oh, that's why you talked to the Marshals yesterday!

It was only then that Hazel was able to understand the cunning and grateful intentions of the old god. They greeted each other with the same smile.

"Thank you very much. I did a lot of work."

“Good luck!”

The minister of the palace shrugged his shoulders. An expression of unbearable gloom appeared on his face.

“If this is the case, can it be said that I, as a farmer's neighbor, is gradually developing? I've learned that you have to plow a field before you can farm it! What a terrifying thing!”

“Yes, I think you have become a good neighbor of the farmer now. You can be impressed.”

“It’s not that my progress is immeasurable, it’s the land. It's great that the family's land wasn't confiscated, but it's already the second time you've been given a new land! Are you going to be crazy busy for a while?”

“I think so. However... .”

Hazel glanced at the smiling minister of the palace.

How can I say something so that it doesn't sound strange?

Then he opened his mouth.

“Who is not busy these days? In particular, the Imperial Palace must be very busy, right? As always.”

“What do you say? I'm always out of my mind Especially these days, I want to borrow machine dolls from anywhere!”

“It was, too. Even if you know such a situation, how can you pretend not to be right next to you? So I thought. How about doing a pumasi?”

"Eh?"

The minister of the palace had a bewildered face.

“Pumasi... . ? What was that?”

“We help each other with our neighbors in the countryside. Sowing seeds, planting seedlings, gleaning, trimming vegetables, chasing birds in the grain fields by tapping buckets, picking up stones from the fields before harvesting... .”

Hazel explained step by step.

“It means that you want to find a side job in the Imperial Palace.”

The minister of the palace made an expression as if his eyes were about to pop out again.

“A side job in the palace?”

"Yes. You can do it several hours a day. Any chores is fine, but if anything... . . . .”

Hazel paused for a moment.

“Whether it’s cleaning the office or driving a car to the office... . . . .”

oh oh

The quick-witted minister of the palace quickly recognized Hazel's inner intentions.

All of a sudden, I was told that I was going to have a side job at the Imperial Palace. Do you mean that you want to see His Majesty up close and more often?

right!

He shouted inwardly.

Since you have acquired a new land, 24 hours a day must not be enough to hang on it. He decided to devote his precious time to his majesty the farmer. It was really something to celebrate.

Let's announce this good news quickly.

The minister of the palace thought so and looked at Hazel.

“Miss Hazel is a very talented person! All you have to do is pick and choose. Your Majesty will recommend something good. Come on, let's go.”

"Yes? Your Majesty? You're meeting His Majesty over such a small thing?"

boring sound!

Instead, the words came out of his throat.

Hazel didn't know her fountain now. How can it be such a small thing to meet His Majesty's first love and the one and only object he's completely obsessed with? Do I have to say it's really savvy? The attitude of procrastinating on personal matters was very similar to the two.

“Actually, even if it seems small, it is by no means small. Cleaning or driving a car... .”

He dragged Hazel out of the farm fence, babbling on anything.

At that time, the Pegasus Hall, the emperor's office.

A man was now called there. 'It has come.' It was the Marquis of Lanley with a very frightened face.

he said earnestly.

“Your Majesty, listen to me first before sending me to the dungeon. I really did nothing wrong... .”

“That's not it.”

Iskanda cut his horse. There was an awkward silence for a moment.

“I can’t tell you in detail because I have to keep my faith, but... . . . . Actually, it was me who made the mistake. I have misunderstood about a loyal subject like you. Now I want you to clear up your misunderstanding.”

"Yes?"

Marquis Lanley was stunned.

All because of a misunderstanding?

What kind of misunderstanding was it that you tried to catch and kill someone? How can such a misunderstanding be resolved so easily?

“As an apology, let me cut the property tax you owe sooner or later in half. In the form of payment on my behalf from my personal funds.”

"Ah."

it's a tax cut. It's true that you're really sorry.

The Marquis Lanley finally cleared all doubts.

"thank you. Paying taxes is one of my pleasurable duties, but I will be grateful for Your Majesty's grace for a lowly subject. Your Majesty, I am very happy now.”

“You think your face is going to die for something like that? After all, was it unpleasant that I was staring at you?”

"no! In fact, my face has been like this since the hunting contest ended. I mustered up the courage to confess my feelings to a very good woman, but she immediately refused. It's

because I'm too short. She wanted to give her everything, but she took only one bodyguard. After paying a fair price.”

“That... . . . .”

The Emperor's reaction surprised Marquis inwardly.

The Marquis, like everyone else, felt a distance mixed with fear from the conquering emperor, the ruler of the empire.

But at this moment, His Majesty, who was several years younger than himself, was showing sincere sympathy for his pain.

what? What is happening to your Majesty?

Marquis Lanley tilted his head and backed away.

He was distracted by his own problems now. He was unaware of all the rumors floating around in the Imperial Palace.

But if I had been there a little longer, I might have gotten a clue to solve the question. After a few minutes, a dark brown-haired farm girl appeared in the hallway.

“You should get used to this area now.”

The minister of the palace pushed Hazel on the back. Before Hazel could say anything, he shouted loudly.

"your Majesty! This is Miss Mayfield!"

Iskanda was surprised when she checked the schedule.

what?

Even so, I was thinking of Hazel after sending Marquis Lanley. I always thought about it, but I thought more seriously.

But does the party show up right away?

Before she could do anything, Hazel slipped into the office. It was both surprising and enjoyable.

“What happened all of a sudden?”

Although he was not good at expressing his emotions, the words came out as if he was being questioned.

"that is... .."

Hazel rolled her eyes, trying to answer. His gaze was taken away for a moment by the splendid scenery of the office.

Oh!

Iskanda hurriedly cleared away the cluttered papers. The empty teacup was also gently pushed back.

Hazel didn't notice any of Iskanda's actions.

It was new to meet you like this in the office. In a magnificent space that shows the dignity of the empire, wearing robes and concentrating on state affairs made me feel like a great potato. In other words, it looked squishy, yet full, solid, and solid.

Hazel was happy for a moment, then came to his senses.

Seeing that he was so embarrassed but at the same time liking him, he was good at bravely jumping in as the maid said. With that thought in mind, I pulled out the dragon.

“Anyway, I came here to find a job.”

“A job?”

“We are both so busy that we only see each other briefly in the morning and evening. Instead, I think it would be better to spend time together during the daytime. With the concept of pumasi, even doing chores like cleaning... .”

"Ah!"

Iskanda was amused.

“What a great idea! Of course, you have to sit still. I will do the cleaning.”

"Yes? That's kind of weird. It doesn't fit the purpose of Pumasi... .”

Saying that, Hazel looked around the office again.

“By the way, this place is clean. No need to clean. What else can I do? Helping you do government affairs, you can be together naturally... .”

Iskanda was stunned.

Wait a minute. Isn't that the perfect empress?

“Hey, you're thinking of something else.”

The minister of the palace shook his head.

He has been caring for him since the time of the Crown Prince. I could tell just by hearing that my breathing was getting rough.

Although he could hear breathing, he wasn't eavesdropping on what was going on inside.

I came to know about it through decades of living in the Imperial Palace. Even though it is outside the door, there is a place where words can be heard strangely, depending on the structure of an old building or ventilation.

I'm just standing there by chance. Even the founding emperor knows my loyalty.

The minister of the palace was immersed in thought as he looked at the portrait hanging in the hallway.

In the office, the sound of chattering without a moment's rest could be heard continuously. Of course, it was fine as it is, but as I listened quietly, a question came to mind.

Is it going to be like that forever?

Sir Lewis secretly stretches out his magical beasts a little each day, and now when he meets Hazel, he holds hands, pulls his cheeks, and pats him on the shoulder.

I'd rather it look better that way. More wholesome than your girlfriend!

The minister of the palace thought, fixed his gaze on the portrait of the founding emperor.

Well... . . . I wish something hot would happen.

That was then.

bang!

The handrail on the stairway down the hallway bumped into something and shook. The minister of the palace opened his eyes wide.

Instead of national defense, Milov was running frantically.

"your Majesty!"

The door to the office swung open and the Minister of National Defense rushed in.

Iskanda and Hazel were astonished. I didn't do anything, but it felt as if I had done something.

"your Majesty!"

Instead of national defense, Milov did not notice the strange atmosphere at all. She is the most capable of the ministers, and at the age of fifties, she can handle a much larger amount of work than most other 20-somethings.

She only knew work. It was not at all odd that Hazel was in the office.

Well done!

He was happy and approached him and grabbed his hand.

"Miss Mayfield! You did it again!"

"Yes... ..?"

Miloff looked at Iskanda instead of answering.

"your Majesty! Attempts to export 'Gnome Eggs' have finally come to fruition. A call came from the north. They say they are sending envoys to negotiate."

"okay?"

Iskanda's eyes changed.

Hazel was also surprised by this unexpected news.

According to the common sense of current affairs studied for the bank entrance exam, the northern kingdom called 'Northern Kingdom' was quite troublesome.

Since the barbarians at the border were acting as a kind of fence, successive emperors ignored the barbarians even if they caused some damage to the people.

Only Iskanda could not bear it and subjugated it. So now, without a shock absorber, we are facing the northern country directly.

"Even those with a rough nature couldn't help but be concerned. As Your Majesty is well aware, Northern Country also has one Grand Cavalier. If we can build an amicable relationship with each other on this occasion, it will be a lot of trouble."

"right."

Iskanda nodded her head.

"Now is not the time. Receiving the envoys should be our top priority."

And he glanced at Hazel. want a job? Perhaps the Empress is still burdened... . . .

"Come in as a guest member of the National Advisory Council!"

boldly suggested.

"okay. That would be nice."

The Minister of National Defense also said the same.

"Yes?"

Hazel was perplexed.

A job where you can be together naturally while helping with government affairs.

If you think about it that way, the conditions are right... ... ?

But I couldn't help being confused.

All of a sudden, it went into the backbone of the country!

15. A spoonful of secret ingredients for a national emergency (1) The

empire was buzzing with the news of the visit of the envoys.

The North decided to send four high-ranking officials this time. All were trade and diplomatic experts.

As all of the envoys were in high positions, they could not leave their seats for long. Therefore, it is said that in the northern countries, they move quickly through a magic technique called 'gate'. Including the time to review and approve the use of magic within the Imperial Territory, the total travel time was 7 days.

“North Korea is hot-tempered and closed.”

The Minister of National Defense, who is also an expert on the North, said.

“I am also very proud of myself. If you feel insulted, you will surely repay it, even at the cost of your life. So, never touch their pride. While maintaining the imperial dignity, on the other hand, only careful and careful diplomacy will ensure that there will be no disturbance.”

"that's right. Since there has been no interaction for a long time, we have to approach it very carefully.”

The Empress Dowager also showed a tense look. Although he did not go to the front, he decided to direct the whole situation as an adult of the imperial family.

Of course, the Empire also had a department dedicated to foreign affairs. However, after subjugating the barbarians, they became infinitely indolent. Many of them are even being investigated for this corruption case involving Abbas Mamon.

“It’s useless anyway.”

Iskanda abandoned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I'm glad I did the screening ahead of the big day. With that in mind, I started preparing.

This news, of course, also reached the palace of Archduke Athena. Through the servants, a dignified order was issued to fulfill the duties of the Grand Duchess.

“You have to know this way!”

Athena was upset.

He contributed to the arrest of the treasury minister who committed the corruption, but no one praised the fact.

“Why did you rush there in the first place?”

I was just babbling like that.

No one believed that it was to seize the discipline of the imperial palace.

That was pretty serious.

In the Imperial Palace, everyone lies. Whether or not you believe it is not the truth. that person's power

If you have power, no matter how shallow it is... ... For example, even if it is the level of coercion that says, 'I accidentally fell and stabbed him with my sword drawn,' he believes in a rush.

But people chose not to believe in Athena. Since when did they become so cold-hearted! 'You must have run away thinking you're cool because you have a plan!' ' he murmured. All of them were at one time anxious to be seen by Athena.

People who cling to power are like mice. When the house shows signs of collapsing, the first thing to do is to rush out.

It was unbearable anger.

As Athena was biting her nails, her scribe, Kerual, approached her.

“You have to do it really well this time.”

“What are you good at? I was completely pushed out of the center! What can you do in this situation?”

“It is still too early to be disappointed. Grand Duchess, this time may be a game-changing golden opportunity.”

uhm?

Athena looked at Kerual.

“What kind of opportunity is the visit of the envoys? No matter how talented you are to fly, you can't make any conspiracies this time around. That handsome Hazel is now a member of the National Advisory Council.”

“I am not trying to conspire. Anyway, leave it on. I will not be wrong.”

Kerual answered confidently.

What the hell do you believe in saying something like that?

Athena looked at her with puzzled eyes.

Kerual always said, 'This will work well, that way it will work.' And I put the hunsu.

Such hunsu sounded very plausible. But come to think of it, isn't there something worse after meeting this auburn haired beauty?

Athena secretly cast a suspicious look.

After a while, Kerual left and Madame Frances, the daughter-in-law of the Grand Duchess, entered. Athena asked her quietly.

“Is Kerual your wife’s younger brother?”

"sure!"

The waitress answered without hesitation.

Archduke Athena's gaze wandered in the air for a moment. Then I headed out the window in one direction.

Of course, it was nowhere to be seen from this side. But I was passing by in the morning and saw it.

Out of season, the farm was covered in lush greens.

Hazel overslept somewhat because of hard work after a long absence.

Maybe it could have been better. But I woke up to the sound of clutter from outside.

The work of widening the land and extending the fence is over. The farm is not noisy from morning.

no... .. have.

There was a sharp rise in the status of the farm owner.

Visiting member of the National Advisory Council.

A guest is not a permanent employee. It means a person who has been temporarily invited from outside. We only help, we do not take direct responsibility.

Even so, it is a government advisory meeting. It is a historic Baekrimwon where no one would dare to enter except for the four commanders of the Holy Knights. The social world was about to turn upside down.

So it's no wonder that people flocked in the morning. This horse chestnut farm is a salon, not a home. Anyone can come

Ordinary people would be mean to them.

When have you been so ignorant of a country girl!

But Hazel didn't think so.

It wasn't that he was particularly generous. It was the same as everyone else's disdain for those who stick to one another according to their power.

However, his love for the farm and farming transcended all of them.

“The time has come!”

Hazel jumped up.

I quickly washed my face, changed clothes, and went outside.

I was only thinking of taking advantage of this opportunity. Among the many people in the Imperial Palace, only two people truly love each other. I was only thinking of doing farming, which is the taste of very few among very few.

"Everyone! nice to meet you! You came to have a good time!"

I ran up to him and shouted.

The court nobles gathered outside the farm were astonished.

They knew very well that it was an act of recklessness. Naturally, I knew the subject of interest would be annoyed, run away, or try to drive them away.

But welcome with open arms?

The nobles said it was right and entered the farm. It was an opportunity to get acquainted with a young lady who is emerging as a dazzling star in the social world. I could never miss it.

“What have you just planted in the new land your Majesty has given you? What is this?”

“It’s a strawberry!”

Hazel welcomed their attention.

“Some of you may not like eggplant or tomatoes, but strawberries don’t, right? I’ll be growing strawberries all fall and winter in my new strawberry garden. Winter strawberries are much sweeter and thicker than spring strawberries. How pretty is the combination of green leaves, white flowers, and red fruits... .”

The expressions of the nobles who listened intently to the bragging rights of the strawberry fields gradually darkened. You and I wrinkled your nose.

“What does this smell like?”

The field with green seedlings was beautiful. So I came in unattended, and a musty smell was transmitted through the air.

Usually, smell is something you get used to over time, even if you sting your nose at first. However, this stench pierced his nose as time passed.

I tried to be patient, but to no avail. Some eventually couldn't stand it and ran away, covering their noses with perfumed handkerchiefs.

“Wow!”

As if that signaled, the others fled, too.

this... . . .

Hazel was perplexed.

I forgot one thing.

While planting strawberries, I gave them plenty of manure. Several people came in at once, and as the colorful hem of their robe fluttered and fluttered, the smell spread everywhere.

“... . . Whoops.”

Even those who tried to stay until the end eventually raised the white flag.

This stinky smell reminded them of all the filthy landscapes they hated. I was afraid that the stench would come from the silk robes and expensive shoes. It was nice to make friends with a new rising star in the social world, but in front of the barrier of manure, there was nothing I could do.

“... . . .”

Hazel watched the last remaining nobles slowly disappear.

Strawberries require a lot of manure when growing. I'm sorry, but I had to keep spraying generously in the future.

The plan to start farming seemed to have failed again. shoulders drooped.

However... . . . . Someone stood tall in the garden where everyone had disappeared.

Hazel's face brightened again.

They were the commanders of the Holy Knights of the Empire.

“Miss Hazel!”

Lorendel was the first to greet me with a bright smile.

The high elf, who cherishes plants, had no objection to the smell of manure. And the rest of my friends managed to put up with it.

There was also war.

It was. To be honest, it was comparable to war. However, the friendship transcended even the smell of manure sprinkled on the strawberry fields.

In fact, they came today because they were worried about Hazel.

I was delighted to hear that I had become a guest member of the National Advisory Council.

However, knowing the ecology of the social world, I could not help but be concerned. The small farm was turned into a wasteland, and Hazel was hurriedly imagining such a scene that she might have been hit with a bomb by people.

But there was absolutely no need for that.

Whatever the case, Hazel persevered and did her job. Even the socialite hyenas couldn't stand it.

It was kind of a concern.

Lewis smiled and waved his hand.

“You seem to be doing well! Then see you at the next meeting!”

"okay!"

Hazel also waved her hand vigorously. After they disappeared, I hurriedly started my morning routine. I woke up late, so I had to drive it until early morning to finish it.

From this side to that side, from that side to this side. The figure of the peasant girl in a straw hat flashed from east to west. Palace officials passing by the farm greeted them with a smile.

“Hello, Commissioner!”

Commissioner? You're already calling me that!

My fingertips were about to get twisted at the too grandiose name. But Hazel resolutely accepted it. That's the way it was. Because he knew what this appointment meant.

I only had one question.

Just as the busy time of the morning passed, Iskanda sneaked in. It seems like it was late and I wanted to hear the stories from people.

“Did I appoint it too suddenly?”

"Yes. But it's ok. No one thinks that they are selfish or that they have given them a favor. I think so too. You must have entrusted me with such an important task because I have a job to do."

"Sure."

"But this time, there will be no room for farm cuisine or folk remedies, right? You have to be treated very lavishly from start to finish. It can be a very sensitive diplomatic issue."

"right."

"And I'm not a good singer like Sylvia, or a good instrumentalist like Maestro Conchi."

"Of course, I have no intention of entrusting you with such a job."

"Then what the hell am I supposed to do?"

"Salon tea party, cooking contest, templar exam, mushroom research presentation, heroic knight banquet... . Isn't it all successful if you just participate in anything? That's the point. You just have to stand there."

Hazel opened her mouth in surprise.

After all, it was a totem role!

"Of course not."

Iskanda added hastily.

"I want to show it to the envoys from the northern countries. the cultural level of our empire. The fact that we have great talent that is nowhere to be found."

After all, it was an international expression of 'don't you have this in your house?' Hazel's mouth widened even more.

"is that so? Surely, even in northern countries, it doesn't seem like there are people who farm in the middle of the royal palace, but... . . . ."

It didn't seem like what he was thinking. It seemed that he was really planning to show Hazel proudly in front of the Northern Envoys.

I was really glad no one was listening.

Seeing this, I had a real reason to participate in the reception of the envoys.

One of the two must be alert.

It was natural for him to be excited. This potato liked to build some achievements. There was no exchange with the northern countries for a long time, but it was only during his reign that they came into contact through special products.

"I see. Anyway, let's find a way to make a good impression on the Shinigami. I also prepare small souvenirs."

"You must be busy."

Iskanda turned back with a happy face.

It was only later that I heard the stories around me and became worried. However, the rapid rise in status had little effect on the farm.

Hazel was coping well, which puts my mind at ease. I headed to the main building through the dark road to return to work.

But then.

A strange feeling touched my chest.

There was a strange commotion. Like the rising and setting of the sun, a certain order that I was accustomed to and didn't even care about was slightly disturbed.

At the same time, a certain scene appeared in front of my eyes. It was the people of the north wearing hoods and sloppy national costumes.

no way... . . .

Iskanda immediately took a step back. Instead of going to the Oval Office, I went to the office where the foreign ministers were gathered.

“What kind of people did you say the envoys visiting this time were?”

“They were called high-ranking officials in the fields of trade and diplomacy.”

“Is there any other news after that?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. There was nothing.”

At that moment, the illusion came to mind again. This time it was a little clearer. Among the four northern peoples, the hood of the one who stood in the front was blown away by the wind. The sharp blue eyes gleamed.

Iskanda raised her eyes.

Apparently they lied. Coming as a messenger was not just a bureaucracy.

He hurried to the Tower of Knowledge.

that time.

The farm was also busy.

Workers came to the farm with loads of materials. It took some time to be checked by the guards, but we arrived safely to the place where the client was.

“This is it.”

Hazel led the workers to a new land. The work started right away on a flat, compacted spot.

They were experts. The bricks were first piled up, and then nails were nailed to the pre-cut trees according to the standard to make a small house in an instant. It was the house of meat, not people, that was the smokehouse.

If you fill this small space with meat and light it in a brick oven, you can make delicious smoked meat or sausages.

It was not yet time to work. But when I piled up a corner full of firewood, my heart was happy. It was exactly what I often see on rural farms.

"Thanks for your efforts."

Hazel paid the workers.

There was still some time left until the time of poom-at, that is, the time to go to work for the government advisory meeting room. I decided to use that spare time.

Hazel went to the kitchen and took out the basket. It was filled with red apples.

When I heard that an apple had been opened in the Imperial Palace, my hands were itching. While I was on my way to get water, I took the time to pick up a basket.

However, there was one twist.

The apples were tasteless.

It was sour, astringent, and fresh. All the other fruits harvested in the Imperial Palace were delicious. This apple was a different kind.

I couldn't let it go though. Hazel decided to make caramel apples.

First, ground the peanuts finely. After washing the apples, soak them in boiling water for a while. A wooden skewer was put in the middle.

You can make the caramel yourself, but there was something Lewis gave you. All you have to do is unpack it and put it in a pot to melt it.

Melted and sticky caramel put apples in it. Hold the skewer and turn it round and round to spread it evenly.

The apples were coated in shiny brown caramel and coated in peanut powder. To make it look more appetizing, I left the caramel on the top.

Once it was all done, it was time.

Hazel puts the caramelized apples in the basket. They rushed to the neighboring imperial palace.

I have visited the meeting room of the National Advisory Council once before. When she found out that the farm fairy was the Empress Dowager and asked for advice from Lewis, she took Hazel there to listen to all the advice.

I couldn't even imagine it then. Someday I will become a member of the advisory council and return to this place.

“You are Commissioner Mayfield!”

The servants shouted loudly and opened the door.

Everyone got up inside. The four commanders of the Holy Knights had already arrived and were waiting.

"Hello."

We met in the morning, but Hazel greeted me warmly again. And put the basket down on an antique table steeped in history and tradition.

“I made some caramelized apples. I have the caramel that Sir Lewis gave me.”

"Ah!"

Louise's face brightened.

Hazel is really always trying to feed something. Even though it's a temporary job, even in this situation of first going to work!

Everyone thought it was fun and gathered around. I was given one caramelized apple on a wooden skewer.

It was the most delicious bat in the world. The bitter taste of apples disappeared thanks to the caramel sweet enough to melt your tongue. The sour taste was rather refreshing.

“By the way, Is Isu late?”

Cayenne glanced at the door, savoring the caramelized apple.

It's been quite some time since the confession in the forest.

It was uncomfortable to think of it as meeting eyes with friends. However, they also slowly entered the stage of accepting this 'secret relationship between the two of them'.

I was worried about what kind of masculine appearance I would see if Iskanda appeared. But now it seemed like they could enjoy the awkward acting of the two.

At that moment, the door to the conference room swung open.

“His Majesty the Emperor... ..”

Before the servant could tell, Iskanda rushed in. It was a very serious face. There was absolutely no reason to make such a face, so Cayenne had an odd thought for a moment.

Maybe we're eating together?

Of course it wasn't.

“It looks like the Grand Cavalier is coming from over there.”

Iskanda said with a sigh.

Everyone was surprised. That was too serious news to hear with a caramel apple in hand. Everyone put down their apologies.

“Grand Cavalier... ..”

Hazel muttered blankly as she wiped her caramelized hands.

There were only three Grand Cavaliers in the whole world. The emperor of the empire in front of you. A hermit in legend whose whereabouts are unknown. And those who rule the north.

“Who is the Grand Cavalier of the North?”

“It’s royalty. As the king's brother, he does not directly rule the country, but is said to rule as a real absolute. It has a long name like a royal family, but you can just call it 'Aibator'.”

Cayenne told me.

At that time, there was another commotion outside.

“You are the Empress Dowager!”

The Empress Dowager entered with the cry of the servant. Everyone got up from their seats.

When I treated the adults of the imperial family in such an emergency, I woke up. I'm so glad she got her health back.

“The Empress Dowager, this is truly amazing. What is North Korea's intention? There must be some purpose.”

The Empress Dowager carefully answered Lorendel's question.

“As the Minister of National Defense said, isn’t it a closed and proud kingdom? A person with such a status would come first. I don't think it's meant to be bad. They must have been concerned about the fact that they had to face the border with us right after the subjugation of the barbarians. It seems that they have no intention of establishing a good relationship with this export opportunity.”

And she looked at her son.

“Even though he hid the identity of the Shinigami, is it true that Aibator intentionally revealed his identity to His Majesty?”

Iskanda nodded her head.

"That's right. I did it on purpose."

“The meaning is clear. I'd like to see how the Empire treats this Aibator, our vessels. It's an uninhabited area of the North. Although we are a great power, if we confront the North, we will inevitably incur damage, large or small. On the other hand, if you coax well, you will benefit from each other. It's time to show the Empire's diplomatic capabilities."

They all agreed with the Empress's words.

Immediately, more thorough and meticulous preparations began.

The northern culture was not well known to the Empire, so I decided not to venture out. We have prepared a luxurious treat that will be appreciated by all nations.

Concerned about cultural differences, the interpreter was also verified several times. Also, for fear that unfamiliar subordinates would commit disrespect by putting the pride of the nation in the forefront, they started cracking down all at once.

'The envoys visiting this time are not just high-ranking officials. He is a much more significant figure. The imperial family is nervous.'

Rumors like this spread all over the palace.

Everyone guessed who this rumor was implied. I did not know the name of the king of the Northern Kingdom, but I knew the name of the Grand Cavalier. I couldn't help but be excited.

At this time, everyone is preoccupied with the envoys of the northern country.

The infamous Inferna Tower that houses political prisoners.

A visitor, wrapped in a cloak, was following the guard down the basement stairs.

The criminal was originally forbidden to visit. However, the visitor had a permit stamped with the imperial seal.

The jailer took her to the prisoner without any doubt. And she moved away so that she could fulfill her secret mission.

The visitor approached the grate on which the defensive magic was applied.

A gloomy wind shook the cloak. The reddish-brown hair that had been tightly tied was revealed.

She looked at the prisoner Abbas Mamon, whose body was bound in the restraints. Mamon also raised her head.

“Did you find out?”

"no."

Kerual replied coldly.

“The plan has changed. I decided to use the twist as a phone call. We'll find out soon. I keep shaking it well.”

Conversation was interrupted.

Kerual stared intently at Abbas Mamon with eyes that seemed to measure something. Knowing what that gaze meant, Mamon was horrified.

The guard looked at this. Kerual turned around. I just walked towards the exit.

She did not hold out the black paper. Abbas Mamon was lucky to find out and locked himself in the corner again.

that time.

There was a shadow sneaking into the dormitories of the maids of the imperial palace.

The shadow fumbled to find Kerual's room. He secretly opened the door with the universal key and entered.

As he was doing something he had never done before, the hand holding the lamp was trembling.

If you get caught, you can tell them that you were wondering what cosmetics Kerual uses. Everyone will believe it. Because he wants to make fun of the stupid Grand Duchess.

Athena sneaked through the room.

Contrary to expectations, there was nothing unusual. There were only a few beauty books, accessories, and clothes that any royal court maid would have.

joy!

Athena turned back with regret.

Still, the fact that Kerual is suspicious has not changed. Going out of the palace in the middle of the night like this. He said he wouldn't even have a permit to go out, but he was able to hang the diamond ring he had inherited from the Empress Dowager.

I'll figure it out somehow.

she bit her lip.

When everyone is focused on the Shinigami, they will uncover another secret conspiracy. So I'm going to flatten Hazel's nose.

Athena promised.

I'll show you who really helps this country!

In their own thoughts, the seven days passed quickly. Preparations were made to receive the envoys from the northern countries.

Hazel was also busy.

In addition to my usual farm work, I met Kitty from time to time. What is it like to be friends? In this case, the statement was true for both.

Hazel stabbed the public so that information that should be disclosed to the public could be reported before anyone else. Kitty worked hard to write articles friendly to the envoys, creating an atmosphere of peace.

Having a reliable reporter is a great help than I thought.

Besides that, I spent a long time in the herb garden. The newly built smoking room was also fully operational. Iskanda, who had little to do other than making decisions, stopped by frequently to supply the firewood.

The smoke that was constantly rising from the smokehouse mixed with the smell of manure from the strawberry fields to get rid of the stench.

In that peculiar autumn smell, the time has come.

“The Northern Envoys have just arrived at the appointment point in Jaland, north of Avalon, through the final gate. The Honor Guard is escorting us towards the Imperial Palace.”

The medic ran and reported.

Everyone was nervous.

Originally, the place to receive state guests was the banquet hall of the Imperial Palace. However, this time, respecting the fact that the opponent is a Grand Cavalier, we decided to go to the square in front of the Imperial Palace main building.

The Emperor, the Empress Dowager, the Grand Duchess, and the Crown Princess, as well as the imperial family, the commanders of the Holy Knights, and the dignitaries all gathered in robes. Of course, so did Hazel, a visiting member of the National Advisory Council.

Iskanda asked me to try on the fall dress he gave me today. It was good, even Hazel thought.

No matter how culturally different, there is no one who doesn't know that jewelry is precious. You would think that you did your best to receive the envoys.

In addition, it could be used for firing harsh horses if it was a chariot.

Everyone climbed onto the podium set up in the square. I sat down on a chair and waited for the envoys to arrive.

Before long, the carriage carrying the envoys entered the Imperial Palace surrounded by an honor guard. A luxurious procession drew nearer along the stretch of road.

"stop!"

The honor guard stopped first, and then the wagon followed. The trumpet sounded.

“The messengers have arrived!”

The servants shouted and announced.

While everyone held their breath and watched, the carriage door opened. The four reapers came out one by one.

In an instant, I felt a suffocating pressure.

But that feeling quickly disappeared. It was the first thing that came from the other side.

The Grand Cavalier of the North!

Hazel opened her eyes wide and looked up.

They were wearing traditional clothes with wide sleeves and baggy. The golden embroidery on the collar was very splendid. It was clear at a glance who was the Grand Cavalier among the four.

His first impression was that of a wolf. Even though it was the same Grand Cavalier, it was a far cry from Iscanda.

He could be said to be a handsome man, but he felt closer to the purple sweet potato family than the potato family. It wasn't to Hazel's taste. His dark purple hair and blue eyes looked wild and cruel.

I'm scared.

A farmer's liver was the size of a pea.

The other three were equally terrifying. A twin giant with wide shoulders and a slender man who somehow breathes life. Had we met on the road, we would have turned around and avoided it.

But I had to do my job.

Iskanda entrusted Hazel with an important task. It was to give the first greetings to the envoys.

He probably wouldn't have thought that Hazel would be afraid of them. Because he didn't give in to the more terrifying emperor.

okay. This is just prejudice.

Hazel took the basket she had prepared in advance and went down the podium.

“Welcome to the distinguished guests of Kachatoya.”

Saying goodbye, he handed the basket to the envoys.

What was inside was a cold wet towel. Peppermint and lemon myrtle are blended for a refreshing scent.

It was autumn, but it was low and hot. The weather was unfamiliar to the northern peoples in the cool climate. Rather than the towel itself, I wanted to let you know that the Empire cared about it.

And more importantly, the name.

In the Empire, they simply called it Northern Kingdom, but in fact, it was rude. North by Empire standards, because it is the center of the world by their standards. It was a mistake that was easy to make inadvertently by those who fell into imperialism.

The atmosphere changed when they showed that small things were treated with sincerity.

"nice to meet you. Hazel."

"Aibator, Taugar, Zaugar, Chezel."

The Grand Cavaliers introduced themselves. The face of the Shinigami visibly loosened. He looked at Hazel favorably in a gorgeous, pretty dress and braided hair in an elven way.

Iskanda was proud.

After all, there are no such talented people in northern countries, right?

Now it was my turn to say thanks from the other side. The interpreter who was waiting came forward.

But Aibator waved his hand.

"Empire is a large country and we are a small country, but thank you for reaching out like this in the first place. I will gladly accept the offer of peace."

He responded in a fairly fluent Imperial language, grabbing Hazel's hand in front of him and trying to pull him out.

uh?

In an unexpected situation, Hazel's hair turned white.

For a moment, my eyes flashed.

No one really saw what was happening in that moment.

After a blink of an eye, Iskanda popped out. Blocking Hazel in front of him, he stared at Aibator.

“What are you doing?”

In an instant, the atmosphere turned violent.

Aibator also glared at him. There was a tense tension between the two Grand Cavaliers. Just being there was like suffocation.

That was then.

“Where is this law?”

The imperial flamethrower appeared on behalf of all who were frozen.

“You are making fun of the girl who came out to say hello! What are you doing with the Empire? Did you come here to loot, not trade?”

Princess Katarina intervened, breathing fire. No coal was needed for this flamethrower. Besides, once she got hot, there was no one to follow her, as there was nothing to see.

At her bitter rebuke, the other side turned into a bewildered face. followed by indignation.

“Is this imperial diplomacy?”

One of the twin giants, Taugar, protested in fluent Imperial language.

“We really want to give it back! What are you guys doing looking at our Kachatoya? First, after offering a friendship in this way... ..”

“What are you talking about?”

Iskanda set the edge. He completely blocked Hazel's front and didn't try to back away. I couldn't even see the hem of my clothes over there.

The atmosphere was getting more and more intense. It was an instantaneous situation.

"for a moment."

After the Crown Princess, Sigwald intervened.

“I think there is some misunderstanding.”

The messengers looked at him.

A strong-looking face with a strong body. By the standards of the northern peoples, he must have been a hero.

Thought he would be able to communicate with him, Zaugar, one of the twin giants, opened his mouth.

“We are also crazy. Hasn't the Empire already sent us an envoy and told us everything?”

“I never sent a special envoy. This is our first contact.”

“Are you missing out? I have no idea what the hell he meant!”

Zaugar couldn't contain his anger and kicked the floor.

“The Empire has offered to marry Aibator-sama as a sign of reconciliation. Sending me a portrait of that young lady, saying that the Empress Dowager is an excellent resource that the Empress Dowager cherishes like her daughter... .”

"what?"

Everyone was astonished. The twin giants' patience was cut off at the shocking reaction.

“Are you also insulting us? In that case, I will make a life-and-death decision!”

"for a moment."

Aibator stopped them.

“Calm down, Zaugar. It looks like there was really some misunderstanding.”

He looked around. His gaze stopped at Hazel.

Hazel felt the chill again. This northern Grand Cavalier was like a wolf. Even though it was different from Iskanda, it was very different.

“At first, I didn't like the honche proposed by the Empire. Because it wasn't my taste at all!”

he said without hesitation.

“But peace between the two countries is important. Marriage is a good way to strengthen alliances. The Empress Dowager of the Empire cherishes her like her own daughter, and

she is said to be a precious friend of the head of state, including the commanders of the Holy Knights, so I thought that Aibator's wife was not enough. With that in mind, I looked at the portrait once a day and found it more and more cuter. Besides, it was even better when I actually met him. Although there was a misunderstanding, I think this is a relationship, and let's just get married for the sake of peace between our two countries."

What nonsense are you talking about!

Iskanda's blood gushed upside down. I've never heard anything more absurd and terrifying than this in my entire life.

"Sounds absurd!"

he was confused

"Hazel is my fiancée!"

shouted back and forth. Even if Hazel later hit him with his fist, he couldn't help it.

fiancée?

Everyone widened their eyes.

The people of the Empire opened their mouths. The envoys from the northern countries cast their skeptical eyes.

is that really

Hazel's heart sank.

The powers of the northern kingdom bowed down first and came in and proposed marriage. Considering the relationship between the two countries, it was a very sensitive issue. That was the only way to fix it smoothly.

"okay! that's right! Your Majesty and I are engaged!"

quickly struck a match.

Iskanda looked like she was just getting excited, but it was actually a good response.

North Korea strictly observed manners. He never even joked about his wife or fiancée.

“... ..”

Aibator looked at Hazel with his mouth shut. It was a look that didn't make sense.

Beside him, the twin giants also frowned.

“The Fiancée of His Majesty the Imperial Emperor? If so, I can understand why the road goes wild like that... ..”

they whispered

“Didn't that lady just say 'Your Majesty'?”

“What is 'Your Majesty' during the engagement? Aren't you supposed to call me by name?”

The two flinched.

“Is!”

"Okay! Hazel!"

They called each other names as if to listen.

However, Aibator still had an unsettling expression on his face. And the twin giants murmured again.

“But if you’re engaged, shouldn’t you have your arms crossed?”

"Hmm... . . . . After all, aren't you lying because you don't want to marry our Kachatoya?"

The two flinched again.

chuck!

They quickly crossed their arms without anyone saying anything first.

what's the situation with this?

The Empress Dowager, the Crown Princess, the Minister of the Palace, the Commanders of the Holy Knights... . . . . Everyone looked at them with bewildered faces.

Did these nasty intruders turn out to be romance fairies?

In this strange situation induced by envoys from the north, the tension between the two countries was temporarily relieved.

But soon it became stiff again.

Looking at this Northern Reaper named Aibator, there was a feeling they all had in common.

It was dangerous.

The fences of law, order, and civilization suddenly felt unsafe.

Aibator jumped over the fence and looked like he was going to do anything. Nothing seemed impossible.

Gran Cavalieri might be natural.

But he was very different from Iskanda.

Their majesty never before gave such a threatening feeling. Not only did he enter the fence of law, order, and civilization before anyone else, he grabbed others by the collar and pulled them in.

In fact, you don't have to live like that. Just like the Grand Cavaliers in the northern country, it gives off an atmosphere that will be wiped out immediately if it doesn't fit the slightest bit, and you can live your life as you please.

There is nothing to fear in the world.

Hazel looked at Aivator, who stood tall with such an arrogant attitude.

Reminds me of my childhood on the farm.

Deep in the middle of the night, when everyone was asleep, there was a huge shadow standing outside the fence and shining its blue eyes.

As Hazel froze and screamed, it disappeared without a sound.

I heard it later It's very rare, but sometimes a wild beast from the deep forest comes down to the farm... . . . .

i'm scared too

Hazel drew closer to Iskanda, who was next to him.

When I met another person of a similar type, I knew for sure.

Iskanda did not create such an atmosphere. This is a guess, but you've probably worked hard for a long time to do that.

Not like you!

Hazel hid behind Iskanda's shoulder. He just poked his head out.

At this time, Iskanda was also nervous.

With his eyes wide open like this, the marriage of an arranged marriage was absurd.

But the problem was Hazel's heart.

Hazel had a good heart. What if you are willing to sacrifice yourself for the sake of peace between the two countries? Who can stop that stubbornness?

Thinking about it that way filled my heart.

Please it shouldn't have happened.

With that in mind, he completely blocked Hazel from Aibator's gaze.

“Heh heh heh... .”

The minister of the palace looked at them with his arms crossed.

If His Majesty knew it, it would be likened to a riot, but they were like herbivores that met wild beasts while playing with grass.

The northern country's Grand Cavalier immediately revealed its true nature. It was a state in which a ferocious lion was tied with only one thin string.

In this case, I thought that it would be a good quality for a minister of the palace to say a few words of kindness to remind him of his position as an envoy... . . . .

I wanted to be a little sassy. I wanted to watch a little more.

Looking at Hazel and Iskanda, it wasn't just one or two people who had such mean thoughts. So the square was strangely quiet.

Aibator shrugged his shoulders.

“I thought it was a good offer.”

As for the reaction when Princess Katarina said 'plunder', he seemed to have led a very confident life. He said without hesitation as he looked around the imperial people full of people around him.

“I have no choice but to say that I am already engaged to His Majesty the Emperor of the Empire. Otherwise, I would have been able to persuade him in a day.”

Saying so, he glanced at Hazel. Even though he lied that he was clearly engaged, his eyes were full of regret.

no? Are you crazy? With what guts are you doing that?

The pro-peasants thought.

don't even look

Iskanda thought.

“... .. ?”

Meanwhile, Hazel gave him a questioning look.

The Grand Cavaliers of the North were a little perplexed then. It was the first time I received such a gaze. I couldn't understand what it meant.

It was natural.

Now Hazel was thinking, looking at him.

What the hell does an imported sweet potato believe in and say something like that?

In other words, 'imported sweet potato... .. ' It was natural that it could not be interpreted.

Until now, no one had ever cast such a gaze on 'The Great Grand Cavalier Aibator'. It was the first time I had such a strong iron wall.

then... ..

Aibator pondered.

For various reasons, the atmosphere at the site receiving the envoys was at the peak of discord. There were different views that could not be interpreted.

Why are you here? don't you work?

Instead of national defense, only Milov alone was steadfast.

Like those who work hard in this country, she was also dark with rumors. I didn't understand why everyone was just watching with their curious faces.

His Majesty's greed for talent! When are you going to rant about kicking that Miss Mayfield out! Now that he doesn't want to be taken away by a handsome foreign royal family, even the lie that he's engaged?

Thinking for fun, she stepped forward.

“Then, was it the real purpose of the envoys to promote peace through marriage with Miss Mayfield? Isn't that 'Gnome Egg'?”

“It is not.”

Aibator replied.

“I have come this far on my own for a number of complex purposes. Of course, officially, please make sure that four ordinary bureaucrats have visited.”

"of course. Considering the sensitive relationship between the two countries, I will not disclose this fact. By the way, no matter how foreign you are, please at least speak politely in front of His Majesty.”

She pointed out by law.

“And in Bratania we have never sent anything like a special envoy... . . . Anyway, let's get into the details. All the food will be cold.”

"Ah!"

Then everyone started moving.

The honor guard, which serves as a guide and a moving fence, approached. He encircled the envoys from the northern countries without water leaking.

Iskanda stared at the Shinigami party with sharp eyes.

The Grand Cavalier can do all sorts of secret things out of the public eye. So he too became Lord Valentine and was able to lead a double life for several months.

However, it is difficult to avoid the same sense of Grand Cavalier.

As long as he is watching, Aibator will not be able to make any sudden moves.

Iskanda only released the boundary after the messengers disappeared. He grabbed her arm and looked back at Hazel hiding behind her shoulder.

“Um, I accidentally lied about getting engaged unintentionally... . . . Anyway, we'll have a brief operation meeting before coming.”

He lazily made excuses to the onlookers. Then he dragged Hazel and disappeared quickly.

“... . . .”

The remaining people exchanged strange glances. Then, as if promised, he looked at one place.

There was Archduke Athena.

It wasn't that people were particularly mean. Acting according to the mood of the highest person in the field was a mandatory etiquette of the court. So, as usual, I tried to examine Athena's heart.

Athena, of course, felt uncomfortable. She glanced at the bookmaster Kerual who was standing behind him . I lowered my voice so that people wouldn't hear it.

“Is this the ‘golden opportunity to change the game’ that your wife said then? How can I know this in advance? Do you have any connections in the North?”

“I can’t! Isn't this something anyone can guess? There is nothing like an arranged marriage to stabilize the relationship between the two countries. Anyway, it went well. If I send Miss Mayfield to the northern country on this occasion, the worries of the Grand Princess will be completely resolved.”

what?

Athena asked herself.

Once I started to doubt, everything became suspicious. That's why Kerual's words seemed absurd.

How can I send Hazel to the Northern Country? When the Shinigami appeared, the two of them only became more affectionate! The Shinigami are bringing the two closer together! But how does this turn into a golden opportunity? The gap I can dig in has gotten even narrower!

She wanted to ask that question.

But I persevered.

Kerual had the tongue of a snake. If Athena raises a question, she will answer it with some subtlety. Then the person with thin ears will fall over again.

Is not it? Am I right now?

Athena bit her lip slightly.

"Well... . . . That's right. Unexpectedly, the northern country is trying to take the farmer away! This is a great opportunity."

He shook his head, pretending to have fallen for her words.

What on earth do you gain by deceiving me with these words?

I never knew

At that moment, Hazel and Iskanda arrived at the right place for a tactical meeting. It was a corner of the garden surrounded by lush trees.

Hazel immediately burst into anger.

"What is it? If you didn't tell me that you're engaged to your Majesty the Emperor of the Empire, are you going to take me away right away?"

"okay! That's it! It wasn't because I particularly liked the engagement situation, but I thought that saying that would make Aibator pretend to step down."

Iskanda grabbed Hazel's hand.

"Anyway, don't be fooled."

"What absurd idea?"

"Of course, peace is a good thing. But that is something that the ruler must achieve by mobilizing all the capabilities of the state. It is a shame as a monarch to seek peace based on personal sacrifice."

"iced coffee... .."

Hazel was perplexed.

Iskanda saw that and was convinced. Emotions were rushing.

"After all, for our country, you were going to the northern country with Aibator!"

"Oh, no... .."

Hazel answered with a puzzled face.

"You got the wrong person. Wouldn't it be enough for us to pay our taxes hard for our country? Nothing like patriotism... .. I don't have... .."

Then, he secretly looked into Iskanda's eyes.

"I don't know if it's okay to say something like this, since the other person is the other person."

AHA.

Iskanda shrugged her shoulders.

Again, I was worried about the wrong thing. It was disappointing, but it made me feel so relieved.

"Okay. are you okay. I, too, only pretend to be patriotic when I speak. Even though he's the emperor of the Empire, he just feels like he's inherited a very old, huge house. If you fix one side, the other side will break, and if you fix that side, water will leak from this side

again. It's like the role of an emperor to keep repairing houses like that for the rest of their lives, and somehow keep them from falling apart."

She shared her thoughts from a long time ago.

"Yes... .."

Hazel nodded.

"Anyway, as I live in a very small rat hole in the house, I have no feelings for this country. It's too grandiose to call it patriotism. My wish is to live a long and long life while tinkering... .."

He spoke up there and narrowed his brow.

"Why do you think Grand Cavalier-sama in the North is like that? Why are you taking me to that cold country?"

"I fell in love."

"I don't have a huge fortune, and I don't have any grudges in the past, so why the hell?"

"I fell in love with it too."

"no."

Hazel cut through the hypothesis Iskanda was pushing hard.

"It was clearly the look in which I was of any use to him."

Iskanda was bewildered.

“Is it useless? What use is it?”

"I do not know."

Hazel shook her head.

“Aren’t you thinking that I need to be able to find gnome eggs in the ground just like pigs are used to find truffles in the ground?”

“Such a crazy idea!”

Iskanda exclaimed in shock.

“Whatever his intentions are, I can’t take even a single strand of your hair!”

“You can pick it up from the floor and go.”

“I’m not going to let you pick it up! I'm the Emperor, Grand Cavaliero, I've got a girl I like for the first time! I'd rather turn around if I did something wrong! I won't let anything happen to me! Please believe me!”

he said hard.

Hazel felt a little embarrassed. Iskanda asked, seeing Hazel twisting her body a little.

“Did you mean something bad?”

"no. I think anyone would be happy to hear that from His Majesty.”

At that moment, Iskanda's face hardened. The light disappeared from his eyes, and his expression turned pale. This time Hazel spoke quickly.

“It’s a misunderstanding. Just because your Majesty is a flirt doesn't mean you're just talking to other women like that... .”

“Why your majesty again?”

he protested

Oh, was that your complaint?

It was only then that Hazel realized why his face had turned pale.

We called each other names in front of the envoys from the north earlier. The nickname 'Is', which the friends of the Holy Knights used to wear, came to mind just in time.

“People always have to move forward. You must not step back. You've been called by my first name, but why are you saying 'Your Majesty' again?”

Iskanda protested again. He seemed really dissatisfied.

“Oh, okay. From now on, I'll just keep calling him Issu-sama... .”

“Sir”? Let's not retreat!”

“Yes, Iss.”

“Yes, Hazel.”

Iskanda smiled very satisfied.

“Anyway, it is true that the Aibator and his crew are acting very suspiciously, so you have to be very nervous. You must never fall from my side while meeting the Shinigami. I will be vigilant by raising my senses to the limit so that nothing happens other than that.”

"I see."

Hazel nodded.

“I need to finish the schedule quickly and send them back, so that they don't serve any secret purpose.”

"okay. 'The North Korean envoys' return operation in the shortest time'. From now on, we will carry out that operation.”

"like."

The operation meeting is over.

We wanted to talk more, but everyone would be waiting. I couldn't delay any longer. The two ran out of the dark place.

Heading to the banquet hall, Hazel was nervous again. 'Are you really engaged?' It seemed as if the voices of the envoys asking questions were heard.

If I do this, I will have a nervous breakdown for the strangest reason in the world.

Iskanda noticed that Hazel was nervous. He carefully reached out and wrapped his arms around his shoulders.

great. It was natural.

he was happy

Until yesterday, I couldn't even dare. Thanks to the arrival of the Northern Envoys, I was able to hug my shoulders and pretend to be engaged, even if it was fake.

Considering that, it cannot be said that there is no merit for the Shinigami. So if I go back quietly without any accidents, I won't hold any grudges.

Iskanda thought so and headed to the banquet hall.

A banquet to welcome the envoys was held at the 'Wolgyesu Hall'. As it is a restaurant for knights, the general consensus was that it would be suitable as a place to serve Grand Cavaliers from northern countries.

The banquet followed the Orthodox manner of Bratania. Long tables that reached from one end of the hall to the other were placed in rows and filled with food. Lobster stew, grilled duck with orange sauce, turkey, crispy pork, fresh raw oysters and cuttlefish... . They were delicious dishes that were often served at the imperial banquets.

Among these hearty dishes, candle holders, decorations of fresh flowers, and stuffed animals such as peacocks and swans were lined up.

Between the tables clowns and musicians flaunted their talents. Servants were busy carrying drinks and food.

In this atmosphere, the 4th Holy Knights Commanders of the Empire were silently glaring at the North Korean envoys on the other side. Their position was tough.

Either Hazel and Iskanda end up not getting along, so they fight a lot and become awkward, or they don't know how to progress, so they go gray and have gray hair. I'd rather see something like this. But I've never seen a foreign object get in.

you know it's squished

Lorendel, Lewis, Siegwald, and Cayenne both sat in the same crooked posture and looked at the envoys opposite.

The atmosphere was the same on the other side.

“Conscious marriage is a good policy. We have to calculate how much profit our country will be able to achieve with this decision... . . . .”

Some of the bureaucrats were stinging eyes when they spoke with such a tone. Is there anyone who still can't grasp the atmosphere!

At that moment, the voice of the chief servant resounded in the banquet hall.

“Your Majesty the Emperor and his fiancée, Miss Mayfield!”

Princess Catherine put down her large drinking glass and shouted.

“You just showed up! Do you think that the two of them run away in love when they have time like that? It's in full swing, but I can't help it!”

From all over the place, smart people came out to help her. And the maids led Hazel to the seat next to the emperor in a very natural way, as if they had been doing it for a long time.

"Five! Come and sit down!"

The old royal family greeted them hastily.

Those old men who survived the Emperor's tyranny were another legacy that Iskanda forcibly inherited. They were imperial in name only, and they were no different from pensioners who spent most of their time knitting and petting cats.

They had dark eyes and ears. There was only one thing I was worried about. He was the heir of the empire. Their standards have been greatly lowered after many years of worry and anxiety.

Just wear a skirt!

The old royals were satisfied to see that Hazel was definitely wearing a skirt. Whether it's a fake engagement or whatever, I wanted to take this opportunity to do something well and make them sit down.

“Come here and take my cup!”

“Sit here! pretty girl! Be true!”

Among the royal family making such a fuss, Grand Duchess Athena sat quietly.

She unfolded her fan and covered the side where His Majesty was standing. It was obvious that the two of them would be upset by their friendly appearance, so I thoroughly blocked them in advance.

Kerual, who attended this event as a maid, secretly whispered to her.

“Grand Duchess, it is now.”

“What should I do?”

“Pretend to offer Ms. Mayfield a drink and flip it over. The left eye will be focused on her hands.”

Kerual gave such a sweet instruction.

What does it mean? What will the action bring to this dubious wife?

Although she had already had doubts, Athena decided to follow her instructions one more time. Because more clues were needed.

"I see."

Athena slowly walked towards Hazel.

“Come on, future Empress. Get my cup here too.”

He spoke politely and handed him a glass of wine.

Hazel was perplexed.

My face reddened when I thought about what happened during the play of the saint. After hearing Iskanda's confession, I realized how foolish I was.

“I was really sorry then. I'm off topic... .”

The moment Hazel had just spoken, the glass slid from Athena's hand. She screamed.

"Oh!"

The scream was sincere.

If she followed Kerual's instructions, she would be cursed again. So he twisted his wrist so that more booze poured into his dress. The ivory silk was stained with red wine and turned ugly.

“Wow!”

Thanks to the sacrifice of her cherished dress, no one suspected that Athena did it on purpose. It was fortunate. If I receive the cold gaze of His Majesty once more, I will not be able to bear it.

All Athena thought was still Iskanda.

Uncovering the secret of Kerual seemed to be able to set the mark. I thought that His Majesty, who had been disappointed with her by recent events, would treat her with kindness again.

"sorry! it's okay?"

Leaving her dress behind, she pulled out a handkerchief and wiped Hazel's hands first. Hazel jumped in surprise.

"no! This beautiful dress of the Grand Duchess is more beautiful than mine... .."

It was when I rolled up my sleeves and rushed to get rid of the stain before it could seep.

"——!"

A gloomy man who had been silent among the messengers shouted something. Then they chatted among themselves in the words of the northern country.

Iskanda asked with a frown.

"What are you talking about?"

An interpreter came forward and answered.

"They say why don't you have an engagement ring on your hand?"

“Are you making those words so long?”

"Yes. The imperial imperial engagement ring must be a large colored gem that occupies at least half of the knuckle, and said that at least 30 diamonds must be embedded in it... . . .”

“You talk a lot!”

Cayenne shouted.

“I got the engagement ring, of course! Hazel's kitchen window didn't have a curtain hook, so I used that ring to hold the curtain in place!”

The words that Katsy shouted with her fangs exposed were transmitted to the messengers through an interpreter.

Are you going to have Hazel put an engagement ring on her finger after all? Did the authors really come down from the north to become romance fairies?

The banquet ended amid mixed opinions. The envoys moved to the guesthouse, the guesthouse.

“It’s just over.”

Hazel sighed.

Actually, the real schedule was tomorrow. However, I was relieved even though I made it through the first day safely. Lewis quickly stepped forward and patted his back.

“Now go to the farm and rest.”

“I have to work. That’s rest.”

“I’ll help you!”

She quickly folded Hazel's arms. The appearance of the tall knight commander acting aegyo like a puppy brought a smile to his lips. Hazel smiled and waved her hand.

“Then see you tomorrow!”

"See you tomorrow!"

Iskanda smiled and waved her hand.

Well... ... ?

Siegwald, Lorrendel, and Cayenne exchanged questionable glances for a moment.

They didn't know much about dating, but I felt like I wanted to point out something in the scene I just saw. It was pretty important.

But what is it?

Leaving the emperor friend who was still smiling after Hazel was gone, the three of them began to think hard.

The farm was dark.

I didn't expect to be caught up so late. After delivering the towel, I thought there would be an opportunity to escape even for a moment.

Hazel hurriedly lights the lamp after checking that the animals on the farm are safe.

The fire in the oven that doubles as the fireplace was also turned off. The whole house was gloomy. Lewis clicked his tongue.

“Would it be better to bring in one servant as well?”

"well. It's the farming season from now on."

After lighting the fire, Hazel went into the room and changed clothes. I felt like I was going to live if I took off the heavy jewelry and dress.

After driving away the gloomy energy, the cozy appearance of the farmhouse returned. Boil water first before starting work.

After drinking a cup of hot tea, we were just about to go out to the strawberry field, chatting, and someone came to visit us. He was a servant of the royal palace.

“Your Majesty has asked me to give this to you.”

He held out a box supported by a small cushion. When I opened it, there was a large sapphire ring with the imperial design on it.

“I'm ready right now! Anyway... . . .”

Lewis smiled bitterly and picked up the ring. I turned around and looked around. It wasn't what the intention was. It was just a habit I learned as a knight.

“By the way, would the ring I got for myself like this fit on Hazel's finger? Do you think it will be loose? You can hang this biscuit on our emperor friend who didn't even think about it.”

“I'll try it on.”

Hazel took the ring and put it on her finger.

At that moment, Pot! and sparks went off.

Lewis was surprised.

Although it was a habitual act, the ring had already been checked once. According to her keen senses, there was no problem.

But when Hazel put on the ring, something strange happened. Pot as if something collided! and sparks erupted.

The next moment, Hazel's hands changed. In the blink of an eye, it was covered with something like hard green scales.

Hazel looked at her hand and was startled.

“Louis! What is this?”

“Hey, okay?”

Lewis was very upset.

It was the first time I had seen this vampire, who always had good naughtiness, so embarrassed. She couldn't even look right into Hazel's hand.

"Are you okay?"

“Well, actually, I don't like this kind of thing... . Little things sticking together... .”

"Ah! Cluster phobia? Godfrey, an old gentleman who taught me to dictate my autobiography when I was young, told me.”

"that's right. I'm not feeling well right now."

Louise's face gradually turned purple.

Hazel didn't know what to do. A familiar voice came from inside my grayish head.

Let's change our thinking!

Yes. This is Sir Lewis's chance to overcome her claustrophobia.

... .. no.

Lewis was one of Hazel's few dearest same-sex friends. At this rate, this human-like vampire friend would be lost. Thinking like that, my eyes went black.

"sorry. Get out of here quickly."

"Ah!"

Lewis woke up when he was told to get out.

"no! No! You're going out! I can overcome it!"

I mustered up the courage to look at Hazel's hand.

This was unheard of. Scales or blisters or something... .. Anyway, it looked very serious.

Lewis instinctively judged.

This fact must not be known to the outside world.

It had to be resolved before the rumors leaked out. It seemed like it would be nice to meet Iskanda and other friends soon.

“We need help!”

Lewis hurried out of the farmhouse with Hazel.

Shortly after the banquet, the Imperial Palace was unusually cluttered. There were still quite a few people walking around.

Lewis thought later.

I'll even bring gloves!

Just then, a lady was standing near the farm fence. Lewis asked her.

“Can I borrow some gloves? I will definitely give it back!”

"Yes?"

She was surprised.

“It’s a bit... .. It’s difficult.”

The next moment, the red-brown-haired wife disappeared in an instant. Lewis tilted his head.

“Did you hate it that much?”

"it's okay. You can do this.”

Hazel hid her hands under her apron. To prevent the nobles of the Imperial Palace from noticing anything strange, they hurried to follow Lewis with a casual expression on their face.

Fortunately, the commanders of the Holy Knights have not been disbanded yet. Hearing the urgent request, he hurriedly gathered in the conference room of the national advisory meeting.

Everyone was surprised to hear the story.

“How are your hands?”

“Like this.”

Hazel carefully pulled out the hand she had hidden under her apron and showed it.

The scales that covered both hands became harder. The color also darkened, giving it the color of old moss. And it was hot.

“Have you ever seen anything like this?”

Lewis first asked Lorendel. The high elf shook his head.

"no. Is this your first time seeing it?"

He cautiously touched Hazel's hand. It was a face that I couldn't understand.

“What kind of curse is it?”

“Petrification phenomenon? A part of the body turns to stone?”

Cayenne said casually. Then he was surprised by his words.

“Ugh! I'm sure it's not like that.”

Then he immediately cast a spell. 'defeasance'. It was a magic that dispels all kinds of spells and curses.

Catsie's fingertips burst out like an explosion of light. But it disappeared as soon as water was poured into the bottom of the poison.

“Isn't it a spell or a curse?”

“Then an infection?”

Sigwald frowned.

It seemed like it would be better to collect some and ask for analysis. He grabbed one of the scales that covered the back of Hazel's hand and tightened his fingers.

But despite the warbear's might, the scales didn't even budge. He tried a little more and eventually gave up.

“What is it?”

Even after gathering the wisdom of different races, no hypothesis came to mind. While everyone was moaning like that, Iskanda rushed over.

“What are you talking about? What happened to your hand?”

When Hazel saw him, a smirk surged in her eyes. How long has it been since we broke up with a smile? It's just like this!

“As soon as I put the engagement ring on my finger, my hand became like this.”

“An engagement ring? Did that idiot send you the ring?”

“You said you sent it.”

Lewis intervened.

“The two of us were just about to go out to the strawberry field, but the palace servant came. You said you sent me, and I brought you the imperial engagement ring.”

"no!"

Iskanda jumped.

“How heartbroken I was because I was afraid that I might get angry for lying to you that I was engaged! How can you think of such a shameless engagement ring! You have to get permission first!”

right. that's you

everyone understood

“Then the one who sent the ring was... . . . .”

"Shh."

Cayenne was interrupted by Siegwald.

“You can’t make charges based on heart disease alone.”

That was correct.

There is also a Grand Cavalier over there. They may be secretly observing their reactions from somewhere.

The Empress Dowager urged them never to touch their pride. Framing without evidence is one of the worst ways to undermine your self-esteem.

“Anyway, I’ll fix it anyway!”

Iskanda grabbed Hazel's green hand.

“Even if I walk all of my stuff, I will definitely fix it back to its original state! If I can't fix it, I'll take responsibility for the rest of my life! I will make it possible for you to live without any discomfort even with these hands! No, did I just say 'this hand'? Hazel! There's nothing wrong with your hands! Very normal!”

shouted so hard

All the commanders of the Holy Knights looked at them, lost for words.

It was a good snack for their friend to fall in love for the first time and show all kinds of clumsiness. But as I watched, I felt as if I was going to be persuaded more and more by his honesty.

Would it be that good?

Lewis rolled his eyes.

First of all, I was able to know the true heart of Iskanda from the fact that he was holding on to that green hand.

Lewis was still struggling. Luckily, it was the hand of Hazel, my best friend in the world, so I could barely look at him. I still had to gather more courage to touch it.

Anyway, I should have done that line!

Lewis was sad.

There is no problem with the hands. Very normal.

Hearing that, Hazel's heart was moved. He was also a good potato. I said thank you and opened my mouth.

“It’s okay now. I think I’m slowly getting used to it... .”

"for a moment! But don't get used to it so quickly!"

Iskanda jumped once more.

“Let’s go to the wise men together. At least one person knows the answer.”

That was a good idea.

They immediately left the conference room. In the darkness of the Imperial Palace, I headed to the Tower of Knowledge, which was lit up by only myself.

For the nocturnal sages, this was the beginning of the day. As usual, I was about to start my day immersed in various ancient documents, when suddenly His Majesty the Emperor and the commanders of the Holy Knights came. It wasn't just that.

The sage Devash almost had his eyes pop out when he saw the customer.

Are you that girl then?

When His Majesty suddenly learned about the magic of a cow's imaginary pregnancy, he pursued it out of curiosity and saw the girl. It looked like he had done some hard and enjoyable work in the barn with His Majesty.

His Majesty had emphasized several times that it was a misunderstanding, but Devache was no fool. was a sage

He promised to keep his mouth shut and secretly spread rumors. So his wife, the coffee delivery man, the regular barber and the dog next door knew about the covert scandal. They giggled every time their eyes met.

He felt a little guilty about that and stepped forward.

"your Majesty! What's going on? Anything to the farm girl?"

“Who knows about this symptom?”

Iskanda asked, raising Hazel's hand.

Until now, His Majesty the Emperor had come to ask all kinds of questions, but this was the first time he had seen such a desperate and desperate face.

All the wise men gathered. Even those who had skipped meals for several days and were deeply absorbed in books were called in.

One of them raised his hand.

“I know.”

He was the wise bifram. His wide, shiny forehead showed how much knowledge he had in his head.

“Come on and tell me!”

Iskanda grabbed him.

“It’s all my fault. After arguing that he would be vigilant, he immediately showed a gap. We haven’t been able to completely block this risk.”

“Um, Your Majesty... .”

Sage Bifram had a troubled face.

"surprisingly... .”

Everyone was determined. I decided that no matter what the wise man said, I wouldn't be surprised.

“It's not at all dangerous. It’s just a shield.”

"Yes?"

Everyone was astonished so that their determination was insignificant. The same was true of the wise men who had gathered in black.

“A shield?”

Iskanda asked.

"Yes. This guy is a Guardian. That's why he was able to avoid the borders that your Majesty raised all your senses and built up. I like this hand so much now that it sticks to me like a barnacle. This is a special hand. I don't know if you know 'the hand of the sun'... .”

"The sun's hand!"

Hazel exclaimed in surprise.

the sun's hand. Agate del Sol. I haven't heard of it since I left the South. I didn't even put it in my mouth. I proudly talked to my new friends in the city, but they all smiled while holding their boats, so I never said it again.

“What is it?”

Iskanda asked.

“Aunt Martha and Uncle Karl told me. According to my uncle, it is 'the ability to farm well that appears once in a hundred years'.”

Hazel replied.

Somehow, my heart was pounding. All the epics I read with my grandfather came to mind.

“By the way, there are even such special guardians! Does it actually represent the descendants of the great warriors who save the world? Do I have any birth secrets?”

"no... .."

The wise bifram once again had a troubled face.

“It’s just that. It’s the ability to farm well.”

Ah, it wasn't like the descendants of the legendary warriors.

Hazel felt a little awkward for a moment.

Anyway, it was nice and happy to hear the story of the hand of Taeyang, which the Martin family firmly believed in.

“After all, the hand of the sun actually existed. Farming was my vocation.”

Hazel said with a bright face.

Iskanda and her friends looked at Hazel and nodded.

the sun's hand It wasn't that surprising. Rather, he was fortunate not to have suffered any harm.

“Can you turn it back on?”

Sage Bifram answered Iskanda's question immediately.

"Yes. In the beginning, it was very difficult. You have to convince these little barnacles one by one to get them out. But the Tower of Knowledge has all kinds of bizarre things.”

He disappeared into the lab.

After a while, he came with a long iron rod.

It was no ordinary iron. It was a strange matte material that seemed to absorb all the light without reflecting it.

Sage Bifram gently placed the rod in Hazel's hand.

In the next moment, the scales or barnacles clinging to the hand swooped towards the stick. It was as if iron powder was sticking to the magnet. They clump together and fall to the floor.

Hazel's hand returned to normal. Not a single finger was missing, not even a nail was missing. was very fine

"These are ancient mysterious substances called 'stella'."

The sage with a flashing forehead explained.

“Its identity is said to be a part of a star that fell from the sky. They like the special abilities that humans have, so they have a tendency to choose and stick to each other according to their inclinations. You can also temporarily shape shapes through magic. Long ago, a huge star fell in the North, so you can find it far more in the North than in the Empire.”

also... . . . .

Everyone exchanged glances.

The clues were coming together one by one.

The North Korean envoys have prepared in advance a kind of stellar material that responds to the sun's hand. I don't know if it's intentional or improvised, but it's set up to make Hazel feel the need for an engagement ring. After observing the precious metals and imperial patterns worn by the nobles of the Imperial Palace, it was processed like an engagement ring through magic.

Perhaps that gloomy, skinny man is a wizard. When the engagement ring was completed, they delivered it through the imperial court attendant.

Lorendel looked at Lewis.

“Who was the servant who brought the ring?”

“It was a familiar face. I will go and look for it.”

Lewis wrinkled his nose slightly.

“By the way, it seems that our envoys have worked hard to prepare. What was the purpose of doing this?”

“So are they. I couldn't do anything with just a heart attack. We needed solid evidence.”

Iskanda muttered.

“Aibator is trying to take Hazel to the North for some reason. To do that, we had to make sure that Hazel has the Hand of the Sun.”

“What are you going to do with a farmer with the hands of the sun to take him to his country?”

Cayenne tilted her head.

“I can only think of one thing. Agricultural nurturing.”

“It's kind of weird.”

Hazel shook her head.

“I only know farming here. The northern country has a completely different climate and land. Forcing a farmer away from the Empire won't change anything all of a sudden.”

“right. The real purpose will be known soon.”

Siegwald said.

It was. Now that you have stopped the work of the Northern Envoys, it will reveal its purpose in another way.

All of them came out of the Tower of Knowledge.

“Anyway, it is worthwhile to feed the wise men.”

Iskanda muttered.

At that time, the Imperial Palace Grand Garden.

A noble maiden wearing a black cloak was just passing through. It was Archduke Athena.

After the banquet, she pretended to be captured by Lady Pelmata, the elder of the imperial family. After letting the old man with mild dementia talk to the imaginary Grand Duchess, he sneaked out.

There was one goal. All day today, Athena was chasing only Kerual with her eyes.

As for the geography of the Imperial Palace, even that magistrate could not defeat Athena. Since he was a child, he enjoyed playing hide and seek with the maids, so he knew all the secret places.

Athena used the terrain to follow Kerual. Eventually, I saw her hiding near the farm in the middle of the great garden.

Moments later, Hazel and Louise ran out of the house. It looked like something had happened.

Then, something unexpected happened.

“Can I borrow some gloves? I will definitely give it back!”

Louis shouted at Kerual.

Kerual was now dormant. But Lewis found her right away with the keen sense of a vampire. However, he was so flustered right now that he thought he was just a passerby.

"Yes?"

Kerual froze. I've never seen her so upset.

"It's a bit... . It's difficult."

She said that and disappeared immediately. Lewis and Hazel glanced strangely at the back of the figure for a moment.

Athena tilted her head.

It was incomprehensible.

Although the request to borrow gloves was strange, it was also quite strange not to lend them out in that situation.

Neither Lewis nor Hazel was in trouble. After picking up the gloves, he would have just forgotten about her. However, because he disappeared as if he had to run away, he left a strong impression. If you think about it a little later, you will start to question it.

Why was the woman standing in the dark around the farm at this hour?

Did he not want to lend his gloves enough to bear such suspicions? if not... . Couldn't I borrow it?

Come to think of it, did Kerual ever take off his gloves in front of me?

I didn't remember.

It seemed to be falling more and more into a labyrinth.

\* \* \*

The second day of the visit of the North Korean envoys.

A really important event was today. First there was breakfast and trade talks. Hazel, of course, had to attend.

The dress I received as a gift has already been worn once. I didn't feel the need to wear it again. Anyway, Iskanda seemed to like everything. They say it doesn't matter if Hazel's hand turns green.

Come to think of it, there was one thing I had to prepare for the envoys.

Hazel put her hands under her apron. After finishing all the farm work, I enjoyed my leisure and walked to 'The Hall of Laurel'.

Breakfast was perfectly prepared in the banquet hall.

A long table was set up, just like yesterday evening. As it was a meeting that doubled as a meeting, only high-ranking officials in the fields of economy and trade attended, except for the emperor's aides.

"Your Majesty's fiancée, Miss Mayfield!"

When the servant shouted, the envoys from the northern kingdom raised their heads.

Aibator. Zaugar. Taugar. Chezél.

Their faces were expressionless. And he didn't say a word. Nevertheless, he overwhelms the audience with his characteristic wild and wild atmosphere.

As Hazel entered, their gaze was immediately fixed. I looked very carefully at what was hiding my hands under the apron.

Where can I get a bite to eat?

Hazel muttered to herself.

Although Stella is not a harmful substance, Sir Lewis, who has a fear of clusters, was very surprised. Iskanda, Lorendel, Siegwald and Cayenne were also concerned.

So I wanted revenge.

Hazel deliberately put a very troubled expression on her face and went to the top and sat down.

“Then let's start.”

At Iskanda's words, the servants began to entertain.

Everyone picked up the dishes. But Hazel didn't move.

Aibator and his party continued to stare at this side. Hazel waited for them to inflate their anticipation before shouting out loud.

"Ah! My smoked meat!"

He reached out and grabbed the plate the servant was giving him. Of course, it was a very good hand, not a single scale had sprouted.

“... ..?”

The North Korean envoys could not hide their agitation. A look of disappointment passed through Aibator's eyes.

Hazel complained very much.

Now they are not afraid.

“According to the research results of our lab, it turns out that 'Gnome Eggs' are not very suitable for the constitution of the Imperials. Since only a small amount is needed as a treatment for unicorn moon blindness, I would like to enter into an export contract with Kachatoya.”

“We agree. Bokryeong, which you call 'Gnome Egg', is rumored to be an excellent medicine in our country, so the seeds have withered due to reckless harvesting. I want to import the Empire's goods until the cultivation is stable.”

Since the interests of the two countries were aligned, there was no more talk between the officials and the envoys. Negotiations were concluded in a couple of hours, with detailed terms and conditions being postponed.

"more."

Iskanda quickly ended the meeting.

With this, the envoys from the northern countries would no longer have to stay. The trade negotiations were over, and the plan to marry by arrangement went in vain.

So will it end like this?

A fierce battle ensued between the two countries.

Of course, there was no way I could go away like this.

That afternoon, an envoy from the North made a request. In order to open up another trade possibility in the future, he wanted to tour the labyrinth greenhouse.

However, only at the owner's guidance.

"okay. It's better to cut the roots off than to let them go back with wild dreams."

Iskanda accepted their request.

Due to the large number of visitors, we decided to send personnel to assist in the guide. All of the Holy Knights Commanders and her 'fiance'.

Over there, one Grand Cavalier, two warriors, and one wizard. This is one Grand Cavalier, three knights, and one wizard and knight. Simply put, this is far more advantageous. Aibator will never be fooled.

Hazel finished the calculations like that.

But for some reason, a corner of my heart kept getting anxious.

The labyrinth greenhouse was now busy preparing for mushroom harvesting.

Even if the miners were the strongest in the empire, it was too cumbersome to carry them out like a giant umbrella. I had to be able to put a cart in it.

So, work on the road was in full swing. In front of the three-story building with a green steel frame, there were a lot of vines that grow quickly even if cut or cut.

Everyone was gathered in front of him.

“This is the labyrinth greenhouse. Archduke Nicholas, an adventurer from the imperial family more than 100 years ago, devoted his life to exploring this underground labyrinth... .”

A tense gaze passed over the palace hall, which was explaining hard.

The envoys from the North did not even try to hide the atrocious atmosphere. It was the same with Iskanda and the commanders of the Holy Knights.

At that moment, Hazel, who had finished farming, appeared slowly.

"Five! The owner has finally arrived!"

The palace official, Cecil, could not withstand the suffocating pressure and immediately fled.

"sorry. It's late. So shall we start watching right away?"

Hazel opened the greenhouse door, surrounded by everyone. I was even more nervous than when I first entered this place.

First, Iskanda followed by Hazel, Sigwald, Lewis, Lorendel, and Cayenne. According to the decree, the envoys, the guests, followed.

The smell of the jungle hit me. In the darkness, huge trees and labyrinth plants were densely thick, and for a moment they could not see each other directly.

“Everyone, first of all, take care of your feet... .”

And beware of the reapers who don't know their plans.

Hazel added that inwardly and glanced at him.

But no one was there.

The group of Grand Cavaliers from the northern countries, who had been following them up until recently, suddenly disappeared.

Lewis shouted in anger.

“You’re going to try it eventually!”

"for a moment. Maybe it was urgent.”

Siegwald carefully restrained him.

So was it.

Everyone thought he was right, so we waited for a while. However, the North Korean envoys did not appear in the end.

“I’m going to try it too!”

Cayenne shouted.

The large greenhouse was full of all kinds of strange plants. I couldn't see even an inch ahead. It was different from the last time I visited.

I thought I was a little used to it here.

Hazel shrugged and looked around.

This labyrinth greenhouse was a living space. As people began to come and go, it evolved again in accordance with it. There were several unfamiliar plants that I had never seen before.

Lorendel looked over the wriggling green wall.

“Where have the dead people gone?”

At that moment, a creeper creeping up from under my feet.

Before anyone could react, their eyes flashed. Not only the vines, but the surrounding area flew away and became clean.

Iskanda retracted the sword and cautioned.

“You mustn’t be vigilant at all.”

Then he stood there and concentrated for a moment.

The opponent I'm facing now is Grand Cavalier, so there were a lot of bad points, but there were also good points. It was said that the same Grand Cavaliers could sense a unique energy.

“It’s over there.”

Iskanda quickly found Aibator's energy.

“First, we need to secure his whereabouts. I'm going behind him, so stay here.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

They all answered together.

Iskanda immediately entered the dense maze of labyrinth plants. He swung his sword accurately, securing the minimum amount of space needed to move, and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

The other four remained vigilant, surrounded by Hazel, the only civilian.

“... ..”

Time passed in silence.

When I looked up after a rustling sound, it was a vine. It was aiming for this side as if it were alive and reaching out. Each time, someone closest to him took over and took care of it.

After a while, vine fragments piled up around them.

As the rumor spread, something resembling a giant insectivorous plant approached with a thud. It also fell to the pincers of Siegwald and Cayenne. It was hit by a fireball and burned to black.

A musty smell spread.

Even after the smell had escaped through an unknown vent, Iskanda was still unaware.

Hazel stood on her crutches and looked over there.

No matter how wide the labyrinth greenhouse is, it is not an infinite space.

I knew I was going to hear something soon. I knew that Iskanda would appear secretly from behind Aibator, who knew nothing.

But why are you so quiet?

I had a faint thought that it must have been strange.

Iskanda told him to stay still.

If you go around prematurely, you can create an unfavorable situation for nothing. Maybe that's what the Aibator and his crew are aiming for. It may be that they are succumbing to their schemes.

But... . . . .

The anxiety I felt when the envoys requested a tour of the labyrinth rose again. No matter how you calculate it, this one has the upper hand. It was a strange feeling that I couldn't shake.

Did I miss something?

Hazel put her hand on her chest and thought.

Would you like to change your thinking?

I turned upside down what I believed to be normal until now.

What if they weren't after Hazel? What if it was just a smoke screen to keep everyone focused on protecting Hazel? In fact, what if what they really wanted was Iskanda?

"Oh!"

Everyone looked at Hazel at the sudden reaction. Lewis asked with his eyes wide open.

"What's wrong?"

"I just had a strange thought. What if all this was a trick? What if you were planning to lure them apart in this way from the beginning?"

"Um?"

The commanders of the Holy Knights made a puzzled expression.

What does that mean?

There's nothing particularly advantageous about a 4 to 1. Only the Grand Cavalier can make a whistle with the Grand Cavalier. Anyway, other people can't keep up with the speed and movement of the two, so it's narrowed down to a confrontation between the two.

But it was an opinion worth considering. Time went by too long without any news.

"But I can't break the strict yellow rule... ."

Cayenne pondered and came up with a compromise.

"Let's pretend to stay seated, shall we move a little?"

"Good idea."

"That's a good idea."

Everyone agreed. Surrounding Hazel, Iskanda moved little by little in the direction where it had disappeared earlier.

After a few steps, I heard a loud noise.

Something like a plant seed fell from the sky. Lewis, startled, unfolded his cloak and wrapped it around Hazel.

“Is that then? Seeds with hooks?”

“That’s right!”

Each drew a sword and spit out the seeds.

After it was managed, a huge insectivorous plant that released huge amounts of pollen attacked this time. Siegwald and Lorrendel held them from both sides, and Lewis and Cayenne attacked them and only knocked them down.

Also, this place was so weird. It wasn't a clock tower in the square, and it wasn't just a place to wait for a friend without news.

Iskanda's whereabouts were still unknown.

If it were normal, I would have noticed right away that my friends were running around and ran away. “Why didn't you listen to me! Are my orders funny?” and I'd scream

Now, even the commanders of the Holy Knights felt a little insecure. He completely abandoned the plan to pretend to keep Hwangmyeong.

“Is!”

As we made our way down the street, we all shouted together. But there was no answer.

“Is!”

Only their voices echoed through the labyrinth greenhouse.

Also, this is nonsense. Shouldn't we at least show Aibator and the others?

Everyone's pace accelerated.

“What the hell happened!”

I recklessly went forward, cutting down the tangled vines.

Suddenly, my eyes were open and a strange meadow appeared.

A place where small plants are floating in the light that is slanted from somewhere. Huge pillars forming a forest on one side.

It was a huge mushroom colony.

Beyond the mossy tree stumps, the bushes swayed slightly. Behind him was golden hair.

“Is!”

Cayenne ran swiftly and shouted.

From beyond the bushes, Iskanda suddenly stuck her head out. He looked around, his face frowned slightly.

Everyone confirmed that he was okay and sighed in relief. Lorendel exclaimed.

“You're surprised!”

“Why are you here? I told you to stay still!”

Iskanda immediately rebuked him.

Lewis and Lorendel and Sigwald were stingy. He quickly pushed the Hazel behind his back like a shield.

“I was so worried because there wasn’t much news!”

This time Hazel said reproachfully.

Iskanda immediately succumbed and lowered her tail.

“I didn’t do that on purpose... . . . .”

The three friends exchanged glances. The shield strategy worked! I learned something good.

“Baby Aibator keeps acting weird. Would you like to play hide and seek with me? The sign disappears and reappears, then disappears and reappears... . . . .”

That was then.

A sharp blade came over. It was a clear energy that even Hazel, an outsider, could feel in battle.

what?

Everyone looked back in surprise.

All of a sudden, colleagues appeared and, taking advantage of Iskanda's distraction, something flew away. It was incredibly fast.

"what?"

Iskanda swung the sword with one hand and cut it in one fell swoop.

puck!

it exploded

At that moment, an indescribable powerful energy exploded.

Everyone looked at them with their eyes wide open.

It was filled with a holy and holy energy with a strong fragrance. It made me want to get down on my knees.

However... . . . .

The moment it reached Iskanda, that changed. The infinitely holy and reverent energy was terribly twisted.

I've never seen anything like that since I was born.

However, anyone who has life will know its identity.

It was all sorts of flurries soaked in balm to bless the souls of the dead.

No matter how righteous the knight was, he could not be freed from the death. The curse of the dying wicked was powerful. Let the one who takes my life be punished severely. Let your body rot and become bruised. Let them go mad and eat their flesh.

It was a terrible curse for the Grand Cavaliers.

Everyone was astonished.

"No!"

Hazel and friends screamed. I couldn't figure out how to use my hands. It was too fast.

But at that moment.

Something unexpected happened.

The holy perfume containing the curse fell upon Iskanda and bounced back.

uh?

Everyone looked up with their eyes wide open.

Finally, others came into view. A group of envoys from the northern countries, including Aibator, were standing on the opposite side of the meadow.

"what? What happened?"

The Shinigami looked at each other with astonished faces.

The next moment, Aibator charged.

In the meantime, it immediately attacked Iskanda. A holy rainbow flew along the trail of the sword he wielded. In the blink of an eye, Iskanda was completely besieged.

it was anointing In that brief moment, after soaking the blade with holy oil, it created a rainbow-like trajectory and locked it up.

But... . . .



It also bounced right off.

what are you doing

Iskanda frowned at Aibator.

The curse of oil on the Grand Cavalier was terrifying. Even Aibator was afraid of it and wrapped his hands tightly like that.

But it didn't work for Iskanda at all.

What happened?

Hazel and friends were bewildered. I couldn't understand English, so I just tilted my head.

Then I finally realized why.

"Ah... . . . !"

Holy oil, or ceremonial perfume, was used in many countries as well as in the Bratanian Empire.

When a person is born, when he first visits a temple, when he suffers from a serious illness, or when he participates in a religious event, he is blessed with anointing or anointing with oil. Although it was not often encountered in daily life, there was no one who felt objection to the oil.

But Iskanda was an exception.

This holy and reverent oil, accepted by all, was thrown away like filth. It was an unconscious reflex that he himself had not calculated at all.

There was a reason for that.

Everyone remembered it well.

Iskanda once practiced pouring holy water over her face and repelling that holy and reverent energy. It was because when he received holy water, the disguise of Lord Valentine was released and his identity was immediately revealed.

Who the hell did that kind of training?

It's training to reject holy water. That was a really useless fool.

At least, everyone thought so. Until this moment comes today.

How does it work this way!

Hazel was very happy.

My heart sank as I knew what was going to happen earlier. But there was absolutely no need to worry.

Even if the emperor of the Empire did something stupid, his class was different. It is a level that no one can climb.

Feeling such a proud feeling, he looked at the envoys from the northern kingdom.

When even the second attempt failed, they were very upset. A look of disappointment appeared on everyone's faces.

“... ..”

Iskanda glared at them like that.

next moment.

Lewis, who was in a tight confrontation with Zaugar, swung in this direction. He lifted the hazel and avoided the seat behind him.

Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne also hurriedly dispersed. They all hid themselves through the wall made of entangled vines.

Soon a roar rang out.

Something huge pops! and it was a clash.



황제궁 옆 마로니에 농장

정연 장편소설

Yeondam

The Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace

Volume 7

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## 15. A spoonful of secret ingredients for a national emergency (2)

The densely-grown labyrinth plants in the greenhouse swayed into a mass. A huge shock wave hit the back of the head in a cool way.

I could tell without looking.

Taking advantage of the moment when Aibator was flustered and distracted for a moment, Iskanda attacked.

Grand Cavaliers do not fight each other. If the swords meet, one of the two will have to die to see the end.

If the Northern Kingdom's Grand Cavalier dies within the Imperial Territory, the Empire will suffer. Needless to say, when Iskanda herself dies, things get even worse.

So there was no way the two could compete.

However, it is a story when both sides boil to the last.

Aibator revealed the loophole first. It was foolish to throw away such a golden opportunity with my eyes open.

"Don't worry too much. There are also diplomatic issues, so I'll do it in moderation."

Lewis said, protecting his only civilian friend by wrapping his arms around him.

In that brief moment, Hazel caught his eye of a small bottle that had been blown up by the shock wave and rolled around.

A familiar smell wafted through the wind. It was a bottle of oil that Aibator brought.

Oh oh!

Hazel's eyes lit up.

It was one of the virtues of the farmer to gather all the useful things on the ground faster than anyone else. At that moment under Louise's protection, he stretched out his arms and picked up a bottle of oil from among the labyrinth vines.

Soon the shock wave subsided.

They all bowed their heads over the vines.

The place where they were standing before was empty. It was turned into a round wasteland, like the site where the anti-government bombers had dropped a homemade bomb.

Two Grand Cavaliers stood there.

Iskanda looked very calm.

It was the same with Aibator. The cloak's hood was pulled back, revealing a bit more of his relentless wolf-like face. There was no such thing as a wound.

Hazel tilted her head.

Maybe the attack failed?

However, upon closer inspection, Aibator's complexion was very pale.

And there was another strange thing. Iskanda was holding a sword, but there was nothing in Aibator's hand.

Where did you even fly?

Hazel looked around. But there was no such thing as a sword.

What the hell happened?

“Aibator-sama!”

Taugar, Zaugar, and Chezeli, who had also been avoiding them, approached in haste. As the two sides reunited, Lorendel hardened his face.

“What is this? Did you try to harm the Emperor of the Empire?”

“Is that possible?”

Among the twin giants, Zaugar replied:

“We were rather trying to protect His Majesty the Emperor of the Empire from the strange vegetation that swarms here. With holy oil.”

He lied without saliva in his mouth.

In fact, it wasn't that they had no room for shichimi.

Throwing a bag of holy perfume, or surrounding Iskanda with the energy of holy oil on the sword, was too vague to call it an 'attempt to harm,' according to common sense.

But that's the story from the outside.

Hazel and the commanders of the Holy Knights also witnessed it clearly. The anointing oil had a curse on the Grand Cavaliers. Even so, he was blatantly outspoken.

“Are you going to accuse me of even consecrating with holy oil? Where do you say that to our kingdom judiciary? Aibator was punished because he did not know the fountain and tried to bless His Majesty the Emperor of the Empire with oil!”

Let's hear it, let's hear it

Hazel groaned.

I took out the oil bottle I picked up earlier from under the apron. Without anyone saying anything, he threw the contents on Aibator and sprinkled them.

The reverent scent spread all over.

"Ugh!"

Aibator's aides were astonished. The commanders of the Holy Knights were also surprised by this.

When did you pick that up?

And there was another surprise. It was Aibator's reaction.

No matter how sacred the oil is, it will cause you to be vigilant. You must have known that this unusual oil is dangerous, but you couldn't move and got hit straight. I didn't even try to avoid it. It looked like he was paralyzed.

There was little oil left at the bottom of the bottle. It was only a few drops.

But the effect was clear.

Oil droplets that touched Aibator's face turned into black spots. It squirmed like an insect and burrowed into the skin. As if poisoned, the surrounding area turned black and blue in an instant.

Hazel recalled a scary story she had heard from her grandfather. It was the story of a man bitten by a poisonous snake. How fast the poison spread! The grandfather himself had to tie the man's arm so tight that blood could not pass through it, and he had to cut off his arm with a lumbering axe.

“Did you try to spread such a terrible thing!”

Angry and shouting

Iskanda looked back.

He didn't say a word because he had been observing Aibator from a while ago. After I finished my observation, I looked back at Hazel.

“When did you get that?”

His expression and voice were so different and soft that his friends couldn't help but laugh at him in this situation.

Only Hazel didn't notice. Because I was too excited.

“He flew next to me and picked it up. I wished there was at least one drop left. If it's such a precious and good thing, shouldn't Aibator-san also experience it?”

“It is, but... . . . .”

Iskanda turned her head and glanced at Aibator.

“I said I would make sure not to get a drop of water on my hand, but why would I use my hand? I can't help it. As a knight to a knight, I didn't want to reveal this publicly... .”

Saying so, he pulled out something.

I didn't know where or how he was hiding. He took it out suddenly, as if he had taken it from the air.

At that moment, a strange hum sounded. Aibator's body, who had stood firm, shook.

what?

Hazel looked at the object.

It was the first time I saw it. But I could guess right away.

It was Aibator's sword. However, it broke and only the handle remained.

Siegwald asked.

"rest of it?"

Iskanda pointed to Aibator.

“Somewhere in there.”

"somewhere?"

“Or, everywhere.”

“Everywhere?”

Everyone followed his words as if they were fools.

Now I knew the end.

Iskanda's attack seemed to do no damage to Aibator. But in reality it wasn't.

He broke Aibator's sword. It was shattered by a powerful shockwave caused by the collision of the energy of the two Grand Cavaliers. So it was engraved all over Aibator's body.

Cayenne looked at Aibator with a puzzled expression.

“It must have been shattered and drifting through the bloodstream. The problem is that this isn't an ordinary sword, it's a holy sword... . . . .”

"right. Even if it is broken, it seems to have a tendency to regroup and restore its original form.”

Iskanda replied calmly. And he hid the half of the holy sword somewhere again.

The humming vibration stopped.

It was only then that I found out what the sound was. The fragments of the holy sword shattered into countless pieces were about to come together toward the handle.

How can you endure such pain so resolutely? It was indeed the Grand Cavalier.

After the crash, I could now see why he was standing still without a click. 'ruined!' I would have been frustrated with this thought.

He brought a venomous oil to the Grand Cavaliers and tried to spritz it on Iskanda.

It was absolutely unforgivable. Both Hazel and the commanders of the Holy Knights were very angry.

But when Aibator saw this happen, his anger subsided.

Because it was self-sufficient.

For this visit of the North Korean envoys, the Empire made various preparations.

However, what was really needed for the national emergency was holy water that had been sprayed on the face in the past.

The most important preparations have already been completed long ago. Thanks to this, I was able to put a leash on a wolf who ran wild.

Iskanda questioned again.

“Confess everything. For what purpose did you come to the Empire?”

“... ..”

When there was no answer, he pretended to take out the other half of the holy sword. He looked like an antisocial personality disorder who could not empathize with the pain of others.

"Wait a minute."

Aibator said calmly and urgently.

“I was just trying to dispose of all that dangerous material far away from our kingdom.”

“So, on someone else’s body?”

At Lewis' point, Aibator made excuses.

“There are only two people in this world who have a constitution similar to mine. One of them is missing and can't even be found. I wanted to try this material on the only Grand Cavalier I could meet. I thought I'd get a more accurate response than what I've tested on my body. Even though it is very important for the safety of the Grand Cavaliers, your Majesty the Emperor of the Empire may not even know about it.”

Iskanda scowled sharply.

“On what basis did you assume that I did not know?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Our Kachatoya knows it too. What happened during the succession of the imperial throne.”

At that moment, silence passed.

Hazel looked at everyone with puzzled eyes.

What happened to that?

“I was also the king’s brother, but I didn’t know him yet. We, the Grand Cavaliers, were completely blocked from this information. Then I found out quite by accident. The existence of something called 'black things'.”

Aibator spoke fluent imperial language.

“The Grand Cavalier is the greatest force a nation can possess. But it is also the most powerful threat. The kings who had to protect the order of the state had to be able to control the Grand Cavaliers thoroughly.”

“Does these things have anything to do with it?”

"Yes. In all kingdoms that inherited ancient civilizations, there was a thing called 'Black Spirituality'. It refers to an object that is sacred to ordinary people, but can cause fatal damage to the Grand Cavalier. Its existence is known only to the king who has been seated on the throne from generation to generation, and must never be revealed. But my brother tried to intimidate me through it.”

Aibator's words were strictly according to his position. It was not completely reliable.

But at least one thing was certain. The king of the north and his brother were at odds.

“I tried by all means and finally found the truth. It was this holy oil that was kept from generation to generation in the royal palace of Kachatoya. When I got it in my hand, I wondered. Does the Imperial Grand Cavalier know about this curse that threatens us all? The answer was, of course, 'I don't know.' As I said before, we knew what happened during the imperial succession to the throne.”

Hazel finally couldn't contain her curiosity and asked.

“What happened?”

"that is... . . . .”

Cayenne replied.

“Nothing happened.”

"Yes?"

Hazel was stunned.

“But why was there an awkward silence earlier?”

“That’s because that’s the problem. that nothing happened.”

Lorendel explained calmly.

“Is is the emperor. You must be aware of all the secrets essential to maintaining national order. They can't even be documented. When an ancestor's monarch hand over the throne to the next generation, it is passed on directly from mouth to ear. However, Seonhwang did not hand over the secret that Taehwang had given him to his son. I kept it alone and took it to the grave.”

Hazel wasn't funny.

“Why the hell?”

“To harass. Isn't it famous that the Emperor loved his government much more than the current Empress Dowager? The infamous Camila Berganza.”

As the name came out of his friend's mouth, Iskanda was startled.

Every time I heard the name Camila Berganza, I felt bad.

But this time, another thing came to mind. It was an unpleasant memory that had been forgotten for a long time.

Come to think of it... . . . .

Iskanda looked at Hazel and thought. His face became very serious.

Meanwhile, Lorendel continued to explain.

“The Emperor also favored Adrian, the illegitimate child of the government, far more than his official successor, Ys. They tried to make Camilla Empress and Adrian to be Crown Prince. Fortunately, the plan was thwarted when Camilla 'suddenly died'. Before the Emperor could come up with another plan, a terrible disease that rotted his entire body struck him. As a reward for continuing a life of debauchery for a long time. In the end, he had no choice but to abdicate, but the Emperor was grumpy to the end. They didn't pass on anything that should be passed on to future generations.”

"AHA."

Hazel nodded.

The common people did not know such detailed stories. I got goosebumps after hearing it.

“I think I understand. As funny as it may sound, the bank I went to had someone like that. After all kinds of accidents, he was eventually cut off, so he left without taking over. How hard we all suffered!”

“That's it. How hard we all suffered in the early days of our accession!”

“The story is leaking to the wrong place... ..”

Siegwald arranged it.

“After all, Aibator tried to gamble with that black object. He must have done the same thing Iss did to that friend.”

To subdue another Grand Cavalier.

If it succeeds, the benefits are enormous.

It was so natural even for the commoner Hazel to think.

Aibator must have been greedy as soon as he obtained the Black Spirit. But it was turned upside down.

This cleared up some of my doubts.

Hazel thought so. But another thing remained.

“Then what is the sun’s hand?”

Iskanda asked.

Well, that was it.

He had completely forgotten about himself. Hazel looked at Aivator again and focused.

“That is a different thing.”

he just cut it off.

Iskanda tried to pull out the handle of the holy sword without saying a word. Aibator became urgent again.

"Actually, what I need is not the sun's hand."

"then?"

“As everyone would have guessed at this point, I intend to take this opportunity to overthrow the king and ascend to the throne. However, in order to do so, things are needed to establish the legitimacy of the kingship according to the tradition of Kachatoya. It is proof that the people of knights, artisans, merchants, and farmers are with the new king. I've already got three of them... . . .”

Aibator glanced at Hazel.

“The last one, the symbol of agriculture, was not obtained. One of those qualifications is the 'Lion of Ceres'. The messenger of Ceres, the god of grain. The high priest of Kachatoya received a revelation after the sacrifice. 'The messenger of Ceres is with the hand of the sun forever. The sun's hand is in the south.' The high priest also informed me of the impression he wore through the mirror.”

“Is it all a lie after all?”

Hazel exclaimed in shock.

“I would rather go there and take him to farm! How can you use sacred farming as a means of gaining power?”

The frustrated Jaugar and Taugar glanced at Hazel.

“You really only know farming.”

“The High Priest’s revelation was not wrong.”

After a few days of chattering in the imperial language, he muttered again in their own language.

Why the hell did they study the imperial language so hard? Why are you so interested in the history and culture of the empire? Is it because it's a nearby powerhouse?

Beside him, Aibator looked at Hazel too. It felt like there was more to say.

However, a large back in robes stood in the way. Iskanda had completely blocked it.

“Then the tour is over, shall we leave?”

He first turned and left in front of the envoys.

Now it's obvious that I'm not very wary of them. It would have been heartbreaking for the North Korean envoys, but it was already spilled water.

I was actually blown away.

Hazel thought so and followed the party.

Quite a while has passed while I was in the labyrinth greenhouse. I went in the afternoon and it was already evening. The golden roofs of the imperial palace buildings were dyed red in the sunset.

In front of the greenhouse, officials and servants gathered and murmured.

It was a schedule that was held quietly without revealing it to the outside, but it seemed that he was surrounded by doubts when no one showed up for several hours. Not only was the cunning palace official, Cecil, but even the minister of the palace was running.

“Your Majesty, what about the Shinigami?”

“It will come soon.”

Hazel blinked at the old god who was looking at him with a strange face. It meant that we would talk slowly over tea and sweets later.

I left them to follow up and left the place once.

“Fortunately, it went well.”

Everyone sighed loudly, as if Iskanda's words were a signal. First of all, it was a sigh that meant that the turning point had been passed.

“I guessed it from the fact that Aibator had obtained that strange perfume, but... .”

Cayenne spoke first.

“I think the other side has already progressed to some extent in power change. Will the wind blow when I return?”

“I don't know. We didn't get the legitimacy, so we might put it on hold.”

Siegwald replied.

“The messenger of Ceres is with the hand of the sun forever'... .”

Lewis muttered. Then he glanced at Hazel and his eyes lit up.

“Is that maybe me? The lion of Ceres!”

Lorendel looked at her with a rather pathetic gaze.

“It's divine. It is an animal.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Above all, you don't like grain at all. And with what qualifications do you want to become a messenger of the god Ceres?”

“It is absolutely correct. Let's go to the farm and look for it after we've done our job well, shall we? Whether or not there is an angel of the god Ceres... .”

Cayenne suggested.

In fact, he wanted to go to the farm together when Iskanda was there. He wanted to play with all the relics there.

However, Iskanda's face, which had been relaxed for a while as she listened to her friends, became serious again.

"Wait a minute. Before that, there is something important."

He grabbed Hazel's hand. When I was distracted by one thought, as usual, I quickly moved without looking around.

Hazel asked in surprise.

"Where are you going?"

"To my mother."

"The Empress Dowager? why?"

"I have a quick question for you."

Iskanda's face was very serious. Hazel quietly walked faster.

By the time we arrived at the Empress Dowager Palace, the sun had completely set. The maids were astonished as they prepared to spend a leisurely evening.

"your Majesty!"

“Is your mother okay? Is there anything wrong with you?”

"sure. You are very well."

Iskanda went inside with confidence. The reception of the envoy was roughly finished, and the Empress Dowager, who was resting comfortably, was surprised and greeted.

“Did the greenhouse tour go well?”

"Yes. But I have a question for you. Camila Berganza."

Iskanda came up with the name straight up. The maid and the maids flinched for a moment.

They were not afraid of Camilla, who was already dead. But when I heard the name at such an unexpected moment, I was reflexively surprised.

“I suddenly remembered the words she had cursed before she died. Do you know how to live and rule as an emperor? No matter how many empresses you bring in, they will all die prematurely. ... .”

He spoke quietly of all the terrible words his father's mistress had poured out on him.

Too bad!

Hazel's heart fluttered in surprise. But they all looked unconcerned. I could see how much mischievous Camila Berganza wore while she was alive.

“The curse seems to have a pretty powerful effect, so isn't my fiancée at risk too? Isn't it an unknown and strange force that does harm?”

"AHA. Are you worried about that, so you led Miss Hazel to run like this?”

The Empress Dowager nodded as if she knew.

"okay. Camila didn't just curse with words, but actually tried to harm our mother and daughter by using various ferocious magic tricks. But I don't think we need to worry about that any more. It's been a long time since I threw away everything that was even a little suspicious. There are no magic-related objects in the entire palace."

"Is that so?"

Iskanda cleared her face. Unlike usual, he realized that he had rushed into his mother's place too quickly, and made a sullen expression on his face.

The daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Winterfeld, was concerned about His Majesty's face and tried to ignore it. But her tongue moved arbitrarily, and she uttered a single mouthful sound.

"I got a false engagement anyway, what does that matter?"

"Yeah, everyone in the Imperial Palace knows it's a false engagement, but the curses may not know it... .."

Iskanda diligently explained the logic of her own thoughts.

Hazel listened with a soft smile. It was obvious that he was worried about himself. It is very grateful that the person you like takes care of you.

Hazel was also worried about him. I hoped that no misfortune would come. Come to think of it, I was very fortunate to be able to stand safely in front of the Empress Dowager like this in spite of what happened in the greenhouse.

As I was thinking about it with a happy feeling, I suddenly realized something strange.

What was the atmosphere around you?

The maid and the maids were looking at the distant mountain as if they had promised. It was a look on his face that he couldn't see. All of them had strangely stiff lips. So was the Empress Dowager. He was listening to his son seriously, but the corners of his mouth were convulsing.

Ah.

Hazel finally realized.

you all already know

At that moment, his face turned red.

but. It was natural.

Empress Dowager was an excellent gunner. You must have noticed it before. Still, the two continued acting like fools.

I couldn't be that shy.

As Hazel panicked and panicked, Iskanda looked at her strangely.

“Why? You say you have nothing to worry about?”

Well... . . . .

I didn't know what to do, but I got a feeling anyway. First of all, it seemed like we had to get rid of the most ignorant people here.

“Then, shall we break up here today?”

"Why?"

"I have something to talk about with Empress Dowager."

"Is this a story I shouldn't hear?"

He asked with a slightly bewildered face. The Empress Dowager's maids smiled and left.

"sure. Where is that? Originally, Your Majesty was the subject of a dictum here."

"that's right. This salon is off-limits to the men of the imperial family."

After listening to them, what about Iskanda? In the meantime, I went outside.

After that, the maid and maids went out. Everyone quickly moved away from their seats. Only the Empress Dowager and Hazel remain in the salon.

The Empress Dowager smiled without a word. It meant to eat and talk with ease.

"I heard a lot of old stories today."

Hazel opened her mouth.

"These were the stories of the days when the Emperor was alive. It wasn't a detailed story, but I could guess enough. How difficult those times were for everyone... .."

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

"that's right. It was a very difficult time."

“Nevertheless, your Majesty seems to have grown up strong and strong without losing your focus. How many times must I have to whip myself to become like that, and how many things I have to overcome. When I think about things like that, I think it's really great... . . . .”

Hazel paused for a moment.

“The Empress Dowager must have known it a long time ago, but in fact, I like His Majesty. And that’s a lot.”

"Ah."

The Empress Dowager smiled brightly.

These unadorned words made a strange impression on her heart. Even if you already know everything.

She said with a smile on her face.

“Thank you so much.”

That was a very generous word. It seemed that it had long since been forgotten that the farm girl, who had neither property nor position, had been in a fierce confrontation with her son.

Hazel was also impressed. The small emotions they felt for each other brought the two closer together.

So, without hesitation, Hazel was able to talk about everything that had happened that afternoon in the labyrinth greenhouse. What kind of attempts the Aibator and gang tried, how Iskanda was able to stop it, how they were able to subdue the northern wolf and find out the truth... . . . .

While listening to the story, Empress Dowager's expression changed several times. When it came to the point that there were relics that had been secretly passed down to keep the Grand Cavaliers in check, he made a mysterious expression that could not be described.

Hazel asked her.

“The empire we live in is one of the countries that inherited ancient civilizations. So, isn't that black thing hidden somewhere?”

“I will.”

“But did the Emperor really take the secret to the tomb alone? Would you really have leaked it to anyone? I always have ominous thoughts. I think I should get rid of this habit of doubting... . . . .”

“It is not.”

The Empress Dowager shook her head.

“It's a good habit to check everything and move on. Especially in this palace. Doubt can be said to be a great skill of a courtier. Your Majesty, the Holy Knights Commanders, even if they don't show it outwardly, each of them will try to confirm that fact in their own way.”

“Oh, then I wish we could do that too!”

Hazel exclaimed. And I looked at the Empress Dowager.

“Everyone is concerned about the health of the Empress Dowager, so even if there are such concerns, they will not try to tell you. But I think differently. Empress Dowager is now in good health. And you like to work like this. The more important you do, the healthier you will be.”

"that's right!"

The Empress Dowager was delighted and grabbed Hazel's hand.

That was her heart. Hazel knew exactly how she felt. It was so wonderful and I couldn't be more grateful.

"okay. The two of us decide to work together to find out the truth. We can do it."

"It's an honor for you to say that. I'll do my best. In that sense, I'm curious, was it ours that poisoned Camilla?"

The Empress Dowager's face darkened.

Oops.

Hazel flinched inwardly. The question posed in this warm atmosphere was too bloody.

"sorry. I will do it again later."

"no... .."

The Empress Dowager shook her head.

"It was not ours. Because we had to be different from them. Until he ascended to the throne, he had to not lose justice in any small thing. That's where our strength came from."

She said after taking one breath.

"It was her entourage who poisoned Camilla."

Hazel was surprised.

“Are you close friends?”

"okay. At the time, the two sides were at war. Empress and Crown Prince. And the government and illegitimate children. I lost one fight with Camilla and was kicked out, but I came back after being framed. Whether it's called a robbery, it has made the empress's loyalists more firmly united. Camilla hastily plotted another plot before our powers got too strong. A conspiracy that will put an end to us. But unexpectedly, her aides betrayed her at that stage.”

“Why? Did you think there was no chance of success?”

“Or maybe it was so terrible that I was terrified. Anyway, the real reason is forever unknown. Because they are all dead. After Camilla died, I tried everything I could to find out, but all the evidence had already been wiped out. It also remained one of the secrets that the Emperor took to his tomb.”

The Empress Dowager sighed a little.

“It has been a riddle that has haunted my head all this time. No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't figure out the answer. But only now seems to be getting a clue. The conspiracy will most likely have something to do with what they call black spirits. What was it? What could have caused him to betray even his close associates, who had only one job left to do in the future?”

"I know, right."

Hazel sighed as well.

"I don't think I'll be comfortable until I figure it out."

The Empress Dowager thought for a moment and said.

“Actually, there is one thing that bothers me.”

“What is it?”

“It’s Athena.”

Hazel was surprised again.

“Are you the Grand Duchess?”

Thinking of her reminded me of what had happened at the hunting contest. face became hot

“He may be the most serious victim of anyone.”

The Empress Dowager murmured.

“The Emperor was particularly fond of Athena. The child did not know, but it was also a carefully calculated action. I was excessively discriminated against and created a sense of distance from others. As a result, we had no choice but to create a wall.”

“Why?”

“He tried to make Athena a loner, to be loyal only to himself and Camilla. That’s why he hasn’t been able to blend in perfectly with others to this day.”

Hazel had nothing to say.

The story of the red foxes came to mind. Archduke Athena was definitely not good at dealing with people. If it is the Emperor who made her that way, then he casts a very long shadow on the lives of so many people.

“Now that the story has come out like this, let me ask Athena a question. The child also has the duty and the right to think about this issue together.”

“You are right.”

Hazel nodded.

The Empress Dowager motioned for her maid.

Sunflower Palace, the Grand Duchess's detached palace.

Athena was sitting with her maids in a studio lit by candles. I was painting a little kitten playing with a wad of yarn on the sofa right in front of me.

Earlier, a maid brought the cat. He was worried that Athena was acting like she was going crazy these days, so she was trying to make her feel better.

That was a good excuse.

Athena kept the maids until late to paint. Of course, Kerual couldn't back down either.

While I was pretending to be drawing a cat, I was paying close attention to Kerual when I heard a voice outside the door.

“A maid came from the Empress Dowager’s palace. The imperial palace is cluttered with the visit of the envoys and I can't sleep, so if you have a recently copied manuscript, I asked you to borrow it.”

Athena wrote beautifully. So the Empress Dowager enjoyed reading her manuscripts. Such requests were common.

Athena draped her gown over her nightdress without much thought. Among the books I've copied these days, I picked up some particularly good ones and left the palace with them in my arms. Following the maid's guidance, she went to the Empress Dowager Palace.

The moment the door to the inner room opened, her face hardened.

“The Grand Duchess.”

Hazel greeted him politely.

Why is this farmer here?

Athena threw such a gaze at the maids. The Empress Dowager spoke in a soft and friendly tone as if she had read her mind.

“Miss Hazel is here today to discuss an important matter with us. Miss Hazel, won't you tell Athena what happened earlier in the labyrinth conservatory?”

“Yes, Empress Dowager.”

Hazel briefly explained.

After hearing the story, Athena was also very surprised. Her face paled as she thought about how Iskanda had faced the crisis and how she had escaped it.

“How could you come as a Shinigami and do such a thing!”

"Fortunately, we got through it without any problems, but that doesn't mean we can't be completely relieved."

The Empress Dowager looked at Athena with a face full of water.

“So, I thought you might have the key to this secret.”

“Am I?”

"okay. Do you remember the day the Emperor died? Did he not call you that day and whisper something into your ear?"

Athena's face turned blue this time.

“He didn't say anything to me. I thought Empress Dowager believed me as much as I did... .”

“Of course I believe.”

The Empress Dowager said vigorously.

“It’s such an important matter, so I’m going to check it again. Athena, try to remember. Didn't the Emperor really spill a single word?”

Athena bit her lip.

The memory of that day was still vivid.

When I entered the room with the large bed, the royal family and the dignitaries were all gathered. There was a stench that could not be suppressed even with the scent so strong that it gave me a headache. The source of the stench was the savannah lying on the bed.

As Athena entered, the Emperor beckoned and called. He told me to come closer as if he was going to say something.

Then something strange happened.

The Emperor clearly moved his lips. But no sound came out. He was just pretending to speak. But to the people in the room, it seemed that he was whispering something.

Athena endured the disgust and kissed the dark blue cheek of the Emperor.

As soon as she stepped back, everyone surrounded her. Everyone wondered what the last words the Emperor had said.

When I answered the truth, no one believed me. I thought Athena was cunningly trying to monopolize the secret.

But then and now, Athena answered the same thing.

“You didn't say anything. They just moved their lips as if they were saying something important.”

Athena said. Both eyes were full of regret.

It was the eyes of truth.

she was brave He didn't even lie about what happened that day.

"okay."

The Empress Dowager let out a long sigh.

“It was just bad until the end. Pretending to only tell you some secret. He liked to manipulate people that way. Even after death we still cannot escape from his shadow.”

Despite the late hour, her lively face suddenly looked tired. There were signs of age.

“It would be good for you to rest.”

said the maid.

"Yes. Then we will leave."

The two bowed quietly and left.

When Hazel came out, Archduke Athena was no longer there.

I was going to take this opportunity to talk a little.

I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it.

After greeting the maids, Hazel left the Empress Dowager Palace. The whole elm forest was silent.

It was strangely quiet.

I was used to going out at night. At night, I often went around digging and picking.

But for some reason it seemed darker today. Is it because I've heard stories of a dark past?

There was a rustling sound from the trees.

Hazel felt a chill and looked back. At that moment, a cold wind blew through the back of his neck.

The wind was also exceptionally cold. Even considering it was autumn, it was gloomy. Hazel tightened her shawl and looked ahead.

I saw the huge building of the main building of the Imperial Palace.

If I had to choose between indoors and outdoors, I always chose the outdoors. But for tonight, we decided to cross over to the main garden through the main building.

I pushed the heavy door and went inside.

Candles were lit at regular intervals in the hallway. It was dark, but it was walkable.

let's hurry.

Hazel hastened her steps down the long hallway.

That was then.

Something fluttered in front of me. Someone appeared silently and blocked the way.

Hazel knew someone who behaved that way.

But he wasn't Iskanda. It was Aivator, the Grand Cavalier in national costume with a hood.

"no... .. ?"

Hazel said hiding her surprise.

"What are you doing here? And why are you blocking the front of others? Although this hallway is empty, there are people outside. I am famous for my very loud voice, would you like to hear it?"

"Wait a minute."

Aibator said in a low voice. The face under the hood looked quite serious.

“I wish I wasn’t too restrictive. Because I gave up my plan to find the lion of Ceres. It wasn’t like I hung up like that anyway. By the way, is the expression ‘hanging one’s neck’ used in this country as well?”

Hazel didn't feel the need to answer. It's not like I'm suddenly working as an imperial language instructor in the middle of the night.

“Anyway, taking them to our country would certainly be convenient, but not being able to take them will not cause any major trouble.”

He said so and looked down at Hazel.

Why do men like this angle?

Hazel hesitated for a moment.

“This angle is not good. It highlights the shortcomings. If you can't be sure that your face looks like a potato, it's best to avoid it.”

He gave advice on angles to Grand Cavaliers in northern countries. He made a bewildered look.

“Is that important now?”

“Then what’s important?”

“It’s the first time I’ve ever sprayed anything on my face. both men and women alike. Let me commemorate it. The two of them were very much in love, but they just fell in love. If it's not a fake engagement like this, but a real marriage... . . .”

Aibator lowered his voice.

“You die.”

so declared

“... ..”

Hazel blinked once without saying a word. He had a very calm face.

Aibator thought it was a surprise and raised his eyes.

"what? Did you already know?"

“You know, where are you sleeping? Is there a law that says that if you marry your Majesty the Emperor of the Empire, you will enjoy eternal life? Of course I will die someday!”

Aibator was stunned.

“Are you naive or stupid? That's not what I mean!”

"I know!"

Hazel groaned.

Of course I knew. He was annoyed and pretended not to understand.

“How come you aren't even 20 years old yet, everyone talk about marriage like they promised? Even foreigners now nagging me about marriage. I want everyone to know. I make the decision.”

“But you die!”

he said again.

“It seems to me. The parties do not know, but there are things that are visible around them. It's fine now, but when you two are together, your fate is stained with blood. It means dying.”

“It could be changed. You can change it to live a long life without disease and die.”

Aibator was amazing.

“Is he that good?”

“You’re only asking really high-level questions!”

Hazel looked at him.

“I don't even have to answer. But, if I had to say a few words, thanks to you, I felt more confident. When you tried to take me to the northern country. When he tried to harm our Emperor. I felt it in every crisis you've created. We can't be separated like this!”

After I said it, I realized.

I really felt it every time. that we can't be separated like this. It was a feeling that I did not know when the peaceful daily life continued.

“Thank you so much for teaching me something important.”

Hazel turned around.

"for a moment!"

Aibator interrupted again.

“Let me ask you one last thing. I can't quite understand it. What the hell did your majesty's emperor do? How was it possible to defend so perfectly and naturally against the holy oil that could not even be defended?”

“Oh, is it?”

Hazel shrugged.

“The secret was farming.”

"what?"

"how is it? When Mr. Aibator returns, try to create and manage a farm. Even if you are already a Grand Cavalier, let me take you to the next level.”

Even if it was a northern country that I had never been to in my entire life, it was wonderful to have one more farm there. I did not miss the opportunity and returned after business.

I took a few steps and looked around, but he wasn't there.

Hazel walked down the long corridor of the Imperial Palace again. I thought as I looked out the window lined with gratings.

It's definitely strangely dark tonight. I can't see the shadows well. I really don't know who secretly follows me.

It was true.

There was another person secretly following me.

It was Athena who wore a robe over a light purple night dress.

It was right to sneak up on Hazel now, but not to follow him.

She came out first, not wanting to see Hazel face to face again. Then I felt the same creepy feeling. My footsteps slowed down because the surroundings seemed strangely dark.

It was. I hate to admit it, but I was afraid. I hesitated and found Hazel.

No matter how much I hate someone, it's better than being alone in this kind of situation. I decided to follow along as far as I could go.

Athena followed Hazel into the main building of the Imperial Palace.

But then suddenly someone appeared.

The figure reflected in the candlelight was unmistakably Aibator. The two were so focused on each other that they didn't even notice Athena's presence.

no? A secret conversation at night with the Grand Cavaliers in northern countries?

Athena's eyes lit up. She held her breath and listened.

But their conversation didn't go the way she expected. Completely official.

Then yes.

Athena was disappointed.

Anyway, I kept going. It was still not a pity. I was just afraid to walk alone.

The shadows from the windows next to the hallway created a pattern on the floor. Hazel in front of me was walking diligently across those endless shadows.

Athena suddenly thought it was strange.

Was this hallway this long?

suddenly became creepy.

Hazel kept walking. He didn't even seem to notice that this place was strange. Like a person walking alone with an umbrella even after the rain had stopped, he was lost in thoughts and lost his mind.

That shouldn't be the case.

Athena trembled slightly and looked around.

Sometimes it was like this.

Having lived in the Imperial Palace for a long time, she knew it well. There were strange things that only women, children, and the elderly had to go through. As people secretly say, it may be because the ghost of Camila Berganza is still wandering around the Imperial Palace, cursing everyone.

Anyway, that wasn't the point.

Leaving it like this is dangerous.

People who experienced this in the middle of the night in the Imperial Palace were usually unable to walk out. Her hair turned strangely like Lady Pelmata. Or they were seriously injured and crippled for no reason.

What if Hazel did that?

The last person I was with... . . . .

... . . . It's me!

Athena screamed inwardly.

It wasn't just one or two maids who saw the two of them leaving the inner chamber of the Empress Dowager's palace. The Empress Dowager herself was a witness.

Things couldn't have been more terrifying. What kind of fate is this? It's so disgusting that I'm about to rot in my stomach. Does that mean you have to roll up your arms and save yourself, not anyone else?

It was.

It also had to be done quickly. If I made a mistake, I ended up overwriting an unfair name again.

knew the way I've done it a few times.

This was similar to the symptom of the space being pressed down. If you startle it loudly, it will be released.

Athena looked around.

First, I stepped on the windowsill and took off a curtain. After wrapping it around like a cloak, Hazel immediately caught up.

What would be good?

It just happened to be the right thing. It was a vase that adorned the table in the corner. Athena flashed the vase and threw it away.

Clink!

At the same time, he pushed Hazel away.

Hazel was suddenly attacked and shattered. My mind flashed with shock.

What was I just doing?

It was then that the surrounding landscape caught my eye. It must have been a long walk, but it was still the main hallway.

Something is wrong!

Hazel looked at the person who pushed her with bewildered eyes. It was a woman wearing a cloak with the same pattern as the curtains.

She ran away right away.

"Wait!"

rushed after

There was a brief fight in the corner. The cloak came off in a jiffy while arguing. Even under the light of a candle, her gorgeous blonde hair was revealed.

Hazel let out a small sigh.

"also... . . . It must be the family history that hides the identity."

It couldn't have been more awkward than this. They both had candle wax all over their bodies, and it seemed to harden every moment.

“I’ve heard of it.”

Unable to bear the awkwardness, Hazel opened her mouth first.

“It is said that if you go around the Imperial Palace alone, you will get lost if you make a mistake. Because of Camilla's curse... .”

When I put it out of my mouth, I felt very absurd. turned right away.

“Hey, the Grand Duchess helped me last time, didn’t you? At hunting competitions.”

“It was to avoid being kicked out of the Imperial Palace.”

“Then what about this time?”

“I can’t help it. The last person I was with was me! In order not to be framed... .”

AHA.

Hazel agreed.

The Grand Duchess had her own logic. Everything was for himself.

But even so, it was also unusual for a way of thinking to flow that way.

“The Grand Duchess was a good person after all! I thought so. You can't fool the bloodline either.”

Hazel exclaimed with joy.

Athena looked at her strangely.

Why are you doing this?

you're a good person I had never heard of such a thing. It felt strange and strange.

That was then.

Hazel suddenly bowed her head deeply.

“I acted like that in the play of a saint... .. In fact, it was because there was a feeling of jealousy towards the Grand Duchess. That's why I may have readily accepted the suggestions of my circle friends. Not only that, but all the things that offended the Grand Duchess were all my fault. I'm so sorry, Grand Duchess. I will do well in the future. If I could be friends... ..”

Athena was surprised.

I didn't know Hazel would say this. I didn't even know I was going to bend over like this in the first place. I thought I was intoxicated with a sense of victory. I thought I was going to try to trample myself more thoroughly.

I looked at Hazel with her head bowed.

It looked unfamiliar. This Straw Hat lady has always stood out in front of anyone. I remembered that

“... .. no.”

"Yes?"

Athena clenched her teeth.

“You can bow your head like this because you won. Because I am certain that I have won your Majesty's heart. Now, in front of the losers, they are playing the game of victors.”

Hazel was dumbfounded.

“Am I?”

“We can't be friends! Because I can't quite admit it! I can't stand the anger of someone other than me being with His Majesty! Ever since I was little, I have longed for you with only one heart! I can't do anything with my mind either! But what do you mean!”

Athena turned around.

I ran out of it at a quick pace, and finally ran away.

It was pure coercion. None of it made sense. Now he was swarming. On the subject of losers. loser. loser.

It was when I just ran out of the main building.

I saw a man standing tall in the dark.

Aibator?

It wasn't.

“Suck... . . .”

A choking sound escaped Athena's mouth.

It was Iskanda who was standing there.

He left the Empress Dowager's salon and returned to her room. He spent some quiet time summarizing the achievements of this envoy's visit.

Then, suddenly, I felt a strange aura. I threw the pen away and ran out.

The energy of the Grand Cavaliers that Aibator radiated had now weakened due to injuries.

Therefore, if you suppress it as much as possible, you could hide it for a while. Avoiding Iskanda's cognitive abilities, he was able to sneak out of the guesthouse and wander around.

However, Aibator's concentration was disturbed by Hazel's nonsensical noises. energy was exposed.

When Iskanda sensed it and ran to it, Aibator had already disappeared.

He went to see if anything was wrong. Then, I overheard the conversation between Hazel and Athena.

“... ..”

Athena looked at his face.

We've been together since childhood. You could tell just by looking at his face.

It's been hidden for a very long time. But now it's over. All of the feelings I couldn't confess because I thought he would push me out was revealed.

"I... . . . ."

Athena opened her mouth, thinking that she wanted to die.

"okay. I have loved His Majesty from the first time we met. No other feelings, just love. I never imagined a future without becoming an empress."

"... . . . ."

Iskanda didn't know what to do.

Athena had a bitter taste.

how embarrassing It is not so pleasant to receive the heart of someone you do not want. I hated myself for making the person I love so difficult. It was disgusting.

"As long as it's like this... . . . ."

she said in a trembling voice.

"As long as it is like this, I will go to the northern country. Aibator or anyone else, I will marry any royal family. Even from afar, I will work for the Empire like that."

The next moment she was surprised.

A hand touched the top of my head. And patted it a couple of times.

As a child, he used to do things like that involuntarily. But after I became an adult, I never reached out like that in the first place.

“The North will be noisy for a while. You can't go anywhere if you just want to... . . . .  
Wouldn't it be better not to go anywhere if you don't want to? Isn't it so difficult because  
you've only been hitting on others until now?”

Athena's eyes darkened. In the midst of it, Iskanda's voice was heard.

“It's all my fault.”

Although his face, voice, and tone were still hard, his eyes were full of emotion. It was a  
feeling of pity and pity. It was the first time I had seen those red eyes filled with such  
things.

“You have been following me since the first time we met. I was happy with that. I'm glad  
I'm a good sister... . . . .”

Iskanda sighed.

“Now that I think about it, I always thought from my point of view. If you show any  
disappointment, I feel betrayed that you are not the kind sister I knew. That was the wrong  
idea. If it meets my standards, I praise it, and if it deviates from it, I get disappointed. So  
you're still struggling. Because I had to meet my standards and the standards of others.”

Tears welled up in Athena's eyes. I was choked up and couldn't say anything.

“I'm sorry for always forcing you to play the role of the Grand Duchess, the role of a good  
sister. You just have to live your life the way you want. Now I won't force anything.”

He said to Athena.

“Let your mind be at ease. No matter what you do, you are my family. Because she is my  
sister.”

Tears flowed from Athena's eyes.

His words were infinitely warm, but at the same time, infinitely empty.

It's just that. Forever I will be just my sister.

“... ..”

Athena turned away without a word. Without even thinking of wiping away my tears, I trudged away.

He's changed a lot. At some point, it was no longer what he knew.

He was a perfect person, but sometimes I thought he was too perfect. How about showing some more emotion? What if you could understand other people's feelings too? I used to imagine that.

But I thought it would be impossible.

He just couldn't change him that way. Someone else has done it without difficulty.

Athena was desperate.

What should I do now?

His hair was all white.

There were eyes that looked at her from a distance.

\* \* \*

[... ... A delegation composed of experts in the fields of trade and diplomacy headed to the northern country after completing a three-day, two-night tour. The purpose of this visit is to exchange opinions for the establishment of friendly relations between the two countries and cooperation in the field of economic and trade... ... .”

Hazel folded the newspaper.

The envoys from the northern countries returned. 'Successful trade negotiations.' Externally, only this was highlighted.

But they left far wider and deeper ripples out of sight.

Hazel stepped outside and glanced towards the Imperial Palace.

—The reason you can bow your head like this is because you won. Because I am certain that I have won your Majesty's heart. Now, in front of the loser, we are playing the victor's leisure.

The words of the Grand Duchess came to mind.

Hazel paused for a moment, then shook her head.

“Let’s do something.”

He muttered and picked up the hoe.

After taking care of the strawberry fields, we headed inside the Imperial Palace.

Even though the pooming was over, I decided to use the daytime to do a new job.

The only existence that can threaten the Grand Cavaliers. He decided to find out with the Empress Dowager about the black castle that was hidden somewhere in the Imperial Palace.

However, after sharing the story a few times, I realized it.

I have no basic common sense!

About the imperial family, about the ancient history of the empire, there were too many things I didn't know. So I decided to visit the library at least once every two days.

“Hello, Deputy Chief.”

"Five! Miss Hazel!"

Cordelia from the Imperial Library welcomed me warmly. It was one of the white deer who came to play at the tea party. Behind her was a view of a library full of books.

I don't have any grain to harvest this fall, so it would be ok to harvest something like this instead.

With that thought in mind, Hazel headed to the bookshelf.

Is it because autumn is the season of reading? The library was quite crowded. I browsed the bookshelves, looking through the list of recommended books.

“<Story Empire Ancient History>... ..”

The book I was looking for today was in the upper compartment. I reached out my hand, but it barely touched me.

It was time to turn around to get a foothold. A tall lady walked over and pulled out the book and held it out.

“Ah, thank you... .”

Hazel stopped talking.

The moment my hand touched it, the inside of the lace glove felt loose. Her little finger was empty.

uh?

A memory I had completely forgotten came to mind.

A woman who lacked one little finger. A guest who came to ask for advice on the garden. Countess Manfreddy found dead in Mamon's stronghold. He died a long time ago... .

“... . Diane?”

She wasn't Diane.

The reddish-brown hair disappeared through the crowd. It was not unfamiliar to me.

"ma'am! ma'am!"

Hazel hurriedly ran and called out.

People around me looked at me in amazement.

Hazel was perplexed, recalling that it was a library. Although it was cluttered with the aristocrats gathered, the atmosphere was not conducive to squawking.

"sorry. sorry."

He apologized promptly and left the place. The red-brown-haired wife just ran in the direction where she had disappeared.

But there wasn't.

She was nowhere to be seen in the magnificent bookshelf where the statues of great scholars were placed.

Neither among those who sat on silk chairs and chatted, nor among those who held long poles and pointed at the desired book, she was absent.

How did you disappear so suddenly? Are you saying that you know all the places of the Imperial Palace as well as your palm?

Hazel looked around the library and turned around. He left the place while straightening his slightly crooked straw hat.

I pondered over my memories.

Dianne, who was Abbas Mamon's cousin, lacked the little finger of her right hand. When I recalled the moment when the wife I had just met handed me the book, as expected, she did not have a little finger on her right hand.

Of course it could be.

Dianne said she lost her finger in an accident when she was young. The auburn-haired wife may have just lost the same finger in an accident. Coincidentally, such a coincidence is not entirely impossible.

But strangely, I was hooked. I tried to think it was nothing, but it didn't work.

There was a face that came to mind.

His red eyes are a symbol of fear to enemies and evildoers. However, they take the stories of those in need, no matter how trivial, seriously.

Hazel turned right away. We crossed the autumnal garden and headed towards the main building of the Imperial Palace.

In the hall serving as a social gathering place, various nobles were expressing their views on the visit of the envoys. He passed between them and went to the Emperor's office.

“Miss Mayfield.”

The servants standing in the hallway greeted each other and naturally moved away. Hazel entered the wide open office.

I saw Iskanda's back. He was sitting in a chair with an ornate backrest, facing the window, reading a bunch of papers. Hazel spoke carefully.

“Your Majesty, no, Iss. I'm busy, so I'll finish it soon. I have a question for you, is there any special meaning to the absence of the little finger of the right hand in this palace?”

“... ..”

There was no answer. I looked at him and his shoulders were stiff. Hazel asked again.

“Are you serious?”

“... ..”

There was still a stiff silence.

Does that mean it's such a huge thing? Hazel nervously approached. I looked at his face, and his expression turned strange.

Iskanda's eyes were closed.

He was in a position to peer through a pile of papers, but he was now taking a nap. No one can see from behind. By making it look like you are working hard on government affairs.

Hazel was speechless.

Come to think of it, things have been going crazy lately. Above all, the visit of the North Korean envoys was great.

Even if he was just a Shinigami, he would be nervous, but Grand Cavalier, who had the same strength as himself, came to visit. After we successfully subdued him and sent him back, the tension was relieved.

It deserves it.

He couldn't express himself because of his position as emperor, but the mental burden must have been enormous. As I watched him fall asleep without knowing who came in, I realized once again that the great work had ended safely.

“Then go to sleep.”

Hazel crept out of the office on foot.

As I was walking down the hallway, I met a familiar face. It was in lieu of the Ministry of Interior.

“Miss Hazel! What did you come here to play?”

This thorough old-timer was very busy. Due to the visit of the envoys, almost everything had to be postponed and then resumed. I couldn't even see my nose to make sure everything went smoothly without getting tangled up.

But, strangely enough, Hazel only appeared near the office, and I met him. Are you hiding somewhere around you?

“What are you thinking so hard about?”

“Oh, no. Actually, your Majesty has some business to do, but you are sleeping secretly. I thought you were at work! Do you really feel like you?”

“It’s a skill I’ve been honing since I was little. You deceive even my eyes once in ten. By the way, what happened to your majesty?”

“I have one question for you. Minister, do you know about ladies who do not have the little finger on their right hand? Do you have anything in mind?”

"Well... .."

The minister of the palace tilted his head.

“Nothing in particular comes to mind. Why are you asking that all of a sudden?”

“Dianne, who approached me at the orders of Abbas Mamon. I just met a lady who doesn't have the same little finger on her right hand . You might lose a finger in an accident over the course of your life, but somehow it feels weird.”

“Then let’s find out. When your Majesty wakes up, I will tell you.”

"thank you. Even if you say a word, I like that you understand ten words. When you have some free time, come visit the farm.”

“I really want to. But what about this? For the time being, he seems to be more distracted.”

"why?"

“Your Majesty’s birthday is approaching. It's the last day of September.”

"Ah... . . . .”

Hazel was surprised.

Hearing that, I remembered.

In fact, he knew what month Lord Valentine was born. When I sneakily asked my birthday to see if it was a ghost or not, he suddenly said, “September... . . . .” was the answer.

So, I remembered it, but after I found out about Sir Valentine's identity, I got distracted and forgot about it for a while.

“It is the Emperor's birthday, so there will be many events. Everything should be prepared according to the latest trends. What is the trend... . . . Look forward to it!”

The minister of the palace burst into laughter.

Recently, his complexion has improved. His white hair also became more abundant. He was more energetic than the young palace officers who were tired of working overtime. When I first came to the farm, I did not know that the tired old man would change like this.

"Well? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"no."

Hazel smiled and parted with him.

The trees in the Imperial Palace garden began to be colored colorfully. The bushes bore fruit. A gray squirrel picked up some fruit and sprinted across the palace sidewalk.

I stared at it for a while, and someone called me.

“Hazel!”

The moment I turned around, the palace officials surrounded me. Jeweler Millenn exclaimed excitedly.

“I heard about it! It's the sun's hand!”

“It’s just the ability to farm better than others.”

“Anyway, it’s interesting. May I touch you?”

“Anyway.”

Hazel gave up her hand.

The white deer raced to touch Hazel's hand. It reminded me of the old Martin family.

“Isn’t it particularly hot? Except for being soft... ... .”

“By the way, my hands are soft for working! Is it because you made it so much easier than others?”

As the palace officials put their heads together, a small person jumped between them. He ran in a hurry without looking ahead and almost fell over.

“Prince Rowan!”

Hazel hurriedly grabbed the boy.

“Who are you?”

“You went horse riding. You're preoccupied with running obstacles in the Imperial Forest these days.”

"Ah... . . ."

After all, my son is so healthy that he can run around on his own, so there is no reason to stick around all the time. Even the Queen Mother has had her own life. Hazel was very happy about that.

“Then what were you doing to the prince?”

“I was just with the commanders of the Holy Knights. I begged him to teach me swordsmanship. Sir Lorendel was happy to inform you. But Sir Lewis said no. You have to defeat Lady Pelmata's cat first.”

“So? Did you win?”

Prince Rowan was perplexed. But he answered with the utmost dignity.

“Who do you think I am being chased by?”

Then it disappeared in an instant. Hazel and the courtiers burst into laughter together.

I suddenly had a strange feeling.

When I first came to this small farm, I had no idea it would be like this. I did not know that the day would come when I could laugh comfortably and comfortably with everyone here.

After one storm had passed, I realized it. Everyday life with everyone was so precious.

The people of the Imperial Palace tried to drive Hazel away. Hazel was determined to bury the roots, trying to hold on. But sooner or later, they became precious neighbors.

I never wanted to lose.

Hazel believed in the sixth sense. A seasoned farmer always keeps his eyes and ears open. Just before a huge dark cloud rises, I feel something. Even if it's only a few minutes, it's time for final preparations.

You have to stay alert.

With that in mind, Hazel headed to the farm.

Meanwhile, the emperor's office at that time.

Iskanda was still asleep in that position.

Everything seemed to be going well, but concerns remained about her cousin Athena. It was also a concern for Hazel.

After worrying about everything, I got tired and fell asleep.

The thoughts continued even in my sleep. While I was worrying about the nightmare, Hazel suddenly came in.

“Your Majesty, no, Iss. I'm busy, so I'll finish it soon... . . . .”

As soon as I heard that voice, I immediately woke up.

Iskanda wanted to open her eyes. I wanted to let you know that I was awake. But he couldn't move as if he had been pressed by scissors.

Eventually Hazel came closer and looked at his face. It was absurd to see him slept in a deep sleep.

Even with her eyes closed, Iskanda could sense every reaction. He could even smell the smell of the smokehouse and even the scent of herbal extracts that were faintly oozing into Hazel's apron.

“Then go to sleep.”

Hazel left that word and crept away.

It is better to say 'Keep sleeping' rather than 'Keep sleeping.' For that to happen, it must be a very special relationship, right? Shouldn't it be a lot harder than it is now?

Awkward thoughts came and went. That was important, but there was another important thing.

Women who don't have the little finger on their right hand?

Something popped up and then disappeared.

who is joking

Such a voice came from the heart.

In a state of being half awake and half asleep, the contemplation characteristic of the Grand Cavalier began. This deep concentration has sometimes yielded unexpected revelations.

As I was thinking about Hazel and his surroundings, a revelation suddenly came to me.

'Find the messenger of Ceres, the god of grain.'

It was not a word that came out of my unconscious mind. It was a very powerful revelation. Had to find it for Hazel.

It is very close.

Iskanda's eyes widened.

That was the most important thing right now.

16. A

chariot drawn by two black horses, a legendary divine beast known by everyone and a curse that no one knows about , entered the Imperial Palace.

Two little girls clinging to the window of a small black carriage were looking out. They were Siegwald's twin sisters, Anna Sophia and Isabella.

The two children had weak immunity according to the traditional history of the family. Until the age of ten, he was confined to the mansion the whole time.

However, this turning season passed surprisingly smoothly. I haven't had a single common cough.

“Isn’t this all thanks to the girls playing hard even in the house? Something like sowing or plowing. It would be great if you could keep your interest, please.”

Esmeralda, the nanny, told the Duchess, the mother of the children, whenever she had spare time.

The Duchess knew that her two daughters were bribing her grandmother hard, such as chocolates and sweets. Still, it was true that the two children played hard and gained stamina. After careful consideration, she allowed the unusual outing.

Needless to say how happy the two children were.

The small carriage of the duke stopped at the carriage storage of the Imperial Palace. The twins got off there and walked with their grandmother to the great garden.

“Don’t you think the road is getting wider?”

As Isabella made the fuss, Anna Sophia closed her mouth and blinked.

have you already forgotten? You decided to act casually like the real socialites who come to this farm salon every day!

But when the farm salon appeared among the colorful autumn trees, Anna-Sophia couldn't help but scream with excitement.

“The farm has grown so much!”

Another field was created in front of the vegetable garden where the sprouts swept away by rainwater were picked up. The green leafy crops lined up neatly.

The small farmhouse was covered with vines. The unnamed fruit was ripe and hung in red.

Then there was another very small house with a high chimney. The delicious smell of smoked meat wafted out with the white smoke.

There was a small wooden fence next to the house. A cow, with its shiny hair, was wagging its tail softly in it. The servants of the palace stables had just brought the wagons and were just unpacking the haystacks for the cattle.

Hazel was helping them unload the hay. Then I saw my grandmother and two war bear twins.

“Anna Sophia! Isabella!”

I was expecting it because I had already received a polite letter a few days ago, but when I saw the real face, I was very surprised and happy.

“Fairy sister!”

The twins ran right away and hugged them. Grandmother Esmeralda put the basket she was carrying with her on the floor. It was filled with useful ingredients such as high-quality olive oil, vanilla essence, and various spices.

“What did you bring with you?”

Best of all, the basket was very large. It looked like it could be sent back with several large autumn pies. Hazel was delighted to guide them.

“Come in!”

On the table, freshly baked and steaming pumpkin pie took up a large seat. Next to it was a basket full of the same eggs that the Empress Dowager eats every morning.

Several baskets full of fruit were placed on the floor below it. A pot of soup was boiling in the wood-burning oven, and herb branches hung from the walls and ceiling to dry.

“Wow... . . . .”

Anna Sophia and Isabella looked at all of this with very curious eyes. It was the same with Esmeralda.

“Thank you for coming to our farm as it is a one-time outing. I didn't clean it on purpose because I was coming to take a look. It may seem cluttered, but I want to show it as it is... . . . .”

Hazel stopped talking to her grandmother. The three of them were looking around with their eyes narrowed equally, eagerly searching for something.

“... . . . .”

Hazel's face changed subtly for a moment.

Even the Siegwald twins seemed to know this. In fact, maybe everyone in the world knows about it?

I do not know. Be what you want to be

I became half-desperate.

“Yes, His Majesty the Emperor is visiting in the morning and evening. Are you interested in farm work? You've built your own chicken coop and cow pen, and you take great care to keep the firewood from running out. Also, recently, he came to see me sprinkling lime on the ground... . . . .”

Hazel reveals everything that guests want to know. He took them all around the farm and gave detailed explanations.

"really? Your Majesty?"

The twins were all very strange. The Majesty the children knew was kind, but there was something terrifying about it. It was hard to imagine him working hard on the farm.

Of course, it wasn't just that.

Hazel took the chickens out and set them free, and let the twins sprinkle the feed. We also showed them baking bread in a newly opened fire in the smokehouse. He also had me put a bunch of bread dough on a wooden chopping board with a long handle and put it into the fire.

“This is what freshly baked country bread tastes like!”

“How many times did my brother brag about it!”

Anna Sophia and Isabella ate a large loaf of bread, an egg omelette and smoked sausage. After eating pumpkin pie and milk cream and caramelized apples, my stomach was full.

“I expected it, but it really did a lot of trouble.”

At Grandma Esmeralda's words, Hazel waved her hand.

"no. Absolutely not.”

It wasn't a greeting. Through the eyes of the guests, he was able to feel once again the wonderful emotions he had felt as a child. In particular, such innocent guests were welcomed with open arms at any time.

The two children and the grandmother returned home having a great time. Hazel looked back at them with a happy face.

Recently, the number of visitors to the farm has increased. This unusual salon was becoming more and more popular.

Those entering the salon must follow etiquette. The etiquette differs according to the characteristics of the salon. The etiquette of this Marronnier salon was unique among them. He had to be really interested in farming.

Farming was part of the family's business, planting a small vegetable garden in a corner of the garden, or even bringing in a dead potted plant.

Hazel made sure this was the rule. Otherwise, talking about social circles would interfere with farming.

Farming happily every day.

This was the only thing I had to keep.

There is so much more to do in the fall. Among them, I decided to take a day and pick the apples left in the Imperial Palace. The commanders of the Holy Knights, who were once temporary co-workers, decided to help.

Once again, the season of the Knights Templar evaluation test came back and everyone was busy. But the more I did, the more time I needed to catch my breath.

“When it comes to autumn desserts, there is nothing like apple pie! Apple Pie, the only reason cinnamon should exist in this world! Friends, isn't it? People who really know how to eat make ice cream instead of coffee. Once you finish one plate while savoring the taste of the pie itself, with nothing served, then finish the other plate with ice cream, and it's perfect!”

“Who gave you two plates?”

He picked up an apple while listening to Lewis and Lorendel arguing. It was also a very enjoyable time.

“When there are fresh apples, it is better to eat them as much as possible. Of course, pie made with dried apples later is delicious, but... . . . . By the way, this time I’m going to try making apple butter too.”

“Apple butter?”

Cayenne's face darkened.

“What is that? It looks like it's going to taste weird, but I think it's going to be delicious because it's made by hazel, but I think it's going to taste weird as well... . . . .”

“It’s not real butter. They were made a lot in the old country. It’s a very thick apple sauce that is simmered until the sugar is caramelized and spread on bread.”

In the story of eating, autumn deepened.

In the fall, there was really a lot to eat. The amount of time you spend in the kitchen has also increased. Hazel was very busy.

Still, there was work to be done. It was more important than anything else.

In the fall, the elm forest also turns yellow. Hazel took two baskets and went to the Empress Dowager Palace.

“Here, maid.”

One of the baskets was handed to the Duchess of Winterfeld, the handmaiden of the Empress Dowager.

"looks delicious! Thank you very much."

She took the basket and went out. From time to time, when Hazel came to the salon, the maids would naturally leave.

“The Empress Dowager, I’m here.”

“Come on.”

After greeting each other comfortably like a neighbor who came out to drink, Hazel pulled out what was in the basket.

The table was filled with delicious autumn foods, such as egg pancakes stuffed with mushrooms from Sir Louis and the Imperial Palace forest, buttery pumpkin pie with cream to accompany it, and sweet potatoes with maple syrup brought as a gift from the twin sisters.

“If I do this, I will soon double my size!”

“If the Empress Dowager doubles, wouldn’t that be a good thing?”

The two took turns preparing snacks each time. The Empress Dowager praised Hazel's country cuisine with saliva, but the food she served at the Imperial Palace was equally delicious. The bisque soup made with lobster was especially good this fall.

“Let’s see... ..”

The Empress Dowager took out her glasses and put them on. And he pulled out a piece of paper from under the thick sutras that the royal family always had with him.

Their purpose was to meet and eat delicious food, but the real purpose was different. It was an investigation into the secret hidden in the Imperial Palace.

“First, I thought about the purpose of Abbas Mamon and his crew. If you want to influence important decisions of your country, it's good to have as many of your people as possible in the heart of the Imperial Palace. That is the orthodox royal road. Until now, several interest

groups have tried to reach the heart of the Imperial Palace. For power, for economic gain... . Among them, this time Abbas Mamon and his crew seem to have implemented a very well-thought-out plan over several years.”

The Empress Dowager showed Hazel the contents of the investigation.

“The high ranks of the barbarians were called by the ancient demonic names instead of official positions. I never gave up because I believed that strength comes from that name. If my guess is correct, even if the name 'Abbas' is a pseudonym, there must be a story behind the name 'Mamon'. Mamon is an ancient demon that symbolizes wealth and greed, and it can be assumed that Abbas Mamon was in a high position related to finances. It’s just a hypothesis.”

“Isn’t he keeping his mouth shut?”

“It is. It is said that barbarians consider it taboo to harm themselves. Nevertheless, he deceived his identity by ruining his face and sneaked into our country. The fact that I was able to grow my power in such a short period of time means that I have teamed up with someone who knows the situation well. But they don’t confess who is behind them even if they die.”

"Perhaps... ."

Hazel pulled out what was on her mind.

“It may be an absurd idea, but where is Adrian, the Emperor’s illegitimate child, still alive?”

"Well... ."

The Empress Dowager was deep in thought. Her eyes wandered for a moment on the table.

“Somehow, I don’t think this is the story I want to talk about right now... .”

"why? Would it be okay?"

"He was eating the pie, and suddenly he vomited blood and collapsed. I stopped breathing on the spot."

"Ah."

Hazel quietly put the pumpkin pie down.

"Were you poisoned?"

"Before I could even look into it, the body suddenly disappeared. A few days later, it was rediscovered in the pond of the Imperial Palace. There was a lot of talk about it, such as that the Emperor secretly stole Adrian from his enemies. Because the identity of the drowned body is not known with certainty. But Adrian is definitely dead. At that time, several people on our side confirmed that he had stopped breathing."

The Empress Dowager declared so. Although she didn't say anything, I wondered if she had confirmed it herself.

Then it must be dead

Hazel shrugged and picked up the pie again.

Anyway, this pumpkin pie was bright yellow and sweet. When eaten with whipped cream sprinkled with cinnamon powder, it made me forget all the troubles in the world. Best of all, it didn't contain a single drop of poison.

The two savored the mild flavor of the pumpkin pie for a moment.

"Come to think of it... .."

The Empress Dowager changed the topic.

“I was lying in bed at night, thinking about various things, and then something suddenly came to my mind. I forgot it because it was a long time ago, but I accidentally discovered a secret of this imperial palace.”

“What secret?”

“As you are well aware, I have not been able to go outside freely because of my weak body. Of course, no one forcibly stopped me, but once I went out, I started to avoid going out because the entire palace turned over with just one cough. Sometimes it was so frustrating that I couldn’t stand it.”

"sure. I understand."

“More than anything, I was sad that I couldn’t see the General’s tree, which I loved so much. The very tree that Miss Hazel saved.”

"Ah!"

Hazel remembered.

"that's right. Then I heard from Sir Siegwald. Her Majesty the Empress Dowager likes that tree.”

"okay. I've loved it since I first entered the Imperial Palace. Seeing the general's majestic appearance gave me courage no matter how difficult the situation was. I thought about whether there was any way to go to see the general without paying attention to the surroundings, and I finally figured out something good. That’s it.”

The Empress Dowager took out another piece of paper from the inside of the sutra.

It was a map. Hazel looked at the map and widened her eyes.

“Is it a secret passage?”

"that's right. There was a way to sneak out of the Empress Dowager Palace without anyone knowing.”

“That was it! Did you use that passage when you hid your identity and came to our farm? Actually, I knew. There are several secret passages in this imperial palace. I used that same passageway when I went to see the general.”

“It is. Now, the site of the Emperor's Imperial Palace, the Grand Garden, and the farm are newly built areas, but secret passages remain in the old areas. This is the passageway made when the Imperial Palace was first built. While I was secretly going to see the general, I investigated these passages little by little. I didn't have time to take a closer look, but... . . . .”

The Empress Dowager handed Hazel the map.

“When my son ascended to the throne, I had him inspect all the sections of the imperial palace several times. But, let alone the Cursed Relics, there was absolutely no place to store them. I didn't even know the existence of the black spirit object itself, but I can say that with certainty.”

she said vigorously.

Hazel understood the meaning of those words. If there was no such thing as a black castle in all the areas that the Empress Dowager investigated, it was highly likely that they were hiding in an unknown area.

The secret passage that was made when the imperial palace was first built could be a clue. It is said that the cursed relic has been handed down since ancient times.

The Empress Dowager believed in Hazel's research ability and told this story. However, he knew better than anyone how busy farming is, so he didn't seem to be able to ask for it.

When an adult you respect is in trouble like this, it's good to quickly figure out what's inside.

"Yes. Well sir."

Hazel nodded her head.

Then I remembered. I asked the Empress Dowager while recommending sweet potatoes with maple syrup.

"By the way, do you know anything about ladies who don't have the little finger on their right hand?"

After talking about Dianne, Hazel describes the strange woman she met in the library. As I recalled her appearance, something immediately came to mind.

"Ah! It's not unfamiliar somehow! I remembered where I saw that lady! Then, when I got the engagement ring and my hand turned weird, the lady was standing near the farm. It's really weird. At that time, I never wanted to borrow gloves, but the library acted as if I was deliberately revealing the secret of my fingers... .."

"It's really award-winning."

The Empress Dowager also agreed.

"That is enough reason to look for her. How was your impression?"

When it comes to wearing an impression, it was just that he was taller than Hazel and his hair was reddish-brown. The Empress Dowager paused while writing down those who met the conditions among the various ladies of the Imperial Palace.

"Yeah, there was a woman like that among the maids who were attending Athena... .."

"Are you the Grand Duchess?"

Hazel flinched.

"why? Do you have any trouble?"

“Oh, no.”

“Then it would be better to meet that maid first.”

The Empress Dowager advised. After talking more about other things, I left the Empress Dowager's salon.

There was something they didn't know.

Prior to that, at the Sunflower Palace, the residence of Grand Duchess Athena, the 'handmaiden' has already become a hot topic once.

Athena lost all motivation after she found out about Iskanda's heart. It was the will to be.

I didn't even need a bookkeeper. I haven't had much fun with her anyway. And I tried to break up with her before I made my heart dizzy by saying something like that.

But after I made up my mind like that, I couldn't see Kerual. All this time, I was always around without having to look for it. Suddenly, I couldn't even see my nose.

Athena called her sister-in-law, Madame Frances, and asked.

“Why don't you see your wife's younger brother these days?”

“Uh, that's... ..”

Mrs. Frances replied with a perplexed look on her face.

“It has disappeared. I take all my luggage. It's probably going back home.”

“I beg your pardon? without saying anything to me?”

“I find it annoying too. But technically, that child is not the Grand Duchess's handmaiden.”

It was so too.

Come to think of it, the location of Kerual was very vague. Being a member of the maid's family, she naturally came to think of her as a maid, but strictly speaking, they were not in a master-slave relationship.

Even though he was Mrs. Branches' younger brother, he didn't bring such an ambiguous figure too close!

Athena thought later. It was all over anyway, but I turned around and grabbed the waitress who was about to leave and asked.

“Does your wife's brother have any secrets in his hands? It is a secret that must be hidden from others.”

“Ah... . . . You also saw the Grand Duchess. I told you to hide it well, because people in high rank might be offended.”

“What?”

“Fingers. The boy had his finger cut off. A terrible thing happened to me by the cruel Camilla.”

Athena was very surprised to find out then that Kerual was Camila Berganza's maid in the past.

“Why are you so surprised?”

Mrs. Frances was perplexed.

“Everyone was like that back then. That child, like me, entered the Imperial Palace early. Camila Berganza snatched it up early because she had a pretty face and quick eyes.”

“I know that. But how is Camilla's maid still able to enter the Imperial Palace? All her limbs must have been punished or expelled for their crimes?”

“There were people who were saved. Don't you remember? Those who actively cooperated with the investigation. Camilla cut off the fingers of a few young maids who were bitter in her nefarious tactics to keep her young. From then on, Kerual hated her to the point of grinding his teeth. To have your fingers cut off at the age when you're at the peak of your beauty! I wasn't even married yet!”

Mrs. Frances trembled as she remembered the events of that time.

It was then that Hazel arrived.

It was a sudden visit. Had I known in advance, I would have refused with any excuses, but by the time Athena found out, she was already in the drawing room.

Hazel glanced briefly at the vase on the parlor table. It was an abundant bouquet of orange chrysanthemums, lemon mint, and white and purple autumn wild flowers. Meanwhile, Grand Duchess Athena came into the drawing room.

“I have a question about the Grand Duchess's handmaiden... .”

Hazel spoke straight up. He didn't even give the atmosphere time to get awkward.

Athena was surprised to learn that Hazel had come to inquire about none other than Kerual. What kind of coincidence is this?

She hesitated for a moment. Should I tell the story or not?

The worries didn't last long.

There was definitely something suspicious about Kerual. A ball is a ball and a buy is bought. It would have been a big deal if it was up to something. Even if I had already left for my hometown, I had to cover my mistakes.

Athena told everything about her history.

Hazel listened in amazement.

“It is. The Grand Duchess has already been investigating.”

“Of course.”

The two talked for quite some time.

When this happened, Athena was rather calm.

I couldn't live without leaving the Imperial Palace anyway. If you can't beat Hazel, you might be better off living with a rough guess like this. While faithfully fulfilling the role of His Majesty's Majesty's cousin and sister.

Is such a life possible?

Maybe it's possible. Unless something happens like this.

Athena looked at the vase on the table after Hazel left and thought for a long time.

\* \* \*

Autumn is also the season to prepare for winter in earnest.

If you have large and expensive farm implements, you should check them in advance. This is because there are cases where it is left unattended for the whole winter without noticing that it is broken and cannot be used forever.

Livestock should also be looked at. Livestock that can no longer give birth or are ill are pruned at this time. They eat well and they are in good condition, so you can pass them on for the best price.

Hazel thought about that and shook her head.

Can you really clean up your beloved livestock like that? I don't know if I can become a more professional farmer after I turn 20.

Anyway, that was still a story that didn't apply to Marronnier Farm.

So, I decided to start collecting leaves. Fallen leaves are good materials for fertilizer.

Iskanda decided to help with this tedious task.

However, there was one major problem.

Iskanda did not tell anyone about this. So, as usual, the palace scavengers swept away the fallen leaves. Seeing the clean, empty walkway, he nearly fell backwards.

There was only one way.

Iskanda bought the leaves with his own money. There are people who pay money to buy this garbage! Citizens were amazed by the fact and excitedly bid a high price.

And the Imperial Palace scavengers, feeling very puzzled, threw leaves back on the road they had just cleared up. It's nice to be given a special allowance, but what the hell are you doing?

This scam, which gave many people a sense of absurdity and financial gain, was, of course, soon discovered. The type of roadside tree and the fallen leaves did not match at all.

"Well... . . . I would prefer not to do this in the future."

Hazel said with sincerity.

Still, they continued to experience a clash of values. But I thought it was because it was fun.

The leaves were needed anyway, and I couldn't get the scavengers to clean them up again. The two grabbed broomsticks and swept them vigorously.

Hazel then spoke of Athena.

"The Grand Duchess' maids put the bouquet I sent the day before yesterday in the drawing room. I don't know what happened to the bouquets I sent yesterday and today... . . ."

"Are you sending flowers to Athena every day? What are you doing?"

"It's just. Isn't it because I keep thinking about everything too complicated? I don't really have any thoughts. I just want the Grand Duchess to feel better, even for a moment, after seeing the pretty flowers."

Hazel recounted what had happened in the parlor that afternoon, sweeping away the rustling leaves. Since we will investigate the case of Kerual separately, Iskanda was happy that the two of them had been talking for a long time.

Are you two going to get along well?

It was too difficult to free Athena's heart. But Hazel didn't know if he could make it.

less worried. My heart felt very light.

Tonight, again, the patrol area of the Imperial Palace guards has been adjusted and all are placed elsewhere.

There were some people who went out for a walk to catch their breath during overtime or had secret meetings in the dark places of the Imperial Palace. However, people were also aware, so if there were no guards now, they would not go there at all. If you do it wrong, you can buy your Majesty's wrath!

On the empty promenade, Iskanda and Hazel diligently swept the leaves away. They were stuffed into sacks, loaded onto carts, and stacked up next to the farm barn.

“This manure is going to be great!”

Hearing that, we parted with a happy heart.

After returning to the palace, he continued to smile. It was because everywhere he looked, there were only pro-peasants.

Anyone can eventually make it their own. How great is that?

Iskanda thought with a happy heart.

The next day, when I entered the conference room because of the Knights Templar evaluation test, I was more than happy. Because the country's most pro-peasant factions were gathered there.

Then maybe I was too careless.

“Now, let’s start with the minutes... .”

When Cayenne picked up the roll of paper, Iskanda realized she had made a big mistake.

But it's already too late. Catsie's golden eyes had already skimmed through the contents of the paper.

That was the plan. 'What is the lion of Ceres?' I figured out the secret quickly and made a plan to tell Hazel on her birthday.

Aside from that, a number of other plans were written to make it a wonderful day. It seemed as if anyone could see that it was the farmer's birthday, not the emperor's birthday.

"Well... .”

Cayenne was perplexed.

“My eyes are strangely blurry these days, so I can’t see the letters well.”

He quickly gave an excuse and turned the wad of paper over. Her cheeks were trembling as if she had seen something she couldn't see.

Now it's over.

Iskanda resigned.

Been cheating for a long time. But now I couldn't fool my friends anymore. I even felt a pang of conscience.

“I have something to confess... .”

He spoke with difficulty.

“I think everyone will be surprised because it's such a sudden story, but actually, I like Hazel.”

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, Cayenne. Everyone was equally shocked and shocked.

I hoped! Did you know that we still didn't know?

Seeing his friend's face, he was sincere. I knew I had completely deceived everyone.

The hunting contest is already over! Dull humans who didn't notice at that time noticed all the fake engagements!

I wanted to say that.

But then Iskanda might be too embarrassed to destroy the conference room. No joke. He's a Grand Cavalier, and he's even accidentally ascended to a higher level by subduing other knights of his class recently.

So they decided to give it to a friend.

“How could that be! Did you like Hazel? I never expected it!”

“How could that be? If no one else knew, you should have told us!”

Cayenne and Lewis worked hard. Lorendel and Siegwald had no talent for acting, so they just kept on looking surprised.

“Did I cheat so much? I'm sorry.”

Iskanda apologized with a shy face. Cayenne pretended to be ignorant and continued acting.

“By the way, Hazel? What do you think of Ys?”

“Looks like I don't like it.”

“Then secret love? Oh My God! Were you two secretly dating without anyone knowing?”

“It is, but... . . . what do you guys think Do you think I am doing well?”

How do we know that!

Everyone wanted to shout like that.

But when I thought about it, it wasn't that I didn't have any advice for my friend.

Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne recalled what they had just witnessed. After escaping the crisis by lying that they were engaged, the two said, “See you tomorrow!” and parted with a smile. When I saw it, I felt something was wrong. I wanted to point out something.

“Actually, there is one thing... . . . .”

Lorendel frowned. I want to tell you, but you must know something! While we were all grunting together, Sigwald came up with an idea.

“I'm going to find dating experts.”

He immediately left the conference room. After a while, I found the two and brought them back.

“They are self-proclaimed dating experts.”

Those two were Xavier Fontaine, the chef of the Imperial Palace, and Giorgio, the chef of the Knights' Restaurant. They, too, acted astonished after hearing His Majesty's concerns.

"Yes? Miss Hazel? Oh My God! I never even dreamed of it!"

“This is amazing news!”

Iskanda cautioned the two chefs who were making a fuss.

"Shh! This fact must be kept secret. Hazel would feel a lot of pressure if the rumors were published and made headlines in the newspapers. By the way, are you an expert?"

“Okay then, Your Majesty. I have never failed so far. The proof is that they are not married.”

“I have had many successes. The proof is that he was married three times.”

Giorgio and Fontaine said confidently.

Well... . . . Are you an expert right?

Neither Iskanda nor the commanders of the Holy Knights had any way of knowing. I have to believe that I am an expert.

Anyway, as soon as they heard the story, they pointed out the problem clearly at once. That's what he said together.

“That is wrong.”

"why?"

“It’s not about dating and it’s not about not doing it! How can you turn around so neatly that you've done your job?”

"that's right. I want to be with you even for one more minute. 'I'll take you.' And went to the front of the other person's house, 'Then I'll take you this time.' And go back to the other person's house. It’s a common sight to go back and forth dozens of times to each other’s houses like this.”

"Ah! That’s it!”

Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne finally attained enlightenment. Even those who do not know much about dating caught the eye.

"right! Even with my girlfriends that much!”

Lewis also helped.

For some reason, it became an atmosphere that drives Iskanda. He was embarrassed and excused himself.

“Of course I don’t want to break up. But because Hazel wants to work on the farm... . . . .”

“Then it is still a long way off. It’s still a long way off.”

The two chefs shook their heads and waved their hands. Xavier Fontaine said confidently.

“Trust me, I have been married three times. When the time comes, you will feel it. Your Majesty, you must not miss that moment.”

“What should I do without missing out?”

"well. do anything I want you to kiss me!"

sounds crazy

Iskanda looked at his chef with those eyes. How do you say that like a tomcat?

Either way, you never know if that day will ever come or not. It seemed very far-fetched for now.

"done. done."

Iskanda sent out two dating experts. Then I glanced at the book that had been under the pile of papers earlier.

It was an old book that was found by scouring the Imperial Palace Treasure Vault. It was almost the only book written about the ancient gods of agriculture.

When I looked at it earlier, there were dozens of pages about the god Ceres. The lion of Ceres must also be mentioned.

I have to finish today's work quickly and interpret it.

With that in mind, I gathered the friends of the Holy Knights Commander, who were making a lot of noise, to their seats.

At that time, Hazel went on an expedition.

The location of the secret passage was still vividly remembered.

If you walk through the labyrinth garden towards the center of the Imperial Palace, you will find an artificial waterway. When Sir Siegwald lifted the dolphin statue there, a staircase leading to the basement appeared.

Hazel followed her memory and went there. The dolphin statue was still spouting water from there.

Maybe you need help?

I heard it once.

Contrary to its appearance, it was lightly flashing. Well, in case of emergency, a child or an elderly person may have to open the aisle.

Just as then, the slabs on the bottom of the canal were turned down. A staircase appeared in its place.

"great."

Hazel looked around once and then stepped down the stairs.

This passage was safe. In the past, the Empress Dowager, who was in a state of being knocked down if touched, could be sure of that fact, even though she went back and forth several times and nothing happened.

First, I turned on the light I brought with me. A glimmer of light shone on the polished stone wall.

At that time, I was engrossed in the general and didn't know, but there was a fork in the road other than the direction to the gymnasium.

Hazel followed the path carefully, supplementing her mind with the map the Empress Dowager had given her.

After walking for a while, we finally found an exit. I went up to the end of the stairs and gently pushed the trap door up.

The smell of animals wafted out.

It was a stable.

After confirming that no human voice could be heard, the door was pushed all the way up. At that moment, his eyes met the black horse tied in front of him.

“Ras Alghetti!”

It was Pegasus of Iscanda. It wasn't just a stable, it was a stable that kept the Emperor's horses.

Pegasus was very happy to see Hazel. It rolled on the ground with its front paws, not back and forth. The steel bucket was crushed at once. A great sound rang out.

this!

Hazel quickly went down and closed the trap door.

'Your Majesty's Stable'.

After writing that on the map, I went to another fork in the road. At the end of it was the tower of the wise men. After marking it on the map, we took another route. This time, the Imperial Palace Treasure Vault appeared.

I couldn't find any other way.

Is this all?

I walked around carrying a lamp and looked closely. Then I found

One of the areas I thought was a wall was strange. The material was different from other stones around. It seemed like someone had blocked it.

Hazel pushed there. didn't even budge.

Should I ask for help?

I wanted to do it alone if possible. I wanted to surprise the Empress Dowager.

After thinking for a while, a good idea came to mind.

Hazel went back the way he had come before. Opened the trap door leading to the Emperor's stable. For some reason, Ras Alghetti, who had lowered her posture and was only watching this side, abruptly stood up.

"Shh!"

Hazel gestured.

He said that Pegasus is a mysterious animal and can go wherever he wants. Although the secret passage was not that wide, there must be a reason why it was drilled through this stable.

Hazel decided so and dragged Ras Alghetti into the passage. Indeed, as if the space was strangely distorted, a large Pegasus entered the passage without difficulty.

“I need your help.”

Hazel dragged Ras Alghetti in front of the wall earlier.

As soon as I pretended to break it, I figured it out. Ras Alghetti slammed the wall with her forelimbs.

bang!

The stone wall crumbled.

There was also a passage behind it. After the dust settled, I went inside. After walking for a while, a door appeared in front of me. It was a door leading to an underground space.

Are there any relics hidden here?

I pushed the door with a pounding heart.

A cool breeze struck me. I could see small statues lined up under the round vault.

It was the crypt under the Imperial Palace Cemetery.

Hazel was disappointed.

This was one of the first areas the Empress Dowager investigated. It felt like it was just blocked because it was just an ossuary.

Should I be the plasterer and have to put it back together?

With that thought in mind, I came back and found another strange wall.

There were also signs of a recent blockade. Hazel looked carefully in the direction and tilted her head.

Isn't it on the garden side?

The main garden side was the newly expanded area of Iskanda. Originally, it was just a housing complex outside the Imperial Palace. It was strange that an underground passage made in the past had been drilled through it.

Was it for escape from the Imperial Palace?

Hazel glanced at Ras Alghetti.

When I called in the workers, I dug a well, made a ditch, and fixed the fence... . It was a wonderful wisdom of life to entrust everything. After all, it's the same as paying a day's labor cost anyway.

If there was an emergency passage near the garden, it would be good to use it at any time. If you don't have any use for it, there's nothing to lose. Anyway, isn't it free?

Hazel thought so and dragged Pegasus away.

Of course, Ras Alghetti was not a laborer, nor was he paid for labor. However, when I asked him to open this passage, he suddenly overflowed with enthusiasm and ran wild.

bang!

In an instant, the wall broke.

This black Pegasus seemed overly clever. I was excited to find out that this was the secret passage between the Imperial Palace and the farm. I didn't know what the hell he was thinking.

The dust settled, revealing a passageway beyond the dirt.

Hazel stopped as he tried to enter it.

I borrowed Pegasus for too long. The stable manager may come in and your heart will fall.

“Let’s go back at once.”

I went back to the stable with Ras Alghetti, whose eyes were twinkling with some kind of anticipation.

Fortunately, no one seemed to notice. It doesn't seem that this horse breaks a steel bucket or jumps out of nowhere.

"thanks. I'll make a special meal for you later in the evening and send it to you."

After thanking the horse, he returned it to its place. I picked up the lantern and set out on the expedition again.

The secret passage we just drilled led to the middle of the great garden. It was only a few steps away from the farm. The unexpected discovery was delightful. seemed to benefit.

What else will there be?

Hazel searched every nook and cranny of the underground passage. After about three laps, I finally found something else.

It was also a strange wall. However, it was different from the passages I had found so far.

The material of the stone was the same as the surrounding. So I passed it several times without noticing it. However, upon closer inspection, the moss was strange.

Hazel brought the lamp closer to the wall.

In the eyes of those who are not interested in plants, even moss appears there.

However, Hazel has been paying great attention to all the plants in the world for 11 years after being taught by Aunt Martha. So, I was able to figure out one thing right away.

Unlike other areas, the walls of this area were inhabited by two types of moss.

But it was unique.

One brick was overgrown with scaly moss, and the brick next to it was overgrown with needle-shaped moss. Each brick had an irregular shape with scales or needles.

Oh oh!

Hazel's eyes lit up.

It seemed that he had finally found something right. He took out his agricultural notebook and accurately recorded the distribution of the moss. And I collected two kinds of moss and put it in the collecting bag I always carry with me.

But what does this mean?

I didn't know until there.

Do I really need help this time?

Hazel thought for a moment, then shook her head. After finding out as much as possible with his own strength, he wanted to show it to the Empress Dowager.

There is one thing that I have learned while going through many things. It was said that there was a repository of knowledge that could be used in this case.

Hazel came out of the secret passage. I went back to the farm and opened the kitchen cabinet. After a couple of hours, I came out with a large basket.

And headed to the wise man's tower.

It was late afternoon and it was evening. From the point of view of the many wise men living in the tower, it was dawn.

"Hello!"

Hazel greeted her cheerfully and entered.

“Who are you?”

A bitter reaction came back.

The wise men did not welcome the guests who came like dawn.

They originally knew nothing but books and research. He knew who Hazel was, but he wanted to pretend he didn't know because he wasn't the Emperor who fed them.

Hazel opened the basket without hesitation.

The wise men who were looking at the book raised their heads one by one.

The smell of fried chicken mixed with garlic's scent seemed to grab their hair and drag them away. It seemed to be in sight of the crispy skin exuding the right amount of grease and the hot steaming flesh in front of me.

The wise men swallowed their saliva.

When I do research, it becomes cumbersome to put anything in my mouth. The wise men didn't even have the motivation to go to a restaurant that served delicious food. Therefore, the sense of taste gradually deteriorated. Eating was just a monotonous routine that fueled the brain.

Still, because I'm human, sometimes I'm like, 'Ah! I want to eat something delicious!' There were times when I had the urge. However, I had become so alienated from the world of gastronomy that I did not know what to do.

It would be nice if someone gave it to me!

That was their constant thought.

But there really was such a person.

It was the first time since the tower of the wise man came to visit with packed food. It wasn't just food either. Hot fried chicken, thirst-quenching cider, soft mashed sweet potatoes topped with cream, blueberry muffins with a puffy top like a chef's hat... . . . . These delicious foods came out of the basket without limit.

The most wonderful thing was that the young lady who had brought these foods with her brought up the research story. A story about research with delicious food! Could there be a better breakfast than this?

"A black spirit that has been passed down from ancient times? It was already under investigation by His Majesty's order."

The sages knew Hazel was a trustworthy person, so they were excited to say it all. Hazel asked, continuing to offer them fried chicken.

"Investigation? Didn't the Emperor tell you that you can't find out anything by hiding it to the end?"

“It is so. However, it is because I do not know the existence itself, but when I find out that there is such a thing, it will be different. In the meantime, I try to interpret ancient texts whose interpretation has been unclear once in that direction, and I try to make analogies with the case of the northern countries... .”

“So? Any new information?”

“There wasn’t even anything to call it information... .”

The wise men gave Hazel a hint of the fragmentary facts they had discovered so far.

“It is highly probable that black spirits with their own characteristics will be handed down according to the legends of the founding of each country. In the case of the Northern Kingdom, as you have already seen, it wasn't a poisonous curse, was it? I can only remember the legend of the founding of the northern kingdom of purifying poisonous land with holy things and establishing a country there.”

“What if this is a common law? You can think of the legend of the founding of our empire. It is about conquering monsters with the help of various races, achieving great unity, and prospering through their knowledge.”

“Multiple races, great unity, monsters, knowledge, prosperity... .”

Hazel muttered. I didn't feel anything.

As yet, no conclusive information has been released. Once he decided to be satisfied with what he had found so far, he took out his agricultural notebook.

“Do you know anything about these moss?”

The sage Ayana, an expert on bryophytes, that is, mosses, was immediately called in.

Should I call it fresh or intuitive? The names of the moss were 'scale moss' and 'needle moss', respectively. Even in the same place, depending on subtle differences in temperature and humidity, scale moss grows in some places and needle moss grows in some places.

Ayana explained it that way.

"i See... .."

Gradually the strands were caught.

Hazel gave Ayana the two types of moss she had gathered. After 50 years of research on lichens, she immediately went into analysis.

"Hmm... .. There is a time difference of about 600 years between this scale moss and the needle moss. Originally, it was an area where scaly moss was growing as a whole, but after some of them were artificially removed, new needles grew in the place."

This fact led to a conclusion.

"Pattern password!"

The wise men shouted together.

About 600 years ago, someone removed only the moss from a particular brick. According to the reasoning of the sages, the purpose was obvious.

"Choose only the bricks where the algae are growing and push them lightly. If the brick moves backwards, it's a very traditional secret door. Push all the corresponding bricks back and the door will open."

Sage Rastavan arranged it.

It was a pretty plausible story. Does the brick move or not? Everything depended on it. Just swipe it once and you're done right away.

"like."

Hazel nodded.

I asked him to keep this a secret for a while and left the wise man's tower.

I couldn't contain my curiosity, so I went straight back into the secret passage. Looking at the map I recorded in my farming notebook, I went to the strange wall earlier.

“Scaly moss, needle moss... ..”

As the wise men said, I first picked a brick covered with needle moss. The moss was removed to reveal a very old stone surface.

do you really want to move?

I was kind of nervous. After taking a deep breath, I pushed back slightly.

surreung.

It really moved!

The bricks were pushed back as there was a sound of the stones collided with each other.

Hazel was excited. After removing all the places where the needle moss sprouted, all the bricks under it were pushed back.

There was a rattling sound as the last brick was pushed. The whole wall, where there was moss, started to move slowly. It split on both sides and opened wide like a door.

Hazel paused for a moment.

Do I really need someone to help me this time?

But inside, something seemed to be happening urgently. Something like a strange light flew out, then faded in an instant. It didn't seem like it would go away.

So once I got inside.

It was kind of confusing. In the darkness, a swarm of lights flashed back and forth. I couldn't figure it out at all.

Let's have courage.

Hazel was heartbroken.

What I needed from now on was photography skills.

Perhaps not knowing anything can be advantageous. Rather than poor knowledge, shooting skills based on the sixth sense are much better. That was Hazel's theory, which he realized through preparation for the job exam.

I tightened my eyes and looked around.

Something stood out.

A mass of blue light floating round and round inside with patterns that are not on the ground floating around.

I got tired of it.

I've seen something like that before. It was when I climbed the ladder of heaven and looked into the mirror of truth.

The Heavenly Ladder and the Mirror of Truth are ancient relics. And what we are looking for now is also a relic that has been handed down from ancient times.

So let's take a picture with that.

Hazel reached out towards it in the dark.

Something hard touched my trembling fingertips.

Once I grabbed it, it was a small box. It had a similar shape to the sealed box containing the labyrinth key, and was engraved with a sacred pattern often seen in temples.

Are you a real saint?

I couldn't believe it. My heart was pounding like crazy.

did i find it

At that moment, the secret door of the entrance rang. I tried to move again. Hazel was startled.

"Oh! for a moment!"

I quickly got out of the box, clutching the box.

When Hazel is going through an adventure like this.

Iskanda searched the dictionary of ancient languages and managed to interpret it.

According to the characteristics of the ancient language, even after finding all the meanings of the word, it was possible to accurately interpret it only after examining all the first to tenth changes of nouns, verbs, and adjectives.

According to this, the contents of the lion of Ceres were as follows.

'The lion of Ceres is small.'

'I always have a tendency to wander around. Because he can bless as much land as he treads.'

'As it is closely related to the hand of the sun, it has a color that symbolizes the sun.'

Each time he interpreted each one, Iskanda's eyes widened. He looked at the next verse.

'The figures of numerous divine beasts are guarding the ancient ruins. You can also find the image of a lion of Ceres there.'

This has definitely nailed it.

There was nothing more to see. Iskanda jumped up. He immediately left his palace and ran to the farm. I found it from Burinake Chicken Coop.

A yellow chick ran out from among the chickens. Iskanda quickly picked up the little chick.

“Was it you?”

With a face in disbelief, he looked into Tiberius's eyes.

“Were you that divine beast?”

Tiberius blinked black eyes on Iskanda's palm. It was like he was arguing that he wasn't like that.

However, all the characteristics of the ancient sacred records were consistent with this chick.

First of all, it's small. And it has yellow hair, the color that symbolizes the sun. You may think that the reason you keep trying to escape is to bless the land you step on, as in ancient records. Above all, when I went up to the ancient ruins to see the mirror of truth, I found the figure of Tiberius there. There was a crystal crystal that looked exactly like this chick.

"Unbelievable... . . . ."

Iskanda looked at the chick with curious eyes.

From the moment I first met Tiberius, everything in the past passed like a lantern.

Because they don't want to be caught sneaking into the farm, they cover their beaks, save them from being trampled by horses' hoofs, and eventually run to him for help. do... . . . .

All of that came new.

Tiberius was a divine beast.

It is true that there are times when Grand Cavaliers influence growth. It is also true that small animals are easily affected.

But Tiberius was not like that. It seemed that he was without failure, but before that, he was already a divine beast.

Who would have guessed this?

Thinking like that, a playful smile appeared on Iskanda's lips.

It seemed that Hazel would be very happy to know this. The timing was just right, and I was able to share this wonderful news on my birthday.

It will be a very nice birthday.

Iskanda imagined with a happy heart.

Then I suddenly realized.

Stayed here too long. The chick was also held in the hand for too long.

He put Tiberius back into the chicken coop. And just like when it appeared here, it disappeared without a single rustling sound.

If Iskanda had delayed a little longer, she would have been really surprised. He must have just met Hazel, whose hair was messy and her clothes were ruffled, and her eyes were twinkling with excitement.

Hazel left the secret passage with the amazing relic she had just acquired.

At first, I walked carefully and carefully. But I kept running because I thought someone would attack me from behind.

After climbing the stone steps and opening the secret door upwards, I was finally able to feel relieved.

After coming out, he collected fallen leaves and dirt to hide this secret door at the bottom of the great garden. I returned to the farm as if nothing had happened.

Hazel didn't even dream that Iskanda had just come and gone.

If he had leaked any evidence, he wouldn't have noticed. It was because my heart was pounding very hard due to the adventure that looked like something out of a fairy tale book my grandfather used to read.

I sat down in the kitchen and drank a cup of tea to calm my excitement. Then I took out the box.

Upon closer inspection, there were no gaps in the box. Of course, I couldn't put the key in, and I couldn't forcefully open it with a tool.

Except for the fact that it was engraved with sacred patterns, it looked like a dull, matte mass of darkness.

Hazel looked at the box for a long time.

Couldn't figure out anything either.

But one thing came to mind. Judging by a farmer's sixth sense, the box didn't seem very dangerous.

If it is true that this is a thing called black spirits that has been passed down from generation to generation, it is natural to feel that way. This is because it only harms the Grand Cavaliers, and conveys a holy and reverent energy to the general public.

Hazel decided to stop there for now.

That night I slept with the strange box rolled up in a cloth and placed under the pillow. The next day, I put it in a basket and headed to the Empress Dowager Palace.

The Empress Dowager was waiting just in time for Hazel to come. It was the most comfortable and enjoyable time of the day when I received all the news from the farm along with the fresh eggs.

But today, there was another unexpected gift.

The Empress Dowager was very surprised to see what Hazel had taken out along with the egg. It wasn't something from the field. There was nothing to eat.

"what is this?"

“Empress, do you know what I found yesterday?”

Hazel told the story of an adventure she had gone through the day before.

The Empress Dowager was even more surprised to hear the story. I didn't know that Hazel had been working so hard with the farming behind the scenes. Above all, I really didn't know that something really similar to a holy thing was hidden in the underground passage.

“Oh my God... . . . .”

She couldn't keep her mouth shut.

Hazel felt rewarded to see the Empress Dowager's reaction.

I just wanted to see that look.

It was really cool to see what kind of results she could achieve with the information she gave me. Even so, the Empress Dowager was full of energy these days, but at this moment, she seemed 20 years younger.

“Oh my God, Hazel! Is this really what we were looking for?”

“Under the circumstances, it seems so. I wish I did. Then you will be able to sleep comfortably with your two feet out in front of you. How can I check?”

The Empress Dowager took the box in her hand and looked at it.

“I don't think it would be difficult. If it was such an important relic, I would have set it apart from other things. If you interpret these sacred inscriptions on the outside, you will know for sure.”

“Ah, these were letters, not just patterns.”

“It is. Take it to the priests at the Imperial Palace and they will interpret it right away.”

The Empress Dowager and Hazel got along well in many ways, especially in one way. It was action.

Dry the hay in the sun.

This was their life motto. So I decided to go to Daeshinjeon and check it out.

Here, Hazel had a little hope for a moment.

Wouldn't the Empress Dowager reveal a secret that was deliberately not marked on the map?

In other words, there was an expectation that he would reveal the secret passage used to sneak out of the Empress Dowager Palace.

But the Empress Dowager seemed to intend to keep it as an eternal secret for herself. Instead of taking Hazel to a secret fireplace somewhere in the palace, he handed over the devotees' reverent lace shawls.

“I am going to pray with Miss Hazel for a good harvest.”

After saying that to the maids, I took Hazel's hand and headed straight to the Imperial Palace.

The Empress Dowager seemed to visit there often by herself. The priests, including the high priest, welcomed the highest-ranking elder in the imperial palace without much awkwardness.

“Your Majesty, the Empress Dowager, please come. What else did you come to this shabby place?”

“I'm here today for an important business. High Priest, could you take a look at this thing that our neighbor farm girl dug out of the ground?”

Hazel took out a sealed box wrapped in cloth from the basket. At that moment, the temple became noisy like a beehive.

“This is an ancient relic!”

The priests immediately recognized its identity.

I did just that.

In the words of Lord Lorendel, these imperial priests outperformed the religious men of any era. It was because the power of the temple had fallen to the ground and was devoted only to prayer. In the case of a high priest, even if he lifted a spoon once, his divine power would burst out unintentionally.

So they were able to analyze this relic in no time.

“Everything engraved on the outside is a sacred code. According to him, this object is a black holy object that has been passed down to the imperial family since ancient times... .”

"Ah!"

Hazel and Empress Dowager exclaimed at the same time.

In the end, it was true that the two of them worked together to discover a great secret. I was about to ask the high priest about this and that, but he asked first.

“Where was this thing?”

“In the secret passage that was made long ago.”

Hazel talked about how he discovered the relic. The high priest slowly nodded his head as if he had finally understood the story.

“Originally, only a priest with divine power can enter such a space. But when I asked how she got in... .”

"Is it something to do with the sun's hand?"

The Empress Dowager raised Hazel's hand proudly and asked. The high priest shook his head.

“It is not. The space has already collapsed. In jargon, it's called chaos. Is it like a broken egg? Someone has already forcibly broken in and has damaged the sacred space.”

"that's right. When I analyzed the moss growing on the wall, they said someone had entered it 600 years ago.”

“That... .”

The high priest looked at them both.

“Anyway, this stuff completely lost its power. Nothing is felt. Even if you check it in every way, it comes out as just a useless lump of stone. It was so hard to find, but unfortunately... .”

A sad expression appeared on the aged priest's face.

Hazel and Empress did face to face.

You've already lost your power!

The High Priest, who did not know what the Black Spirit was, thought they had done a futile effort and was very sorry. But to be honest, I was happy for both of them.

They had no doubt that Iskanda would never go wild with power blinded. The means to check the grand Cavaliers of the future generations can be researched and delivered. With Iskanda's strength and wealth, it can do anything.

“It is.”

The Empress Dowager had a visibly relieved face. He didn't express his feelings, but he was worried.

"Well... . Still, shouldn't we have to open it up once?"

Hazel said. The High Priest looked at him with salty eyes, like a grandson obsessed with a broken toy.

"okay. We will try to open it.”

“How can I open it?”

“It’s simple. Bring it to the final riddle of the Imperial Palace and it will open it right away.”

“Is this the final riddle of the Imperial Palace?”

Hazel asked, rolling her eyes.

The high priest realized that he had called it 'it' as it was his habit. I was in a hurry to explain, but Hazel suddenly shouted.

"like! I will try to unravel it with my own hands until the end!"

The high priest blinked in surprise at the momentum. The Empress Dowager said with a smile.

"okay. Try hard."

“Yes, Empress Dowager! I'll let you know as soon as I unlock it!"

"I see. Come see me."

Hazel bowed politely to the Empress and the priests before leaving.

The high priest scratched his head and said.

“The final riddle of the Imperial Palace. In fact, it was a clever lie from Her Majesty the Empress Dowager.”

"okay."

The Empress Dowager nodded her head.

“At that time, the imperial palace was like a piece of thin ice, I didn’t know what was going to happen tomorrow. I lied to the children, knowing that Camila would soon resort to an evil tactic if I was kicked out of the palace. I believed that only the statue was safe from evil forces.”

"That's right. His Majesty and even the commanders of the Holy Knights did not know that he would leave the place every midnight after hearing the fake legend. I wasted a lot of time reading every word in the dictionary one by one.”

"that's right. It seems that the incident remains a good memory for Ys. I've probably told Hazel about it too, so I'm sure he'll figure out what the riddle is."

After saying that, the Empress Dowager looked at the high priest.

“But, is it true that the relic has no power at all?”

“Yes, Empress Dowager. That's really sad. In fact, you can't have that holy relic only if you have power. We looked inside with the Founding Emperor's sacred mirror... . . . .”

The ambassador explained step by step.

"AHA... . . . .”

The Empress Dowager was convinced once again upon hearing his words.

At that time, Hazel tilted her head and was returning to the farm. Then I just met the minister of the palace.

“Instead! Nice to meet you! Do you know anything about the final riddle of the Imperial Palace?”

“Miss Hazel!”

Noh Daeshin grabbed Hazel.

“Now is not the time to play riddles like that. Answer me. Do you not want to farm for a long time in the Imperial Palace?”

“Of course, I want to farm for a long time.”

“Then, don’t be fooled and prepare a present for His Majesty’s birthday!”

“What did you say? If it's His Majesty's birthday present, we're working hard to prepare it right now. What did you prepare for the minister?”

“Birthday Banquet! Your Majesty doesn't like banquets very much, but this time will be different. I followed the latest trends.”

And then he gave me a puzzled look. It seemed to mean 'what you know and what I know'.

what? I don't know?

Hazel tilted her head again. Instead of solving the riddle, it increased by one more.

I thought hard, but in the end, I couldn't solve the two riddles on my own. Only one was released on the day of my birthday.

The moment Hazel left her lunch break after finishing farm work in a cluttered mood, Hazel's eyes widened in surprise.

The whole world was full of farmers.

It wasn't that he had moved to the countryside between lunch. Even though it was obviously the palace garden, it was full of farmers.

“How can such a wonderful thing happen!”

Hazel exclaimed loudly. Farmers walking in a hurry looked over here.

“Miss Mayfield!”

He waved his hand and greeted me.

Hazel just realized it.

They were not farmers. Aristocratic men and women dressed as peasants, they were famous socialites who ran long before the banquet.

The fact that these celebs came dressed like peasants meant one thing.

The theme of today's banquet is... . It was farming!

Hazel opened her mouth.

Did you mean something like this?

The latest fad he was talking about was farming. At some point, that time had come.

The nobles of the imperial palace exchanged greetings and looked at the various agricultural implements the other party was holding.

“This pitchfork is real! It's written by a real farmer! I couldn't bring weapons into the banquet hall, so I replaced steel with wood, but... .”

Some people were proud of it.

Buckets and baskets of vegetables took the place of fans, sticks, and various ornaments. Some people brought chickens with strings attached.

It was the appearance of an undying rural market.

Such a scenery unfolds in the Grand Palace of the Imperial Palace! How can agriculture become the latest fad that attracts so many people!

Hazel was thrilled. I quickly washed my face, got dressed and ran outside.

"Everyone!"

“Miss Mayfield!”

People welcomed the creator of this new fashion. Surrounded by so many farmers, Hazel burst into laughter.

“You all get along very well! Like a real farmer! How are you guys? Dressing up like this, would you like to take a tour around the farm?”

The aristocrats were bewildered by Hazel's proposal.

"Yes? We'll be playing cards while waiting for the banquet to start... . . . .”

“We have to practice dancing. It's a new kind of costume... . . . .”

Everyone slowly pulled back.

Hazel realized.

It's just a flashy fad.

In terms of life span, it was equivalent to a day's life. No one really cared. All these straw hats and farm implements will be dumped into warehouses in less than a month, sweeping away the dust with all the fads.

Then yes.

Hazel smiled bitterly.

In any case, it was true that the scenery of the imperial palace full of farmers was amazing. I just decided to enjoy this moment.

When will I see you again?

He looked at the nobles with a happy face as they walked in peasant costumes and perky.

Then I suddenly thought.

By the way, is today's protagonist too quiet?

Iskanda visited the farm in the morning and evening. However, before his birthday, he suddenly stopped walking.

I would have been worried before, but now I knew what that meant.

What else are you up to?

Hazel wondered.

It wasn't the days of Lord Valentine, who showed up in a black cloak, and now he knew for sure his identity and where he lived. If you break into your neighbour's house, you can immediately see the intent.

But this time I couldn't. Even when I was going to visit, I suddenly became timid.

You must be looking forward to my birthday present... . . . .

Because I kept thinking about it.

Hazel didn't know.

In fact, Iskanda secretly went in and out of the farm dozens of times.

What he did while sneaking in and out was to measure Tiberius.

It was really difficult to read the scale with a tape measure on the little chick's body, who was only trying to get out of it. Even as an emperor and Grand Cavalier, both hands and feet were raised.

Besides, it didn't end with the measurements. What to do next was even more difficult.

However, Iskanda was a person who had to decide what to do to get rid of his intuition.

After closing and locking the door until the day of the banquet to celebrate his birthday, he finally got what he wanted.

"your Majesty! The banquet has already started! No matter how late the protagonist has to appear, now he has to put on his formal clothes!"

"I get it! Get out now!"

He jumped up. Leaving behind the pile of small failures, he hurriedly left the room.

The atmosphere in the grand banquet hall of the Imperial Palace was already ripe.

Wives in aprons and wooden shoes and gentlemen in straw hats and vests performed folk dances to delightful music.

The old wooden table was full of country bread, bunches of grapes and corn. On one side, the whole pork was also rotated round and round. And instead of opera singers, drunken old men were singing.

“Well, how are you?”

Hazel shared her honest feelings with the minister of the palace who asked that question.

“It’s like a country feast!”

Noh was overjoyed.

“It’s worth the visit!”

“Did you even do a survey?”

Hazel was amazed.

The minister of the palace worked really hard. Thanks to this, it was possible to become a novel banquet that the people of the Imperial Palace had never experienced before. Everyone was enjoying this fresh atmosphere.

"Hahaha!"

A roar of laughter erupted from the table. The Empress Dowager was seen wearing a straw hat and overalls with an apron.

Among the nobility who enjoyed the banquet were Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre. He was wearing a vest that emphasized his voluptuous belly and was holding a goose one by one.

There were also Prince Rowan in a shirt that looked like a real farmer's son, and Princess Katarina with shears. The appearance of Marquis Lanley holding a milk delivery box also caught my eye.

Everyone was looking around.

“... ..”

Hazel quietly stepped back. For some reason, he felt like everyone was looking for him.

Everyone was nice people. I was curious about the most recent situation.

But now was not the time to chat. He still hadn't been able to solve the last riddle.

While sneaking away, I just ran into other people. They were the commanders of the Holy Knights.

“Hazel!”

They were happy and surrounded Hazel.

As an ardent pro-peasant, everyone has prepared much more faithfully than others. The old shirt and all the buttons were unbuttoned and the vest was open to the front, baggy pants and knee-high gaiters, muddy boots... .. Even if he had just moved to Tokyo from the countryside, he looked believable.

Hazel burst out laughing.

“Where the hell did you get this?”

“We all rode horses and ran blindly. Until you find farmers in clothes you like. After we finally found them, we asked them to change clothes. It was like being the protagonist of an adventure novel!”

Lewis replied cheerfully.

Yes. In adventure novels, there is always a scene where the knight exchanges clothes with the farmer.

Hazel was delighted to recall their little adventure. Then he suddenly asked.

“Oh, did you prepare a birthday present?”

"sure. As always, I prepared something very good.”

Lorendel answered bluntly. Hazel asked.

“What?”

“This is it.”

He pointed to himself and his other friends.

“It is us. What could be a better gift than having close friends watching over you again this year in good health? Isn't that right, Miss Hazel?”

If someone else said that, 'Are you bothered to buy a gift?' you may have thought

However, when this high elf, who could not hide his nobility even though he was dressed as a farmer, spoke, his words sounded very luxurious. Hazel flinched for a moment.

Shall I say that too?

But he immediately shook his head.

That's plagiarism!

As Lord Lorendel said, it was something that only close friends could say. I've been saying that every year since I was a kid... . . . .

for a moment.

Hazel paused.

As I went crazy thinking that they all had childhood memories together, something suddenly came to my mind.

The final riddle of the Imperial Palace.

maybe that's it?

My heart was pounding. Iskanda hasn't come yet. Before that, I had to experiment quickly.

"Wait!"

Hazel turned quickly. As always, when an idea came to mind, nothing came to mind.

“Where are you going all of a sudden? Iss will be here soon!”

“I’ll be there soon!”

He left the place behind the bewildered commanders of the Holy Knights.

Athena was sitting by the door. He was dressed in work clothes with a white cloth bonnet and a long apron.

“Maybe you are that pretty!”

The compliments continued to pour in.

It would have felt good before, but now it feels so meaningless. Whilst straw churning a strong rustic wine, I saw Hazel sneak out.

Are you going there to enter together?

Athena had a bitter expression on her face. When I saw the two of them coming together, it seemed like my heart would be troubled again.

It's ok since you've shown your face.

She jumped up from her seat.

“Grand Duchess, where are you going?”

“My head hurts... . . .”

I went out and bumped into someone. "Ouch!" When I looked up, it was Lady Pelmata, an old royal family with dementia. A thin book fell from her hand.

"Gosh! It's a present for Your Majesty!"

"sorry."

Athena picked up the book.

"Are you giving me this book?"

"okay! Your Majesty will like it, so I told you to bring it to me!"

"Who is it?"

"Camila!"

Then the other old men flinched.

"What are you talking about! Camilla is already dead!"

"right! And today is not even the night of Baba Yaga, where ghosts appear!"

Lady Pelmata looked around with blurry eyes.

"Oh right! Not Camilla... . . . After all, he said that this book contains the answer to a riddle that Your Majesty has not been able to solve! It's the riddle of the gifted lion. They say what words to whisper into a lion's ear to fly into the sky!"

Saying so, Lady Pelmata placed the book of riddles on the whole pig barbecue.

Athena was startled. I quickly grabbed the book before it fell into the fire.

“Why are you burning it? A present for Your Majesty?”

"Huh? Gift?"

Lady Pelmata's eyes dimmed again. She pulled a small box out of her arms.

“Is this chocolate for my present? What book is that?”

like that

Athena sighed and grabbed the book.

She also had memories of the gifted lion statue in the Imperial Palace garden. When Iskanda and her friends sneaked out at night with a dictionary, they followed and played together a few times.

Does this book really have an answer to the riddle?

Athena wondered about it.

I was going to leave this place anyway. Solving the riddle alone in a quiet garden seemed to soothe the loneliness.

She sneaked out of there.

After a while, the roaring voice of the chief servant resounded in the grand banquet hall.

“You are the Emperor!”

Iskanda was walking with dignity, and her heart was rushed. They hurried in before the people were even ready to be polite.

A small thing was wriggling in his cloak's inner pocket.

Even after gaining the will, there was no choice but to delay further. For today's important event, I had to stop by the farm for a while to pick up Tiberius.

I went in with all the preparations, but this time Hazel didn't stand out. I couldn't find it no matter how much I looked around.

“Hey, Your Majesty... . . . .”

The servant opened his mouth quickly.

“Miss Mayfield has just left.”

"Where?"

“That way... . . . .”

I was just about to explain, but His Majesty was already gone. disappeared before my eyes.

The mayor became perplexed. How should I let you know that His Majesty, who just entered, disappeared again in a matter of seconds? My head hurt a little.

At that time, Hazel arrived at the courtyard of the Silver Lion's Palace.

When I saw the silver lion basking in the moonlight, I remembered the past.

At that time, the summer flowering trees were luxuriant. After the Heroic Knight's banquet, I met and chatted with Sir Valentine right here. After several talks, he said.

–There is a legend about this gifted lion... . . . .

Legend has it that at midnight he climbed on the back of this benefactor and whispered a single word to it so he could fly into the sky. So he secretly came with his friends, opened up a dictionary and read the words one by one.

I didn't know at the time, but those friends were the commanders of the Holy Knights.

Hazel smiled for a moment, imagining Iskanda, Luis, Lorendel, Sigwald, and Cayenne as young.

Iskanda didn't seem to have figured out what the magic word was in the end. If so, isn't that the final riddle?

Of course it may not be.

But when I saw the statue of a silver lion majestic standing next to a fountain with clear water gushing out, I wanted to believe that for some reason. This lion statue seemed to possess some mysterious power.

Hazel took out the sealed box she had hidden in her arms. He knelt in front of the gifted lion and raised the box high.

“Master, please open this.”

Silence passed for a moment.

Then, to his surprise, a mysterious brilliance began to appear in the lion's eyes. At the same time, I felt some movement in the box in my hand.

Was it real?

Hazel was surprised. He looked at the box with wonder.

That was then.

Iskanda, who came to me while asking this person and that person, arrived at the courtyard of the Eunsa Palace. I saw a strange brilliance from the side where the lion was and hurriedly approached me.

Oh!

Hazel noticed his outline and was startled. jumped up and shouted.

“You can’t come this way!”

Iskanda asked, bewildered.

"why?"

“It can be dangerous!”

He was even more puzzled.

What does this mean? If it's dangerous, go even further! It flew over the low bushes.

Hazel was terrified.

“Because you don’t come!”

The sealed box that was about to be opened was thrown away and thrown away. And blocked in front of him.

Iskanda could not understand English.

“What is it? When I got out in the middle of the banquet... . . . .”

“I found a black thing!”

Hazel quickly explained.

“It was also secretly hidden in our country. Exactly what Aibator said.”

"what? How did you find it? I tried to investigate on my own... . . . .”

“The Empress Dowager helped me. But it lost its power anyway. It's like a useless rock. Still, I wanted to check. It's not at all harmful to the public, so it's better to step back.”

Saying so, Hazel opened her arms and blocked them thoroughly. Iskanda's heart pounded for a moment.

“You are so brave! I don't know who's Grand Cavalier!”

"You're welcome! I'm shy! You know it's safe, so you can't do this, right?"

“But it is! There is nothing in the world that you can be absolutely sure of! get me out of this way If there is danger, we must face it together!”

“I can't! This is a dangerous item that has been passed down from generation to generation to keep the Grand Cavaliers in check!”

“Because I already have some immunity! Come here!”

The two looked at each other and shouted at each other.

Then I realized There was no reaction from behind.

Hazel looked back slowly. Iskanda also peered through Hazel's barrier.

The sealed box was wide open.

There was a small bottle rolling out and lying on the floor. The lid was opened, but there was nothing inside.

“Is it empty?”

“... ..”

Hazel was speechless. How can you be so safe? The box had no contents.

Iskanda walked slowly and picked it up. I interpreted the sacred characters on the outside of the box.

“The day this box is opened, let the great sword lose its sharpness.' Let's see... .. What was inside the box is said to be 'lete', a substance of oblivion that affects the mind of the Grand Cavaliers. The moment you breathe in, you will lose all your wisdom, knowledge, and swordsmanship you have learned so far.”

"Oh My God! So what will happen?"

“It will be one of the two. Either you become an idiot, or you become a madman. I think the curse handed down from the northern countries is better. It may give you pain, but it won't make you lose yourself.”

"that's right. But anyway... . . . ."

The two looked down at the floor again.

Anyway, there was nothing left in the bottle. I felt a little embarrassed when I remembered that the world had just turned upside down.

As I was doing this, something yellow flew past me in the background.

Oops!

Iskanda then remembered.

The cloak pocket was empty at some point. Tiberius had escaped while he was distracted by something else.

The chick didn't go far. He just looked around without the owner's knowledge.

You two get along really well.

It was such a look.

Iskanda quickly caught the chick back.

Hazel was worried about his well-being, so he found the cursed relic and tried to verify it with certainty. I couldn't help but be moved by that thought. Now it was his turn to respond.

He held out the chick in front of Hazel, who was packing the sealed box.

"Tiberius!"

Hazel was surprised again.

“This guy! I said it was quiet, did you have an accident again?”

“That’s not it. I brought it out.”

Saying that, Iskanda took out what she had prepared.

It was a very small sword, about an inch long. However, it was a real holy sword with even the orb in it.

He placed the chick in one hand and gently held the small holy sword.

At that moment, a brilliance erupted from Tiberius' body. The chick's tiny body turned a dazzling golden color.

Hazel's eyes widened.

“What the hell is this?”

“I just wanted to tell you about this on my birthday.”

Iskanda said with a proud face.

“I found out after research. Tiberius was no ordinary chick. An errand sent by the god of grain. He was the lion of Ceres.”

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel doubted her ears.

Any farmer wants his chicks to excel. But if that's the case, that's about winning the Best Chicks Competition. You wouldn't even dream of such a scale.

“My chick turns out to be a Shinsoo... ..?”

“It really is. Reacting to the Holy Sword is the most convincing proof. They were all mentioned in ancient documents. The color that symbolizes the sun, its small size, and the shape that exists at the top of the ruins. It is said that they keep wandering around to bless the widest possible land.”

Hazel listened blankly. Each one did fit. Besides, this dazzling golden color!

“Oh my God, I didn't even know... .. Sorry!”

“Tiberius will never feel sad. Because he is the messenger of Ceres who is with the hand of the sun forever.”

Iskanda handed the chick to Hazel's hand. Then he put the little holy sword on the chick's shoulder.

“Therefore, in the name of the Emperor, I knight you. From now on, you will be Lord Tiberius.”

The orb of the holy sword shone.

It wasn't just that. Iskanda tied the red scarf she had prepared in advance around Tiberius's neck.

It was worth the effort to measure. Instead of a uniform, this little scarf fit snugly around the chick's neck.

With this, Tiberius became a proud paladin of the Empire. You will receive a small estate, and there will also be income every year.

“Sir Tiberius!”

Hazel exclaimed with joy.

The secret of his birth was not with him, but with this chick.

It was dark under the lamp. If the envoys from the northern countries had not informed them, they would have known forever. Thinking about it that way, everything felt very mysterious. None of it seemed to be a coincidence.

“I still can't believe it. When I first bought it, there was nothing special about it. It was just an ordinary chick from the market.”

Then, one last memory came to mind. Hazel said, looking at Tiberius, who only blinked.

“Coming to think of it, I don't know if he's already told us a little bit about it.”

"when? I don't know?"

“It's the flower ball. There was a famous painting depicting Ceres, the god of grain, where Belladonna's poison bottle fell. At that time, seeing the young peacocks with the god Ceres, I thought of Tiberius. In fact, they weren't peacocks, they might all be messengers of the gods.”

"Right. I really don't know. I'll have to ask the sages to do some more research. About the god Ceres and his messengers.”

Iskanda said so and smiled warmly. Hazel looked at him and asked abruptly.

“But it's strange. Today is neither Tiberius's birthday nor mine. But why did you plan to disclose this fact in time for today?”

“Oh, it’s a good thing for you! I thought it would be a great gift for me if something good happened and I smiled happily.”

Iskanda answered right away. Without thinking too deeply, it was a conversation that seemed so natural.

Hazel was astonished.

How can you think like that? You want me to be happy on your birthday. How could the flow of thought be so natural?

Suddenly, my heart was pounding very hard. It was so overwhelming that I felt like I wanted to be alone.

“Uh, then... . . . .”

As she turned around with the chick, Iskanda grabbed Hazel's arm. Because of the cold wind, his hand felt hot rather than warm. He said with a bit of embarrassment.

“The experts say we shouldn’t do this.”

"Yes?"

“I’m not good at it.”

Hazel's eyes fluttered.

“Really? I thought you were doing very well? You're always working hard. In recent years, great progress has been made in cooperation with the North... . . . .”

"right. I think so. But everyone says this isn't the case. If you really like them, you shouldn't break up."

"Ah... . . . ."

Hazel realized.

“That’s right. This time I knew for sure. There are people in the world who don't want to break up no matter what. Even if it is difficult, if we work together, we can get through it. If we can continue to do that in the future, we can’t be happier than that.”

Life can't always be happy.

Suffering comes in all forms. From small girls trying to ruin the tea party, to uninvited guests who want to threaten the Emperor's life. However, it seemed that the two of them would be able to get through such hardships as much as they could if they were together.

There are people like that in the world. A person who can become a companion who will go through the long adventure of life together.

Realizing that, Hazel was happy.

Needless to say, Iskanda knew what Hazel was thinking.

He was happy too.

From the moment we confirmed each other's feelings, the impatience I felt for nothing disappeared. There was no need to be bound by any promises. Already they were bound by a deeper trust than anything else.

The words of the two chefs came to mind.

Still he didn't quite know. But if you don't miss the time... . . . It seemed that time was now.

“We will be together forever.”

He grabbed Hazel's shoulder and moved his lips slightly, then released it.

oh my, oh my!

Hazel's eyes grew as big as a tray. Unknowingly, he blindfolded Tiberius's eyes and completely hardened.

His forehead was burning as if on fire.

did! did!

Iskanda's face also heated up.

Look, once you do it, you're good!

Aside from the compliments in his head, he was surprised by his audacity. I was so ashamed that I suddenly wanted to go underground.

“That, then.”

As soon as the business is over, you must not turn around and part. Experts clearly advise so.

But I couldn't stand it any longer, so I turned around and ran away.

“... ..”

Hazel stood blankly.

After a while, my mind came back. As I recalled what had just happened, I was too embarrassed to bear it.

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!

The forehead that fell from his lips was now on fire and seemed to be blazing. At the same time, my feet swelled up. where is this is it a dream or reality. My mind went blank.

Guess this is love!

Hazel hugged the chick in her arms. Even in the dark, with a bright red face, he came out of the garden feeling infinite happiness.

dump.

The shadow that was barely holding on fell to the floor.

Athena looked at the sky with a bewildered face behind the beautiful tree in the Silver Lion's womb.

When I came to the gifted lion with the riddle book, someone was already there first. I was shocked to find out who it was.

Why are you here?

I immediately tried to walk away.

Then Iskanda appeared. Athena panicked and hid behind a tree.

I was annoyed at first.

What kind of miserable fate is this? Why do you always have to listen to their secret stories? Leaving behind so many people who are obsessed with eavesdropping, why does the one who hates hearing the most wins?

“On my birthday, I just wanted to let you know... ..”

As I listened to the friendly conversation, the judgement was even more twisted. So I made a squeaking noise on purpose.

Rather notice it!

But neither Hazel nor Iskanda noticed her presence. Where did the ability of the Grand Cavaliers to detect even one breath of living creatures around them go? To that extent, they were completely focused on each other.

“... .. I thought it would be a great gift for me too.”

The conversation continued.

Athena's face hardened more and more.

It wasn't just a brief secret meeting during the banquet. They were having a much more important conversation now.

She lifted her head and looked at the two men across the tree.

Anyone could see it for sure. A certain strong feeling was connecting the two of them as one. No one could intervene in between.

I thought I had already given up.

But nevertheless, a glimmer of regret remained deep in his heart.

Now even that has been trampled on. As she has always been, she will not be there forever.

My legs trembled.

I was just grabbing my heart.

The moment she saw it with her own eyes and ears, Athena's heart collapsed. Everything was brutally smashed.

Soon they left.

Athena sat blankly for a long time. Like the darkness in front of me, everything was just black.

that time.

The basement of the infamous Inferna Tower that houses political prisoners.

Prison Keeper Dietrich was looking through the documents. As I was flipping through the pages, I saw a certain document and my hands stopped.

Wait a minute.

He wrinkled his brow and brought the paper closer to the lamp. The moment I looked closely, I was shocked.

"Not this!"

The seal that I handed over thinking there was no problem was strange.

The seal of the imperial family was correct, but the number engraved in the corner was different. It was not the number 9, that is, 'IX,' representing the current emperor, but the seal of the eighth, ie, 'VIII'.

“How did this happen!”

His face turned gray. It was unimaginable. How the hell is it that the national seal of the Emperor's era remains?

Just then, someone entered this dungeon.

Who is it?

That's what the prison keeper wanted to ask. But before that, the man quickly reached out and slapped him.

Prison Keeper Dietrich collapsed on the spot. Behind it, a woman with reddish brown hair, covered in a black cloak, appeared.

Kerual wiped his hands as if he had touched anything dirty.

Now you know!

As expected, everyone was stupid. You either don't realize it until the end, or you only realize it after the value of use is exhausted. It's always been convenient.

She turned her head and looked into the prison. I saw the figure of Abbas Mamon tied to a restraint ball.

If all went as planned, he would have been worth more.

But it was also self-reliant that it happened this way. If the obstacles that suddenly popped out were properly removed, it wouldn't have been a problem to occupy a place in the future.

Kerual pulled out a small, thin paper case from his pocket.

It was a lip balm box. If you hold the colored paper between your lips for a while, the color will seep into your lips.

But inside Kerual's case, there was a black paper instead of a red one.

It was the black paper that Abbas Mamon feared so much.

Perhaps it was fortunate that he was rather in a state of incapacity. Kerual thought so and shoved the black paper into the cell.

A black mist rose from there.

She turned around before the fog disappeared.

Your fate depends on which path you choose. You could get hit by a wagon and die just because you chose the wrong fork. Human life is so random.

Abbas Mamon made the wrong choice. And she herself... .. I don't know yet.

Leaving the Inferna Tower, Kerual thought about the past for a moment.

The moment when the emperor's government, who had lost his splendid beauty and turned into a black skull, exuding a rotten odor, handed him a letter.

–Please pass it on to your Majesty. Never open it... ..

What choices did you make then? Was it the right choice or the wrong choice?

The moment of knowing that was coming.

Kerual got into the carriage waiting at the entrance to the prison. He gave the driver a false order and gave instructions in a low voice.

“To the Imperial Palace.”

Athena stumbled back to her place. The maids were startled and ran away.

“Why are you here already? How about a banquet... . . . .”

"get out! Everyone get out!"

Athena drove all the maids out. I sat alone in a large room, drowning in despair.

That was then.

The door opened without a sound and someone hurried in.

“Because I’m leaving... . . . .”

Athena stopped talking.

Kerual was standing in front of him.

It was so unexpected. Athena widened her eyes.

"you... .."

Surprise followed by vigilance. Trying to regain the dignity of the Grand Duchess, she said with a hardened face.

"Your true identity has already been revealed. You were Camila Berganza's maid. Those fingers are proof. Evidence that you were abused by a villain!"

"Oh, it is not."

Kerual said with a smile.

"It is true that Camilla abused the maids. But the amputation of a finger is not evidence of abuse. Rather, it is proof that you have been favored."

"I beg your pardon? I love you, why do you cut off your finger?"

"It was to write as a spy. If you tell Camilla that something terrible has happened to you, people will tell you the secret without any doubt."

Athena was astonished.

"After all, you were Camilla's henchman!"

Then Kerual burst into laughter.

"Camila has already rotted and turned to dust, so how can she treat me alive as her henchman? Do not worry. I am on the side of the Grand Duchess. Didn't you promise me? When I become the Empress, I will use you as a handmaiden."

Athena grew angry at those words.

“You mean to deceive me to the very end! Now you know that there is no hope! Your Majesty, Your Majesty... ..”

“There is still a way.”

“Aren’t you tired of saying that every time?”

“Really. You just need to change your plan a little. Think about it. There is nothing better in the world than the Empress, right? The emperor.”

Athena was once again astonished.

“I beg your pardon?”

“It is not impossible. Your Majesty has no successor yet. In terms of succession to the throne, the Grand Duchess is number one.”

“What are you talking about!”

Athena's face turned pale. I was afraid someone would hear it. I wanted to get rid of him right away, but Kerual said calmly.

“The Grand Duchess did not betray her. You never betrayed me for a moment. It is your Majesty that you betrayed me.”

“... ..”

Athena was speechless.

“I put all my heart into it, but what did you get back in return? Isn't that a cold exterior? Someday, the Emperor must have said. If there ever comes a day when Your Majesty will betray the Grand Duchess, then... ..”

then... . . . .

From the depths of his consciousness, the Emperor's voice suddenly came to mind.

It was that day. The day the Emperor had gathered everyone to say his final goodbye before he died.

The memory of that day came back vividly.

It was different from what I had ever recalled. It was a new memory.

“Athena, come here.”

The Emperor beckoned and called.

As I got closer, I could smell a strong scent. I thought incense was used to suppress the stench of the bottle, but it wasn't. The scent was spreading with a black color.

In the smoke invisible to the eyes of others, Seonhwang spoke slowly.

“Let me tell you one important thing. It must be remembered You must marry Iskanda. If he betrays you and you can't do that, then... . . . .”

Insert the wedding ring from the Imperial Treasury into the center of the golden Pegasus pattern in the Emperor's residence.

The Emperor told me so.

It wasn't just the lips that moved back then. He actually raised his voice and told Athena the secret. However, because of the strange black mist, Athena had completely forgotten what the Emperor had said.

Until this moment.

She shook her head.

Kerual was watching.

Athena shut her mouth tightly. This secret could not be leaked out no matter what. Even if he died, he couldn't let it go.

At that moment, Kerual pushed her away.

A small spark flew from where he touched. A sharp shock was felt. Kerual immediately turned and ran.

"No!"

Athena shouted.

I didn't know what just happened. Anyway, one thing was certain. Cherual used some evil technique to steal Athena's secret.

I have to stop it!

Athena immediately ran to the imperial treasury.

But it was that moment.

shudder.

A strange sound was heard in my ear. She looked back in shock.

In the distance, the Imperial Palace was enveloped in darkness.

Athena realized she had made a huge mistake.

Kerual didn't run to the imperial treasury. She had already had the ring in her hand. So, I went straight to the palace.

"No!"

Athena ran with all her might.

Iskanda did not return to the banquet hall.

I was very excited and excited. And I was happy.

I didn't want to go back to the people who were making a lot of noise. I left the banquet to go on without the protagonist, and wandered through the garden of the night.

Even the nobles who were scattered here and there drunk were not as bothersome as tonight. The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a dazzling light.

He went around the garden a few times in a very happy mood. He returned to his palace with a still unsettled heart.

It was just when I entered the bedroom.

shudder.

A strange sound rang out loudly. It was more of a vibration than a sound. I heard not with my ears, but with my heart.

what?

His complexion changed and he went outside. I asked the servants who were preparing for the night shift.

“What did that just mean?”

"Yes? What?"

They didn't seem to hear anything. Iskanda jumped down. At that moment it stopped.

I couldn't see out the window. A black mist was rising around the huge, tightly closed door. The servants who followed him were terrified.

“What is that?”

Iskanda looked intently into the mist.

I felt a familiar energy. it was black

I couldn't understand. Why is the matter of oblivion that disappeared long ago here? What the hell did you go through?

Anyway, one thing was certain.

I couldn't get any closer to that dangerous mist. The moment he, the Grand Cavalier, inhales it, he loses everything and becomes an idiot.

He covered his nose and mouth. The fog scoured all directions looking for an exit that had not yet been occupied. All over the place, servants were collapsing.

The Imperial Palace had turned into a giant trap.

Then Athena arrived.

The huge door was already firmly shut. Neither the servants nor the guards could even see a shadow.

"your Majesty! your Majesty!"

Athena banged on the door. There was no reaction. Trying to open it somehow, I remembered later.

window!

The windows of the Imperial Palace were also engulfed in darkness one by one. Athena hurriedly ran and reached out. But it was late. Before they could barely reach their hands, they were enveloped in darkness one by one.

Eventually, even the last window turned black. No matter how hard I tried to open it, it wouldn't move.

"Hey! No one?"

Athena knocked on the door and shouted. But to no avail. Only vain shouts rang out.

What have I done?

If only I could turn back time! You shouldn't have listened to Kerual's bullshit and should have caught him right away!

A painful remorse came over me.

But she quickly pushed it away. Now was not the time to regret.

No one knew this yet. Beyond that, the banquet was still heard from the grand banquet hall.

There was only one way I could think of right now.

Athena turned quickly. I ran towards the small farm that was illuminating the darkness right next door.

Hazel put down Tiberius as soon as he returned to the farm.

Having to put the chick who has just become a paladin of the Empire, a new beast, into the chicken coop again.

But I couldn't help it. I decided to think more about Tiberius's abode later. Best of all, this chick seemed to like being with her friends.

Hazel went into the house after checking out the strawberry fields with Julia. And sat down at the table.

Tired but not sleepy. He probably won't be able to sleep tonight.

It looked like it was still floating on the clouds. I didn't even feel like drinking tea. Because my heart was already full.

Hazel looked around quietly.

After confirming that there were no cats or little birds, he gently placed a finger on his forehead. It was so hot that I was worried about it.

That was then.

shudder.

A strange noise echoed outside. Hazel took her hand off her forehead, startled.

"what?"

I went out the window and looked out. At that moment, I doubted my eyes. Dark darkness was rising from the imperial palace adjacent to the farm.

what?

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It wasn't a hallucination. A black mist spread every moment.

Then, bang! and the door opened.

Hazel looked up in surprise. Athena rushed in.

"What should I do?"

She shouted with a miserable face.

"I have done a terrible thing!"

Hazel looked at her, puzzled. Now something unusual was going on.

"What do you mean? Grand Duchess, please speak slowly."

"I don't have time for that!"

Athena, with tears in her eyes, explained the situation.

“There was a secret that the Emperor gave me! I thought he didn't say anything, but he actually said something! Now I remember! But Kerual stole the secret! With that, the Imperial Palace, where His Majesty was staying, was sealed off! Your Majesty is trapped inside me!”

"I beg your pardon?"

Those were great words.

Iskanda trapped in there? We were together until just now, so suddenly?

“A lockdown? Is that possible?”

"I do not know either! It feels very powerful! Doors and windows won't open! I don't think I'll ever be able to get in there!"

The words pierced my ears. While my head was in a mess, something popped into my head.

“... .. no.”

“Really, Hazel! Believe me!”

“That’s not it. I believe in the Grand Duchess. I mean, you can get into it.”

Hazel immediately grabbed the shovel and ran away. Digging into the ground right next to the fence revealed a door on the floor.

Athena was surprised.

"what is this?"

“It’s a secret passage!”

Hazel hurriedly opened the door upwards. A black mist came from somewhere and tried to push the door back. Hazel hurriedly grabbed the door.

“I need something to put down!”

"I see!"

Where did she get such strength, the Grand Duchess picked up a large boulder. The lid of the door was pushed all the way up and pressed down with a stone.

bang!

A large stone pressed against the door. The fog scatters in all directions as if startled.

"what?"

“Who is there?”

Hearing the sound, people came running. It was Prince Acevedo and Monte Alegre, who were drunk, and Cecil, the palace official, running around to catch them.

"no? Miss Hazel! Grand Duchess!"

“I don’t have time right now!”

Hazel said hurriedly.

“Please inform the Empress Dowager and the Holy Knights Commanders as soon as possible! The Imperial Palace is strange! Your Majesty has been imprisoned in it!”

"what?"

The drunken spirit ran away from the faces of the rich beggars and old men. The three of them looked at the palace in amazement. At last, I was shocked to find the black darkness that covered the place.

"all right!"

Cecil of the royal palace ran first. The two old men hurriedly ran after him.

“The Grand Duchess, go with me. I'm going to go down here and bring your Majesty and your servants out.”

"no! I will go with you!”

Athena shook her head. The meaning was clear.

"I see."

Hazel quickly returned to the farm. First, I grabbed a lamp, found a pitchfork in the warehouse and took it in my hand. It was made of real iron, not the imitations carried by the nobles attending today's banquet.

“Grand Duchess, take this .”

Athena was given a sickle with a long handle. She accepted it with a determined expression.

"Go!"

"like!"

The two returned to the secret passage entrance.

It was dark down the stairs. I went down, being careful not to trip on my foot.

It was different from when I came to search for the black stuff. At that time, although it was cool and humid, there was not such a gloomy atmosphere. There was a strange noise in the darkness where the light of the lamp could not reach.

I need to keep my mind sharp

Hazel made up his mind and opened the map. The map handed over to the Empress Dowager marked the road leading to the Imperial Palace.

“You can follow this road.”

"like. Come on.”

Athena took the lead and stopped walking. I felt a strange presence in front of me, shrouded in darkness.

I must be mistaken.

She shook her head and started walking again. The sound of footsteps from the two men echoed in the dark cave.

At one point, something cool brushed the back of his neck.

"Oh!"

Athena covered her mouth. He looked at Hazel with big eyes.

“Did you just feel it?”

“Yes, I felt it.”

Hazel nodded her head pale.

“I think there is something here.”

“What?”

"I do not know."

The hand holding the lamp trembled slightly. The light flickered, making the walls of the passageway seem alive. The cracks in the bricks looked like wriggling folds.

I'm scared... . . . .

The two held hands.

I wanted to run away, but I couldn't. Somewhere in front of me, Iskanda and her servants were locked up. We had to get them out before even this passage was blocked.

Hazel and Athena made their way back into the darkness.

Shortly thereafter, something cold touched their legs again.

“Ah!”

They both screamed at the same time. I turned around in a hurry and by mistake the lamp fell to the floor.

"Wait!"

Hazel put down the pitchfork and bent down to pick up the lamp.

That was then.

For a moment, something popped out of Hazel's shy back. Something sharp gleamed in the flickering light of a lamp.

“Avoid!”

Athena pushed Hazel away.

At that moment, I felt a terrible pain in my right shoulder. Red blood gushed out through the torn dress.

“The Grand Duchess!”

Hazel was astonished.

Athena couldn't say anything. He only looked down at the terrible wound with a pale face.

It was the first time in my life I had suffered such an injury. I thought I was going to faint soon.

But it wasn't.

Her messy, tangled hair slowly settled down.

This behavior just came out of nowhere. No one was affected. He didn't even make the calculations that finding Hazel would make him look good to His Majesty.

In the event of an emergency, the higher up should be held accountable. Citizens must be taken care of so that they do not get hurt.

It was an act of his own accord in accordance with such teachings.

I am the Grand Duchess of the Empire.

The darkness that had been filling her head for so long seemed to have finally lifted.

“The Grand Duchess!”

Hazel took a handkerchief from her apron and pressed it against Athena's wound. I was shocked when the towel was dyed red.

“I wish I could go back soon!”

"no."

Athena answered firmly.

A towel stained with his own blood. The sensation of getting hot and then getting colder. Above all, the pain of being cut by a sharp object.

Everything was so terrible. These were things that could not even be imagined in the life of a noble woman who grew up receiving the most precious treatment in the Imperial Palace.

But I could stand it.

look at this I can do it too.

When I thought I could be brave, I was really brave.

"I'm fine."

She shrugged her shoulders and stood up. I stared at the huge darkness beyond this small space illuminated by the light of a lantern.

“Actually, it may not be all right, but I don't think I'm going to die anyway. And above all... . . .”

Without speaking, he suddenly swung his scythe with his left hand and plunged himself into the darkness.

puck! And I heard a piercing sound somewhere. Something hurriedly ran away.

“Oh my God, Grand Duchess!”

Hazel was startled.

Athena stretched out her pole without hesitation, then twisted her wrist and cut her opponent off with the blade of the scythe.

Although he didn't know much about swordsmanship, while watching Iskanda and the commanders of the Holy Knights, he gained some insight. The technique Athena had just unfolded was not in vain. Besides, he was left handed.

Excited, I asked.

“Did the Grand Princess also learn martial arts?”

“It’s not even a martial art, but I learned how to handle a saber.”

“What is a saber?”

“It is a single-edged sword mainly used by cavalry.”

Athena answered, very slightly bubbly. Even though it was a terrifying situation, I couldn't help but be excited about what I had just succeeded in. It was the first time I really stabbed something.

“He said he wasn't very talented. I felt like I was building muscle in my right arm, so I did it with my left hand, but I quit right away... . . . Anyway, I definitely learned one thing.”

“What is it?”

“Attack is the best defense!”

Saying so, she pierced the darkness again. Something hit him again and he ran away.

"Wow... . . ."

Hazel couldn't keep her mouth shut.

Athena was really cool. Her hair was messy and her clothes were tattered, but she was more dazzling than she had ever been adorned with any splendid adornment. It was because the light was shining all over his face.

“Come on, follow me!”

She shouted bravely and took the lead.

Courage, like fear, was contagious. Athena's courage also gave Hazel courage. This underground passage, shrouded in eerie darkness, was finally visible.

"Wait. I think this is more appropriate for the Grand Duchess."

They paused for a moment and switched weapons. Athena wielded a pitchfork with great impact when stabbed once, and Hazel held a scythe that could attack a wider range at once.

Attack is the best defense.

Recalling those words, each of them grabbed their farm implements.

There was definitely something going on in the dark. It wasn't the only one either.

However, as the two of them swung vigorously, a barrier was formed. Unidentified things could not be approached carelessly.

"According to the guidance of the Empress Dowager, it is this way."

"for a moment."

Athena thrust her pitchfork toward the corner. He was hiding something and then ran away.

okay. this is it

As I made my way through the darkness, I felt very refreshed and refreshed. It felt really good to judge for myself without being conscious of anything. For the first time in my life, I felt the freedom of being tied to nothing.

Hazel could feel Athena's change of heart.

Until now, whenever I met her, the shadow that had cast on her face disappeared. In the meantime, the conversation didn't go well because of that. But now it wasn't.

My heart was right, so I was able to move forward. The two turned around according to the map drawn by the Empress Dowager and found a secret exit leading to the Imperial Palace.

Depending on the angle of the light, the old stone wall revealed a gloomy appearance. It was like the intestines of a huge animal.

Athena paused for a moment and wiped her sweat. The blood on my right shoulder had stopped, but I continued to use one hand and my arm hurt.

"Phew... . . . . You can't even dream that we're having such a hard time finding it, right?"

"sure. It is a famous secret passage that not only the Empress Dowager but also the commanders of the Holy Knights know it, but there is a high possibility that you are not thinking about it. I would rather wear a disguise when going to and from the farm, but I didn't use secret passages."

"It would be nice if you could remember a little bit. It would be much more convenient to come out in advance and meet in the middle... . . . ."

"You can't expect that. This gloomy rathole-like secret passage will be swept away from consciousness. You have a very fair personality... . . . ."

The two found their way through a conversation that was unclear whether they were praising or criticizing Iskanda's savvy personality.

The old stone section ended and a new stone passage appeared. The secret passage leading to the newly built Imperial Palace was clear. He moved forward, expelling the unidentified beings lurking in the darkness.

Then came a narrow staircase leading up there. Hazel pointed to the map.

“It’s here.”

The two exchanged glances.

now it's all over

I'm not sure where that door leads to the Imperial Palace, but I hoped Iskanda was safe. And if possible, I wished to be near it.

The two then leaned on each other and climbed the steep stairs.

At that time, Iskanda was standing in front of the entrance to the palace.

It took a long time to find all the fallen servants and move them to a safe place.

They were now sleeping, leaning against each other. The black mist also did no harm to the general public. It just made me fall into a deep sleep.

As I wandered around, I discovered another fact.

This black mist responded to Iskanda's movements. Wherever he moved, they gathered exceptionally thickly, blocking the way in front of them.

I even tried to get rid of it by swinging the sword. I even tried to outrun him at the speed of Grand Cavaliers. I even tried to blow it away using the long wind technique I learned from a wanderer. I even tried to deal with it remotely by exploding the sword from a distance.

But no attempt was futile.

No matter how fast a Grand Cavalier is, it cannot move to an airless place.

I tried forcefully to pierce it, but only got attacked. The formless thing literally permeated him. Even with only a slight touch, it felt like my head was flying white.

Don't accidentally bump into it. you have to use your head

Iskanda was troubled in front of the wall of black mist.

Fog has neither sight nor smell. But how do you recognize him? What is the indicator?

It was time to think of such a question.

bang bang!

A knock on the door echoed in the silence. Iskanda raised her head in surprise.

Who else is there?

The sound came from upstairs. According to his hearing, it was especially on the side of his bedroom.

But who the hell is in there?

bang bang!

Then the sound rang again.

Iskanda hurriedly ran upstairs.

I realized it the moment I opened the bedroom door. There was no one there.

Then I completely forgot about it. When this new imperial palace was built, an underground secret passage was extended.

Someone came here through it. Quickly before being thoroughly sealed off.

The secret entrance was right in the middle of the bookshelf. After unlocking the lock, pushing or pulling the bookshelf opened the aisle.

Iskanda hurriedly approached the shelf.

"Who is it?"

"It's us!"

The answer came as if waiting from the back of the bookshelf.

"Hazel? Athena?"

Iskanda was even more surprised.

Hopefully it will be these two. How the hell did you get through it? I couldn't imagine. Anyway, we had to meet soon.

"wait!"

I opened the door quickly and stopped.

The cursed mist gathered in the blink of an eye.

Also, I couldn't just go through it. Even for a very brief moment, if that permeates, you become an idiot who has lost everything and arrives on the other side. Even escaping doesn't mean anything.

The reason why the fog, which has neither sight nor smell, can distinguish him and block him. to become an indicator of recognizing him.

Iskanda suddenly lowered her gaze down to her waist.

The sword of the Grand Cavalier.

What the Black Spirits are targeting is not Iskanda herself, but Grand Cavalier. The energy of the Grand Cavalier that permeates the sword he always wears. It was highly likely that it was taken as an indicator.

He released his sword and tried to pull it away from his body.

After a while there was a change.

The mist moved softly towards the sword. There was a subtle but clear difference.

this is it

Iskanda turned to the bookshelf again and said.

"Wait a minute. One last thing to prepare. The door will open at the signal, but you better cover your mouth and nose before that. If you inhale this, you will fall into a deep sleep."

The two chatted for a while before answering.

"I see."

Hazel handed Athena two cotton towels. He himself covered his nose and mouth with it. It was always nice to have enough.

must be successful at once.

They looked at each other with eyes full of sorrow.

Then the signal came.

Thump thump!

The two pushed the secret door with all their might.

At that moment, a black fog came over. The moment they looked ahead, the two were terribly surprised.

"you are... ..!"

"How are you!"

Athena and Hazel shouted in astonishment.

It wasn't Iskanda that appeared in the mist. It was a young wife in a dress, Kerual.

Iskanda noticed this a bit late.

As I was estimating the location to throw the sword as far away as possible, a black mist exploded from the entrance of the bookstore. And nothing was visible.

"what! what's the matter!"

"It's Kerual! Camila's maid who decorated all this!"

Athena shouted.

I didn't understand. Kerual appeared suddenly, as if springing out of the ground. He didn't even cover his nose and mouth. It moved freely through the black mist.

What happened?

I had to figure it out.

Unexpectedly, one talent that Athena had learned during this time shone here.

Athena was obsessed with being more beautiful than anyone else. Therefore, he always quickly scanned and analyzed the clothing of the people around him. Not a single trinket was missed.

However, there was one ornament on Kerual's neck that he had not seen.

That's it!

Athena caught it with her sharp eyes.

It was a small bottle.

Ladies and noble girls often wore small perfume bottles instead of pendants.

But there was no perfume in Kerual's bottle. It was hard to see because of the black energy floating in the air, but if you look closely, the same black mist was leaking out of the bottle.

Athena stepped back and warned Hazel.

“That disease is strange.”

"Ah!"

Hazel then found it. Eyes grew big.

“Why does she have that? I thought the contents of the sealed box had already disappeared 600 years ago... .”

“Isn’t that the black spirit that you found together with the Empress Dowager?”

"that's right. You made me forget my memory. The important memories that make up that person's identity. With that, they turned the entire palace into a trap.”

“But it’s strange. This place is so tightly sealed, how could Kerual get in? If it had been hidden beforehand, your Majesty wouldn't have known... .”

Athena stared at the stream of black mist surrounding Kerual's body. and realized

"I see! They are wearing the same material, so they can go in and out freely by themselves.”

She whispered to Hazel.

“That’s the key!”

"Ah... .”

Hazel hid a look of surprise.

The space was warped by the powerful power of the old relic. It was no longer like Iskanda's bedroom. It was like a strange space. So it was a little more advantageous to hide conversations and emotions.

Kerual stood silently beyond the black mist. 'You saved me the trouble of opening the door!' and shouting, 'Ho-ho-ho!' And I didn't even laugh. He didn't feel the need to say anything. He just stood there as if watching a play that wasn't interesting.

So I was scared. I didn't know what to do.

it's all my fault

Athena rolled her eyes.

Old memories came to mind.

“I met a knight, a boy who shines like the sun in an unfamiliar palace. I stared at him for a long time without realizing that his face was red.”

she muttered

“ 'Destroy him immediately. You two are going to get married!' Everyone was so talkative. It was the perfect future. I had no doubts that it was mine. So when it started to deviate, I was forced to do it. I was stubborn.”

"AHA... . . . .”

Hazel nodded.

“Looking at that stubbornness, it's true that they are of the same bloodline. So I guess the Grand Duchess doesn't like it.”

said frankly.

Athena looked at Hazel like that.

It was more convenient for me to come out that way.

Hazel said, 'Yeah, that's right,' no matter what anyone does. I thought I was going to pass. It seemed as if he was approaching me savyly next to him without realizing it. 'Things like that happen, too. But how about this?' and seemed to hold out a basket of all kinds of fresh things.

So everyone is relaxed. Even my brother... . . . .

She looked at Iskanda beyond the mist.

The black mist stuck to me as if it were alive.

I had no idea that the fog would be such a troublesome adversary. It could spread widely at any time. It could take any form. It was like the air itself. So even Iskanda had a hard time.

But he didn't give up.

Somehow I tried to get Hazel and Athena out safely. He firmly believed that he could definitely do it.

so it shone

"Phew... . . . ."

Athena sighed.

Even though I thought he was stupid, I still loved him. It was a truth that would never change.

However... . . . .

No matter how true love is, if you are entangled in it and manipulated, if you gradually become uncharacteristic of yourself... . . . .

Then you should know how to let go.

When I thought of that, my heart felt very light.

Athena bravely stepped out of the mist.

“Damn!”

Hazel and Iskanda were startled by the sudden scream.

"no! I'm scared! Please stop! I did nothing wrong! Rather, he helped you dig the trap! So get me out of here! Just let me get out of here! I'll do anything! I will become the emperor and do everything I ask you to! please... . . . ."

Athena pleaded with Kerual.

“You seem to have figured it out now.”

Saying so, Kerual came out of the mist.

I finally found out She was waiting for this.

“Remember? I said I'm not a dog. I'm sure His Majesty the next emperor knew for sure who he had to bow his head to in order to save his life. I will never forget it in the future.”

She reached out to lead Athena to where she was standing.

That moment.

Athena quickly stretched out her hand. He snatched the small bottle hanging from Kerual's neck. And shouted at Hazel.

“Take this key and go out with His Majesty!”

Kerual was astonished.

Athena would do something like this!

She only knew herself. He was focused only on earning the emperor's affection.

Are you not like this?

Kerual, who continued to take a cold attitude, showed a look of bewilderment for the first time. Athena hurriedly hit her before throwing the bottle at Hazel.

“Give it here!”

Kerual twisted Athena's arm. Then, as if thinking about it, I scratched my injured shoulder with all my might.

“Aww!”

Athena screamed in pain. However, he did not miss the small bottle he was holding in his hand.

“The Grand Duchess!”

"Athena!"

Hazel and Iskanda escaped the fog and sought her.

“Here it is!”

Athena reached out toward the direction they heard their voices. After groping, Hazel's hand suddenly popped out of the fog.

“The Grand Duchess!”

"okay! here!"

Kerual was furious.

"No!"

Her hands gleamed. Suddenly, a sharp dagger was pulled out.

The next emperor or whatever, if I couldn't get out of here, it was over. He killed Athena with a single blow and tried to retrieve the bottle.

But Athena would never let go. Kerual and I were fighting like crazy and screaming.

“The Grand Duchess!”

At that moment, Hazel found Athena before Iskanda. Athena exclaimed with all her might.

"Quickly! I'll hold onto this woman till the end! Take your Majesty and get out of here!"

A sharp blade flew in several times. There was also a limit to blocking with one arm.

It was something I was promised anyway.

“You idiot!”

Kerual swung the dagger with all his might.

At that moment, the fog dissipated for a moment. The two of them were clearly visible in Iskanda's eyes.

"Athena!"

Athena reached out to Hazel with all her might. At the same time, he grabbed Kerual's arm with his other hand. But she could not overcome her power.

A sharp dagger pierced the gap. Athena closed her eyes tightly.

“Leave it. It happened because I was stupid, so I apologize for this... . . . .”

“What are you talking about!”

Iskanda exclaimed.

The strength he had gathered for the blow of conversion exploded. Just before Kerual's dagger pierced Athena's heart, a great gale storm struck them.

It was a technique that applied the long wind learned in the past.

puck!

The two men fought each other and flew away.

At that moment, something strange happened.

As soon as Athena's body hit the bedroom wall, it slipped out.

It was like going through jelly. Again, this place was no longer a normal space.

Athena shouted hastily.

“We have to go out together! Come here quickly!”

She stretched her arms out towards Hazel and Iskanda.

The two ran quickly.

He tried to grab Athena, but he missed it by a few seconds. Her body disappeared in an instant as if being sucked in.

"No!"

Athena's hand, which was desperately outstretched toward this side, disappeared outside. holding the key tight.

“... ..”

Hazel and Iskanda looked face to face.

"Okay! We will follow you too!"

“See you outside! I promise!”

shouted at the same time.

Kerual, who had flown in the opposite direction, got up just then. When she realized that Athena had gone out alone, her face was devastated.

The Grand Duchess is hitting the back of the head... . . .

The black mist that had drifted through the space disappeared. However, the windows and doors were still thoroughly sealed with the divine power of the Black Spirit.

“What the hell are you!”

Iskanda captured Kerual before she escaped. Hazel said quickly.

“She is Camila Berganza’s maid.”

“But even so, how did you get this knowledge? It must have been the knowledge of the vision that the Emperor had?”

Kerual didn't answer. Iskanda groaned.

“Come on, blow out all the secrets! If you get out of here, you might even save your life! Your plot has already failed, so give up!”

"failure?"

Kerual's face contorted.

"okay. Your Majesty's words are correct. Conspiracies have their own rules, and when you broke them all the rules were broken. Sunhwang, Camilla, Mamon, I... . . . This is a world

of chaos where all of our failed conspiracies are jumbled up. Let's try to find a way to live somewhere. If that is possible.”

"what?"

Iskanda asked in surprise.

That moment boom! The whole palace shook with the vibration. Kerual took advantage of that opportunity and quickly pulled himself out and ran away.

"at there!"

Hazel screamed and ran after him.

Kerual ran down the hallway and slipped into a room. I swung the door open and a wall came out. Not a room, but a brick wall blocking the way.

"what? Are you sure you came in here?"

Iskanda immediately followed and punched the wall. Even though he concentrated the power of Grand Cavalier, not even stone powder fell.

Last time the hammer broke too!

Hazel rolled her eyes.

This place was really weird. There must have been a riot outside now, but no sound came in. It seemed to be submerged in the deep sea.

“What exactly is a world of chaos?”

“There are no rules at all. The ceiling can be the floor, the past and the present can be twisted.”

“What is that... . . . .”

My eyes darkened.

The northern envoy resembling a sweet potato said that his life would be shortened with Iskanda. I guess that's what it meant

no.

Hazel shook her head.

"it's okay. You will be able to recall this suffering with a smile in the future, just like you did until now.”

“Is that so?”

"Yes. There is no basis.”

Iskanda's face, which had brightened for a moment, darkened again.

In any case, there was nothing to be done standing there. I proceeded forward cautiously along the hallway.

Then, something moved in front of me.

Is it Kerual?

The two silenced the sound and crept closer.

Someone was walking in front of the hallway.

When I got closer, I saw it was a child. A turquoise jacket with gold embroidered embroidery, black hair.

Iskanda's feet stopped. As if in disbelief, he stared at the child's back.

“Adrian... .?”

"I beg your pardon?"

Hazel was startled.

“Is the child dead?”

"Yes. He must have died... .”

It didn't seem like a welcome.

The folds of the clothes changed according to the movement of the child. The sound also changed depending on whether you stepped on a rug or a wooden floor.

Iskanda shook her head with a puzzled expression on her face.

“What happened? Are you still alive? Were you alive and hiding in my palace?”

“Shall we follow along? I don't know if I'll ever know anything.”

Hazel said.

The two followed the child carefully.

Adrian was walking and suddenly stopped. He didn't move, he just stood still. Even after waiting for a long time, it was just the same.

“Why are you doing that?”

Hazel approached quietly.

"Be careful!"

Iskanda warned.

Even though his voice came out a little bit louder, Adrian didn't look back. Standing still was like a doll whose mainspring had been unwound.

what?

Hazel moved closer and glanced at Adrian's face.

I was shocked at that moment.

The face was so terrible. There were spots of skin on the skull. It looked like it was decomposing alive.

“How could this be... ..”

“He died too. He must have been trying to revive it. But it failed.”

Iskanda shook her head with a tired look.

Hazel was afraid of ghosts.

But the body was a little different. The thought of returning to the earth could put the fear into control. The living corpse was a different story, but seeing that the child was not able to find rest even after death made me feel pity for him.

Adrian continued to stand still. Now I see that one of them is staring at a certain place with an open eye. I followed my gaze and found it was the doorknob right in front of me.

why?

I glanced at it and found the answer. The child had no hands. It had rotted and fell off.

"great. I will open it."

Hazel opened the door.

who was there I was almost about to scream.

She was a very beautiful woman with dark hair. With a seductive and delicate face, deep almond-shaped eyes captivated people.

could be seen at a glance.

She was the infamous Camila Berganza.

Her figure, clear as if alive, immediately faded as soon as she touched the outside air. It turned into a transparent remnant and turned inward.

There was a middle-aged man sitting there. It was a face full of greed.

I could tell without looking at his colorful robes. He was the father of the Emperor Iskanda, whom I had heard so much about.

“That person has hated me ever since.”

Iskanda said.

“No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t bear to monopolize the attention of the people of the empire, far from being proud of it. He liked Adrian even more, who was cleverly accommodating. Still, I thought I couldn’t use my hands because it was Grand Cavalier, but now that I see it, I have a different intention. He continued to push me outside and use it as much as possible, and when the right time came, he was trying to get rid of it by using black spirits. And he must have tried to make Adrian the Crown Prince. However... ..”

He looked down at the terrible child in front of him.

“Adrian died suddenly. Camilla believed we killed him, but we had evidence of our innocence. Who the culprit was, in the end, remained a mystery.”

Hazel bent her knees and looked directly at Adrian.

“Who are you doing? Who killed you?”

“Why are you talking!”

Iskanda was terrified.

Adrian didn't respond. Looks dead too... .. When I thought about it, I started moving slowly. I walked slowly and stood in front of the curtain.

Hazel rolled the curtains.

I could see the window of the gorgeous mansion. Inside, I saw Camila weeping in a black mourning dress.

That was then.

Someone secretly brought a certain man. Although his face was different from now, he was immediately recognizable. He was Abbas Mamon.

“The author... ..?”

Hazel and Iskanda were astonished.

I see now that the barbarian had been secretly reaching out to the Empire for a much longer time.

“Did Mamon poison you?”

“Why? Why would he kill Adrian?”

Iskanda looked out the window at the blurry landscape.

Until now, no matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't guess the culprit. But after Adrian's death, when he learned that Abbas Mamon had secretly approached Camilla, a line ran through his mind.

“Now I see. The barbarians are good at necromancy. As we have already seen, necromancers have the secret to resurrecting corpses. He was trying to approach Camilla through that special skill. To do that, someone must die first. Someone she cherishes.”

“Ah... ..”

Hazel was shocked.

At that time, no one thought deeply about the barbarians. The situation within the empire alone was not enough.

However, the position of the barbarians was different. From a position facing the border, they must have paid great attention to the next emperor. It was obvious that their position would be in jeopardy if Iskanda ascended the throne.

“So, after killing Adrian, he took off the shichimi and approached him saying there was a way to bring the child back to life. Camila, who was half crazy after losing her son, jumped right into the conversation.”

"right. Taking this opportunity to help get rid of me, and to win favor with Camilla, who will become the next powerful Empress as the Empress Dowager, it's a win-win. Camila took her hand, not knowing that they were enemies of her son. However... ..”

Iskanda frowned.

“It didn't seem that difficult to revive a corpse through necromancy and make it look like a monster or doll... .. Wasn't that what Camilla wanted? Adrian really wanted to come back to life. But wouldn't it have been the normal way to do that?”

At that moment, a tearing scream was heard from downstairs.

Hazel's spine shuddered. I went down the stairs with Iskanda.

A terrible sight was unfolding.

It was a basement somewhere. It was full of vagrants from all over the capital.

Camilla's henchmen were catching and killing them, extracting the energy of life according to the secret of necromancy. Every time a person died, he could gain energy as small as a firefly. It seemed that more than a thousand people were needed to fill the round flask.

"Oh My God... . . . ."

Hazel shivered.

Hazel and Iskanda weren't the only ones fed up with this brutal plan. So were the henchmen. Although they were welcome, the terrible feelings they felt were vividly conveyed.

They put their heads together and whispered. One of them looked around with extremely vigilant eyes. Then he took out the stolen papers.

Another welcome unfolded before my eyes.

It was a plan that the Emperor and Camilla had planned together.

When the secret device was activated, the imperial palace collapsed. Living corpses poured out of the wall. They attacked everyone at random. No matter how much he cut, he kept getting up.

In this affliction, Iskanda saved the people. Then, it was buried in the ground along with the collapsed building... . . . .

It was a really bad plan.

They tried to sacrifice innocent people. I thought that only then could Iskanda be eliminated.

Camilla's henchmen were furious.

Although the words they shared were not heard, everything was communicated through facial expressions and movements.

They were also supposed to be victims of this 'accident'. Instead of paying the remuneration as promised, Camilla had tried to keep her mouth shut like that forever.

“If that happens, the one who was betrayed has no choice but to hit the player. If you do something wrong, you will only be charged with murder.”

Iskanda murmured.

As if to answer that, in a room across the hallway, thump! a voice was heard. It was the sound of someone falling to the floor.

The two went there and opened the door.

Camilla was dying slowly and painfully. Black blood dripped from his mouth. The handmaidens, who lacked a little finger on one hand, watched her with terror.

She found the paper in long agony. He used his own blood as ink to write a blood letter. After writing several letters and sealing it, he beckoned to one of the maids.

“Yes, Camilla.”

Suddenly a voice was heard.

Hazel and Iskanda looked back.

There was Kerual standing there. It wasn't an illusion of the past, it was the real woman.

Iskanda glanced at her.

“Did you open that blood book?”

“Isn't it obvious?”

Kerual replied.

“The infamous emperor's mistress obtained a blood letter to the emperor shortly before his death, and who wouldn't read it? As soon as I got out, I opened it right away. It was just what we could all have guessed. Camilla wrote everything in a delirium. He hoped that the Emperor would continue his conspiracy and complete it. And I added one last wish. 'I can't let her son ascend to the throne that my son did not. When the time comes when we'll both die and fear no revenge, use Athena as I said before'.”

She looked at Iskanda with bold eyes.

“Camila was a forward-looking person. I knew that your Majesty was going to undertake the long-delayed project to build a palace. In the sense of renewing the past.”

"Yes it was."

A vision emerged from the darkness. It was young Iskanda and Camilla in the prince's robes.

“Your Majesty, do you also want to grow up quickly and take possession of everything in His Majesty? Everything, including this palace.”

“I hate this place! When I become emperor, I will repair everything!”

Iskanda's ferocious response disappeared into the darkness. Kerual smiled as if having fun.

“From then on, Camilla has been preparing a present for His Majesty. It was a huge coffin for His Majesty.”

Hazel was surprised again.

There was a reason why the Empress Dowager couldn't find it in the end, even though she had researched so hard. It wasn't just any object or curse that threatened Iskanda. It was a huge new palace itself.

Who would have imagined that?

“The workers were no different from what had already been decided. These are the people who have entrusted the large and small constructions of the imperial palace until now. They only thought they were constructing a new building, and they planted a curse using black spirits throughout the construction area. Although the method of activating that curse was not given in the blood book... . . . . Wouldn't it be a matter of time to find out? That letter really changed my life.”

Kerual's face was remembered. He seemed to feel the excitement of that day again.

“Isn't it? He knows how to kill the next emperor of the empire very simply. Is there anyone whose heart is not pounding at that fact?”

“No, not really... . . . .”

Hazel answered.

Iskanda quickly covered her mouth. But it was late. Kerual's cold gaze focused on Hazel.

“No one would have imagined that a maid, who didn't even know her name, would have organized such a thing. It was really exciting. Because Camilla was able to do everything with the Emperor's Royal Seal. I was able to find out that the royal wedding ring had a secret, and I was able to get the ring myself. Everyone let me in without checking properly. The plan got bigger and bigger. I wasn't content with mansions like my older sisters, but I wanted to put the whole empire in my hands. However... . . . .”

She glared at Hazel.

“Things started to go awry when you appeared!”

It was true. Hazel's entanglement with Abbas Mamon reveals everything earlier than planned.

Adrian was far from resurrected. Now that the necromancer Abbas Mamon was captured, it was questionable whether the plan would be successful.

Athena, who had chosen the next best thing, had already escaped Kerual's hand. And she was forever trapped in this strange space with two like-minded enemies.

With this in mind, it was only natural to focus all the hatred on Hazel.

That's not okay.

Iskanda quickly blocked the front.

He also did not know how to overcome this difficulty.

Anyway, one thing was certain. It was absolutely unacceptable for this psychopath to harm Hazel.

“You are very persistent. I never tried to back off first. We got through the crisis in all sorts of strange ways.”

Kerual said, continuing to stare at Hazel.

“But there was one really stupid side. People doubt that, but plants never doubt.”

"I beg your pardon? Who doubts the plant... .."

Hazel thought for a moment while answering the question.

“It’s a moss word. Needle moss and scaly moss.”

"okay. Camilla feared that Adrian would be impeached if it was discovered that they had broken the sacred seal and brought out the Black Relics. So, with the help of botanists, I deliberately and with great care planted moss from hundreds of years ago on the stone. It's like someone else broke in there a long time ago and took the contents. It was noticeable at first, but over the years it has become difficult to tell. Plants lied.”

Kerual said so and smiled.

Hazel's heart pounded.

I had no common sense of criminology, but I was well aware that it is not good for criminals to tell you everything like this. It means that you have no intention of letting go.

“I was only looking for Athena from the beginning. It is true that you did a very good job there. You drove Athena off the cliff very nicely. However... .. Die now!”

Kerual took something out of his bosom and threw it into the air.

They were black papers. It was similar to the Heukseongmul, but it felt much weaker.

They flew in, dodging Iskanda's defenses. A few fell off Hazel's face.

whatever?

Hazel stared blankly at the papers.

“Isn’t this of no use to ordinary people anyway?”

Then Kerual chuckled.

"lets think. How could I deal with people like Abbas Mamon? How could I get these savages to obey me?"

“Because I had their weaknesses... . . . .”

“That's not enough! Camilla invented an invention from a portion of the Black Spirit that was left behind to curse this palace. He tried to crack down on the mouths of his henchmen by making black paper that erases the minds of ordinary people. I used that as a weapon to control the Abbas Mamon horde at will.”

what?

Hazel was astonished.

“What should I do? I drank that smoke without knowing it!”

Iskanda was also shocked.

"do you remember me? Do you remember me?"

“Remember?”

“Then I’m relieved for now... . . . .”

Scared to say that, the black papers scattered on the floor began to run wild.

They certainly contained the energy of the Black Spirit. However, in terms of liquid, it was nothing more than a dilute dilution.

This space was now in equilibrium with the energy spreading evenly. However, the balance was disturbed when a lack suddenly appeared. According to the law, energy from all directions gathered to make up for the lack.

In the blink of an eye, a dark tornado appeared. It was about to hit Hazel.

"Harm!"

Iskanda drew a sword and swung it. I knew it was dangerous, but I couldn't help it.

pop!

The energy of the Grand Cavalier and the energy of the Black Spirit collided.

At that moment, a powerful shock wave was generated. It spread throughout the space in a state of chaos.

It felt like an invisible earthquake was taking place along the walls and ceiling. Then at some point, jump! and what broke

A gap has opened up. When a strong shock was suddenly applied to the disordered space, a temporary crack occurred.

That's it.

Hazel turned her head to look at Kerual.

"You were aiming for this!"

"okay."

A happy smile appeared on Kerual's face.

Even though I knew I was being beaten, I couldn't use my hands. Iskanda did her best to somehow disperse the tornado in which the energy of the Black Spirit was tightly condensed. And Hazel had to help him by throwing anything he could get his hands on.

Meanwhile, Kerual flew towards the crack.

“It’s a pity that we only have one chance for the first time... . . . Anyway, goodbye.”

She quickly slipped into the gap.

next moment.

Whoops! There was a sound and the gap widened. And countless hands appeared and grabbed Kerual.

“Aww!”

Kerual screamed.

An unbelievable sight unfolded. Beyond the rift were countless monsters.

Their appearance was not unfamiliar. The corpses that Abbas Mamon raised to life using necromancy to provide free labor. They were monsters born in the same way.

Hazel was terribly surprised.

"that's right! Clearly something was lurking in the dark!"

“Camila’s gift... . . .”

Iskanda's complexion changed and she murmured.

I saw it earlier in Plans in Visions. Camilla originally hid numerous corpses secretly in the palace, then attacked the people of the imperial palace to get rid of Iskanda.

It seems that she was very absorbed in the plan.

He also applied the architectural style of the unconventional method to the new imperial palace to be built after his death. It was arranged in advance so that those monsters were secretly buried while construction was being carried out. Only the Goddess of Hell knew what kind of means was used, but... . . . .

Anyway, Kerual didn't know that.

“Leave this! help me!”

She tried her best not to be dragged away.

But there were too many. I was dragged away in just a few seconds without knowing what to do.

“Aww!”

Kerual's screams dragged his tail for a long time and then disappeared.

The papers, which had been running wild, suddenly fell as if they had lost their lives. Their master has come to an end.

These were the words of an ambitious man who wanted to take control of the empire.

If we had jumped into that gap first... . . . .

Hazel trembled at the thought.

The powerful tornado that had been pressing Iskanda disappeared. But I didn't even have time to think about it happily.

Tuk! Fight!

There were cracks everywhere. Countless corpses were trying to squeeze out.

The whole place was buzzing. There was nowhere to escape.

"this... .."

Iskanda hastily wrapped her left arm around Hazel. At the same time, he drew his sword.

"No worries. We can handle everything."

Well.

He was the Grand Cavalier. Hazel knew just how strong he was.

But these are corpses. The bear rises and the bear rises.

How long can you last?

Thinking about it, my eyes darkened.

But he shook his head.

Let's change our thinking.

It has been a useful card every time there is a crisis, but maybe this is the last time. A real crisis has come.

I quickly erased those sad thoughts.

You have to do your best until the last minute. There was little time. With an anxious mind, I organized my thoughts from the beginning again.

What are these monsters?

A gift prepared in advance by Camila Berganza. Corpses hidden at the construction site when the Imperial Palace was built.

Wait a minute.

A ray of light shone in the dark mind.

“On the construction site... ..?”

Iskanda heard the mumbled words. Without taking my eyes off the corpses that were about to come out of the jingling tangle, I took Hazel and moved to a safe place and responded.

"right. It was calculated from the beginning and made this way."

"However... .. Even if Camilla can see a few forwards, there's one thing she hasn't been able to foresee!"

Hazel exclaimed.

“There is one area that has not been built!”

Iskanda's face went blank for a moment.

It was.

Only one place in the newly built area was untouched. It was the land of the Mayfield family.

There was no curse on it.

“But how do you get there?”

“That secret passage! If you haven't stopped yet... . . .”

At that moment, the corpses fell through the first crack. It was just that he was arguing and barely getting out.

“Aww!”

They came screaming and coming this way. At the same time, bodies fell from other cracks as well.

“Let's go!”

Iskanda led Hazel and ran.

This was a space dominated by disorder. It was good not to believe what I could see or hear.

Trusting only his senses, he set out to find the bedroom. Strangely, it appeared behind the door in the closet behind the laundry room.

“Here it is!”

The two ran quickly.

Behind him, monsters were chasing him. Shouts came crashing down like waves.

"Quickly!"

I closed the secret door behind my back and ran down the stairs.

Shortly thereafter, the door broke. The monsters became a mass and fell down the stairs.

Knowing that it shouldn't be, Hazel looked back. And immediately regretted it.

The corpses jumped down the stairs recklessly. They were chasing after them at a frightening speed, filling the underground passages.

"Why so fast!"

Iskanda grabbed Hazel. As if climbing a ladder to heaven, I held her straight and ran.

Finally, we arrived in front of the exit leading to the farm. I hurried up the stairs.

"Aww!"

Suddenly, the monsters that followed me screamed and stretched out their hands. They stepped on each other and climbed the stairs.

Whoops!

The hem of Hazel's skirt caught on someone's fingertips. The monster quickly grabbed it.

"Ugh!"

Hazel's heart felt frozen.

In that dreadful moment, he managed to escape through the wide open door.

Iskanda put down Hazel and closed the door on the floor without even taking a breather. He grabbed a large rock and pressed it down.

thud! bang bang!

A knocking sound was heard.

But they pushed the rock and couldn't open the door. The thumping sound continued for a while and then stopped.

Hazel imagined the situation down there. A huge number of corpses must have been gathered here and flattened.

"Eww... .."

He trembled and walked away from there.

Once they got out, they didn't completely escape.

The farm was surrounded by a thick fog. Even when he stabbed his sword, he didn't even budge. No matter what method I used, there wasn't a single scratch.

"After all, this place is also included in the containment zone."

"I think it's because I left the aisle open."

It wasn't a black mist, so I walked through it once.

But there was no end to it. The space was warped. Once back on the farm.

The farm was peaceful.

The sun was bright and the wind blew softly. It was a stark contrast to the terrible things that had just happened.

Suddenly, my mind loosened.

“Are you going to be locked up here forever? It's better than before, but... . . . .”

"I know, right. Self-sufficiency is possible on our farm, but... . . . .”

It was when we were having that conversation.

thud!

A great roar resounded from beneath the stone-blocked door.

It wasn't a knock on the door. It wasn't even a cracking sound. There was the sound of something exploding below me.

Hazel and Iskanda looked at each other, confused.

“Obviously, what was the explosion sound?”

As soon as Hazel asked that question, another roar rang out. The ground they were treading on vibrated loudly.

"no way... .. Space collapse?"

Iskanda's complexion changed. Hazel asked quickly.

“What is it?”

"As far as I know is... .. .”

He recalled the knowledge he had gathered from the wise men in the past.

“Originally, in the world we live in now, a space like chaos cannot exist together. It is possible to coexist in a confined area such as a closed room or a box, but once outside that area, the nature of disorder must be abandoned and incorporated into order.”

“But you just got out.”

"right. He came out of my palace with those corpses.”

thud! The ground rumbled again. It seemed to be the land just below the farm. Hazel's face turned white.

“Then is this place going to collapse now?”

“It falls... .. . It's a little different from that. From what I've learned: When the lockdown is lifted after undergoing a space collapse, this place remains intact. Sometimes it collapses suddenly tomorrow, sometimes in 10 years, sometimes in 100 years. And under the wreckage, our bodies are found.”

“It will eventually collapse, right? What the heck is different... .. .”

Iskanda hesitated, unable to speak. 'different! It's not like just falling apart!' His eyes thought so, but he didn't seem to want to ask any more.

Well, what's the point of arguing now?

In the vast space of the world, humans were like ants. Speaking of Grand Cavalier, he was nothing more than an ant with a good sword.

That was Iskanda's idea.

He slowly opened his mouth.

“No life can survive the collapse of space. Even giant dragons are crushed to death like a ephemera. So I think it's better to face your fate quietly than to waste any effort.”

"i See."

Hazel nodded.

Looking around the farm, it was still peaceful. It was inconceivable that a space collapse would occur after a while.

I saw Julia over the fence. The roof of the chicken coop was also visible. The farm animals pitifully knew nothing. But maybe that's a good thing.

“Anyway, the dream has come true.”

Hazel shrugged.

“I wanted to spend the last days of my life on a farm. With a loved one who has gray hair. Although it's a pity that I don't have white hair... . . .”

Iskanda was surprised.

It wasn't surprising that the blonde, whom everyone admired, was less than white. What he said before that was surprising.

lover?

They said they liked each other during hunting competitions. But it has developed over time, and now it is called love.

Hazel was also smart. Now the words fit. We promised not to part for the rest of our lives, and we even kissed each other on the forehead... . . .

"okay. Still, I'm glad we could be together until the end."

"that's right."

The two held hands tightly.

That was then.

Kwajik!

A strange sound came from beyond the fog surrounding the farm. It sounded like something was breaking.

"what?"

The two quickly ran in that direction.

I looked to the side where the sound was coming from. A small vortex had formed in the mist. Obviously there wasn't before.

Perhaps?

Hazel ran to the warehouse. He took a long pole and thrust it into the vortex.

The pole went in. When I pushed it in, it went right in as soon as I pushed it in. I pushed it all the way in and slowly pulled it out again.

There was gray dust on the tip of the pole.

The two faced each other.

“Is it going out?”

“Maybe... . . .”

Boom from beyond the fog! The sound came again. I heard it sporadically from here and there.

Hazel was excited.

“Looks like it’s breaking outside!”

“Looks like that!”

hope has arisen Iskanda slammed the vortex with all her might.

bang!

The whole space reverberated. But the vortex didn't budge.

“Is it easier to break it outside?”

“Well, I guess. Because we belong to this space. To break it, you have to break it from the outside.”

A few more knocks were heard.

But there was no vortex elsewhere. There was only this one.

“I think this is the weakest part... ..”

“Here it is! We are here!”

Hazel shouted into the vortex. Then he pierced the pole again and shook it.

But there was no response.

At that moment, the ground shook violently. The two quickly grabbed each other.

The vibration gradually decreased, but did not stop at all. I kept shaking intermittently. It seemed that there was not much left until the collapse.

Before that, we need to break the lockdown and get out!

The two looked at the whirlpool with impatient hearts.

“Is there no way? A good way to tell the other side that we need to destroy this right here.”

“I think it’s an inconspicuous area, but if I could deliver a letter... ..”

messenger. Lion.

The same thought popped into their heads.

“Tiberius!”

The two hurried across the shaking ground to the chicken coop. He brought a chick with a sad expression on his face.

“You are the only one who can save us!”

"go! Sir Tiberius!"

The chick was lifted high in front of the vortex.

Tiberius bravely jumped into it.

Even a pole without a head or eyes passed through it safely. So Tiberius can do better. Besides, this chick is a divine beast. He is the messenger of the god Ceres.

The figure of a chick running bravely through the darkness seemed to be visible.

How long have you waited impatiently?

bang!

The vortex area shook. A blazing flame shone through the small hole.

"Louis!"

Iskanda exclaimed in delight.

Soon after, a huge roar sounded as if the whole world was about to crumble. Cracked around the vortex.

“Sir Siegwald!”

This time Hazel shouted.

A magical brilliance flashed outside the hole. Lorendel and Cayenne were also breaking down the wall with all their might. The hole got wider and wider.

At that time, my feet were completely turned off.

"Oh!"

Iskanda quickly hugged Hazel. Just before falling down, I managed to grab hold of the other side of the hole.

bang!

My eyes brightened up

Someone grabbed Iskanda's arm from the other side. and shouted

"Everyone! Help everyone!"

Hazel was surprised.

“The Empress Dowager!”

"Mother!"

Even Iskanda was surprised.

The slender arms of the Empress Dowager held them tightly. Soon after, several others pulled them out.

dump!

I could barely get out.

The two of them just hung around. I was so happy that the hard floor made me cry. It was the bottom of the real world.

I'm back!

Hazel jumped up.

There was a wide smile on his kind face in front of him.

“The Empress Dowager!”

hugged her tight Not only was it pleasing to the eye, but it really looked like it was going to burst into tears.

“What if you hug me? We need to hug each other!”

Empress Dowager said so, but hugged Hazel tightly. There were tears in her voice as well.

“Hazel!”

“Is!”

"your Majesty!"

Everyone ran and surrounded them.

Lewis holding Tiberius carefully. Lorendel, Siegwald, Cayenne. And the minister of the palace and the two rich beggar old men. Countless knights and nobles... . . .

They were all stained with sweat and dust. Everyone smiled brightly in such a mess.

Hazel realized.

White deer, red foxes, loud flocks of birds, cats... . . .

This imperial palace with such farm friends was also his precious farm. emotions surged.

“You all know how much I love you!”

Iskanda, who was wiping the dust off Hazel from behind, was startled.

I love you? all?

That was then.

Someone quietly appeared from behind the embracing and rejoicing people. It was Athena, who wrapped the wound on her shoulder.

People stepped aside.

They met for a while. Athena opened her mouth.

“Let’s meet outside. I kept my promise.”

The gaze that had been looking at Hazel slowly moved to Iskanda. It was a very complicated look.

The next moment, Athena took a small bottle from her arms. It was a disease that Kerual had.

“Goodbye then.”

Athena poured what was inside her mouth.

Hazel was surprised.

That's not it... . . . .

I couldn't explain it to her in detail.

What was in the bottle was the original black material that had not been processed. Except for the Grand Cavalier, there was no such thing as forgetting important memories. It was just falling asleep.

Athena's eyes fluttered.

It seemed that she realized it too late.

“... . . .”

But Athena calmed down again.

There was no need for that anyway. Everything depends on the mind. You just need to have a strong heart.

Athena turned to her emotionless eyes. From his back, he felt a sense of solitude, as if he had forgotten everything.

She has chosen a life that is no longer swayed by emotions. I chose freedom. That choice should be respected.

Hazel exchanged glances with Iskanda.

They both looked at them with curious eyes. Cayen couldn't stand it anymore and opened his mouth.

“Now, let’s talk slowly. What the hell happened?”

“Very long. Sit down for a while... ..”

Iskanda paused involuntarily to sit down.

There were no chairs there. It was then that I realized The surroundings were completely deserted.

"for a moment. Where are you?"

“Um, so... ..”

Lorendel pointed to the floor.

There was a portrait of the founding emperor always hanging in the hallway. The glass in the middle of his face was smashed.

That is... . . . .

Iskanda's eyes twitched.

“Did you destroy all my palaces?”

“No, then how do you think we broke through?”

Lewis replied.

Iskanda was at a loss for words.

Yes. I just smashed the side of the farm and came out. And next to the farm is his palace. The new imperial palace.

“Then what do I do now?”

He looked at Hazel with a puzzled expression on his face. Hazel shrugged.

“I can't help it, what?”

17. Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace The

snow that had fallen overnight was frozen solid. It was the coldest day in decades. Among the people of the capital, it was popular to ask if they had fallen into a hibernation all night long.

The palace was also frozen. The dazzling appearance of the buildings made the snow cold this winter.

“Oh, it’s cold!”

Those who entered the palace unwittingly opened their collars. The voice automatically became quieter. It was a cold day, so I didn't want to talk.

Only one of them spoke loudly.

“... .. right here! Between this rock and this rock! When I ran all the way here after chasing Acevedo and Monte Alegre, all of a sudden, thump! I heard a sound... ..”

Cecil's voice echoed through the cold in the distance.

Those who were busily walking across the garden heard the sound. They were the commanders of the Holy Knights of the National Advisory Council.

Lorendel, wearing a thick winter cloak over her uniform, looked at her with a headache.

“If it hadn’t been for that incident that day, what kind of fun would that office worker have to go to work all this fall and winter?”

“That’s what I mean.”

Cayenne curled up into the frizzy faux fur that adorned the cloak's collar.

“Because people around me are always the loudest. I, who was the hero of the day, still have nightmares every night!”

“You are the hero of the day! That would have been my nightmare!”

Cayenne was heroic without getting tired and Lewis never getting tired and gave him a pint glass every time. Just before, he was struggling because of the cold, but for this moment, he came alive.

“I was surprised and scared, but one thing was fun. Controlling a siege plane!”

“Well, I admit that.”

The two glanced at the gigantic siege machine that was walking right next to them. Surrounded by a cloak decorated with fur, Siegwald in winter looked more like a bear.

“... ..?”

Not knowing why everyone was suddenly looking at him, he tilted his head like a bear.

Seeing such a friend, Lewis felt pressure to do the most absurd thing in the world. It was self-explanatory of his own joke.

“So I mean... ..”

At the same time, very appropriately, Cecil raised his voice.

“... .. I'm going to rescue His Majesty myself, so go and tell the people! I've never heard a word more ambitious than that in my entire life. Well, I figured it out from the very beginning. The greatness of Miss Hazel!”

Your friends were speechless for a moment.

Far from recognizing 'greatness', didn't some unscrupulous impostor run to tell you that they had taken over the Imperial Palace?

At that time, Cecil's appearance was still good in his eyes. Even so, it seemed to have disappeared from the party's memory.

It wasn't just the washroom.

Recently, there has been a phenomenon of collective memory modification among various people in the Imperial Palace.

'I cheered for you from the beginning', 'I was the only one on Miss Hazel's side'... . . . .

The four of them clearly remembered how badly everyone treated Hazel. Still, everyone was arrogant.

“How long do we have to endure this phenomenon?”

Lorendel murmured.

It was an interesting topic of discussion. But when I tried to talk a little more, a wind blew in my flesh.

“You have to go to work!”

Lewis turned around. While tightening the silver buttons on the cloak, he headed to the Marronnier Farm.

Many officials were already on their way to the farm.

It was natural. Because His Majesty's temporary office was right there.

As Baron Mayfield, one of the leading real estate investment experts of our time, once said:

-View? nearby facilities? quiet ambience? I don't need it all. There is only one condition that determines the value of real estate. location!

Location determines the value of a property. Everyone wants a house that is three minutes away from work. So, always invest in the downtown area.

That theory worked in this case as well.

Now that the imperial palace has been demolished and the main building of the imperial palace has undergone refurbishment, the most convenient place to access the center of the imperial palace is Marronnier Farm.

Therefore, the emperor's office was rented out on the farm. Never again in the history of the Empire's rental business has been so unusual.

A building was temporarily erected on a field that was empty after harvest, right in front of a small farmhouse.

The site where the imperial palace collapsed was thoroughly cleaned after extensive cleaning and fortification. And by using magic generously, the construction proceeded quickly. It was decided to cover the cost of it with Abbas Mamon's slush fund.

The construction was going smoothly. However, as the weather got colder, the flat skeleton of the building looked even more gloomy.

"Ah! I hate to work!"

Lewis shouted and entered the farmhouse. Those were her morning greetings these days.

This place, where you warm your body and mind before going to work, was already crowded with other people.

“Come on, here is the relief.”

The minister of the palace held out a wooden tray in a familiar manner.

This winter, he took on the role of serving chicory coffee to friends who came to the farm with a dying face. Even if someone tried to make their own drink, they ran out of nowhere and shouted like this.

"No! There is a golden ratio!"

He was so obsessive that he even gave advice to pretend to drink coffee by going to a neighboring farm in order to find the minister of the palace for urgent business.

“It was originally time to drink fruit juice in a warm resort! Even after saving the country, there is no reward vacation!”

The minister of the palace lamented emptying the second cup of coffee.

Now everything has been largely settled, but one mystery remains unsolved.

Who was the man who swung his fist in the middle of the Founding Emperor's portrait to create a vortex, the key to escape?

The minister of the palace claimed every morning that it was his own merit. 'As the guardian deity of the country, you let things go to this level!' He said that he had put his fists of anger in the portrait.

But no one witnessed the scene. Instead, there were several eyewitness accounts of seeing Windsong, who was wandering alone in the chaos, coming out of that area.

“Are you going to just hit me? Yes? Are you going to quit?”

The minister of the palace uttered words that did not even make sense to him.

After all, he had no intention of taking a vacation. Because every day has been very interesting lately.

At that time, the main character, who is in charge of most of the interest, popped out of the inside.

“Everyone, are you here?”

Hazel listened to Louise's morning greetings in the living room. But it didn't come out right away. Everyone knew why.

“Sir Tiberius!”

Everyone gathered around the small mass wrapped in towels as if they had promised. Lorendel asked.

“What bath are you having in the morning?”

“Well, when I asked where he went, he fell into a bucket of butter! Tiberius! Now that you're a knight, shouldn't you be gentle?”

Hazel rebuked Tiberius.

Without this little chick, neither Hazel nor Iskanda would be where they are today. Thinking about it, the relationship with Tiberius felt infinitely grateful and mysterious.

But when I just found him floundering in a barrel of butter, my blood welled up.

“You must resemble Toffee!”

Siegwald scolded. Lewis asked.

"right! What is Toffee doing?"

"I haven't woken up yet. Prince Rowan carried him all day yesterday... ."

"that is great! You should take the time to touch it!"

Just then, the bell rang in the temporary building right next door.

Everyone who was there had their faces rotted. So was Hazel.

"No, already?"

It was time to start work in the morning. If I stopped by the house next door before going to work, everyone didn't know how to come out, so the head servant rang the bell.

"Today, because of Tiberius, I couldn't even enjoy my morning time with my neighbors."

"Come back to play later! So close!"

The minister of the palace hurriedly took everyone out.

The small farmhouse was quiet again.

Hazel glanced across the room, still sipping his still lukewarm coffee.

A puppy with spots on both eyes was sleeping. It was Toffee, the first dog on the Marronnier Farm.

It was as if a war had been waged after the imperial palace had been repaired at least. The dark history of the past kept coming back to me, and I felt bad. I also had nightmares several times.

Iskanda made a suggestion to comfort Hazel.

“How about having a dog?”

That was a very good idea. Hazel was energized at once. I decided to go to a market near the capital and buy a puppy.

Iskanda is burning with ambition to choose the best dog in the world. During his spare time taking care of the state affairs, he read books such as <Encyclopedia of Imperial Dog Breeds> and accumulated knowledge about dogs.

But, as with most things they go through, this time too, things didn't go as planned. They were walking to the market together in straw hats when they found a puppy tied to a tree. He said the owner had abandoned him and left him tied up for several days.

Hazel knew as soon as he saw the skinny puppy.

“This is the first puppy on our farm!”

Toffee quickly became chubby. The rough and brittle hair is now shiny.

Watching the puppy sleeping so hard that no one could carry it, Hazel recalled the warm face in her memory.

Didn't Aunt Martha feel the same way when she saw me?

It was wonderful to see someone happy. Hazel lost his mind and fell into old memories. Then all of a sudden I smelled a burning smell.

"Oh!"

I hurriedly went to the oven and took out the bread.

Then the dog woke up. He stretched his front legs on the floor, then went straight to the front door, took a seat, and sat down. Waiting for Iskanda.

"No. Your Majesty is very busy today. The end of the year is coming."

Hazel said Tyler.

Toffee liked Iskanda. When he had time, he would get out of the middle and play with the puppy for a while.

But for a while I couldn't.

Hazel gave the puppy breakfast and then played with it for a while, tossing the ball. After taking care of the winter berries that survived the severe cold, I went to the barn.

Julia twirled her tail and hit her. Hazel looked at the belly of this good cow.

It didn't seem like much had changed yet.

One of the biggest concerns in my head these days is Julia's pregnancy.

"When choosing a groom, he always goes with me. I think I can make a very good choice."

Rose said so. Somehow, Lewis, Kitty, and Penny also went along.

The three just followed with the idea of eating a packed lunch, but when they arrived at the ranch, they turned on the lights and each chose a hydrogen according to their taste. No one wanted to back off. In the end, the owner of the ranch looked into this and made a match.

Everyone muttered. But Julia seemed to like the bull. It was fortunate.

“Good luck, Julia.”

Hazel took Julia back and left the barn.

The day's work has come to an end. As I was reading a book after dinner, I heard a knock and a stone flew against the window.

I closed the book and got up.

I've been waiting for this time all day. Hurry up and open the window.

In the darkness stood Iskanda. The face, which had been worn out by work fatigue, brightened the moment Hazel appeared.

"It's finished?"

"no. got out for a while have to go back Why are there so many things to settle? I wish I wasn't the emperor... . . . .”

The two looked at each other sadly through the window.

That was then.

“It was so cold I couldn't do it! Let's warm up and drink wine together! Cathy way... . . . .”

The door swung open and the Holy Knights Commander's friends entered.

Hazel and Iskanda fell in surprise. Then he slammed the window sill and the window rattled.

“... ..”

Friends looked at them with absurd eyes. Siegwald said.

“Why do you use windows like thieves?”

“... ..”

“Is there anyone who didn't see the two of them embracing and escaping back then? It's in all the newspapers, right? No one in the whole empire knows that they are dating.”

"know."

"I know."

Iskanda and Hazel mumbled in response to the non-bearishly blunt point.

“I know that, but we met secretly for a long time... ..”

“If we meet in a fair and fair way, I would say that I don't feel that way... ..”

He confessed, blushing.

They all looked at them with astonished faces.

Was it a mood problem?

“Well, then you have to keep pretending you don’t know? Uh, so, for the sake of both of you... . . . .”

Lorendel stuttered slightly.

"no! no!"

Hazel waved her hand. If so, it occurred to me that these high elves might pretend to be ignorant for the rest of their long lives.

"Never mind! Just don't worry about it!"

"right. Do not worry about it."

Iskanda entered through the door with a bewildered face. They all sat around the wooden table.

The scent of dried oranges, cinnamon and honey spread in the kitchen. In addition to the wine, all the ingredients suitable for winter were added and boiled. This wine makes you forget the cold. It warms you up, so you can work in the snow after drinking one cup at a time.

“Whatever it is, how good is it that everyone is gathered in one place like this? You have to get along.”

Siegwald chimed in. It was a sign that he was drunk. According to everyone's testimonies, he said that when he got drunk, he said to get along.

In fact, I drank a lot. I ended up emptying the wine bottles endlessly as I grilled the labyrinth mushrooms piled up like a mountain in the kitchen on a skewer. I also baked apples later. I also baked potatoes.

"okay! Bake anything you can bake!"

Hazel exclaimed, tongue twisted. That memory was the last.

When I woke up in the morning there was no one there. Egg toast was laid out in the cleaned kitchen. He warmed it up and took a bite.

If love has a taste, it might taste like this... . . . .

I thought, blushing a little.

I can't take a break from farm work, even on the day I wake up late due to a hangover. To make up for being late, I went around twice as busy as usual.

I had an appointment in the afternoon. It was the day I met Kitty.

Kitty was publishing an article a day about the daily life of His Majesty the Emperor, who has recently rented a farm. I made an improvised plan to fill the vacancy, but the response was so good that I officially took the seat.

People criticized this novel project article for being rude because it treated the supreme power too favorably. But sales went exactly the opposite of that criticism. The Dawn Newspaper was the first to sell out than any other newspaper.

“How much more responsive to miscellaneous gossip than articles written all night for days and days!”

Kitty lamented.

But it didn't seem like he hated it. Because it was said that journalists are beings who make a living by paying attention.

Hazel taught Kitty some new materials. After that, I had some time to solve my doubts.

“... .. When I entered the hall, everyone had their handkerchiefs folded in half and placed on the table. What does that mean?”

“It’s an old etiquette for St. Leandro’s Day. I don’t drink that day. It means don’t put a glass in front of me.”

There were many etiquettes in the Imperial Palace. You don’t have to keep those things. But there is a difference between not knowing and not knowing. It’s always been fun to learn something interesting.

After a good time, I came back and received a welcome letter.

"Ah!"

Hazel exclaimed and quickly opened the letter.

This thick letter came from quite a distance. It was a farm in the middle. The owner of the farm was Athena.

In the meantime, Hazel was constantly in business to tell everyone to run a farm. But no one put it into action.

However, unexpectedly, a person who was not expected at all passed over to the business. You don’t know how surprised I was to receive the first letter.

'At first, it was because of farm equipment.'

Athena spoke in a calm tone.

While traveling, I found a pitchfork and was glad to hold it in my hand again. At that moment, I felt fate.

Buy a farm.

Of course, nothing was difficult because she was so rich. After making up my mind, I became the owner of a large farm within an hour.

According to the occasional letters, she seemed happy. A story about troubles with a warehouse problem, a story about going to see grape varieties, a story about going to see a new mill built by nearby farmers... . . . Athena was really living the farmer's life dreamed of by farmers.

“Wow, that’s really cool!”

Hazel read the letter over and over again with excitement. I baked a pumpkin pie for the palace official Illina, took out the exchanged beautiful stationery, and wrote a sincere reply.

Then he took Athena's letter and went to the Empress Dowager's palace.

When the old curse of the past turned the Imperial Palace into a gigantic labyrinth, the Empress Dowager was among those who ran away in shock.

She blamed herself for not noticing the numerous clues sooner. Meanwhile, the imperial paladins wandered around the ruined palace with others.

Then, led by a mysterious guide, he found two missing people before anyone else. He screamed of joy and pulled them out.

After the excitement of the rescue had subsided, the Empress Dowager suffered from severe muscle aches. It had been a long time since I had to go back to a boring life where I couldn't move and had to be served.

But I was able to recover quickly. It was partly because long-standing worries had finally come to a proper end, and partly because many pleasant things were constantly happening.

The most enjoyable thing recently was Athena's new start.

Hazel brought the letter to the court of the Empress Dowager and told him the news of Athena.

The Empress Dowager heard the story with the imperial family who gathered in the salon to escape the cold. Then I prayed for Athena.

“May you always be so happy... . . . .”

Other members of the royal family, including Princess Catherine, also prayed together.

They had never been comfortable with Athena. It was because he always remembered the last whisper of the Emperor, either consciously or unconsciously.

But now I could sincerely wish Athena happiness.

After everyone had prayed, they shared the pie Hazel had brought.

The conversation naturally flowed into the story of the reconstruction of the Imperial Palace. The Empress Dowager asked jokingly.

“Aren’t you distracted by the noisy tenants coming in?”

"no. Lively and nice.”

When Hazel answered, Empress Dowager laughed.

“Hold on a little bit. I will be able to finish it soon by using my magic power generously.”

I would have to.

Hazel nodded.

Initially, before construction began, Iskanda declared.

“Now that this has come to pass, we will rebuild it with a very new and innovative structure.”

And he showed me the blueprint he had been working on for several days. Everyone said after looking at the blueprint for a long time.

“Is it the same as the old palace?”

"Not like that! First of all, it's different here, and it's different here... . . . .”

Iskanda pointed out about 100 differences. But there were rumors that no one understood the differences.

Anyway, the project went smoothly.

Unlike last time, many wise men and priests were also dispatched to the field. They looked closely at the smallest details, not missing anything.

Meanwhile, Hazel was also called to the main building of the Imperial Palace.

“Were you around here?”

"Well... . . . . It's more like this than there.”

He groped the memory and informed the priests.

There was a time when I met the Empress Dowager and went back alone at night and fell into a strange maze. But it wasn't something that happened for no reason.

Kerual secretly experimented with dark secrets in various places in the Imperial Palace. There were places where the remnants were still left. The priests scoured the imperial palace and purged those areas.

Hazel came out after telling them the testimony.

On the way back to the farm, I met a nice person. It was Draco Cardinal, chief gardener of the Imperial Rose Garden.

“The gardener!”

Hazel quickly approached and greeted him.

There was one major difference in this reconstruction. It was decided to make a small and beautiful garden. It was a garden for Adrian.

According to Iskanda's recollection, Adrian was not a very good kid.

But after he died, he helped them. I couldn't possibly forget that he was telling me the secrets of the past in a terrible way.

So, I decided to dedicate a small space in honor of Adrian.

It was this gardener who was in charge of that important task. Hazel actively communicated with him and conceived the garden.

“Anyway, I wanted to meet Miss Hazel. It's a rose to plant in the south, but how about an Austin Rose, although it's a bit more common?”

"Ah... ... ?"

Hazel blinked.

“What was it?”

A moment of silence passed.

Kerual sprinkled Hazel with the evil black paper that the Emperor and Camilla had intended to write to the public. Then Hazel inhaled a little of its harmful aura.

I thought I hadn't lost my memory, so I just passed on it, but later I found out that it wasn't without damage. I forgot quite a lot of the knowledge I had hard-earned through self-study.

But let's change our thinking.

That's not necessarily a bad thing.

"Here you go. This is the rose."

Draco held out the gardening book in a familiar manner. It was embarrassing at first that Hazel, who had recognized the centifolia rose at a glance, suddenly forgot a lot of knowledge. But now it was.

“Ah, that was it!”

Hazel looked intently at the painting.

Draco borrowed the book altogether. I sat on a bench for a while and read. Then he murmured.

“It’s definitely a book I’ve seen before, but it’s very new.”

"Five! I always do!"

Suddenly, someone sitting next to me spoke up. It was Lady Pelmata, an imperial family with dementia.

If it were her, she would have done just that. Hazel smiled broadly.

“I think that's a good thing. Sometimes I feel like this when I find a really good book.

"Would not it be nice if you could read it again to erase the memory buds read this book? "

"That's right! In that sense, I am always living a profitable life!”

The two looked at each other and smiled happily.

Wouldn't it be great if we could all live our whole lives with that new heart?

As the cold subsided, the construction progressed like wings.

Each night the building went up and up. So it could be completed as soon as March came. Everyone was looking forward to the grand celebration. But Iskanda's attitude was like a sword.

“Now that the construction is over, we have to go to work! What could be a better celebration than that?”

Saying that, he secretly glanced at Hazel. It was his eyes that meant that he had to finish his work quickly so he could have a good time on the farm as quickly as before.

okay. right.

Hazel nodded.

Everything seemed to return to normal. But it was strange. The surroundings felt very quiet.

Throughout late fall and winter, the neighborhood's makeshift office continued to roar with hustle and bustle. The sound of Iskanda's scolding of the officials could be heard non-stop. Hearing that sound, I used to work in the strawberry field.

When the dog Toffee or Tiberius sneaked away, he went to catch him. There were times when Iskanda rushed to retrieve the stamps and papers that farm animals had sneaked in.

So we met face-to-face from time to time. Then suddenly he left, it was as if a big hole had been cut in my daily life.

Hazel looked out the window. Beyond the garden, which was just starting to sprout new shoots, the magnificent new imperial palace could be seen.

The human mind is strange.

When I first came here, I wanted to get rid of the palace to the end of the world. But now it seemed too far away.

Iskanda stopped by the farm in the morning and evening. But there wasn't much to say. There were many times when I was silent and immersed in my thoughts even when I was talking. Hazel glanced at him.

Are you empty-minded like me?

I kept thinking about it for several days.

Then he came to a conclusion of his own. As Iskanda was clearing the wood pile, she put down a basket of freshly fried, hot potato croquettes, and said abruptly.

“Is it better to just get married?”

The ax fell from Iskanda's hand. I tried to catch him in a hurry, but he hit the pile of firewood with his arm and threw it over. Everything was messed up.

“Hey, you’re getting married... ..”

He even stuttered to the end. I suddenly felt like a huge fool. I looked at Hazel with wildly shaky eyes, then looked at the sky, then looked at the ground, and then lost consciousness.

Hazel finally realized.

There was a reason Iskanda was quiet all this time. He was walking the long journey alone in his head. He was making grand and grand plans for the future.

Hazel just crushed one of them. It was obvious not to see. Whether it's a gorgeous wedding proposal in a beautiful place... .. what would it be

After thinking that far, Hazel was perplexed.

Did I just do something cruel?

At that very moment, the two made an tacit agreement. Hazel just didn't say anything.

proposal of marriage? What is it?

Sometimes, memories can be erased without the holy relics handed down from long ago.

the next evening.

“It is said that the wise men have discovered a new plant.”

Iskanda came and said. The tone was a bit awkward, but that was ok. Hazel thought so and went outside.

It was the labyrinth greenhouse where he took him by the hand. It was pitch black inside. As soon as I walked in, I was instantly blown away.

pop! pop!

Fireworks went off everywhere. The flame vines of the labyrinth lit up colorful heart-shaped flames. Iskanda knelt in the midst of it.

“Hazel, will you marry me?”

I asked for advice from people around me and knew other words, but I couldn't remember any of those moments. Instead, he offered what he had prepared beforehand.

It was Tiberius sitting on a silk cushion. He had a ring on his little head like a crown.

You can't get this

It was obvious what he was thinking. Hazel burst out laughing and picked up the ring from above Tiberius's head.

"okay! Marry me!"

I already said it yesterday.

Iskanda put the ring on Hazel's hand, liking it as if he had won the whole world.

This news spread quickly.

People were, of course, very happy. Of course, 'the daughter of a fallen family becomes the empress!' There was no backstory. But whenever the royal family heard such a word, they raised their voices and questioned it.

“Have you forgotten that Your Majesty has only had one person to show interest in? I mean, the price was almost cut off! Whether it’s a fallen family or something, you should be terrified of the fact that there is at least one!”

At those words, a squeaking noise rang out. After all, they just wanted to make a fuss.

It seemed that no one could interfere with this marriage. There was only one stumbling block.

Hazel's grandfather could not be reached.

Baron Archibald Sebastian Mayfield left the land to his granddaughter and left for the resort town of Mamanuka. However, no matter how many times he sent people to Mamanuka, he could not figure out his whereabouts.

“Should we go and look for it?”

The commanders of the Holy Knights exchanged opinions anxiously.

A friend whom he thought would never marry because his ideals were so high, he finally found a mate. The mate was also their other precious friend.

This miraculous thing has happened, and where is Baron Mayfield, the great mastermind behind it all, and what is he doing!

But Hazel was calm.

"it's okay. From my experience so far, no one can get him unless he decides to come back on his own. You will come back when the time is right. If it were the marriage partner I chose, I would unconditionally approve of it. Everything has been like that so far.”

However, there was one condition. My grandfather insisted on getting married after turning 20. But Hazel was about to turn twenty. So, nothing caught on.

Iskanda asked.

“Then, roughly when are we going to pick the day?”

"Well... .."

Hazel contemplated the many processes of marriage.

Marriage for ordinary people is so difficult, but marriage for the imperial family will be dozens or hundreds of times more difficult and complicated.

“... .. Because I can't take it... ..”

"what?"

“I can't just get caught in the busy farming season, so I'll get rid of it before that.”

Hazel declared.

iced coffee... ..

They all nodded with stern faces.

Iskanda also had a serious face. But inside, I was so happy I didn't know what to do. Within this year alone, I was very lucky, and I was thinking of waiting until three years.

Farm season was a good thing.

The busy farming season is the busiest time for farming, usually from April to the autumn harvest.

No matter how hurried they were, they could not hold their national wedding before April. The preparation period was too short.

Therefore, the final date was set to May 1. It was really unusual considering that it was originally prepared from as short as half a year to as long as several years.

Neither of them liked fancy ceremonies. Standing still was limited to 10 minutes.

Therefore, I decided to leave only the necessary procedures and boldly cut out the rest.

“You have to go in first. Keep it as simple as possible.”

“It’s been a ceremony. Introduction to both sides. None of the guests who were there wouldn’t know who we were.”

“You still have to swear before God, right? You should wear a ring.”

“We have to treat our guests as well. There must also be a cake.”

“I should also listen to music.”

It was pretty much sorted out.

Still, it was awesome. The bride's dress, the groom's robes, the new wedding ring, the reception food, the 10-tier cake, the flower decorations... . Whatever it was, it had to be carefully decided after a lot of people were judged and debated.

When I decided to get married, I had already made up my mind. But it was bigger than I thought.

"axis! National wedding celebration!" When

an article was published in the newspaper, the whole country became agitated.

The center of the topic was, of course, Hazel.

Origin, background of growth, steps in the imperial palace... .. Everything was on the chopping board. Even the smallest details were dissected and analyzed.

Then, all of a sudden, farmer's fashion became fashionable. Everyone wore a straw hat. Long skirts with aprons, suspenders, boots, and farm implements were sold in the city. And chestnut hair, which was not popular until now, was in the spotlight.

You could think of them as expressions of affection.

But not all interest is in favor.

"For me, farming is the best."

When I said this, 'For me' disappeared and only 'Farming is the best' remained, and it was published in the newspapers.

[ Pre-Empress, All Occupational Controversy? ] The

content of the article wasn't a big deal, but people only read the title and criticized it. Worst of all, it got into the water several times a day.

"Do not worry about it. There are so many more good articles about you. enough to cover it up. same as business It's a volume fight."

Kitty comforted Hazel with a relaxed attitude.

But Hazel's stomach ached. As I was biting and drooping at every word, I naturally shut my mouth. I was worried that Iskanda, the Empress Dowager and other loved ones would be harmed.

It wasn't just that.

Suddenly, in the <Avalon Ilbo>, an interview with a colleague of Hazel appeared in a large volume.

They said they worked together at the bank, but that wasn't true. It was a person from another department, whose name only vaguely remembered.

He has released all kinds of private information about Hazel. What was your work attitude, what kind of real customers you suffered, what kind of reprimands you received from your manager, what kind of bread you bought and ate... . . .

The placenta was incorrect information. It was a joke about money.

I couldn't even make a correction report.

“Hold on. Let’s be patient.”

Hazel took a deep breath several times a day, beating herself up.

Meanwhile, April 5th came.

Today was Hazel's birthday.

Iskanda presented the land that had been previously set aside during this reconstruction. In addition, many people received gifts such as farm implements, pretty clothes, precious seeds, and bouquets of flowers.

Hazel served delicious food in return.

Moist smoked ham made with only tender meat, small egg potatoes roasted with farm butter, jam made with very sweet strawberries carefully raised all winter, and savory scones to eat with the jam... . I was busy preparing for the wedding, but after a long time, I prepared a lot of food and ate it.

But when the guests left, I felt somewhat depressed.

A birthday is the day your mother gave you birth. But my mother was not in this world. Father wasn't there either.

How nice it would be if you were alive!

My parents said they were seriously ill and died at about the same time. Because I can't remember, I never really missed him.

But when I got ready to get married, I really wanted to see her. I especially wanted to see my mother.

Hazel looked intently at the old, hazy portrait. Then, she was called to the Imperial Palace dressing room for her wedding dress.

I cooperated as much as I could to show my pretty side to my mother, who would be watching from heaven, but I was exhausted after trying on many samples.

I was shooting in an empty place with a lonely heart, and suddenly reporters appeared and surrounded me.

“What will you do after marriage?”

"Yes? What are you doing?"

"It's farming. I don't think she will continue to farm even as an empress, right?"

"What do you mean? I am a farmer Farming is my job. In a broad sense, the work of the Empress is also included in agriculture. I have no intention of quitting farming until I die."

"Then you're going to continue to work in the fields because you're covered in dirt?"

The reporters poured out questions like absurd ones.

"Do you think it is possible for the Empress to work? Don't you usually even stop doing artsy arts activities?"

"What will you do if you are criticized for damaging the honor and dignity of the imperial family? Are you still going to stick with it?"

"Isn't there not enough time to focus on the Empress's mission? Isn't it too selfish to keep farming? What do you think?"

I knew very well that they deliberately provoked me. Expecting a sudden reaction or making a speech mistake.

Still, it was hard to accept today. Suddenly tears seemed to come out.

That was then.

"Agriculture is a detriment to honor and dignity? If the person who just said that isn't eating anything from the field, I'll admit it!"

Iskanda suddenly appeared and shouted.

"your Majesty!"

The reporters were startled and fled. Iskanda yelled at them behind them.

“You don't know what happened in Cabria? I stopped farming, relying only on imported crops that came at a low price, and eventually a great famine occurred. Can you say the same thing to people who starve for lack of bread? Agriculture is the country's most important industry! I will continue to farm steadily from now on! Let's say that to the emperor, not the prospective empress! Farming is selfish!”

and muttered

“Grace? honor? Those who couldn't even make a sound no matter what the Emperor or Camilla did!”

That's it.

Hazel was about to say that.

Then, suddenly, I burst into tears.

Thank you Iskanda for saying that. And I was ashamed that I couldn't say anything like an idiot.

Did I do well?

Iskanda had that expression on her face, then looked at Hazel and was bewildered. took me to a quiet place. and asked carefully.

“If you don't think you're ready to get married yet, why don't you put it off until later?”

“... ..”

“You can postpone it at any time. Is it because I told you to hurry up? do not worry. We can wait for decades to come.”

He added, holding Hazel's hand affectionately.

“Anyway, can't we just have gray hair and spend the last years of our lives together? You said it was a dream?”

Hazel laughed at that. tears welled up

"no."

He shook his head.

Rather than wanting to procrastinate, on the contrary, the determination became stronger. No matter what difficulties we face in the future, we need to rely on each other.

With that thought in mind, he rested his head on his shoulder.

“It's very difficult to be married.”

"I know, right."

We sat together for a long time, lamenting.

The next day, Iskanda had every newspaper run a special article on the importance of agriculture.

After that it was fine. Even if there was a difficult problem, the answer came out somehow if the two of them thought about it together.

Even if that's not the case, as the date approaches, man's work is somehow adapted to it. The dress, the cake, and the various ceremonies were somehow matched.

So the wedding day came.

It rained the day before and the day before. So many people struggled.

But on that day, it was as bright as a lie.

A large number of people gathered from the night before before the wedding ceremony was held. Not to mention the people of the capital, even from afar, they drove their wagons for days and days to witness the national marriage.

Journalists were also seated early. The competition for coverage was fierce, making it reminiscent of a battlefield.

"Oh! excuse me!"

"I am the minister of the palace!"

The Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications, who came early for a preliminary inspection, was immediately surrounded by reporters. Correspondent Klein of <Emperor Newspaper> said it first.

"There was a prevailing concern that the Emperor would not be able to easily choose a marriage partner, but there is an analysis that the Minister of the Palace of the Interior has contributed greatly to the abrupt national wedding."

"exactly. My contribution has been huge."

“In what way?”

“I didn’t do anything.”

He answered.

Everyone became sober. Because he knew how difficult it was to do it.

I'm not doing anything!

Even on behalf of the palace minister, he was proud of himself. The corners of my eyes were moist.

But that wasn't the case with others.

Everyone worked hard at their job. We did our best in each field to make a splendid and magnificent wedding.

The temple was full of beautiful flowers. It was the craftsmanship of Merlin Cardinal, a florist who was in charge of the grand ceremonies of the Imperial Palace.

He worked with pleasure.

The farm girl whom we met by chance at the ballroom and chatted for a while becomes the empress, and she decorates the wedding hall herself! Life was really unknown.

“Oh, this scent!”

It was Rose's craftsmanship for the perfume that made the guests admiring it. I made a perfume with precious lilac for Hazel, the bride of spring.

Of course, Rose was deeply blessing Hazel.

But seeing the wedding brought back bitter memories. I felt like I had to drink some alcohol today.

Just then, Marquis Lanley asked if it would be okay if I could drive him home in the evening. He has already rejected his polite request thirteen times. I liked it, so I haven't turned it down yet. till now.

I do not know. see you later

Rose diligently sprinkled perfume on the temple veil.

Taking a deep breath of that sweet scent, the two old men entered at the same time.

“When I turn 20, I think about marriage... . . . .”

“They get married as soon as they turn 20!”

Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre sat down happily, chatting. In the backseat, Marquis Masala stabbed them in the back.

“Look at this. Potatoes from our field. I planted it once to break the potato monopoly. Would you like to taste it?”

“Salome! You are so clever!”

They shared the steamed potatoes with each other. It was the perfect meal for today's wedding.

The nobles arrived one after another. Soon afterwards, the Empress Dowager and Princess Catherine also appeared on the imperial carriage.

“The Empress Dowager!”

Everyone cheered.

She replied with a soft smile. It was a heartbreaking feeling to think of his wedding ceremony that took place at this very place in the past.

“The Empress Dowager! Is there anything you would like to say to the bride?”

"there is. A man doesn't know his true form until the day of the wedding, so please be careful and be careful. Don't be like me!"

Everyone burst out laughing at that.

Soon, the bell of the Great Hall rang.

Amid the roaring cheers, the Knights of Holy Trees riding on unicorns were marching. Then, under the escort of the Holy Flame Knights, the Lightning Knights, and the Holy Wind Knights, two wagons appeared.

First, the door of the small carriage opened.

The first thing that came down was unexpectedly a little chick. Sir Tiberius, wearing a red scarf around his neck, was inspected by the Knights and prepared to march into the middle of the red carpet.

Then the three children got off.

The twins with wreaths on their heads were Anna Sophia and Isabella. Dressed in a robe, Prince Rowan followed Tiberius with the two girls, scattering flowers from a basket.

“Oh my God, maybe!”

The duke's nanny Esmeralda was thrilled. So did the Duchess and the Crown Princess.

How can these three sickly children regain their health and perform the role of Hwa-dong splendidly!

They looked at the large carriage with grateful eyes.

From the wagon that Pegasus Ras Alghetti proudly pulled, Kitty and Penny got off first.

Both of them quit their jobs today. It was to focus only on the role of bridesmaids of the bride.

Finally, the carriage door opened.

Iskanda got off first. Seeing His Majesty the Emperor in a red robe, the audience cheered as if the sky was about to leave.

But everyone thought that the true hero of the day was the bride. When the hem of the pure white dress appeared, the whole world seemed to crumble and cheered.

It was after the rain, so the sunlight was exceptionally clear and transparent. A dress filled with sparkling waterdrop-shaped jewels radiated a dazzling brilliance.

Hazel got off the carriage with a recalled face.

The elf hairdresser, whom Lorendel had summoned on purpose, braided her dark brown hair beautifully and tied it into one. The rest were curled and hung down to give it a cute feel.

Even the little crown and veil, Madame Elegance and everyone else's unanimously chosen dress were studded with diamonds.

I have to look good even in the sky.

Hazel took Iskanda's hand and stepped out of the carriage, looking up at the sunny spring day sky.

Then, along with Tiberius and the three east, he began to enter.

"congratulation! Congratulations!"

“Long live the new Empress!”

“Long live Your Majesty!”

The female courtiers shouted. Many of the friends I had made in the Imperial Palace sent warm cheers.

It was the best wedding ever.

Beautiful flower decorations in the historic Great Hall made an unforgettable spectacle. Under the high ceiling, the choir's anthem rang out.

“On this happy and beautiful day... . . .”

Soprano Silvia de Larett's voice, who had completely overcome the slump, rose above the icons.

It was truly a moment like angels being together. The guests were moved by her voice.

Sylvia herself was thrilled.

To be able to sing with such a sincere voice to a powerful man's wedding! I looked at today's bride, curious about the warm affection that filled her heart.

After the congratulatory song, it was the turn of the high priest. He ended his words of blessing very briefly, as he had already been under strong pressure from His Majesty on many occasions.

“... .. It is declared that the two have been married. Does anyone have any objections to this marriage?”

"Here you go! I can make you happier... .. ."

Someone shouted, and then his mouth was closed. I could tell without looking. It was Lewis.

Hazel forgot her tension for a moment and smiled.

Only Siegwald, Lorendel and Cayenne were seen in the guest seat. The three of them worked together to hold back something struggling.

“Then we will know that no one has any objections.”

The ambassador declared.

Iskanda placed the newly made wedding ring on Hazel's hand. Still, the people who were watching intently began to watch more intently.

Under the pressure of numerous gazes, Iskanda turned to Hazel and kissed him lightly.

Aw, that's silly!

Prince Rowan thought.

But this is just an exercise, and the main story is waiting for you. Seeing that their faces were blushing even with just this, I was very much looking forward to the next day on the balcony.

“Then, this concludes the wedding ceremony!”

exclaimed the high priest.

The bride and groom turned around holding hands. After passing the long line of guest seats, they marched again. Flowers and blessings poured out.

I barely came to the end in a state of vague how and where I was walking. When I woke up, it was the waiting room.

"Phew... . . . ."

They both breathed a sigh of relief. But before she could even open her mouth, Grace came in.

“Empress, you need to change into the second dress. Come right away.”

After she left, the two looked at each other with bewildered faces.

“Second dress? Isn't the wedding over now?”

“Have we done all we have to do? I do not know! I can't do it anymore!”

"Me too. It's no more.”

The eyes of the conspirators came to mind as if they had promised in their eyes. And at the same time nodded.

“Did our Empress change her dress?”

The minister of the palace came into the next room with a smile on his face. Medical Officer Grace answered.

“You just went in and are changing clothes right now. Wait.”

She knocked on the door of the bride's waiting room.

“Empress! Is it still far away?”

There was no answer. The minister of the palace tilted his head.

“Are you going in alone?”

“Yes. He said at once that he would change clothes by himself... .”

Then the Empress Dowager and Princess Catherine came to her. the princess asked.

“Aren't you out yet?”

“Yes. You didn't come.”

“what? Have you ever fainted because it was so hard? Hazel!”

The maiden swung the door open.

The waiting room was empty. The second dress was lying on the sofa, unopened. A sheet of paper was stuck in the latch of the wide open window.

'Now that it's over, please come back.'

It was the handwriting of Iskanda.

They all looked at each other with puzzled faces.

At the same time, the commanders of the Holy Knights came running from the other side as well.

“Iskanda is gone!”

Seeing the note, they, too, had absurd faces. Lorendel exclaimed in shock.

“Are you sure it’s not over?”

The minister of the palace clasped his head and held it.

“Looks like that. They are both married for the first time... . . . .”

“It is, but we know that we have never been married. The balcony greeting is just as important as the wedding.”

Everyone was at a loss for words at Cayen's point.

“I will find out.”

Siegwald ran. Then it came back as a contemplative.

“Is there already a riot over there? More than ten thousand people have already gathered in front of the balcony of the Imperial Palace.”

“What?”

Everyone went into a panic. said Lewis.

“I can’t help it! Anyway, someone has to say hello from the balcony. Marry anyone because they like it. And get a divorce right away.”

“What nonsense!”

Lorendel frowned.

That was then.

“Isn’t that bad?”

A girl with dark hair walked out from among the crowd. It was a charismatic regular reporter, Kitty.

“Anyway, we just have to cover it up with a topical event. You can't lie. I have to honestly confess this accident in front of an excited crowd and show it somehow more interesting.”

"okay. You have to dedicate yourself to training.”

The minister of the palace sighed.

"Everyone! Let's get together! A national crisis!”

The guests who had been scattered around three or three hurriedly gathered.

Hearing the story, everyone was in awe. At the same time, there was also a pleasant laugh.

"okay! Let's do it!"

that time.

The little wagon left all this behind and was running away. It was towards the remote countryside.

Hazel and Iskanda's carriage ran for a long time and ran again and again.

Eventually we arrived at a small lake in the woods. It was a very mysterious place surrounded by old trees.

Lanterns floated on the water as clear as a black mirror. In the middle of it was a small hut.

As the two got off the carriage, people appeared from somewhere and picked up the luggage. And disappeared without a sound.

“Where are you?”

Hazel asked, wide-eyed. It was like a scene out of a fairy tale.

"I do not know."

Iskanda shrugged.

“I saw it while passing by, and I definitely wanted to come back later. When you have someone you love... .”

"AHA... .”

I think I saw a couple while wandering around. They must have remembered it because they were envious.

Hazel smiled.

The two crossed the stepping stone and approached the hut.

There was a table there. It was full of delicious looking food with countless candles. I was suddenly hungry. After all, I haven't eaten anything all day.

"ruler."

Iskanda went up first and held out her hand.

Hazel took her hand. I climbed up to a hut lit by moonlight in a quiet lake.

\* \* \*

Belmont in the southern part of the Bratanian Empire.

Karl Martin lifted his head as he cleared the ditch. It was as if the sound of a carriage was coming from somewhere.

Did I hear it wrong?

I put my hand on my forehead and looked up.

It really was. A traveling wagon was running through the green horse chestnut forest.

Son Noel also raised his head. When he found the carriage, he had a puzzled expression on his face.

“Is this our house?”

“There are no guests coming.”

The two rich men chatted. Inside, Martha Martin came out with a laundry basket.

“What carriage?”

“I do not know. It will just pass.”

Noel answered. Carl and Noel started clearing the ditch again.

But the wagon stopped right in front of Martin's farm.

Martha stopped her hand hanging the laundry. Carl and Noel also put down their pitchfork.

No matter how much I think about it, there are no guests coming to this house.

They approached cautiously.

“Who are you?”

rattle.

The carriage door opened and someone jumped out. In an instant, my eyes brightened.

It was unexpectedly the bride who got off the carriage. It looked like they had just been married.

But that dress! I have never seen a dress with so many jewels in the world.

Martha looked at the bride with a puzzled expression.

“Who the hell... ..?”

The bride turned slowly. It was a very cautious attitude, as if something precious could be broken.

The bride took a deep breath and lifted her head. I made eye contact with the three families who were standing there.

“Oh, my God!”

A scream erupted from Martha's mouth. Carl and Noel didn't just scream, but jumped up as well.

“Hazel!”

“Do you remember me?”

At that moment, Hazel lost her mind. Gathering the skirts, he ran to them and hugged them tightly.

“Do I remember you?”

Carl exclaimed.

“We never forgot you! No matter what, I always told you about it! I thought I'd never see you again!”

"Me too! But what about your sisters?"

“Emily got married last year.”

said Martha.

“I just got a baby, so I'm coming home for a while. And Bell became a teacher. Today is St. Pius' day, so the two of them went for a walk in front of you.”

She looked back at her son, holding back her tears . Noel was already running.

After a while, Emily and Bell came back, leading and back.

Now that I'm an adult, I can still find the face I had when I was young. All the memories I had with them came to mind.

“Sisters!”

“Oh my God, Hazel!”

Emily and Bell couldn't shut their mouths in surprise. Although it was brief, the time spent with Hazel was still vivid in my memory.

“What about your grandfather?”

“How did you come all of a sudden?”

“Where are you living and what are you doing now?”

The Martins were so excited and excited that they didn't even think of taking Hazel inside. Standing there, he surrounded Hazel and poured out questions. Then I found it later.

A man was standing next to a travel wagon. It was as if he wanted them to slowly become aware of his existence.

The Martin family fixed their gazes in astonishment.

He had dazzling blonde hair. His eyes were a rare red color. And she was wearing a very fancy dress. The robes were filled with all kinds of decorations and emblems of the empire.

Perhaps... .. ?

A thought ran through their minds.

Then I looked at Hazel again. I only thought it was dazzling and dazzling, but when I looked again, I saw a little crown on my head. It's not something anyone can use.

“Stand, please... .. ?”

Carl's mouth widened. Hazel frowned and fiddled with her braids.

“That's how I became the Empress... .. .”

The Martin family was astonished.

After all, that man is the Emperor!

The little child entrusted to the farm has returned as the Empress!

They didn't even know that.

The political storm did not rage until this far south. Even in the Emperor's Era, he suffered only from taxes, but there was nothing special about it.

'Your Majesty's Majesty will be getting married. The other party is said to be an antelope from a poor aristocratic family.' I just picked this up in the marketplace. I never imagined it would be Hazel.

Iskanda stepped forward with a bit of humility.

“How much Hazel talked... . . . Nice to meet you.”

The Martins almost had their eyes popped once again.

Is your Majesty the Emperor being polite to them? It was a headache.

But Iskanda had no choice but to do so.

I've been listening to it all the way here. What kind of people they were and how they treated Hazel.

The Martins were like parents to Hazel. Emily, Bell, and Noel were brothers and sisters.

“Although my stay here was short, it seems to have had a huge impact on the Empress. I made today's Hazel. The Empress wanted to come back here once again, so I ran like this. It bothers me that it came suddenly without letting me know in advance, but even if I send a letter anyway, it will arrive much later than us... . . .”

The Martin family's hearts fluttered as they listened to His Majesty's courteous words. Carl came to his senses and hurried forward.

“Hey, please sit here. your Majesty.”

I was so disappointed that I couldn't even bring it home. It was led to a table under the shade of a tree in the yard. It was perfect for Hazel.

I saw a green forest that I loved so much when I was a child. The horse chestnut trees seemed to greet them.

Hello, Hazel! You're back!

Hazel also greeted them in his heart.

okay! I'm back!

When I was playing in the woods, I believed that I could be happy forever. But there is no eternal happiness. just try forever

Hazel looked around the faces of those she loved.

“So, speaking of it, it’s very long... ..”

He started a long story with a smile.

\* \* \*

Port Palomares.

Passengers who had just got off the ferry were scattered with their luggage. Among them was an old man.

His face was tanned black. The once glamorous primary color shirt had faded and the pattern could not be recognized.

“It was too late.”

Baron Mayfield murmured.

Originally, after only resting for six months, he boarded the ship returning to the Empire. However, perhaps because of the fairy's curse, the ship was wrecked on another nearby island.

Also, it wasn't a very cheap boat ride.

Months flew by while trying to figure out a way back. I should have made more money, but I couldn't. I really hated working at the resort. It was a miracle to even earn a wage.

You should get to work slowly.

He breathed in the familiar air of the Empire.

I wondered if Hazel would hold up well. If you managed to save it, you're lucky, and if it's stolen, a long court battle awaits you.

“Anyway, only trust Grandpa.”

I was dizzy from seasickness, but I decided to go straight to the capital. He looked around for the carriage.

Then it stopped. Some suspicious people were seen in the crowd waiting for the carriage.

A skinny monk, a man in a hunting hat, a boy with a strangely pale face.

what?

Baron Mayfield's sixth sense moved. Something unusual was happening right now.

Are you looking for me?

The moment I thought of that, my eyes met the man in the hunting hat. The man's complexion changed.

“Are you, Baron Mayfield, by any chance?”

Also, the ominous premonition was never wrong.

There was no turning back in life. His last gamble failed wildly.

“Sheesh!”

Baron Mayfield turned and ran.

"Wait! Baron!"

“Not that!”

“Listen for a second!”

The pursuers shouted.

Now that I see it, it wasn't just one or two. It was spread all over the place.

What are you talking about! Do you think I'll believe that?

The baron ran away.

Without even dreaming of what awaited him, he ran away with all his might.

Side Story: Sunflower

Sophie's eyes widened.

From today, I am the Empress's handmaiden!

When I remembered that, I was so excited that I couldn't lie down any longer. I kicked off the bed in the maid's dormitory and got up.

Originally, only young girls from the upper classes of the social circles were chosen as the empress or maidservant of the empress. It was such a common practice that no one ever questioned it.

But from this time on, we decided to select evenly from all regions. Opportunities also came to the daughters of Korean-American Han families who were alienated from the center like Sophie's. How dreamlike!

I immediately went up to the capital and unpacked my luggage at the imperial palace. Fifteen-year-old Sophie's heart was full of enthusiasm.

You'll be better off than anyone else!

But it was strange. Even as dawn came, the maid's dormitory was still as quiet as a mouse dead.

Don't you need to prepare a morning service?

From what Sophie learned, it was right to leave Busan early in the morning. It was so strange that I sneaked out.

There was no human shadow in the hallway either. I wandered around and came to the Imperial Palace. There was still no maid.

scolded!

It was clear that something was wrong. Now the sun was slowly setting. There was no time. It seemed that the Empress would call at any moment.

Sophie hastily found the annex. I prepared a bottle of water and a towel and ran out and stood in front of the Emperor's and Empress's bedrooms.

And waited.

After waiting impatiently, someone finally showed up.

Sophie recognized her face. It was Miss Meyer, the senior maid. She was surprised to see Sophie, as if she had found a ghost.

“Miss Sanders! What are you doing here?”

"Yes? I just don't see anyone coming out of the washroom... .."

Then Miss Meyer turned into a puzzled face. After blinking for a moment, Sophie took the heavy water bottle first from Sophie's hand. And with the other hand, he swung the bedroom door.

There was nobody there.

There were only bedding neatly arranged on the bed. It seemed that the owners of this room had already gone out a long time ago.

what?

Sophie looked around the room with a puzzled expression. And looked at Miss Meyer again. said the senior maid.

“Tell me honestly. You don't know much about the Empress, do you?”

"Yes... . . . .”

“It would be a good idea to study that first.”

She hugged the shoulder of the unfamiliar successor maid and took her to the dormitory.

Soon it was bright outside. Sophie tilted her head as she walked down the hallway when she suddenly realized. I was so excited I didn't know until now, but the gardens of this palace... . . . .

It was all vineyards!

Grape vines grew thickly along the columns that lined the far end. It was like a fresh green sea.

Among those blue waves was a pair of straw hats.

Hazel cut the branches through the lush leaves. You can only get good quality grapes by limiting the amount of grapes on the tree by pruning.

tock. tock.

While cutting each one with scissors, something flew by. The branches of the vine, cut to the correct length, fell and piled up neatly.

"Oh oh... .."

Hazel let go of her hand for a moment and looked at her. It was a sight not to get tired of seeing.

The abilities of the Grand Cavalier were very helpful in farming. What used to take hours of hanging in the scorching sun could be done in seconds.

That was then.

The mass of the whirlwind that had been navigating the vineyard suddenly stopped. It hardened like a stone in one place.

Well?

Hazel went there quickly.

"What's going on?"

"... .."

There was no answer. I looked over the shoulder of Iskanda, who was shaking.

A small bunch of grapes fell at his feet. It must have been an animal's work, so I picked something so small that I couldn't even eat it and threw it away.

“The Grape Slayer!”

Iskanda clenched her teeth and spit out. It was a very sad and angry face.

like that

Hazel couldn't help but laugh to herself.

At one time, I hated farming so much. Suddenly, he was showing a great obsession with crops. Hazel was about to say go away.

"it's okay. It's heartbreaking, but... . . . .”

Hazel picked up the muddy grapes and set them aside. And I looked around.

“But where is it that open like this?”

"but."

Iskanda immediately agreed.

The vineyards were lined with grapes. It was a miracle when you think about how this field came to be.

When the land was compensated for development near the capital, the locals secretly plucked vegetables and bought and planted vines. This is because the orchard's reward is much greater.

It was Her Majesty's first achievement to uncover their foolish tactics.

The vines that were forcibly replanted by the villagers were not in good condition. It was immediately transplanted into the good land of the Imperial Palace and cared for by the two of them day and night.

After a lot of hard work, I saved this much. Anyone who sees it would not have imagined that it was a tree transplanted from another place. You must have been raised here for several years.

This fresh vineyard was the pride of the emperor and his wife.

I started working again to grow better.

There was dew on the green leaves. The sun was shining brightly, and a fresh scent wafted from all directions.

Toffee, the farm dog, zigzagged amongst the green poles overgrown with grape vines. Tiberius, who was released early in the morning, chased after him.

It was a very peaceful time. But all peace has an end. A loud noise was heard from beyond the vineyard.

Hazel and Iskanda looked face to face.

The real morning of the Imperial Palace has begun.

A group of people appeared with a buzzing noise.

“The story I told you yesterday... ..”

“You haven’t forgotten, have you? Last week we talked... ..”

Surrounded by several noble officials, an old nobleman with white hair appeared.

A trendy dark blue overcoat, olive sleeves embroidered with gold thread, and red silk stockings. It was Baron Archibald Sebastian Mayfield, dressed in eye-popping glamour.

He was now one of the most popular figures in the Imperial Palace. I saw this side while walking with a proud attitude, befitting the status. When Hazel and Iskanda found out they were just out in the field, they abandoned their followers and ran to them.

"Five! your Majesty! And our Empress!"

After paying his respects to Iskanda, the Baron quickly kissed Hazel on the cheek.

Everything still seemed like a dream.

His gamble was a huge success. It was a life-changing game.

He was now the father-in-law of His Majesty the Emperor. He was slowly choosing a new title, receiving greetings from the Duke and Marquis.

"grape! Grapes are good! Yesterday, I went to the wine cellar in front of you to play, and the wines of the Imperial Palace were all wonderful!"

The baron gave praise.

But Iskanda was not listening. The old man inadvertently put his hand on the pole and stared intently at only the grape vines that had been laid under it.

It would have been an uproar if it were any other person, but he was Hazel's grandfather. I couldn't say anything at all, and only my face became more and more contemplative.

"grandfather!"

Hazel noticed and quickly pulled it apart.

“Oh, what a mistake!”

The baron straightened his posture, but inadvertently stretched out his hand as he recounted last night's events. Iskanda's face darkened again.

Then, the savior appeared.

“Is! Hazel!”

A roaring voice rang out. Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne were running excitedly.

When Baron Mayfield saw them, he was in awe.

“Chiefs! You have to pay back the money you lost last time!”

"Ugh!"

It was a blink of an eye. The four commanders of the Holy Knights naturally turned around and lined up as if they had originally planned to do so.

"Wait! Sir Lewis!"

Hazel exclaimed. But they had already disappeared.

“How the heck do you think you are doing that because of how much gambling debt you have?”

“A little more.”

Grandpa squealed.

It was a very creepy sight.

While Hazel and Iskanda were on their honeymoon at Belmont Farm, a massive round-up took place here.

Grandpa desperately fled and rebelled, so the Holy Knights commanders had to come and catch him. There were even rumors that they needed anesthetics for elephants.

Baron Mayfield's shyness, who only later found out the whole story!

During his escape, he evaded the commanders of the Holy Knights, whom he had harassed viciously, to death.

But that's also an old story. At some point, we were playing cards together, and in the midst of doing something like this, the situation turned around.

“Stand there! Where Shichimiya!”

Grandpa swung his staff and chased after the commanders of the Holy Knights.

“I have to show Sir Louis the grape number one... . . .”

Hazel sighed.

Lewis has already set a bunch of grapes for himself. The plan was to watch the whole process of growing it into wine and then enjoy it.

“Isn't that a bit cruel? To slaughter grapes like that... . . .”

Iskanda grunted. It seemed that the attachment grew stronger as the days went by. It seems that these grapes will eventually end up for ornamental use under the strict supervision of His Majesty.

“Maybe not.”

Hazel laughed and plucked the withered leaves.

In the quiet field again, the two talked and worked.

After finishing the field work, he returned to the farmhouse. After stroking Julia's plump stomach, I made breakfast.

The menu was simple, as always. Egg omelette with bacon, country bread and yogurt with honey. The honey was a gift from Lorendel to celebrate her wedding, and she didn't get it no matter how much she ate it, even if it had an elf's magic on it.

When I woke up after having a delicious breakfast, the bell rang from the main building of the Imperial Palace.

"already?"

The two jumped up.

It was time to start work in the morning. The practice of the days when the office was rented out on the farm was firmly established as a tradition.

Thanks to the abilities of the Grand Cavaliers, he did a lot of farming in the morning. This time it was Hazel's turn to go to the Imperial Palace and show off her talents.

A busy day awaits you today. But it was nice to be able to be together all day. Because that's what I got married for.

“Then let’s go!”

“Come on!”

The two nodded their heads with sullen faces.

At the sight of the emperor and his wife bringing their harvest in baskets after the early morning farm work, the nobles turned their tongues out.

I did not know that I would continue to farm in the Imperial Palace. Isn't it all over when you're married? I'll say it that way, I thought.

But that wasn't it.

All of a sudden, the gardens of the Imperial Palace disappeared one by one, and fields were growing in their place.

Are you really living like this?

They recalled the questions the Empress was asked immediately after marriage.

“Now that you have become the Empress, farming has no choice but to become an afterthought. Do you have no choice but to throw away your precious little farm?”

“Or maybe the imperial palace is pushed behind the farm? Are you really going to do that as Empress of the Empire?”

No matter how he answered, Hazel's eyes widened as if he did not understand.

“What do you mean? It's all our home!”

It was. Like the answer, it was just one. They betrayed everyone's expectations and lived happily ever after.

\* \* \*

Her Majesty's Majesty appeared with a basket of eggs.

For the maids, this was the real start of the day. Everyone was nervous, and then they ran all at once.

“Empress!”

"Good morning!"

Hazel gave a bunch of wild flowers from the farm to the maids.

The unusual daily routine of the emperor and his wife made the maids bewildered.

But now most of them have finished adapting. Occasionally, I made mistakes because my hands and feet were twisted. Each time, Hazel's reaction was the same.

Well, it could be.

He didn't care so much that he didn't even say it was okay. All the mistakes made by the maids seemed to disappear from the Empress's mind in less than a second.

Thanks to this, the maids felt the feeling of a lifetime and were able to adapt quickly.

“Everyone is waiting.”

The maids surrounded Hazel and went to the room.

As soon as I opened the door, I heard laughter.

White walls, small vines wallpaper, wooden furniture. They were all gathered in a bright and comfortable room decorated to Hazel's taste.

The Empress's personal escort, Sir Penelope Killingsworth, was sitting by the window, sleeping with her arms crossed. This former member of the Holy Wind Knights seemed to like the new nap spot.

Kitty was standing next to him. I was taking notes while listening to the desserts from the maids in charge of the Empress's snacks.

“... .. Chilled plum pudding and cookies sprinkled with lemon sugar. When Prince Acevedo and Prince Monte Alegre came, they served it.”

These maids providing information were originally kitchen maids.

I am glad that the kind-hearted lady who prepared the banquet of the heroic knights together became the Empress, but to call them without forgetting them! The day I received the scout offer was the happiest day since I entered the Imperial Palace.

“Empress, you must wear this dress today. The Queen Mother bought us a headband and asked for it earnestly.”

“If you wear this to say hello, you will really like it. Don't forget to call me aunt five times or more.”

The maids brought a dress that was also a gift from Princess Katarina.

Prince Rowan was now active. There were times when I gave the impression that I was exceptionally active compared to my peers.

The princess of the sun would sometimes roll her eyes towards her son. But no matter how troubled Rowan was, his gratitude to Hazel remained the same. Being a member of the same family, I thought that there was nothing to look out for, so I kept trying to give something.

“What else are you doing... .”

Hazel accepted the dress with gratitude.

It was a checkered short-sleeved dress that stretched easily. It seemed to go well with a straw hat.

It was when I looked in the mirror to see if there were any mistakes after wearing it.

“Hazel!”

Lewis ran in with a scream. In the end, it seemed that he had escaped here.

“How the heck did you lose in playing cards?”

“Even the Empress of the Empire cannot imagine... . So it's not that important! Everyone! The dressing maid is coming now, right? From this moment on, everyone takes care of their facial expressions! The Julien gang witnessed it last evening... .”

At that moment, someone strode through the door. It was Rose, the maid in charge of the empress's decoration.

Rose, of course, did not quit her own business. The work of a handmaiden could be held concurrently. This is because the empress didn't have much to dress up for.

“Empress! Here's a new corsage!”

“Did you make a lot of it?”

“I couldn't sleep last night... . . .”

Rose took out the perfumed silk flowers, with a face that was very bright for a sleep deprived.

He hummed involuntarily as he laid out the porridge on the table. Everyone kept their mouths shut, so the sound was very loud.

Rose immediately hardened.

“‘Though we are apart'. The most popular aria these days, right? Even if you stay still, you can hear it from all directions!”

Kitty skillfully corrected it. Behind him, Lewis secretly pretended to use opera glasses.

You went to the opera!

Everyone rolled their eyes.

Balcony greetings.

I couldn't help thinking of the commotion once again.

On the historic day of Hazel and Iskanda's wedding, a lottery was held to replace the two wild birds that had flew away without knowing it.

But it's not funny either. Rose was chosen as the women's representative and the Marquis of Lanley was chosen as the men's representative.

The crowd clapped in excitement.

“Kiss me! kiss me! Kiss me!”

Marquis Lanley calmed them down. And with a pale face, he said to his lady standing next to him.

“I'd rather jump off this balcony than put Mr. Rose in a difficult position.”

“What are you doing?”

Rose was astonished.

Of course he didn't jump. Rather, I took a smarter way.

“To commemorate the wedding of His Majesty the Emperor and my friend Miss Hazel, I would like to select one of the people who came here to present my carriage of pure gold!”

The crowd instantly forgot the balcony kiss.

The two suddenly became agents of the lottery event.

The Marquis Lanley was polite and careful throughout. It was evident that anyone could see that Rose was worshiped as a god. When he accidentally touched his fingertips, he blushed like a boy.

The commotion of the day ended like that, but it seemed that something had changed in Rose's tightly closed heart. As proof of that, the two were often seen having a conversation at a store that sold lotion.

I'm sure Rose will take care of it.

Hazel was like that.

When the Balcony incident came to mind, thoughts flowed naturally into the pie.

After returning from the South and hearing the story, I felt like going into a mouse hole. There must have been a tradition of saying goodbye to the balcony!

Iskanda tried to repay the golden chariot to the Marquis of Lanley. However, he did not accept it as a wedding gift.

So Hazel baked a golden pie as big as a wagon wheel and sent it to the maid. The Marquis of Lanley received it. Sent five times so far.

How much more do you have to bake to pay for the carriage?

Hazel was in anguish. Then he came back to reality at the sound of Kitty's voice.

“I would like to inform you that the garden gloves our Empress was holding at the State Council meeting last week are out of stock. The pruning shears, the peasant pattern scarf sowing seeds, and the postcard with a picture of a chick are all sold out! Out of stock!”

"no way... .."

Hazel looked at Lewis suspiciously. she jumped

"no! I didn't buy any! I didn't want to take other people's chances, so I wanted to buy it, but I held up!"

It was a really sad look.

“Sorry for the misunderstanding.”

Hazel apologized.

“I am still not used to it. Everyone just buys those things just because I had them!”

“Because the Empress is popular.”

Kitty just cut it off.

“I mean, every move is a hot topic. In that sense, what about today's news from the Empress?”

“A silver dog food bowl and some jewelry came in as gifts and sent them back. We have received requests from women's groups within the Industrial Guild and from the children of the coal mining villages to meet the Empress. Avalon Bank has asked me to give a lecture about the Empress's life as a banker... .”

Kitty diligently dictated. Hazel jumped up as soon as the briefing was over.

“I will be late!”

I packed an egg basket to give to the Empress Dowager and prepared to go out in a hurry. Kitty looked at it and wrote it down in her notebook.

“As usual, the newlyweds are anxious to see each other even if they are only 10 minutes apart... .”

“Don't write it! Let people read things like that because they did something wrong!”

Kitty pretended not to hear and made a cunning look.

The maids kept their mouths shut and smiled. Rose looked at him with a smile, then suddenly lost his mind and blushed. Penny, like it or not, was in a deep sleep with her head bowed.

It was the same scene every morning.

Hazel glanced back before leaving the room. It also looked like a field he had carefully cultivated. It was full of good friends and favorite things.

“Then I will go!”

Lewis quickly crossed his arms.

“We must escort our Empress!”

Your best girlfriend is getting married... . I felt sad and cried out against marriage, but there were good things about my life. With the excuse of escorting the Empress, he was able to follow Hazel confidently even after he left for work.

“The Imperial Palace is dangerous.”

"that's right. Accidents happen all the time, even in the house.”

The two of them smirked and came out.

For Hazel, the imperial palace was now inside the house. Is there anything wrong with moving from one house to another?

But it actually happened.

“When I go to meet a women’s group, shall I go with you? I am a woman, and the Knights Templar are a group!”

“Even if there is no reason for that, if Sir Lewis attends, everyone will be very pleased. But aren't you busy?”

“Iss is getting married and it definitely bothers us less. It's very livable these days!”

While chattering through the garden, Lewis suddenly stopped standing tall.

“What is that?”

Hazel was surprised. A small pair of shoes appeared under a shrub in the garden.

Another rich beggar?

Hurry up and get it out

This time, it wasn't the great nobleman who collapsed from starvation. It was a young girl from a family who was about fourteen years old. The girl's face was very pale. I was in pain and seemed to be out of breath.

"What's wrong?"

“I'm hungry, I'm hungry... . . .”

The girl was speechless and moaned.

They soon found out what was going on.

This girl was suffering from pain that only came to women once a month. Meanwhile, to enter the Imperial Palace, she wore a dress that fit her body. A corset with a wire pressed against her stomach, giving her still aching body a terrible stomachache.

“That, that!”

Hazel and Louise hurriedly took the girl to the farmhouse. After loosening the corset that tightened the stomach, he laid him down on the bed.

In this case, he said that the blood clots and causes pain, so we need to release the clots.

Hazel first brewed ginger tea to help the girl circulate and warm her body.

Lewis prepared the pockets as Hazel suggested. Lavender, cinnamon, and a few mild herbs to relieve tension and pain were placed in a pocket and warmed to the stomach.

"thank you."

As the pain subsided, the girl burst into tears. I understood how painful and sad it must have been.

“Let’s get some rest.”

Hazel said that to the girl and left. He sighed as he walked with Lewis.

“I just force myself to wear it. Sir Lewis, did you see that article?”

"sure! I am so amazed!"

A gossip article in the newspaper recently became a hot topic. Miss La Marche, who was praised as the 'Grand Princess of 3 Seconds', was negligent at the party for a while, and her belly fat protruded under her corset. There was no basic courtesy.

“This is a real problem. It is having a bad effect on everyone.”

“So!”

It was a moment when two friends who were always like each other got together again.

The two put their heads together and came up with a plan.

"sounds fun! This is also a catsy specialty! I'll go and check it out. Wait a minute."

"Yes, come to Empress Dowager's salon."

Hazel parted from Lewis for a while and headed for the Imperial Palace.

Iskanda was already there. The servants surrounded him and reported this and that, and when the Empress appeared, they rushed to it again.

"His Majesty, Empress! Good morning today."

They're pretty much used to it now.

At first, the Empress said, "Good morning!" I was so embarrassed that I almost dropped what I had in my hand.

Originally, the attendants were accustomed to being treated similarly to the tapestry hanging on the wall. However, this empress was also a greeting to the tapestry.

greeting. It's nothing. But once I did it, I found it surprising.

Even the blunt elder attendants started talking to the Empress with that greeting, like babies who started to babble. The atmosphere in the imperial palace corridor changed drastically.

The attendants dispersed themselves after greeting the Empress. Iskanda glanced around Hazel's face, then said abruptly.

“I think I’ve come up with something else... ..”

Hazel was stingy.

Recently, the technology of reading facial expressions has been developing. I only hoped that the technology would not develop to the level of a Grand Cavalier.

“It’s a secret.”

I crossed my arms and held the egg basket in my other hand. Even if he was a husband and emperor, he did not want to hand over the privilege of carrying eggs to the Empress Dowager.

The Empress Dowager's salon was, as always, wide open. This morning, I left all the windows open so a cool breeze blew in all directions.

“Come on!”

The Empress Dowager jumped up to meet her son and his wife. He looked very excited.

There was good news.

A new ointment made with Hazel showed excellent efficacy. It is made by mixing camphor oil from camphor, mint oil and various herbal extracts, and it is very good for muscle pain.

“I tried it too, and the pain in my shoulder went away. If we grow a lot of camphor trees in the future, I think it will be of great help to people.”

“It’s really good.”

The two rejoiced together. The Empress Dowager said with a smile on her face.

“This is where everything we've worked on together has been successful. Based on this experience, I think the long-awaited business of the Empress will go well.”

dream business.

The Empress Dowager called it that way. Because he knew how much it meant to Hazel.

It had to do with my deceased parents.

Grandpa didn't tell me very well what happened when Hazel's parents passed away. When I asked him how he died, he bluntly said it was just an illness.

It was only after we got married that I could hear the details.

“Now that you are an adult... . . . .”

Grandpa was so lucky and told me.

In fact, Hazel's mother contracted a fever and died shortly after giving birth to her daughter. The baron feared that this would instill in the young granddaughter a sense of remorse or fear.

Postpartum fever was a serious problem.

Even if the knowledge to prevent infection spread publicly, it was not easy to give birth in a perfectly hygienic environment.

Numerous mothers have lost their lives as a result of this. Babies who lost their mothers too early had a hard time growing up healthy.

My mother died that way too.

Hazel couldn't get out of the thought for a while.

Even if there was only a cheap and effective disinfectant... . . . .

As usual, Hazel's thoughts turned to plants. After searching day and night, I found one herb.

sun flower.

Among the plants collected by the labyrinth explorer, Archduke Nicholas, there was a flower with a very strong scent and a unique scent. The herb, resembling sunflower, exerted an excellent antibacterial effect, especially against postpartum infections. It also prevented sepsis.

This plant has long since disappeared. Only a few seeds remained in the museum's storage room.

Still, it was worth a try. In order to compensate for the disadvantage of growing well only in a labyrinth environment, sages were studying day and night.

Hazel pondered for a moment, thinking about it.

“It should be fine.”

Isn't it impossible to grow labyrinth plants under normal conditions? Isn't it a waste of the state's budget and manpower on things that don't produce results? Such rumors kept coming.

“It's because I'm getting paid to tell you.”

Iskanda was not worried at all.

“There will be good results soon.”

The Empress Dowager gave thanks.

While I was doing that, Lewis came. After greeting everyone, she whispered to Hazel.

“It can be made to order!”

I could have said it later. But my mouth was so itchy that I couldn't stand it. The Empress Dowager looked up.

“What else are you planning?”

“That’s, Sir Louise, I met someone on my way here earlier. We thought that was really wrong. I wish everyone could spend a little more comfortably and freely in the Imperial Palace.”

Hazel took care of the girl who had collapsed from stomach pain, so she just talked about it roughly. But that was enough.

“What else could happen?”

“I don’t know what it is, but it’s cool!”

“I look forward to it!”

The maids chattered.

“Everyone likes the Empress more than the Emperor.”

Iskanda said abruptly.

“Actually, I like the Empress more than the Emperor. The day comes when you have a taste for the boring people here. I guess I'm going to be a boring person too.”

The salon fell into silence. Everyone didn't know how to react.

“... ..”

Iskanda slowly got up and left. The Empress Dowager asked with wide eyes.

“Did you just joke? Does my son even joke? I didn't know!”

“I do it soon.”

Hazel replied.

Everyone thought it was interesting and fun. I was really curious about what the two of them talked about when they were together.

That day, there was a refreshment session with the socialite girls. The story blossomed with cute wild boars and red foxes, whom I usually get along with.

Of course, the subject was belly fat.

"that's right! It's really annoying!"

Everyone expressed their anger at the newspaper article that caricatured Miss La Marche. It was the question of what the hell was going on as a knight.

“Why are you applying such strict standards only to us? It means that if you wear a corset, digestion is difficult.”

“If I want to tighten my waist, I tighten it, if I don’t want to tighten it, I don’t! What did they point their finger at?”

“You are right.”

Hazel nodded.

“It’s your body, so you should be able to do whatever you want, no matter what you wear or not. It doesn't make sense to force yourself to wear it because your stomach hurts and you don't want to be pointed at. This is really not good. We have to take action for our little ones.”

Everyone was willing to join.

A few days later, there was an event with the citizens.

Hazel rolled up her arms and grilled meat for children and the elderly. Grilled beef with a crispy outer surface, so that not a single drop of juicy juice escapes. The menu was good enough for that.

“The Empress is really good at grilling meat!”

“I want to be like the Empress!”

"look! Here's a present for you!"

The children took out simple snacks such as roasted beans or oatmeal cookies to share with the empress.

These events were usually well-received. But there were also those who didn't like it.

“You have to build authority!”

“If you keep doing that, would you look ridiculous?”

They were so talkative.

However, that was still only a taste. The nobles who came to watch the event saw a really strange sight after a while.

The queen's belly began to swell.

So did other noble girls who came to help with the event. Under the dress, her chubby belly flopped.

It was thanks to the magic pouch that expands when heated to body temperature. It was sponsored by the Knights of Seongpung. The Catsies had a knack for such strange pranks.

People didn't know that.

what?

The nobles of Bratania were adept at pretending they didn't see something. It was because I thought it would be frivolous if they responded to each one.

However, the meat plate on the table was pushed by the Empress's stomach and began to move slowly. Until then, it could not be ignored. Everyone's eyes reluctantly followed the plate.

“Oh, don't worry too much.”

Hazel glanced down and said.

“As a person lives, a ship may come out! Isn't it?”

Then he pushed the boat forward. Aristocratic young girls with a common will also did the same thing.

So was Lewis. She unbuttoned a few uniform buttons to show off her chubby belly under the shirt.

That was an obvious protest.

Most conservative aristocrats were originally unaware of any problems. It's cheap to be ridiculed because a socialite beauty showed a fat figure without taking care of it. That was the thought.

However, when angry people appeared there, he began to notice even a little.

Of course, there were no major changes.

However, stories about the adverse effects of corsets on the health of girls, especially growing girls, are slowly emerging. At a social gathering, when someone made a loud body assessment, three or four people stared openly at him. The newspaper that had published a satirical article about Miss LaMarche's abdomen issued an apology.

When I raised my voice, there was a response.

This incident has seriously scratched the nerves of some people.

“Your Majesty, you will be in trouble if you act like that.”

Mrs. Blackburn, who advises the Empress on her etiquette, grabbed Hazel and nagged her.

“The Empress is someone who should be a role model for everyone. You have to show the best example. I am very worried. You bask in the sunlight like that, you work hard to make

your hands rough, and you just let it go without taking care of your body! You may be fine now that you are young, but your appearance will quickly deteriorate. So do you know what happens? Your Majesty's heart will depart from the Empress!"

"Yes?"

Seeing the empress in embarrassment, the wife thought her advice had worked. But that wasn't it.

"Your Majesty didn't say that you liked my appearance, did you? There's no one in the world who doesn't ask for a face like that."

Iskanda's eyes, who had been listening to their conversation from afar, shook.

right?

He was bewildered.

Am I looking for a face?

However, he could not intervene, and sneered at this side with an unhappy expression.

Aside from these minor disagreements, everything else went well. Concerned about the fact that the Empress had gotten an apology from the newspaper after joining forces with the noble girls, many people came to the Emperor to express their concerns.

This was the case with the new finance minister, for example.

"As an aside, I am concerned that the Empress is already trying to wield the social world with her Majesty's favor on her back. Why are you mobilizing such influence to cover up a lazy noble girl with a protruding belly? To be honest, it didn't look very good. At a high-profile event, what do you and I do with your belly bulging out? Even the gentle girls were not ashamed. It was the moment when the imperial discipline fell to the ground."

"okay? What do we do?"

Seeing the emperor bewildered, the treasurer also thought that his advice had worked. But it wasn't.

“It was a big deal. Instead of my treasurer, these women just stare at their waists!”

The finance minister was speechless.

Conservatives at the court thought that the empress was too liberal. But no matter how much they expressed concern, the emperor never gave them the reaction they wanted.

So everyone had no choice. He just turned back with a sullen face and muttered.

Whether to wear a corset or not is up to you.

Why can't you accept this simple thing? Why do old bureaucrats who never wear corsets in their lives raise their voices the most? Hazel couldn't understand.

A few days later, Baron Mayfield came to visit the farmhouse.

“Okay then, Empress! This old man is doing very well! Because people hold onto you and won't let you go! Did you tell me you went fishing with Matteo, the imperial physician? The yangban was so insignificant even there, the fish rushed in... .”

He told all kinds of adventure stories in a pleasant manner.

But as soon as the people disappeared, it became quiet. He shook his head and opened his mouth.

“Son, remember what your grandfather always said?”

“Gambling is not about quitting. Just be patient?”

“Not that.”

“He who knows how to eat shrimp eats from the head?”

“Not that.”

Baron Mayfield sighed.

“They say, ‘There is no place with good mountains or good water.’”

"Ah... . . . There was that too. Come to think of it, my grandfather always said a lot.”

"okay. After all, not everything is always good. No matter how much we believe we are doing the right thing, there are people who just don't get it. Just like 1 plus 1 equals 2, there are people who say that it is not necessarily true. Still, I wanted to tell you not to lose your energy.”

It was the same tone that he used to tell when he was young, so Hazel instantly felt like he was back when he was seven or eight years old.

"that's right. I really hate to hear it.”

With a broken heart, he confessed his feelings.

“There are a lot of people in the world who think they can say anything if they just put the word 'worry' in it. How much would you appreciate it if you really care? The word 'worried' means this after all. 'I don't like that'.”

"okay. okay. Everyone will turn on their eyes and try to evaluate your every move. You didn't know that and accepted your Majesty's proposal, didn't you?"

"no."

"what? I did not know?"

“No, I proposed the marriage first.”

Hazel wrinkled the bridge of her nose.

After all, it was the same everywhere. Rochelle's bank map, social circle, and imperial palace. When a new person came in, they searched for it and started fighting. They put the newcomers into the group only after confirming that they were of the same class as them.

But Hazel didn't want to be in the same category.

It was a simple thing if people set it up the way they wanted it. Living differently was many times harder.

Talking like that with my grandfather relieved my frustration. It was a story that could not be told anywhere.

"Do not worry. Anyway, I will do whatever I want.”

"okay. Because you always did.”

Grandpa sat down for a while and then went to play a card game.

The next day, regardless of where or what was going on, the Board of Audit and Inspection made a request to inspect the ledger that recorded the management of the empress's

personal property. According to the law, it could be read once a month, but it was the first time I actually made a request.

The strict and knowledgeable bureaucrats of the Board of Audit and Inspection could not find any problems in the ledgers. It was only revealed that the Empress had broken her bank savings to restore the 'flower of the sun'.

Is the Empress special? If you like the emperor and marry each other, that's the empress.

Hazel thought hard.

There was no need to try to show the appearance of the empress that people expected. didn't even try

The most difficult part was the ball.

People thought that the empress should be an idol. Men were to be worshiped and women were to be admired. I had to play the role of a single flower that brightly illuminates the ballroom.

What do you know!

Hazel was the master in her own way. It was about going around and talking to the marginalized.

People in the corner of the ballroom told many interesting stories. Some of them really intrigued me.

“Really? Is there really an official who catches mice? So how does that person get paid?”

Hazel was digging around.

They didn't know yet about the new mousetrap, a type of wire that jumps from all four directions. It seemed that the fashion had not yet spread in the capital.

“No matter what, I can't get out. Of course, if you want to catch them alive, it's better to confine them in a wire mesh, but... .”

Hazel passionately discussed catching mice.

My Empress doesn't know anything either.

Iskanda looked at him with a happy smile. A brilliance flashed across his face.

Anyway, there was one flower that lit up the ballroom. would that have been the case?

The grapes on the farm are ripe.

There were good signs on the business side as well. As the labyrinth mushroom dish at the Pavilion Restaurant became popular, it got rid of the objection to labyrinth plants.

So, I was able to sign a contract to sell labyrinth asparagus on better terms than the first. This asparagus sold well because it was soft and buttery.

With the proceeds, he started beekeeping. Lorendel has agreed to teach you the secret to gathering honey from the high elf elders.

When the garlic harvest was over, the news came that the minister of the palace had returned. Perhaps it was their first and last long vacation.

Hazel couldn't wait for him to go to work. So, like dawn, I went out and stood in front of the palace.

Soon, the charred minister of the palace appeared.

“Sir!”

"Oh! Our Empress!"

The two were happy and hugged.

“Did you drink a lot of fruit juice at the beach? I was worried that the minister might be retiring as it is!”

“Is it possible? If the day comes when the Empress will control state affairs as she pleases, then I will think about it... .. Heh heh heh!”

Instead of the palace, he looked full of energy. He seemed to be 20 years younger as he benefited from the long vacation.

“I think you really enjoyed the trip.”

"well. How did you think of this ugly imperial palace! Travel is, after all, just a long journey to realizing that home is the best. I missed everyone so much!"

The minister of the palace, with a face full of enthusiasm, marched bravely to the main building of the palace.

But when we met again an hour later, his face was dead.

“These idiots... ..”

He clenched his teeth and muttered.

It was then that I realized that the minister of the palace, the real hero of everyone, had returned. Hazel hurriedly prepared chicory coffee.

That evening there was a grand welcome party.

Together with the Empress Dowager, the ingredients were harvested from the fields and prepared for cooking. Iskanda and friends of the Holy Knights Commander also helped with grooming. My grandfather, who arrived late, also helped. Together, they set up a table in the vineyard, the pride of the farm.

“This is the most honorable dinner in history!”

The minister of the palace was amazed.

I didn't know that. A dinner prepared by the Empress Dowager, the Emperor and the Empress, the Empress's grandfather, and the National Advisory Council!

The cold tomato soup flavored with herbs saved my appetite from the heat at once. Even though I don't like the smell of tomatoes very much, I feel very refreshed.

The pasta made by hand kneading was very chewy and the seasoning of olive oil and spices was soaked in very well. Served with the perfectly grilled beef, the bottom soon came to light.

On the table were large goose roasted with orange flavor and pork sprinkled with rock salt. Delicious juice from fresh tomato juice, meat juice, and crunchy vegetables. All of this moistened my heart.

The face of the minister of the palace, who had withered on the day of his return, came to life.

“Yes, this is it! How I missed this taste in a foreign country!”

A taste of home.

Lewis, Lorendel, Siegwald, and Cayenne recalled the words almost simultaneously.

Isn't the taste of hometown the taste of blood for vampires? Elves are fruit or dew. War bear is honey or raw meat. For Catsie, cheese or fish.

But at some point, they recalled this very farm dish as a taste of their hometown. If it was memory manipulation, it was manipulation.

“This is dessert. I made the cream as light as possible and put it on top of the cold fruit. Try it with thinly fried crepes.”

Hazel brought out a tray of fruits and crepes piled up like mountains.

As the harvest increased, every day felt like a festival. It seemed like it wouldn't be any better.

Still, life was a round and round law.

Meanwhile, sad news came. All of the 'flowers of the sun', which had been cultivated in the new environment, suddenly died. It was a disaster that happened overnight.

“There is no face, Empress. I think we miscalculated.”

The wise men did not know where to put themselves.

“What should I do? Now there are no seeds.”

Still, there has been quite a bit of backlash. waste of budget. waste of manpower. An impractical, unrealistic plan... . . .

Each time, the media floated 'flowers of the sun' to evolve public opinion. When the failure became known, the voice of dissatisfaction among the people was inevitable.

“He said he would make all the poor prosper... . . . .”

A government advisory meeting was held to resolve the difficulties. Based on their experiences of exploring the labyrinth greenhouse, they each gave their opinions.

“Why don’t you try using necromancy? Since the dead can be brought back to life, can’t we also bring back dead plants?”

Lewis thought it was a trick in his own way and said, but the only thing that came back was the cold reaction of his friends.

“Once we sent a letter to the elders of our tribe. By the way, should I contact the hero knights? You may have known something since you have made a pilgrimage to all over the country. It's a matter of where you are now... . . . .”

At Lorendel's words, Siegwald immediately stood up.

“I will come to you.”

He was ready to leave at any moment.

"I can't do such a nuisance to Sir Siegwald. It's something I started.”

“Where is that division in work for poor mothers?”

As Hazel and Siegwald were having a conversation with serious faces, Cayenne said abruptly.

"for a moment! One thing came to mind... . . . .”

"what?"

“So, when I was kidnapped by a professional Katsy kidnapper... . . . .”

boos poured out Lewis exclaimed.

“This is the 60th time! Do I really have to talk about it now?”

"Nope. Listen. When I dug to escape, I found seeds that I had never seen before. In the meantime, I was curious, so I grabbed a little. When I came back, I found out that it was a labyrinth plant. It is said that rodents do not immediately eat the seeds of labyrinth plants because they are unfamiliar. Do you store it underground as emergency food and then completely forget it? That's exactly what I found. So maybe... . . . .”

Hazel shook her head.

It was quite a possibility. But there was another difficulty.

The great labyrinth where the 'flower of the sun' was discovered has now been developed. It was privately owned land.

No one can infringe an individual's property rights.

The landowner declined a request to allow a national survey team to take a look at it. It didn't work no matter what the conditions were. He or she didn't want the land to be ruined.

“Then I will go alone.”

Hazel said.

Of course there was a commotion. Conservatives were no longer convinced of the empress's unusual behavior.

“Isn’t the empress the mother of the country? How does a mother leave the family and go away? The Empress is now using force!”

Despite the opposing opinions, Iskanda was steadfast.

“It is the emperor who should rule the country. But who had ever been so opposed to me when I went out?”

“Isn’t that war!”

“It is the same. There are times when everyone has to go to their own war.”

Hazel looked at Iskanda who spoke so clearly.

He hadn't said anything until now, but he seemed to already know Hazel's thoughts and determination.

It was true. There was no law requiring that an empress be confined to the imperial palace. There was no law requiring the emperor to follow him only when he went out. It just felt like such a law existed.

“Don’t worry, let’s go.”

The Empress Dowager came to support.

Transportation to Ras Alghetti. The research assistant is Sir Tiberius. And the escort was taken on by the cat girl Sir Penny to create a relatively friendly atmosphere. It was the first time I had a chance to share my salary.

“I will definitely bring the seeds.”

Hazel made a promise to everyone, including Iskanda. And with a sad heart, he left for the Great Labyrinth. Of course, he didn't forget to wrap himself in a blanket before getting on the Pegasus.

Within that day, they arrived in the central Gidon region.

The site where the Great Labyrinth used to be has now been turned into a ranch. It was a ranch that Hazel wanted to own someday.

When strangers appeared, a shepherd dog barked and ran. From the small house, the owner of this place, the grandmother, came out.

“I came from the Imperial Palace.”

At Penny's words, the owner's grandmother looked them up and down.

Black Pegasus, Human, Chick, Cat.

The seemingly harmless appearance of the party did not seem to impress the rancher at all.

“I would have said no!”

The owner's grandmother raised her voice and shouted at first.

“I do not believe in the country! No matter how tall you bring, you can't open it!”

Just then, the farm's shepherd dog wags its tail and approaches Hazel. Hazel petted the dog. And with skillful workmanship, a few ticks were removed.

“No one higher will come.”

Penny said.

“Because she is the Empress.”

The owner's grandmother flinched.

“Is that young lady who looks like a country person the Empress?”

"Yes. You might be surprised... .”

“... . did you know i would say What a surprise! Who doesn't know who the empress is? It's on the street in the newspaper! Don't ignore me as a villager!"

“Ah, yes... .”

Penny immediately lost her courage. Hazel stepped in instead.

“There will be no damage to the land. Because this chick will find the seeds. I'll just sell that part. Of course, we'll put it back the way it was, and we'll compensate you for the damage. I'm going to make a big announcement that there was full cooperation from the rancher. please help me a little All this to help poor mothers and babies. There are so many cases of infection after giving birth... .”

“You mean puerperal fever?”

The master's grandmother's complexion changed.

"Phew... . My daughter also died from the same disease.”

“Yeah, so dangerous... .”

“... .. did you know i would say I don't have a daughter. I have only three sons. But I couldn't even come close to this ranch. Not even half a penny.”

“... ..”

Hazel almost lost his fighting spirit.

This grandmother was no ordinary bet. He hated country affairs, and he cared for his land as if it were his life. He never tolerated the approach of strangers.

But come to think of it, wasn't Hazel just like that? Landowners usually have this character.

“We will never destroy this land.”

Hazel looked straight into the rancher's eyes and said.

“I am a farmer.”

No other words were needed.

A moment of silence passed.

The old woman raised one hand without saying a word. He raised his hand only toward Hazel.

“I was just in need of a worker.”

"Yes? Hey! Ms.!"

Penny's protest was clearly ignored. Hazel whispered to the fluttering cat knight.

“I’m going to the inn for now.”

It was a friend's request before it was the Empress's order. Penny was forced to take a step back.

Hazel entered the ranch.

First, he put Tiberius down on the ground. He showed and explained the herbs that had already died in the imperial palace. As he was a messenger from the god Ceres, he believed he would have understood.

“If you have any seeds, come to me and let me know.”

Tiberius soon wandered around diligently. He knew the sheep and the shepherd's dog and got around well.

Hazel tied Ras Alghetti next to the pony. And I started working right away.

I cleaned out the messy things on the ranch and organized various tools. I washed with clean water. I took out the flour, baked the bread, trimmed the vegetables, and prepared the stew.

That's what I always did anyway.

The owner's grandmother came in after feeding the sheep.

Stew was boiling in a clean kitchen. The freshly baked bread was soft and delicious even without butter. But again, he couldn't do without butter, so Hazel prepared the butter by separating the cream from the milk.

The next morning, I ate hot cakes and drank herbal tea to my heart's content. Next to the table was a mountain of clean towels that could be quickly removed and used. The dog was brushed so that its long hair was shiny and shiny.

Thinking she wasn't a brag, the owner's grandmother let Hazel wander around at will.

On the fourth day, Tiberius finally found something. I was constantly hovering around the barn, so I dug the ground and found a handful of seeds buried there. It looked like a sunflower seed.

"found!"

Hazel caught Tiberius and rejoiced.

The ranch has changed a lot since then. The grass was clean and the sheep looked white for some reason. There were two large loaves of bread wrapped in paper in the kitchen. The pot, which had cobwebs on it, was wiped clean and the soup was boiled. Other places were polished with tea leaves.

"thank you. Good-bye."

Hazel took Tiberius to Ras Alghetti, cherishing the seeds.

I met Penny, who was waiting for me at the inn, and returned to the Imperial Palace. First of all, I informed Iskanda of this good news.

"I found the seed!"

"also!"

The news spread quickly.

This escalated while Hazel was away from the Imperial Palace.

Will the Empress come to retrieve the seeds? Are you too stubborn, or are you just as concerned about poor mothers? As the story of her deceased mother was also known, it was not the only topic of discussion.

But in the end, with the help of the divine beast, he found the seed.

It was a wonderful story. It was just there.

The sages constructed the perfect environment and hung on it day and night, but it did not sprout.

“Everyone was already dead.”

Hazel sighed and brought the chick.

“Tiberius, this is not it.”

I couldn't help it. I went to Gidon's ranch once more.

“... ..”

The owner's grandmother opened the door without saying a word.

Hazel unpacked her luggage in the room where she had slept the last four days. They found seeds by drawing water, cleaning, baking bread, and tending sheep.

Tiberius seemed a little confused.

Anyway, I was digging to find the place the chick was teaching me, and a shadow fell over my head. Suddenly, the owner's grandmother came and stood next to her.

“It's not an ordinary bet. The Empress too.”

I brought a pickaxe and started digging deep into the ground. In the deep, moist soil, soil and muddy seeds appeared.

Thank you.

Hazel has been raking up all the seeds buried in the pasture.

This time, I was more confident because it was preserved in the depths. He left the farm and the imperial palace to Iskanda and his friends and hung on only there.

But it was still a series of difficulties.

The labyrinth was an environment in which many factors were exquisitely balanced. It was difficult to fit it. That is why the wise men failed.

Hazel set the alarm clock and almost lived in the cultivation room.

It was worthwhile to put everything aside and take care of it, so it only sprouted. But then there was the problem.

What if I die again?

Things got too big. will not escape criticism.

Should I have given up sooner?

I was sitting blankly when the alarm clock rang. It was time to water.

When the device was activated, water mist poured down from the ceiling of the cultivation room.

After finishing, I glanced up and noticed that there was not much water in the container of the device. As soon as I lifted the gourd to fill it up from the water tank, water leaked from the bottom. The floor was cracked.

It had been filled with water so many times until now. A gourd made of solid wood is worn out and brittle, so there is no way for a human to be able to pull it off.

I was suddenly tired.

I decided to refill the water later and left the cultivation room. The footsteps spontaneously headed towards the farmhouse.

Who was there when I opened the door?

it was grandpa He sat at the table as if he knew Hazel was coming.

"grandfather... .."

"okay."

The baron patted his granddaughter on the back.

Hazel didn't say anything for a moment and leaned on Grandpa. Slowly my mind calmed down.

"What the hell is an empress? I thought it was nothing... .."

"right. It's nothing."

"But I don't think that's necessarily the case."

"That's right."

The baron stroked Hazel's hair.

“Don’t think too hard. Everyone has colored pencils. I paint with it. To become an empress is simply to have more colored pencils than others. You can paint a picture with so many colors with it.”

“Is that really the case?”

“That’s right! Even if things don't go well, don't be discouraged. Because I can draw again as many times as I want.”

The Empress is just a person who has more colored pencils than everyone else.

It was nothing, but at the same time something great.

It doesn't end with becoming an empress. This is the beginning. You can do so many things. Success is only one of many successes to come, and failure is only one of many failures to come.

Thinking about it that way gave me courage again.

Hazel returned to the growing room. He put everything aside and devoted himself to caring for the flowers.

While I was close my eyes for a while in the sleeping room, Iskanda came to see me.

He was busy dealing with the state affairs and at the same time blocking out all the noise from the outside. Still, I took the time and looked at it often.

He looked at Hazel with worried eyes.

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

"well... . . . .”

Then the alarm bell rang. I tried to get up, but I was too tired.

“You have to fill the device with water. Floating with a gourd from the water bottle next to it... . . . .”

"great."

He hurriedly went to the growing room.

Then there was no news. Hazel woke up from a drowsy sleep.

Iskanda was still in the growing room. I thought it was strange and went there. And I was surprised.

“Oh, that rip off... . . . .”

I forgot that the floor was broken. The water was leaking and I couldn't move it.

But the device was already full of water. Iskanda has filled it with water dozens of times, maybe even a hundred times.

“Did you just do this? Even if it leaks?”

“I thought it was strange, but... . . . .”

Iskanda answered with a humble face.

“I thought it was wrong for me to take her words strangely. There must be great intentions that I am not aware of. You've always been like that Because my empress is the wisest person in the world.”

“... ..”

Hazel was speechless.

Iskanda did it on purpose, knowing Hazel had made a mistake. Everyone out there is doubting Hazel's abilities. He wanted to show that he believed everything Hazel said.

If your wife thinks she's made a mistake, it's not her, it's me.

He was saying that with his whole body.

“Is... ..”

Hazel, with tears in her eyes, put her in his arms.

Power can shut a man's mouth. You just need to let them know that bad things happen to you if you talk to your heart's content.

Iskanda was able to suppress the criticisms of the empress's adventure quite simply. I could only hear good things.

But that wasn't the way he had been doing it until now. Above all, it was an act that made Hazel's work fade away.

You can do it well on your own, even if you don't use your hands like that. It will change people's thinking.

He firmly believed. He himself went through the same process and became Hazel's side forever. So I knew better than anyone.

Iskanda's actions demonstrated this belief.

Trust was a great asset above all else. It was okay to make a mistake. It was okay to fail.

If you fall, I'll take it.

He was saying that.

This experience opened Hazel's eyes once more. I looked back on the current situation.

The flower of the sun was under strict management. This is because it had to be able to be cultivated in an environment outside the labyrinth.

“The ultimate goal is to gradually adjust the temperature, humidity, and soil conditions so that they can adapt safely.”

Everything was strictly managed according to the instructions of the wise men.

The correct amount of moisture was supplied at a set time, and the sunlight entering the cultivation room was also finely adjusted according to the calculation formula. So was the soil. Every time I inspected, I wrote a report and adjusted the ingredients. In addition to Hazel, dozens of other people were involved in this plan.

It was natural.

Hazel didn't want to fail. And the wise men were the Empress's orders, so they tried to do it well.

But I suddenly thought about it.

Is this really the right way?

Hazel went straight to Lorendel. I wanted to hear the opinions of the high elves who love plants.

He put off the work of the Knights Templar and came to the Empress's growing room. It was the first opportunity to visit the place that all my friends were curious about.

“Even though everything is perfectly controlled, it doesn’t work. I think I will die again like the last time.”

Hazel confided in Lorendel and complained. His face grew serious.

“I’m also new to this kind of labyrinth plant, so I’m not sure what to do with it. Why don’t we bring a lute and play it all day? It’s a great way to lift the mood of plants.”

“That’s a good idea, but... . . . .”

Hazel forgot her worries for a moment and smiled. This high elf has shown unwavering friendship ever since he found out about Hazel's sincerity. I needed his pure opinion now.

“You can’t hold on to the busy Commander of the Seongmok Knights like that. I just want to ask you one simple question.”

“What are you curious about?”

“If Sir Lorendel were to trade souls with these plants, what would be the first thought?”

It was an odd question. But Lorendel was thinking very seriously. Then he said abruptly.

"frustrated... . . . ?"

Hazel's heart pounded.

“I don’t want to live. That doesn't mean you want to die, it just means you're not very motivated. Why did you bring me here? Why do I have to adapt here? Who the hell are these humans... ... ?”

“Well, now it is. It's okay to stop. thank you.”

Hazel returned the friendly high elf.

As expected, there was a problem with the current method. I thought it would work out if I put all my heart into it, but it wasn't.

After a long time, I went to my office and sat down.

Not only the emperor but also the empress had an office. I sat at a desk decorated with pretty porcelain pieces on mahogany wood and wrote a letter.

It was a letter to Aunt Martha of Southern Belmont Farm.

The Empress had one privilege. It was said that letters could be sent and received within a very short period of time using the imperial express mail. Of course, you had to pay the fee with your own money.

A few days later, a reply came.

When asked to answer Hazel, not the Empress, Aunt Martha sent this advice.

'I don't even know what a labyrinth is, aside from labyrinth plants. But no matter how hard you take care of it, if it withers... ... Then those little guys are hungry. The time has come to grow strong.'

What the old lady said was right.

What should I do with these little guys?

Hazel pondered and pondered.

When you run into a dead end, it's good to listen to the voices around you. After Lorendel passed away, the other friends naturally became aware of Hazel's troubles.

“I thought it was okay to meddle!”

Lewis ran right away. Her arms were full of things she had never been close to. Hazel asked in surprise.

“What book is this?”

“I just kept it simple again.”

Lewis grabbed Hazel's hand and lifted it up.

“This is the sun's hand. And those are the flowers of the sun. Surely it has something to do with it? Or not.”

She spoke cheerfully and spilled books related to the sun's hand on the table.

He spoke lightly as if he had just picked it up while passing by, but just looking at it, there were rare copies. Just in case, I looked it up and found that there were no books in the Imperial Preservation Library.

After all, what the state cannot do, billionaires can do enough.

Hazel once again realized the wealth of this vampire knight leader.

Of course, her friendship shone far more than wealth. Even though you are allergic to type and dust, you are still looking for old books! Hazel read the book, thanking Lewis for his kindness.

I read and read it again and again.

But I just read.

“What are you talking about... ..?”

My eyes went round and round. I couldn't figure out what he was talking about. After groaning for a long time, I finally turned to Iskanda for help.

“What are you talking about?”

He frowned after reading a few lines.

“The translation is messed up!”

After writing 'translation' on the list of nationally supported projects, they happily cooperated.

“According to legend... .. Well? Are there any stories about Grand Cavaliers here?”

“What do you say?”

“Gran Cavalier, the master swordsman, and other beings with abilities handed down from ancient times all first appeared at the same time. The era when civilization blossomed and everything prospered dazzlingly is called the 'Golden Age'.”

“Did the sun's hand first appear then?”

“That’s the problem.”

Iskanda picked up another book. I tried to concisely explain the long content quickly.

“Among the protagonists of mystical legends, the hand of the sun is an exception. The only one that first appeared in a different era. The so-called 'Dark Age', when everything was dark and desolated, and people died of starvation. Unlike those who appeared naturally in the flow of time, they appear to have emerged out of a desperate need.”

"Ah... . . . ."

Hazel thought.

the sun's hand. And the flower of the sun.

Finally, a feeling came.

It wasn't an inference I made in my head. It felt like my heart was telling me. But Hazel was more persuasive than any logic.

The time has come to gamble again.

"like."

Hazel nodded.

"great."

Iskanda nodded too.

“But what are you going to do?”

Hazel whispered the plan in his ear.

"So... . . . Can I borrow your mother for a while?"

"You will love it!"

Iskanda said with a bright face.

"This is the pond of the Imperial Palace."

The interpreter spoke in fluent official language. He was guiding the Imperial Palace to international students from the Western Allied Powers.

"What a beautiful place!"

The students were amazed.

As I looked around, I noticed two hard-working people wearing straw hats in a corner of the garden. I was about to pass by without thinking, the interpreter said.

"And they are the Empress Dowager and Empress Dowager."

"Yes?"

International students doubted their ears.

"Who are you?"

“The Empress Dowager and Empress of the Empire.”

Everyone screamed in surprise. Students who had been looking at other places also flocked to this place after hearing the story.

“What are the Empress Dowager and Empress doing while squatting in a place like that?”

“As you can see, he is gardening.”

“Why? Is that okay? Why don't the maids dry them?”

Questions poured in. The interpreter shrugged.

“What will the maids do? The Empress Dowager became so healthy. Before the Empress came into the Imperial Palace, I couldn't go out alone.”

“I can... ..”

The international students were amazed to see the health of the Empress Dowager.

The interpreter was stunned at their reaction. I looked around for any more surprises, and found people walking through the gardens.

“Ah! The princess and the prince are also coming over there!”

He pointed to a mother and son in straw hats. Again there was a murmur.

Hazel moved her hands diligently.

Until now, there were many times when I had to plan and execute by myself. But now I have a friend.

He was also a very good friend.

I got along well with the Empress Dowager. Also, she had a heavy mouth. Above all, as a fairy of agriculture, she was well versed in various fields and gardening.

The two worked hard before the scorching sun came down. As if they had already heard the rumors, Princess Katarina and Prince Rowan came and wandered around.

"what are you doing? Hazel, will you tell me?"

“Would you mind telling me?”

The two hats competed with each other in such a way that they lifted and moved the stone in a flash. Both of them were half vampires, so it was a big help in their hard work.

But other than that, I had to be careful. The two said, 'This is a secret... .!' He had the personality to spread rumors everywhere. I couldn't tell you yet.

“It’s just making a garden, Rowan.”

"that's right. It's just making a garden, Princess Fairytale."

The two hit the wall like that.

Of course, they weren't the only ones wondering. Everyone was puzzled.

What is the Empress doing?

Meanwhile, there were still bad signs in the cultivation room. The flower of the sun was withering more and more.

Then, suddenly late in the evening, the Empress's order was issued.

“Take them all out.”

The wise men looked at them with their hands stopped.

"Yes?"

“From now on, I will take them all out.”

"I beg your pardon?"

The wise men were shocked.

"It's not possible! You will die right away!"

“Please take your orders!”

They all cried out in trembling voices. Some had tears in their eyes.

“You are so great, Empress! How could you do that to these poor bastards?”

It was. For the wise men who only read books day and night, this experience was very refreshing. As I put everything aside and took care of the flower of the sun, I had lost interest in it.

I didn't think of that.

Hazel was a little perplexed.

This commotion drew attention. Even though it was late, spectators quickly gathered outside.

Hazel looked around the growing room.

First of all, he had to heal the scared and wounded wise men.

“I don’t mean to kill you.”

He shook his head and said to them.

“Until now, I was wrong. They didn't die because we didn't take good care of them. Even if the calculation is wrong, the error should be sufficiently acceptable.”

“Then why are you doing this?”

“It’s because I don’t have self-sufficiency.”

Hazel replied.

“All living things have their own unique power to live on their own. However, this labyrinth plant does not feel the will to live in an unfamiliar environment. In such a situation, even if you try to provide the most suitable conditions and take care of them with sincerity, it will only backfire. We must awaken the sleeping power.”

“So you mean you’re kicking me out?”

The wise men murmured. As if protecting a flower from the sun, he hesitated, blocking his way.

“I have to go.”

Hazel ordered again.

I couldn't help it. It was the name of the Empress.

"Gosh... . . ."

The wise men lamented and dug up the flowers of the sun one by one. I put it in a temporary pot, carefully supported it, and headed out. The servants serving the wise men tried to accept it, but they waved their hand saying they could not hand it over.

"Come this way."

Hazel took a flowerpot and led them. Onlookers followed.

“It’s here.”

I came close to the pond and stopped.

In the middle of the newly decorated garden with the Empress Dowager, there was an empty land. Hazel pointed to it.

“Please transplant it here.”

Do you have to do what you are told? Again, the servants came and said they would do it, but the wise men refused and squatted on the floor.

“The wind is cold... . . .”

"go away! These monster bugs!"

The flowers were transplanted while grumbling towards the tepid wind and small flies that threatened the precious plants.

Then the clouds lifted and the moonlight shone. The eyes of the wise men widened.

Silver waves swayed in the wind. Artemisia and Dusty Miller, with their silvery-white leaves sprouting profusely, were as spectacular as pure white snow fell under the moonlight.

The white evening primroses were also in full bloom. The flowers and roses blooming on a summer evening create a dazzling sight.

Everyone was mesmerized by the sight of this beautiful garden. Even the wise men forgot their dissatisfaction. I looked around the garden with a face that was moved beyond admiration.

“Empress! What is this?”

Hazel answered with a smile.

“It’s the garden of the moon.”

"Oh oh! It's a really beautiful name. Now that I see, the Empress Dowager is also well versed in literature, isn't it?"

“It would be nice, but... . . . It's not my name. The moon garden is what it used to be. It is decorated so that you can enjoy the view of the garden at night without installing expensive lights. There are flowers that bloom only at night because the moths are trying to transfer pollen.”

"okay."

The Empress Dowager's voice came from across the Silver Garden. She said walking slowly.

“That is the Empress’s plan. It is transplanted to a place opposite to the environment in which solar flowers have been grown so far. dark outdoors. However, a place where flowers bloom in full bloom under the moonlight. I believed that such a place would be a good stimulus. I think so too.”

And she bowed her back and planted another Artemisia in the open spot.

Iskanda, who had been watching quietly, came out quickly. With a skillful attitude, he picked up a shovel and dug.

"okay! Great way!"

The minister of the palace shouted loudly. He picked up a shovel piled up in a corner of the garden and gave it to everyone.

“Let’s all help the Empress!”

"Yes."

Sigwald's heavy reply rang out. He took a cute seedling shovel and started digging the ground, not matching his sense of intimidation. Lorendel, Lewis and Cayenne followed suit.

“What are you doing? Let's grow together! Bratanians should help!”

Even Baron Mayfield suddenly fell patriotism and went out to drive the atmosphere.

In this atmosphere, the garden of the moon took shape quickly.

During the day, minimal maintenance was done to prevent excessive sunlight from pouring in or to be drenched in rain showers. But at night, the flowers of the sun were set free. Children who came to visit the Imperial Palace were also allowed to see the empress's new plans to their heart's content.

However, this method didn't seem to work either.

The leaves were brittle and the stems were limp. There seemed to be no life. When I was in the growing room, I was at least standing upright. There were no yellowed leaves.

“You shouldn’t have brought it out.”

“Now that the labyrinth is gone, is this actually the last seed?”

“Have you not thrown away the precious seed?”

People muttered as they passed by the Moon Garden.

no. It's just a phenomenal phenomenon.

Hazel believed so. It only seems to temporarily worsen the symptoms during the healing process.

Please it should be fine... . . . .

Wanting to hold on to the straw, I went to the prayer room of the Great Hall. I prayed to my deceased parents.

We need ingredients for cheap medicines that anyone can use easily. Like my mother, I want to help poor mothers. At least one child who grows up without a mother like me should be reduced.

When I lifted my head while praying like that, I was often very surprised. It was because Iskanda came and sat next to him. Surprisingly, he even pretended to pray quite a bit. He said he had tried it once when he came to pick it up.

“If prayer really works, wouldn’t the emperor’s prayer be more effective? Because he is a person who does the work of many people.”

“Maybe not.”

Hazel nodded.

Was it because the emperor, who had the share of many people, prayed together? After cleaning the chicken coop, I was nodding with Tiberius when I heard a loud voice from afar.

“Empress! That’s Okay! Flowers have bloomed!”

At first I thought it was a dream. But even when I opened my eyes, the voice continued to be heard.

“The flowers have bloomed!”

The wise men were running to the farm and shouting.

"Really?"

Hazel got up and ran to the Moon Garden.

People were circling around one place. He looked at Hazel and split in two.

There was only one song.

The sage's words were exaggerated. The flowers did not bloom. Green buds were formed in a circle between the leaves. The sepals wrapped around the flower clusters were covered in soft fluffy fur.

flowers will bloom

The tense tension in the past was released at once. I lost strength in my legs and almost collapsed.

“Everyone, it is now. You’ve been through a lot.”

They hugged and shared their joy with the dusty wise men. I felt like I was getting closer to these eccentric old men.

“Please come visit the farm sometime. You can even run one farm at all. look. How cool is that?”

Everyone was watching from a distance as Hazel was not missing out on business. Grandpa was there too. It was the most delightful face.

The flower of the sun grew rapidly as it passed the turning point.

When it was made into a medicine by decoction, it showed an excellent effect in alleviating inflammation after childbirth. It was also great as a disinfectant. As Hazel and the Empress Dowager initially wished, it looked like a new drug that poor mothers could afford to use instead of expensive drugs.

“It is of the utmost importance to create an environment where parents who want children can have a baby with peace of mind. Make this a big deal.”

The Empress Dowager gathered reporters from major daily newspapers and gave instructions. If you don't point it out like that, you'll just skip it again. The sidewalk must also include detailed instructions on how to plant and cultivate these seeds.

In this way, he first raised the topic, and then gathered nobles. A briefing session was held and seeds were distributed.

“Oh, I have to tell Youngji people.”

The nobles both received the seeds and went.

They disliked things that bothered them. However, he was well aware of how important it was to increase the population of the estate. This is because Iskanda constantly brainwashed the young people that they could make a lot of money in the future only by making them prosper.

After a successful presentation, Hazel sat down at the desk with a happy face.

It would have been difficult without the Empress to find out and cultivate the Sun Flower.

With position comes responsibility. Every move is a subject of interest. Even if you do a hundred things well, if you make a mistake in one thing, you bite it right away. Those things are sometimes breathtaking.

But status is also a weapon. There are many things you can do with a high position. If you are not incompetent, you can change the world.

So far, I have only taken the first step. But start small.

Guess that's the way I should go

Hazel happily pulled out the stationery.

I have already written a reply to Aunt Martha. This letter was addressed to Athena.

Athena continued to ponder her position. What she showed me in the underground passage was very impressive. It was a person with whom I could openly talk about this realization, about my future resolutions.

Can we meet again someday?

Hazel smiled and thought of Athena.

Of course, it was good just to share the letter as it is now. They boasted about how each other's farms were developing and were competing in good faith.

After I was done, I took the thick envelope and went to the post office of the Imperial Palace. I put it in the mailbox and came back when I met a familiar person.

"grandfather!"

"Oh, Empress!"

Baron Mayfield separated the people and quickly approached his granddaughter. The two went to a quiet balcony and sat down next to each other.

"Your Majesty is still under arrest."

"It would be. You have to explain it over and over again to get people to understand what you are saying."

"Still, I was excited. You seem more happy than your own achievements."

The baron smiled and took his granddaughter's hand.

"I am happy too. I've only heard of you doing a lot of work in the Imperial Palace, but I haven't seen it with my own eyes... . There is nothing more I wish for seeing in person like this. Honey, I'm so glad you're happy."

“Your grandfather is happy too. All these good things, popularity, wealth... . . . It's something I've been dreaming of for a long time.”

"okay. right."

The baron nodded his head.

A moment of silence passed. The baron opened his mouth again.

"by the way. Is it true that this kind of wealth and wealth makes me really happy?"

Hearing that, Hazel had a foreboding.

The next day, Baron Mayfield suddenly disappeared.

“Baron! Baron!”

Many people searched for him with bewildered faces.

Cayenne, in particular, did not know what to do. It seemed like a lot of fun running away because I couldn't pay off my gambling debt.

“Where have you been? Empress, do you have any guesses?”

“You must have found the calling of the soul.”

Hazel replied. And I told the crying cat the story my grandfather once told me.

Our souls are like our feet, each shaped differently. Jeweled shoes don't make your feet happy. Comfortable shoes make you happy.

That's why we always need to find shoes that fit our feet perfectly.

That was my grandfather's words.

Time passed as the flowers bloomed and fell and bloomed and fell. After three years like that... . . . .

A girl was sitting in the capital's central market.

In front of the girl was full of tomatoes. They had been piling up like that since morning, but not a single one was sold.

When are you going to sell them all?

The girl sighed as the ground turned off.

That was then.

A passerby stopped. The girl said quickly.

“Delicious tomatoes! It's also very cheap! Only 3 silver per basket! It was carefully nurtured in our house!”

“I see.”

the man said I tried to take out my wallet, but it wasn't. Suddenly he turned around and shouted at the passersby.

“Here are some delicious tomatoes! Homemade fresh tomatoes! Don't miss this opportunity! 5 One basket for silver! Take it cheap!”

The man's voice in the straw hat was clear and clear. And he was full of confidence.

People walking in a hurry stopped. I looked at the seat as if under hypnosis.

Red, plump tomatoes. Crispy tomatoes with a shimmering luster. A fresh tomato with hallucinations as if dew is still forming under the scorching sun.

There were such tomatoes.

People rushed in.

“Give me one basket here!”

“I have two baskets!”

“Just put it here!”

The tomatoes that had piled up like a mountain disappeared in an instant.

The girl looked at the man in the straw hat with a puzzled face.

“Oh, thank you... . . .”

But she was no longer there. He had already left the seat and was walking in front of me.

A knight suddenly appeared from behind her, who was rapidly disappearing.

“You suddenly disappeared again!”

Pointed cat ears rose above the head of the bruised knight. Cathy Knight... . . . .

Sir Penelope Killingsworth!

The girl opened her mouth in amazement.

Sir Penny is the Queen's escort knight. That is... . . . Is the Empress the strange person who just wore that straw hat?

I couldn't believe it. The girl shoved a bundle of money into her apron and ran frantically.

"Wait! I've always wanted to see you! Empress! Empress!"

"what? Empress?"

People in the market turned around in surprise.

"Where is the Empress?"

"Hey! The one with the straw hat over there!"

"Really? Empress! Empress Hazel!"

Everyone shouted and followed.

But to no avail. The man in the straw hat and the escort driver disappeared in the blink of an eye.

"I'm sorry, I haven't seen you today!"

The merchants in the market shrugged their shoulders. Despite the fact that the Empress so often goes undercover, I have never seen one yet.

“I’ve always wanted to see you... . . . .”

“Maybe that’s why you’re so inexperienced?”

“Isn’t the Empress actually already on the ranks of Grand Cavaliers?”

The flags announcing the celebration of the founding of the nation fluttered behind them. The flags had the faces of the emperor and the empress drawn on them.

They were the two most loved people in the country right now.

“Then what are you going to do? It's terrifying to see people coming. Now, even if you make it into jam, no one will listen. Rather, make it a joke.”

“I’m sorry, Sir Penny. I can't stand it anymore to see that not a single tomato that looks so delicious is sold... . . . .”

Hazel apologized to Penny and entered the Imperial Palace. The minister of the palace and the officers of the palace ran immediately.

“Empress! Here is the report. I gave you one copy earlier.”

“You’re quick too!”

After expressing his gratitude to the Minister of Home Affairs, Hazel quickly read down the report on the opening ceremony of the carriage road in the central capital.

Countless requests came in every day to attend the event and brighten up the venue. However, it was not a matter for the emperor or the empress to decide at will.

First, the Minister of the Interior Ministry conducted a meticulous investigation and analysis with the relevant department. How important the event is, what benefits the emperor and empress will have in attendance, and how it will affect the local economy... . . . . After considering all of this, a final decision was made.

"like. The Marcelo area is relatively underdeveloped, so I kept thinking that it would be good to visit once in a big way. If the emperor and his wife were to come, they would at least get rid of the old wagons left on the side of the road. I don't know if crime will happen in such a place... . . . . But what did your Majesty think?"

"It's the same idea."

Iskanda said, jumping out of nowhere.

The two exchanged smiles for a moment.

After marriage, they did almost everything together, with the exception of stealth.

At first, we went out together without thinking. But after a few minutes, it always turned into a date. He was often caught off guard while spending time alone.

"Long live the Emperor and Empress!"

There was a time when dozens of people applauded while holding skewers on the street. In the end, we had to go out on our own.

"How was today? Did you find anything?"

"There was nothing special. I focused on the market... . . . ."

While we were talking about today's secret behavior, Illina, the official of the palace, made a loud gesture from behind Iskanda's back. It meant 'Empress, please help me.'

“... .. There's nothing else, so I'll talk about it later. Having a cup of coffee.”

Hazel cleaned up and sent Iskanda back to the office. And I went to Illina quickly.

“After all, there is only our Empress!”

“What’s going on?”

“I have received a rescue request from Mr. Rickia from the Ministry of Finance. This is a national project. In order to get investment from the wealthy, you have to hold a very good presentation... ..”

"Ah! I know what you mean.”

Hazel walked briskly, conversing with Illina vigorously.

The minister of the palace looked at the back of the two of them and smiled delightfully.

A few years ago, at night, my body was as heavy as cotton soaked in water. There was no limit to his worries because of the sickly empress and the blunt emperor.

The memories of that time were as distant as in a previous life.

These days, I feel really good. The thought of retiring suddenly disappeared into the distance. I wanted to do this good job for a few more decades.

"The life is beautiful... ..”

He hummed and headed to the office.

The protagonist, who saved an old and sincere official, worked hard while freely roaming the Imperial Palace.

With the mindset that it's okay to make mistakes, anything becomes difficult. I was always able to do my best with a bright mind.

So was the farm.

The vineyards grew lush with each passing year. Straight rows of trees stretched all the way to the front of the grand buildings of the Imperial Palace.

As the number of visitors increased, I even thought about expanding the farmhouse at one time. But there was a real meaning to the house being small. The new blueprint was just unfamiliar no matter how much I looked at it.

So, I decided to build small huts here and there in the gardens of the Imperial Palace. Rose garden, pond where swans play, next to greenhouse... . . . . The rustic hut fit well with any place. Everyone could rest comfortably there. If he wanted to, he could work in the garden with farm implements.

The flower farming in the Imperial Palace was very successful because many people took care of it.

Not just for ornamental purposes, but really high-quality and coveted flowers were in full bloom every season. When there was an important event such as a wedding or festival, everyone tried to use the flowers grown in the imperial palace.

“This lily belongs to the Imperial Palace.”

Having said that, everyone turned their gazes with envy. Among them, when it comes to flowers grown by the Empress herself, the price jumped to the ceiling.

All the money went to charity. As Iskanda put it, it was a 'natural redistribution of wealth'.

As welfare policies developed, the number of the poor gradually decreased. Growing interest in agriculture also played a part. At least Hazel believed so.

As the image of the emperor and his wife working in the fields was regularly published in newspapers, agriculture continued to be a topic of discussion. Socialites talked about how wonderful it is to grow your own food for your family. Then, the so-called 'weekend farm' began to become popular, where the farmer was farmed every weekend by buying or renting land in the vicinity.

Then disaster happened.

A dragon vein exploded in the northern central Harbis region. The dragon vein refers to a path of lava made by a dragon long ago.

There were omens, such as a strong sulfur smell, so people were able to evacuate with their livestock. But the vast plains were turned to ashes.

A famine crisis has struck an entire province.

Not knowing this, an envoy was sent from the northern country. They asked if they would import the surplus sweet potatoes from their country at a low price.

“Soundless!”

Hazel and Iskanda snorted.

Foreign currency was pouring in through the gnome's egg. North Korea wanted to turn that game around.

Their intentions were clearly visible. After exporting sweet potatoes at a low price, once the road is cleared, the price rises when the taste of the people of the Empire becomes accustomed to sweet potatoes from northern countries.

But it wasn't necessary.

Even without bringing in cheap sweet potatoes, Harvis' famine was sufficiently resolved. This was because special hobbies were already in vogue in the Empire.

“What about this? It's because there are still potatoes left and it's a headache. Even after the famine is over, it remains. Do you want to import some of our potatoes?”

At Iskanda's suggestion, the Shinigami went back at a loss for words.

The famine passed so well. However, the disaster caused by the dragon veins did not end there.

Perhaps it was because the ground was twisted, and, strangely, a mine collapsed in the Everett region on the opposite side. About 500 miners were buried underground.

The whole country turned upside down.

The Holy Knights immediately dispatched. However, they were not enough to even do relief work.

“I will go too.”

The Marquis Lanley was the first to apply. It was not far from his hometown. Therefore, it was their duty to rescue those who suffered disaster.

“Yes, thank you.”

Iskanda readily agreed. The Marquis Lanley set out for Everett with dozens of wagons full of relief rations.

Rose, the maid in charge of the empress's costume, has been speechless since then. He pretended to be calm, but when he was alone, his face became confused.

Are you trying to find love through this?

The regular customers of the Empress Salon murmured.

However, it was not that simple.

“It’s a scoop! Scoop!”

Kitty ran and shouted. The news that the editor-in-chief of The Dawn News got to before anyone else was really surprising.

“They said they were secretly married six months ago! and... .. Rose already has a baby!”

Everyone, including Hazel, opened their mouths.

Rose didn't want a grand wedding. The two had a secret ceremony in a beautiful rural village. Seeing the opportunity, I was planning to release it slowly to the people around me.

But the baby came sooner than that.

It was very good news. Rose has always wanted a child.

Coincidentally, however, her husband, who would be delighted with the news, had already left the relief work.

This news spread slowly. Of course, it also entered Iskanda's ears.

“How the hell are you going to turn me into a demon!”

He was very absurd.

“To send the soon-to-be father of a baby to such a dangerous place! It's like you're deliberately harassing me!”

“Calm down, Iss. Because nobody thinks that way.”

In fact, it was. But Iskanda was very stabbed. Because he once misunderstood Hazel and him, and really thought about sending him somewhere.

“I have to go and get it.”

“Be patient. There's a lot of work to be done here. Don't worry. Marquis Lanley will be fine.”

Hazel suddenly found herself in a position to comfort both of them at the same time.

The Marquis of Lanley wasn't as good as Iskanda, but she had a savvy personality. Such a person must perform his or her duties to be released.

It wasn't because I didn't love my family, I was leaving for a dangerous place. She wanted to become a husband who was not even more ashamed to love. And I want to come back even more safely because I love you.

So did Marquis Lanley.

The 500 miners were well prepared from deep underground and were rescued safely. Relief work has also gone well. The Marquis of Lanley announced that he would return soon.

"Oh My God!"

Rose forgot that she was in front of the Empress and burst into tears. And then my emotions surged up and I confessed everything.

“I love him so much!”

“I knew.”

Everyone was in tears and congratulated Rose on her marriage and pregnancy.

Tears soon turned into laughter. Everyone's playfulness was triggered in front of this surprising news.

"how is it? We're going to make a surprise announcement at the scene of our return!"

Kitty's eyes twinkled. There was no one to follow this bad boy in concocting such a thing.

Four days later, the heroes who saved hundreds of lives and settled the disaster returned. They all decided to go up to the walls of the capital to welcome them.

At last, wagons covered in dust appeared. A loud cheer resounded as if the walls were collapsing.

“Long live the Knights Templar!”

“Ranry! Mortimer! Kranz!”

Everyone gathered together and chanted the names of families that were involved in relief efforts.

In a warm welcome, the Marquis of Lanley finally came down. He first looked for his wife by eye. Although it had been a few days, he made sure he was still well and smiled.

"now. Let's gather this way. I need a simple drawing to put together in the newspaper.”

Under the command of the Minister of Internal Affairs and Communications, the commanders of the Holy Knights and representatives of each family gathered in one place.

Of course, Noh Dae-shin was also one of them. He cleverly placed the Marquis of Lanley in the center.

And Kitty came out.

“Who is in the middle? Oh, you're Marquis Lanley. Please hold up this piece of paper with the words 'Commemoration of the return of the warriors' as the representative of the Marquis.”

Marquis Lanley took the paper without hesitation.

The moment he opened it and lifted it high, cheers erupted from the spectators once again. Everyone laughed and applauded the marquis.

Well? Is the reaction strange?

He looked down at the paper with a puzzled look. There it was written:

'This man will soon be a father.'

The Marquis Lanley was stunned. It was so unexpected that the meaning of this sentence did not enter my mind.

The moment he barely understood, he was overcome with ecstasy.

"Unbelievable! rose!"

“Arthur!”

Rose quickly ran to him and put him in his arms. It was the moment I had been waiting for.

“I’m going to be a father!”

The Marquis couldn't help but shed tears.

“Ttttttt. With just that, what to do... .”

The old nobles clicked their tongues. I looked around for consent, then saw His Majesty's strange expression and quickly shut my mouth. His Majesty, too, had a face full of emotion.

“Young husbands these days are weird.”

“Not like us.”

they whispered

Either way, Rose and the Marquis Lanley were hugging each other tightly. Everyone smiled and congratulated them. But they didn't even seem to hear it.

Happiness is contagious.

Hazel felt very good. It was the same with Iskanda. So I decided to walk back to the Imperial Palace after a long time.

“Mr. Rose really deserves to be happy. I am glad that the Marquis-sama’s long-standing unrequited love has finally been rewarded.”

“The two get along very well. It's late, but what should I do for a wedding present? Shall we give a medal first and think about it? I heard you did a lot of work this time around... .”

“I would really like it. Even though I became a marquis, I didn't have a single badge of honor in my robes... ..”

The two walked slowly, talking about various things.

It was just passing by the pond in the park. A young child, who was running excitedly, tripped on a stone beak. My body just floated up.

Oh!

Before Hazel could scream, Iskanda reached out and grabbed her. It was a very natural move.

“Hey!”

The child laughed at how funny it was. He clinged to Iskanda as if asking him to do it again.

“Kenny!”

The mother of the child rushed to run. He scolded the child with a face of ten years.

“I told you not to run so fast! Sorry. I'm really sorry. And thank you.”

The mother tried to take the child back. But the child did not want to separate from Iskanda. He seemed to like him very much.

Hazel burst into laughter as she watched the curly-haired, full-bodied child dangling from Iskanda's arms.

“I like the picture.”

Iskanda returned the child to her mother with a bewildered expression on her face.

They started walking again. After walking for a while in the park where birds chirped, Iskanda carefully opened her mouth.

"then... ."

"I beg your pardon? I can not hear."

"Well then... ."

"what?"

"Then shall we have only one child?"

He hesitated and hesitated again, and then let out a loud sigh. Then I was embarrassed and my ears were open.

The older and taller man suddenly looked cute. Hazel just cut it off as he thought about it.

"no."

"Ugh, not yet."

"It's not... ."

Hazel shook her head.

"I've been thinking about it for a long time. The most perfect number is three."

“... ..?”

Iskanda was bewildered for a moment. He soon realized the meaning and his face brightened.

“Three? really?”

"sure. The first must be a daughter. I'm going to name her Emily. And of course! The second must be a daughter. I'm going to name you Bell. The third, of course, is the son. The child will of course be named Noel.”

I was happy to say that. Hazel smiled.

“Three children who look just like us... .. How cute and pretty Of course it's like the devil.”

"Huh?"

Iskanda's eyes fluttered wildly. Unable to say anything, only Hazel glanced at him.

No, how could you say that? Your wife is always right, but... .. But how can we call our children demons... ..

It was such a look.

Already, I could see the sprouts that would become a father. It looked like he was being swayed by the kids.

“Anyway, there are other good things. Archduke Athena will also come. I won't be able to stay long because of the farm, but... .. He said he would come to see me when the baby was born.”

“Thank you.”

The two walked again. But after a few steps, Iskanda stopped again. It was a very serious face.

"by the way... . . . .”

"what? What's so serious?"

“Suddenly I had this thought. What if our eldest is not a daughter?”

Hazel grinned.

“You worry about everything! it's okay. It will be fine.”

The two walked again. But he couldn't take a few steps and this time Hazel stopped.

“It is. Whether it's a daughter or a son, you have to know for yourself. What if the first is not a daughter?”

I was suddenly engulfed in anxiety. It must not be a daughter. It's not the scenery you've always dreamed of.

“It will be fine.”

This time, Iskanda comforted him.

“Our first child must be a daughter. Look, even the sky says so. Just as the sun is shining brightly, Emily must be a daughter.”

That was the moment.

Like a lie, the clouds covered the sky, and then suddenly raindrops began to pour. It was a summer shower. People who came out to play in the park screamed and fled.

Hazel and Iskanda could not escape.

Because it was so stupid.

I stood there and it was raining. It stopped again after a few minutes, but it was already wet.

The two looked at each other with bewildered faces.

Then he burst out laughing at the same time.

“It’s not bad that the boy’s name is Emily.”

"okay."

The two held hands. The water dripped and walked away.

Yes. Sometimes it can deviate. It may not work as you wish.

But if you have a bright heart that doesn't give in to any difficulties... ... In the end everything will be fine.

After one shower, the forest was clean. Bright, transparent sunlight shattered through the branches.

The two walked side by side through the dazzling sunlight.

Bonus Gaiden: Tiberius is also running away today A

sweet rose scent wafts from somewhere. There was also a soft harp sound.

“Sir Tiberius.”

The maid called in a soft voice.

“Tiberius, it is time to wake up.”

Tiberius slowly opened his eyes.

I saw a small room adorned with gold and ivory.

To be precise, it was a box. But what about this and that? The small box even had a private bathroom attached.

“Would you like to wash your face now? Or from the morning?”

the maid asked again.

This maid was quick-tempered. This time the maid was better. I went on vacation to give birth to a baby.

Tiberius jumped out of the box. I ate a lot of butter last night and didn't think about breakfast.

It was cumbersome to wash my face though. There is no official event today, do I have to wash my face? Can't you skip it?

That was when I was thinking about it.

“Tiberius!”

The door swung open.

was scolded

The owner with a very angry face came in.

“Did you come into the kitchen again yesterday and steal butter? Then you said yes or no? Are you still a knight? What kind of knight stole the farmer's butter!”

I ate little by little from several bowls without a trace. This method doesn't seem to work anymore. The owner's eyes were too sharp.

“If you keep eating like that, you'll get a stomach ache! Sophie, get this chick!”

“Yes, Empress!”

The maid quickly caught Tiberius. A maid with a quick temper is bad for this. The action is too fast.

“You must vomit now!”

The owner had an evil face and raised a spoon. The bottle he had had a foul odor of grass. And he is trying to force him to drink the bitter grass juice.

I can't win this time either.

Tiberius pulled himself out with all his might. As soon as it touched the floor, he quickly landed with a fall method. Before the handmaiden caught her again, she pulled her out.

"Oh! I missed it!"

"Tiberius!"

The owner screamed and ran. The hallway rumbled.

Can the Empress do this?

Tiberius fled with all his might. As the owner became more and more accustomed to the structure of the imperial palace, it was becoming increasingly difficult to escape.

But it was still fine. I'm not an expert on escaping otherwise.

He slid behind a large porcelain vase and hid. I took a breather there.

"Tiberius! This guy!"

The owner looked around for a moment and then ran in the wrong direction. The foul smell of grass gradually moved away and disappeared.

Phew.

Tiberius escaped from behind the pottery.

That was then.

"Are you submitting this as a grade now? Julien! Cicero! Richard! You said that you gained strength by carrying firewood to the farm?"

“It’s a thing of the past, and His Majesty said it was his job, so he couldn’t even come close... .”

“Where are the excuses!”

A loud noise was heard. Tiberius hastily hid himself again.

It's a mountain over a mountain.

After barely avoiding the owner, a vampire appeared this time. He is the most fearsome of the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness.

"for a moment! Where do you smell chicks?"

Besides, she had a very sharp sense of smell. Tiberius made his body flatter and hid.

But to no avail.

“I was here. Whoops... .”

The vampire quickly snatched up Tiberius with a creepy laugh. He seemed to have forgotten that he was scolding his subordinates.

“Last time, you dared scratch the back of my hand and run away? You must eat this cheeky chick!”

Lewis pretended to bite Tiberius's ass while heaving. This humiliation cannot be expressed in words. I am a knight too! A knight like you!

A huge shadow entered Tiberius's desperate eyes. Someone was approaching from behind Lewis.

Oh.

Julien and the boy knights bowed their heads in surprise. Siegwald signed to be quiet.

“It’s a very tasty chick. Why didn't I know it was so delicious?”

Lewis was so obsessed with tormenting Tiberius that he did not know who was approaching him. Siegwald came right up behind him and slapped his friend in the back.

"Ouch!"

“What are you doing?”

Siegwald rebuked his friend with a blunt face. Lewis lowered his tail at once.

“It looks so delicious, stop losing your temper... ..”

“Come on. It's not polite to knights.”

"huh... ..”

Lewis rubbed his mouth and held out the chick. Tiberius moved from the vampire's pointed and slender hands to the warbear's large, thick hands.

No, it worked. Can't you just let it go?

Tiberius looked up at Siegwald with trembling eyes.

Iza is the most perplexed of the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness. Because it has two faces.

He took Tiberius with him with a blunt face. His face changed suddenly when he came to the corner of the hallway where no one was there.

“TV, don’t be pitiful... .”

I put it on my two big hands and didn't know what to do.

TV! This big bear was the only one who called himself by such a ridiculous nickname.

In front of others, he is always polite by saying 'Sir Tiberius' with a hard face, but when there is no one around, he shows his true color.

"do not worry. 'Cause I'll chastise them. In that sense, can't you just give me a handful of fur? My brothers really want it.”

Unbelievable sound!

Tiberius prepared to flee again.

Then, another person appeared out of nowhere.

“What are you doing here?”

“... .”

Siegwald jumped up and hid Tiberius behind his back. Of course, his face was hardened.

“It was just there.”

"okay? Have you ever had Lewis before? I heard a very creepy voice. A voice that loves something like a little kitten... .."

"You heard it wrong."

"Hmm."

Cayenne looked around with sharp eyes.

Tiberius was nervous.

Yija is the most filthy of the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness. He had already fought several wars with himself. Of course, it paid off nicely each time.

"That chick put ashes on me!"

Even when the cat said so, no one believed it. It was really savory.

Hello!

Tiberius jumped out of the gap where Siegwald had hardened in front of his friend. As I was walking down the hallway, I found another person.

"Sir Tiberius!"

The high elf greeted me with a bright smile.

Iza is one of the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness... .. Well, it might not be right to put this good elf into the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness. No. The fact that he is close friends with the other three is enough to be a member of the Four Heavenly Kings.

"Where are you so busy going? Are you running away from my friends again?"

Lorendel spoke kindly and lifted Tiberius up and put it on his shoulder.

This high elf was an excellent means of transportation that appeared periodically in the main building. Imperial Palace or Farm. It was like a round-trip train traveling in only two directions. Tiberius sat comfortably on his shoulder and headed to the Emperor's office.

“I brought one of Your Majesty's knights as they were lost and wandering.”

Lorendel set Tiberius down on the desk in the office.

"AHA."

Iskanda just looked at the paperwork. I said it went well, and I asked Lorendel a few things. Lorendel answered sincerely and left.

bang.

As soon as the door closed, Iskanda lifted her head.

The male owner was a type similar to that of a bear if we had to classify it. He rolled his eyes and looked to the left. And I looked to the right. Finally, I looked back while pretending to be stretching. After confirming that there was really no one there, he secretly opened the drawer and took out a small knife.

“Sir Tiberius! Let's duel!”

Phew... . . . okay. How hard is the emperor's job?

Tiberius played with him a little.

But not long after, the office door swung open. Tiberius quickly hid behind a large inkwell.

“Is! Have you seen Tiberius? Well, I stole a lot of butter last night. I have to vomit quickly.”

"Ah... . . . ."

The male owner frowned for a moment.

The owner once tried to feed her husband, the emperor, the strange grass juice. A painful light flashed in the male owner's eyes for a moment.

However... . . . .

“Let me eat quickly.”

He grabbed Tiberius and held it out.

This traitor!

He loved his wife so much that he could not lie. He used his special move to compress the flesh of his butt and managed to escape.

Today is a really blue day. I'll have to find a place to rest.

Tiberius left the Imperial Palace on the way. He crossed the mountain, crossed the water, and hid into the imperial stable.

People know that Tiberius is afraid of horses. So the stables do not follow well. I don't know how long that will work though... . . . .

Bitter grass juice glistened in front of my eyes. At this rate, you may have to swallow it sooner or later. It was such a terrible thing.

Shouldn't you have eaten butter?

But the farm butter was such a wonderful golden color. And there was an irresistible stench.

I didn't do anything wrong. Butter is bad.

Tiberius slowly closed his eyes in the corner.

The owners are so Will it disappear like this?

It's also a good idea to go back to God's side. So how refreshing will it be?

A smirk appeared on Tiberius's lips.

However... . . . .

“Tiberius! Tiberius!”

The face of the owner, who was crying while hugging him who had cooled down, appeared in front of his eyes.

“Tiberius!”

The male owner's face was also covered in tears.

“Sir Tiberius. He was our good friend.”

Even the Four Heavenly Kings of Darkness shed heavy tears and mourned. Everyone was grieving... . . . .

“ . . . . . ”

Tiberius opened his eyes. A small sigh leaked through his beak.

When the owner is about to feed grass juice, when he finds a place where his hair is tangled, when he chases after him with a towel saying he needs to wipe his buttocks... . . . .  
At that time, I felt the urge to leave this place forever.

But... . . . .

“Tiberius! You're the one!”

“Without you, we would have died.”

I remembered that day. The day I bravely saved the two masters with my small body. A day when everyone praised Tiberius.

“Because I can't do it without me.”

"right. right."

Ras Alghetti nodded.

“Don't think about leaving. Humans cannot do without us.”

“Don't say 'we' in a subtle way.”

Tiberius pointed out.

After resting for a while, I felt refreshed.

By now, the owner would have forgotten everything. I'll go back to my room and get the maid's massage, stretch my legs out, and enjoy the scent of roses.

Tiberius got up busily.

That was then.

“Tiberius! You are here!”

The stable door swung open. I saw the two masters standing tall in the back light.

OMG!

At that moment, everything flew out of Tiberius's head.

No!

The chick fled with all its might on its two short legs.

The completion 『Marronnier Farm next to the Imperial Palace』

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Author: Jeongyeon

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