--You let Varus attack first

As Varus gets up to his feet, you smirk at him and wave him closer. He glares at you. You motion for him to get closer. To make the first move.

“Com’on, I’m wide open,” you taunt.

Annoyed by your confidence, he dives in towards you. You smile. That’s just what you wanted. You step off to the side again, and smack his leg with the blunt of your sword. That’s three.

“Good match, Varus,” you offer a hand.

He spits at you, and smacks your hand away.

“Ouch, someone’s a sore loser, right?”

You smile quickly at Narrator’s comments.

The bell rings signalling the end of the match. You look up at the judges and catch Zillia’s eye. She nods at you. You grin back at her. How’s that for potential?

“Careful, that was just your first round,” Narrator warns.

“Don’t worry, I’m pretty sure I got this in the bag,”

“Ha, after seeing you fight, I don’t deny it. Good luck,”

You saunter off to board to find out your next victim.

Captain Westerfield stands before all of the gathered recruits. It’s time to announce the winners. After all of your matches, you know you in first place. Only a matter of time when he calls your name.

Captain Westerfield sighs and calls out your name for first place.

“I’m sorry, what was that Captain? Who was in first place again?” you ask.

“You are,”

“I’m sorry, I’m not sure there is a Yuu in the group. Say that again.”

Captain Westerfield stares coldly at you and reannounces in a louder voice that you are the winner.

You grin back at him. “Thanks, Captain.”

Zillia and Sir Julian stifled a laugh. The Captain rolls his eyes and dismisses everyone. He stalks off back to his quarters.

Zillia and Sir Julian approach you.

“Nice fighting, kid,” Sir Julian smacks you on the back. “Zillia was right, you do have potential in you. You would make a good commanding officer one day,”

Zillia laughs. “And you doubted me, Julian,”

“Awe, come on, don’t be like that,”

“I don’t knnoooww. Maybe it’ll take a few rounds of drinks to forgive you,”

“Sounds like someone wants a few rounds of honey mead at Bubbly Maiden! They’ll be on me, tonight. Oh lovely General Zillia,”

Zillia playfully punches Sir Julian in the arm. You couldn’t help but to let out a loud laugh. The three of you begin walking towards the castle gates.

“Hey kid, you fight well. What do you say about training under me for a bit?” asks Sir Julian.

You stop in your tracks. “What? Really?”

“Yeah. A fighter like you need to be properly trained. And with a master like me, you’ll definitely get the training you need to become the best,”

“Yes, that’ll be nice, Sir Julian,”

“Great, we start tomorrow. Meet me in the courtyard, at the seventh hour,”

“Understood,”

You collapse into your bed. Your head is feeling heavy from all of the mead. Training under Sir Julian, wow.

“It’s good to see you doing well. Zillia and Julian seem like good people,” Narrator says in your mind.

“Yeah they are,” you reply mentally.

“That means I won’t feel so bad about leaving you,”

“What? You’re leaving?”

“Yup. Someone else has awoken, and I need to go there to greet them,”

“Ahh. Duty calls, right?”

“I’m going to miss you. You were one of my favourite person to follow so far,”

You laugh. “I bet you say that to everyone,”

“Nope, not everyone. Anyways, it’s time for me to go. Goodbye,”

“Bye Narrator. I’m going to miss having your voice in my mind,”

Narrator laughs. It fades quickly as she leaves your mind. Your mind feels lighter without Narrator occupying a small portion of it. You smile, and mentally wish Narrator the best of luck on her journey. Not that she can hear you, of course. Time to get some sleep. Tomorrow will be another day filled with exciting things.

**--You won the tournament, got the Captain to acknowledge your skill, and decided to train under Sir Julian. Whatever happens now is up to you.**

**Restart?**