

Earth's Greatest Magus

Chapter 3: The Lioness

3 The Lioness

The Lioness' estate had high wooden spiked walls placed in a circle to protect the elevated stone castle in the middle, a lot of commoners were moving around, entering and exiting the outside of the wall, guards were patrolling everywhere, the market's atmosphere seemed so bright and lively, unlike his family's estate.

They soon arrived at the house of the Lioness', which even had more grandeur because of today's event. Its high walls displayed a red cloth, accented with gold-colored linings and an image of a lion's head in the middle.

The moment the father and son dismounted from their horses, a condescending voice called their attention.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the Ambroses," said a bearded fat man wearing a luxurious coat.

"Good evening, Fantumar,???" replied Geoffrey with a slight bow.

Emery was still dazed at the banner of the castle and the prospect to meet the princess that he failed to properly greet the noble in front of him.

Fantumar clicked his tongue seeing such disrespect and said, "A boy with no manners. You should teach him better, Ambrose."

"Yes. Forgive me. I will," Geoffrey said.

Behind Fantumar was another large boy that appeared to be the same age as Emery and a head taller.

"He's smelly too, father," said the pig boy, pinching his nose.

"Don't worry yourself with such a lowborn, Abe," said Fantumar. "Let's go, my son, before their smell sticks with us."

Abe then smirked and issued a proud look before walking away with his father.

Emery feigned indifference as he stared at the pig nobles, behind him however, he had his fist clenched the whole time. He and his father were being insulted but he couldn't do anything since his father had always reminded him not to make any trouble in front of such a noble. After all, the Fantumar Nobility was the second highest ranking

noble in the kingdom next to the king's family and was also the right hand of the king. Their statuses were worlds apart even if both families were nobility. Emery was smart enough to understand this.

It didn't take too long for the other families to arrive, some rode horses but some also in their carriages at the castle's front gate. Soon, they entered the castle one by one.

The hallway was large and had a lot of hanging decorations from varying colors of cloth. The walls had a lot of trophies, swords and shields, bows, spears, etc, showing how the king loved to hunt. In the middle of the room, a large table had been set and a feast of milk, mutton, bread, cheese, soup, vegetable, ales, etc. Music from the trumpets and cymbals filled the whole palace while the curvaceous dancers entertained the guests mingling with each other.

All the nobles stopped what they were doing and turned to the person who shouted.

"All hail his Royal Majesty, The First of His Name, The Fearsome Hunter, His Eminence, Richard the Lioness and his daughter, The First of Her Name, Princess Gwenneth!"

The guest's looked up on the main hall's grand stairs. Then, the king appeared wearing a coat filled with fur on its neck. The crown on his head showed an insignia of a standing lion. His amazing presence, however, was overshadowed by the beautiful girl descending beside him.

Her silky golden hair bounced like a golden waterfall in the air while the emerald circlet highlighted her beautiful unblemished cheeks, tiny nose and lips. The tight green dress she wore flowed smoothly from her chest down to the floor, displaying to the fullest her wonderful figure.

Emery stood in awe with his mouth agape, staring at the beautiful princess. Then he realized the Princess's gaze fell on him. She sweetly smiled at him briefly before looking down, watching her steps on the stairs. Emery's heart skipped. He looked to his left, right, behind, and below with a confused look but no one was there other than his father. Did she just smile at him? Emery couldn't help but scratch his head while feeling his face hot.

The atmosphere became rowdy as the people raised their mugs and cheered for the princess' coming of age ceremony. The feast began; the lively music reverberated around the great hall as the king took a seat on his throne.

Princess Gwenneth stood beside the king and the nobles started to form a line to greet the king and his daughter. The line was in accordance with the ranking of the nobles, therefore, the Ambrose was the last to greet the king and the princess.

All the nobles before the Ambrose presented expensive gifts. Jewels, necklace, circlets, etc. Especially the Fantumar, when the son, Abe, presented a chest full of gold and silver. The other nobles gasped on how precious the gift was. Unfortunately, the gifts presented to the princess seemed to have not moved her. That was until it was the Ambroses' turn.

Emery and Geoffrey bowed before the king and the princess. Emery glanced at the princess and her eyes seemed to have lit up. He stepped forward and grabbed the pouch dangling in front of him but stopped.

Geoffrey noticed his son's hesitation and said, "We apologize that we are unable to provide a gift this time, our Royal Majesty and Royal Princess. We have had a tough year and thus do not have any worthy to bring out for Your Royal Presences."

"Pfft, such poor excuse and disgrace," commented Fantumar.

"It is fine, Fantumar," said Richard. He raised his hand and added, "You are forgiven, rise and enjoy my daughter's special day. We are here, after all, to celebrate my daughter's 16th birthday."

"All praise be to you, my king," said Geoffrey, bowing once more before leaving with Emery.

The two made their way to the long table and sat in the furthest corner. His father of course came as a respect to the king. In fact, it wasn't long ago that his father had once been a trusted confidant of the king. But it was a past that his father didn't wish to discuss.

The feast began and everyone enjoyed the meals presented by the king. Princess Gwen broke off from her father and decided to greet the nobles one by one.

She went by the order of the rankings of the nobles, of course, it was still up to her whether she would decide on greeting that family or not.

Emery began eating his meal with a sullen face. He wanted to give what he had worked on for months, but when he had seen what the others had to offer, he had become embarrassed of what he was about to present. A wooden figurine of the princess, what a laughable gift.

He looked up and found the princess mingling with the other guests. But again, Emery noticed she stole a glance toward his direction. Then finally, she seemed to have

cut off her conversation with the other nobility and walked toward where he and his father were seated.

Emery's heart began to pound as the beautiful girl made her way with her handmaiden behind. But from a corner, a pig appeared with his entourage and blocked her way.

"Good evening, lovely princess," Abe said. He bowed with his fat belly twisting and added, "If I may say, your beauty is as wonderful as the stars that shine through the darkness of the night."

"Abe, how can I help you?" said Gwen, ignoring the boy's remark.

Emery grunted in his heart when this boy appeared. He seemed to have noticed but wasn't sure because of his dislike of the boy, but it felt like the princess' smile and mood turned sour.