

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 91 – Lessons on Defensive Sorcery (2)

Ruth's previous remark that there was a mountain of work to finish was no exaggeration.

Max opened her mouth as she stared at the library that had now become a mess in barely more than two days. Precious ancient texts were strewn about carelessly on top of one another; the desk was crowded with stacks of clutter and parchments. Even on the floor, there was a cloth large enough to seem like a blanket. It looked as if a war had taken place there.

She lowered her head to look down at the cloth.

There were drawings of detailed, complex patterns covering every corner. It must have taken at least five bottles of ink to cover those areas. Max stared at empty bottles of ink as it rolled by their feet and sighed.

"For what re-reason did you leave the to-tower and come to the li-library...?" She asked, looking at the mess Ruth created in the library.

"My tower doesn't have much space to work. Even with that, Lord Calypse threatened to take it away if I don't complete these magical equipment defenses within a week." Ruth reasoned out.

Max squinted her eyes and recalled the enormous tower within the castle's back garden.

What in the world could cause for there to be no space left? That tower was enormous. Could Ruth also not have a place to sleep, so did it also mean he has slept on the library floors for some time now?

There is no way that's true...right? Max told herself.

She could not tell if Ruth was displeased or not with his current living arrangements as he put down the apple's core on one side of the desk and pulled out a chair.

Max begrudgingly pulled out the opposite chair and sat on it. It seemed like he did not mind living in that mess.

"The task I'm giving you, madam, is simple. I would like you to use these tools to re-draw the shapes that are drawn here in detail. I will let you know how to use it. It will be easy to use once you know how to calculate." Ruth told her. He then laid out six flat wooden boards of various shapes before her.

Max clasped those pieces and looked down at the dreadfully complicated figures on the parchment. There were many similar drawings of figures and those were stacked on top of the desk.

“Why are there so ma-many of these?” Max asked Ruth.

“This is the design of the magical equipment.” Ruth replied.

“Ma-magical e-equipment...it’s this a-absurdly huge thing?” Max exclaimed as she pointed at those parchments with varying symbols.

“It depends on the type you need it for, but the magical item I’m trying to produce is about the size of the pumpkin. These designs are the magical blueprints that go into the equipment. This complex and extensive sorcery involves elaborate layers upon layers overlapping and being placed inside a material with magical power to become a magical tool.” Ruth explained to her.

””” ”

“So-sorcery...?” Max asked again as she looked closely at the figure with a curious glance.

Circles, triangles, squares, and spirals were intertwined intricately over yellow parchment. She realized when Ruth requested her help that the task of producing magical tools must have required some intricate calculations, but it seemed that the forms he needed were more elaborate than she thought.

“The balance of magical power flowing within the natural world...in other words, mana. Now, assuming the amount of mana is 10, shall this device amplify the mana by 100 or, maybe, 1000? All magic consists of this formula. The capability of the wizard is determined by how efficiently he or she can amplify mana to create the desired outcome.” Ruth explained.

Max tilted her head at his placid answer, she was still confused.

“But...wi-wizards can just use ma-magic right a-away and don’t have to draw pi-pictures like this, do they? Ruth, you have also per-performed ma-magic by only re-reciting spells...” Max reasoned out, and Ruth gave her a sigh.

“To some degree, magic can be done as many times as we like by drawing the formula in the mind and memorizing the starter. But that is limited to general magic that is quite simple. High-level spells take hours of preparation.”

“Then, what you are ma-making now...must be great, high-le-level ma-magic.” Max exclaimed and the wizard looked down at the pile of parchment before him before giving her a smile and nodded.

“The Noum Shield is a defense sorcery of earthly properties. Like the previous time, if an intruder tries an offensive spell, the shield senses the mana and creates a powerful barrier with a roughly 20 Kvets radius (approximately 6 meters). If we could instill the spell within the magical equipment and place it in front of the castle gate, we would be able to withstand many of the previous fire-based attacks.” Ruth added and Max stared at the parchments in amazement.

“That’s...re-reassuring.”

Max suddenly felt her interest surge.

She had previously only seen healing magic done by priests and defense magic used by Ruth. But she had never encountered this type of magic before. She had heard the remarkable feats of wizards written down in stories, but had never known the methods that they used to be capable of performing such tasks.

“This...if you can com-complete the dra-drawing of this spell, can you do ma-magic?” Max asked Ruth earnestly.

“If you do not understand the underlying principles, even if you were to draw them one hundred times, it would be of no use. We must be able to control the mana. Magic is not about creating something from nothing. It is a technique for changing form: transforming something that already exists in this world into another. Spells will never work unless a certain amount of mana is injected.” Ruth told her

“But...e-even or-ordinary pe-people who don’t know how to ha-handle ma-mana can use ma-magical tools, you know?” Max pointed out.

“That’s because of this holy stone.” Ruth exclaimed and showed her the stone.

[◀ Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter ▶](#)

[Share With Friends](#)

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

[Rate this Chapter](#)

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 92 – Unexpected Request (1)

Ruth scavenged through the messy wooden desk, casting the books and papers aside until he finally found the stone emitting a red light and showed it to Max.

“It’s a stone with a certain amount of magic. If you put this stone inside the magic tools, even people without magic can operate and harness the magical properties and use it as much as possible. It’s like the fuel for magic tools.” Ruth told Max as he gave her the stone to observe it.

Max held the palm-sized gemstone in her hands and looked into it closely. It was mysteriously red and glassy as if she was staring into water. It felt strange to her touch.

Max’ heart pounded in a way she had never felt before. It was like she was seeing a glimpse of another mysterious world.

“Come on, if you have satisfied your curiosity, shall we start working now?” Ruth asked Max, his voice effectively pulled her out of her mild trance.

“If we don’t hurry, I will be taken away from the tower by Lord Calypse.” Ruth added sarcastically and Max gave him a nod.

Ruth pushed the book into one place to create more space for them to work with while she laid the stone down on the table and listened carefully to his explanation as Ruth gave her further instructions.

The wizard explained step by step how to draw the complex and difficult shapes to make it easier for her to do her tasks.

Max immediately began to understand what she had to do in order to help Ruth. She studied and learned how to calculate from him, and so she was able to get used to the work at an unexpected quick pace.

She added and subtracted the numbers step by step, and took the ruler and traced the complex shapes and drew them into their correct sizes and shapes, as she was instructed. Even though it was an incredibly complicated task for her, she never felt bored doing it, it surprisingly even seemed fun.

Ruth, who had been silently writing ancient words on parchment for a long time, raised his eyebrows astonished at the amount of work she had finished.

“Your hands are faster than I thought. There’s not much of a mistake in your work.” Ruth praised Max, and she squinted her eyes to discern whether the remark was a compliment or not.

“I can do this kind of work, too.” Max said in defense and Ruth nodded at her.

“I didn’t doubt that. I meant you were better than I thought.” Ruth explained to her.

However, despite his reassuring words, Max knew the wizard was making fun of her, and demeaning her abilities as if it was a given that she was ignorant and incapable of the simplest task. Max didn't feel complimented by him, she knew him too well.

Regardless of what he truly thought of her, Max could not care less. She was already relieved that she wasn't likely to suffer from his nagging of her now that she has proven herself useful to him.

"I'm re-relieved to hear it's he-helpful." Max told the wizard before turning to focus back on her work.

"" "

With a faint smile to herself, Max continued to organize the piles of parchment. After some time, she felt the heat from the windows. She looked towards the source and saw it was already late into the afternoon.

How long have they been working in the library? Max asked herself this as she felt her fingers which were holding the quill pen began aching.

Just as she thought of this, the doors to the library burst open.

Due to this sudden disturbance, Max stopped what she was doing and turned her head towards the doorway. Her eyes widened when she saw Riftan in a black tunic and leather dark brown pants walking deeper into the library and heading towards her.

She found herself wondering of where Riftan could have been and what he was doing all throughout the day at the sight of his casual attire. The fact that he did not wear any armor on his clothes meant that he had no plans to go out of the castle.

Max found herself standing instinctively to greet him. As she stood up from her seat with a welcome smile, his cold voice pierced her eardrum sharply.

"The servants have been here since early morning. What the hell are you doing?"

Max looked perplexed at the displeasure on his face; she did not know why he sounded so upset.

Riftan began to pace the room and stopped in front of the table and glanced at the piles of parchment and books scattered around her.

"What the hell are all these things?" Riftan asked her sharply and Max slightly winced at his tone.

"As you can see, we were making the magic tools as Lord Calypse asked." Ruth answered Riftan.

The wizard seemed unconcerned by the domineering attitude of Riftan, the latter's eyebrows curled fiercely up at the reply.

"Why should my wife be where you make magic tools?" Riftan asked Ruth. It seemed he was trying hard to control his temper in front of the Wizard.

"I asked Madam for help. As I have told you many times, I am pressed for time and could not do it all by myself." Ruth reasoned out.

Ruth's harsh tone made Riftan's lips curl up in a scowl. He turned over the desk and snarled threateningly at the wizard.

"I ask you to do some cleaning, how dare you think of using my wife to help you?" Riftan looked like he was ready to kill Ruth on the spot for disrespecting his wife and Max felt a slight panic rise in her chest.

"I didn't ask you for help because I thought she'd be distracted. She's the only one who's good at shapes and knows how to read and write, so I asked her for help. I can't get help from the knights." Ruth replied. The wizard did not seem to think what he did was wrong.

"So, you think it's all right to seek help from the Lord's wife!" Riftan raised his voice louder and his eyes grew even more murderous.

Max quickly made her move towards him and stood between them..

"Ri-riftan.. I am o-okay." She told him gently.

Riftan cast a fierce look.

Her shoulders trembled at the threatening attitude he seemed to be wearing but she couldn't leave Ruth who helped her in many ways, so Max tried to keep Riftan calm.

"It's not that di-difficult...most of all, it's for the sa-safety of A-anatol. I don't want the same thing to ha-happen..."Max began explaining but before she could finish Riftan spoke again.

"Of course, I'll never let that happen again." Riftan this time spoke to her in a more softer tone. But his face still looked rigid and he seemed reluctant to let this incident pass.

[◀Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter▶](#)

[Share With Friends](#)

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

Rate this Chapter

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 93 – Unexpected Request (2)

“But you shouldn’t take the risk to be in danger yourself.” Riftan told Max.

“Oh, my God! Where the hell is this place full of danger? Because you’re afraid your wife might be stabbed to death with a quill pen?” Ruth told Riftan, his cold sarcasm was clearly apparent.

“You often cause explosions and fires! Why are you doing this here when you have the tower in the first place? What if this room will be caught in fire too!” Riftan snapped back.

“What we’re making now is a defensive magic tool. There’s no chance of an explosion or a fire! I could swear it on my ancestors. Even if there’s a problem, at best, the library will be safe.” Ruth steadily replied.

Riftan twisted his lips at distrust at Ruth’s words.

The fact that there was no more reason Riftan could give to oppose the wizard seemed to have fueled his irritation.

Looking around them, Max carefully pulled the hem of Riftan’s clothes away from the front of the desk.

She knew well when to recognize two hunting dogs fighting, she had to keep them apart first.

“Don’t be a-angry... Ruth... says it’s safe.” Max told Riftan aiming to ease out his irritation.

“I’m not angry,” Riftan whispered back to her and finally gave her a sigh as if admitting that he had lost. “I’m just worried.”

“Okay. If you really want to help, help him. But not too much. And Ruth, never think of getting her into a dangerous experiment or you will answer to me.” Riftan gave Ruth a meaningful warning as he glared at the wizard.

“What the hell do you think of me?” Ruth answered back in disbelief.

“Anyway, that’s enough for today. I’ll take her with me, so work hard on your own.” Riftan announced and led her toward the door. Ruth rose urgently from his seat as if surprised by Riftan’s abrupt actions.

Suddenly, Max felt a tug on her arm and noticed that Riftan had pulled her arm towards him. It was strange that she didn’t feel scared when such a big man was dragging her away in a state of anger.

She used to be so scared when he frowned at her. Now she wonders how her perception of him has changed. She felt anxious of course by seeing the surge of displeasure painted on his face, but she also felt at ease knowing that he won’t harm her.

“W-where are you going, and without your armor?” Max asked Riftan as they were retreating away from the library.

“I’m taking a day off. I should have some time to refresh myself.” Riftan answered back, stopping on his tracks.

””” ”

Max opened her eyes wide at the unexpected remark from her husband. She sensed that Ruth seemed surprised, too. It was very rare for Riftan Calypse to declare that he would rest.

“W-what are you going to do about the disposal of the intruders?” Max asked again.

“I’ve already sent a messenger of Libadon. I’ll release the prisoners as soon as the compensation arrives. Until then, don’t let them die in a dungeon.”

“What if Libadon says they won’t send any compensation?” Ruth suddenly asked.

“That’s when I will cut their throat...” Riftan answered. He uttered those hideous words casually as he looked at Max’s face.

Then, he waved his hand at Ruth silently if prodding him to speak some more but Ruth did not say a word.

“At that time I’ll go and fix it.” Riftan declared.

“All right. You’ve had a hard time for a while, so take your time today or so.” Ruth finally said.

Riftan snapped back. “Thank you very much.”

Riftan then led Max to the entrance. Meanwhile, Max gave Ruth a nod over her shoulders and followed Riftan out of the library where bright sunlight was already blazing through the windows in the hallway.

Riftan glanced out of the newly changed windows and then looked back at Max with his eyes shining.

“You’ll have to fully dress to go out. It’s sunny, but the wind is quite cold.” He told her.

“W-where are we go-going?” Max asked.

Riftan began to beam with excitement. “You’ve got your own horse now. You’ll ride on it before it gets colder. I’ll show you a good place to ride.”

Max opened her mouth and stared at him blankly. She was surprised and pleased that he was trying to spend time with her outside their bedroom.

“A-are you not t-tired? Would you’d r-rather take a r-rest in the ro-room..” Max began to protest but was cut off.

“I’m not an old man, Maxi. I’m not that frail to be always needing some bed rest. If I had to spend some time in the bedroom....” Riftan did not continue what he was going to say.

Max held her breath in seeing the heat that was glimmering in Riftan’s black pupils. At a glance she sensed what the intense gaze he had given her meant. His face glowed as if it had been caught in fire in a flash.

He smiled lightly as he hugged her, his head bowed down towards her fluidly.

“It’s very tempting, but I’m going out into the fields today. I’d like to take you and stroll through my land.” He told her instead.

They stopped by their room to change into some riding apparel, and Max then followed Riftan into the stable.

With the help of the stableman, Riftan took out the beautiful white steed that had become her own since yesterday. Max’s horse was followed by Riftan’s own giant warhorse. On her way to Anatol, she at once recognized that the horse was carried by Riftan.

Riftan stroked the horse’s neck with an affectionate touch.

“You’ve been on this one, haven’t you? It’s Talon. It’s perfect except for its nasty temper.” He told Max.

Max inquisitively asked, "Do you like that horse?"

"I like it. My dream was to have my own horse ever since I was ten. And this is the best horse I've ever had."

When Riftan rubbed his face against Talon's nose, a sudden sharp jealousy shot up inside of Max.

Max was embarrassed by herself and turned away. According to the teachings of the Church, nothing was as ugly as a jealous woman. But now she was envious of a mere animal, not of any other woman.

"Did you give this horse a name?" Riftan asked her, as he came closer towards her back.

Trying to get her feelings together. She hurriedly straightened her face and shook her head.

"N-not yet." She answered.

"Well, you have to make one. You have to call its name often for it to be able to follow you nicely," Riftan informed her.

"W-what name w-would you like?"

"It's your horse, so you have to name it."

After much thought, Max spat out a word that came to her mind.

"Re-rem...."

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 94 – A Veiled Past (1)

Riftan chuckled, running a hand across his locks. "My wife lacks imagination. Just because it's white, it's Rem?"

"Re... The name Rem... Hey," Max faintly flushed as she defended her choice, "I like it."

She didn't bother to mention that he was named after the knights he led. A moment later, the horseman saddled her on the steed's back, and she sat on Rem's back with Riftan's help. She wasn't accustomed to horseback riding yet, so her body instinctively stiffened at her feet far from the earth. She strained her arms, clutching the reins tightly. On the other hand, he was a natural.

“You don’t ride a horse often, do you?”

He spoke conclusively, glancing at her clumsy posture. Though embarrassed, Max nodded her head timidly.

“I di-idn’t ride a ho-horse that o-often. I didn’t ha-have much wo-work to do. Well, I’ve a-always been in-in-side Croix Ca-Castle.”

“I know that. It’s quite a famous story. The first daughter of the Duke of Croix was weak and extremely delicate, so she was reluctant to appear before the public.”

Max had an anxious look at the strangeness of his voice.

“Well, I-I didn’t know tha-that rumor was go-going around.”

“The Duke of Croix is one of the ten most influential people in the West. It’s perfectly natural for people to be interested in his daughter. Besides, you didn’t show up on the outside at all unlike your sister, did you? No wonder you piqued the people’s interest. There was even a knight who sneaked into the Croix Castle because he couldn’t overcome his curiosity about you.”

It was the first time she heard such a thing. Max immediately dodged his curious gaze. What did Riftan think of her after hearing the rumor? Would he have imagined a lady with a weak body, as delicate as jewels? She was obviously short and thin, but she didn’t have any charm. It was true that she was frail and timid, but she also knew that her personality wasn’t so lovely. She snapped out of her thoughts, speaking in a bright tone to hide her feelings of inferiority.

“We-well, the knight mu-must have been di-disappointed.”

“Why?”

Riftan, who was dragging his horse slowly towards the rear gate, looked back at her and frowned. With a tight grip on the reins, Max replied with a blank look.

“Oh, only be-because he went through lengths, only to see... she-she was an ordinary wo-woman.” The tip of her ears flushed red as she spoke.

She believed her appearance was plain, but she didn’t want to be so demeaning in front of her husband. Even pretending to be an ordinary beauty felt like a shameless remark.

“I don’t think so. You’re lovely enough.”

”””’ ”

As he slowed the horse down, he approached her. Max thought he was overreaching, and only laughed awkwardly.

“Oh, do-don’t do that. Tha-thank you for telling me.”

Then he frowned as if he was dissatisfied.

“I’m an honest fellow. If you had a disappointing appearance, I wouldn’t have reacted so enthusiastically in the bedroom. Have you forgotten that I let you sleep well last night?”

Max was literally crimson red from head to toe. Her lips were frozen, wondering what to answer. Riftan lifted himself off the horse and grabbed her chin, staring into her orbs intently, which made her heart thump loudly.

“I guess it was stupid to ask you to do horseback riding. Would you like to go to the bedroom now?”

She shook her head stiff enough to produce a creaking sound. He made a vague expression, which was hard to tell whether he was smiling or frowning, and immediately stood up straight.

“Then hurry up. We can’t stay here any longer if we want to leave the castle.”

Max soothed her pounding heart and managed to chase after him.

They walked silently along the narrow forest path behind the gate. The world was still as if it had fallen into a deep sleep. All she could hear was the sound of branches swaying in the wind, the rustling of fallen leaves, and the cries of birds from the distant sky.

Max stared blankly at the image of the Riftan in a peaceful silence. He moved naturally and gracefully, as if he was one with a horse. On the other hand, Max leaned back and held the reins like a lifeline so as not to fall off Rem’s back. Riftan, who turned his head to make sure she was following well, smiled bitterly at the sight.

“I didn’t realize my wife was such a terrible rider.”

The jeers from the front heated her cheeks.

“I to-told you... yo-you insisted I ride with yo-you,” she replied back a bit defensively.

Riftan chuckled, then instructed her. “Try to relax your shoulders. When you’re nervous, the horse can feel you jittery too.”

Max breathed out long, attempting to relax her shoulders. However, every time the horse moved, her hips jolted up and down, causing her to lose her posture. Riftan, who

was observing the scene closely, brought his horse closer and advised her with a serious face.

“You relax your upper body and tighten your thighs matching the movement of the horse. Like when you sat on my lap...”

◀ Previous Chapter

Next Chapter ▶

Share With Friends

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

Rate this Chapter

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 95 – A Veiled Past (2)

“Ri-riftan!” She cut him off with a surprised exclaim.

“Hey, yo-you, you – the horse, you can’t be vulgar!”

“What’s the matter?” Riftan laughed cheekily, “There’s nobody here.”

“Well, still... it’s not appropriate!”

At the sight of her blushing face, Riftan merely chuckled before bursting into unrestrained laughter.

“Oh, I don’t know what you’re so ashamed of. On the bed, that’s how you-”

“Ri-Riftan!”

Max raised her arm to shut his mouth. But before she could reach him, she began to lose her balance, almost falling down from the horse. Riftan quickly stretched out his strong arms to help her regain her posture.

“All right, all right. Calm down,” he cajoled her, the corners of his lips twitching at the repressed laughter.

The most up-to-date novels are published on [novelpub\[.\]com](http://novelpub[.]com)

Max replied with an indignant stare at his shameless actions. But Riftan merely grinned and leaned down to press a chaste kiss on her forehead, making her almost stumble a second time from her horse. Riftan finally bursted into laughter as he grabbed her back again.

“This... I might have to teach you how to properly sit on a horse again.”

“Just go on a-ahead... I wo-would be able to ride be-better.”

His smile deepened at her sullen words. Despite Max trying to maintain a dignified attitude in front of him, she found it difficult to remain angry at a playful Riftan – a sight that was rare for her to see. And the truth was, every time she heard Riftan’s carefree laughter, her heart erratically pounded against her chest. Together with her flushed cheeks, she found even breathing a laborious task.

“All right. I’ll check if you’re right.”

Riftan teasingly accepted it and drove his horse forward. He had perfect control over the horse, as if the mane’s vigorous strength was akin to his long, muscular legs. All throughout the ride, Max noticed that he was keeping up a manageable pace to make it easier for her to catch up to him.

On their way back to Anatol, they grazed the meadows like a gentle, passing wind. This trifling consideration warmed her heart for no one had ever cared about her as such. The man before her seemed genuine seeing her as a lovely lady and a satisfying wife.

””” ”

“You don’t really enjoy riding horses, but do you like animals?”

Riftan suddenly threw a question out of the blue. Max blinked her eyes at him owlshly.

“I-I like them. Ho-how did you know?”

“There was a time I saw you sitting in the garden when I visited Croix Castle. You were petting a cat on your lap.”

Max was stunned. Never had she thought anyone would have been observing her. She was pondering the time when Rifan saw her when the latter continued to speak in a calm tone.

“It seemed to be having a good time rolling around. It was a gentle and peaceful sight, so I can still remember it even to this time.”

“Oh, maybe... It was the stray cat tha-that had been raised in the ki-kitchen to hunt rats. Bu-but it's hunting skills were po-poor, so he wasn't fe-fed much. I-I used to feed them secretly.”

“So as thanks he would do all sorts of tricks on your lap.”

A thoughtful look settled on his face as he glanced over his shoulders.

“And what else do you like?”

When she asked him for the barrage of questions, Riftan smiled bitterly, “As I said before, everything about you is mysterious. You rarely talk about yourself.” There was a pause, before he spoke in a soft tone, “Why are you so reluctant to reveal things about yourself?”

The question made Max's heart plummet down. It only occurred to her that he had been asking questions because he truly was ignorant of who she is. Was he able to ask such things because she looked like a lady who had no problems to him?

Max was suddenly struck with confusion. Her father's contemptuous attitude towards her and this man's treatment of her were so vastly different that she didn't understand how to proceed with the situation.

“Re-revealing... I-I have never been reluctant.”

“All right...” He then launched into another series of questions, “Then tell me what you like, what you hate, what you think about.”

Max suddenly felt grumpy.

“Yo-you don't even tell me fi-first. E-even to everyone, you... are not talkative.”

“At least I speak more than you do.” A frown etched across his forehead as he tried to remember he and Max's conversations with other people.

Ultimately, he shrugged and said, “Well, all right. Try to show yourself more,” he acceded. “As for me, I like horses, alcohol, and greasy food... Actually, I like anything that fills my stomach and stings my tongue.”

He continued to list as he moved the dropping branches that blocked their way.

“What else is there... Gold and jewels, honor, powerful weapons... The normal – I like what most men like.”

Max shifted the horse's gait as she thought of a query, “Wha-what do you hate?”

“Lies,” he answered back without hesitation. “And the incompetent. I’ve seen too many proud people who are undeserving. And more humans cheating on other people. I’m sick of them.”

Max felt her heart sink. Even though it wasn’t meant for her, her whole body froze in trepidation.

◀ Previous Chapter
Next Chapter ▶
Share With Friends

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

Rate this Chapter

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 96 – Your Likes and Dislikes (1)

“Well then, what about you?” Riftan questioned lightly, without noticing her distress.

Max quickly concealed her emotions by trying to appear nonchalant. “I just...like the sorts of things that o-other pe-people al-also like,” she answered simply.

“That’s not fair. I want a proper answer.” Riftan asked her. At his prodding tone Max thought some more in order to elaborate on her words to give Riftan a satisfying answer.

After making up her mind on what to say, Max opened her mouth again.

“As I said be-before...I like a-animals. Dogs, cats, ho-horses...I like chicks and ra-rabbits too.”

“And?”

“I like re-reading books. When I was at Ca-castle Croix, I was a-always in the li-library.” Max announced and Riftan gave her a nod.

“Indeed, the butler told me that you spend the best part of your time in the library.” Riftan told her and Max smiled faintly at him.

“That’s right. There are ma-many rare and pre-precious books in the li-library at Ca-castle Ca-calyse. Al-although, Ruth clings on-onto most of them...” Max added the last phrase as if it was an afterthought.

Riftan glanced back at her in an almost surprised manner, he lowered his head towards him and asked in a rather conspiratorial tone, “Shall I kick him out of the library?”

“If you do that, he won’t let me for-forget it for the rest of my life.” Max warned him in a slight panic.

Riftan made an uncertain expression at her quick protest. He gave her a small frown and stared into her eyes before finally speaking his mind.

“It seems like the two of you are becoming rather close.” Riftan said in a low voice and Max sensed that even though he tried to mask it, the former felt uneasy about her spending time with Ruth.

“When we were de-decorating the ca-castle...he gave me lots of ad-advice. He’s fu-fussy and he nags a lot...but he seems like a good per-person.” Max explained but somehow it seemed like her words put him in a bad mood instead of comforting him.

Riftan remained silent for a while, as if he was trying to choose his words, when he seemed calm enough to speak once again he turned to face Max, and said, “That’s the right. He’s fussy and has too much to say, but he’s an honest man.”

Honest. Max realized he said it as though there was nothing more important than trust.

“And things you hate?” Riftan opened his mouth again after riding quietly for a while, lost in thought. “You have to answer that too, for it to be fair.”

””” . ”

Lashings, yelling, cursing and beatings came to her mind – but she could not give him such an honest reply.

Yet, she did not want to lie to him either. Riftan hated lies more than anything. She hesitated and chose an honest answer to give him.

“My-myself.”

Riftan blinked at her in confusion as though he did not understand why she said that. She said it lightly, like it was nothing much.

“I...I hate my-myself.” Max repeated this time with more conviction.

Just as she said this, the path they were on ended and a wide meadow appeared before them, they had finally arrived.

Before he could press her further to explain what she had meant, she galloped off over the hill, leaving Riftan to stare at her retreating figure.

Contrary to her expectations, she found that she was able to fully enjoy horse riding.

She felt incredible at running freely over the expansive hills without any restrictions. There wasn't any other place where she felt more comfortable and enjoyable than travelling through winding mountain paths.

She galloped across the grasslands, which slightly glowed golden caused by the warm winter sunlight. She rode freely as if nothing was holding her back.

Max noticed that her posture improved little by little as she rode, and by the time he suggested that they should rest a little on the top of the hill, she was already able to ride with a straight back without even thinking about it.

"I brought some wine." Riftan told her as he jumped off his horse and led them underneath the big tree at the top of the hill and helped her to dismount her own.

"You've warmed up. I can feel your heart thumping as fast as a hummingbird's," he said as he placed his hands on her sides and lifted her off easily.

Max evened out her breathing, rough from the horse riding, and wiped the beads of sweat from her forehead. Just as he had said, her heart was pounding in her ears.

"It re-really...feels like I have a drum be-beating in-inside me." She told him as she touched her chest. She could feel the light vibration from there.

"That's a pretty analogy." Riftan told her before swooping down to press his lips to her blushing cheek and finally set her down on the ground.

Riftan then proceeded to spread his cloak out on the grass under the tree and sat on it. Max dropped down next to him.

The cold breeze quickly cooled their hot bodies. Max noticed the outline of a town at the bottom of the hill.

She adjusted her cloak as she stared at the scenery below them. The wind smoothed down the golden fields as it swept over them in apparent hurry.

"It's such a beautiful place." Max whispered as she basked in the warm ambiance around them.

“It looks better in the spring. The fields are green and brimming with wild flowers then.” Riftan told her with a smile.

She felt her chest swell with anticipation at his talks of spring.

Anticipation... She could never have imagined that the day in her life would come where she would feel anticipation and yearning for something. Everything was new, and joyful, and a little frightening too.

“Come here. You’ll get cold quickly since you sweated.” Riftan called for her as he leaned his back against the thick tree trunk, and pulled her close to share his coat.

Max sipped from the small bottle of wine while sitting slightly on his lap. Unlike when he was teasing her, she didn’t feel awkward or embarrassed to be so close to him now. Being wrapped up in his strong arms felt so natural.

“Give me some too.” Riftan whispered to her as he clasped his hands around her waist and leaned his head over her shoulder to take a sip.

Max placed the wine bottle on his lips and tilted it carefully so it won’t spill. He took a few gulps and removed his lips when he was done. He then stared into her eyes intently.

“Why do you hate yourself?” Riftan asked.

It seemed that Riftan had no intention of lightly skipping over what she had said earlier.

Max averted her eyes in embarrassment for what she told him, he did not want him to stare at her in pity. Surely it was obvious that she had only one answer: she sounded like the stupidest person in the world when she spoke. In some ways, the fact that he kept avoiding the subject was a little funny.

Max asked nonchalantly, “Have you...ne-never had a time when you ha-hated your-yourself, Ri-Riftan?”

“I’ve had plenty.”

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 97 – Your Likes and Dislikes (2)

Riftan relaxed his shoulders as though his nerves had been soothed a little and pressed his lips to her forehead. It seemed that he had been mulling over her hastily thrown-out words the whole time they had been riding and finally he was allowed to talk about it with her.

"But I've never hated myself so much that it was my first answer when someone asked me about my dislikes." Riftan told her simply and Max sighed.

"Well, that... That's be-because there's no-nothing a-about you that you could hate that much, is there?"

He looked amused at her mumbled words.

"Does it appear so?" He asked her in a teasing manner and Max eyed him with slightly furrowed brows.

"You your-yourself...know it well, do you not?"

"I don't. You'll have to let me know." She peered up at him as though asking if he was serious about what he said. Nonetheless Max decided to humor him and began listing out his attributes.

"You...you're strong. You're the best knight in the world, and you're tall and clever..." Max wasn't able to continue when Riftan gave her a light chuckle.

"It's my first time hearing someone call me clever. Although I've heard that I'm slow-witted many times..." Riftan teased her and Max gave him a frown.

Although his way of speaking was unrefined and he wasn't exactly a master of decorum, Riftan was a far cry from being slow-witted. He had a sharp gaze and his observational skills were occasionally very insightful. Sometimes she even felt like he saw all the way through to her soul.

"A slow wi-witted per-person...could ne-never be s-so well re-respected." She told him.

Riftan smiled cynically, as though he was unable to peacefully agree with her. Resting his head back against the tree trunk, he asked her disinterestedly, "What else?"

"You're lo-loyal, you have le-leadership...and...you're hand-handsome." Max answered shyly. She could feel her cheeks warming up.

"You think I'm handsome?" Riftan once again teased her and she gave him a shrug.

"...You al-already knew that."

"How would I know what you think about my appearance?" He told her and Max was taken aback and blinked at him in confusion.

"I have eyes too, Rif-riftan... My sense of be-beauty is the same as o-other pe-people's."

“Every time I visited Castle Croix, you quivered like you were facing a hideous ogre,” Riftan said teasingly.

“Those weren’t the eyes of someone looking at a charming young man at all. You would probably have looked at even a goblin’s wrinkly face more adoringly.” He added and Max gave him a look of disbelief.

“I...I’ve ne-never seen a gob-goblin be-before.” She answered.

“That’s not the point here.” Riftan drew her chin up towards him to make her look at him. “I’m saying that if I even came close to you, you acted like you were going to faint.”

Max was flustered by his interrogating tone. Never in her wildest dreams had she thought he might care about her attitude towards him or what she thought of him. Truth be told, up until their wedding, she had thought he was unaware of her existence altogether.

“I... You were sca-scary. Since your phy-physique is so huge and your ex-expression was so i-icy... You looked like some-someone whose tem-temper might flare at a-anything, at a-anytime.” Max admitted.

Riftan didn’t say anything for a long time. Max squirmed uncomfortably against his chest. Finally he opened his mouth.

“Am I still scary?”

Max shook her head slowly.

Riftan, who had been staring at her face vacantly, suddenly tilted his head and pressed his lips against hers. Different to the surprise kisses he teased her with, this kiss was passionate. She felt his soft tongue pushing into her mouth and she moaned softly at his touch.

He cupped the back of her neck and stroked her wind-ruffled hair gently with his fingers and his lips suckling on her delicate mouth.

A delicious shiver shot down her spine and Max felt her nipples stiffened. When he cupped her b****s with his fingers and gently massaged them, Max felt fireworks explode in her lower stomach.

“Rif-riftan... w-we can’t do this out-outside.” Max told her as she broke free from his kiss.

"It's fine. There's only us here. Even if someone does come, I'll notice it right away." He told her.

Feeling the heat radiating from his body, she shuddered. Because Riftan's face was so calm and composed, she hadn't noticed yet how hard he already was as they kissed. He pulled her closer towards him and settled her lap against his lower body and pushed up the skirt of her dress. Max looked up at him embarrassedly. Riftan's eyes were smouldering like pitch-black coals towards her.

"Don't be afraid. I'll never hurt you." He whispered to her.

His words resonated deep in her heart. Max gazed up at his intense expression without breathing. He touched his forehead to hers, brushing the tips of their noses together and drew her lips into his mouth again. He slipped his long fingers under her skirt and started to caress the insides of her legs softly. Max clutched at his silky hair and moaned.

This person won't hurt me. She clung desperately to those words.

"You smell like winter." Riftan told her and he groaned weakly and buried his face in her shoulder. Max gulped down a deep breath. The smell of the dry and pleasantly biting winter breeze was coming from him, too.

Max's lungs were filled with the mingled smells of musky tree bark, of horses and the subtle scent of sweat.

"D*mmit, I want to kiss every inch of you. But if I strip off your clothes here, you could get sick." Riftan complained as he stroked her over her clothes, exciting her.

Max could not even feel the cold for the fire spreading throughout her entire body was now enveloping her, but she did not point it out to him. She wasn't bold enough to lay down out in the open on top of a hill without a strip of clothing on. In truth, doing something like this at all was beyond her. But she found herself utterly unable to pull away from him.

Riftan sucked and nipped at the base of her throat as he urgently undid his trousers. Still wrapped up in his coat, she pulled her skirt up to bunch around her waist. He pushed aside her underwear.

And then she felt him ease into her slowly. At the tight feeling of him reaching the deepest part of her and their joined bodies, Max let out a rough moan.

Riftan comfortingly patted her behind and showered kisses over her neck and ears.

"It's okay, Max. I won't hurt you. Never again." Riftan whispered to her ear.

Max couldn't even remember when he might have hurt her. She couldn't even remember being afraid of him and avoiding him. She felt as though Riftan Calypse had always been a part of her. She threw her arms around his neck desperately as though she were drowning and he was the only thing keeping her afloat.

He grasped her hips to deepen their union.

Their closely intertwined bodies slapped against each other and the sound of the wind passing by got further and further away. She moved her body like she was riding a horse, just as he had taught her earlier.

She eagerly tightened around his manhood as he penetrated her all the way to the base before reluctantly letting him go, only to tighten up again as though trying to pull him deeper. Her heart pounded with desperate passion. As she melted into his hot kisses, Max let herself sink into a world of bliss.

[◀ Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter ▶](#)

[Share With Friends](#)

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

[Rate this Chapter](#)

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 98 – Surprising Sides of Him (1)

The chilly, harsh wind ruffled her hair as scenes after scenes galloped by, but Max was oblivious to it all. Nestled cozily in Riftan's embrace, and basking in the afterglow of their intense alfresco love-making, she felt secure. A novel feeling, from the man she once feared to even breathe the same air with.

Upon reaching the castle, Riftan embraced the utterly exhausted girl closely and brought her to the room. He carefully washed her with warm water, gently changed her clothes, even affectionately fed her a nice, warm meal. Then, as if he were putting a child to slumber, she lay on his chest and tried to sleep.

It was seemingly an unusual behavior for a brusque man like Riftan. For it was certainly not a one-time occurrence. Whenever he was with her, he continued these acts as though he was her babysitter. Every day he would feed her meals directly, insist on bathing together and even going so far as coming in early in the morning, taking the comb from Rudis, and combing her hair.

She was finding it all a little embarrassing now. She had never experienced such attention, not even as a child. Moreover, this was contrary to the idea of marriage that she was familiarized with.

Cold manners, a polite indifference, and marital obligation... according to the ideology this was what existed between married couples. There was ample "walking" evidence to corroborate the belief too. Neither had she seen nor heard of a husband that doted on his wife as such, at least not as enthusiastically.

This was the knowledge fed to her growing up – Riftan's attitude deviated from that she was taught of a 'married man'. Perhaps she was only ignorant? After all, the circumstances surrounding her life at Croix castle had confined her to within its walls. At most, she could visit the barracks at the temple. But even that was banned once she turned fourteen and hence a life of isolation it was.

All her knowledge of marriage came from the mouths of those who visited Croix Castle. Most came to see her somewhat expressionless, cold-smiling sister, Rosetta, or her father. There was no one who was interested in her – she even doubted if they were aware of her existence.

When she compared the then to the now, Max was engulfed with confusion.

Perhaps the world she knew was wrong? Was her marriage normal? Was this how a husband ought to be?

Although she was plagued with questions, she knew not where to find her answers.

"You're surprisingly dexterous."

Ruth's voice cut Max out of her reverie. He shot her a satisfied smirk while meticulously going over the formulae he had arranged. "And you're much faster than I expected," he added.

Was that supposed to be praise? Max smiled bitterly.

"I-if it's just repeating the sa-same thing... it's na-natural to speed up."

"It's time to finish up. At this rate, we will be able to complete the spell by tomorrow."

She breathed a sigh of relief. While it was exciting for a time, she eventually became bored of the repeated calculations and sketches so much that she even hated looking at the parchment. She rubbed her stiff neck and complained.

"I-I didn't know ma-magic involved s-so much paperwork. I had tho-thought we would be doing som-something more am-am-amazing."

“Magic is an advanced level of learning. It requires sophisticated calculations and research. The only time a wizard can experience the thrill of magic is on the battlefield. Wizards in the World Tower never experience it, even so, they devote their entire lives to designing spells.”

Max stopped what she was doing and looked at him with wonder.

“Ru-Ruth, you are also a wizard f-from the World Tower?”

“Yes, I used to reside there,” Ruth said distastefully.

Her eyes widened.

The World Tower was an artificial island built by ancient wizards in the center of the Sea of Ishiria; it was referred to as Nornui. The innocent and isolated maiden, Maximillian, did not hear much about it often. Only she knew it was the birthplace of sorcerers, a repository of all the knowledge in the world, a non-interventionist – that refrained from interfering in the internal affairs of any country, and an island of sages that protected the world order... Nornui.

But Ruth’s reaction just now referred to it with disgust, as if denying those accomplishments. Looking at her befuddlement, he deigned to explain.

“Wizards who enter the World Tower are restricted as soon as they are promoted to a higher rank. Instead of being allowed to master all the dangerous and secretive magic Nornui has to offer, they are watched to ensure they do not use their personal power to disturb the world. Senior wizards spend most of their life in the World Tower. Personally, I did not like it, so I escaped.”

“St-still... ca-can you go back?”

“No. It was high treason. Even now when I meet wizards from the World Tower, I’m treated as nothing more than a mere criminal.”

Ruth spoke without qualms as if it were a trivial issue. Max wondered if all wizards were so brazen.

“Th-then...did you meet Ri-Riftan while wa-wandering after you escaped the Wo-World Tower?”

“Yes, I met him not long after I became a sword for hire. Lord Calypse was already a well-known figure by then.”

Max was becoming more and more curious, her eyes glistening.

“W-why is that?”

“Is it not obvious? With his stunning good looks, bulky physique unbelievable for a teenager, a courageous heart that always looks straight ahead, he was already famous by the time he was sixteen. Since then, Lord Calypse has been a madman.”

◀ Previous Chapter

Next Chapter ▶

Share With Friends

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

Rate this Chapter

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 99 – Surprising Sides of Him (2)

“Ma-ma-madman?”

Max widened her eyes at his extreme characterization. It seemed excessive. Ruth shook his head restlessly as though such words were not enough to describe him.

“He really was fearless. When unarmed, one should not charge at an ogre with only a dagger and especially not something as crazy as cutting clean through a dragon’s skull. He did it all without ever flinching. Even now, when I recall the things that he did from time to time, a chill goes down my spine. On the day I was charged with accompanying Lord Calypse, my hair was on edge the entire day.”

Unconsciously, Max’s jaw dropped. Rather than being awe-inspiring, his words made her break out into a cold sweat. She could not believe that he had been doing such dangerous deeds since he was sixteen.

Isn’t sixteen even younger than when her sister, Rosetta’s debut, or even Yurixion, the cheerful knight-in-training?

She licked her dry lips and asked with a quivering voice.

“D-d-does he still d-do those so-sort of a-acts?”

“He is still the same when it comes to taking care of his body but... he rarely gambles his life like he used to back then. Although he is no longer involved with obstinately questionable actions, he is strong enough to get rid of evil spirits with ease. I have not

seen him risk his life in that way for many years, not since the time of dragon suppression.”

“Dr-dragon suppression... what in the wo-world ha-happened?”

Ruth sighed heavily at her question.

“Lord Calypse has an extremely rare ability to temporarily absorb mana. This allows him to use it as his weapon in the form of his sword. He was not born with this ability. While battling evil spirits, he was covered in their bodily fluids and blood, and his body changed. To cut a long explanation short, Lord Calypse defeated the Red Dragon using this ability. He stood in front of the most powerful magic to exist in the natural world: dragon breath, and cut right through it, absorbing its strength into his sword and finally slicing off the dragon’s head using its own mana.”

She shuddered at the image of him throwing himself into the flames of a dragon. Ruth was grinding his teeth at the mere recollection.

“If there had been only one miscalculation, Lord Calypse would have been a handful of ashes. Due to his outrageous actions, it became the most courageous tale on the continent.”

Max had heard previously about Riftan’s feat against the Red Dragon, but she never knew how reckless he had been. She trembled in fear. Riftan could have died. She could have never gotten the chance to know him this intimately, and that miserable wedding night would have remained the only thing between them. She dreaded the thought.

“Oh...I did not mean to frighten you.” Ruth muttered surprisingly when he saw her pale face. “That was not a story meant to be heard by a lady. I have spent too much of my time in the company of rough men, I guess I’m losing my sensitivity.”

“It’s okay. I... as-asked you first.”

She was doubtful that he ever had any sensitivity to start with, but she did not bother to say that.

””” ”

Max turned around and began to complete her assignment quietly without asking any further questions. Her mind was in disarray, fear gripping her heart. He was a knight, she surmised. Eventually, he would throw himself back into danger in due time.

Once the winter passed, Riftan would be summoned by King Ruben to lead his fellow knights on an expedition. It was his duty as a knight after all. He might never come back this time. Riftan may be a powerful knight, but he is not invincible.

The possibility left Max breathless. She did not realize how precarious the situation was. That her comfortable, happy life could disappear so easily. That Riftan could disappear so easily.

“Your mind is elsewhere.” The wizard promptly pointed out. He read her condition quickly.

He squinted his eyes, looked at his work on his desk, and put down his quill pen.

“That’s enough for today.”

Max meekly rose from her seat and left the library. Today, the new servants arrived. After consulting with Riftan, she had requested the merchant, Aderon, to recommend thirty new servants.

As the lady, she had to greet the new hands and select servants to take charge of educating the others. After that, she visited the kitchen to observe its condition. It was still bustling with cooks preparing the daily meals, but it no longer looked like a war had broken out. Preparations for winter were nearly complete.

“The first frost is expected within the next few days.”

Rodrigo, appearing suddenly behind Max, shivered at the noticeably lowering temperature and firmly secured his overcoat. Max’s face clouded over with worry.

“Be-before that, w-we should pro-provide winter clothes to th-the guards,” she said.

“That is almost finished. Since more servants have come in, we should be able to complete everything before the cold snap hits us.” Rodrigo reported.

When the winter preparations were over, time in the castle would begin to pass slowly. The hectic period would soon be over. Lastly, she went to each room to check if there was enough firewood, thereon, returning to her room to fill out her journal.

[◀Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter▶](#)

[Share With Friends](#)

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

[Rate this Chapter](#)

Under The Oak Tree

Chapter 100 – A Knight’s Wife (1)

Shorter days and longer nights were a characteristic of winter. And if one were engrossed in work, darkness would descend even sooner.

Max lit a candle and looked towards the dusky outside. She had been busy the whole day, a little tired too, but she spared no thoughts to herself. As she gazed at the tranquil, even sky, her thoughts ran straight to Riftan. He was busier than anyone else in the castle.

Throughout the day, Riftan went around the territory training his soldiers, and when that was done, he circled around the walls to sweep away the monsters and predators who might be hiding. However, his numerous tasks didn’t end at that. From early dawn to late night, he was up to his eyes checking the progress of new buildings in the village, discussing taxes with collectors, or checking the town for troublemakers. He did so without respite, even so, he never once displayed fatigue.

Is he made of iron or something...?

By and by Max had started to sort of respect Riftan’s tenacity and admire his capabilities. He never shied away from his responsibilities, no matter how onerous. Ordinary people couldn’t keep up with his life—they would’ve long succumbed just at the thought of the ordeal let alone seeing it through.

As she mulled over her husband’s might, she shook off Ruth’s words from a while ago. Riftan Calypse was blessed with superhuman abilities. He was a brawny brute capable of overcoming any challenge thrown at him without even flinching. She had been overthinking, fretting over scenarios that couldn’t possibly happen.

With that, she soothed herself, had dinner, and rested.

Late in the night, she heard Riftan return to the room. He had decided to go out to fight two days later. Just by the thought of it, Max quickly lost her peace of mind. Oblivious to her anxiety, he took off his boots and armor and spoke calmly.

“The reparation will arrive from Libadon tomorrow. Then we can kick the prisoners straight out of Anatol. The new gates are almost complete... and Ruth said the magic defensive tools would be ready tomorrow. So, it won’t be a problem if I leave the castle for a while.”

“Wh-where are you go-going to?” She moistened her dry lips and barely maintained calm.

“I heard that a bunch of goblins have settled over the mountain. I’ll stay for about four or five days and root them out,” he said, pointing to one of the high peaks out of the window.

Max looked at him anxiously. “Isn’t it da-dangerous?”

Riftan seemed to be dazed by the question.

“Hey, are you being worried that I might be hit by goblins?” He finished with a laugh as if it were absurd. “Subduing goblins is annoying, not dangerous. It’s a bit more annoying than hunting rabbits.”

“I-if they are not very d-dangerous, h-how about le-letting them....?”

An impatient look suddenly settled on his features. “It’s my duty to protect this land. Are you telling me to neglect it now?” He said in a hardened tone, making Max unconsciously flinch.

Riftan then continued, “Goblins are low-level devils but are very prolific. If not rooted out, they multiply enormously and attack the vendors or mess up hunting grounds. It’s my job to prevent it from happening.”

””” ”

“I-I’m sorry. I was... pre-presumptuous.” Max apologized immediately.

Riftan looked at her stiff face, then held out one arm with a long sigh. Max drew closer and accepted his warm hug. He rubbed his nose on her shoulder and wrapped his hand with her thick hair braided into one.

“I, too, don’t like sleeping on the cold and dirty floor instead of a warm bed. But I still have to do what I have to do.” He gently coaxed her.

Max stroked his thick black hair without a word. It broke her heart to think that he would sleep under the cold and chilly wind. As a knight’s wife does it mean I always have to be prepared for this loneliness?

She wondered if the other aristocratic couples had kept a proper distance from each other because they didn’t want to feel such longing for the other.

And now, she was afraid he might have gotten too close to her.

?

The next day—and true to his words—a new, huge steel door was erected at the castle gates. So sturdy and impregnable, that even if ogres were to knock with a hammer, it would still not budge. On either side, the magical tools Ruth made were installed. The magical tools that had wrestled the parchment pile over the past few days were in the form of a round disk of ivory, about the size of a pumpkin.

Max, who ran out to the gate to see the result, looked at the magical tools installed on the watchtower with awestruck eyes. Several ancient languages were inscribed on the edge of the disc and the red mana stone that Ruth had shown was right in the middle.

“Wha-What is this ma-made of?”

When she asked, smoothing down the disc surface with her curious fingers, Ruth answered insignificantly.

“It’s made of the bone of the Basilisk.”

Max was startled and instantly took off her hand. “B-bone?” she exclaimed.

“The subspecies of dragons, such as Basilisk, Wyverns, Lizard have powerful anti-magic power. Most magical tools are made from the bones of these evil creatures.” He narrated in a lazy tone.

She opened her eyes to the slits and looked down at the smooth glossy disc. As she thought it was a bone of evil, it looked eerie.

[◀ Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter ▶](#)

[Share With Friends](#)

Note: Daily latest chapters updates only on our website so **BOOKMARK** The Website to Get The Latest Chapters and New Novels.

[Rate this Chapter](#)