

Alas, It Ends Too Soon

The small chapel was silent as everyone stared at Gwyn, their expressions a mixture of awe and disbelief. The weight of the title and the potential of her abilities hung heavy in the air, causing the atmosphere to feel charged with anticipation. Gwyn felt a blush creep onto her cheeks, suddenly self-conscious under the scrutiny of the onlookers. She clenched her fists at her sides, steeling herself for whatever came next.

The monk who performed the ceremony seemed to come back to himself, his exhaustion momentarily forgotten as he looked at Gwyn with newfound respect. With a nod, he signaled the attendant to repeat the Excerpt, wanting to ensure that every word was accurate and recorded properly.

As the attendant read out the Excerpt once more, Gwyn's companions listened intently, their expressions reflecting their own thoughts and concerns. Taenya's eyes held a glimmer of pride, while Sabina's showed a mix of wonder and determination. Rollo, the young Vicori paladin, appeared both impressed and resolute, his gaze never wavering from Gwyn as he listened to the powerful abilities she possessed. Amari was the only one not really fazed. Which made sense, as the woman had always been one of the first to see Gwyn's new discoveries. Perhaps the woman just wasn't surprised anymore.

The monk shook his head slowly. "Renowned... You... I... *Four* domains? '*The First Mage*'?"

The man cleared his throat and straightened his posture before addressing the group. "Honored One... Princess Gwyneth, as Hierophant of the Umbral Seers within the Kingdom of Avira, I will ensure that the Church formally announces your status as '*The First Mage*' to the world. We are filled with pride that you have chosen to walk this path with us, and we stand in awe of your unparalleled contributions to the realm of magic. Even now, due to you and Evocati Amari, word has spread of the discoveries you have made to other branches of the Umbral Seers. As far as the Church is aware, you possess the highest Core quality and the greatest number of Steps known in our world. Your achievements are truly exceptional, and your potential is unmatched.

"Evocati Amari, it is of the utmost importance that Princess Gwyneth be protected at all costs. Her life and the development of her abilities are essential for the future of magic and the balance within our world. To ensure her safety and well-being, the monastery is willing to provide additional support to your team. With your approval, we will assign one of our skilled monks to accompany you on your journey. Their unique abilities and unwavering loyalty will be invaluable assets in safeguarding the Honored One."

The monk's gaze met Amari's, emphasizing the gravity of his words. "You have experienced the Seings just as I. We know not what obstacles may arrive to challenge

the young woman here, but together, we must do everything in our power to protect Princess Gwyneth and guide her along this extraordinary path. The fate of our world may very well depend on it.”

Amari gave the man a firm nod, accepting his words.

Taenya and Sabina exchanged glances, their expressions revealing the unease that the monk’s words had sparked within them.

Gwyn, sensing the disquiet among her knights, decided to seize the opportunity to further strengthen the bonds between her House and the Church. Addressing the monk, she said, “I appreciate the support and protection you're offering me, and in return, I would like to propose a collaboration. I request that an Umbral Seer set up a pedestal within my House, allowing those of my people to undergo the ceremony in a private chapel that we build. In return, I will work with them to share my knowledge with your Order. I will teach them how to gain a trait that will enable them to hear updates about their Excerpt as they fall asleep. This exchange will benefit both our parties and deepen the connection between us. In my Vision of Potential, I was the *‘Archmage of Discovery’*. I hope to continue to discover new things about this world, magic, and myself.

“Lastly, I request that you set this ceremony up in the Kingdom of Blightwych. Preferably in the capital.”

Everyone shared a look, but her knights seemed to hold their breath.

The monk appeared confused. “Blightwych, Your Highness?”

Gwyn nodded. “Yes. You have prided yourself on the privacy your seers afford to those who undertake the ceremony, yes?”

The man gave her an affirming nod. “Of course.”

She smiled. “Good. Then I wish for there to be a way to perform the ceremony there because I believe my mother would like to undergo it when she realizes the benefits.”

The man pulled back his hood, revealing a moon elf of advanced age. He stepped forward and knelt down in front of Gwyn, which she thought funny because now she had to turn her head down to look into his eyes.

“Your mother is in Blightwych, princess?” he asked quietly, solemnly. “How long has she been there?”

He looked up questioningly at Taenya, causing Gwyn to glance back at her Knight-Captain. The woman seemed tense, as if ready to lash out if required.

‘Sabina, let her know everything will be alright. They need me too much to do us harm,’ she sent to the raven-haired knight.

Sabina gave her a slight nod, apparently not quite convinced herself. After a moment, the woman connected with her again.

‘Taenya says she hopes you are sure, but is cautiously optimistic. They do have a further reach than us, after all,’ Sabina informed her.

‘Thanks,’ the princess replied.

Gwyn turned her attention back to the monk.

“We do not know for certain,” she said quietly. “She did not arrive in the same place as I did when we came to this world. We only recently learned that she may be there.”

The Hierophant nodded slowly. “I understand. We will do this, and also look for your mother. Do I have your permission for our seers to pass along information on your whereabouts if they encounter her?”

“Of course, I would appreciate that immensely,” she agreed.

The man smiled before standing back up. “Then we will do everything in our power to help.

“We at the Church hope to provide a beneficial service for all, to provide support and guidance. To shine light upon a dark Path. Your contributions to this have not gone unnoticed. Now, let us go over some things that may benefit you. Such as why we recently decided to move away from the terminology of *‘mental’* alignment. Perhaps you can give us some more insight into what you have learned as well. ”

Gwyn smiled. “I’d be happy to,” she said while following the Hierophant toward a table set up at the side of the chapel.

Now, to figure out who the House chapel is dedicated to. Do they have a god of magic?



Four weeks later, while a princess studied for her end-of-semester exams with her friends, House Reinhart within the capital was busy. Aleanora sat across from Sir Friedrich at the large wooden table in the Reinhart Estate’s study, a quill pen in her hand and parchment spread out before her.

They were going over the inventory of the estate, determining what was needed to ensure that the estate was fully stocked. Sir Friedrich had been tasked with managing the estate, but he had quickly found that he needed Aleanora’s assistance to navigate the complexities of the kingdom's politics while she was still with him.

Aleanora had been Gwyn’s lady-in-waiting for over a year now, and she had quickly learned how to move through the various social circles within the capital. Her

knowledge had proven invaluable to Sir Friedrich. He was still getting used to the differences between his version of Earth and this world, and he had mentioned to her how grateful he was for Aleanora's assistance.

It was hard to believe that just a year and a half ago, Sir Friedrich and Gwyn both had been brought here by The Flash from different versions of the world they called Earth. Aleanora was still struggling to wrap her head around the idea of traveling between worlds. She couldn't even imagine what it must have been like for him, suddenly finding himself in a completely different kingdom with strange customs and politics. But he seemed to have adapted quickly, and she admired him for it.

Although, the man has never spoken about his personal life...

“Sir Friedrich?” she called out.

He turned to her, his gaze meeting hers, and Aleanora couldn't help but notice the deep lines etched into his forehead. It was clear that the man had been through a lot, both in his own world and in this one.

“Yes, Lady Aleanora?” he responded, his tone polite and professional.

She hesitated for a moment, wondering if she should ask. But then, curiosity got the best of her. “If you don't mind me asking, Sir Friedrich, what was your life like before coming here?”

The man's face went blank for a moment then he let out a sigh and looked down at the table. “It's a long story, Lady Aleanora,” he said, his voice heavy with emotion. “But if you're interested, I can tell you.”

She hesitated for a moment, considering the weight behind his words. She didn't want to pry into his personal life if it caused him pain, but she felt that understanding more about his past could help them work better together in the present. “I would be honored to hear your story, Sir Friedrich, but only if you are comfortable sharing it.”

Sir Friedrich looked at her for a moment, his eyes searching her face. He seemed to be weighing the benefits of sharing his past with her. Finally, he nodded. “Very well, Lady Aleanora. I'll share my story with you, but I must warn you, it's not a happy tale.”

Aleanora braced herself for the emotional journey she was about to embark on. She had no idea what to expect, but she was prepared to listen and support Sir Friedrich as best as she could. He began to recount his life before coming to this world, a world so similar and yet so different from her own. She found herself drawn into the story, feeling both the joy and the heartache that he experienced.

But then her heart crushed for him.

Friedrich took a deep breath before he began to speak about his wife. “Katherine was my guiding star, the love of my life. She had a kind heart and an unwavering spirit that made her shine so brightly. We had our ups and downs, like any couple, but we always faced our challenges together, hand in hand.” He paused for a moment, his eyes

seeming to look through the room and into the past. “I miss her every day, and the thought that I will never see her again... It's a pain that cuts deep.”

He looked back at Aleanora, and she could see the raw emotion in his eyes. “But I know, without a doubt, that Katherine would not want me to give up hope. She was always the one to remind me that there is a purpose in everything, even if we can't see it clearly. She would want me to carry on, to make the most of this new life I've found myself in.” Friedrich's voice held a quiet determination as he continued, “And that is what I intend to do, Lady Aleanora. I will strive to honor her memory and make a difference in this world, for the sake of the love we shared and the future that was taken from us.”

Aleanora could see the strength and resilience behind Sir Friedrich's words, and she felt a deep sense of empathy for him. She couldn't imagine the pain of losing someone so dear, especially in such an unexpected and bewildering way. She nodded solemnly, acknowledging his determination to honor his wife's memory. “Thank you for sharing your story with me, Sir Friedrich. I can only imagine how difficult it must be, but I have no doubt that Katherine would be proud of you for carrying on.”

He gave her a small nod and with that, the atmosphere in the room shifted back to one of quiet efficiency as the two of them returned to their work.

As they worked in silence for a while, Aleanora couldn't help but steal occasional glances at Sir Friedrich. She could see the lingering sadness in his eyes, and she decided that perhaps it was best to give him some space. After making a few final notes on the parchment, she gently pushed herself away from the table.

“Sir Friedrich,” she began, her voice soft and understanding, “I think I will leave you to your work for a while. I must continue my studies with Master Branigan. If you need anything, please don't hesitate to call on me.”

He looked up, his eyes reflecting gratitude for her understanding. “Thank you, Lady Aleanora. I appreciate your help and your kindness.”

With a gentle smile, Aleanora nodded and made her way to the door. As she stepped out of the room and closed the door behind her, she couldn't help but feel a deep sense of admiration for Sir Friedrich's resilience in the face of such loss.

Aleanora walked down the hallway, her thoughts lingering on the conversation with Sir Friedrich. The notion that every terran might have a similar story, having left behind loved ones and a life they had known, weighed heavily on her heart. She wondered how many others in this world were struggling with the same feelings of loss and dislocation that Sir Friedrich experienced.

Her mind fell on Gwyn. The princess was struggling with knowing her mother was out there somewhere in the world, but still yet to find her. Constantly navigating the political landscape of the kingdom, and fighting for her life time and again.

Aleanora knew it wouldn't be easy, but she resolved to do whatever she could to help the terrans of the House find a sense of belonging and purpose in this world.



Headmaster Ezrel stepped into the spacious, newly furnished classroom, her eyes scanning the room with approval. The walls were lined with empty bookshelves, soon to be filled with tomes on magical subjects as they were written and collected. The large windows allowed natural light to stream in, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere. This classroom was the first of its kind, a testament to the changing world and a beacon for the future of magical education.

It was crucial for the young magic users to have a place where they could experiment and learn the limits of their newfound powers. To learn what is and is not acceptable.

As the Lead Scholar and her second entered the room, Headmaster Ezrel turned to address her. "Are you prepared for this new venture?" she asked, her voice filled with both excitement and concern. "This is uncharted territory for all of us."

The Lead Scholar nodded thoughtfully. "I understand the importance of this class and the responsibility it entails. Rest assured, I have been working closely with my staff to develop a curriculum that will not only teach our students the fundamentals of magic but also how to control and harness their powers safely."

The Headmaster smiled. "Good. I have a final list of students, here," she said, handing the papers to the second. "How well are you progressing with the curriculum? Is there anything else you feel is required?"

The Lead Scholar, a high elf named Lirael, cleared her throat before continuing, "As you know, the Church has graciously provided us with a Magical Primer to aid in our understanding of mana and magic. My team and I have been studying it extensively, and we are eager to explore the eight domains of magic with our students, and the five mana attunements. This knowledge will be invaluable not only to the academy but also to the kingdom as a whole."

Headmaster Ezrel nodded, her eyes gleaming with curiosity. "Indeed, the domains and *colors* of mana are both fascinating facets of this phenomenon. How do you plan to approach the subject with the students? And what about the rumors surrounding Princess Gwyn's extraordinary magical abilities? How do you intend to handle her unique situation?"

Lirael offered a confident smile. "We will begin with a broad introduction to the domains of magic, allowing students to gain a basic understanding of each. While also testing each student to see where they fall within the spectrum. This will allow us to

tailor the study to each... type of magic user. We have had each of the staff undergo the Ceremony of Paths that the Church provides. That is the reason we recently had to hire two more scholars. They filled in the gaps in the department to ensure we have scholars for each of the domains.”

The Headmaster nodded thoughtfully. “Yes, I read that in the request. We will see how this goes and reassess if required. The kingdom is sparing no expense for this venture. Your counterparts in the Upper School stand ready to coordinate with you. See that you do, it would behoove us to standardize the studies so that when students advance from the Lower School to the Upper, they will seamlessly transition to the more advanced study.”

The woman smiled. “We are certainly grateful for that and will happily work on a plan.”

“Good. I will inform the Upper Academy’s Headmaster that you stand ready to collaborate.”

Lead Scholar Lirael gestured for Headmaster Ezrel to follow her as the two scholars led her on a tour of the new facility. “Allow me to show you the various areas we have prepared for the Magical Studies course,” the Lead Scholar said with enthusiasm.

As they walked through the spacious building, Lirael pointed out the different sections designed to facilitate the study of the eight domains of magic. The woman seemed excited as she explained their plan, “As the course progresses, we will delve deeper into the intricacies and practical applications of each domain. As for Princess Gwyn, we will monitor her progress closely and provide individualized guidance as needed. We believe that by helping her hone her skills, we can also learn a great deal from her unique abilities, which will ultimately benefit the kingdom.”

Lead Scholar Lirael led Headmaster Ezrel through the various classrooms, each designed with a specific domain of magic in mind. “We have created environments tailored to the needs of each domain, ensuring students have the proper resources and atmosphere to develop their skills,” she explained.

“In this room,” she gestured to one classroom. “Students will study *Evocation*, learning to harness and manipulate energy in order to create powerful spells and magical effects. Over here.” She pointed to another classroom. “Is where *Conjuration* will be taught, focusing on the summoning of creatures and the creation of objects from mana.”

They continued through the facility, Lirael showing the Headmaster classrooms dedicated to *Alteration*, where students would learn to change the properties of objects and beings; *Artifice*, the domain focused on the creation or enchanting of magical items and constructs; and *Mind* magic, where students would explore the mysteries of telepathy and mental manipulation.

“For your mind magic class, the Church will provide an Umbral Monk to assist. They are understandably worried about the potential for abuse of the magic. The kingdom agrees, especially after an... incident we have already had on school grounds,” Headmaster Ezrel said, feeling a headache start to form.

Lead Scholar Lirael nodded. “We will accommodate the Church, as required. Certainly, we appreciate their assistance,” the woman said diplomatically.

As they walked, Lirael also pointed out the classrooms dedicated to *Abjuration*, the study of protective magic and dispelling harmful effects; *Illusion*, where students would learn to create and manipulate false images and sensations; and finally, *Divination*, the domain of magic focused on gathering information and revealing hidden truths.

Headmaster Ezrel marveled at the thoughtful design of each classroom, noting the attention to detail in the various decorations and resources that had been prepared for the students. She could see that great care had been taken to provide an optimal learning environment for each domain of magic.

The Headmaster nodded as the tour reached the final classroom. “I trust that you have a plan to accommodate students with access to more than one domain, rare as that may be. With that said, I have faith in your ability to lead this new chapter in our academy's history. The knowledge and experience our students gain here will shape the future of magic in our kingdom, and I am eager to see the impact it will have.”

The woman smiled. “Thank you for the kind words, Headmaster. I have one last area to show you before you depart.”

Lirael led the Headmaster to the heart of the building and out a set of doors where a vast, open dueling and practice courtyard sat, designed with safety in mind. “This is where students can test their magic and engage in controlled magical duels,” she explained, her voice echoing in the impressive space. “While the field of enchantment is in its infancy, we have invited the kingdom’s small handful of practitioners to work their craft here. We are hopeful that they are able to reinforce the facility to ensure students such as the princess do not damage it by mistake.”

The Headmaster smiled. She, of course, knew all of this, as she not only requested the highly protected and sought-after enchanters but also played a key role in the negotiations with the Crown. The small group was constantly studying new ways to utilize their craft.

Headmaster Ezrel had successfully made the case that providing the best for the future of the kingdom’s magic users would only benefit Avira as a whole.

Lirael paused, glancing over her second, the telv scholar, who nodded in agreement. “We believe that providing our students with a safe and structured environment to explore their magic will be crucial in fostering their development and understanding of this extraordinary new power,” he said.

Headmaster Ezrel looked around the room, and couldn't help but feel a sense of pride in the academy's progress and the role they were playing in shaping the future of magic in the kingdom.

“I have instructed the Academy Guard to provide additional support to your study. Magic has great potential for many things, and one of those is destruction. As we embark on this new chapter, it's important that we take every precaution to ensure the safety and well-being of our students and our faculty,” the Headmaster said, her gaze meeting Lirael's. “I trust that you and your team are well-prepared for the challenges ahead and that you will maintain a vigilant eye on the progress of this groundbreaking course.”

Lirael offered a determined nod. “We understand the weight of our responsibility, Headmaster, and we will do everything in our power to ensure the success of our students and the continued growth of the magical arts in our kingdom.”

With that, the educators concluded their tour, leaving the facility with a shared sense of anticipation and purpose as they prepared for the first class of Magical Studies to begin.



Count Siveril Norric looked out of the window of his carriage as it rumbled through the gates of Strathmore. It was the end of spring, and the air was crisp and fresh, with a light breeze blowing through the city streets. As the carriage made its way through the lively streets of Strathmore, Siveril could sense the energy of the city. The people moved quickly, going about their daily business with a sense of purpose and urgency.

Siveril, the relatively new Count of only two seasons, had been diligently working to establish himself and fortify his county. This had forced the majority of his attention away from Strathmore as he resided in his county seat of Galehaven.

The majordomo for Princess Gwyn and thus the second for House Reinhart, had been granted his Count peerage and county by Duke Tiloral. Who had subsequently provided House Reinhart with the foundations of an army. Almost immediately upon assuming his new station, Siveril had invested heavily in his county and the rest of House Reinhart, building on his already strong ties with Baron Iemes and the Fenren Merchant Company.

His only issue thus far was dealing with the nobility that had already made up his county. Everywhere he looked it appeared that those who now owed him and thus the princess fealty were... worthless.

One particular landed knight who was responsible for Hilshen village was causing him headaches. Siveril's initial idea was to expand the village and build up the bridge

that crossed the Helaine River and connected his county with the Larton Barony which Baron Iemes oversaw.

The two of them saw great value in jointly improving their lands and expanding the barony further into the Larn Forest. The forest was one of two great forests within the duchy that wasn't occupied by the Valeni. Its location was ideal for the barony as it was nestled between the baron's lands and the mountains owned by the dwarves of Dirn Loduhr ending just along the duchy's southern border.

The small shutter opened, showing the face of the Reinhart guard that sat with the carriage driver.

"We're almost there, milord," the telv man said.

Siveril nodded. On this particular day, he was meeting with Baron Iemes and Onas Fenren at the Reinhart Manor to discuss the future of House Reinhart.

As the carriage pulled up to the Reinhart Manor, Siveril noticed the well-maintained grounds and the hustle and bustle of the staff attending to their duties. It was a testament to the hard work and dedication of the people who supported House Reinhart. Siveril stepped out of the carriage, straightening his attire and preparing himself for the important discussions that were about to take place.

Upon entering the manor, he was greeted by Ser Theran, a trusted knight in the service of House Reinhart, and the man responsible for maintaining Baroness Ilyana's minor barony centered on the small town of Lesrin.

"Count Siveril, welcome back," Ser Theran said with a respectful nod. "Baron Iemes and Master Onas Fenren have already arrived and are waiting for you in the drawing room."

"Thank you, Ser Theran," Siveril replied, grateful for the update. He made his way through the familiar halls of the manor, his mind filled with thoughts of the ambitious plans he had for his county and House Reinhart. He knew that working closely with Baron Iemes and the Fenren Merchant Company would be crucial to achieving their goals.

Arriving at the drawing room, Siveril took a deep breath and entered, seeing the two men deep in conversation in the opulent drawing room, where a large table was laden with maps and documents.

Siveril smiled at the two friends, knowing they were going over the plans that detailed their future expansion and collaboration.

"Baron Iemes, Master Onas, good to see you both," Siveril greeted as he approached the table, his eyes scanning the maps and documents laid out before them. Both men looked up and acknowledged his arrival with warm smiles and friendly handshakes.

“Count Norric, we were just discussing the potential of expanding the trade routes between our territories,” Baron Iemes explained, gesturing to the map on the table. “Master Onas has some very promising ideas on how to increase our profits and secure a stronger foothold in the region.”

The man’s ability to quickly shift his perspective from Siveril, his former Majordomo and knight, to Siveril the Count was impressive, and increased Siveril’s already high view of the baron.

Onas Fenren, the shrewd and resourceful leader of the Fenren Merchant Company, nodded in agreement. "Indeed, with the cooperation of all three of our parties, we can establish a thriving trade network that will not only benefit our individual lands but also strengthen the overall prosperity of House Reinhart."

Siveril couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement at the prospect of their combined efforts.

“You’ve been expanding quite rapidly, Onas,” Siveril acknowledged. “What suggestions do you have?”

“Increasing trade with the Kingdom of Meris is a priority,” Onas stated confidently. “Their markets have a wealth of goods and resources that could be beneficial to the Reinhart territories. Establishing strong trade connections with them will only serve to improve our own economic standing.”

He then shifted the conversation toward the new Guild being formed in the Lehelia Queendom. “There's an Adventurer's Guild in the works, and my company is investing in its creation. I believe it will provide a great benefit not only to our individual territories but also to House Reinhart as a whole. I strongly suggest that each of you consider supporting this Guild and establishing a branch in your respective seats.”

Onas looked at Ser Theran, adding, “Even in a smaller town like Lesrin, a branch of the Adventurer's Guild could prove invaluable. The Guild would bring these so-called adventurers, who are apparently skilled individuals who can assist in various tasks, from protecting trade routes to dealing with any unexpected threats.”

Baron Iemes and Siveril exchanged thoughtful glances, both recognizing the potential advantages of having the Adventurer's Guild branches in their lands. It seemed like a wise investment, one that could pay off handsomely in the long run.

Siveril nodded slowly. “You think this guild has an actual chance of forming?”

Onas nodded. “Two of my employees will be joining the Guild, and the woman who is starting it is making quite the scene in the queendom. I do not doubt that it will be formed.”

Siveril smiled. “Good, because that gives me an idea. Gwyn is only twelve at this moment, so that gives us three and a half years to establish what we need to in order to

help her form her own Guild. While as a princess she cannot be the Grandmaster, she can sponsor the formation of it and hopefully support someone that can be.”

Baron Iemes narrowed his eyes. “This is quite an ambitious plan,” he said. He turned to Onas. “Where is the Adventurer’s Guild being formed?”

“Brightburn. By a terran, no less,” he said, understanding starting to form in his expression.

“Brightburn is much larger than anything any of us have,” Baron Iemes pointed out. “Galehaven is a large town, but it is just that, a town. Why would a guild be established there? Assuming that is where you intend to place it to best benefit our small faction.”

Siveril smiled and looked down at the map, pointing at the empty space south of the Larton Barony. “All of this land is sparse with only villages throughout. I can count the number of nobles on one hand. Landed knights each. We stand ready to own the entire southern border east of Lake Strath.”

Ser Theran’s eyes narrowed as he looked at the map. “Yes, I can see how we can use this.”

Baron Iemes glanced between Theran and Siveril. “Can you elaborate? What are you speaking of?”

Siveril leaned forward, a hint of excitement in his eyes. “What I propose is this: we use Gwyn's clout as ostensibly the First Mage to establish a Mage's Guild in Galehaven. This would transform the town into a city, bringing in more people, resources, and opportunities for growth.”

He gestured towards the map, outlining their potential reach. “With the support of our faction, including House Olacyne and House Urileth, as well as the ever-expanding influence of the Fenren Merchant Company, we could create a powerful network throughout the duchy. Our faction already holds a decent share of the duchy, this is not insurmountable, especially with our close relationship with House Tiloral. We simply need to be prepared to act against Marquess Angwin.”

Ser Theran nodded in agreement. “A Mage's Guild in Galehaven would attract talented individuals from far and wide. This would not only bolster our own power and resources but also provide an opportunity for Gwyn to exercise her influence and authority.”

Baron Iemes pondered for a moment, taking in the ambitious plan before him. “It's certainly a bold idea, but I can see the potential benefits. A Mage's Guild would draw attention and prestige to our lands, but Gwyn's involvement would further solidify our ties as royalists, placing us between both the Aviran Crown and nobility.”

Onas chimed in, “With both the Adventurer's Guild and the Mage's Guild, our faction will be well-positioned for growth and influence. It's an investment in our future,

and it will help ensure our continued prosperity. I'm still waiting on my daughter and Keston to return with news about the potential magical goods business. That could have significant benefits for both our faction and these two guilds."

What Siveril and Theran didn't mention were the benefits all of this would provide when Gwyn's mother potentially arrived.

The four men, now united in their vision, began to discuss the specifics of their plan, working out the details of how to establish the Mage's Guild and the best way to leverage their collective power. They knew that it would take time, resources, and unwavering commitment, but they also understood the immense potential rewards that would come from their ambitious endeavors.

As they were deep in conversation, analyzing the economic prospects and military strategies, the door to the drawing room creaked open. To their surprise, Duke Tiloral himself entered the room, a warm smile on his face as he greeted the trio.

"Ah, my dear friends, I hope I'm not interrupting anything too important," Duke Tiloral said, his eyes scanning the maps and documents on the table.

"No, Your Grace," Siveril replied, standing up and bowing. "We were just discussing the future of House Reinhart."

"Excellent. I've been meaning to speak with you all about the current state of the kingdom and our plans moving forward," the Duke declared, taking a seat at the head of the table.

Siveril narrowed his eyes slightly.

Our plans?

He wasn't sure he liked the sound of that.