

“You’ve never been to a castle before have you?” Greeves asked.

“Yes.” Nim replied a bit embarrassed.

Greeves stopped in front of a couple of rooms.

“For now you’ll be staying here as a guest. This will be your room. Any questions?”

As Nim was about to respond he heard footsteps rapidly approaching from behind Greeves. A young lady was sprinting towards them with a smile on her face.

“Greeves!” She exclaimed.

“Allette!” Greeves’s voice boomed. Nim peeked around Greeves. She had long blonde hair and was wearing a beautiful dress.

Greeves held open both of his arms gesturing for a hug, which Allette ran straight into. He picked her up off her feet and lifted her into the air before setting her back down.

“Father told me the news, I’m so happy you’re back.” She exclaimed. “When I heard that the northern attack was a success I was so relieved. It’s great to see that you made it back safely.”

Greeves was grinning ear to ear.

“Of course the attack worked, don’t tell me you doubted me.”

“I was just-” Allette stopped and looked at Nim as if he had appeared out of nowhere. She turned and cupped her hand around Greeves’ ear. Nim couldn’t hold back his curiosity and channeled his luminescence to enhance his hearing.

“Who’s the homeless man?” She whispered. Not quite quietly enough, as Nim burst out in laughter. His hair had been growing, unmaintained, and he was wearing a spare tunic Greeves had given him. It was old, and two sizes too large. Greeves chuckled.

“This is Sergeant Nim, you’ll have to excuse his appearance, It’s my fault he looks that way.” A mortified look spread across Allette’s face. She had just called a member of the military homeless. Greeves smiled seeing her reaction.

“Yep, Sergeant Nim was actually the man that took out Damascus.” He watched as Allette became stiff as a board.

“He was a leader amongst the brave young men that put their lives on the line to defend the empire.”

Allete’s face was beet red.

“I’m so sorry Sergeant, I had no Idea who you were, please forgive my earlier remark.” Nim laughed.

“Think nothing of it your highness, I apologize for coming to your castle in such worn out rags.” He looked over to Greeves. “Perhaps if the commander hadn’t burned my uniform a few days ago I could have worn that.”

“Hey, the wagon was on fire I had to-” Greeves stopped immediately. Nim smirked.

“Why was your wagon on fire?” Allete asked innocently. Greeves’s face became bright red. Greeves remained silent.

“Hey come on, what happened?”

“We can talk about that matter later. Right now I need to speak with your father. Where is he?” Greeves started walking away down the hall while Allete ran after him.

“What happened, why won’t you tell me?”