

A couple hours later, Magarius had just put some water on the stove for breakfast when there came another knock on the door.

Ignoring his nightshirt, Magarius stalked over to the door. If it was that datted dethroned youth *agai-*

It wasn't. The King's Guards shoved their way into his kitchen.

"Resident of this house, you are hereby placed under arrest for aiding and abetting a known treasonous traitor!" the first boomed.

"Yeah! Under arrest!" a second voice echoed.

Magarius looked at Snuffles. "A 'treasonous traitor'? Who'd have thought that a traitor would be treasonous?" He turned towards the guards. "What, prithe, am I supposed to have done this time?"

"You are hereby accused of having aided and abetted a known treasonous traitor!" the first guard once again bellowed. Magarius raised his eyebrows at how rehearsed the guard's lines and voice sounded.

"Yes, I get that doofus," the wizard crossed his arms. "To whom did I supposedly give aide? This is news to me."

The guard wrinkled his brow in confusion. "Did'n ya' last night shelter the boy Lorius in this house?"

"No." It was even truthful, technically. Magarius *knew* it was a good idea not to invite dethroned royalty into his house.

"But, we heard the thunder! We knows you helped the traitor!" The guard frowned. "I'm afraid you's gonna to need to come with us anyways."

"No," the wizard pronounced again. "I won't. I have never needed you goons, and I see no reason why I need to go with you."

The furrow in the guard's brow deepened. "Uh," he looked to his fellow guards for support. "You's under arrest. That means that ya gotta come with us."

"What part of 'no' do you idiots not understand?" Magarius snapped. "I am *not* going. And you're interrupting my breakfast. Now, shoo!" He made a flipping motion with his hand. The guards felt themselves being pushed back through the door. It slammed right behind them, and the sound of a bolt being put into place was heard.

"Blasted royalty," Magarius muttered to Snuffles. "Always sticking their noses into my affairs, ruining my day. Annoying, stupid bunch, the lot of them."

Snuffles whickered his agreement. The two of them went back to breakfast.

Only a few minutes later, however, the guards pounded on the door again.

"Let us in, by order of the King!"

"What part of 'No' don't you idiots understand?" Magarius called back grumpily. "Oh, for-" He stalked up, and cast a fireball out the window. The guards, unfortunately, ducked enough to avoid it. Magarius considered casting another, but decided they weren't worth the trouble.

"Wizard Magarius, we *know* he was here. Lorius has a magic trace on him; we can follow it." This speaker was the young member of the guard who clearly hadn't yet learned the art of standing menacingly while his superiors spoke. The senior guards tried to enforce the lesson of silence by swiping at the young guard. Magarius would have felt sympathetic towards the youngster, if they weren't trying to arrest him.

A magic trace. Blast. That *would* be a nuisance. Those blasted royalty.

"Well, I never said he wasn't here at one point. I didn't *help* him. Go hunt for him somewhere else!" He slammed his windows closed and magically locked all entrances.