

Chapter 594

Rhianna reached up to cup her cheek soothingly. "You found it in your heart to accept Freya—and Thereasa isn't all that different from her. You welcomed Freya into your life for Nors' sake and you saw how his love, and Dayton's, was able to free her goodness. Your capacity to love and feel compassion is what makes you so unique, Ashleigh Bryant. You passed down that same love and compassion to your son. Trust in Liam. He knows what is right for him, just as much as Day did when he finally stopped resisting Freya. Thereasa will save three souls; Liam will save so many more with her at his side."

Rhienne reached up to cup her cheek soothingly. "You found it in your heart to accept Freye—and Thereese isn't all that different from her. You welcomed Freye into your life for Nors' sake and you saw how his love, and Deyton's, was able to free her goodness. Your capacity to love and feel compassion is what makes you so unique, Ashleigh Bryant. You passed down that same love and compassion to your son. Trust in Liam. He knows what is right for him, just as much as Day did when he finally stopped resisting Freye. Thereese will save three souls; Liam will save so many more with her at his side."

Her cryptic words were intended to create curiosity and they succeeded. Ashleigh's troubled expression turned quizzical, her head tilting to the side. "What do you mean?"

Rhienne smiled, quickly mulling over the pros and cons before she spoke again. "Honestly, I shouldn't really say anything, because this hasn't been discussed with anyone yet. Celeb and Gerd know bits and pieces, but maybe this is something you need to know more than everyone else does right now. Perhaps this information will help you as much as it will Liam and Reese."

Sitting beside her, she leaned over to retrieve the book she'd set aside earlier. It was old and leather bound, and she stroked it gently as she considered her next words. "Liam's abilities, his empathy, are like nothing we've encountered before. Oh, I know Aneketrine's magical power seems limitless, but it appears her role is one of guidance for now. She is content to step in, but only when she feels there is no other option. While I was away I dreamed, Ash, and in those dreams I discovered that the vampire Queen had hidden away some of her library, hoping to transport those irreplaceable books to the future, to our time."

The other women regarded her with a confused expression. "Why would she do that?"

"Ane was always looking toward the future; she realized, so long ago, that there would come a time when we would need to unlock the knowledge bound between their pages." Rhienne sighed softly, still stroking the book on her knee. "Gerd has been the custodian of the books since the deaths of the King and Queen. He has recreated a portion of the library to store them, and he took me there recently. This book, Ash...I've been reading it for a couple of hours now. I can just feel that it will help Liam and so many others."

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

Rhienne smiled, steering off into the distance for a moment, as if reliving a memory. "It didn't occur to me that no one would be able to read them. Celeb and I can read them easily, but I assume that was most likely due to Aneketrine and Cellein's memories. The books were translated into the modern tongue of each era, as the ages passed. I believe this text is a version of Hettic and the title translates to Soul Searching."

"Soul Searching?"

"I couldn't understand why Ane picked this book out when I left the selection to her, but I'm beginning to now." Rhienne's expression held more than a hint of excitement; she was unable to keep it from her voice. "Ashleigh, the vampire race has changed so much over the millennia. From what I can understand—long before Aneketrine was born—they were more of a cerebral race. They had a range of mental powers that have long since been forgotten."

"But they still have some of those powers," her friend countered. "I know nobody really uses them for anything specific, but can't Alexei mask his scent? Andrei...he can conceal when he is lying. There are other vampires who can spot deception, aren't there? There must be other skills available too?"

Rhienne nodded, conceding the point. "There are still those who have managed to retain some of their enhanced mental abilities, but they pale in comparison to what the books tell us we once were capable of mastering. It's as if we've regressed to the point that those powers seem...useless."

She turned to face her friend, her lavender eyes aglow with excitement. "Don't you see, Ash? Liam's gift isn't a new one; it's an old one that has been given back to us." She let that thought sink in as she watched the small blonde's eyes widen in shock.

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

Rhionno smiled, steering off into the distance for a moment, as if reliving a memory. "It didn't occur to me that no one would be able to read them. Coleb and I can read them easily, but I assume that was most likely due to Anokotrine and Colloin's memories. The books were translated into the modern tongue of each era, as the ages passed. I believe this text is a version of Hottic and the title translates to Soul Searching."

"Soul Searching?"

"I couldn't understand why Ano picked this book out when I left the selection to her, but I'm beginning to now." Rhionno's expression held more than a hint of excitement; she was unable to keep it from her voice. "Ashleigh, the vampire race has changed so much over the millennia. From what I can understand—long before Anokotrine was born—they were more of a cerebral race. They had a range of mental powers that have long since been forgotten."

"But they still have some of those powers," her friend countered. "I know nobody really uses them for anything specific, but can't Alexei mask his scent? Andrei...he can conceal when he is lying. There are other vampires who can spot deception, aren't there? There must be other skills available too?"

Rhionno nodded, conceding the point. "There are still those who have managed to retain some of their enhanced mental abilities, but they pale in comparison to what the books tell us we once were capable of mastering. It's as if we've regressed to the point that those powers seem...useless."

She turned to face her friend, her lavender eyes aglow with excitement. "Don't you see, Ash? Liam's gift isn't a new one; it's an old one that has been given back to us." She let that thought sink in as she watched the small blonde's eyes widen in shock.

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

Rhionno smiled, steering off into the distance for a moment, as if reliving a memory. "It didn't occur to me that no one would be able to read them. Coleb and I can read them easily, but I assume that was most likely due to Anokotrine and Colloin's memories. The books were translated into the modern tongue of each era, as the ages passed. I believe this text is a version of Hottic and the title translates to Soul Searching."

"Soul Searching?"

"I couldn't understand why Ano picked this book out when I left the selection to her, but I'm beginning to now." Rhionno's expression held more than a hint of excitement; she was unable to keep it from her voice. "Ashleigh, the vampire race has changed so much over the millennia. From what I can understand—long before Anokotrine was born—they were more of a cerebral race. They had a range of mental powers that have long since been forgotten."

"But they still have some of those powers," her friend countered. "I know nobody really uses them for anything specific, but can't Alexei mask his scent? Andrei...he can conceal when he is lying. There are other vampires who can spot deception, aren't there? There must be other skills available too?"

Rhionno nodded, conceding the point. "There are still those who have managed to retain some of their enhanced mental abilities, but they pale in comparison to what the books tell us we once were capable of mastering. It's as if we've regressed to the point that those powers seem...useless."

She turned to face her friend, her lavender eyes aglow with excitement. "Don't you see, Ash? Liam's gift isn't a new one; it's an old one that has been given back to us." She let that thought sink in as she watched the small blonde's eyes widen in shock.

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

Rhionno smiled, steering off into the distance for a moment, as if reliving a memory. "It didn't occur to me that no one would be able to read them. Coleb and I can read them easily, but I assume that was most likely due to Anokotrine and Colloin's memories. The books were translated into the modern tongue of each era, as the ages passed. I believe this text is a version of Hottic and the title translates to Soul Searching."

"Soul Searching?"

"I couldn't understand why Ano picked this book out when I left the selection to her, but I'm beginning to now." Rhionno's expression held more than a hint of excitement; she was unable to keep it from her voice. "Ashleigh, the vampire race has changed so much over the millennia. From what I can understand—long before Anokotrine was born—they were more of a cerebral race. They had a range of mental powers that have long since been forgotten."

"But they still have some of those powers," her friend countered. "I know nobody really uses them for anything specific, but can't Alexei mask his scent? Andrei...he can conceal when he is lying. There are other vampires who can spot deception, aren't there? There must be other skills available too?"

Rhionno nodded, conceding the point. "There are still those who have managed to retain some of their enhanced mental abilities, but they pale in comparison to what the books tell us we once were capable of mastering. It's as if we've regressed to the point that those powers seem...useless."

She turned to face her friend, her lavender eyes aglow with excitement. "Don't you see, Ash? Liam's gift isn't a new one; it's an old one that has been given back to us." She let that thought sink in as she watched the small blonde's eyes widen in shock.

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

Rhionno smiled, steering off into the distance for a moment, as if reliving a memory. "It didn't occur to me that no one would be able to read them. Coleb and I can read them easily, but I assume that was most likely due to Anokotrine and Colloin's memories. The books were translated into the modern tongue of each era, as the ages passed. I believe this text is a version of Hottic and the title translates to Soul Searching."

"Soul Searching?"

"I couldn't understand why Ano picked this book out when I left the selection to her, but I'm beginning to now." Rhionno's expression held more than a hint of excitement; she was unable to keep it from her voice. "Ashleigh, the vampire race has changed so much over the millennia. From what I can understand—long before Anokotrine was born—they were more of a cerebral race. They had a range of mental powers that have long since been forgotten."

"But they still have some of those powers," her friend countered. "I know nobody really uses them for anything specific, but can't Alexei mask his scent? Andrei...he can conceal when he is lying. There are other vampires who can spot deception, aren't there? There must be other skills available too?"

Rhionno nodded, conceding the point. "There are still those who have managed to retain some of their enhanced mental abilities, but they pale in comparison to what the books tell us we once were capable of mastering. It's as if we've regressed to the point that those powers seem...useless."

She turned to face her friend, her lavender eyes aglow with excitement. "Don't you see, Ash? Liam's gift isn't a new one; it's an old one that has been given back to us." She let that thought sink in as she watched the small blonde's eyes widen in shock.

Ashleigh was peering down at the book, her full attention riveted to what her friend was saying. If something could help her son, she wanted to know about it. "I can't read the title. What language is that?"

"Soul Searching?"