

The Primordial Record

Chapter 6: I Am Satisfied

Maeve's expression became solemn, wetting her lips, she said "Young master, Knowledge of the Paths, comes with its burden. You anticipated that you might lose your memory when you went for the ritual, so you wrote your thoughts in your diary. As a member of the Royal clan, your knowledge of the Path is naturally more complete than mine, and I could provide you false information, not because I intend to, but because my knowledge of the Paths is still very limited."

Maeve continued speaking after a slight pause, and she collected herself, "You should understand young master, most people in ????????? world would not be able to come into contact with the Paths of Dominion or even understand its workings even if they are shown."

Rowan frowned a little at the inflection in her voice when she said this world, were there perhaps other worlds that were known? Could they be visited?

He was in a brand-new world and anything could be possible, was this an alternate reality, or was he still in the same universe and on another planet? He figured these questions would be answered in time, and he should listen more to Maeve.

Or he could just be mad, and everything happening was just a feverish phantasm of a mind tearing itself apart.

As always, he placed the solution on time. His new state of emotional detachment aids him in his decisions.

Maeve manifested a heavy book from thin air, and placed it beside him, whatever the methods she used to do that, it was still impressive, he made sure not to appear too surprised, though he had no memories of how she was able to perform her Spatial magic, he was bound to figure it out soon enough.

He moved to touch the book, but she placed her hand on his, "Master, be careful, you have always wanted to become a Dominator. You've paid an awful price to become capable of becoming one." Sigh. "—Maybe too much."

She looked at him, and he detected a slight sense of sorrow in her eyes, but still, he saw pride—pride in him. "I would make sure you are not disturbed at this time." she bowed formally to him, and quietly shut the door.

Rowan mused at how she stopped calling him "Young master" to "Master", but that slight change brought about a sort of formless pressure around him.

Rowan closed his eyes, allowing his mind to become empty, it was a trick he learned during the rough patches of his life. By emptying his head, he found it easier to think.

It appeared that he was sinking into the role of the Prince. He accepted it. This world and the magical situation around him were sucking him inside its web, and his previous life was turning to shadows.

It was easier to accept what ???? than what ??????. His life these past few years had been out of control. His motivation was gone, and he drifted through each day with a lesser will to strive.

He had tried, yet fate was an unkind judge. He had always been found wanting. This new situation offered something so fantastical it drew him out of his lethargy, and he had a faint expectation brewing inside his chest.

So, it was almost natural to let the memory of this prince, no matter how patchy it was, meld with his. Habits and desires, blending.

He opened his eyes, and he buried the traces of hesitation inside his heart. The state of his awakening in this world haunted him, and if he were to find solace in anything, it would be in the means to protect himself.

Taking this step would mean he had mostly accepted the truth of this world. That he was now different, that reality as he knew it had changed.

Besides, he had never seen himself as wise or knowledgeable, he did not have all the answers, and he had never pretended as if he did. He could only try his best to make the best of any situation he found himself in.

Now let's find out what this journey has in store for us.

Would he look back one day and regret journeying on this Path? He suspected that if he never touched this book, this diary that lies in his hand, he would live well. He had won the lottery if this was the afterlife.

As the son of a prince, this manor was his, he was rich, and he could forget the horrifying nature of his birth into this world, he could be happy, under the protection of his father.

Could he?

His memories were patchy and not fully have time for deeper introspection of the circumstances he found himself in, he could at least come to a conclusion, which was that he had to tackle any situation he found himself in with a position of strength and knowledge.

That had always been his motto. A man without a plan was adrift in fog. He was purposeless and was easy to manipulate and tear down. He should know. The last part of his life was precisely that of a vagrant.

Running away from the truth was foolish, he was not an ostrich that would bury his head in the sands and hope for the grace and mercies of others.

He was Rowan Kuranos, and he would not run from his problems, and if it was too much, if his bones break, and the weight of this world drained everything from him if death came for him once more, he would go into that endless night with a smile on his face, after all, he died once before, who was keeping count?

A Dominator. The words brought a slight tingle to his spine, his pupils constricted, and his breathing increased, he suddenly remembered a memory, and he stood up and looked around the room.

He was getting used to the memory meld, but there were still some bugs to fix.

He recognized this room, it was his favorite, and he loved the view, from here he could see the Misty Mountains, and when the sun rose, it painted a picture of beauty over the valleys and hills that made him smile and brought him a sense of contentment.

This was the manor allocated to him by the purview of his birthright, it had a moat, numerous rooms, and a barrack that contained a stable detachment of troops, the room he was in was tastefully furnished, and a soft white carpet was spread on the floor, a humongous bookshelf covered both sides of the wall, and a workstation placed near the window was covered by a large piece of hide from an exotic animal.

A thought occurred to him, and he walked to the ornate standing mirror by the adjourned bathroom, he unbuttoned the top of his robe and checked his chest, on his heart laid a red tattoo of an eye, he never recollected getting one in either of his previous lives, he stared intensely at the details of the tattoo, when the tattooed eye blinked and faded away, startling him.

He touched the spot on his chest, and underneath his fingers, he felt something bulge and squirm, he withdrew his hand in shock.

The moment he touched the spot of the faded tattoo he had received a sensation of hunger and filth of cold and an endless nothingness, and he felt a deep fear, what was hiding under his skin?

Rowan sighed, some decisions were taken away from him, no knowledge he knew would explain what lies below his skin, it reminded him a little of the hooded man in the slaughter mansion he woke up from, but somehow what he just touched felt worse, although it appeared to be asleep.

He walked to the window and looked at the open Vista, the air was cold, and he hurriedly buttoned his robe, the sun was setting and painted the landscape a breathtaking shade of gold and green. Rowan stood for a long while, his thought unknown, he silently turned to his workstation bringing the heavy diary along.

He finally settled and opened the diary, the first words made his pupils shrink, it read

"My Lord Father wants to kill me, but I am satisfied."

Chapter 7: Trion

Rowan had a faint fear that he may not be able to read the diary, but thankfully his premonition turned false, the words at first seemed like gibberish, but slowly it began to make sense, this process happened very fast, almost instantaneously.

Those grim words were pressed into the pages as if written in distress. Again, Rowan tried to remember the past and the relationship he had with his father, but it mostly was a blur.

From what he could infer, the Third Prince was generally known and loved by the populace, the city he governed was thriving, his policies were fair, and he gave back to the merchants and citizens, he had a keen eye for great trade deals and brought wealth to his city.

But that was on the surface. That was a part he knew the Third Prince played. He was not interested in the propaganda for the masses, he wanted the real truth.

He knew the third prince was not to be trusted when he was hugged by him, it felt like being smothered in the coils of a giant snake

Placing his focus back to the book he held, Rowan could see that the ink used on the first page was red while the rest of the diary used the traditional black ink, he brought the page closer to his nose, and caught a faint whiff of iron, was this written in blood?

Red was one of the primary colors of the Kuran family, it represented the burning flames in the heart. It had no ties with blood.

He did not remember writing this, he did not remember much of anything really, he mentally chastised himself, if he was going to analyze every word he came across, he wouldn't make any progress with his patchy memory of the prince not helping matters.

He continued reading, as he turned to the next page, anticipating yet dreading what he was to find.

It turned out to be a standard diary, with inconsistent details from a writer who expected to understand the jumbled recollection and writings.

Essential terms were missing, and there was no background for many of the strange terms used. Rowan made a mental note to properly investigate them.

He began reading,

Yuleti 7, 0074

It was said that when the gods slept, Primos stole their weapons and used them to battle the calamities that plagued mankind. I confess I do have a fanciful idea that what I, together with Dennis and Clara, are about to undertake is similar to that epic undertaking, but I digress.

The auction was successful, and I was able to collect all the pieces of the divine weapon of ice, it was a shame I had to fork up three bottles of Redwyn wine, my heart still pains me for that loss, but that damn greedy merchant Beirut will never do any transaction at a loss.

It was a relatively short journal entry, he saw two names Dennis and Clara, and after racking his memories, he could recall details of these two, Dennis was a rambunctious noble brat, constantly looking for new thrills, he had deep pockets because he was part owner of a large steel mill, Rowan took advantage of the fact that Dennis was a thrill seeker and used his resources to pursue his occultic agenda, and achieve his burning desire—freeing his mother.

Clara was a librarian who had an impressive grasp of ancient text and languages, she was multilingual and had a knack for research, although her family was not well-to-do, her father being a train station attendant, her expertise made her an invaluable member of the trio.

He took out a ballpoint pen from the drawers and took out a new hardcover notebook, he would put down specific words and names, so he could flesh them out properly. Biting the end of his pen for a second, Rowan began to write, Divine weapons? Auction? Merchant—Beirut? He was satisfied with this entry, he slowly turned the page of the diary to the next.

Yuleti 10, 0074

I had a falling out with Dennis today, it's an understatement when I say he was not pleased with the idea of crushing a divine weapon to feed a demon, even if it's the lowest tier. It took a while to convince him about the sheer difficulty of such a task and

that we would most likely fail, but he was adamant that we could not risk the divine weapon.

I may have underestimated the desire for power from Dennis, his cheerful personality was a facade, I think, Clara warned me about his lust for power.

Why would anyone want a power like this? That leaves your humanity behind and makes you a thing of despair?

Hmm... trouble in paradise, from what he could piece together from Rowan's memories, he was a typical scholar, head buried in books and heart set on dreams, he pursued knowledge just to quench his thirst for the unknown, and although he was born in affluence he was not affected by his status.

His sickly constitution made him not able to compete in the political arena of a large royal family and his interest cemented away any chance of playing in power games with his brothers and sisters, so he was ignorant of how much the allure of more power was to a Noble.

He turned the pages and slowly sank into the retelling of Rowan's life, occasionally bringing up his notebook and jotting down specific phrases, the light began to dim as evening came around. He switched on the gas lamp beside him, it burned with a green flame illuminating his face in a ghoulish manner, and he sank back into reading, at that moment no one who saw his figure would mistake him for a child.

The chair was low, and the table was a little too high for him, so he had to haunch to read comfortably, he sat on the edge of his chair, yet his focus was intense and his concentration absolute, this was not the demeanor of a child.

As the sun set, the moon rose. Rowan had been sitting down for over four hours, and so he stretched to relieve fatigued muscles, he had been able to sort through most of the diary. He closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead as he placed each memory in its place and sorted out his thoughts.

This world was a strange and terrible place, where the supernatural was not the stuff of nightmare and imagination, but was a reality experienced by everyone in varying degrees.

This world contained gods and monsters, and they had left their mark on its surface. Every trace of life had felt their touch, whether for good or ill.

Some Nobles choose to let their people live a life of ignorance, separating the supernatural from the mundane, most were not successful, for the magic inevitably bled through the facade of normalcy. It was hard to explain away the massive shape of a

Dragon flying overhead, or why some children were born with the capability to bend reality.

This world was called Trion.

From the edge of his perception, he heard whispers, and he smelled ozone, almost as if a storm were coming, but his eyes were still closed, he had overdrawn himself and had pushed his young body far beyond its limits, and exhaustion pressed down on him.

If his eyes were opened he would have seen the area around his chest light up and, like smoke, moonlight streaming through the windows diverted and poured into his chest.

A shock of cold drove him up and saw the light from the moon bending and flowing into the tattoo on his chest and in each passing moment, the glow from the tattoo increased.

The tattoo of the eyes that had faded before had returned. His breath caught in his throat, as he was not just witnessing something fantastical, it was happening to him.

Chapter 8: The Primordial Record

Rowan heard a whisper, and his mind fell into a daze, he felt his heart contract and a Black Book entered his mind, it flipped open, and he saw a picture of his face, but he was grown up.

It was a picture of a regal blonde man with green eyes. The image blinked, Rowan paused and stared at the image for a while, looking closely, the image appeared to be breathing, and interestingly enough, it was also staring back at him.

Since the pages were red, the face resembled a decapitated head in a pool of blood, reminding Rowan of the circumstances when he awoke in this world.

The book began to rapidly flip to the seventh page where words began to form.

The words resembled some form of hieroglyphs, slowly they began to take shape in his head, the words shifting and bending until he could understand and read them.

P????????? ??????

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/12

Strength: 0.2

Agility: 0.2

Constitution: 3.5

Spirit: 1.5

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

Scion Of Light - level 0 [0/5]

Scion Of Darkness – level 0 [0/5]

???????????????????? – level 0 [0/1000]

????????? ?????????????? – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point: 0.0000

Remark: Divine Fodder

Rowan stood for a while, his heart raced, yet his mind was calm, this state of mind reminded him of when he first had this sensation—the feeling of control when his body panicked, but his mind was still.

It was inside that slaughter mansion, where three diabolical men plot devilish machinations in the midst of dancing corpses. This book in his heart should be the most likely cause.

When he was going through his diary, he had placed extra emphasis on searching for details on the ritual, yet there was no mention, except for the first cryptic message in the diary, the rest was normal gallivanting of a knowledge-driven scholar, with a fair degree of knowledge on the supernatural.

This knowledge included many topics, most especially the fantastical might of Divine Weapons, which were powerful artifacts controlled exclusively by royalty and powerful families, with different organizations owning a few of them.

Rowan was fascinated by Divine Weapons, he had researched a lot on the subject, hoping to find a cure for his frailness, but fearing the corruption they brought even more.

Rowan eventually purchased a lesser variant, but there was no knowledge of any divine weapon such as this Black Book inside his heart, if this was at all a divine weapon.

This Black Book—The Primordial Record, could be his path to power and safety, unlike the previous Rowan, he had no distaste for supernatural power, and he needed to feel in control of his life, for he felt confused and powerless. He steadied himself and slowly looked through the information presented to him.

The first thing that came to him was his life span, according to this, he had less than a year to live, even under the influence of the strange mental detachment he still felt a chill that struck him deep inside his soul.

Life had a different meaning when you knew the moment you were going to die, every passing moment was felt, and every second counts. This was a sick joke, against all odds, he survived Death itself only to die just a year after he was reborn.

"Put away those false dreams. Oh foolish mortal, did you think you could forgo your destiny?" Rowan thought he could hear the voice of Death as it was delivering the perfect checkmate.

A bubble of anger began to grow in his soul. He was not particularly scared of dying, but no one loves to be the fool of fate, to be the plaything of the powerful, he died in mysterious circumstances in his previous life as he could not even recollect how he passed away, only to awake in a slaughterhouse, his mind scattered, his body reduced and now his life a fraction of what it should be.

He wanted to not believe what he was seeing, having no way to test this hypothesis about his pending death a year from now, but he had an idea of how to test the validity of this Record.

Furthermore, he would be a fool to dismiss what was happening to him.

Nevertheless, he was still cool-headed, his hands were clenched while his eyes were empty, for the moment, he had no other pressing concerns, time to him was now his most precious asset, and he ought to use it wisely.

He rapidly scanned through the information and realized that when he concentrated on each of the words, descriptions of their purpose entered his mind.

The normal adult man had an average Stat distribution of 1.0, his was a pathetic number as his Strength and Agility were far below the norm, the misnomer would be his Constitution and Spirit, they were incredibly high, especially his Constitution, he felt the number like that should be ridiculous.

The Stats were self-explanatory enough, Constitution should deal with the overall well-being of his body from health to his vitality. He was a bit confused about strength, for he

felt with a powerful Constitution his Strength and Agility Stat should also be high, but he may have been wrong in how those were measured.

Spirit was a necessary attribute to understand the supernatural and obtain powerful abilities. Without a strong Spirit, the power door was locked away. He was glad to see that it was particularly high, though not as much as his Constitution, that was just ridiculous.

He needed to test and see the result of that number, Rowan tried to squeeze the flesh of his hand, it felt soft and smooth, there was no hardness, fishing for a pen knife in his drawer, he slowly pierced the thick flesh of his palm, he kept increasing pressure until his hands shook, but he could not penetrate his flesh.

His breath caught in his throat, dropping the knife, he gingerly took off the glass covering the gas lamp, and hovered his hand over the flame, except for a slight warmth, he detected nothing much, he lowered his hand until he touched the flame, and kept it there for fifteen seconds, that was when it was beginning to hurt.

The surface of his palm was charred, but to his pleasant surprise, the flesh squirmed, and the dead flaky part fell off, to be replaced by new soft skin. Rowan could not help but grin at his amazing healing capabilities.

His laughter was short-lived though, as a prince, he had come across powerful Dominators, and he did not remember any of them having a healing factor like his. He was sure they had a far more powerful Constitution than his own, yet his healing capabilities were off the charts.

Well, he still had many descriptions to go through, and if this Primordial Record was as exhaustive as he anticipated, it would inevitably have an answer to his queries.

"Ok what's next," he mused, mentally rubbing his palms together, his spirit was impressive, most people's spirit fell at 0.5, and he was triple that amount.

The next was Passive skills, Decipher language was self-explanatory, one detail he skipped was that he had been able to read every text he came across, including the weird hieroglyphs used by the Primordial Record, if this skill also affected spoken language, he could see how this could be very useful to him.

One should know that there were many races in this world, each with its unique language and cultures, the wealth of knowledge this skill would bring to him would be incalculable.

He suspected icy soul was the strange almost robotic detachment of his will from his body, almost making his body into a puppet, this skill had promise, and he was sure the limit of this skill lay in his imagination.

All around these were great Passive skills, but he knew the meat of this Primordial Record should be about the records, hovering over the first, he mentally clicked it and his perception fell into darkness.

Chapter 9: Omnipotent Records

Scion Of Light: The domain of Light favors you, your descent ushers light on all creation, and you shall hold the sun, in the palm of your hand.

I saw a man who walked in darkness, his eyes were closed, and his hands were clasped to his chest as if in prayer, he walked in the darkness for an unfathomable amount of time, and when it seemed the darkness was all, there was, he opened his eyes, they were twin orbs of flames that lit up the expanse, and he screamed with a voice that stirred the skies "I am Light!".

The endless night was torn apart, flames as hot as a sun poured from his open eyes and mouth, he unclasped his hands and a circular shockwave of flames poured from his flesh, and the world he walked on, burned to cinders.

All Paths Of Dominion for Light unlocked.

(Orion favors you)

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Rowan pulled away from the vision, he collapsed on the floor, his breathing labored, his temperature had spiked, and his hair curled up and became dry. Sweat poured down his brows, and in a while, he was soaked, how terrifying. That man was a walking nuclear bomb, every gesture he made carried sheer explosive power, could he become something like that?

Rowan found the words, "Orion favors you." to be very troubling, according to mystical text, Orion was the incarnation of the Sun God, he was a Supreme being who governed the movement of the stars.

If gods existed, their attention was not something he craved, what were mortals before the domain of gods? Nothing but specks of dust, meaningless and easily discarded. Their attention could either be a boon or woe to him.

A memory occurred to him, and he hobbled down to his book shelve, the vision had drained him, and he grunted in annoyance as he strained to reach a book near the top, before going back and dragging a chair, safely retrieving the book, he looked at the name: Royal Kuranés Genealogy.

He rapidly flipped to a specific page, to the primogenitor of the Kuranés family. Barubiel Kuranés, legends called him the Scion Of Light, his talents had supported God King

Golgoth to the throne of Trion, creating a chance for mankind to rule the entire planet, and his prowess In the Dominion of Light was unparalleled.

His abilities should have made him Immortal. A Herald of the God King himself, but he went missing and although the Kuranos family was still powerful, Rowan remembered they no longer walked the Pathway Of Light, but a different one. The Pathway of the Adept.

Rowan closed the book with a snap, it would appear that Rowan was a Scion Of Light, but he had never gone through the ritual to awaken his talent as a child because he was too frail to go through the process, perhaps if his family had known he was the heir of their primogenitor, they would have moved mountains to enhance his physique and awaken this broken talent. He laughed weakly and sighed.

"Tsk.....tsk...so it was like this all along, what a joke."

Rowan had a stoic personality, and although he did not write an elaborate dissertation on the relationship with his family in his diary, he could still see clear hints in his writings, a little pattern of abuse and neglect that Rowan hid with cheerful language and sarcastic humor. Why else was he placed in a fief at the end of the world, and it was unlikely that a noble of his age was not married or even engaged?

Except for the minimal benefits of his station, he did not get any help from his family and the only person in the world he cared for, was taken from him, it was no wonder he agreed to the dastardly ritual his father made him perform. He knew he was an experiment, he knew his fate was grim, he knew he was going to his death, yet he agreed.

It was the only card he had to play, to free his mother from torture and imprisonment.

Rowan did not want the sacrifice of this young man to be in vain.

They may think you are a failure, but I will prove them wrong.

Where was this sentiment for a dead prince coming from? Maybe it was because he shared his body and more intimately he shared his soul, it made him empathize with him on a deeper level.

He had recovered from the strain of viewing the vision of Scion Of Light, he was beginning to understand the intricacies of having a high constitution, and a freaky healing factor.

Once more he plunged into the Primordial Record, determined to understand everything it had to offer him, and with tense breath, his mind entered into the next Record

Scion Of Darkness: Your soul traveled through the shroud of Death. You are an anomaly that walks the Earth. Darkness has invaded your soul, and you shall extinguish all sparks of light.

All Paths Of Dominion for Darkness unlocked.

(Thanatos favors you)

A man in a tattered cloak walks down a snowy field, he is barefoot, and every step he takes leaves an imprint of his feet behind, behind him rose an army of monsters, titanic colossi that rumbled the earth with each step, to gigantic floating tentacles that led to bizarre creatures the size of cities to marauding werewolves and liches and bone dragons and myriad of creature with forms that bleeds into shadows and coldness.

Behind this lone man, they were all silent, they followed him. An army that covered cities moved across a doomed world in silence.

The footprint that he left behind was black, and from the blackness, the snow behind him turned black. Every step he took made the world fall into darkness.

In a while, the planet he walked on fell into everlasting darkness.

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Rowan froze after this vision, collapsing bonelessly to the floor, where he hit his head on the edge of the table with a sickening thud.

His heart stopped, and for a while, he thought he was going to perish, he had not spent a full day, but he was going to die for such a stupid reason as not sitting down when touching the domains of gods.

Thankfully, he felt a pleasant warmth envelope his heart and it began to beat. The warmth covered his body and he watched in rapt fascination as black veins all over his body retreated into his skin. He raised himself, marveling at the feeling of good health after the near-death experience.

It occurred to Rowan that he was not being careful enough. But the dam had already burst, nothing would hold him back from checking out every secret here. Not trusting the chair, he sat on the ground cross-legged.

His mind went back to delving into the Scion Of Darkness, and he contemplated on the new favor from another god, this time a Death god. Rowan knew you should not slap a smiling face, but unsolicited favors, especially from gods, were not necessarily a good thing, their blessings can be heavier than mountains.

But why should he worry about gods, according to the accepted texts, they were all dead or fled from this plane of existence. The God King brought down their Dominion. The Primordial Record had opened a link to these forgotten gods, how novel?

The Pathway Of Light and Darkness were two different Pathways, and if Rowan did not miss his guess, would he be able to utilize both paths? Or would he have to choose? He hoped it was the former. Rowan did not feel safe in this world, and he would never reject any chance of becoming more powerful.

The Primordial Record, what sort of existence was it? To draw two polar opposite alignments together in the same body, and yet he was aware that there were still more records left, his phantom fingers itched as he pushed the next button.

A flash of black text materialized over the page.

Warning, If you are about to view an Omnipotent Record, proceed.

Omnipotence, Rowan liked that word. Would it kill him if he opened it, he hoped not because he was going ahead

Proceed!

Chapter 10: Hatred

????????????????????: Eternal and Endless, Death is a footnote you have conquered eons ago, rapidly healing from all physical damage. If death still finds you, consume lifespan to be reborn.

A thriving city appeared before my eyes, it reminded me of the metropolis of my previous life, millions of people going about their day, working, eating, fighting, getting married, the breath of the city was exuberant, the sun was shining and life seemed boundless.

There was a silent groan that was felt rather than heard, and everyone went still, even the birds stopped flapping their wings and fell, their little hearts beating so fast it exploded inside their chest. Almost like a naughty child scattering his sand castle, the city broke into pieces, and millions of lives cried in sorrow and were silenced.

The ground of the city heaved and turned, and a gigantic form that defied meaning rose from the ruin, the skies darkened and shattered, and what rose was a gigantic brown palm, the city.... no the entire continent was on the palm.

My sight zoomed to outside the planet. Like a butterfly opening its cocoon, a humanoid creature broke out from the planet, the subsequent explosion of the planet barely ruffled his hair.

Maeve walked up the stairs, her gait was firm and steady, and each step was climbed in the same manner as clockwork. Night had fallen, and she was to make sure her Master was sleeping and to take care of his needs, she had given him enough time to go through his diary, the coming days would be rough for him.

She had to prepare him to face whatever storms were surely on their way, after all, he was now in the body of a child, and it presented a vulnerability that his enemies and family members would take full advantage of.

Keeping the news a secret for as long as possible was the best play, but further drastic measures were needed, for this matter could not be covered for long. One could not cover a fire with paper.

Reaching the door, she gently knocked after waiting a while and not receiving any response. She listened closely and heard nothing except a low moan.

Opening the door, she saw the Young Prince standing by his bedside he was hunched over and was fiddling with his face, his back was facing her, so she could not see his face.

Maeve called out, "Young Master, I came over to inquire if you required any assistance or have any queries you need answers to. You are usually too entrenched in your work, for the moment you have to go a bit easier, you have not fully recovered."

Silence answered her. No, not silence, a low throaty chuckle that made her frown, the Young Prince continued to fiddle with his face, the room was dark as the gas lamp was switched off, and the only lighting came from the moonlight coming in through the window, but a Dominator of her level could see in low light conditions.

She sniffed the air and her expression changed, with inhuman Agility she lunged at the prince and seized his hands, his entire body was wet and sticky, and he kept struggling to free himself, she summarily knocked him out by placing a single finger on his nape and rapidly carried him to the bed.

She gently pried away at the tool he was holding in a death grip, which was a knife, wrapping it in a piece of linen she materialized from the air, she made it vanish, she rapidly brought a bowl with warm water and began to clean the prince, her gaze was cold and filled with wrath and anger.

The eyes of the prince were two gaping holes, he had been ruthlessly stabbing the fragile orbs, judging by the amount of blood she had cleaned from his body, he should not be alive, the rug on the floor was soaked with blood.

This was a side effect of the ritual! It was her eternal shame that she was schemed against and was not present when the prince went for the ritual, after that harrowing experience, there was no way she would allow him to die on her watch.

The prince woke up with a gasp, startling her, Rowan waking up should be impossible, the power of sleep was under her Domain; she wanted to spare him pain for as long as possible until she found ways to heal his eyes.

Rowan gasped and turned around, clearly in shock and confusion.

"Young master, it is okay. I am here." With sorrow and anger present in her voice, she continued, "Please be calm, you have lost a lot of blood. This should be my fault. I apologize for harming you, your diary must have triggered a reaction from the ritual you partook in."

Rowan gestured for her to stop wiping his face, he whispered, "Maeve the diary was not the problem, you have done an impressive job, fetch me my coat."

" Young master, your eyes....."

"It's no problem.... see..." Rowan's eyes seemed to squirm and vibrate, and new flesh grew from the darkness of his empty socket. He slowly opened his eyes, they were white and pure and glistened white, "I am okay, get me my coat."

"Yes, young master" Maeve replied in shock as she strode to get the coat, her amazement was total.

As she pulled down a thick coat, she dimly heard from her Master, "I am going to kill every last one of you."