It all started on a wet Monday evening, so many people walking back and forth from the pavilion as the festivities of Duke Minan’s birthday came to an end. Kinea searched his surroundings as an uncomfortable feeling washed over his mind; his face went pale blank for a few minutes and as he was just about to compose himself, a young woman of about 5ft 8 with dazzling blue eyes approached him.

Woman: I know you! You are the Duke’s son, hmm what was your name again?

She said as her lips curled up into a small smile.

Kinea: You do know that are being a little bit rude! Before I tell you my name, why don’t you tell me yours?

Kinea was a little annoyed as it just seemed to him that everyone knew the name of the Duke and Kineas siblings but not him, was it because he was adopted and had no true royal blood. He would come to understand later if that was indeed why.

The woman clasped her hands while grinning and then laughed.

Woman: Well I’m sorry if I seemed rude, It was not intentional. Anyways, my name is Serene, Sorceress extraordinaire! By the way.. where may I find your Father? It’s just that there is so many big houses in this um...Noble quarter of the city.

Kinea looked at Serene in a quizzical fashion, his emerald eyes then peering deep into her deep blues, to try and engage her intentions, after all… she said she was a sorceress and what would one of them want with his Father?

Kinea: First of all! What do you want with my Father? What could you need of him? Secondly, I shall not tell you where he lives, for as much as he loves all who live in this city, he is a private man and is not in need of a Sorceress, plus you look to young to be seasoned Sorceress.

Serene unclasped her hands and went into a fit of hysterical laughter.

Serene: Well young man, what I need with your Father is rather none of your business, but know that I do not wish him or your family any ill intention. As for me looking young..Well.. THANK YOU!!! I may look young, but remember this, wisdom comes before age as some of the woman born in the land I belong are reincarnated souls of the old sorceresses who came before us. Even if I wanted to, I could not recount all that past lives I’ve had. By the way, you did not tell me your name.

To be continued.