

3732

Blackbourne Manor Road

2021-April-09 at 8: 54: 43 PM

Lightning flashed across the sky.

Piercing through clouds of fog.

Illuminating Xadrian Hightower, on the floor in the middle of his parent's dark office, staring at the blood on his hands.

His parents blood.

"What is going on out there?" the family accountant, Chelsea Fullerson asked as she tried to look passed rain battering the window for the source of what sounded like a battle raging outside.

That's a good question. What is going on? Xadrian thought. How could this happen?

Oblivious of the blood splattered across his face and clothing, Xadrian lifted his head and watched motionless as thick raindrops fell against the stained-glass portion of the window.

The family governess, Athela Akerse—who Xadrian has known for the past twelve years of his life—held him tighter in her arms, only then, he realized his whole body was shaking.

"How could this happen?" he whispered.

Athela took her left hand off him and picked up a washcloth off the tray beside her. She dipped the washcloth into a bowl of water. "Let's get you more presentable, young master Xadrian," she said, wiping his parent's blood off his hands first. . . .