

Alchemy of Hearts chapter 1

Chapter 1: Slipping into the realm of unconsciousness

In a dim room, a small ray from the twilight managed to seep in through the little gap between the sliding window that wasn't shut tightly.

At the left corner, a man seated on a tatami legless chair, tapped his fingers lightly on the small short-legged table before him, eliciting a rhythm best known to him. 2

His eyes glittered in the dark, deep in thoughts only he could fathom.

Due to the prevailing darkness, his gaze couldn't be seen, and neither could his figure be made out as his body was almost fully submerged in it.

Suddenly, he stilled when he heard the sounds of hurried footsteps coming toward the room.

Gradually, he tilted his head to the side, casting a long glance at the figure in a plain brown kimono (traditional attire) that just appeared before him.

"Master, it's me!" The excited tone of the man announced while giving a deep bow. Just like the other man, his gaze could hardly be seen in the dimly lit room.

A soft sigh escaped from the thin lips of the man sitting on the legless chair as he waved his hand for the man to report the reason for his excitement.

"Milord, Ito Hana is pregnant with a female child!"

The tizzy voice of the man came almost immediately once he was permitted to speak.

For a reason, Daisuke sounded nervous and excited to announce this good news to his master.

Instantly, Sato Naoki's fingers halted, as the tapping on the table ceased.

"Is that so?" His Mozart tenor voice rang out in a laid-back tone a few moments later.

For a second, Daisuke was confused with his response and tone and one question remained in his mind. Was he not happy with the news? 1

"Milord, are you still in doubt?"

"I cannot be happy until the child has been named," his voice sounded again, etching deeply into Daisuke's mind.

His response just confirmed his doubts. He had been waiting for his bride for 7 centuries.

Any normal man would have lost patience and count of all the descendants from the Ito family that was not their bride.

Daisuke completely understood his master. It wouldn't be funny to rejoice too early and be disappointed at the end. But it will be best if he checked things out.

"Milord, why don't you check things out for yourself?" He pushed once more, suggestively.

There was a minute-long silence before a response finally came from Sato Naoki. "Fine." His heavy breath was let out in a deep sigh. "I will pay the Ito family a visit at once."

There was really nothing much to lose by confirming things for himself. It was either she was the one or not. But he hoped that she was here finally. 1

Sato Naoki actually did as he said. His fingers resumed tapping on the table one more time with his gaze into the distance.

At the tenth count of his fingers landing on the table, Daisuke saw him stop, before standing to his feet and disappearing before him without a word.

Knowing where he had gone, he smiled and turned to leave.

If only he could teleport like his master, he would have followed after him and waited on him while he confirmed things for himself.

In the next few moments, Sato Naoki appeared in another dark room, illuminated by the lanterns placed at different positions.

His eyes squinted before his gaze finally came to rest on his subject of interest laying peacefully on the futon, with her entire body enveloped in the warmth that seeped from the man lying next to her.

Without wasting a second, he lifted his hands from the sides, bringing them forward, before him.

Next, he intertwined his fingers, before raising his thumb and index fingers and pointing them toward the woman.

In a flash, a light purple glimmering light emanated from the four fingers and moved toward the woman on the bed.

It went straight for the quilt to pull it below her abdomen before snaking around her small baby bump hidden underneath her sleeping garment.

The glimmering light, caused Sato Naoki's face to be illuminated.

The man looked so young and handsome, like a frail scholar who wasn't capable of wielding a sword.

His plain black kimono (traditional attire) and straight long black hair that fell behind him, fluttered as the night breeze blew in through the wide-open sliding window. 1

His eyes were shut tightly and his breathing, slowing, while his fingers continued to direct his energy to the baby in the womb.

He was trying to feel a connection with the child to ascertain if she was his destined bride, and suddenly he did when his senses awoke and reached deep into his powers.

Just like familiar tingles in his body, his heart thumped loud and clear in his head.

He felt as though his being was awake, not body-wise but mind, soul, and heart.

Immediately, his eyes fluttered open in surprise, before narrowing at her.

His purple iris was hard to go unnoticed in the darkness and seemed to glow more because of the happiness that slowly took over his heart and soul.

Gradually, a small smile formed at the corner of his lips as he released his fingers unhurriedly and crossed his hands behind him.

'She is the one!' He thought with certainty.

For the next hour, he stood in the room watching over the pregnant Ito Hana before disappearing and appearing back in his dark abode.

Ignoring the darkness, he made his way to the end of a hallway and entered a room full of books that were neatly arranged on different shelves.

Sato Naoki moved straight to the shelf next to his work desk, his beautiful slender fingers slightly pulled out a slightly thick dull yellow book which caused the whole shelf to split into two, forming an entrance for him.

With the wave of his right hand, bearing a wooden ring with a purple crystal on it, his path was illuminated with light.

Progressively, he took his first steps and descended the stairs in front of him, until he came into a large room filled with strange objects. 1

Several wooden jars, different species of flowers in clay pots, ceramic jars, and different potions in ceramic bottles filled the room on every side. This was his Rabo. 1

Going straight to his work desk, he picked up a big brown book which he usually took notes in, and opened it without sitting.

Flipping through the pages for a moment, he finally stopped when he came across the old experiment he left halfway and settled for it.

Five months passed with Sato Naoki spending most of his time in his Rabo and bonding with his destined bride some nights.

He would come in unnoticed in the middle of the night and channel his energy directly from his fingers to the baby in the womb to connect with her.

His goal was to make her naturally attracted and emotionally connected to him when she comes into the world and becomes a little bit mature.

During the seventh month of Ito Hana's pregnancy, the child's name was given, 'Ito Haruka' and Sato Naoki couldn't be anymore happier.

It would have been a hassle if he was taken, after spending his time, emotions, and energy on her.

That night, he paid a visit with his thin lips curved at both corners, but then he discovered a birthmark on his bride while bonding with her. 1

He stopped transmitting his energy and withdrew his hands to his sides as lines appeared on his forehead and his brows arched.

He wasn't repulsed, instead, he looked worried.

"I will have to do something about it on the day you will be born!" He mumbled to himself before disappearing into the darkness of the night.

Time seemed to pass swiftly; soon, it was the ninth month of Ito Hana's pregnancy.

Sato Naoki requested a bunch of white daisies from Daisuke.

"I need a bunch of fresh white daisies," Sato Naoki's voice rang out with utmost vibrance. "Bring them to me immediately."

“Yes, Milord.” Daisuke acknowledged firmly. ‘Is he still working on the potion?’ Daisuke wondered before leaving the castle for his errand.

They were both aware of Ito Hana going into labor soon, so why did he choose to get busy at this time?

After giving the order, Sato Naoki went down to his Rabo to continue from where he left off.

There was a liquid light-green substance in a ceramic small jar on his work desk which was covered with a thick lid.

That was the current potion he was working on.

Going back to his desk, he tried to sit while reaching for his writing brush, when his left hand accidentally knocked the ceramic jar off his desk.

A shattering sound resonated in the room, earning a tight frown as he failed to reach out to the jar before it shattered.

When he saw the green liquid spill, and the white fume emitting from it, his eyes widened and his mind went into a panic.

This was his thousands of hours of hard work, but it just vanished with one careless mistake.

The man’s brows knitted in a tight frown. He was pissed!

His chest heaved up and down as he tried to stabilize his emotions. This was not the time to worry.

He still had to clean up the mess as he was aware of the danger of a half-finished potion.

He quickly glanced around and found a rag before picking it up.

Just as he leaned over to try and wipe the green liquid, he felt his body stiffen and turned weak, then without warning, his knees gave way, causing a ‘pop’ sound as it made contact with the tatami floor.

‘What is happening to me?’ He panicked in his head.

Suddenly, he completely lost control of his body, as it fell sideways and marked the tatami floor.

Since he was born, Sato Naoki has never felt powerless and helpless like now. He couldn't speak, move or use his powers.

While thinking of why he ended up that way, a realization suddenly came to him. 'The fumes...' But it was too late.

He had already breathed in the fumes once, before remembering to hold his breath.

His eyes fluttered close as he felt his consciousness drift away.

Without ado, Sato Naoki slipped into the abyss of sopor. 1

DICTIONARY 2

Tatami – is a traditional Japanese wood flooring.

Futon – A traditional Japanese bedding.

Kimono – A long loose traditional Japanese robe with wide sleeves, tied with a sash.

Rabo – Laboratory.