

The Reign of Zane Gardner Chapter 2

Congratulations, Master Zane

Zane reclined in the plush leather seat of the sleek black luxury car, watching the cityscape recede into the distance outside his tinted window. He couldn't help but marvel at the smooth ride and opulent comfort of this private vehicle.

As they left the hustle and bustle behind, Zane found himself sinking deeper into the soft cushions, lost in thought. Where was Alfred taking him?

The car wound its way through the outskirts of the city and onto a secluded road leading to the hills.

"We are on our way to a private estate for you, Master," he said with a slight bow. "We will be arriving shortly."

Zane nodded slowly, still trying to piece together this mysterious situation.

As they approached a large black gate, Zane's curiosity only grew stronger. The gate opened automatically, revealing a grand brown mansion perched atop a hill like a hidden gem. The

car pulled up to the front entrance and came to a stop.

"This is your new home, Master," Alfred announced with pride.

Zane stepped out of the car and took in his surroundings. The mansion exuded an air of

secrecy, tucked away from prying eyes by the surrounding trees.

He followed Alfred through the grand entrance of the house, marveling at the modern

architecture and furnishings. The interior was a stunning blend of sleek lines and opulent materials - a plush white sofa, a state-of-the-art television, a crackling fireplace, and an array of lavish furniture.

Zane and Alfred continued to move further into the house when suddenly, two figures appeared in the doorway of one of the rooms. It was an attractive young woman and an equally handsome young man, who both had clear familial resemblances as if they were brother and sister. Both of them had remarkably similar features, with the woman having an especially striking beauty and a paleness to her skin. In unison, they bowed gracefully as they came closer to Zane.

"Welcome, Master Zane," they greeted in unison. "We are Cedric and Cecilia." Their voices 'were smooth and cultured, matching their appearance perfectly. "We will be at your service in this house."

Zane nodded slowly, trying to take in all the information. It seemed that not only was he now the owner of this magnificent estate, but he also had two dedicated servants at his beck and call. He couldn't help but wonder what other surprises awaited him in this new life of luxury.

"Let me show you to the secret room left by your grandfather."

Alfred said as he beckoned Zane to follow him down into the depths of the mansion. The elevator descended two floors, the cool metal walls closing in around them. With a soft ding, they reached their destination and stepped out into a dimly lit room.

Zane's eyes widened as he took in his surroundings. The secret room left by his grandfather
‘was unlike anything he had ever seen before. It was spacious and filled with an eclectic mix
of objects from different cultures and periods. Swords hung on the walls, gleaming in the
low light. Masks adorned shelves, their expressions frozen in a permanent state of mystery.
Arrows were displayed in glass cases like prized possessions.
But what caught Zane's attention the most were the glass cabinets that held beautifully
crafted samurai armor. He walked over to one, running his fingers along the intricate details
and marveling at the expert craftsmanship.

"Your grandfather was quite the collector," Alfred said, breaking Zane out of his reverie. "He
traveled all over the world, searching for these rare and unique pieces."

"I can show you each item if you'd like," Alfred offered. "But I want you to see one thing,
the most important thing."

Alfred handed Zane a worn leather-bound book, its cover adorned with a striking image of a
person sitting in peaceful meditation, surrounded by ethereal energy structures.
Intrigued,
Zane eagerly opened the book to find it filled with texts and illustrations depicting the art of
Cultivation.

"What is this? Some kind of fantasy novel?" Zane asked skeptically, raising an eyebrow at
Alfred.

The older man smiled knowingly. "You may have read about it in fictional books, but I assure you, Cultivation is no mere myth. It is a real practice that exists in our world," he explained.

Zane's frown deepened as he struggled to wrap his head around this new concept. "But...how is that even possible?" he questioned.

Alfred motioned towards the sofa in the center of the room. "Please, Master Zane, take a seat and allow me to shed some light on this ancient tradition," he invited.

Alfred's wrinkled face was etched with concern as he settled onto the sofa next to Zane. The young man's inheritance and true identity had been kept a secret for far too long, but now it 'was time for him to learn the truth.

"Your grandfather was a formidable cultivator," Alfred began, his voice grave. "But with great power came great enemies. Knowing that your own father could not cultivate, he made the difficult decision to exile you from the clan, hiding you away in plain sight as a regular human boy."

Zane's head spun with this newfound knowledge. It seemed his destiny was much grander than he ever imagined.

"However, your grandfather entrusted you to the care of his dear friend, who also happened

to be the grandfather of your ex-wife. It seems they have since cast you aside after the

passing of Mr. Ronald Amber."

Zane felt a pang of bitterness at the mention of his ex-wife and her family. He had loved her

once, but she had betrayed him in the end.

"What am I supposed to do now? What is this legacy that my grandfather left me?"

Zane

asked, trying to push aside his emotions.

"Where are they now?" Zane asked. "My grandfather and my father."

Alfred replied, "Your grandfather is still there, Master Zane, but you may need some time

before you can meet him. Unfortunately for you, your parents are no longer there."

Zane nodded slowly, his memory of his parents being completely blank. "Do you still

communicate with my grandfather often?"

The old man shook his head. "No, he only comes if he feels there is something he needs to

finish. My role is simply to deliver this message to you."

Alfred's expression turned serious once again as he gave Zane his instructions.

"You must

unlock the seal within you using the elixir provided by your grandfather. You were born with

a high level of cultivation potential, but it has been suppressed all these years. It is time for

you to fulfill your destiny and claim your rightful place in our world."

Alfred's wrinkled hand extended, offering a small vial with a mysterious purple liquid inside.

"One more thing, Master Zane," he spoke softly but firmly. "Your grandfather's wish is for

you to live a fulfilling life, free from the constraints of your family's legacy and expectations. With this vial, you can harness the power of your Cultivation level to achieve

‘whatever you desire. And best of all, you can do so without anyone knowing your true abilities.’”

Zane's eyes widened in surprise and intrigue.

Alfred opened the vial carefully, drops of the thick liquid clinging to his finger before he pressed it to his tongue. "Forgive me, Master Zane," he apologized as he handed him the vial.

"I only wanted to assure you of its safety. Please drink this and embrace your newfound freedom." The old man's eyes shone with sincerity and hope.

Zane took the vial and swallowed the liquid in one gulp, feeling its warmth and power surge through his body.

His gut twisted and turned, a nauseous feeling overtaking him as he doubled over in pain.

His muscles clenched, and his breaths came in ragged gasps. He struggled to regain control of his body, but the small, thin lights floating in front of him were like an alluring mirage, beckoning him forward with their mysterious energy.

Despite the agony wracking his body, Zane couldn't help but reach out towards the shimmering lights. As they entered his body, he felt a jolt of electricity shoot through every fiber of his being. It was overwhelming and exhilarating at the same time, like nothing he had ever experienced before.

As he lay on the ground, Alfred rushed to his side and helped him back onto the sofa.

"Master Zane," Alfred began solemnly, "what you have just undergone is known as Cultivation - a process of unlocking one's inner potential and harnessing it for extraordinary abilities."

As Zane slowly regained feeling in his body, a surge of energy seemed to explode throughout his veins. He felt as if he had been thrown into a pool of knowledge, with various kinds of information flooding into his mind. His senses sharpened, and he was acutely aware of every sound, scent, and movement around him.

He looked down at his hands, which now glowed with an otherworldly aura. They felt more alive than ever before as if they were pulsing with power.

"Congratulations, Master Zane," Alfred's voice echoed in the room. "You have successfully completed your Cultivation. Now you can utilize your ability to your needs."