

## Chapter 17- Resolving past knots

Aegon stepped into the river bank and stood there for a while, letting the sound of flowing water settled into his bones, his gaze not leaving the shimmering of the river's calm surface.

He closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment, the soft gurgling of the river, the cool breeze on his face, the soft soil underneath his feet. Then, he opened his eyes and turned to look behind him.

The Braavosi mountains rose in the distance, looking just as cold, distant and uncaring as they always had. And yet, they felt... smaller now.

A full moon had passed since he entered them. A moon of wrong turns, collapsing paths, narrow ledges, steep valley, and night predators.

Thinking on it now, there had been so many moments when he considered stopping and returning where he came from. So many moments when he doubted himself, wondering if he was even going in the right direction. So many moments then giving up felt like the smarter choice.

But he hadn't. Instead, he had kept moving forward, one step at a time, and finally... he had crossed those mountains.

The realisation filled him with a quiet confidence that he had not possessed before. If he could cross an inhospitable mountain range that no one had ever done before, if he could swim across half the Narrow Sea to reach his destination, then what could he not do?

A faint smile tugged at his lips.

He looked down at the river's surface, and his reflection stared back. He barely recognised himself. Though sadly, it was not because the journey had changed him so much. No, he was being more literal than that.

An armour covered his entire body, dark and seamless. At a glance, it looked metallic, but at a closer look, the texture told a different story. It was made from interlocking layers of chitin.

Beneath it, was another layer of armour. A Biosuit. Less for defence, and more to give him super strength and super speed.

He had attached the Biosuit to his own spinal cord, and could move it with the same ease as his own body, dense muscle fibres fighting and relaxing along with his muscles, reinforcing them.

Just the mere act of clenching his fist was now enough to break bones.

It was not enough to make him completely unstoppable. Not yet. But... with this, it would take an entire army to bring him down, and maybe even that would not be enough.

With one last look to the Braavosi mountains, he closed yet another chapter of his life and moved forward.

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The village came into view as the sun dipped lower in the sky. It was small, built along a bend in the river, with a handful of homes clustered together.

As he approached, people noticed him quickly. And this time, they were actually somewhat afraid. Aegon understood why. With his full body, heavy around, he did not look harmless anymore.

Some of the men even reached for their pitchforks, ready to fight in case it came to it.

He reached into his pouch before anyone could speak, pulled out a silver coin, and held it up clearly for them to see.

“Food,” he said in rough Low Valyrian. “Room.”

The man closest to him hesitated, eyes flicking from the coin to the armour and back again. Then he nodded.

Seems like Pentoshi coin still worked even though he was now within Braavosi mainland.

The meal was simple, but warm, and that alone made it better than most things he had eaten on the road. The bed they gave him less of a bed and more a patchwork of clothes filled with hay, but it was better than nothing.

He lay down without removing his armour, letting his body rest. Sleep came quickly.

The scream tore through the night and Aegon’s eyes snapped open.

He was on his feet before he fully registered what had woken him, his senses sharpening as he zoned in on where the scream had come from. Another cry followed; raw, desperate, filled with pain, and distinctly feminine in nature.

He had heard such screams before in his journey through Andalos, and knew what it meant. Labor.

He stepped outside, and noticed a small crowd had gathered near one of the houses, voices low and tense. A man stood near the entrance, pacing, his hands gripping his own hair as if trying to hold himself together.

The crowd tensed upon his arrival but when he did nothing, they went back to talking in low voices. Aegon sat down nearby and waited.

Morning came, and the labor continued. Then, noon, and then evening. The cries didn't stop but they eventually grew weaker until only he, with his oversensitive hearing, could pick up on them.

When the door finally opened, the midwife who stepped out looked exhausted. Her shoulders slumped, her face lined with strain. She looked at the man who'd waited outside this entire time, presumably the woman's husband, and smoke up.

"The labor has gone wrong," she said with a no nonsense attitude. "We can only save one. You must choose. The mother... or the child."

The words were quiet but the man look like he'd been struck by a hammer. His lips parted, but no words came out. His eyes darted

toward the door, then back to the woman, as if hoping the answer would appear somewhere in between.

It did.

“I can... save both.” His words cut through the silence, and every head in the vicinity turned toward Aegon.

The midwife frowned as she glanced at him, and then immediately dismissed his words. “You don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I do,” he said as he got up and looked at the husband. “I can, save both.”

The man turned to him, hope breaking through the terror on his face. Normally, no man would trust his pregnant wife to an armed and armoured stranger. But desperation has a way of changing people’s minds.

“You can?” The man asked, voice shaking.

Aegon met his gaze steadily and gave a single nod. “Yes.” Then, he moved toward the house.

The midwife stepped forward, blocking his path. “You’ll kill them both.”

Aegon didn’t stop as he shoved her aside and moved past, entering the house. The air inside the house was thick, suffocating with the smell of blood and herbs.

The woman lay on the bed, her body trembling, her breathing shallow and uneven. Sweat clung to her skin, her strength clearly fading.

He paused as his mind replayed another memory. One of a silver haired woman, struggling helplessly in bed as her strength slowly faded, all the while he tried and failed to save her.

All because his power did not work on others back then.

Aegon’s throat tightened. *Not again. Never again.*

The other midwives seemed shocked by his intrusion and tried to stop him but he merely brushed past them until he reached the woman. “Help,” he said, voice sharper now. “Or leave.”

Most of the midwives left. Running over to call the men of the village. But one stayed. A younger midwife, her expression guarded as she glared at him.

Aegon pointed at her and then at the woman in labor. “Be ready. For child.”

The young midwife swallowed, then nodded.

He stepped to the bedside and placed his hand gently on the woman’s stomach. Then, he closed his eyes, and reached.

He felt it almost immediately. The child was positioned wrong. Stuck. And the mother’s body was weakening, failing to push further.

He worked slowly, carefully, adjusting the child’s position, easing the strain on the mother’s body, and burning her fat reserves to provide her with additional energy.

Outside, he heard voices rising, as footsteps approached. Too late.

The woman gasped, her body tensed, and then... a cry.

Aegon opened his eyes, and looked at the young midwife who held the baby in disbelief. A moment later, she came to her senses and quickly cleaned up the babe before handing her over to the mother.

By the time the men entered the house, weapons in hand, they were met with the sight of the woman sitting upright, slightly pale but otherwise stable, a healthy baby in her arms.

“Holy mother!”

“The child and mother are safe...”

“Did that man really save them?”

Men paused and muttered amongst themselves, unsure of what to do. Then the husband moved.

He arrived by his wife’s side, hands trembling as he reached for both of them wrapped his wife and child in his arms. He laughed even as tears fell down his cheeks.

Finally, the husband turned to face Aegon, and dropped to his knees. His head touched the floor. “Thank you,” he said hoarsely. “Thank you—”

Aegon shifted, feeling slightly uncomfortable. “That’s not necessary.”

The man didn't move, and Aegon exhaled. "Go," he said. "Be with your family."

With that, he turned to leave, pausing as he noticed that the villagers had crowded the entrance. Before he could even say anything, the villagers parted on their own, looking at him as if unsure what to make of him.

He walked of the house and slowly exhaled. Then, he looked up at the sky, and thought of his own mother whom he'd failed to save.

Tears appeared on his eyes even as his lips quirked up in a smile. *If you could see me now, mother, would you be happy? Would you be proud?*

He then continued walking. But just as he was about to leave the village, he heard someone call out to him from behind.

"Wait!"

He stopped and turned to see the young midwife running after him, slightly out of breath. She stopped a few steps away, studying him carefully.

"What is your name?" she asked.

Aegon paused for a moment, then gave the answer he'd prepared beforehand. "Aegor Rivers."

The young woman stared at him for a moment and then nodded. "Thank you for everything, Aegon. May you fare well in your journeys."

"Fare well," he said, and left.

## Chapter 18- Healing hand

Aegon Targaryen, or Aegon River, as he was now known as, continued his journey to Braavos. And as he moved through the mainland of Braavos, he came across many villages.

Once again, he tried to help people like he did back in Andalos. Except, this time, he actually succeeded. Hard not to, when he could finally use his Shaper power on others.

The first person he healed in the next village was a girl with a crooked back.

She stood hunched beside her mother, her spine twisted so badly that even standing still looked painful. Aegon knelt in front of her, placed a hand along her back, and closed his eyes. He felt the misalignment immediately—the wrong angles, the strain, the years of slow damage.

And he got to work.

Bone shifted beneath his hand, inch by inch, until the curve straightened. Soon afterward, he repaired the damage done to her body and tendons.

The girl gasped, and her body jerked upright as for the first time in many, many years, she stood straight.

He still felt a smile come upon his face whenever he thought of her running around the courtyard, laughing in joy at the mere act of being able to run.

In the next village, there was a farmer who had lost his leg years ago in an accident.

Aegon touched his knee, and his leg started to regrow. Bone formed first, then muscle, then skin, layer by layer, guided carefully by his power, until finally, the man stood on two legs. And while the farmer had lost much of his body fat in the bargain, it was nothing he couldn't recover given enough time.

In the village after that, he healed a soldier who had lost half his teeth to a mace to the face. His jaw had misaligned from the injury and the rest of his teeth were slowly rotting away, leaving the man in constant agony.

With a touch, the broken jaw realigned, the rotten teeth fell over, the gums healed, and new teeth took their place.

The man named Aegon his god, and offered to be his servant for the rest of his life. But Aegon refused as no man could match his walking pace, and he did not wish to be slowed down by others.

After the first few times, healing people became routine.

At first, the villagers still treated him with caution and fear, thanks to his heavy armour. But as he healed more and more people, word began to spread. About a man in black and heavy armour who could heal people with a touch.

By the time he reached the fifth village, people already seemed to know of him. By the tenth, they were waiting for him with open arms, as well as a long line of people who required healing.

He healed them without a word, and in turn, the people tried to pay him for his services. Coins, tools, bushels of grain, livestock... whatever they could spare.

He refused most of it. Maybe if they were wealthy, he might've bothered. But with how poor most peasants are, he just didn't see the point in taking what little they had.

So... people tried to pay him in other ways.

One build a crude wooden effigy in his likeness and promised to pray to him every morning and night. Aegon was sure that the man hadn't really believed his claims that he was, in fact, not a god. Though he could see why they thought otherwise when he brought back a recently drowned kid to life.

Another offered his daughter to Aegon, to serve as his wife, or mistress, or even a simple bedwarmer. Once again, Aegon refused. He had little interest in casual sex as such an act usually led to emotional attachments, and he did not want it at this point in his life.

The only time he ever accepted something was when a man insisted on naming his newborn daughter after him. Though to this day, he was of the firm belief that Aegona was a butt ugly name for a girl. Not that he'd been able to say that to the man when that guy had looked so happy and proud of his naming prowess.

Instead of accepting their gifts, Aegon instead asked for something else. For them to learn.

They promised to do so, and he taught them about the basics of health and hygiene. Washing hands, boiling water, and all that.

And this time... people listened.

When he told them to not throw their human waste in the local pond, they listened. When he told them to stop the bloodletting

practice, they stopped. When he told them moldy bread is dangerous to eat, they threw it away.

Finally... they were listening. Listening, because *he* was the one who said it. So of course it must be right.

Weeks passed. The road stretched on. Villages came and went. And Aegon's reputation continued to soar.

By this point, people from many leagues were journeying over to meet him. Many of them did not want to get healed. They only wanted to see him, or receive his touch, believe that doing so will give them a blessing, or wash away their sins.

The rumours spreading around had become wilder and wilder until even he could not recognise the person in the story. Some of them made him out to be some mythical figure that came out of a story book, while others painted him as a god who took a human avatar and descended to the world to help the people.

Throughout it all, he continued walking, and walking. Until one day, he crested a hill—

And stoped.

For sprawled in the distant horizon lay a city vast enough to hold Kings Landing within it thrice over.

Braavos lay before him.

Canals cut through the city like veins, reflecting the sky, while distant towers and domes gleamed faintly in the fading light. He could even see the figure of Titan of Braavos, standing guard the coastal entrance of the city.

Aegon stood there for a long moment, simply taking it in. He exhaled, feeling content at finally reaching his destination.

Yes, it took him much longer than it would've had he simply taken a ship at the first port in Andalos he came across. But he believed that the longer journey had been far more meaningful.

He smiled and simply enjoyed the view... until the sound of hooves broke the silence.

Aegon turned, and noticed a group of riders approaching him. They were clad in uniform armour, and just a single look at their file and formation told him that they were far more disciplined than any sellsword band.

The riders slowed as they neared him, then came to a stop a short distance away.

The man at the front dismounted and walked forward, stopping just out of reach. His posture was respectful as he studied Aegon. “Are you the one they call Aegon the Healing Hand?” he asked.

Aegon blinked once. *Since when did I get that title.*

Throughout his journey, he had received many titles. But this was still the first time he had heard *that* one.

He inclined his head slightly. “I am Aegon Rivers, yes.”

The man bowed, then extended a sealed letter.

“Lord Aegon,” he said, his tone shifting, becoming more formal, “the Sealord requests your presence.”

Aegon glanced at the seal, then back at the man. *Request.* He almost smiled. Men like the Sealord of Braavos never *requested* anything. They only politely ordered. And if you refused them, then they stopped being so polite.

“Very well,” he said, inclining his head. “Lead the way.”

## Chapter 19- Entering Braavos

He was given a spare horse and rode the rest of the way to Braavos. The sun had started to set upon the horizon by the time they reached a side gate of the city.

Most of the guards stopped here and returned to their barracks, while he, and two guards entered through the gate. From there, they went down a set of stairs till they reached the docks at the bottom, where a river barge was waiting for them.

Aegon felt excitement bubble forth in his heart as he climbed atop the barge. It was the first time he would be sitting on a barge in either of his lives. And it was... a rather unique experience. Especially once the bargemen took them into the city.

By this point, the sun had all but gone below the horizon, but instead of the darkness that he would've been faced with were he in Kings Landing, more and more lanterns started to lit up all across the city, bathing it in a warm golden light.

Aegon leaned back in his seat and enjoyed the view. He knew that whale oil was probably cheaper here, thanks to how close Braavos was to Ibben. But still... how wealthy does a city have to be, for even its seemingly common citizens to have access to lanterns.

He compared this to the common people of Kings Land and could only feel disappointed. In his past life, he had read about how a country's wealth could roughly be judged but how brightly it shone at night when looked at from the space.

It that were the case, then comparing Kings Landing to Braavos felt like comparing North Korea to South Korea. The comparison was jarring. Though, he supposed some of it could be forgiven on account of how young the city of Kings Landing was.

Still... having watched the Game of Thrones Show, he knew well enough that the situation was likely not going to improve much in the next two hundred years, and would instead even deteriorate.

'Why are my family members such bad rulers?' He wondered morosely, and was then immediately brought out of his thoughts when he sensed the barge slowing down.

Looking up, he noticed that the barge had moved over to the side, to let a large and luxurious barge pass by down the canal. The barge was lit up brightly with lanterns, smelled of flowers, and he could hear a laughter and songs from within.

"That's the pleasure barge of Priestess." The guard captain explained upon noticing his curiosity. "One of the well known courtesans of Braavos."

He nodded, wondering if he would have a line of courtesans waiting outside his home once they learn that he could enhance their beauty and help them remain young.

All in all, the deeper they went, the more impressed he felt by the city. It was utterly beautiful, reminding him of the images of how European cities looked during the peak of the Renaissance period.

Eventually, they stopped at a large island, and climbed to the docks. There, more horses were waiting for them, and he was greeted by a man whose mere presence commanded attention from those around him.

The fact that the guard captain who was escorting him also bowed to this man told him that he was indeed someone higher up in the chain of command.

“You are the one they call Healing Hand...” The man stated, looking him up and down with critical eyes. “That’s armour... is unlike anything I’ve seen in my entire life. I cannot see any of the common weak points of a usual armour upon it. Expert craftsmanship! Who made it?”

“I did,” he replied, giving the man a curious glance. “And we have not been introduced,” he pointed out.

“We have not. Forgive me. I’m merely the first servant of the Sealord,” the man said with a incline of his head.

‘First servant...’ he thought, his eyes narrowing. ‘Was this guy the First Sword of Braavos? The man in charge of Sealord’s personal guard. That would certainly explain a few things.’

“Well met. I am Aegon Rivers. The sealord requested my presence, and here I am. What next?” He asked.

“You are invited to dine with the Sealord and his family,” the First Sword said. “The dinner shall take place in an hour. Till then, you may refresh yourself and change out of the armour for something more fitting for the occasion.”

“No,” he said, making the First Sword pause.

“No... to what?”

“To changing out of my armour. It is rather comfortable and I see no need to remove it.”

The First Sword studied him more carefully now. “I assure you, Aegon Rivers. You shall face no threat within the palace of the Sealord.”

‘That’s probably what Robb Stark thought when he was given the Guest Rights in the Twins,’ he thought. Maybe he was just being paranoid, but he had little interest in placing his life at the hands of others.

“The armour will stay,” he said simply. “If you fear for the Sealord’s life, then you may have more guards present in the dining room.”

The First Swor studied him for a moment and then nodded. “Very well. Come.”

The two of them climbed on their horses and rode down a long patch of cobbled road that led them through an extensive and beautiful garden.

With how valuable land was in Braavos, thanks to its limited space, the fact that there was such a large garden in this place showed it great wealth. Though then again, from what little he knew of the Braavosi culture, the Sealord’s palace was passed down from one Sealord to the next, rather than something that was inherited by one particular family. Much like the White House, he supposed.

Eventually, they arrived in front of a large palace. It was a beautiful piece of architecture, made completely from white marble. And while it was nowhere near as large as the Red Keep, it had an elegance and beauty that the Red Keep could not match.

Then again, the Red Keep is also supposed to work as a military structure designed for defence and housing troops during war, so he supposed it wasn't a totally fair comparison.

He entered the palace, and paused as he noticed massive paintings hung on each side of the wall.

One of the paintings depicted slaves making a journey through dense forests, while another showed the construction of the Titan of Braavos. He supposed the paintings showed the History of Braavos.

They finally stopped in front of a door, and the First Sword of Braavos (whose name he still didn't know), asked him to wait while he left to see to the Sealord's guard details.

It was less than an hour later that a servant knocked on the door, and informed him that he's been invited to dine with the Sealord and his family.

*Well... time to face the music.*

## Chapter 20- A brief demonstration

The doors opened and Aegon found himself stepping into the backyard of the Palace. A vast garden surrounded the back of the palace. On the edge stood a detail of guards. Twelve, by his count.

Should this be an ambush, he could take them all down very easily. But as he'd forgone his helm for this meeting, he still felt a bit naked and thus remained alert.

In the middle of the backyard was a patio with a large dining table placed upon it. And servants were running to and fro, setting up various dishes upon the dining table.

Besides the dining table stood a middle aged man with an affable smile, and with him stood a beautiful woman wearing an elegant dress, and two kids. An older teenage girl, and a younger boy. The Sealord and his family.

Aegon walked over the cobbled path, thinking of which words he should use to greet the Sealord and his family. He did want want to seem subservient, but at the same time, he did not want to come off as rude and disrespectful either.

In the end, the choice was taken from him as the Sealord spoke up first.

“Lord Aegon,” the man said, his warm voice carried easily despite not being lord. He stepped forward with a faint smile, one that reached his eyes just enough to seem genuine. “Welcome. I trust my city has treated you well.”

Aegon inclined his head slightly. “Just Aegon will do, Sealord. And yes, it has. Your city is quite beautiful.”

“In that case, I insist you call me Noho as well,” the Sealord said, before proudly gesturing toward the woman standing beside him. “This lovely lady, is my wife, Brea Prestayn. And these are my children Belle and Denyo.”

“It’s a pleasure, Lady Brea.” He said, and then turned to the kids, though calling them kids was not exactly correct as the girl was almost the same age as him. “Forgive me. I did not know I would be meeting your children, or I would’ve brought gifts.”

“Is it true that you brought a man back to life?” The boy suddenly asked, only to get slapped on the back of his head by his elder sister. “What?” He asked, glaring at her.

“You’re not supposed to talk first, idiot,” she chastised, before looking at him, her cheeks going red as she simply stared at him for for a moment before speaking. “Sorry. My brother has no manner.”

“I have!” Her brother protested. “And I’m not an idiot, you are.”

“Children.” Lady Brea’s voice immediately made both the kids go ramrod straight in an instant. The lady then turned to him and smiled. “Please forgive my children. My husband spoils them too much.”

“There’s nothing to forgive.” He said with a smile. “And it’s perfectly natural to be curious about things.”

“Is it true then. That you revived someone who was dead?” The boy asked again.

“Yes, and no,” he replied, to which the boy frowned.

“How can an answer be yes and no.”

“It’s a bit complicated,” he said.

“It’s alright. We have time.” The Sealord suddenly spoke up. “I’ll admit, I’m also quite curious if a dead man can be revived once again. But before that. How about we all take a seat.”

He nodded and took a seat to the Sealand's right while his wife and their children sat to his left. "Very well. See it this way. Once a person is dead, he stops breathing, and his lungs stop supplying air to his brain. When that happens, his brain starts to die. Within five minutes, the the damage is significant, and within ten, the damage reaches irreparable point."

"You're saying our brain does not die with us?" Lady Brea asked, sounding rather curious.

"No. And it would make sense if you see a human as a part of multiple system joined together instead of a single whole," he explained. "Brain is a rather delicate organ, hence why it dies so quickly. In comparison, our other organs last for much longer. Your heart and lungs can survive for four to six hours after your death, your liver for half a day, your kidneys for upto 2 days, and your eyes could survive upto two whole weeks."

"Really?" Lady Brea asked, looking astonished. "That sounds truly fascinating."

"What's kidney?" Belle asked.

"A kidney is an organ located in the upper abdominal area of our body," he said. "There are two of them in every human body, and what

they do is that they filter and clean our blood, removing the toxins and waste products, as well as excess fluid and turning it into urine.”

“Ew...” Denyo said, scrunching up his face and making a gagging gesture.

“That’s astounding knowledge,” the Sealord said. “Though you still haven’t answered if you could truly revive the dead.”

He nodded. “As I was saying, after our death, it takes about ten minutes for the brain to suffer irreversible damage. If someone could heal that person in that time, and revive his body, the person could still be saved.”

“Someone like you?” Lady Brea asked, giving him a rather intense look.

He considered refusing, as doctors could use CPR or electric shocks to revive a person. But then he remembered where he was, and that these people like had no idea about such things. So in the end, he simply nodded. “Yes, someone like me.”

“And how do you know so much about human body?” The Sealord asked.

“My power gives me a detailed understanding of human body. Or any other biological being that I touch.” He said.

“Fascinating.” Lady Brea said.

“Your... power,” The Sealord said, his words suddenly slow and cautious. “Would it be possible for you to...”

“You want to see what I can do?”

“Indeed.” Lady Brea chimed up. “I mean, we have heard a lot of rumours about you over the past moon. But most rumours tend to be highly exaggerated. I hope we aren’t coming off as rude by asking this of you.”

“No. It’s fine. I don’t mind.” He said, and looked around before his eyes settled on a flower vase on the dining table. He rose and plucked out a white Lily before using his power to change its colour to the colour of a rainbow before handing it over to Belle.

The girl’s cheeks turned crimson as she shyly accepted the flower and then looked down, suddenly finding the floor rather interesting to look at.

But, unlike the girl, neither the Sealord nor his wife looked all that impressed.

“That’s it?” Lady Brea asked, looking like she was doing her best to hide her disappointment. “My apologies, Lord Aegon. I don’t mean to be rude but...”

“We expected more.” The Sealord said, his smile not looking nearly as genuine anymore.

“You want to see something more impressive?” He asked.

“Whatever you are comfortable with showing us.” Sealord replied.

He hummed and then looked around till his gaze fell upon an old maid standing on the side, sternly overseeing the work of the other servants. “Miss. Would you mind coming here for a moment?”

The old woman looked at him, and then looked around him to see if he was talking to someone else. “Me?” She asked.

He nodded. “Please.”

The old woman nodded and walked over before coming to stand beside him, looking rather unsure of herself. “How may I serve you, Lord Aegon?”

“Would you mind giving me your hand?” He asked.

The woman paused and then turned to look at the Sealord and his wife. The two exchanged glances with each other before nodding to the old maid. And the woman finally gave him her hand.

As soon as he took her hand in his, he closed his eyes and got a sense of her biology... and promptly started to change it.

Seconds passed, and then minutes. And by the time he opened his eyes again, the woman standing in front of him had turned from an old woman looking to be in her early sixties to looking like a young woman who just entered her twenties.

The woman was looked at her own hands in shock while the Sealord and his wife looked gobsmacked as their gazes went back and forth from him to the now-young woman.

“Would that be enough to prove my powers?” He asked.

“Are... are you truly young again, Lorelai?” Lady Brea asked. “This is not some illusion is it?”

“No, my lady. I feel... young and healthy once again.” The woman, named Lorelai, replied, touching her face to check if for any wrinkles. She found none. “All the aches in my body have gone as well.”

“Marvellous...” The Sealord whispered. “Truly marvellous.”

Aegon wanted to point out that, despite appearance, the woman was in fact, not as young as she looked. After all, he had not been able to solve two of main reasons why humans start to age.

Namely, the damage sustained by our DNA over a lifetime, as well as the shortening of the Telomere (the protective caps of our DNA). Mainly because his power was not yet good enough to work on such a deep level. The best he could do was repair individual cells, and no more.

But explaining that would take time, as these people currently had no understanding of cells, let alone DNA. So he decided against giving the explanation for now.

Not to mention, as his power grows stronger with usage, he would eventually be able to heal DNA as well, or find indirect ways to do so. So he didn't see much point in exposing a weakness that he would be able to chalk up in due time.

The silence in the table was then abruptly broken by Denyo who asked “Can you make me older?”

And he laughed.