

L'UNI  
PRYSME ET LE MAGE  
VINCENT KEOT

.....  
#CrocDuDragon

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## SYNOPSIS

Lhorne's empire spans the world and conquers more countries year after year.

Prysmé, warlord of the empire, struggles since childhood against a terrible cold that devours him. Sent to rule the land of Kertyr, his meeting with Faniril, Incarnation of a barbarian goddess, inexplicably relieves his suffering for a time.

Faniril, The Mage, Lover of his Goddess and twice widowed, is frozen in adolescence. His meeting with the foreign regent marks his return to Kertyr after years of wandering and overwhelm. It is time for him to assume his charge and accept his status as a divine incarnation.

But the evil which devastates Prysmé seems to affect the vassal countries of the Empire and begins to impact Kertyr.

To discover the origin of this evil and have a chance of defeating it, Prysmé and Faniril will have to come to an understanding, to face monstrous enemies, to deal with awkward deities, and to try, perhaps, not to die.

## PRICING AND RETAILS

*L'Uni\_Prysmé et Le Mage* (French version) is available on Amazon Kindle, on [www.vincentkeot.com](http://www.vincentkeot.com) and at the bookshop *Le Manga.K*, Evreux, France.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vincent Keot is a writer, his first short story, *Réflexion*, was published in the collection *Rouen, la ville dont vous êtes le héros*.

Passionate about Literature and History, he is a graduate of a Master's degree in Modern Literature and specializes in ancient civilizations.

When he does not write Fantasy or Science Fiction, he tortures his friends around a table of role-playing games or lets off steam at the dojo, somewhere in Normandy.

He is currently working on the prequel in comics of *L'Uni\_Prysmé et Le Mage*, and on *Dial O Sathru, la Revanche des Bafoués*, a historical Fantasy trilogy.







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# AUTHOR BIO

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## WHERE TO FIND L'UNI\_PRYSMET ET LE MAGE:

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Bookshop *Le Manga.k*, Evreux, 123

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## CONTACT VINCENT :

[www.vincentkeot.com](http://www.vincentkeot.com)

Twitter: @KeotVincent

E-Mail : [vincentkeot@outlook.com](mailto:vincentkeot@outlook.com)

Vincent is available for interviews, guest appearances, guest blogs, workshops, and book signings.



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EXTRACT FROM CHAPTER 1 :

The cold squeezed the warrior's bowels, crippled his kidneys, wrapped along his spine, and slipped to his neck like an obscene caress. His hands clenched on the reins, the muscles of his thighs tetanized against the flanks of his fighting mare, Prysme de Lhorne, Vard-Rah and the regisseur of Kertyr, was angrily focused on the presence of the animal so as not to be crushed by the cold.

A woman's cry pulled him from his trance. Near him, one of his soldiers, a female barbarian at his feet in the mud, held one of those copper necklaces worn by the country married women. He kicked the soldiering the head, the latter's helmet flew under the impact.

– You don't steal women or children! He barked, partly liberating himself from tension that was hindering him; get what's missing from the tribute!

These kertyr barbarians in the village of Barkidèh saw their houses ransacked for wanting to play for the finest. They had cut the two-year tax and replaced the precious talga metal they had to pay with money. Prysme had decided to put them back in their place once and for all by coming with his men to recover the difference. The dry cold, fed by the strong wind blowing in the valley, seemed more tolerable than the ice animal that was killing him.

– And will this object supplement the tax? Questioned a juvenile voice in Lhornahinn, the language of the conquerors. Prysme lowered his gaze at the mass of villagers gathered in the center of the village in the early afternoon. The natives, most of them as tall as the Vard-Rah, stepped aside to leave the passage to a person he first took for an old man: barely the size of one of their women, wrapped in a cape of wolf fur, advanced a young man with silver hair and complexion almost as tanned as that of a Lhornahinn. He handed a magnificent dragon-shaped bracelet, all in talga, to Prysme. Prysme evaluated the object for a second, and his gaze slipped to the face of the owner of the jewel. And meet the eyes of a bright blue, as the sky of Kertyr. The wind went down, the cold spread and the anger went out. Only there was a heat previously unknown, and an unreal quid. He finally tasted peace.

– General!

Drawa, his first Jann-Tinn, interposed herself with the barbarian. Her face reflected a concern that surprised her superior. The cold came back with painful blades. Prysme tightened his hands on the reins, ordered his soldiers to collect the tributes, and asked Drawa to ensure that there were no conjugal necklaces among the catches. With mild pressure from the thighs, he pushed his suit to the Kertyr. And stared at him.

– I don't steal little boys' toys, he said in the barbaric language; keep your knick-knack.

With a mild smile and hoping for a little mocking, the young man slipped the dragon bracelet to his left wrist. He nodded for salvation. The annoyance passed through the brown eyes of the tall Lhornahinn. His black and long hair floated in his back, the Kertyr's regisseur robbed his impressive mount, soon accompanied by the little female soldier, Drawa, also riding. Both set out towards the exit of the village followed by their infantry. Among them, two soldiers were dragging their unconscious comrade. Faniril was following the Lhornae disappearing, escorted by the hostile silence of the villagers of Barkidèh. His mind was running at full speed despite of the muffled beating that hit his temples. He knew enough about the Lornahinn civilization; the governors of the Empire, even the Vard-Rahs, the warlords, did not return to use among the subjugated populations once the tax had been paid. Such behaviour was in sharp contrast to the usual practice, but he had just arrived and had only slipped among the villagers moments before his exchange with the Lhornahinn. Something was bugging him. If needed, talga was always available. Why had the Elders not gathered the total sum? By provocation? He was pulled from his thoughts by the mass of men and women who overwhelmed him to greet him.

– Mage! You are the Mage!

– The Goddess blessed this village!

These demonstrations of friendship destabilized him; they contrasted with most of his memories of these people. Many years had passed since his departure from Kertyr, and perhaps they had calmed down over time. He advanced to the village elders, two men and two women his grandparents' age. He greeted them according to tradition, with a tilt of the bust, palms facing the sky. They gave him his greeting, bowing down. One of the women was the same height as him, the other was half a head taller. Both men were taller than him, as were all the men in the village. If Faniril exceeded an average Lhornahinn, he remained small to those of his people. Amused, he fondled the head of his dragon-bracelet with his index finger. The creature trembled, contented. Despite whispering, the assembly was calm. Faniril addressed the strangely stoic Elders.

–It looks like I'm coming home at an interesting time.

One of the Elders, thin and arched, answered with a hint of obsequiousness.

–We never doubted the Goddess.

Faniril jumped at the occasion and declared in a malicious, slightly vindictive tone:

–It's perfect! Therefore, to reward this piety, I will settle down with you, O noble old man, while my house is built.

The four Elders exchanged worried looks. His presence disturbed them. Faniril smiled even more, hiding his discomfort. As the villagers rejoiced at the coming of the Goddess Lover among them and the Ancients feigned friendliness, his loneliness struck the Mage.