

Part 1

It is a stormy night in the forest of the Dravanian forelands, rain washes the blood and grime from a trio of Miqote on the outside of a makeshift arena. The sound of tears and winces of pain are muffled by the harsh rainfall and thundering clouds. There is the largest of the trio, cradling an older woman in his arm, the other seemingly cut off at the shoulder. The woman had been deeply pierced through the chest, and the large man had an almost identical wound going through his abdomen, and beside them was an elderly Miqote leaning against a massive broken bell and club. An Auri woman steps into frame, dropping her belongings after scanning the trio. The rain hides the tears she sheds as she shifts her gaze to a cloaked Miqote man across from her in the arena. A bloodied gunblade rests upon his shoulders, his eyes appearing an ashy grey surrounding a pair of red pupils, his magenta hair mirroring that of the wounded couple. "The Lowain I knew would never lay a finger on his own mother..." the Auri cries, the Miqote emotionlessly digs his heels deeper into the mud and takes a stance. She draws her javelin and stoops into a jumping position. They clash weapons until they break and shatter, switching to another weapon, a different form of fighting; spells and enchants collide with one another, the two look evenly matched. The Auri girl flourished a rapier into view and quickly advanced onto the man, who unsheathed a heavily decorated katana. Aether seemed to fume from the scabbard of the blade, as the miqote began raining down grinding strikes imbued with elements of wind and ice. The Auri girl was forced to get distance between them and collect herself. She focused on her childhood, her memories of the man accompanying her blurring, and all she can remember is one word, an enchant, a spell. (edited)

The two readied for a final clash, and seared the air with the sound of their steel grating against one another. Their eyes met, and the miqote shuffled his arm from his sleeve, revealing a sleeve of runic writing as the words began to glow. A fire began forming at his fingertips as he aimed his free hand toward the girl. She responded quickly jamming her rapier into the ground and placing her focus into the gem on the hilt, it glowed brightly as she whispered the word "Esunaga..." The ground around man seemed to release a smoky haze, and the miqote's eyes whipped from the dark grey into a milky white. He gasped as if his breath was stolen from him, but it was more like he had regained consciousness. "Atta girl" he coughed, his insides seemingly turning to ash. The girl, realizing what she had started, choked on her words, only finding tears. "I'm sorry I couldn't show you home," he coughed violently, "but you can still find it..." His hand shakily pointing toward a green tinted star in the sky. He placed a tattered piece of parchment in the girl's hand, then weakly pulled her to him and kissed her on the forehead, his lips already crackling and ashing away. The girl looked up to the now clear night view, and all but one star was invisible to her, she tended to the injured trio and quickly set off to follow the emerald star.

Revision #2

Created 14 July 2025 00:59:20 by Mechseroms

Updated 14 July 2025 01:32:44 by Mechseroms