The Crown rests in Perl

When the crown rests upon pearl, to see the dragon’s future, and evil rests before the crowns hand, like thorns in his death time will be spent and kept. For the dragon’s rider must meet fire to the flame of her destiny.’ Those were the words that were emblazoned within my mind’s eye. Claw Night’s words always ran through my mind like sharpened blades. An unfair future for me, but a glory I accepted when I took an oath from my throat to his blade. The rain stung just enough, and I found myself pierced with another blade from that mages staff, this one too faded like ice to water.

As I fell, I was reminded of all those long training hours in my youth. The war formed exhaustion that I had not felt up to that point in a while. Claw’s blades like a storm that grew violent and red but these blades weren’t his; These blades were of my death.

I found my eyes wandering as a yell drew my attention, the sight of the others rushing into the courtyard, the obvious ploy and trap finally found out and the butchered troll would be stopped. ‘At least I would leave them with a quarter of his power to deal with’ was my thought as a reminiscent chuckle left my lips and for a moment it sounded more like that of an old friend. I counted on them, Lady Cordelia and her friends, the heroes this moment was truly divined for, to bare the future for. My sight of the battle was lost as I toppled only to be replaced by the heterochrome amber brown and blue eyes that stared down in shock.

“It has been a long time since I have seen those eyes stare back at me, dragon rider, a long time since I have been frightened of the future.” I mumbled and watched the young Nara stare at me unsure and confused. “Your mother was always kind to me as a child and later in my life. I only regret I wasn’t able to convince my father to let her free sooner. And your father was the steel forge of my life. More so then any other.” Both our attention was torn for a barest of moment to watch as the Soul Carver rend the earth in two, sending us toppling aside, but it wasn’t long before I was gently lifted and a hand pressed into my chest stoppering the bleeding to the best of the young rider's ability, the feeling of the divine energy withering as she pressed her divine powers to heal. I knew this feeling well, “when fate choses your destiny, no magic can thwart the Tapestry, those were your father’s words …” I coughed as I looked back and forth from the sight of the group exhausted, wet, and enraged pressing harder into the fight with the Soul Carver. I could see his power weening and pride entered me for them, for Cordelia. I turned my head back towards Nara as she finally spoke.

“You knew my father and my mother?” Her voice was meek and shocked as I could tell my death would weigh heavy on her even with those words. “You saved me too?” and now there was also confusion.

I could not help feeling the pain seep deeper into my organs as my vision went blurry. I had not even noticed the quieting of the courtyard as the rain stopped. I squinted against the blurriness and I watched the glaive tear itself from the troll’s form as it toppled and Cordelia step back her

spine arched and the exhaustion evident before she turned on her heal rushing towards me. I turned my gaze back upon the teary eyed tabaxi and nodding a short nod, “He was a father to me and your mother a healer long before that. I was the one to help protect her from the mountains to the monastery and I…” I fell short a blackness consumed my vison but struggling I found myself back, the others surrounding me. Bleeding into the courtyard, those fighters who came to protect against the evils outside wandered in. Many of their faces in shock and many eventually found acceptance at the sight of me.

I looked towards Cordelia and found myself smiling before turning once again towards the young face full of tears next to me. It still shocked me the resemblance that Nara had to them both, and more so the sight of the bronze dragon the lumber over us watching on. I noticed the obvious nod of pride towards me form the being. “Disguised; I was the one that left you with the Tomfellows.” I looked towards the crowd and then at Cordelia and as I gazed at her face, I realized I could not tell if she was crying. Lifting my head and feeling Nara’s hands help me up I looked about and hollered, “Listen Brothers and Sisters, I lay here having done my duty to not only you, our family, or the Silver Isles, but also to the world, to Eldar! I spill my blood for all of those under my wing and our nest! And I did not fear, I did not faulter, I did not hesitate!”. I coughed and quieted before calling out feeling my voice weaken, “ nor shall you… You know of what I expect of you, Listen well to me and spread these words… The Bloody King of Roedaren will not wait for you to learn to fight, he will not wait for when it conveniences you, he will not wait for your nest to grow! So do not wait for him, follow those who will see his downfall, rise up and carry each other and love who you are and cherish the nest…”

As the numb feeling my body had entered into caught up to me and I felt my eyes wanting to slip shut I pushed hard for a third wind… ‘one more’ I pleaded to the Moonsisters as they gazed down upon me. “Listen Brothers and Sisters, stand beside your new queen, stand besides Lady Cordelia, Queen of Maristela and The Silverrise Waters, Champion of Light, bringer of peace to the lands of the Silver Isles, Slayer of the Soul Carver! Nara, give her my amulet and do not cry, this is not the end for you, you must stay strong.”

As Nara reached for the symbol hanging from my neck, the silver eagle heavy in her hands she hesitated before pulling it from my neck and handing it over to the surprised triton woman. I looked towards Cordelia, her face set in shock, and I spoke directly to her as my eyes began to close, “This will prove all you need to others, no other can bare this amulet without the permission of the family of Silverrise. You must see that Nara finds her destiny; the Dragon Riders must return. Take care of our nest, take care of my brothers and sisters, take care of all…you are queen now, you must not waste the time we have. I am proud that you have proved me wrong, you are strong, and you should not fear, your father and mother would be proud of you, you are going to be a strong queen to all. When you feel Ana is ready, help her take her seat.”

My words faulter as I watched her lips move and a high-pitched noise coiled into my ears. My vision blackened and with each beat slowing, the soft soothing sound of a song I had not heard in a long while pierced the last moments of my life. “The eagle flies to be free, and it must spread its wings, leave the nest with the wind, you are the eagle that will set us free.” And then a singular thought as the sound of Mellow Nights voice lulled me into sleep, ‘I am free and will be waiting to see you free’.

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