

Map of Solin



Alamora



Idle's Lair



Wrudel



Ehren



Dragon Lair



Chapter 2: History

The Elder council's debate had been raging on for about two hours now, and they finally paused for lunch. Flavius stared out from the ornate balcony that adorned the side of the council hall, sighing at the horizon. He felt that they would finally agree upon some course of action to deal with Queen Wria today, but either forgot, or chose not to remember the burdens of convincing others to act.

The Kingdom of Ebrene had always maintained a good relationship with Dragonkind; they built them a sanctuary on the Isle of Fire, not far from the continent of Solin, and provided them refuge when the Queen's slaughter had begun. Ebrene were a religious people, and they believed it was their duty to learn to coexist peacefully with dragons, and accept their duty to reap human souls upon their passing.

Flavius, however, seemed to be an exception to this rule. He'd gone to Wrudel as part of a peace-keeping envoy about 20 years ago, before the Great War, and returned seemingly free of death — his reaper was nowhere to be found, although they'd accompanied him to Wrudel. He was, however, just as clueless about the situation as anyone else, and although the Council had called for the reaper to present himself to the court, no Dragon showed up. The Elder Council of Ebrene had been rather wary of Flavius ever since, but he gave them no trouble, and they valued his insight as the royal historian, so they let him remain on the Council.

"Sir Flavius, it is time to convene once more," the meeting attendant said, appearing suddenly at his elbow. The Council, which consisted of both, humans, and dragons, and aimed at maintaining peace between the two races.

Flavius inclined his head and followed the attendant back into the cool, gloomy interior of the Council Hall, somewhat happy to be sheltered once again from the hot desert sun.

The Council Head, Dragon Kron, noted his presence and began without preamble, "Sir Flavius, our debate will continue to go in circles until you can clarify further for us. What do we know of this Rainbow Bridge? Can we trust that it will help our current predicament? We know Queen Wria is mobilising, and we wish to get ahead of the situation before this turns into a full-blown war," they said.

Flavius met the Dragon's fierce eyes with a level gaze. "Here is what I know," he began.

"Evaluation of fossils, and adequate study of Dragon bodily functions show us that you are not of this world. My team and I have reason to believe you were sent here about 5,000 years ago, far beyond the reaches of human memory, but only about 25 Dragon lifetimes ago.

"We believe that we can get you back to your own homeland in the same way you were sent; a portal so magnificent, human myths were moulded around it, and continue to endure 5,000 years after the event. We call it the Rainbow Bridge, and my studies have shown it is indeed real. However, I cannot determine its precise location; all I know is that it is somewhere far north, within the border of Alamora.

“My proposal is we set out immediately, and work with the Wru rebels to try and locate this Bridge. We need all the help that we can get. I do believe that sending you back through the portal is the best way to resolve this conflict.”

About a week and a half later, Flavius, a few E布伦 soldiers, and Dragon Kron himself, found themselves buried in an unexpected snowstorm, halfway on their way to Alamora, inside Wru territory. They'd sent out a scout but he was yet to come back, and things were taking a turn for the worse. Kron would survive, but Flavius was just beginning to worry about his human companions when the scout returned, two rebels in tow.

The women took stock of the situation, and then stepped aside. Flavius observed that they were having a heated discussion about something, but eventually, one of them seemed to give in, and they returned to the envoy's little encampment.

“We have a place of refuge nearby, but we access it using our tunnels. You will have to fly, Dragon Kron. Head north-west till you see rocky terrain; we will signal to you once we're there.”

Kron nodded at Flavius and took off with a beat of their powerful wings, soaring above them. Flavius turned and followed the Rebels into the thick Wru forests, as they led the historian and warriors deep into winding tunnels. Although they were still shivering, it was decidedly warmer in the cave, and they were soon able to see daylight once more.

As Flavius emerged from the tunnel, he could not believe his eyes — before him stood a huge cave, almost reminiscent of a Dragon's lair. Above him, Dragon Kron began to circle as they surveyed the terrain, finding a place to land. The rebels smirked at our surprised expressions, waved at Kron, then beckoned us into the gloom of the cave.

A young black-haired woman came out, her blue eyes narrowing at the envoy. Flavius thought she vaguely reminded him of someone he knew, although he couldn't place a finger on whom it was.

“Who are these people, Lina?” she asked, turning to the rebel standing closest to Flavius.

“People from E布伦, princess. They're on their way to find the Rainbow Bridge.”

Flavius's eyes widened at the title. Could it be that the Wru princess had survived after all? Was it her, who stood before him in leather gear and a sword strapped to her back? Next to Flavius, the warriors seemed to be coming to the same conclusion. They began to murmur angrily amongst themselves, so Flavius held up a hand before the situation could escalate. It was clear to him that the princess was working with the rebels, so she certainly wasn't working with the Queen.

“It is an honour to meet you, Princess. I am Flavius, the Royal Historian of E布伦. We have cause to believe in the Rainbow bridge, and we believe it is possibly located somewhere in Alamora, though we don't know the exact location. Our sun-tanned bodies could not withstand your harsh Wru weather, and the Rebels were kind enough to bring us here for shelter.” Flavius said, stepping forward. The warriors too, that to be a signal to stand down, so they did, although some still glared at the Princess.

Behind him, Dragon Kron entered the cave. The princess's eyes widened at the sight of him, and she turned and called into the cave.

"Ide! You're going to want to see this," she said.

Flavius hadn't heard that name in 20 years. A Dragon emerged from behind her, their green scales a contrast to Kron's bright red. Flavius staggered back, reeling at the sight of his very own reaper, now standing before him.

"You knew?" he asked Dragon Kron, who was staring at Ide, a slow smile beginning to spread across their face. They turned to Flavius and nodded slowly.

"It is why I convinced the Council to keep you on, but they don't know yet — only us dragons do," Kron said.

"I'd anticipated that the Queen wouldn't listen to our desperate pleas, and I knew she was smarter than to be defeated in the war, which is why I convinced Ide to disappear when the Queen's advisor stole their scythe. As you know, we dragons cannot reap without our scythes anyway, so Ide spent all these years amassing all the knowledge they could about human myths and legends. Anything that would help us out of this predicament would help save so many lives." the Dragon continued.

"It is why I never returned, little Flavius," Ide said kindly, stepping forward. "Come inside, all of you. We have much to discuss."

All Flavius could do was follow inside after the envoy, still numb with shock from all that he'd learnt so far.

Beneath them, another dragon, far older than Ide and Kron, began to stir from their 200-year slumber.