

Rising - Dragon Arc

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Regrets

After spreading her wings to travel from Ishina manor, Shuviel headed towards the wasteland of Mor Dhona. Hours have passed since she lifted off and she looks around at the crystallized desert. She heard stories from her mother about the wyrm king Midgardsormr. The father of all dragons on this star. She was happy that he has answered her call but still she was unsure about the meeting with him. What could he tell her? Is he really willing to help her? And if so... what could he possibly do? If it wasn't for this cursed squire of Ashlyn she wouldn't have seen the need to visit him.

A growl escapes Shuviel's throat as she sees the Crystal Tower. A legacy of the cursed civilization that took her great father from her. She was never able to meet the great Bahamut. Only hearing stories from her mother. About the wonderful lands of Meracydia and the King ruling these lands with his sister Tiamat. Why do the humans look up to the allagans but hate the dragons, she thought to herself. Why? Why her? She doesn't understand what was happening in her life at the moment but still she was more than willing to find out. As those thoughts run through her head she approaches the wreckage of the Agrius. The imposing corpse of the Great Wyrms wrapped tightly around it. Another symbol of how war has destroyed a part of the pacifist's life.

The void dragoness lands on top of the broken vessel looking up at the head of Midgardsormr. It was the first time she was about to speak in her own native language since her mother died. Taking a deep breath before starting to speak in dragon tongue with a slightly shaking deep voice.

"Great father. I have heard your call. I came to you as you told me. I... I beg for your assistance"

The eyes of the corpse start to glow in a bright red. "I remember the scent you are carrying child. You are offspring of my son Bahamut. But there is some stench on you as well. The corruption in you is clear. What do you need help with my child.?"

"F-father. I don't want to live with the void inside me anymore. This world is so hostile towards us and I am not able to deal with it. I tried to live a life of peace. My mother Shvril always told me to not do harm to living creatures. But how am I supposed to do this if this star constantly tries to break me? I ... fell into depression and.."

"Hold it there child. So Shvril's dream of having a child came true? Then you must be Shuviel."

Shuviel's mismatching reptilian eyes widen as she looks up at her ancestor. "Y-you know me? H-how?"

"I don't know you personally child. But I remember a kind hearted dragoness once stepping up to me to ask for my blessing to have a child with one of those long eared creatures. The name of that child was supposed to be Shuviel if it's a girl. Your story made me remember this. I can feel there are more of your blood roaming this star Shuviel. So that can I do for you child?"

"Great Midgardsormr. I ... fell into the void. I became one of the creatures of this star that fell into darkness. I ... I want to step back into the light. For my children. and my partners. But I cant even fight the pain inside me. I dont know how to fight for myself even. I can barely maintain my own self"

"I can feel the burden of you child. But I am afraid that I cant help you with that. It was your own choice to fall into this state. You have forgotten what it means to be a dragon. There surely is a way to revert those changes but only you can do it. But I can feel your heart is in great unrest aswell. You need to step up for yourself. Your mother was a kind hearted woman. She never harmed anyone or anything. But she was also a very educated woman. I remember that we talked for quite some time and it was a very surprising and deep conversation for she had interesting ideas. But she knew one thing that you never have learned it seems. She never forgot what blood was flowing in her body. A dragoness always proud of what she was. That gave her the strength to overcome all obstacles. But you my corrupted child have forgotten who you are."

"But what can I do...? What will help me to come back to this mortal life...?" Shuviels voice was shaking even more looking up desperatly.

"You could start in not disguising you in front of me. I feel this force that has changed you in your body? What a foolish thought that this otherworldly power that has destroyed our star. and now you seeked for it to help you. I came to this star to escape this force and find a safe place for my children. Just to find out that my own brood is bringing it here so willingly. I am massively disappointed Shuviel. And sad."

Flinching at his words, Shuviel takes a step back and desperatly looks at the Wyrm. She sighed and nods as her violet scales turn into a mixture of red and black. The skin tone turns into a deep red and even her violet long hair changes to a white colour. The reptilian mismatching eyes shift to arachnid ones.

"Now look at you. the only thing that remains of us are the beautiful wings of my son on your back. It might be a small hope of saving you. But travel to your home my child. Find yourself and your place in this world again."

"How... could Ishina manor or Ninas house help me? Or do you mean the void...?"

"No child. Dont be so foolish. Your home isnt where you live but more where your roots are from. Travel to Meracydia. Find the place where the meracydian horde lived and try to connect with your roots again. As for your pain...I can help you deal with it at least. But You must do this journey. For it wont last forever."

The eyes of the Wyrm glow up brightly once more and Shuviel could feel his warmth in her body. The voices are fading and the warmth of this star returns to the dragoness. Soon after the glow disappears from the wyrms eyes and he went silent leaving Shuviel alone again.

"Thank you father..." she whispered as she reflects on what he has said. It was true. She forgot who she was. Spreading her wings once more Shuviel spreads her wings once more and lifts herself off the ground to head back to Ishina manor. She has a task to do. And need to prepare for a new

journey.

Crashing

Water... so many water... why didnt she use her powers? Why didnt she travel through the void to reach that destination. It cant be far anymore... but theres so much water. Where was the last isle? 3 hours ago? Maybe four? Shuviel checks the sky. She has been navigating by the sun. But it will disappear soon. She is not able to navigate by the stars. Her mother always tried to teach her but when she was a child she was always distracted by the beauty of the night sky. Where was that ability to see beauty in everything? When did it get lost? She cant tell anymore. She wants to be who she used to be again but there are these voices in her head. They have been silent lately. Since her encounter with Midgardsormr but something has changed when she received his blessing. Yes. The connection to the void was interrupted. Thats why she wasn't able to move through it to her goal. Where was she headed again...? Meracydia. Right.

Shuviel holds her head and shakes it softly. Her violet scales glow brightly as the void desperately tries to crawl into her thoughts again. She was confused. Her long purple hair was wrapped around her long horns, that grow from the side of her forehead and from the back of her head. Suddenly the glow from her scales disappears. The sun already hit the horizon. But on the south there was glowing something. It was a very slight glow but still she was curious to see. As she slowly approaches the gentle light she could see land. A massive landmass. Was it really...? It has to be! Meracydia.

Her heart beats fast as she approaches the continent. There are lights every now and then which she can see as she slowly flies over the new lands. Settlements? There is civilization on this land but... No. Its better to not approach them. As she continues to fly over the landmass she suddenly stops in the air. Her eyes widely opened she looks at something that shattered her inside without knowing what happened here. Still her body reacts heavily to it. It was a massive feeling of unease and sadness. A wide wasteland. A massively disturbed aether around. Heading to the center of said wasteland she lands on the ground and kneels in the dirt. Her claws pick up some dirt. When she looks at it she felt a sharp pain in her head. Flashbacks of something she cant define. Yet she focusses on them. A fight. Dragons? Who are those humanoids... Miko'te? Mighty beings of magical nature. What is this? As she focusses more on the scene ignoring the pain, Shuviel focusses and tries to see more. She sees in the distance images of dark creatures. Creatures of strange nature. Voidsent... . But what was that in the back... no. It cant be. Is it really her? But this terrifying presence. This appearance. The... Its the Cloud of Darkness. Even Shuviel knows of this creature. She could feel its presence in the void from time to time and she tries her best to avoid it. She was part of this fight here? More images shoot into her head as she walks over the plains. A fight. Dragons against voidsent. Is this...the meracydian horde? Her family? She could feel the overwhelming presence of something. An impressive being desperately fighting against waves of the creatures of darkness. But then...It fell. It seemed like it impacted on the ground directly in front of the dragoness. She approaches this spot slowly and takes a closer look. A dragon. One of the first brood? It was...Bahamut.

Seeing the one who she considered her great father laying lifeless on the ground in the flashbacks that play in her head makes the dragoness sink to the ground. She could feel her heart breaking seeing a scene like this and she screams out loudly. A scream that echoes over the wasteland filled with pain and suffering. Has he died here? Is this the field where he defended his brood? Shuviel starts to cry on the ground lost in her thoughts. She wasn't able to deal with this right now. Why? Why did Midgardsormr sent her here? Being completely lost in thoughts she didn't realize something was approaching her until a loud but still gentle voice speaks behind her in her draconic language.

"I also screamed like that seeing this scene child. I was there. We did all we could but in the end we seen him fall. My beloved mate. Now tell me child....Who are you?!"

Shuviel turns around and opens her eyes seeing one of the first brood preparing her dragons breath as she seemed somehow tensed. The words still ring in Shuviel's head as she slowly gets back to her feet looking at the wyrm. Her...mate?

"Great...mother...Tiamat...?"