The Times of Silver Flameheart

In the mystical land of Alaia, a four-hundred yearlong annihilistic

 war was being waged. The bodies left after the bloody skirmishes rose to the mountains, several miles high.  The North was on the losing side of this war, and humans, on the verge of extinction in the south. The Neutral Dark-eaters could not just stand by and watch a race die out, and not just any race … Humans. They were, and are, the only race that could, by instinct, use Divine magic, as well as holy magic to banish Demonic Forces.

One particular human, a southern Slave, was forced to watch as the dragon that owned him and his family, killed his family, and forced him to watch, scarring him permanently. His family’s dying wish urged him to escape and find a life and family in the north. After escaping hundreds, if not thousands of murderous southerners, he found a small hole in the barrier that blocks humans from entering/leaving. He felt like he was being watched, and by instinct, heard a voice in his head telling him not to go through the hole yet. “Roll to the right.” Said the voice. “NOW!” It said. And again

***“NOW!!!”***

With that, he dodged to the right, and saw that a dragon collided, headfirst into the barrier. The Dragon, seeing him specifically, filled the nameless slave with dread. Most Humans’ holy powers, and their access to magic in general, was locked away until *something* specific happened. Specific conditions. Seeing his old owner again, filled him with a burning desire for vengeance. His Heart gave an abnormally strong beat. Time seemed to slow down. His Temperature rose to above 150 degrees. His hands, trembling with anger, started glowing. The nameless slave, Silver Flameheart to be, bellowed with 1000 voices whispering in the yell: *“****WE WILL HAVE VENGEANCE!!!”*** A spear of lighting, followed in the span of three seconds as he used divine magic, by thousands. The Dragon, gasped, as electricity crackled through him, threatening to tear his soul asunder. The slave approached him, indifferent, to his suffering. Tapping into the holy magic, the green Dragon, Necroxis, lay before him. The same dragon that slowly dissolved his family. Tapping into a more powerful magic, the type that manipulates life itself, he prepared a healing spell.

“Oh dear, Necroxis. It would seem you are injured, and suffering. Let me help with that.”

Necroxis, stared at what he thought would be his executioner. And that then, how delicious the irony: A dragon at the mercy of a human. A mercy, that would then show the rest of his ra-

Necroxis’ thought process was interrupted by a burst of magic, causing warmth to blossom in his gut. He looked down, as his wounds were closing. The slave said, “I won’t stoop to **your** level.” Then crawled through the hole. After a couple of days of traveling, he found a group of dragons, and after initially recoiling and trying to run, was caught by a dragon with silver and black scales. The scales were patterned in a fire behind the mountains pattern. (Like dawn and dusk. At dawn, the fire was silver, and at dusk, it was purple.) This dragon took the slave for her own. She fed him, and clothed him. And then she named him upon finding out: Silver, for his silver eyes, with a slit in the middle instead of the normal black circle, it appeared draconic in a way, meaning he unlocked his magical capabilities. His full name was Silver Storm Flameheart. His mental status will have started to degrade, within 100 years, leading to his inevitable rebirth into a dragon. His story was told around Northern Alaia, and the dark-eaters decided to join in, on the side of North, of course. At the end of the war, Silver’s mental position turned inside out. He would never live to see what happens at the end, but the ending was beautiful. The North and the South would come together, to make a safe haven for the humans. What happened to Silver? He became a dragon egg, and was reborn. The land of Alaia, the south had large hyper-compressed wood structures, (Basically, they were so dense, that they had the fire-proofing of titanium, but had the physical feel of wood.) Wood statues, that felt like they were alive, and staring at you. Both had beautiful landscapes, and the north had large stone buildings, with “layered rocks” (Rocks that appeared layered, and folded over itself.) As well as incorruptible Elders and Guardian deities that make important decisions, usually after gathering opinions from the people.