

Prologue

Clearsight had done it. There was no going back now. Darkstalker was asleep under the mountain and Fathom and Indigo have found their Happily Ever After. It was hard to find a future for herself in Pyrrhia anymore. She could cross the ocean and find herself in long and forgotten foreign lands. She could lead her tribe to a future where they don't forsake their magic in fear of her beloved.

"Every variable outlaid before me and we still ended up here." She said out loud voicing her thoughts only to the moons. Glancing at her own moon Oracle.

"Please," she prayed to the celestial body. "For the benefit of the next one born with my gift. Allow them to know others the way I haven't. Knowing only the future didn't help me truly understand other dragons and maybe that's how I got here. A seer only weaving a future of chaos."

She considered seeing where this would go, only for a moment before stopping herself. She didn't know anyone; she only knew what they would NO, could become. She needed to spend more time with the people around her. Maybe one day she would use her powers again but that won't be for some time. *Eventually Clearsight would make the journey across the ocean but not, before spending some time with her Nightwing friends and family and saying goodbye to Fathom.* She thought before leaving her buried love behind and taking off into the night.

Roughly 2,000 years later

Morrowseer had spent a long portion of this damned night transporting this egg to those useless Talons. *If that wench hadn't been so resistant to giving up her egg I could've been there by now* he thought angrily. Until his train of thought was interrupted by a sharp **ccraaacckk** as the strangely colored egg began to hatch within his talons.

Ugh he grimaced as he landed and laid the cracked egg on the ground and waited for the small dragonet to escape its shell.

The small Nightwing was surely taking its sweet time to break the cursed thing. But eventually the dragonet broke through the egg and Morrowseer snatched it up by its scruff. The small thing trembling in fear.

"You're tinier than I would've hoped," he complained "But as long as you follow orders and help the plan succeed you'll do."

He really does look like his mother. Morrowseer thought back to the Dragoness he had torn apart to get the egg. Her bloody body laid before him in memory. *It's always a shame to whittle down our numbers more but it had to be done.*

The dragonet, as if reacting to his thoughts, gagged at the bloody corpse in Morrowseer's head.

How peculiar, he thought, noticing the silver scales near his eyes. And again as if reacting to his mind the dragonet raised a claw to his silver scales.

"How interesting," he said to the Nightwing trapped in his talons "Perhaps there is something special about you besides a false prophecy? I don't know what they'll name you nor do I particularly care but I expect great things from you child."

He took a moment to consider how to carry the small dragon before eventually taking off towards the Claws of the Cloud Mountains to meet the guardians.

Elsewhere

"Where is that **Blasted** prophet! He was supposed to deliver the egg by now even Webs got his useless Rainwing replacement already!" Kestrel yelled at Dune angrily.

"Please Kestrel be patient," Dune reasoned in his deep raspy voice. "He'll arrive eventually, the prophecy says so."

"But the prophecy said '*Find the egg of deepest blue. Wings of Night shall come to you*' according to the Prophecy we should've had the egg days ago." Kestrel retorted

"Well that's the issue," Webs said entering the room "'*Wings of Night shall come to you*' could refer to when the Nightwings first contacted us it can be interpreted differently."

"**Stupid** cryptic prophecies the-" Kestrel started before a loud **sccrrraapeee** interrupted her complaint. *Finally* she thought, moving towards the entrance where there stood a towering pitch black dragon; the only discernible features in the dark cave entrances were his silver scales and his raised talons holding an already hatched egg.

"I apologize for my tardiness," Morrowseer said, not really apologizing. "The little hero was ambitious and hatched early on the way here. I assume everything else has gone smoothly?" He spoke like a teacher who knew the answer and was quizzing his students.

"Well-" Dune started before getting interrupted by Webs. "The other four eggs are accounted for." He said before quickly adding a "Sir." at the end.

Morrowseer stared for a moment like he was combing through their minds "Very well," he concluded "I will check in once a year to check in on this to train him to use his powers." Before turning to leave.

"Wait!" Webs yelled, stopping Morrowseer's exit. "Whats his name?"

He waited for a second before saying "That's up to you three, I will merely stop in every once and a while you are his guardians."

"Ah," Webs said as the three guardians turned to the dragonet. Observing his silver scales within his wings "How about... Starflight?" He asked, turning towards the doorway where the older Nightwing had already left.

"That sneaky bastard! He left the job of naming him to use and left because he didn't have a clue what to name him." Kestrel claimed.

"Either way Starflight is a fine name." Dune confirmed for Webs "Hello tiny one." he said poking the small dragon which prompted a giggle before they heard a loud **crunch** as if something was happening to the other eggs.

Chapter One

8 years later

It's very interesting. Darkstalker voiced in Starflight's Head **I've scanned the minds of all the students that've arrived and I've gauged the history of the Dragonets of Destiny and I must ask why would you allow yourself to get captured by the Skywings?**

Well, Starflight thought, It's for a series of very complicated reasons.

2 years ago

Starflight knew almost everything. He knew about his fate. He also knew about the dragon with Fire-Scales they were going to meet in the Sky Kingdom that'd one day save Clay's life. He knew of the potential royalty of his friends.

"What're you thinking about?" Clay asked his hulking form rumbling over towards Starflight from where he was standing talking to the chained Tsunami.

"Only the chances of success for you in the river."

“How are my chances?”

“Surprisingly high.” Starflight lied. He could hear his noisy thoughts and Clay's chances of success were low but would increase drastically if he told him this lie. Most futures where he fails it's because he panics. He began to tone his friends' thoughts out as he focused on speaking.

“I guess I'll have to do it then.” Clay said, moving towards the river. “But will you be okay Glory?”

“I know what to do.” Glory exclaimed from her spot in the corner “Starflight method.”

“Act like a lump and hope no one notices you?” Tsunami said sarcastically

“Hey!” Starflight protested *I'm a schemer not a fighter* he thought to himself.

“Exactly.” She said as she crouched down to the floor shifting her scales to match and camouflage herself as if the floor was eating her. Eventually you couldn't even tell she was there.

“Wow,” Sunny said faintly from where she perched herself. “I mean, I knew you could, but it's very different seeing it than reading about it.”

“The guardians don't know I can do this.” They all jumped as Glory's voice came from the top of a stalagmite. “I guess it's a good thing we never studied Rainwings after all. I'll find a corner and hide. You don't even have to risk the river, Clay I could just stay like this.”

"You can't stay like that forever." Starflight claims "Either you get caught while one of us tries to sneak you food or the guardians threaten us until you reveal yourself. The river is the only option."

"Tsunami was right earlier," Clay said. "We do need to get out of here, as soon as we can."

Sunny gave Tsunami a disappointed look "Why are you guys scheming without me?"

"No offense Sunny but it was almost certain that you would've gotten us caught." Starflight responded apologetically. He always had a soft spot for the hybrid and even in a few futures he had a crush on her. But in most futures there was someone else.

"You said almost so there definitely was some where I didn't reveal it." Sunny argued.

"You're missing the other part 'certain'," Glory responded from her hidden position "Plus Starflight's never been wrong before. Clay if you're going to, go now before the guardians finish their evil Glory murdering planning."

Even though he tried to block it out, Clay's overwhelming feelings of grim determination and fear leaked through. Then he disappeared into the river, his mind still felt by Starflight as he pushed onwards.

"So what do we do now?" Sunny asked

"Well we should prepare scrolls to burn for the smoke-signal." Starflight said reluctantly. "Also be prepared to attempt to burn through Tsunami's chains if Clay's chance of success gets low."

"What are his chances now?" Tsunami questioned

“40%”

“And you sent him in!” Tsunami yelled

“If I had told him that it was that low it would’ve gone much lower.”

“Why not just free me?”

“If me and Sunny free you you’ll sustain a nasty burn. That’s why you’re plan B for now.”

“I see.”

“I’ll free you if the number gets lower than 40%.”

“Deal.” Tsunami said

“Now if you’ll excuse his highness he must go pick his favorite scrolls.” Sunny said moving towards the library. Starflight hadn’t even moved yet mourning his choice of job. “You coming?”

“I’m coming,” He said Woefully, thinking about his scrolls as he entered the library. “There’s only one scroll I’m actually willing to burn. The others I’m going to have to do with my eyes closed.” He said jokingly but they both knew it wasn’t a joke.

“I didn’t know there was a scroll you’d ever harm,” Sunny stated. “or hold any malice towards.”

“There’s one. ‘A Natural History of Unnatural Dragon Abilities’ by Mastermind of the Nightwings.”

He remembered when he first got the scroll. Morrowseer had taken him on one of their “training” sessions. The training of course being him probing one of Burns generals mind for battle plans that Morrowseer was going to give to Blister. Morrowseer had brought the scroll afterwards as a present.

“Are you going to tell me why?” Sunny questioned “Didn’t you get that while training with Morrowseer.”

“This might surprise you,” Starflight answered “I don’t like Morrowseer.”

“Why not?”

The words *False Prophet* and *Racist* flew through his head.

“He’s rude.”

Sunny snorted “That’s true.” thinking about her interaction with Morrowseer earlier that day.

They continued to sort through scrolls with Sunny’s ‘burn’ pile being much larger than Starflight’s before his head suddenly snapped up.

“We need to go and free Tsunami.” He said urgently bounding out of the room with Sunny following soon after. Starflight ran right up to Tsunami’s chains and started blasting it with fire, Sunny following soon after.

“Ow!” Tsunami yelped at the hot chains as they fell off and burnt her wing.

“Go Go!” Starflight yelled pointing at the river. Tsunami following the direction and diving into the river.

Starflight breathed a sigh of relief exhaling heavily.

“What happened?” Sunny asked similar stressed

“I was observing the future and the ones where Clay succeeds and it went from 47% to 32% he's up to 65% now with Tsunami his chances of succeeding are steadily increasing as she gets closer to him.”

“What even caused that?”

“I think,” Starflight said observing the future “I think he hit his head.”

Chapter Two

Starflight and Sunny just lit the smoke-signal for Clay and Tsunami and Starflight was packing the scrolls that they didn't burn in a bag.

“You know there is a zero percent chance Tsunami lets you keep those.” Glory said, shifting her scales from camouflage to her usual green.

“Actually there's a 1.2% chance they let me keep the scrolls.” Starflight said focusing on packing the scrolls neatly.

“What do you mean they?”

Starflight paused *Shoot*. “I mean everyone else.” He lied. “Tsunami won't let me but Sunny and Clay will argue for me. 0.6% chance if you get involved.”

Glory narrowed her eyes suspiciously “And you're still taking that chance? With such low odds.”

“Of course the chance would always be 0% if I don't try.”

“I hope you won't take risks like that with our lives.”

“Only when things are certain will I play with any lives at all. I would never play with your lives.”

“Then tell me who ‘they’ is.”

Starflight took a moment to scan over her mind. She will not forgive him if he doesn’t tell her the truth. “We will be captured by the Skywings. But, it’s imperative that we do and they will show us no immediate danger.”

“How did they find us?”

“We’re in their territory and we just lit up a smoke-signal. Also Clay and Tsunami just ran into the Skywing queen.”

“Why not warn them!” Glory argued

“There’s someone in the Sky kingdom that we- or rather Clay needs to meet to fulfill the prophecy. Someone who we won’t be able to meet otherwise.”

“Okay, I trust you but you can’t just keep stuff like that hidden.” She stated “Next time you’ve got something crazy like that going on in your visions you tell us, okay?”

“Okay.” Starflight acquiesced “I need to tell you something then.”

“What?”

“You might need to pretend to be docile to assassinate Queen Scarlet.”

‘Wha-’ She started before being interrupted by the opening of the heavy boulder door.

“No time, their back.” Starflight said before leaving the burning library with his scrolls.

Glory went back into camouflage and went ahead of him while he struggled to drag his scrolls behind him.

“Oh no you don’t,” Tsunami said as she snatched the bag away from him as soon as he reached the entrance. “We don’t need those. And you’ve already read them all a thousand times.” She said, holding them out of his reach.

“We might need them,” Starflight argued “They’ll tell us what’s safe to eat and all the different tribal customs and how to fly in bad weather and -”

“You’ll tell us all those things, Starflight.” Clay assured “You’re going to anyway.”

“But what if I forget.”

“Do you see a single future where you forget anything critically important?” Glory asked

“No...”

“Then we don’t need them.”

“Just forget it. The only important thing right now is to get out before Dune or Webs wakes up.”

“Or Kestrel gets back.” Glory added

“Oh what *Thrilling* news Kestrel is part of this? I’ve been looking for her for ages.”

The four other dragonets whirled around to see Queen Scarlet of the Skywings standing at the entrance flanked by guards.

Right on time Starflight thought.

“I haven’t seen Kestrel in, what, seven years?” Queen Scarlet said in her sickly-sweet voice. Her tail whipping back and forth behind her.

Starflight could feel the minds of his friends, their fear, Clay’s guilt, Tsunami’s anger, Glory’s surprising calm, and Sunny’s confusion.

“You followed us here,” Tsunami accused in a choked voice.

“Oh, I didn’t have to,” Scarlet claimed “Someone sent up a lovely, helpful smoke-signal for me. Led us all right here.” Clay guilt growing even bigger because the smoke signal was his idea.

“Who - who are you?” Sunny asked

“Now this is getting really insulting, you’re in *my* territory. Apparently you’re living under my mountain. I am only the most important dragon for hundreds of miles. How dare you not recognize me.” She said lifting her wings to show off her bejeweled wings.

“You’re Queen Scarlet of the Skywings.” Starflight answered

“Now that’s more like it,” she said, striding deeper into the cave. “Three Moons, it’s gloomy in here.” She glanced and saw Starflight’s sack of scrolls and promptly lit it on fire.

Starflight took a moment mourning the loss of more scrolls as Queen Scarlet saw him in the firelight.

“My goodness,” Queen Scarlet said, squinting. “You’re a Nightwing!” She pushed past Clay as if he weighed nothing. “A Nightwing not even ten years old,” Starflight’s heart started pounding heavily as she grabbed him by the chin. *Calm down the chance she actually hurts me here is minimal.* “How thrilling! They don’t usually let their children out into the world. We might corrupt their perfection or something, you know.” She breathed a puff of smoke in his face. “I’ve never had a Nightwing in my arena before. Thrilling, Thrilling! Tell me, what am I thinking right now?”

“It’s hard to tell you something about your thoughts when you voice them all out loud.” Starflight quipped in a lapse of judgement.

“Oh you’re clever. I hate when dragons get clever with me.” she announced “I’ll voice another thought I suppose. What is a Nightwing, a Seawing, and a Mudwing doing hiding under my mountain? Along with those other two.” She said leaning closer to Starflight. “This wouldn’t have anything to do with a certain prophecy, does it?”

Before he could answer he heard a thumping coming from the guardians room.

“What is going on out here?”

No Starflight turned to see Dune had woken up and moved towards them. *He wasn’t supposed to wake up. It was a statistical wonder. Most improbable in every future.*

“Webs!” The Sandwing called before lunging at Scarlet.

“Stop,” Sunny yelled “They’ll hurt you.” as Dune flung Scarlet away from Starflight. “Don’t touch them” Dune roared. *Stop, you weren’t supposed to get involved.*

“You’ll never get your claws on them!” Scarlet caught herself midair and landed on her feet facing Dune hissing.

“They’re mine now!” She snarled

Suddenly, Webs appeared launching himself at the approaching Skywing guards, smacking three of them with his tail. The other Dragonets soon joined the brawl as Starflight stood there shocked. *This shouldn’t have happened.*

“These Dragonets are sacred,” Dune argued as Scarlet slammed him into a stalagmite with surprising strength despite her small stature throwing him like he weighed nothing. “They’re the Dragonets of Destiny. You can’t have them!”

“But what if it’s my destiny to play with them?” She said lashing Dune with her claws reopening an old war wound on Dune as he yelped in pain. “Oh that’s right, I don’t care about prophecies or any of that Nightwing silliness.” She said starting to open more and more old cuts. “Besides, they made me mad and then ran away. That happens to me far too often, but you know what? I

always find the ones who betray me in the end. Isn't that right Kestrel?" She said as Kestrel walked into the cave.

"Poor, poor Scarlet." Kestrel said "Everyone betrays you. Well, you've got me now. Let these worthless others go." She didn't even glance at the Dragonets.

"Kestrel," The queen tsked. "That sounded like an order. Have you switched from disobeying them to giving them."

"I won't fight." Kestrel answered her voice cold, "I'll come with you. Just leave them. These dragonets have nothing to do with the Skywings."

"You *will* come with me," said Queen Scarlet, "Funny that you think you have a choice in that. We have a thrilling trial waiting for you. And after waits an even more *thrilling* execution. And for these dragonets... They will make thrilling additions to my arena." She gestured towards the Dragonets of Destiny "Take them all, except this one." She said shaking Dune lightly as if he was a stuffed toy "I mean what use is a crippled Sandwing who can't even fly? I'm surprised you haven't killed yourself. But I can take care of that for you."

'No!' Sunny yelled, lunging towards the two older dragons. But she was too late as Dunes neck was broken with a sickening **snnaaaapp**. And his body fell to the ground with a **thump**.

Chapter Three

Starflight woke up alone on that tall spire with his wings bound. He must've been knocked out during the scuffle in the cave. His wings ached from being clamped and his ankles and wrists felt numb. He could hear the noise from the bustling Skywing capital below; the only thing louder was the minds of the other prisoners. Their minds were so incredibly loud it was hard to find the minds of his friends of which he was so familiar with. But eventually among the droning voices he found the fuming angry thoughts of Tsunami. He couldn't exactly communicate with her but it was comforting to know she was there after what happened in the cave...

Dune... How useless. You have the infinite potential of the future in your talons and you still couldn't save the ones you cared about.

He took a moment to really observe his surroundings when his eyes landed on the Arena.

There it is. We are in minimal danger there because we're too interesting to die immediately. Clay will either fight and beat an Icewing or a Skywing, he has a good chance against either of them. He's probably also talked to her already at least. He thought, *She's very necessary to keep around so he better not screw that up.* His train of thought was interrupted when a very warm presence suddenly appeared behind him with a flap of wings.

“Hello.” Said the coppery Skywing “I’ve never fought a Nightwing before. Do you foresee yourself beating me?” she asked curiously

Ah shoot

“Hello Peril.” He said, shocking her “Shouldn’t you be talking to Clay right now?”

“Ooooo scary. I did talk to him, he said you were the smartest dragon he knew. How’d you know my name?”

“I’ve seen the future, I’ve seen you being announced in the Arena as well as Clay introducing us personally.” He answered “Also I don’t think I could beat you. I could maybe escape but I could never beat you in a fair fight.”

“Well what do you foresee in my next fight?”

“It’s hard to see anything other than your absolute success.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re terrifying and frankly I’m just trying to be on your good side.”

“Well thanks for the honesty,” She scoffed. “I’ll keep your prediction in mind. Maybe my opponent will surprise you.”

“I’d prefer if he didn’t.” He said sadly, thinking of Dune. “I’ve been surprised enough today.”

She flew off returning to the Arena and Starflight watched as Horizon flung himself on top of Peril killing himself.

Everything else has gone to prediction so far. He thought, only a few things were off otherwise. So was it just my carelessness that led to Dunes’ death.

He sat in contemplation for many hours until the bustling Arena and market as the Three Moons took over the sky. And eventually as the Moons took the sky, sleep took him.

Starflight has never dreamed properly. Maybe it has something to do with his future sight but, he could always spend his sleep planning for the future. In his head constructing a timeline or a plan for events.

He knew that after everything that will happen in the Arena he’ll have to meet back up with his friends at the Diamond Spray Delta. Although he does need to try and arrange Tsunami not killing Gill as it will lay on her consciousness forever otherwise. They’ll need to somehow make their way to the Seawing palace and while he’s there he might write Prince Turtle a letter. Glory

will end up queen with his intervention or not. On the Nightwing island... he'll meet her. He wonders if she'll lose her brightness in person compared to visions but he sincerely doubts it. And after that. He knows what he has to do after that. He just has to come to terms with it.

He was shaken from his sleep by two Skywing guards.

"Ah," he yawned as the guards temporarily unlatched him from the web of prisoners. "Right on time."

"You have a private audience wit-" a guard started

"With the Queen I know." He responded

"You're a prick you know." The guard responded

I'm a prick? "Really?"

"Yes, now let's get going."

"Why?"

"Because you didn't let me finish my sentence because you think you know everything."

"I do know everything."

"You've missed the point. Now come on, let's go." The guards lifted him together and flew towards the Skywing Palace where he ended up in the throne room where Queen Scarlet sat on her stone throne, regally higher than anything else in the room. Next to her laid Glory sprawled out on a tree like a lazy cat, her mind betraying her appearance radiating anger and disdain for the Queen she laid near.

"Welcome young Nightwing." Queen Scarlet said from her perch. "Did you enjoy my *thrilling* arena?"

"It's hard to be thrilled by anything when you know everything that's going to happen." He answered truthfully.

"Well young Nightwing, if you know the future so well, how do you plan to escape after seeing my champion?"

"Well between me and her, Peril will be certainly impossible to overcome in normal combat."

"But you're confident you will?" The Queen asked

"I'm confident I won't have to." he answered more confidently than he felt. "And we both know my friend Clay can overcome her if he needs to."

"Yes, the fireproof Mudwing. He will be interesting to watch." She yawned out clearly, not amused by him. "What makes you so sure he will be the one facing Peril."

"Queen Scarlet I'm aware you're interested about the future but you won't be able to trick any answers out of me." He said combing through her mind. "You seem to forget the Nightwing power of Mind-Reading." Her eyes sharpened as he spoke "I'm also aware I'm too interesting to die anywhere other than the Arena but, if I make you too angry you're not entirely opposed to executing me here. So for now I'll close my mouth." he said bowing just as Clay entered the room and rushed over to him.

"Are you okay?" Clay asked his form hulking over Starflight. Starflight shook his head yes and put a finger to his mouth and shushed Clay.

"The Nightwing is trying to tell you that it's rude to talk to anyone else other than the Queen in her own throne room," informed Scarlet. "First you bow to me then you stay put until I address you all. Really, what are they teaching dragonets these days? It's so very disrespectful." She raised a Ruby encrusted eyebrow disapprovingly

"Sorry..." Clay mumbled as he clumsily tried to mimic Starflight's bow. They stayed like that until Tsunami, who was being dragged by several guards, was tossed in right alongside them.

"Well, hello," The Queen said, looking mildly amused by the scene. "We've been waiting for you. I gather you're enjoying your stay?"

"This an outrage," Tsunami hissed. "How can you treat dragons this way? Especially us! We're the-"

"-Dragonets of Destiny, yes, very thrilling," She interrupted. "I understand you've been underground for the last six years, so perhaps you haven't heard: not everyone *wants* this war to end." Starflight grimaced at this statement but kept his mouth shut so he didn't get executed.

"Personally I think the war is-" Starflight had tuned out the conversation having heard it all before instead choosing to observe the future. Morrowseer would pick him up in two days saving him from having to fight a bunch of Icewings with Tsunami. It would be possible to do but it would be an uphill battle and he'd have to lose an arm to succeed.

Ugh, Starflight thought. I know he'll be rescuing me but I hate spending time with him. Shivering at the thought. He started paying attention once again when the guards started dragging him away and Clay was getting prepped for the Arena.

Chapter Four

Clay had won his fight with an assist from Glory. Starflight didn't think he needed it but knowing Clay if he'd actually killed that dragon it might've weighed on his consciousness. Starflight looked over trying to peer at Clay in the dark. When he checked he saw the outline of two dragons.

Good, he thought. The closer he gets to Peril the better. She still will betray us but she will be incredibly helpful down the line.

Starflight laid down to sleep entering his state of murderboard style planning.

Kestrel's trial was tomorrow.

Scarlet has no intention of letting her live. But Peril will most likely intervene. Champion's Shield seems incredibly one-sided; it would typically go in the champions favor but Scarlet will put her up against Clay. Poor Osprey. I would've liked to meet you.

Osprey was destined to die in almost all futures but in the few they survived Starflight was a big fan of them.

Past that Burn arrives sometime tomorrow night. Then in two days... in two days... Tsunami faces Gill in the Arena.

His death is almost unavoidable by this point. Starflight had forgotten to warn her on the way back from the throne room because he had been dreading Morrowseer's arrival. He'd missed his window of opportunity and Tsunami and Gill were going to suffer the consequences. He thought as he entered deeper dreaming and fully slumbered the rest of the night away.

The Sun woke him. Shining its obnoxious rays over his eyes. By the time he truly started paying attention to the world post his drowsiness the trial was already underway. Usually he'd be interested in this kind of thing. Seeing the unique laws of the Sky Kingdom and such, trials involving Scarlet as the judge were always rigged from the start and there was no way Osprey would successfully convince Scarlet that she was being unreasonable as Scarlet was perfectly aware and the whole process was an illusion of due process. He had seen actual trials during his 'training' with Morrowseer. Usually the Judge wasn't trying to push an agenda.

It mostly went to prediction. Some words were different here and there but the end result was the same. Peril had invoked her Champions Shield and Scarlet killed Osprey in a fit of rage.

May you fly high Osprey, Starflight mourned. I'm sorry I never knew you.

But as this continues pieces fall into place. Peril's newfound distrust of Scarlet will move her onto his side of the board. If he can find out how to guarantee Gill's life the Seawing's will also fall onto his side. At the moment his opponent is Morrowseer and he needs to conserve his resources until the next opponent comes about. He is confident about being able to beat Morrowseer. He's a powerful foe but Starflight can see all of his moves before Morrowseer plans them. Morrowseer isn't even aware of his opponent yet and Starflight would like to keep it that way. But it's who comes after is the issue.

Kestrel was being escorted back to her cell and Peril flew off in a fit of rage. The rest of the Arena battles have been canceled for today. The only thing left of note happening would be Burn's arrival but there's nothing to do about that for now.

Starflight proceeded to spend the next four hours straight studying the future until a guard came to bring him food.

"Here," She said, "Eat."

"Thanks." He responded dryly, taking slow bites of the chicken he was given. The guard hovered near him awkwardly. He took the chance to take a better look at her. Most of her features were obscured by the helmet but she seemed very familiar. "What's your name?" He asked

She seemed a little startled by the question "What's it to you?"

Ooooh, He realized after picking the answer from her head. *That makes sense.*

Among the guards she was certainly on the younger side and it makes sense he didn't recognize her as she was missing several prominent scars.

"Well Carnelian," he answered for himself. "You've clearly got a question for me. You don't need to be a mind reader to gather that."

She flinched a little when he said her name. "You know the future and such," she said "So how'd you get captured."

He took a moment debating whether he should tell the truth. "You're right, it doesn't make sense how a group with a Nightwing couldn't have avoided capture. I definitely knew that sending up the smoke-signal so unless he wanted to get caught it doesn't make sense."

"So why'd you get caught then."

"I know you hate Scarlet. Much more than most Skywings," He spoke, saying her secrets out loud. "I know you will grow up to be Queen Ruby's biggest supporter so I'll let you in on a little secret." he paused for dramatic effect "Tomorrow on her Hatching Day the Queen Scarlet will be dethroned." he smiled. A toothy confident smile. He felt the most confident he had felt in a while.

Carnelian hovered there, shocked. "Why would you tell me this?" Confliction radiating from her thoughts.

"I know you'll keep it a secret until it happens and in the future I need you to trust me to guarantee your safety. I'll send you a letter down the line," He answered "The Sky Kingdom will be in chaos for a couple days so you might want to prepare your family."

Carnelian flew away with that final statement. Going to fulfill the rest of her duties quickly so she could leave post early and return to her family.

That's peculiar, Starflight thought. I keep getting surprised by these random events. Smaller things that seem to have minimal effect. Maybe I've been observing the future inefficiently. Maybe I should try-

Starflight's thoughts got interrupted by the sharp **twaaang** of two wires rubbing together. It was another surprise, something he hadn't seen ahead of time. The noise continued but as it kept going it slowly became more melodic. Soon it went from just a melody to a tune. Starflight recognized it. It was a song Webs taught them when they were younger, the same one Tsunami would sing in protest against the guardians.

But that couldn't be Tsunami, he reasoned. She couldn't piece together a tune if it was made of two notes.

He took a moment to observe the minds around him as well as the future.

Three Moons, It's Clay. He cackled feeling the giant shift in the future this was causing as the other prisoners joined with their voices.

"Oh the Dragonets are coming..."

He might actually be able to save Gill now.

"They're coming to save the day..."

What could've even caused this.

"They're coming to fight ... for they know what's right... The Dragonets..."

Starflight cackled, feeling an immense amount of stress leaving his body in catharsis as the future shifted more in his favor. Even joining in as the song repeated in his tenor voice he could even hear Tsunami terrible yelling, it brought him some form of weird comfort knowing she was singing too.

Eventually Scarlet and Burn flew up from their banquet.

“Stop that infernal racket right now!” Burn roared, it was probably the loudest thing Starflight had ever heard.

“You,” Queen Scarlet accused pointing a claw at Tsunami. “And you.” She pointed at Starflight who was still cackling “And – well probably not you, but bring him down here anyway.” She said pointing at Clay last. Guards flew out and brought them down into the Arena.

Chapter Five

Starflight's throat hurt from how much he was laughing. Scarlet and Burn had brought them into Peril's room kicking her out and blocking the doorway with fire. Freshly stuck Starflight tried to take a moment to calm down. Only to burst out laughing again when he saw Tsunami and Clay staring at him.

“What's got you all giggly?” Tsunami asked, unamused.

“Clay, Clay...” He choked out in between laughs. ‘Clay's music was so random it altered several futures and put us here when we were supposed to stay on the spires all night.’ Still absolutely laughing.

“Wait Clay did that?!” Tsunami said loudly “I thought you did that.”

“I didn't even see it coming. Clay that was beautiful, you destroyed all my plans in an instant.”

“Oh,” Clay said “Sorry.”

“No Clay, apologize for nothing. My first plans were terrible anyway. These ones will be much better.” He claimed loudly “Tsunami tomorrow you'll fight a Seawing in the Arena he's been malnourished and dehydrated you must not kill him. Scarlet and the crowd will try to taunt you into it. You must not kill him. He is critically important and if we hadn't gotten here I wouldn't have been able to tell you.” He said. Quickly followed by him dunking his head in the little pond for a drink. “Also Peril's outside.” He stated, sensing her fiery mind amongst the clamor of his own thoughts.

“Hi.” Peril said, poking her head through the fire surprising Tsunami and Clay.

“Oh hey” Clay said “I thought you were mad at me.”

"I'm not mad at you." She responded.

"Oh, good."

"Sorry I didn't come to see you. I was worried the Queen was going to hurt you if she found out we were friends she'd hurt you."

"Shut up both of you," Starflight said from his place near the pond. "I'm about to say some crazy s**t."

"Language!" Tsunami yelled

"Peril, you could get us out of here as you aren't affected by the fire and could move the blackstones." Starflight started

"I actually probably could—"

"Shhh, I'm not done. If we get out of here you'll be saddened by the fact that Clay would be leaving and you'd betray us to Queen Scarlet." Starflight accused. "But also you can't betray her because she brings you the black stones."

"Starflight don't just accuse—" Clay began

"No he's right. On both accounts." Peril confirmed

"But the black rocks don't actually do anything." Starflight claimed. "The one time you refused to eat them she poisoned you."

"How do I know you're not lying to me?"

"Unlike Scarlet I don't have a history of lying to you. You are also incredibly dangerous and I'm not a Skywing Queen with a whole army to back me, I wouldn't risk it."

"Say I believe you, what happens then?" Peril asked

"Well the information we would've learned by escaping I already know." he said, getting closer to the fire than putting his talons on Clay's. "Do you trust me?"

"Always." Clay answered

Starflight then proceeded to quickly put Clay's talons on Peril's head.

Peril freaked out.

Clay also freaked out.

Tsunami also also freaked out.

Starflight stayed perfectly calm. "It's fine, look at your claws."

Clay, Tsunami, and Peril all proceeded to slowly look at Clay's talons just to see that they were not burnt, melted, or even blemished.

"You're fireproof Clay. It's a rare trait only Mudwings born from blood-red eggs develop. Congrats." Starflight answered. "Now that we've established this." he continued "The reason we aren't going to escape tonight is because tomorrow." He paused for dramatic effect "You're dethrone Queen Scarlet."

Seven Hours Later

"Fellow Dragons! Loyal Skywings! Visiting Mudwings! Honored Sandwing Guests! We have a full slate of thrilling games today!" Prince Vermillion announced.

Starflight, Tsunami, and Clay were already in the Arena only Tsunami was left unchained as she was the first competitor.

They went over the plan last night together.

"Tsunami is up against Gill first. It is important that he survives. But if you are in too much danger you can put him down." Starflight plotted.

Tsunami weaved and dodged Gill's swipes and lunges. When he finally got a hold of her she kicked him in the head stunning him. She took the chance to pin him. Staring up at Queen Scarlet in silent refusal. When she didn't respond to the taunting from the crowd, Scarlet guards came out to return him to his cell.

"After that they'll unchain me as well and try to get us to fight. I assume you won't suddenly try to kill me Tsunami."

Once Gill was returned to his Cell. Scarlet yelled something up to Vermillion. Vermillion then began to announce, "The rarest of all dragons – a real live Nightwing! Let's see what happens when two Dragonets of Destiny have to fight each other!" A guard came over and released his chains.

"No promises." She said with a toothy grin.

"Tsunami of the Seawings and Starflight of the Nightwings! Claws up. Teeth ready! Fight!"

They both stood there awkwardly waiting for the other to do something. Tsunami began walking towards him first and hugged him.

“BOOOOOoooooo?” Yelled one dragon in the audience who had clearly misread the vibe and regretted their decision.

“Right, after that they’ll possibly release scavengers into the Arena but that’s not a certainty.”

“Vermillion release the scavengers!” Queen Scarlet demanded. Four scavengers were released into the Arena. Starflight couldn’t read their thoughts but, he could read their intention. He very easily caught two under his talons and just pinned them. One ran away and Tsunami whacked one into the audience where a Skywing caught it and ate it instantly.

“Scarlet will grow bored and release four Icewings into the Arena. By then Morrowseer and his strike force will have arrived. They will take me and leave, killing all four Icewings on their way out.”

“No, I want to see him fight Icewings! It’s my hatching day!” Morrowseer had flicked his tail and all four Icewings were killed in an instant. “There, we’ve taken care of your Icewing problem. Now we’ll be going.”

I won’t be there to help you with the rest of this. But Scarlet will put Clay up against Peril. All you guys have to do is make a convincing fake battle and stall for time as Glory takes down Scarlet.

Starflight was still in the much bigger Nightwing’s talons, his legs dangling to reach the ground as they began to land.

“On your way out there a guard I’ve made contact with whose name is Carnelian. Tell her I sent you and tell her to bring Gill water and eventually help him escape.”

“Well don’t say I’ve never done anything for you.” Morrowseer said, placing Starflight down by a river.

“Who is Gill anyway?” Clay asked

“You can see the future, how’d you get caught?” Morrowseer questioned. “Now I had to assemble a team to retrieve you. What do you have to say to me?”

“He’s Tsunami’s father.”

“Sorry Father...” Starflight said.

Chapter Six

Starflight remembered the first time he had met Morrowseer. He was about a year old at the age where he'd still roughhouse with the other Dragonets on account of them all still being the same size. Morrowseer was an imposing figure even back then. Easily towering over Starflight.

"You've grown well." Morrowseer said, snapping Starflight out of his train of thought. They had landed somewhere on the edge of the Sand kingdom.

"Thank you father." Starflight answered

"Now I think it's time for you to explain yourself." Morrowseer stated. "What was your purpose in getting sent to the Sky kingdom?"

"I wanted to dethrone Scarlet." Starflight explained. He felt the future shifting. He now had confirmed that Glory had succeeded in spraying the Queen with her venom.

"What if I hadn't been there to save you Starflight? Could you have fought four Icewings?"

"I knew you were going to rescue me."

"Why didn't you wait for permission to do something this risky."

"Because you wouldn't have let me."

"Of course I wouldn't have let you. You're the first Nightwing to be born with powers for centuries. We still haven't discovered what was different about your birth. You're too precious to lose."

"Well what are you going to do with me?" Starflight asked. "You're not going to bring me to the island with you because you think it was something about the volcano blocking powers and you don't want to risk it, so what are you going to do?"

"I'll send you back to the other Dragonets." Morrowseer claimed. "But, I'm sending someone with you."

"Who are you going to—" Starflight started. "Oh no," He recoiled "No you wouldn't. That's terrible."

One of the other Nightwings had used lockpicks to remove Starflight's wing clamps. The other Nightwings flew off leaving Morrowseer and Starflight alone together. They began to fly towards the Scorpion Den.

Starflight had been to the Scorpion Den once before with Morrowseer when he was four. Morrowseer had used Starflight to interrogate one of Blister's runaway generals who'd hidden there. It was the first time he'd been away from the cave that long and he was nervous. Morrowseer had taught him some things about how to subdue Sandwings. It was educational but an overall unsettling experience for a young dragonet. Morrowseer hadn't actually entered the city with him as there was a bounty on his head there.

"You know who you're looking for." Morrowseer said. "You'll be able to get in. Although you might get interrogated for being a Nightwing they shouldn't hurt you. Unless you see something terrible happening in the future."

"No it'll work out." Starflight grumbled.

"Good."

They landed half a mile out from the city. Morrowseer said his farewells and flew off leaving Starflight to complete the last stretch of the journey.

"Halt!" Yelled the guard at the door.

"Tell Thorn if she wants to find Stonemover then she can come find me." Starflight said, strolling past the very suddenly stunned guard. "Oh, hi Qibli." He said to the younger dragonet who was also on guard duty. Starflight ignored the confused yells from the guard as he travelled further into the city. Beelining for the detention center on the other end of the city. He got a few confused and interested looks as he strode through the city. His face was in a giant frown and his mood was no better. Outside the center stood a guard who stopped him as he tried to approach.

"I'm six I couldn't break him out by myself if I tried. I just want to talk to him." Starflight said, predicting everything the guard was going to say. The guard proceeded to let him in and Starflight went to the third cell on the right where there was a snoozing Nightwing inside.

"Deathbringer." He called. Deathbringer woke up startled by Starflight.

"Hello little prophet. What brings you here?" Deathbringer asked. "Morrowseer couldn't be bothered to break me out himself."

"Shut up Deathbringer. You're well aware Morrowseer isn't allowed in this city and I'm only doing this because I have to." Starflight answered. "Morrowseer says you have to escort me alongside the other Dragonets of Destiny. I'll get you out, it just may take a day or two." Starflight could hear the approach of guards as Thorn arrived at the center.

"Well hello young Nightwing. You couldn't have done me the courtesy of coming to me." Thorn said entering the center.

Starflight knew a lot of things about Thorn. She was probably the best candidate for Queen, She was Sunny's mother, and she wasn't the biggest fan of Nightwings.

"Hello Thorn," Starflight greeted. "My name is Starflight of the Nightwings. I'm sorry I didn't come to you. I was merely confirming the condition of my associate."

"You claim to know Stonemover's location." She said, "Why are the Nightwings willing to reveal that to me?"

"Currently he is more valuable to us." Starflight claimed, referring to Deathbringer. "Stonemover was an important asset but he fled from us. I'll tell you his location in return for his freedom."

"Why should I believe you?" Thorn asked.

"You may send a dragon to the place I say to confirm." Starflight said. "I'm sure Deathbringer won't mind waiting."

She considered it for a second. "Alright. I accept your terms. I assume you'll need a place to stay?"

"If you wouldn't mind providing. Can you leave me alone with Deathbringer for a second? I want a few words of privacy."

"Very well." Thorn signaled her guards to leave and she turned and left the center. After waiting a few moments he turned to Deathbringer.

"So when are you busting me out?" he asked.

"You stay put. I know you had a plan of escape but, you wait for me, okay? Or else I'll tell my father you were in prison when I got here." Deathbringer nodded. Starflight then turned towards the doorway. "You can come out Qibli, I know you're there."

Turning from around a corner Qibli appeared talons up in surrender. "How'd you know?"

"I'm a mind reader. I also see you've deduced who my father is."

"What is Morrowseer's son doing out here by himself? Also how do you know my name?" Qibli asked

"I'm retrieving my guard." Starflight answered. "He needs to escort me to the Diamond Spray Delta but, at this rate, if we want to intercept them we'll have to go to the Rainforest. You being in prison makes this whole thing take longer." he said, turning to yell at Deathbringer. "I know your name because you're influential in the future. Thorns right claw they call you."

“May I ask why you hate him so much?” Qibli requested

“He says in the future I’m going to flirt with his sister but I have no idea what he’s referring to.” Deathbringer said, advocating for himself. “He’s a seer but he’s also crazy.” Deathbringer said, bringing a talon next to his head and twirling it.

“But as much as I despise him I do need him alive.” Starflight sighed. Making his way to the door. “You can bring me to Thorn now. I assume she has more questions.”

Qibli led Starflight through the Scorpion Den. Weaving through the market place to end up at Thorn’s oasis and into the back where Thorn was seated at a table gesturing to a seat opposite her.

“Thank you for listening to my request.” Starflight said.

“Why did Stonemover fall out of favor with the Nightwings?” Thorn asked immediately, questioning him.

“He refused to cast spells for us. We also couldn’t exactly stop him from leaving. So we let him mind his own business.” Starflight answered. “Also he’s been mostly turned to stone.”

“What!?” Thorn yelled.

Starflight took a sip of his water before he answered. “He did it to himself because he didn’t want to lose his soul. You didn’t know? I thought he sent you a letter.”

“No,” Thorn said, anger rising in her voice. “I didn’t receive a letter.”

“It probably got lost in the Sandwing messaging system. It’s been poorly maintained since Burn took over.”

“Where is he anyway?”

“Jade Mountain. Please don’t give him grief he thought you gave up on him.”

“How does a dragon your age know all of this? He went missing before you were born.” She questioned.

“I’m Morrowseer’s son.” He answered. “I don’t like my father.”

“I don’t like your father either.” Thorn said “Tell me where he is and I can do us both a favor.”

“Now I don’t like my father but I won’t enable you to kill him.” He said, putting his cup down. “I understand he’s the reason Dune took your dragonet and you want revenge on them. But Dune is already dead and the honor of killing my father is mine alone.”

“How’d you know about my dragonet?” She questioned angrily.

“She’s in the prophecy alongside me.”

“You’re a Dragonet of Destiny? You should lead with that.”

“It brings me more problems than solutions.”

“You’re welcome here anytime most dragons here are refuges of war.”

“I will leave with my associate at the earliest convenience.”

“I will send someone to Jade Mountain right away.”

“Please don’t hurry the longer he’s in that cell the happier I am.”

Chapter Seven

Turtle loved to lay low. If he was unnoticed he couldn’t disappoint anyone. Of course he couldn’t make anyone proud either but that’s a trade he was willing to make. He spent most of his days drifting around the Deep palace, drifting while thinking of the heroes in his mothers scrolls. Hoping he’d receive some kind of call to purpose like a protagonist would. A sign for him to do something with his powers or contribute something. But alas he only drifts. Sometimes he tries to write like his mother but he’d never get the courage to show anyone what he wrote. Truly a pointless existence.

Nothing ever changed in his schedule. Wake up, eat, write, hide it from his brothers, eat again, go to sleep. He liked his plans because nothing had to change ever.

But, one afternoon he arrived at dinner to find the other seats empty. He swam around the deep palace; it wasn’t completely empty but he couldn’t find any of his brothers. He eventually flagged down one of the staff.

‘Hello Prince Turtle.’ She said in Aquatic. *‘You didn’t go with the rest?’* She questioned.

‘I wasn’t aware the Princes were going anywhere.’ He spoke back. *‘Where are my brothers?’*

'You haven't heard?' The maid said. 'Apparently the missing princess has returned. Many people left together to meet her. I thought all the princes left together but, I guess some were left behind.'

'I seem to be the only prince here at the moment. I suppose I'll go as well,' He said. 'Thanks for letting me know.'

It's regrettable to break from routine but this is far too interesting to ignore. He thought. "I'll regret it if I don't meet her at least once."

He packed his satchel with his Animus tools and for the first time in two years, broke his routine. It would take him a day and a half to reach the Summer palace so he packed some food in his pack and left the Deep palace swimming towards the Summer palace.

The journey was long but not tiring. Several currents lead from the Deep palace to the Summer Palace; he took some less crowded currents; they were longer but overall he would move faster. Turtle wondered if they were natural or enchanted considering the nature of the Summer palace both were possible. During his journey he took two breaks extending his journey about seven hours just to rest.

But, when he eventually arrived it was terrible. He surfaced about a quarter of a mile away from the palace and that's when he saw it. Smoke filled the sky rising from a burnt and decimated Summer palace. Turtle returned to under the water swimming faster than he was before towards the palace. He dove through the secret entrance cringing as the smell of blood filled the water. He moved through the rumble and wreckage of the destroyed palace completely devoid of all draconic life. There were fewer corpses than he'd expected but there were still plenty and he hadn't recognized anyone yet. Until—

Oh no. He rushed forwards through the water and came to the surface as he came closer to one of the bodies. *No no please no.* He approached closer and closer. Praying it wasn't who he thought it was. *Oh great tides.* He curled over vomiting as he glanced at the bloody and burnt corpse of his brother, his **clutchmate** Octopus.

"Oh no." He said aloud to no one except the spirits of the destroyed palace. "Oh please no." He cradled the cold body of his brother in his arms.

Too late. He scolded himself. *You were too late and too cowardly. A life of nothing led to this. If I was here I could've prevented this. Twice Turtle. You've done this twice now.* He glanced into the exposed sky and wondered what he could do now. He couldn't stay among the Seawings inactive anymore but he didn't want to be a weapon. So he picked the next best option and took the chance to fly.

He flew for a long time moving towards the Pyrrihan mainland. Pondering about what he would do. Would he seek revenge? Would he join the Talons of Peace? He flew a long time trying to

decide until he found a beach on the outskirts of the Sea Kingdom and landed. He wondered if it was best if he laid there forever and let himself be eaten by the sand. He decided against it but he needed a rest anyway. He had just swam and then flew many miles and his body ached. So he wandered alongside the shore until he found a palm tree and rested in its shadow. He spent a long time there sleeping until someone threw a coconut at him.

“Ow!” Waking up as it hit him. He took a second to examine the coconut looking to see if it fell on him from the tree. Only to see it was almost entirely scorched.

“Sorry!” said a dragon who was ten feet away from him. A Skywing with coppery scales and blue eyes. “I didn’t know how to wake you. Are you Turtle of the Seawings?” She asked.

“You didn’t have to throw a coconut at me! But also yes I am.” He answered, approaching.

She backed up when he got closer. “You don’t want to get near me, I’m a firescales.”

“Noted,” he said. “That explains the coconut.” He didn’t want to share its fate if it got too close. “How’d you know my name?”

“Oh, the Boss told me.” She answered. Pausing for a moment before saying, “I’m Peril by the way.”

“Okay Peril, who is the Boss?” Turtle questioned.

“He told me I wasn’t allowed to tell you unless you were onboard he also told me where I could find you. Said it was dangerous for you to know names. Looking back I shouldn’t have told you mine.”

“Onboard with what?”

“His mission. Now the Boss knows everything, or almost everything. He knows about your magic.” Turtle flinched. “He also knows you’re looking for a way to redeem yourself in the eyes of your father.” Turtle flinched even more.

How do they know so much about me?

“He said if you joined us you wouldn’t **have** to use your magic but he didn’t discourage it.”

“Who are you guys even?”

“We’re the Claws of the Blind Prophet.” She answered. “Now I don’t know why we’re called that because I don’t think the Boss is blind but I could be wrong.”

“What are you even recruiting me to do?”

“Oh,” Peril said. “We’re breaking your father out of prison.”

Chapter Eight

“Well really we’re just trying to recruit you in general but breaking your father out of the Sky kingdom would be our first mission.” Peril clarified, “The boss likes recruiting related subjects. You were already on his list of potential recruits but since your father is involved he thought you should be a priority.”

“You’ve thoroughly invested me in this and I think I’d go crazy if I let myself turn down this offer.” Turtle said, thinking about the ‘Call to Destiny’ trope. “I’m in. When do I meet the boss?”

“Not until we get your father. He said he’d meet us afterwards.”

They began to take off. Flying towards the Sky kingdom.

“Oh I forgot to ask. How willing are you to use your magic at the moment?”

“Not very but I’ll use it in a pinch.”

Peril sighed, “That’s okay, we just have to make one more stop now. The boss said depending on your willingness to use your magic we might need to grab a third dragon.” She explained, turning to change directions. “We have to bust him out of a cell though.”

“Where are we going now?” Turtle questioned.

“It is an oasis city in the Sand kingdom called Palm Springs.” She explained. “The person we’re getting is the lowest on the list but is also the closest and he’d probably be willing to join. ‘He’s eccentric but fireproof’ is how he was described to me.”

“Are you remembering this stuff off the top of your head? I doubt you can hold paper.”

“The boss spent a whole night drilling names and locations into my head.” She shivered. “I don’t think I could forget if I wanted to.”

“The boss sounds scary.”

“Well he knows so much so he has a lot to say. I call him boss not because he’s ‘incharge’ but because I respect him.” She said “He also tells me what to do but he hates it when I call him boss.”

“How’d you end up in the Claws?”

“Well I’m the first recruit actually. I met the boss when he was a prisoner in the Sky kingdom. Back then I was Queen Scarlets champion. But I learned she’d been lying to me my whole life and then the boss made a compelling argument about loyalty and I started working for him.” She paused for a moment before adding. “I also have a crush on his brother but that’s besides the point. He actually doesn’t like that I have a crush on his brother but he tolerates me because I’m useful.”

“He seems very judgemental.”

“Oh he is but he is working to better the world.”

They flew for a while in silence. Until Peril said.

“Why were you alone on that beach?” She asked. “The boss said you were there but never how you got there.”

“Oh,” Turtle considered lying but decided against it. “My brother died.”

“My condolences.” She said, “I also lost someone close to me recently too.”

“It sucks doesn’t it.” He said, “Do you also feel like it’s your fault?”

“I feel like if I had done something differently then I could’ve saved them I just didn’t act.”

“I feel the same actually.” He spoke finding some form of solidarity with Peril in that moment.

“Oh yeah,” She said realizing, “We’re going to have to go in there fighting. You see he’s being presented as a gift to Queen Burn so he’s heavily guarded and we won’t be able to sneak through. So if you’re going to make sparse enchantments you might as well make some form of weapon or protection for yourself.”

“Oh yeah thanks.” he said looking through his satchel for something permanent to enchant. Before his thoughts went to his armband. It was simple and gold with no complex designs or gems. *Enchant this armband so that anyone who wears it is protected from damage or harm.* He thought about it before adding *Enchant this armband to be unbreakable and only I can take it off of me.* “I’m good now.”

“Great.” Peril said, “We’re going to be arriving soon so just be prepared.”

They landed just outside the city. “Go in first without me. I don’t want to set it on fire. When you’ve found him just call for me I’ll be hovering above the city.” She said before taking off.

Turtle sighed and walked into the city by himself. He received several dirty looks for being a Seawing in a primarily Sandwing city. He wandered for a little while reconsidering his immediate

choice of joining a weird secret organization before he suddenly stumbled on a place with far too many Sandwing soldiers around it to not be the place they were looking for. He quickly took to the sky and called over Peril.

"I found it." He said "There's too many guards for it to just be a normal building."

"Good work. I'll go in and distract them. You get out our guy." She said before she dove into the building and started clawing and burning the guards.

Is this the group I've sided with? Turtle thought as he moved past Peril into the build searching rooms. "Hi," He spoke aloud to an unburned guard. "We're looking for a dragon and we think you're keeping him here." He said meekly as a scream grew loud behind him. "Don't worry about her. She'll only hurt you if you attack her. Can you point me in the direction of the guy I'm looking for?" The guard pointed towards one of the rooms. "Thank you." Turtle said as he moved past them towards the room.

"Hello," He said as he opened the door to the room where he saw a pale orange Skywing chained to the wall. "I'm here to get you out."

"Who are you?" The dragon asked. "Why are you breaking me out?"

"Well I'm Turtle." He explained, "I'm a member of The Claws of the Blind Prophet which is an organization I joined yesterday, so honestly I don't know much more than you. But I am here to recruit you because we need a third dragon for a mission." Turtle said as he started looking for a key around the room. "If we break you out will you be willing to help us?"

The dragon thought for a moment before answering. "I probably need to ask permission from... my family?" he lied unconvincingly

"It's fine we're already here and will break you out anyway." Turtle opened a drawer and found a key and went over to the chained dragon. "What's your name?"

"Sky."

"Sky the Skywing?" Turtle chuckled, "That's terrible, who named you? A scavenger?" before Sky could answer Turtle said. "That was a rhetorical question. I don't care who named you." The manacles came off when the key was inserted. "Now come on, let's go find your family."

Chapter Nine

"Turtle," Peril asked. "What is this?"

"Well I think it's a speaking scavenger that is cursing at us." Turtle said, his face deadpan.

"I don't f**king care that you rescued him. He's not joining your sketchy organization." Yelled the scavenger waving a sword that was too big for her at them.

"Turtle, did you do this?" Peril whispered

"Nope."

"So this occurred naturally?"

"I don't know."

"Terrible and upsetting." She turned to speak to the other two. "I'm sorry, small screaming scavenger. What's your name?"

"My name's Wren the Human, and this is Sky." She exclaimed.

"Oh Three Moons." Turtle whispered to Peril, "I might've actually done this. In there I asked if a scavenger named him jokingly. Do you think I enchanted him?"

"No you didn't enchant us. I learned how to do this." Wren exclaimed, "Also what do you mean enchant?"

"You guys don't get to know about that unless you join." Peril teased. "Also you could join. We're a group of peculiars anyway. A talking scavenger wouldn't be too out of place."

"What even is the mission?" Sky asked.

"Well first we're busting this guy's dad out of jail. He's a prisoner of war and also a king. A good person to get in good favor with." Peril answered. "Also look at this sad man. He misses his father so much." gesturing towards Turtle whose face was completely neutral.

"It's true I really miss my father."

"Look at him Wren he really misses his father." Sky claimed, "Now we have to help."

"We are not obliged to help these," Wren paused looking for words, "Entirely insane people."

"Please Wren." Sky begged. "Pretty please."

Wren stared at the debacle before her facepalming before saying. "Fine."

Two days later

Turtle had knocked on the door of a house at the base of a mountain. A young red Skywing opened the door, she glanced at the dragon in front of her, glanced around the outside of her house and pulled Turtle in.

"Hello Seawing I assume the prophet sent you." She said, "Are you here to retrieve Gill?"

"I am." He responded, "He's my father. My name is Turtle."

"Carnelian," She replied, "You two look alike."

"Thanks. What do I need to do to get him out?"

"I'll give you the keys, the guards schedule, and Gill's location but I can't help you anymore." she said "I owe the prophet a favor. He probably saved the life of my mother. He warned me before Queen Scarlet was killed and told me to leave the city ahead of time. But, I am loyal to Queen Ruby and this is all that you'll get from me. He helped save my parent, so I'll help save yours."]

"Thank you. Now what's the details?"

"Gill's located in a separate prison. The other prisoners were kept on spirals above the Arena. But ever since Queen Ruby's rise to power the prisoners have been moved. But Gill is still in the same cell under the Arena which is under construction. There are still guards stationed there."

"You ready Sky?" Peril asked as they hovered above the Arena. "You don't have to say anything. If someone speaks to us I'll do the talking. Also if anyone asks, what's your name?"

"Ember." Sky repeated back.

"Peril and Sky will have to go in together." Turtle explained, "No one will question what the champion is doing there and no one will question any Skywing with the champion."

Peril and Sky walked in no problem. They had to take a couple turns through the prison but they found the right cell in the end.

"The real problem is getting out. I've planned to send you in at midday when the shifts are changing and you'll face the least resistance from guards. The guards will only act once they see you with Gill. They can't go in the way they came otherwise you'll be swarmed but there is a backdoor used to transport food from the kitchen to the cells. If you time it right they can leave from there without encountering any guards."

Sky brought the keys to the cell door. Startling Gill who thought they were only passing by.

“What are you doing?” He questioned. His body was still malnourished but he no longer was drinking his own blood as evident from his lack of recent wounds.

“Breaking you out.” Peril explained.

“Why would you break me out you’re Queen Scarlets champion.”

“There’s been a change in management and I work for someone less maniacal.”

There was a *clink* as the cell door opened. “Come on, Come one.” Sky said, “We have to go.” The three dragons burst down the halls of the prison almost flying with how fast they moved. They burst out of the backdoor barely avoiding the sight of a guard who was turning a corner. They flew fast. Speeding through the mountains trying to get out of the mountain range of the Palace. Eventually they escaped the range and landed near a river, where Gill promptly dived in and popped out.

“Thank you,” He exclaimed, “Truly thank you. I never thought I’d touch a river again but last week someone finally brought me water and I started to feel myself again.” He kept going for a while talking about how much he missed the water. Then he just stopped and stared at a green dragon flying closer. “Who’s that over there?”

“That’s the third member of the mission, King Gill.” Sky explained. “He planned our quick and safe exit.”

Turtle approached faster and faster until he eventually landed in front of Gill and they both got a good look at each other.

“Turtle..” Gill said, stunned at the sight of his son.

“Hello Father.” Turtle said, preparing for disappointment as he saw his malnourished father for the first time in a long time.

“Oh Turtle.” Gill said, rushing forward and hugging his son. “I never got to tell you how sorry I was. It was okay you couldn’t find Snapper. She was in the Summer Palace and you were only two. I’m sorry for blaming you. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Turtle stayed there in that embrace for a long time. Now if anyone asked anyone what had happened there they’d say Turtle stayed calm and composed. Now everyone who was there lied because no-one stayed calm and composed. They all cried together for about an hour.

“It’s just so beautiful.” Sky said to Wren, turning towards Peril.

“Shh.” Peril said, “Don’t ruin the moment.” Even though she was also crying equally as much.

Chapter Ten

Starflight had charted their flight course so they’d run into The Claws. Starflight and Deathbringer were technically going to the Rainforest and The Claws were going to the Sea Kingdom to drop off Gill but Starflight wanted to talk to him before they returned Gill.

“Hey Starflight?” Deathbringer called from behind him. “I see dragons up ahead.”

“I know.” Starflight replied.

“Then why are you moving to land?” He questioned

“Because they work for me.”

“What?” Deathbringer said, startled as Starflight landed.

“Oh, hi boss.” Peril greeted

“Hello Peril. Please don’t call me that.” Starflight responded. “It’s nice to meet you Sky, Turtle, Gill, and Wren, my name is Starflight. As you know I am the reason you’ve gathered. Now Gill I don’t expect you to join my group nor do I want you to, but I would appreciate your cooperation as I am the reason you’re alive today. Queen Coral has been negatively influenced by Queen Blister who has convinced her to make unnecessary sacrifices to help her win the war. You’re the only person who can convince her otherwise.” Wren raised her hand, “Yes Wren?”

“What’s even the criteria for recruitment? Everyone here is incredibly different.” She asked.

“It’s simple really, you are all people who have a special trait which causes them to be ousted from normal society, but makes them more qualified than others or people who were destined to die but survived. Like Gill.” He explained.

“Wait I was—” Gill started

“No time to get into that now.”

“Sir, what’s the purpose of this organization?” Sky asked

“Don’t call me sir, you are older than me.”

“No.”

“Okay,” Starflight said defeated. “My personal goal with this group is to direct the future in a positive direction by using my foresight to prevent tragedies and save innocents like Gill.”

“What do you mea—”

“No time to get into it.”

“Are there other groups like this, led by Nightwings?” Turtle asked

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“Because I, like you, am peculiar.” Starflight explained, “I am the only Nightwing to have powers in two thousand years.”

“Wow.” Turtle expressed. “So the Dragonet prophecy is fake?”

“The what now?” Sky asked

“You don’t know about the Dragonet prophecy?”

“Nope.”

“Huh,” Turtle expressed. “So when is the war going to end?”

“Oh we’ll still fulfill the prophecy.” Starflight answered.

“You’re the Nightwing from the prophecy?” Turtle asked.

“Yes, did Peril not tell you?”

Peril averted eye contact.

“She was supposed to explain who I was to the people she recruited.”

“But it’s so much cooler to say I work for The Blind Prophet and not elaborate then explain.”

“Yes but it deters people when you refuse to explain.”

“Actually one of the reasons I joined was because I was curious about you. I probably would’ve joined either way, I’m just saying.” Turtle clarified.

Starflight took a moment to consider that, closed his eyes and observed different timelines.

“Okay screw me. Do what you want, Peril.” Seeing that the mystique of the organization was appealing. “Apparently recruiting like a cult makes us more appealing.”

Peril did a little fist pump.

“I suppose there’s nothing else to ask other than. What’s next?” Turtle asked.

“Well you guys should finish your escort of King Gill to the Sea kingdom. Then you should probably make more recruitments from the list I gave Peril. I’ll meet up with you guys when I have another mission for you. I will know where to find you.”

The groups separated once again. The Claws going to the Sea kingdom with Gill and Starflight and Deathbringer towards the rainforest.

“I want to join.” Deathbringer said.

Starflight considered for a moment before observing the future. “No.”

“What do you mean no?”

“You can’t join. You have other purposes in the future.”

“What other purposes?”

“In coming years you will save my sister from several different assassination attempts. That cannot happen if you die in four months.”

“If I joined, would I die in four months?”

“Almost certainly.”

“Huh.”

“There’s also a separate third reason but, I don’t want to tell you that one.” Starflight admitted.

He will one day become the father of my nieces and If I want to meet them he has to live.

“That’s vague for no reason.”

“Yup.”

“Will you ever tell me why?”

“Some time in the future I will.”

They eventually arrived at the outskirts of the rainforest.

“Now I know you’ve been here before but, you’ve never interacted with Rainwings before so just be prepared to get knocked out.” Starflight warned.

“What do you mean knocke—” There was a quick *thwip* through the area followed by the *thump* of Deathbringer’s body. Starflight knew where each dart was going to come from and dodged them as the Rainwings kept missing.

“I won’t be violent, so please don’t knock me out.” Starflight pleaded.

“You sure you won’t be violent?” Asked a Rainwing who had just come out of camouflage.

“Definitely.”

The Rainwing paused, staring at him intensely for a moment before a cheery smile went to their face. “That’s great! Are you coming to the village?”

“Yes.”

“Cool, follow me.” The Rainwing said as they started flying through the forest beckoning Starflight to follow. “There’s been a challenge for the throne.” The Rainwing explained, “It’s so exciting it’ll be a series of games to determine if the newcomer can have the throne.”

“Where is the newcomer now?” Starflight asked.

“They’re training for the games. If you look you should be able to find them. They have taken up a lot of space.”

They flew for a little longer before they arrived in the village. Starflight waved goodbye to the Rainwings that escorted him there as they took Deathbringer away.

I should probably find him later, Starflight thought as the Rainwings moved out of view, I should probably find Glory.

After about two minutes of searching Starflight found a vaguely bad emotion in the mental plane and followed it. *There aren’t a ton of negative emotions in the Rainwing village so it’s easy to find Glory.*

He flew into a pavilion where she seemed to be taste testing fruit. “Glory!” He yelled.

“Starflight!” She responded.

“Sorry a lot has happened,” Starflight said, hugging his sister, before pulling back and saying. “I need to be on guard duty for the hole to the Nightwing island. Also your future husband has been taken by the Rainwings and I don’t know where they went.”

Chapter Eleven

Starflight stood there by himself. Clay had gone off because he thought he saw a boar. It was only a matter of time before the Nightwings came to take him.

“Okay immediately two things.” Glory said, “One, why do you specifically need to be on guard duty?”

“The Nightwings are going to kidnap me but we will succeed in dismantling their kingdom. Also I want to kill Morrowseer.” Starflight explained.

“Okay, yeah fine.” Glory answered, “Two, what do you mean my future husband?”

Starflight heard movement behind him.

“You haven’t met him yet. You were supposed to have met already, but I messed up the timeline and this will be your first meeting. I personally don’t know what you see in him but he is reliable.”

Starflight shrugged, “In most futures you marry him, in some you marry a woman but I think she might be married to someone else by now.”

“Did you just out me to myself?”

“No shame in it, I’m also a bisexual.” Starflight admitted.

Glory snorted, “Does Morrowseer approve?”

Starflight checked the future. “Nope.”

“Hello,” Said the approaching Nightwing, “Morrowseer has requested I retrieve you.”

“On another note,” Starflight said, “once you’re queen can you do me a favour?”

“Sure.”

“There’s a Nightwing dragonet who was born here in the forest. Her name is Moonwatcher, supposedly she is my sister. Can you retrieve her?”

Starflight and the Nightwing moved through the animus tunnel. He shivered as he felt the foreign feeling of moving through magic.

“When I’m queen,” She asked, smirking. “Is my success guaranteed?”

“Almost certainly.” He replied, grinning and moving closer to whisper. “And if I succeed you’ll rule the Nightwings too for a time. I’ll tell you more later.”

“Well Vengeance, I know you’re upset about not getting invited to the meeting today. But, going so far as to kidnap Morrowseer’s son in protest is a bit much.” He said, surprising the much larger Nightwing.

“So Morrowseer isn’t really full of s**t after all.” Vengeance replied, “You really have the missing powers.”

“I look forward to it.”

“If you continue with this course of action you’ll be executed.” Starflight explained, “I know you want revenge on Glory for ruining your face but is it worth your life?”

“No, no it is not.”

“How about this, I came through the tunnel on my own and you met me halfway through to escort me.”

“Will I get punished?” Vengeance asked.

“Only minimally.” Starflight answered.

“You’re just as cunning as your father, I suppose I owe you?”

“Yes.”

“Fine then.”

They walked together for a little longer in silence before Vengeance asked. “Will we succeed against the Rainwings? We are entirely outnumbered.”

“We’ll win if you have me.” Starflight answered, telling a half-truth.

“But we don’t,” Vengeance said, “We don’t have you.”

“Clever, Morrowseer certainly thinks so. I’ll work in the best interests of the tribe but I am not the Queen’s puppet.”

“Well you have my allegiance. Rather work for the guy that I’ve seen with powers than a queen how we only hear about through Morrowseer’s puppet.”

“The Queen’s alive and she’s still giving orders. But she can’t live outside the volcano. That’s why the tribes here in the first place. She got hit by an Icewing’s frostbreath down the throat. She’s using the lava to keep herself alive. Her selfish attempt to cling to life is poisoning this tribe. Now what I’ll do is we’ll spend some time in the Rainforest. Co-existing with the Rainwings. Eventually I’ll guide us back to our ancestral lands.”

“You have high aspirations for a six year old.”

“Through the future I have immense life experience. Essentially I am older than you.”

“Then you’d think you would be so wise as to not dream so big.”

“I don’t dream, Vengeance.”

“Oh don’t star—”

“No, I literally don’t dream.” They were reaching the end of the tunnel and were continuing their conversation in whispers.

“What?” They both stopped at this point.

“I can’t dream. Like physically I can’t. I can imagine. But at night when I’m asleep I don’t experience whimsical wonders I just experience futures.”

“That’s sad.”

“You think?”

“Yeah, dreaming’s important. You’re young, you shouldn’t have no dreams.” They stood there in silence for a moment. Starflight moved to exit the tunnel with Vengeance slowly moving behind him. Starflight exited the cave only to be greeted by Morrowseer.

“You’re early.” Morrowseer greeted.

“I left when I had the opportunity. Vengeance saw me come through and escorted me.” Starflight explained.

Morrowseer’s eyes narrowed. “I see. Well the meeting is later in a couple hours I’ll show you to the dormitories. You can get settled and then I’ll bring you to the meeting.”

“Very well.” Starflight answered as they began to move through the Nightwing fortress. “I assume the alternatives are here?”

Morrowseer seemed surprised by the question. “Your new team has arrived.”

“And has my replacement been prepared as well, father?”

Morrowseer hesitated for a second. “We have also prepared a replacement for you. We don’t intend to, but if you are... out of commission she is to replace you.”

“Excellent,” Starflight said, hiding his excitement. “I wouldn’t have it any other way. If you don’t mind, I’d like to meet them after the meeting.”

“Alright.” Morrowseer grumbled.

They turned through many corners of the volcanic palace before arriving at a larger room with nooks for fifty dragonets but with only eleven occupied.

The dragonets all looked out from their nooks all seemingly having pretended to be doing something when they heard Morrowseer approaching. Only for their curiosity to overcome their fear and glance at Starflight.

“This is my son Starflight. He’s been on the mainland fulfilling the prophecy. He will be staying with you for the time being and I expect to not have to hear anything negative.” He stared at the dragonets a little longer before turning to leave.

Starflight took the nook farthest on the right. Several other dragonets moved from their nooks and moved towards him. They began to ask questions.

“Do you really have powers?”

“Yes Mindreader, I can see the future as well as read minds.”

“Have you ever had a banana?”

“Yes Mightclaws, it was mushy.”

“What’s like on the mainland?”

“It’s clearer Bigtail.”

The other dragonets began to gather around him asking questions that he would respond to alongside their names. But he noticed that one stayed back from the group. Fierceteeth sat on the other end of the room staring. Her mind flashing through a series of thoughts. But one

thought repeated the most. *Does he know?* He just looked at her and nodded. She grimaced and mouthed. *Talk later.*

Chapter Twelve

It was an hour or two before Morrowseer returned to bring Starflight to the meeting and all the other dragonets scurried away from Starflight to avoid Morrowseer. "It's time." He grumbled. Starflight left his nook and started walking besides Morrowseer through the volcanic fortress to the meeting room. Inside were forty different Nightwings arguing and bickering about the Rainwing that broke containment.

"Watch you step." Morrowseer said, as they both entered the room.

"This is him?" Asked one of the Nightwings, "This is the one with the powers."

"Yes he recently arrived from the rainforest." Morrowseer answered.

"What are they planning?"

"Has he told us anything?"

"How soon will they attack?"

Several different voices rang out at him.

"And how did that Rainwing escape? We've heard there was a Mudwing with her! How did he get here? Why didn't we kill them?"

Starflight began to tune out the conversation zoning out watching the lava bubble. Mentally preparing himself for the future he'd pathed out.

"Queen Battlewinner says to shut up and ask him what that Rainwing knows." Greatness yelled, pointing her finger at Starflight."

"I only arrived in the rainforest yesterday and came through the portal today. I didn't spend enough time to glean any strategy they could've planned, but I do know that she plans to attack."

The chamber burst into yelling again. Arguing about whether they should take that threat seriously or not. However, contrary to most other futures. Vengeance doesn't interrupt and Deathbringer doesn't get sent to prison. The meeting eventually concludes having gained no more idea of a plan than before.

"Come with me if you want to eat." Morrowseer beckoned.

“Actually, if you don’t mind,” Starflight asked, “I was going to head to the laboratory to see if he can discover the specific circumstances of the origins of my powers.” Lying through his teeth.

“Very well.” Morrowseer said. “Do you know where you’re going?”

“Yes. Afterwards I’ll meet up with the new group of Dragonets. Will you be there too?”

“I’ll make my way there in time.”

So Starflight left, moving through the fortress off to the lab of his possible biological father. He was going to speak to Orchid when he was there to give her the hope to survive. As he moved throughout the halls he began to hear the falling of talons behind him.

I didn’t foresee anyone following me.

Starflight turned around only to be greeted by a Nightwing he didn’t recognize.

“Oh my gosh, it’s you!” Yelled the unfamiliar Nightwing

Who is this?

“I had a vision about you! Have you had any visions about me?”

Why haven’t I had any visions of her?

“You did?”

“I did. I was bored in the cave they put us in and I saw Morrowseer fly nearby so I started looking for him, but he isn’t here and instead I found you and I’ve seen you in my visions. Also,” She said, glancing around. “I’m finally in the Nightwing palace! I’ve had so many prophetic dreams about it!. Although I must say. In my visions it was bigger and lighter and smelled way less terrible; plus, it had a lot more treasure and seriously fewer grumpy dragons.” Starflight was dumbfounded, but could help but be enraptured by her because this was one of the only conversations he’d never had before. “Hm. Maybe those were just normal dreams. Morrowseer says I talk too much. Do I talk too much?” Starflight shook his head no. “Anyway! I know you’re important and we share an amazing destiny together.”

“Okay,” He said, stupefied.

“Cheer up! What’s your name?”

“Your Vision didn’t say?” Mine certainly didn’t.

“Uh...” She looked him up and down. “Bigtoes!”

Starflight burst out laughing.

“Did I get it right?” She asked.

“No.” He responded.

“Oh. Are you sure.?”

“Quite sure. My name’s Starflight.”

“Well I was close. Hi, Starflight! You’re probably wondering why you’ve never seen me before.”

“I am.”

“This probably sounds crazy. But I was raised by the Talons of Peace!”

“Oh.”

“Anyway it turns out that I’m the dragonet everyone is looking for, the one from the prophecy. I’m the wings of night! Can you believe it? Morrowseer says I’m the one who has to stop the war. He seems awfully grumpy about it though.”

Oh, she’s the back-up. He spent some more time examining her. She had the faint outline of the mind reader teardrop scales. So she is a Moonborn. But, if she was born alongside the other alternate Dragonets of Destiny then she wasn’t born under a full moon.

“You never told me your name?”

“My name’s Fatespeaker.”

“Well Fatespeaker, I’m going to the lab if you want to join me.” He invited.

“Sure!” She answered, “What does ‘lab’ mean?”

“It’s short for laboratory. It’s a place where scientists work and experiment.”

They continued to walk in silence together as Starflight pondered. There have been events I’ve missed but this is a whole person. Eventually they arrived at the doors of the lab.

“You might want to be quiet while we’re in there.” Starflight warned. Starflight opened the door and saw a room of several different experiments that seemed half in progress.

“Oh it looks like a science fair.” Fatespeaker whispered.

“A what?” Starflight began to question her only to be interrupted by the scientist in the middle of the room yelling.

“Please leave! This experiment is at a critical juncture! And Princess Greatness says I might be shut down at any moment!” Yelled Mastermind.

“Oh, please excuse us Mastermind.” Starflight said, moving down from the entrance of the lab. “I am Starflight, Morrowseer's son.”

“You're what?” Fatespeaker asked.

“Ah!” Mastermind said removing his helmet revealing his face adorned by his spectacles. “Morrowseer's boy. Yes I've been waiting to meet you for a long time. Please, please, come here.” he said pulling out a chair for Starflight, “I will be right back.” He ran somewhere at the back of the lab to grab some tools.

“You're Morrowseer's son?” Fatespeaker asked, “You look a lot like him.” She said, gesturing to Mastermind.

“Morrowseer adopted me because I had prophetic powers. I suspect that Mastermind might be my biological father but don't tell him that. Listen Fatespeaker.” he said, beckoning her over. “Somewhere deeper in the lab there is a trapped Rainwing.” He whispered. “Please give her water and tell her that Mangrove is looking for her and Queen Glory will rescue her.” She nodded and sneaked off.

Mastermind returned with a series of tools meant to measure physical reactions. “So Starflight, are there any other abilities you have as a powered Nightwing other than the recorded myths?”

“No, I don't have any other abilities.”

“Any other negative side effects?”

“I can't dream. I only experience futures.”

“Fascinating.”

“How far can you see into the future?”

“Four hundred years is the farthest I've seen.”

“How precise are your visions?”

“Incredibly precise, I can control what I see.”

“What about your mind reading?”

“It’s limited to my awareness. I have to be aware of someone within a certain distance of me to read their mind.”

“Alright, do you know the distance?”

“I’ve never measured it but it is quite far.”

“Interesting...” Mastermind said, writing something down on a notepad. “Well we don’t exactly know the circumstances of your powers so we’ll have to wait for someone else to develop them or until you die and someone can dissect you. Thank you for your cooperation.”

“Fatespeaker,” Starflight called “We’re leaving.” She walked back to the front of the room.

“What are you doing next?” She asked as they left the room.

“Well I’m going to meet the Dragonets of Destiny.” he said, moving down the halls of the Nightwing palace.

Chapter Thirteen

“Why are you going to meet the other Dragonets?” Fatespeaker asked, “We aren’t supposed to leave the cave. Even if you’re Morrowseer’s son you’re probably not allowed to come.”

“It’s a little hard to explain and at this point I’d rather let Morrowseer have his big dramatic reveal he planned.” He said, thinking of the surprisingly eccentric dragon.

They exited the fortress into open air and began to fly towards the separate cave of the Dragonets. He entered the cave only to be greeted by the unfriendly faces of the Alternate Dragonets of Destiny.

“Oh, Three Moons,” Squid exclaimed, “There’s two of them.”

“Starflight meet my friends, Flame, Ochre, Viper, and Squid.” Fatespeaker “Guy’s meet Starflight, Morrowseer’s son.”

“Is she in trouble?” Squid asked, looking at Starflight, “I told her if she went out there she’d get in trouble. I hope you wacked her.”

“She’s not in trouble.” Starflight answered, “I’ve come to assess your abilities to determine your capability of fulfilling the prophecies compared to the other candidates. If you fail to meet my

standards you'll be kept as back-up in case the primary candidate is indisposed and cannot fulfill the prophecy."

"Wait, can we replace Fatespeaker?" Viper asked.

"Do it," Flame said, "I vote yes."

"Me too." Ochre said in agreement. "Can we get a quieter one?"

"As of now you've all failed to impress me and may all be replaced." Starflight said, channeling his inner Kestrel. "You're the second group I've met with and so far the others are more impressive. They are stronger, more clever, and more determined. So if you want to impress me you'll either have to prove me wrong or show me another trait you have that's more desirable."

"Yeesh," Ochre said, sitting up. "You really are Morrowseer's son."

"But, alas I haven't judged you based on any real merit, only first impressions. So I'll give you all a chance to impress me. Consider this a test." He said as he moved towards the entrance. "Of course the official tests will be administered by my father. Consider this for my personal opinion." He spread his wings and before he jumped out he said. "Catch me if you can." as he took flight. The four non-Nightwings bolted after him climbing over each other trying to reach him. Starflight knew that in a matter of speed it wouldn't be long until Flame caught up to him, so he kept flying between geysers of smoke. Flame kept getting closer however. Starflight started moving towards the fortress preparing to dive through an entrance before he was interrupted by a burst of fire that barely missed him.

"You don't get extra points for killing me Flame!" he shouted at the Skywing before course correcting towards the Rainwing prisons. If he really did what he was planning to do it could really hurt Flame.

Eh he'll live. Starflight thought as he flew through the entrance to the cave. He turned towards the guard. "Can I see a Rainwing prisoner? It's for a school project."

The guards gazed intensely for a second before a smile crossed her face. "Oh, has Mastermind assigned another weird observation thing?" Starflight nodded, "Yeah head right in."

Starflight moved through the halls of the prison hearing the commotion of Flame using a poor choice of words then getting clobbered by a Nightwing guard. Starflight chuckled to himself moving through the rest of the prison towards the second entrance where he told the guard the same lie. He began to fly back to the cave by himself, having successfully ditched any chasers. But before he fully returned inside the cave he felt a set of talons on his back.

"Gotcha!" Fatespeaker said "Do I win?"

Starflight just looked at her stunned. "I thought you didn't chase me?"

"I watched from a distance. I thought you'd shake them somewhere and when I saw you dive to the caves I knew once you lost them you'd return here. So I hid and waited."

He just stood there shocked for a moment staring into her eyes before bursting out laughing. "I've never been more surprised! Also yes you win."

"How'd you ditch Flame?" She asked, "From what I saw he was much faster than you."

"I led him into the prison where there were certainly guards," He explained, "And when you're chasing a dragon as someone not from the tribe you'll get arrested. I was testing his tactical understanding. However, the only one who impressed me today was you."

"Really?" She asked excitedly, "I passed?"

"Well truly that's up to Morrowseer." He explained, "But, you have my endorsement."

Seemingly at the mention of his name he appeared. Morrowseer flew up to the cave, surprised to find it mostly empty.

"Starflight," He asked, "Where are the dragonets?"

"Well I was testing them myself and so far the only one who impressed me was her," Starflight said, referring to Fatespeaker.

"Okay, where are the others?"

"Well I prompted them to try and catch me but, none of them even attempted to outsmart me except her and Flame kept blasting fire at me so I got him arrested by the guards." He explained.

"You know I trust your decisions. But, please wait for me next time before you get someone arrested. Also you got here much earlier than I expected." Morrowseer scolded.

"Mastermind said he couldn't determine anything until another powered Nightwing is born."

"Ah I see. Well please bring Fatespeaker to the dormitory. I'll meet you there later with the other dragonets. Once I get them out of prison." He said, defeated flying away from the cave.

"Oh my gosh," Fatespeaker exclaimed, "We're moving into the fortress!"

"Yeah, I'll show you the way."

“Wait, can we please explore the fortress? We have time.” She pleaded.

“Maybe after everyone’s settled.” Starflight answered

Fatespeaker did a fist pump.

Chapter Fourteen

Starflight was in a deep slumber. He and Fatespeaker had made it to the dormitories and eventually the other Dragonets came along as well and by then it was time for bed so Starflight took his rest.

“Starflight,” Someone whispered in his ear, “Starflight wake up.”

His eyes opened groggily as he was shaken by Fatespeaker. “I can’t sleep. What are you doing?” She asked

“Uh. Sleeping?” He responded, eyes still half open.

“I’m bored, let’s explore.”

“No.”

“You promised me earlier we would.” She argued, “Plus I’m a Dragonet of Destiny and if you let me wander off on my own and I get hurt that’d be very bad.”

“...Fine.” Starflight conceded, leaving his nook. “Where are we going?”

“Did you see the part of the fortress that looked like it collapsed? I want to see what it looks like from the inside.”

“It collapsed because it was covered in lava. It cannot be safe” Starflight reasoned.

“I don’t foresee any issues. Do you?” She shot back.

He took a moment to glance into the future. He still couldn’t see timelines involving Fatespeaker but the chances that if he went in there and it fell on him were low.

“I don’t.” He admitted.

“Then in we go.” She said, lighting a torch and ducking into the tunnel. “I’ve been meaning to ask you something, actually.”

“What is it?”

“You’re the other Wings of Night, aren’t you?”

“How’d you figure?”

“You look too healthy to live here. I know if you’re old enough or have special permission you can leave the island but even Morrowseer looks frail compared to other dragons his size. So you must’ve not lived on the island. So I deduced the only other Nightwing who would’ve had a life like mine was the other Wings of Night.”

Starflight stood there shocked for a moment. “You know you’re the first dragon to ever surprise me.” He said.

“Oh,” She said, turning around sheepishly. “I can stop.”

“Please don’t.” Starflight responded, moving a little closer to her. “You’re the first person to ever surprise me. I don’t get surprised by things. I see every future. Not like occasional visions but I see every possibility so no one has ever truly surprised me. When I met you in that hallway I had no idea you were there. Then you continued to catch me off my guard and it was the most exciting thing to happen to me. So please never stop.”

“Wow.” She said, stunned. “Thanks.”

“Yeah.”

“Exploring!”

“Exploring!”

They continued down the tunnel in silence for a while until they came about a set of doors.

“Sweet the treasure room!” Fatespeaker exclaimed before bolting inside.

“Fatespeaker wait!” Starflight warned, following quickly, but he was too late. Fatespeaker screamed as she saw two dead corpses.

“What happened to them?” She asked

“They probably got trapped down here when the volcano erupted.” He explains, “They most likely suffocated before anyone could rescue them and the Nightwings have lost any culture around burials so they were left here.”

“What do you mean ‘lost culture’?”

“Oh!” Starflight said, “Nightwings didn’t always live here. Most of our culture has been lost due to the sudden departure of our tribe from the original Kingdom of Night. My dream is to eventually return our people to our old lands but they’re too busy trying to take over the rainforest.”

“I mean I assumed this couldn’t have really been the great splendor of the Nightwings.” Fatespeaker expressed. “I guess the scrolls are all lies.”

“They didn’t used to be.” Starflight said, “We used to be a center for knowledge but we traded it all away because of fear.” He fully turned to Fatespeaker. “Among the Nightwings there was born a child. That child was not only the son of one of the Nightwing’s greatest warriors but also a magical Icewing prince.” He narrated. “He was born almost two thousand years ago. Under the three full moons of the Brightest Night he was granted the abilities of Future Sight and Mindreading. But, due to his lineage he was also granted Animus abilities. The hybrid was born with abilities none in the world had seen before. He shouldn’t have been treated the way he was. They sent his mother to war and his father was crazed from long before he hatched. The hybrid could’ve been the greatest hero but he devolved into a great villain. The royals were told he would make an attempt for the throne. So they sent an assassin for his throat. The assassin failed and the hybrid found out about the royal’s betrayal. In their cowardice the Royals set in motion the events that’d led us here. The hybrid committed an atrocity that night. The only thing that stopped his conquest was his closest friend. The foreign prince had only cast three spells before. The first to discover, the second to maim, the third to save. The prince had cast his final spell. The last to protect. He had cast the spell to forever cast the hybrid into sleep. Eventually the Nightwings fled their old lands. Leaving behind the secrets of their magic afraid of creating another like the hybrid.”

“Jesus.” She exclaimed.

“Who?”

“Forget it.”

“Look Fatespeaker, the point is we are the only two Nightwings with powers.” He said pointing between their shared teardrop scales. “Because we were born in the moonlight. The queen is poisoning our tribe by keeping us here. Eventually they’ll raid the rainforest but they’ll fail. Fatespeaker, the fate of our tribe cannot be up to the fearful elites that have poisoned us for centuries.”

“Okay, I get it. Down with the queen.”

“Essentially.”

“How do you know this?”

“Because in the future the hybrid will return, however he is far gone from the force of good he could’ve been.”

“Terrifying.”

“The Nightwings still tell myths about him, Darkstalker.”

“What mother would name their kid that?”

“His would.”

“Okay after that whole terrifying spiel I think I’m ready to get out of this terrifying cave.” Fatespeaker said, turning to leave. Starflight began to follow her only to stop as a gleam caught his eye. The gleam came from the talons of one of the corpses. Starflight turned back towards it. Slowly moving his hand towards the corpse before carefully removing the blue gem from the dead grip.

“Hey you coming?” Fatespeaker asked, turning around.

“I found a dream visitor.” Starflight admitted.

“Nice,” Fatespeaker exclaimed. “What’s that?”

“It’s an Animus-Touched item. It lets you visit other’s dreams. It was also made by the aforementioned Darkstalker.”

“Why would you use anything that he made?”

“Because he made this for himself and it isn’t cursed.”

“Neat, visit my dream later and let me know if it works.” She said, turning to leave again. “I had a good time exploring with you.”

“Me too.” He responded, also leaving the room.

Chapter Fifteen

Starflight and Fatespeaker had arrived back at the dormitory. Fatespeaker had already fallen asleep, having gotten over her insomnia. Starflight took the Star-Shaped Gem to his head and spoke.

“Fatespeaker.”

Starflight closed his eyes. When he opened them again he was floating in the sky above a city he didn't recognize. The buildings were rectangular and tall. Below him were perhaps millions of scavengers that didn't acknowledge him and he realized that he wasn't floating high above the city but the city was small compared to him. He flew around for a while following the weird paths driven through by weird animals without finding any sign of Fatespeaker or any dragon Starflight removed the Dream Visitor from his head and woke up. He cycled through the names of his friends realizing none of them were sleeping. He shifted up in his nook hearing the storming approach of Morrowseer.

"Up!" Morrowseer yelled into the dormitory waking up all the dragonets. "You!" he said, pointing at all the Dragonets of Destiny. "Come with me."

"Can I stay?" Starflight asked.

"Yes."

"Can I stay?" asked Ochre

"No."

"Damn nepotism." Ochre complained as he left his nook to waddle after Morrowseer who was leaving.

Most of the Nightwing dragonets groggily went back to sleep as it was too early. Except for Fierceteeth who was staring at Starflight. She noticed he was looking back and gestured with her hands '*Follow me*' as she left the dormitory beckoning Starflight.

Starflight moved from his nook, following Fierceteeth out into the hallway.

"So," She started. "What do you know?"

"I know you're my sister." Starflight replied, "I know you were a candidate for Wings of Night but gave it up when Morrowseer killed our mother. You are not in the adults favor and you've been working behind their backs. You're the one who let Clay in here to rescue Glory."

"Will you help me?" She asked. "Seeing as you know this much you have to agree. The Queen isn't doing what's best for the tribe."

"No she is not." Starflight agreed. "However, I don't exactly agree with your methods. You would have us the puppets of Burn."

"Not for long." She argued, "We'd leave her eventually."

“She wouldn’t let us.” He argued back. “Imagine, a whole mystery tribe to add to her weird collection. We wouldn’t be able to leave. She’d cull our numbers, make us rely on her. We cannot turn to Burn.”

“Then what about Blaze?”

“She’s too affiliated with the Icewings.”

“There’s really only one Queen in Pyrrhia that’ll be sympathetic to us.”

“I don’t think the Mudwings are the righ–”

“She was crowned yesterday and the adults are trying to invade her kingdom.”

“The Rainwings!” She yelled accusatorily, “Why would we go with Rainwings?”

“Because I know the Queen. You even helped her escape. We’d only be there temporarily and we’d return to our original lands.”

“What do you mean our ‘original’ lands?”

“The Original Kingdom of Night. The one we fled but is still there untouched.”

“Three Moons.” She said, eye widening. “You know where it is?”

“Yes.” He said, “I can see into many futures but, I won’t be able to save our tribe without your help. Fierceteeth will you help me?”

“Of course.” She replied grinning, showing off her namesake. “I can’t leave the fate of our people alone in the hands of my poor little brother, can I?”

“I’ve known you for two days. This is the longest conversation we’ve had.”

“Shut up. You’re family. Therefore I can rag on you.”

“Okay.” He conceded. “I’m your brother.”

“Damn right.” She expressed, “Now, what do you need me to do?”

“Tomorrow the Rainwings will invade, assisted by me. They’ll use special darts used as tranquilizers to peacefully knock out dragons like guards and any other violent or suspecting dragons. Organize how many dragons who would be loyal to you and move those knocked out guards back towards the entrance because tomorrow the volcano will erupt and we will need to make a hot exit and having people knocked out all over the fortress is just unnecessary

casualties. I'll bring your people out with the Rainwings so they don't get caught in the crossfire of the darts."

"I can do that. I can get Preyhunter and Strongwings and perhaps a few others. How much time will we have?"

"You have about fifteen minutes. The Rainwings will also help; they'll just need someone to lead them through the fortress. Your people will lead groups of Rainwings to fan out and retrieve Nightwings. It is crucial we lose as little Nightwings to the volcano as possible. It's claimed too many of us already."

Fierceteeth nodded grimly, "I understand. So I have to gather a group of dragons willing to betray the Queen and willing to lead groups of Rainwings through our fortress right before a volcano eruption."

"Fierceteeth if there's anyone who can do it, it's you." Starflight claimed, "I haven't known you long, but you appear in many futures and for better or worse you're a leader in all of them. You're the most capable dragon for this task."

A new look of determination appeared as she nodded and turned back towards the dormitory muttering observations under her breath as she considered her options.

Starflight had time to waste as he had to wait for Morrowseer to return to enact the next phase of his plan. So he headed to the library, wasting time in the library among the weird and racist Nightwing scrolls.

Chapter Sixteen

She already knew that Morrowseer was terrible. She also knew that the mission they went on was going to be hard but she didn't think much of it. But when the Nightwings had flown in burning every Skywing in the outpost she was truly surprised. The world of Pyrrhia was a dreary place where tragedy was common and she was truly hurt when Squid left them to return to his father. Recently she had finally gotten used to flying and feeling at home in her new body. Here her name was Fatespeaker, but it used to be something else. She glanced down at her talons, she was lying in her nook in the dormitory. They had arrived back at the Nightwing island late at night and she was hoping to speak to Starflight before she slept but he wasn't in the dormitory and with Morrowseer's threats of combat training in the morning she wanted to get some proper rest in. However sleep was fleeing her as she laid eyes wide open staring at the roof of her nook.

Alright Sarah Cooper Fatespeaker, She thought. If sleep won't come to me I'll come to it.



She got out of her nook and stood up. Hoping to lose some energy by taking a walk. She wandered the halls of the fortress without any real aim or direction. She was looking at the ground, feeling it on four sets of talons.

I suppose by this point I've been in this body longer than my first.

The Pyrrhian calendar was different from the Earth one. One year here was about three years back there. She only spent sixteen years in her old body and she spent six years here. But with the calendar difference it was about eighteen years. Another difference was the language. She was already bilingual, having already known English and French but learning Pyrrhian was even harder because there wasn't a teacher who knew both languages. She got it eventually but the other dragonets around her were born knowing it so that set her behind.

I already had struggles communicating before but, now I had to learn another whole set of social cues and customs and they haven't all stuck yet.

Back in her old world she had been sort of hyperfixated on dragons. She always loved the books and movies of the How to Train your Dragon franchise and other similar series. However when she was born hatched from an egg she was a little surprised to find that she was born a dragon species she didn't recognize.

At least during reincarnation whatever gods exist understood I was a woman. She thought to herself. That's more than some in my old home did.

At least she was born a super elusive Nightwing and she was incredibly excited when she learned about the powers they supposedly possessed. Of course hers haven't always worked super great and she thought it was something she was going to grow into. But, after meeting Starflight who seemed to have amazing control over his she felt doubt in her own powers.

I suppose as Morrowseer's son even if Morrowseer doesn't actually have powers some training is better than none. She reasoned, making her way further down the hallway. Even he himself said I was the only other Nightwing with powers.

She continued down the hall further and further. Staring at the floor as she passed through the halls not really paying attention to the way in front of her. Which was a mistake as she sharply turned a corner and bumped into a much larger dragon getting knocked onto the ground.

"Ouch!" She yelped, turning up to look at the stranger.

"I'm sorry." He apologized, he was on the larger side but still much smaller than Starflight with blue eyes and a muscular physique. "I didn't see you there." He expressed looking at her before narrowing his eyes. "I haven't seen you around before."

"I'm Fatespeaker." She answered, "I'm one of the candidates for Wings of Night so I was raised away from the fortress."

"Ah!" his eyes widened in recognition. "You're the other one? I thought it was going to be Fierceteeth." He said, "I'm Deathbringer. I just returned from the rainforest and I'm looking for the other Wings of Night. Do you know where Starflight is right now?"

"I'm afraid not. I was on a walk before I went to sleep and Starflight wasn't there when I left."

"I see." He said, bringing a talon to his chin. "Do you mind if I join you on your walk then? I could look for him and if I can't find him on your path I'll end up back at the dormitories where he might be if he returned from whatever he was doing."

"I don't mind."

"Wonderful." He said as he stood next to her beckoning her to take the lead.

They walked together in silence for a while. As they passed rooms Deathbringer would peek his head in, looking for Starflight.

"So..." Fatespeaker began. "Why were you in the Rainforest?"

"Well I was trying to return here from an escort mission but I got captured by the Rainwings and I decided while I was there I'd do some reconnaissance." He explained. "Did you know they just recently got a new queen? It happened yesterday."

"Neat. If you were doing reconnaissance then I guess you escaped the Rainwings pretty quickly." She said,

"Rainwings don't take prisoners actually." He clarified, "They captured me and then just let me roam around their village."

They turned another corner and Deathbringer poked his head into another room before saying "I found him."

Deathbringer entered the room with Fatespeaker following slowly after. After she entered the room she finally saw it, there were more scrolls in there than she had ever seen before and sitting in a chair asleep on the table was Starflight. He slept on a scroll supposedly having fallen asleep while reading.

It's actually really cute. She thought, It looks like he's being swaddled by the scroll.

"I guess my thing can wait until tomorrow." Deathbringer said, moving to exit the room. "Goodnight Fatespeaker." He said leaving her in the room to stare at the sleeping nerd.

Chapter Seventeen

Starflight had apparently fallen asleep in the library. He felt a little silly, usually he felt more energy at night but after years of sharing the same sleep schedule as the other Dragonets of Destiny he would sleep at night, but he never thought he'd fall asleep at a desk. His face was flopped over a scroll he was reading. It was one of Queen Coral's works, it didn't have a title and he had never read it before, but it had her name on it so it must've been a draft or canceled project.

How'd they get this? He thought, standing up from his desk. *The only connection the Nightwings even have to the Seawings is maybe Blister, but that doesn't exactly make sense.*

He turned to leave the library only to be surprised by the image of Fatespeaker staring at him in the doorway.

"Hi?" He said confused. "Fatespeaker?" Her unfocused eyes snapped to attention as she blinked and looked Starflight in the eyes.

"Hey... Starflight." She said making eye contact and blinking a few times. "I think I feel asleep standing up with my eyes open."

"Is that how you normally sleep?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

She shrugged.

"Okay? As long as you're well rested." Starflight conceded, "Morrowseer wants to do combat training today and I feel that you'll need to be awake and aware for that."

"Yes he threatened us with that when we got back yesterday." Fatespeaker sighed. "Also Squid left."

"Yeah he does that a lot." Starflight explained, beginning to move out of the library. "It saves his life most of the time. He'll safely return to the Talons and if Morrowseer has his way he'll bring Tsunami here."

"Tsunami?"

"The other Wings of Sea."

"Ah. Oh, another dragon was looking for you last night, his name was Deathbringer."

“He’s returned from the rainforest?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll talk to him later. For now we should get back to the dormitories before Morrowseer gets upset that you might’ve missed training.”

They walked together in silence for a while until they arrived back at the dormitories where Morrowseer had just arrived.

“You’re late.” He grumbled at Fatespeaker.

“She was with me.” Starflight explained

“Very well,” He conceded, turning to walk towards the training area. “I suppose you’re coming to watch.” Morrowseer said, turning towards Starflight.

“I will.” He said following Morrowseer.

They walked through the fortress eventually leaving it to fly in open space landing by a river of lava.

“Ochre and Flame, let’s begin with you two. Try to kill each other, and I’ll step in when I deem necessary.” Morrowseer commanded.

“But we haven’t even had breakfast yet.” Ochre complained.

“Fine by me. Any rules?” Flame asked.

“There are no rules on the battlefield.” With that answer Flame immediately lunged at Ochre, clawing him across the face. They began to scuffle. Slash, claw, fire, bite, repeat. They fought for some time exchanging blows.

“Stop it!” Ochre complained, “I want to stop.”

“You can’t stop on the battlefield just because you want to, Ochre.” Morrowseer mumbled, clearly tired of the Alternate Dragonets.

“But, Morrowseer. He’s bleeding really seriously!” Fatespeaker argued.

“Hmm all right. Mudwing you’re out.” Morrowseer conceded “And Fatespeaker you’re in.” He said, pushing her towards Flame. As soon as she hit the ground Flame took the chance to dig

his teeth into her neck. She reacted quickly pushing him off her and making distance between them.

“Send me in too!” Viper commanded, “I can definitely kill her. Just give me a chance!”

“Go ahead.” Morrowseer said, his joy spread along his face.

The two other dragons lashed at Fatespeaker. Shooting flames and slashing their claws at her as she dodged and weaved.

“If she even gets scratched by Viper once it could be fatal for Fatespeaker. She wouldn’t die instantly but it would be incredibly painful.” Starflight argued to Morrowseer.

“Can’t you see the future? If any of them gets too close to killing each other, stop them.” Morrowseer said snidely.

“If this continues Viper will accidentally scratch Flame.” Starflight explained. “Fatespeaker is too fast, but she won’t ever go on the offensive and the other two will get caught in each other’s cross fire soon enough.” All of this was a lie of course. He couldn’t see any futures pertaining to Fatespeaker but, this would make Morrowseer call it off.

“Fine,” He grumbled. “Flame, get off the field.”

“Aww.” He expressed, upset that he lost his chance.

But Viper and Fatespeaker are still on the field.

“You really don’t like Fatespeaker.” He said, turning to Morrowseer.

“She’s an embarrassment. She doesn’t contain any traits our tribe should have. She’s too bubbly.”

“Actually I’d say you don’t contain any traits that our tribe should possess” He said, Morrowseer’s face showed great indignity. “You see by her eyes.” He said pointing towards her than his own teardrop scales. “She has powers. You don’t. Please don’t delude yourself father. You aren’t a true Nightwing.”

Morrowseer’s face contorted in such a way that Starflight had never seen in any vision. *I don’t actually believe that. But he does and I know it hurts him.*

Starflight turned as he heard Fatespeaker yell “Starflight help!” as Viper pinned her tail posed to strike. He moved quicker than he could think. He dived down from his perch gliding as he landed near the tangle of bodies. He lunged, pushing Viper off Fatespeaker as she landed right

next to the lava. Starflight took the opportunity to pin Viper. He kept her tail in place with his hind talons to prevent her from using her tail barb.

He leaned down to whisper in her ear. *"I want you to know I could've pushed you a little harder and plunged you in the lava. I chose not to because it would make Fatespeaker sad. Your life is only being kept because she cares about you. However you're so ungrateful that you just tried to kill her. I see every possibility and I want you to know If you try something like that again, I will know, I will stop you, and I will somehow make your death worse than drowning in lava. Do you understand me?"*

She nodded quickly and Starflight got off her. *Hm, why'd I do that?* He thought. Moving towards Fatespeaker to check if she was okay.

Chapter Eighteen

"Flame," Starflight said, standing over Flame's nook. "I'd like my sapphire back please." Starflight had checked his nook only to find the Dreamvisitor missing. It only took a quick scan of the minds of those in the dormitory and a rudimentary future check to determine the thief.

"I don't know what you're referring to." Flame said, eyes still closed as he laid in the nook. "Have you checked with Fatespeaker?"

"Flame, I can read minds and see the future. I would like my gem back. I am very willing to replace you, Morrowseer values me over you. I want my sapphire back."

Flame grumbled and passed over the Dreamvisitor. "You already have powers. Why do you want the Dreamvisitor anyhow? You're already special, why don't you ever leave anything for anyone else?"

"I don't owe you anything, Flame. Unlike you I use my abilities to make a difference. How many lives have you saved? I understand that you probably haven't had the chance yet, but stealing magic because you feel entitled to it will not help anyone but yourself."

Flame just stared shocked at the sudden lecture. Before turning to stare at his talons and mumbling an apology.

Starflight turned, moving back towards his own nook. He was going to contact Glory. He didn't need to attend that council to know the schedule for the rainforest invasion had moved up. He took the gem and pressed to his head. "Glory."

His eyes closed and he opened them to find himself sitting at a desk facing Glory. She glanced up from the scroll she was writing on. Her eyes narrowed for a moment before asking. "Dreamvisitor?"

“How’d you tell?”

“You’re a little skinnier than I remember. I wouldn’t picture you like this and I kind of already knew I was dreaming.”

“Listen, the Nightwings have moved up the schedule on their invasion of the rainforest due to hazards on the island. The only option is to make a preemptive strike. The Rainwings can use their sleeping darts to knockout the guards and you can easily save your trapped people. I will bring you a group of Nightwings who you aren’t supposed to knock out, they’ll help you take the knocked out guards back towards the tunnel. The volcano will erupt soon and they need to be out of the way. I can take you to the queen where you can attempt a peace talk but it probably won’t work out. So we need to evacuate the Nightwings who will spend some time in the rainforest under your authority. Eventually I will take them to the ancient kingdom of Night.”

“Wow. How long have you been planning this?”

“I can’t take all the credit. I stole the sleeping dart plan from Sunny. If hadn’t told you this here she would’ve come up with it. She’s a lot more clever than we give her credit for.”

“What about Morrowseer?”

“He’s too big and ancient for any dart to feasibly affect him. I can deal with him, for the Nightwings to progress he’ll need to be removed. On another note, have you found Moonwatcher yet?”

“No, she’s been slipping out of our grasp constantly.”

“It’s because she’s like me. Her mind reading alerts her to any move you’ll make. It’s okay I can retrieve her myself.”

“How are you guys related anyways?”

“She’s Morrowseer’s daughter, so my half-sister. How fast can you assemble your troops?”

“I can do it in four hours, you’ll have to wait till sunset is over.”

“I will assemble my group to buy you time then. We’ll be on the other end of the tunnel waiting for you.”

“I’ll begin now. Good luck Starflight.”

“You as well.”

Starflight opened his real eyes as Glory woke up forcing him from his stupor. He quickly went to work.

“Hey Fatespeaker.” He said moving over to her nook. “Do you want to help me save the Rainwings? Not just the ones in the prisons but also in the rainforest?”

“Of course.” Fatespeaker answered, “What do you need me to do?”

“Just follow me.”

All Nightwing dragonets were required to take classes during the day. He and Fatespeaker were an exception. So he moved down the halls of the fortress towards the classrooms. He peeked his head into the classroom alarming Mastermind only to nod at Fierceteeth as she stood from her desk walking out of the classroom flanked by the other students.

Her ability to organize is truly unrivaled. Starflight thought as their group walked through the fortress. The dragonets were gathering the younger adults or their parents, people who had already agreed with the cause. Guards leaving their post, scroll writers leaving their papers, students leaving their desks. The Nightwings were small in number so it was possible half of the tribe was marching with them. Together they left the fortress arriving on the open ground and began to gather around the hole to the rainforest. Forming a circle and alarming the guards.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Said one of the guards who had approached the group. His name was Constellation. If this protest didn’t happen he would’ve died in the volcano when he returned from his shift. Starflight knew his name too well, he was one of seven unnecessary deaths today that he’d prevent.

“We’re protesting the treatment of the Rainwings both inside the prisons and the plans to invade the rainforest.” Fierceteeth spoke up. “The inhumane treatment of the Rainwings is beneath us as Nightwings and not many of us knew about it.” She preached to the crowd. “So please go grab Morrowseer, Greatness, or any other Council member. We’d like a word.”

Constellation turned and signaled to one of the other guards who began to fly back towards the fortress.

“So what’s the plan past this?” Fatespeaker asked leaning in to whisper to Starflight.

“We’re essentially stalling for the Rainwings to send in people to rescue their own.” Starflight answered. “Only some of the people here actually know that. Others came because they believed in the cause.”

The members of the group stood strong in their position opposing the guards. Both sides were unwavering until the guard that left returned with Morrowseer.

“You.” He said glaring at Fierceteeth. “I always knew you were trouble. I should’ve killed you alongside your mother.”

“If you want her you’ll have to go through us!” Yelled Strongwings as he moved in front of Fierceteeth.

“Maybe I will.” Morrowseer said, scanning the crowd for faces before he made eye contact with Starflight and his eyebrows furrowed. “You’re all in trouble if you don’t stop this feeble act now.”

“Bah!” Fierceteeth yelled. “A threat made on false power you can’t punish all of us. In fact you’re the one who’s feeble right now. You’re powerless here, your ideas are outdated. The only thing giving you relevance is a prophecy we all know is false and a Queen none of us have ever seen. Even your son, who is the only Nightwing with powers, stands with us today because even he agrees.” Whispers grew throughout the crowd and those who began to watch about Starflight’s presence.

“You dare betray your father.” Morrowseer said, turning fully towards Starflight. “Have you no loyalty to your own blood boy?”

“You’re not my father!” Starflight snapped. “My father was Dune the Sandwing, the dragon who raised me. The only thing you contributed to my raising were lies about my heritage. So today against my liar of a biological father I stand with my biological half-sister who I’ve had more positive interactions with in a couple days than we’ve had in years.”

Morrowseer stood in silence with no expression showing on his face. Starflight could however hear his thoughts, he was calculating his chances of success to kill me and Fierceteeth.

“Well clearly letting you be raised among other tribes was a mistake.” Morrowseer sneered, turning to fly. “Well you traitorous whelps I hope you’re happy with your choices.”

“You still pretend you have power here when we all know the truth. Your usual reaction to resistance is immediate violence, I know that too well after what you did to my mother. But in this situation where you cannot do that you run. You are not an intellectual mastermind, just a coward and a bully!” She yelled. He didn’t react but Starflight knew that hurt him. They stood there for a while longer, then Starflight heard the first *thwwip*, and it had begun.

Chapter Nineteen

The first guards by the portal fell over in a slump. Before any other guards could react they also fell similarly. Starflight turned towards Fierceteeth and nodded, she nodded back and moved down from her perch finishing her protest. When she stopped giving speeches the other dragons involved in the plan also dispersed. As they left the crowd began to scatter as well, returning to their duties confused about the sudden end to the protest. Starflight could hear the thoughts of the approaching Rainwings as they flooded camouflage out of the portal. He and

Fatespeaker stood in front of the invisible crowd. Soon enough Glory appeared before Starflight startling Fatespeaker.

“See that we weren’t invaded.” Glory stated, “I assume I’m on time.”

“You’re right on time.” Starflight answered, “Fatespeaker meet Queen Glory the Wings of Sky from my group of the Dragonets.”

“Hello, Starflight’s told me about you. You’re the only dragon to ever throw him for a loop. Congratulations.” Glory greeted.

“Hello!” She said excitedly, “It’s an honor to meet the queen of the Rainwings.” She turned over to Starflight and elbowed him. “You never said your contact was a queen!”

“To be fair it’s a very recent development.” He said. “It hasn’t exactly sunk in yet.”

“Let’s get down to business.” Glory said, her voice and posture becoming more serious. “Did you fail to gather people?”

“They’ll be here soon.” Starflight explained, “Due to the distraction I made to buy time they’re a little late but they’ll show.” Soon enough after he said it Fierceteeth returned flanked by seven other dragons, Deathbringer among them.

“Here we are.” Fierceteeth explained. “Are you the Rainwing Queen?”

“In the flesh.” She responded

“Wonderful. My name is Fierceteeth and I’m Starflight’s sister. These are my people, they aren’t exactly pro-Rainwings but they are against the current people running our Kingdom.”

“I’m pro-Rainwing.” Deathbringer expressed putting a hand on his chest. Starflight shot him a death glare.

“Yes. You’re all the ones who are supposed to guide my dragons around. Show them to the Rainwing prisons and help them release them from their chains. The volcano will explode tonight so move as many knocked out Nightwings out of the way as possible. Starflight you have informed me that Queen Battlewinner will most likely not listen to me but I’m super petty.”

“I understand your majesty, follow me.” Starflight said turning to leave. “Fatespeaker, can you assist the Rainwings?”

“Aye aye!” She said, Starflight turned and took flight with a camouflaged Glory following closely behind him.

“Don’t call me ‘your majesty’. I’ve known you too long to be comfortable with that.” Glory complained as they flew.

“Don’t get used to it. I was just making sure the other Nightwings would respect you.” Starflight explained as he landed in the fortress. “I won’t do it when it’s just the two of us.”

“Good.” She said landing next to him. Starflight began to move through the halls towards the entrance to the Queens chambers. Eventually they made it to the hidden entrance only to run into Princess Greatness who was about to enter the chambers.

“Your Highness, we’ve never interacted but I’m Morrowseer’s son. I would appreciate it if you got out of our way or she’ll melt your face off.” He said pointing to Glory who revealed herself and hissed. She just stared with wide fearful eyes before moving aside and letting them into the tunnel. They moved through the dark tunnel eventually arriving in the chamber of Queen Battlewinner with Greatness shortly behind them. Mastermind was there fumbling around with pieces of armor filled with lava.

“Queen Battlewinner!” Glory yelled, “Your tribe has abandoned you. You are a relic of a time past and you no longer have the capability to lead them.”

“What!?” Screamed Battlewinner as she burst from the cauldron. “Who dares?”

“Me, I dare. My name is Queen Glory of the Rainwings. From the goodness of my own heart I’ve decided to temporarily home your people in my rainforest. However it is only on the condition that the current rulers step down.” She proclaimed. “I know of your condition. You’ve kept your tribe here to save yourself. You are a coward poisoning your own tribe. Certainly there were other abandoned islands of sufficient size.”

“We should take the deal, mother.” Greatness voiced. “We lack the number to take the rainforest by force anyhow.”

“You traitorous lizard.” Battlewinner hissed. “I can’t believe you’re truly of my blood you pathetic heir. **NO DEAL.**”

“We’re not talking to you!” Starflight claimed. “You can’t leave the island and you’ll die here either frozen or crushed by the eruption. Greatness is the only one with authority over the crown. Princess lets go negotiate somewhere else.”

“NO! You can’t do this. I am the Queen!” She yelled, emerging completely from the cauldron. “I won’t let you!”

“Mother! Get back in the lava!” Greatness exclaimed.

"You Majesty! You can't come out!" Mastermind warned. Battlewinner continued to lunge at Glory. Frost grew from her mouth, growing farther and farther on the outside of her body until it completely enveloped her, leaving a frozen remnant of Battlewinner in its place. They all stood there in shock for a moment before Glory turned to Greatness.

"The volcano is about to erupt and if you don't take the deal there might not be a Nightwing tribe to rule!" She warned.

"I accept! I don't want to be Queen anyway." Greatness answered.

Rrumbblllee

"The volcano is about to erupt," Starflight yelled. "Let's go!" They bolted through the fortress until they reached open air and took to the sky. They landed near the suddenly gathered crowd of Nightwings who all murmured and whispered worried about the heavily shaking volcano. Starflight immediately picked Fierceteeth out of the crowd and landed near her.

"Did your peace talks go well?" Fierceteeth asked.

"Queen Battlewinner is dead and we need to evacuate everyone to the rainforest now."

"Alright," Fierceteeth said, she flew up and addressed the crowd. "Listen! The seer says the volcano is about to erupt." She pointed towards Starflight. "Queen Glory of the Rainwings has offered to house us in the rainforest if we swear fealty to her. Queen Battlewinner is dead and Queen Greatness has already accepted the deal. Whether you join us there is up to you. But I implore you, is your pride more important than your life?" With that last sentence several cries of "All hail Queen Glory!" before those Nightwings bolted through the tunnel. Following their lead most of the other Nightwings followed suit. The other Dragonets of Destiny came through the portal directing the Nightwings as they entered the rainforest.

"Starflight!" Sunny yelled with her wings wide open for a hug. "I didn't get to see you in the rainforest."

"I'm so sorry." Starflight apologized, taking the hug. "I was sort of in a rush to save my whole tribe."

"Well don't just rush through like that again!" Tsunami said, joining them in their hug. "Also it was really cheeky to not tell me I was royalty. How long have you known?"

"I've known for a long time," he answered. "I knew you would've been insufferable if you found out."

"That much is true." Glory said from her invisible form, joining the hug. "No one else is allowed to know I'm here."

“Are you guys having a touching reunion without me?” Clay asked, also joining the hug. Starflight opened his eyes, finally glancing around at his friends.

For possibly the last time.

He observed them more taking in every detail of their faces, wings, and talons. Then he glanced around at his surroundings. The glowing magma, the smoke in the sky, the rushing night dragons past him.

It's not exactly the most beautiful view, but it works.

Then his gaze fell on one last thing, the purple eyed ebony dragon standing alone across from his giant bundle of dragons. Her wistful eyes, horns, ~~lips~~, fangs, wings, talons, and her lashing spiked tail.

Oh, I understand now.

“Guys,” he said, pushing his way through his friends towards Fatespeaker. “This is Fatespeaker, she’s essentially my only friend from the island.” Sunny squealed gleefully and rushed towards her.

“It’s so nice to meet you!” She greeted. “I’m Sunny, the Wings of Sand.” Soon the other dragonets gathered around Fatespeaker as well giving greetings and introductions. Glory turned and gave a knowing look at Starflight and he made a face he didn’t know he was capable of making.

I guess she really is supposed to be my replacement.

“This will never work.” Said Morrowseer who had arrived, facing Starflight. “Nightwings will never bow to another tribe’s Queen. Least of all a Rainwing. Once we’re safe. We’ll all turn on you all.”

“Then you’ll end up back here. Or dead. Either is fine with me.” Tsunami retorted.

“We made you. We can unmake you just as easily.” Morrowseer growled, glaring at Tsunami.

“Shut up!” Starflight yelled, in a surprising burst of energy. “Yes, you made up the prophecy to make sure the Nightwings could take over the rainforest. But it’s out of your hands now. You gave a promise to the people. However it’s not up to you anymore on how to fulfill that promise. They are the Dragonets of Destiny now. The Nightwings will find a home with or without you or me. Be it settling in the rainforest or returning to our ancestral lands.”

“What?!” Tsunami exclaimed.

“Starflight you’re a Dragonet of Destiny too.” Sunny said.

Starflight didn't stop or acknowledge them. "The prophecy shall be fulfilled. You and I will end here. You raised— no trained me to put the Nightwings first. That's what I've done. You are the stagnating factor. You and the Queen, and the Moon's damned Darkstalker are how we ended up here. I cannot allow any piece of you to leave this island. The Nightwings will be free of you and another Moonborn will rise up to help guide them."

"Starflight what are you—" Clay began, but was interrupted by a large **BBBOOOOOMMMM** coming from the volcano as it finally erupted. Everyone bolted towards the exit except for Starflight who flung himself full force at Morrowseer. Starflight was too small to actually knock the bigger dragon over, but he only needed to stall him a little bit. Both Starflight and Morrowseer burst towards the exit staggering far behind the rest of the fleeing dragons. Starflight knew what was coming, but that didn't mean he wasn't scared. He looked behind himself for only a second to confirm he'd gotten his job done. Morrowseer was not far behind him but quickly engulfed by the encroaching lava. Starflight stood there watching his "father" get burned to death as he screamed. What went first was his sight. He could feel the scorching magma land on his skin as he felt his scales melt off his body as his eyes seared.

And with that. I have won.

But before any more molten rock could touch him he felt a large claw wrap around him, then another, then arms, then someone's body wrapped around his as he was pulled out of the tunnel.

oh

He screamed.

Clay

He couldn't see.

It's too late for me.

His body was burning.

"Oh Starflight,"

Something pricked him.

"You damned fool."

His body felt no more pain anymore.

Fatespeaker...

He felt a lot heavier.

Oh

His thoughts slowed.

It was a sleeping dart... that's... good.

Epilogue: A Letter to Sunny

Sunny wasn't in a good place mentally. It'd been two days since the... incident and Starflight still hadn't woken up without screaming. The doctors have been keeping him medicated and sedated and occasionally have been changing his bandages and cleaning his wounds, but beyond that they said there wasn't much they could do. They said the best thing was to wait for him to slowly recover. She waited with him in the Recovery Center, in fact she had not left his side for two days.

"Sunny." Tsunami said, entering the room. "I'm worried about him too, but you have to sleep in an actual bed and eat. When was the last time you had water?"

"It doesn't matter. I can't just leave him Tsunami. Someone has to be here to take care of him if he wakes up. Or what if he thinks we don't care because we've left him alone in the hospital. Or or or—" she said, breathing heavier and heavier.

"Sunny calm down. You'll be okay and he'll be okay. The doctors say he's recovering."

"But I can't just leave him Tsunami. Someone has to be here! He can't be left alone and Glory's busy with the Rainwings and the Nightwings, you're working to train the Rainwing guards and Clay's looking for medicinal herbs for Starflight, so I have to be here."

"Okay, please listen." Tsunami requested, "Do you remember Fatespeaker?"

"Of course." Sunny met Fatespeaker two days ago. She hadn't seen her much since she'd been in here, but she had stopped by once. "Why?"

"Well after talking to her for like ten minutes it's pretty clear she's in love with Starflight."

"Oh?"

"But she also definitely thinks you two are dating."

"Gross." She said, sticking her tongue out.

“The point is she’s too nice to get ‘in between’ you guys.” Tsunami explained. “But, if you go and ask her to, she’ll watch him. Because she’s really smitten. Also I think it might do her some good to see him.”

“Alright I get it. Can you stay with him until she gets here?” Sunny asked.

“I can, it’s Suntime right now so I’ve got about fifty minutes before I need to get back to training Rainwings.”

“Thanks Tsunami.” Sunny said as she stood up from next to Starflight and left the ward. She flew out into open air through the Rainwing Village. She landed by a river where she leaned in and took a drink from the fresh water. Then she began to follow the river downstream. She continued to walk for a while before she came upon the Nightwing encampment. It was a small and humble place, clearly not made for a long term stay. There were many small structures made from leaves and branches for housing, but most dragons were working on packing supplies of some kind into bags made from assorted plants and materials. They were being directed by the young dragoness who was working with Starflight to direct the Rainwings to help with the prisoners. The dragoness turned from her conversation and made eye contact with Sunny.

“Oh, hello.” She said, “You’re... Sunny right?”

“Yes.”

“It’s very nice to meet you.” She answered. “I’m Starflight’s sister Fierceteeth. He spoke quite a bit about you and the other Dragonets of Destiny. Is he doing okay? I haven’t visited him yet but I’ve been meaning to when I get some free time.”

“Why haven’t you yet?” Sunny asked.

“Well someone needs to organize this lot. The greatest tribe in Pyrrhia or not we are in a lot of disarray at the moment. Because the Queen and Morrowseer are dead and Greatness has abdicated the throne, members of the council were all scrambling for power but no one actually succeeded in gaining it. So while they were busy I... started organizing for our eventual departure and they just put me in charge.” Fierceteeth said, shrugging. “Looking back I probably should’ve checked on him first, but I’ve been sort of on a one track mind since we got off the volcano.” She explained, looking sort of guilty. “Anyways... Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Oh, I’m looking for Fatespeaker. Do you know where she is?” Sunny asked.

“She’s over there somewhere.” Fierceteeth pointed a little deeper into the settlement. “She was talking to Secretkeeper about Moonwatcher or something.”

“Thank you Fierceteeth.” Sunny said, heading in that direction and waving to her. As Sunny went further into the make-shift town she noticed that there were probably just as many people just eating as there were working. It’d only been two days but it seems like they were already healthier. The Nightwings no longer all looked like they were slowly decaying. She glanced around not finding either Secretkeeper or Fatespeaker. She sighed and turned to look elsewhere only to immediately be met with a small dragonet. She was a little plump and looked much healthier than all the other dragons around and she had little teardrop scales around her eyes.

Ah

“Hello Moonwatcher,” Sunny greeted, “Can you take me to your mother?”

Moonwatcher just stared at her, most likely reading her thoughts, then she nodded. She grabbed Sunny’s front claw and began to drag her outside of the settlement. They moved through the forest passing several animals and fruits. Eventually they arrived at a clearing where there were two speaking night dragonesses.

“But if you’d just allow us to teach her she wouldn’t have to live in fear of her powers.” Fatespeaker said, her talons were resting over Secretkeepers.

Secretkeeper sighed deeply, “I saw what happened with the other ‘trained’ Nightwings with powers, I just don’t want that to happen to Moon.”

Fatespeaker flinched. She took her talons off of Secretkeeper’s, bringing it to her chest.

“What happened to Starflight was—” She began.

“May I interject here?” Sunny asked, emerging from the thicket with Moonwatcher. “What happened with Starflight was because Morrowseer trained him. “If Moonwatcher receives training from us or Fatespeaker or even Starflight it’d be different.” She promised. “We all hated Morrowseer and promise the way we’d teach her would be far from his methods.”

“What do you know about his methods?” Secretkeeper questioned, her eyes sharpening as if it was a test.

“Starflight never said much, but when we were still living under the island Morrowseer would take him out for ‘Special Nightwing Training’.” She said, grabbing her own arm. “Later Starflight had confided in me that he had hated those and Morrowseer only used him to extract secrets from people or test him but never trained him. We’d never do something like that.”

Secretkeeper's gaze softened as she looked at Fatespeaker and Sunny. "I will consider it. Come on Moon we're leaving." She said, grabbing her daughter's hand and moving back towards the village. Moonwatcher turned around to wave at them before disappearing in the bushes and trees.

"So... what brings you here?" Fatespeaker asked, turning towards Sunny.

"I was looking for you actually." She answered, "I know how you feel about Starflight."

Fatespeaker's eyes immediately went wide. "I don't! I mean I do, but I'm not trying to—"

"I don't care that you like him because we aren't dating. I don't swing that way, in fact I don't swing at all." Sunny clarified, "Someone needs to watch him and even past my begrudgement my friends are forcing me to take a break from tending to him, so I need someone to watch over him and you seemed like the obvious choice."

"Oh! Of course! I'll have to ask Fierceteeth for permission, but I doubt she'll refuse. I can be there in like ten minutes, I just have to grab some things."

"Wonderful, I'm going to go find some fruit and pass out for the next couple hours." Sunny had barely slept in the past couple days and was relishing the opportunity to rest. "Thank you, you're doing me a huge favor, but I need to get to bed like now."

"Oh I'm doing this for Starflight." Fatespeaker explained. "No offense."

"None taken. Goodbye and good night." Sunny turned away from Fatespeaker and took flight back towards the Rainwing village, she had a suite that was next to Glory's room that was usually for the other Rainwing queens when it wasn't their turn, but ever since Glory became the only Queen she kicked the others out. Once she had arrived back at the room she beelined for the bed. Throwing the remains of whatever fruit she was eating on the table and flopped face first onto the bed. Her blissful dive into sleep only interrupted by the feeling of paper on her face. She sat up and looked only to find four envelopes sitting on her pillows each signed Sunny, Glory, Tsunami, and Clay. She picked up the letter addressed with her name. She opened it with a claw and pulled out the paper inside.

Dear Sunny,

If you are reading this I am most likely dead. If otherwise please discard this letter as I will tell you what awaits inside myself unless I am indisposed, then please feel free to keep reading. I am writing these letters in advance, so while I am writing these I am currently traveling across the Sand Kingdom with Deathbringer. He has received instructions to deliver these into one of your rooms sometime after the Nightwings leave the island. The purpose of these letters are merely to explain my actions and offer some guidance.

If I am dead that means I sacrificed myself to kill Morrowseer. I turned around in the tunnel and launched myself towards Morrowseer. I sought to delay him a little so he'd be engulfed by the

lava, most likely getting caught in it myself. If Morrowseer had lived he would set off a series of chain reactions that would've led to the war continuing for another fifty years. To avoid this worse case scenario someone would've had to sacrifice themselves. I chose myself because you guys are the most important dragons in the world to me and I could not forgive myself if I willingly sacrificed one of you.

Sunny, you're probably the best of us. You're the kindest among us, you're super smart, and you're endlessly charismatic. I could fill this page up with compliments for you alone, but there are important matters I have to explain.

You were born from a forbidden love, as a hybrid. Your mother is Thorn the leader of the Scorpion Den and your father Stonemover the Nightwing animus. They were deeply in love but when Stonemover ran away from the Nightwings and went into hiding he sent a letter to Thorn, but due to Princess Burn's poor maintenance of the Sandwing mail system his letter was lost. I met Thorn. She knows your involvement in the prophecy but not mine, please keep it that way. The Nightwings had prepared replacements for all of us. Mine will be cooperative with you if Morrowseer is dead. They will have to replace me if you want to complete the prophecy. I implore you to go meet Thorn. Going to meet her is what will lead to you fulfilling the prophecy. She is kind and just.

*From your eldest brother,
Starflight.*

Epilogue: A Letter to Glory

"He wrote letters!" Sunny yelled, bursting into the throne room where Glory was meeting with a council. "He knew this would happen!"

Glory observed her for a second, "Council dismissed! We will continue this tomorrow." Sunny was clearly in great distress. "Sunny explain? Who wrote letters?"

"Starflight!" She cried, slamming down a stack of envelopes. "He wrote us letters because he always knew he was going to sacrifice himself. These were written days in advance Glory." Tears fell in rivers from her face. Glory began to pick up the letters one was opened but they were all addressed Sunny, Glory, Tsunami, and Clay. She picked up her own letter and opened it.

Dear Glory,

If you are reading this I am most likely dead. If otherwise please discard this letter as I will tell you what awaits inside myself unless I am indisposed, then please feel free to keep reading. I am writing these letters in advance, so while I am writing these I am currently traveling across the Sand Kingdom with Deathbringer. He has received instructions to deliver these into one of your rooms sometime after the Nightwings leave the island. The purpose of these letters are merely to explain my actions and offer some guidance.

If I am dead that means I sacrificed myself to kill Morrowseer. I turned around in the tunnel and launched myself towards Morrowseer. I sought to delay him a little so he'd be engulfed by the lava, most likely getting caught in it myself. If Morrowseer had lived he would set off a series of chain reactions that would've led to the war continuing for another fifty years. To avoid this worse case scenario someone would've had to sacrifice themselves. I chose myself because you guys are the most important dragons in the world to me and I could not forgive myself if I willingly sacrificed one of you.

Glory I can't express how proud I am of you. You were raised in an environment where almost everyday you were called a disappointment and mistake among other harmful words. But, eventually you became the Queen of a tribe. You will be remembered forever as the Rainwing Queen that put their Kingdom back on the map. No one will ever call you a disappointment again.

One day you will find love. Be it with that fool or not you'll be happy. I'm sorry I'll never get to meet my niece. Tell Firefly whether she is a poet, gardener, or scientist her Uncle Starflight will always be proud of her. Make sure you raise her with all the love of the Rainforest.

Specifically in this letter there is the location of the Ancient Kingdom of Night. Please make sure it falls into the hands of Fierceteeth. She'll need it to help her lead the tribe to our ancient home. Please be a good ally towards the Nightwings. You saw how many rallied against the elders, please give them a chance.

*From your eldest brother,
Starflight.*

"Deathbringer?" Glory called, turning to look through the foliage. "I know you're there. There's no use in hiding." Soon after saying that a nearby branch ruffled as Deathbringer poked his head out.

"Hey, what do you need?" He asked.

"I need you to go find Tsunami and Clay and send them here." She commanded.

"Your wish is my command, your Majesty." He said disappearing into the branches again.

"Come here Sunny." Glory beckoned, with her arms out for a hug. Sunny rushed into her arms embracing her tight. Glory didn't hear anything but felt Sunny's silent tears fall onto her chest. They stayed there for what felt like an age, neither speaking, just taking comfort in each other's presence. Glory kept her head held high above Sunny's. Not letting her tears spill onto her, she needed to be strong for her sister or else they'd both break down. Eventually with the approaching flap of wings they separated as Clay and Tsunami arrived together with Deathbringer nowhere in sight.

“Hey Glory, your messenger was very cryptic.” Tsunami said, observing the two dragons who were clearly crying previously. “What do you need us for?”

“Starflight wrote letters. One to each of us written days in advance.” Tsunami picked the one addressed to her up and ripped it open. Clay soon followed suit. Tsunami’s eyes scanned through the letter, mumbling the content out loud. She stopped almost as soon as she started.

“Oh, oh s**t.” She said, gripping the paper hard and creasing it. “That’s... That’s...”

“Terrible.” Clay said, similarly having stopped reading his letter.

“Did he think we thought so little of him?!” Tsunami yelled, flinging the papers. “That he could sacrifice himself for a fake prophecy and we’d be okay with it!”

“Oh he knew we cared about him.” Glory clarified, “He could read minds. He absolutely knew, and he still did it. It was an act that was selfless and selfish at the same time.”

“He would use his power to save innocent dragons all the time.” Clay said. “But did you hear what he said to Morrowseer? He didn’t count himself among the innocent.”

“But that’s not fair.” Sunny croaked, her voice tired and dry. “That’s not fair at all...”

“Well I suppose the jokes on him then.” Tsunami said scathingly. “Because he’s still alive and now he’ll have to answer us about his actions.”

“With his injuries it’ll be a miracle if he awakes without pain within the next month.” Clay answered. “He’s missing huge amounts of his scales and flesh.”

“You know what’s really bothering me?” Glory asked, pulling her wings in towards himself. “He knew about the replacement Dragonets of Destiny. He was prepared to be replaced and thought we were okay with it.” Glory was particularly offended by that. *Kestrel always spoke about replacing me, and Starflight was so prepared to replace himself.* “He didn’t– doesn’t value himself.”

Tsunami began to pick up the letter she threw and asked. “So... what do we do now?”

Epilogue: A Letter to Tsunami

Dear Tsunami,

If you are reading this I am most likely dead. If otherwise please discard this letter as I will tell you what awaits inside myself unless I am indisposed, then please feel free to keep reading. I am writing these letters in advance, so while I am writing these I am currently traveling across the Sand Kingdom with Deathbringer. He has received instructions to deliver these into

one of your rooms sometime after the Nightwings leave the island. The purpose of these letters are merely to explain my actions and offer some guidance.

If I am dead that means I sacrificed myself to kill Morrowseer. I turned around in the tunnel and launched myself towards Morrowseer. I sought to delay him a little so he'd be engulfed by the lava, most likely getting caught in it myself. If Morrowseer had lived he would set off a series of chain reactions that would've led to the war continuing for another fifty years. To avoid this worse case scenario someone would've had to sacrifice themselves. I chose myself because you guys are the most important dragons in the world to me and I could not forgive myself if I willingly sacrificed one of you.

Tsunami you are the strongest amongst us. You are an unwavering tree in a field of flowing grains. However that also means many will try to cut you down. I implore you to stay strong despite what has happened to me. You were strong enough, and you'll be strong enough in the future. The only way you'll fall is if you give up or stop believing in yourself. Also, please take some time for yourself. Mental health is important!

I assembled a team of special dragons. Each with some form of special power or trait. We've arranged a spot to meet, but as I will not be able to direct them any further, I'm leaving them in your hands. They're called the Claws of the Blind Prophet. Think of them as your own personal three dragon army. They're very capable but they need a leader and I think you can whip them into shape. Attached below is a map to the meeting spot. Please take care of them.

*From your eldest brother,
Starflight.*

Tsunami was flying high in the sky of the Mud Kingdom moving towards the meeting spot.

It'd be rude to not inform this group that their leader is actually alive.

She'd flown above a river following it down south until she saw three weirdly colored dots on the ground. She landed across from them standing on the other river bank. Of the other three dragons the only one she recognized was Peril.

Queen Scarlets champion...

The three dragons looked up from what they were doing and stared back at her before one of them yelled. "A stranger!" He was a weirdly colored Skywing. He pointed at Tsunami. "Turtle attack!" and before she could react a much smaller green Seawing flung himself into her chest headbutting her. Tsunami got tackled into the ground. She felt a sharp pain in her chest from where his head connected.

It feels like getting a boulder flung at you.

“Turtle wait!” Peril called. “That’s Tsunami, the Wings of Sea from the prophecy. She’s an ally!”

“Oh!” Turtle expressed from on top of Tsunami’s chest before quickly scrambling off. “I’m so sorry ma’am!” He said bowing his head deeply, the other Skywing quickly followed suit also bowing in apology.

Tsunami sighed deeply, “Starflight was right. This group does need to be whipped into shape.” She stood up from the ground. “But first we’re going to have a conversation. What in the Three Moons did Starflight need a secret organization for?”

“He sends us to do stuff sometimes, but we don’t have a mission right now... so we’re essentially a group of super powered nerds at the moment.” Turtle explained.

“Alright, name and rank?” Tsunami asked, turning towards Peril.

“Peril, ma’am!” She yelled, saluting. “Senior Officer of The Claws!”

“And what do you contribute?”

“Firescales ma’am!”

“Well, you’ll have to learn to contribute more than that in the future, but good so far!” She turned to the other Skywing.

“Name and rank?”

“Sky ma’am. Junior officer.”

“You’re a Skywing named Sky?”

“Yes ma’am”

“Very well. What do you contribute?”

“I’m immune to fire and...”

“And what? Spit it out!”

“I can talk to scavengers!”

Tsunami paused for a moment considering.

“I’m sure that’ll be useful one day!” She turned to Turtle. “Name and rank!”

“Prince Turtle of the Seawings ma’am! Junior officer!”

Tsunami paused again. “You’re related to me?”

“I’m your brother ma’am.”

“I have brothers?”

“Yes ma’am!”

“How many?”

“Thirty-two ma’am.”

“Wow...” She took a second considering her next actions very carefully. “Nice to meet you?” She said in an uncertain tone and hugged him. “What do you contribute?” She yelled returning to drill sergeant mode.

“Animus Magic and invulnerability ma’am!”

“What’s the point of the rest of you?” She said, turning towards the two Skywings.

“His magic is a last resort ma’am!”

“Very well.” She said, taking a deep breath. “Well I haven’t seen a group of more out of order maggots in my whole life! When I’m finished with you you’ll be the strongest team in Pyrrhia!”

“No offense ma’am.” Sky offered. “But between these two I think we might already be the most powerful team in Pyrrhia.”

“Well you certainly are not organized. You fail to communicate properly to each other as shown by your previous attempt to fight me. Peril knew who I was but failed to properly communicate before I was attacked. Communication is key. Now... twenty laps running up and down the river!” Tsunami yelled, pointing south as all three dragons started sprinting away from her.

Thanks for the entertainment Starflight.

Epilogue: A Letter to Clay

Clay had finally mustered up enough courage to read the letter addressed to him. Sunny had already left to meet her mother and Tsunami had left to meet Starflight’s team leaving him in the rainforest with a busy Glory and comatose Starflight. He’d been dreading the moment.

Dear Clay,

If you are reading this I am most likely dead. If otherwise please discard this letter as I will tell you what awaits inside myself unless I am indisposed, then please feel free to keep reading. I am writing these letters in advance, so while I am writing these I am currently traveling across the Sand Kingdom with Deathbringer. He has received instructions to deliver these into one of your rooms sometime after the Nightwings leave the island. The purpose of these letters are merely to explain my actions and offer some guidance.

If I am dead that means I sacrificed myself to kill Morrowseer. I turned around in the tunnel and launched myself towards Morrowseer. I sought to delay him a little so he'd be engulfed by the lava, most likely getting caught in it myself. If Morrowseer had lived he would set off a series of chain reactions that would've led to the war continuing for another fifty years. To avoid this worse case scenario someone would've had to sacrifice themselves. I chose myself because you guys are the most important dragons in the world to me and I could not forgive myself if I willingly sacrificed one of you.

Clay please don't blame yourself. The others need you. You're the glue that holds them together and they need you now more than ever. The moment you fall apart is the moment everyone else falls apart. I know it doesn't make sense that I sacrificed myself when you were fireproof. But you're fireproof not lavaproof, you wouldn't be able to make it out of the tunnel fast enough for your burns to heal.

Alongside this letter I am drawing you a map to the ruins of a scavenger den. There you'll find the descendant of one of the scavengers that stole Queen Oasis's treasure. To fulfill the prophecy we need the Eye of Onyx. They don't have it, but they do have a dream visitor and I'd rather that was in our hands rather than a random scavenger. Please negotiate with them and don't eat them. They are intelligent, they just speak a different language. If you want to wait, you can ask for Tsunami to bring back Sky. He speaks scavenger and has a scavenger friend that speaks Pyrrhian.

*From your eldest brother,
Starflight.*

Clay glided through the sky next to Sky. The peculiar Skywing had no fire and was surprisingly fireproof just like him. The way he looked was really familiar as well, but he couldn't put his finger on it. Perhaps he had seen him before when he was in the Sky Kingdom.

"So... are you happy with the new Skywing Queen?" Clay asked, turning towards Sky as they flew.

"Who?"

Oh no, I have no idea what this guy's deal is.

"Were you not raised in the Sky Kingdom?"

“The what Kingdom?”

Clay screamed internally.

“Oh!” Sky realized, “Where Peril used to live! No, I was not raised in the Sky Kingdom. I wasn’t raised at all, me and Wren have lived together my entire life and we mostly travelled around.”

“You know Peril?”

“She’s another member of the Claws.”

“Wow so while we were doing other things Starflight was recruiting.”

“Essentially.”

“Oh, we’re here!” Wren yelled from Sky’s back.

They came upon the ruins from high in the sky. Clay and Sky both moved into a dive landing in the ruined den, right in front of two scavengers sitting on stairs. They both stood up and began to sprint away. Sky yelled something at them in scavenger-speak and they both stopped. Sky and the two scavengers began to turn and talk to Sky. Their conversation carried on uninterrupted until Wren suddenly jumped up from Sky’s back and started shouting. One of the other scavengers began to cry and ran towards Wren. Wren hopped off and embraced him. Sky cooed and put his hands together.

“Doesn’t it just warm your heart?” Sky asked, turning towards Clay.

“I don’t know what to tell you, I don’t understand what’s happening here.” Clay answered.

“Well that one,” Sky said pointing towards the scavenger. “Is Wren’s brother. He thought she’d been eaten by dragons a long time ago. But now they’re both here and have reunited.”

“Okay interesting.” Clay said, staring closer at the siblings. “Oh I recognize that one. He was trying to break into the Sky palace while I was trying to break out.” Sky turned bright eyed towards the pair, whispering something in scavenger-speak to them.

“He says he thought he recognized you but wasn’t sure and didn’t want to be racist at the fear of his life in case you were a different dragon.”

“Did he really say that?”

“I paraphrased.” Clay sighed deeply and moved over to the scavenger with longer hair. He carved a star in the dirt and put his palm out to receive. The scavenger panicked because of his

sudden movements, but then eventually realized what he was reaching for. She dug through her bag before pulling out a blue gem the size of their torso. Clay took it and turned away from her.

“Sky I’m going to go set up camp are you going to stay here?” Clay asked, looking at the Skywing.

“Why are you setting up camp? It’s very early.”

“Because I’ve gotten what I came for, and I don’t really care about what’s happening here. My brother is in a coma and I’m going to use this gem to enter his mind and talk to him. I’m in a very bad mental state right now and admitting that does not make me any healthier. Maybe I could be more whimsical right now if my brother hadn’t just sacrificed himself.” Clay then turned and moved away from the clearing flying a decent distance away. Clay gathered branches and brought them together and started a fire. He stared at it for a moment before laying down and holding the Dreamvisitor tight and whispering. “Starflight.”

He closed his eyes and opened them a second later, he was laying in a large shallow ocean of water. The sky was dark as the three full moons seemed much larger in the sky. As Clay moved, ripples flowed throughout the water. His reflection warping and changing as the water rippled. Eventually his reflection wasn’t recognizable as his own as Starflight stared appeared through the reflection. Starflight wasn’t alone on his side, he was surrounded by moving charred corpses all chasing him as he ran from them dodging swipes and lunges as he dived for cover. Clay lifted his claws up and pounced, grabbing Starflight through the reflection and pulling him through to Clay’s side. Starflight flinched, his eyes closed tight as he prepared for a strike that didn’t arrive.

“Starflight, it’s okay, you’re okay it’s just me.” Clay said, trying to calm him down.

“Oh Three Moons,” He said, opening his eyes. “You’re here too Clay? I’m so sorry I couldn’t protect you. If only I had paid more attention to the—”

“Starflight, where do you think we are right now?”

“The afterlife. I died in the volcano and this is eternal punishment for my sins.”

“Starflight, this is a dream.”

“That’s not true, I can’t dream. Therefore this is the afterlife and you’re confused.”

“Starflight you’re in the Rainforest right now, safe and sound in the healers tent. Most likely Fatespeaker is beside you. You’ll be okay.”

Starflight took a moment raising his claws towards his eyes, staring at them like they might disappear. “Three Moons, you’re right. You pulled me out of the volcano, but I was heavily

injured so you have kept me asleep until I can heal fully. You went and got the Dreamvisitor from the scavengers and used it to come here, that's why I'm dreaming right now, because you're here."

"Sorry."

"No it's okay." Starflight said moving next to Clay and sitting down looking towards the moons. "Then that explains why I couldn't look through the future past this point." He reached his claws up to his face and tore at his own face, peeling off his own eyes and revealing his true state. "I'm blind and can no longer see the future. But I can still hear, touch, smell, and taste it. I guess it's futuresense not futuresight."

"Starflight I'm so sorry."

"Don't apologize for anything. I chose this and I'm just glad I'm not dead. I haven't exactly resolved the Darkstalker issue yet, it'll resolve itself eventually. It's just nice to be certain now. I don't think I'm waking up anytime soon so enact Sunny's plan with Fatespeaker instead of me. Also make sure my Claws are there, just in case."

"Okay. Anything else?"

"When you wake up I'll stop dreaming." He said, tracing patterns into the water. "It was nice while it happened, so just tell Sunny I said hi."

"What?" was the only word Clay could get out before he felt someone shake him awake.

"Hi." Sunny said, leaning over him. "I was looking for the Eye of Onyx, but they don't have it. But you're also here. How are you?"

"Doing better I think." Clay said, putting on an awkward smile.

"Great, I know how we're going to fulfill the prophecy!"

"Starflight says hi." Clay blurted out.

"What?!"

Suddenly two dots connected in his head. "Three Moons, Sky is Kestrel's son!"

Three Moons Sky is Kestrel's son...

Epilogue: Letters to Starflight

Dear Starflight,

Dear Starflight,

Dear Starflight,

Dear Starflight,

Dear Starflight,

If you're reading this

If you're reading this

If you're reading this

If you're reading this

If you're reading this

We've gone to fulfill Sunny's plan.

We've gone to fulfill Sunny's plan.

We've gone to fulfill Sunny's plan.

We've gone to fulfill Sunny's plan.

We've gone to fulfill my plan.

We should be back by the time you wake up, but just in case.

We should be back by the time you wake up, but just in case.

We should be back by the time you wake up, but just in case.

We should be back by the time you wake up, but just in case.

We should be back by the time you wake up, but just in case.

We gathered the Queens at Burn's Stronghold

We gathered the Queens at Burn's Stronghold

We gathered the Queens at Burn's Stronghold

We gathered the Queens at Burn's Stronghold

We gathered the Queens at Burn's Stronghold

Looking for a peaceful solution.

Looking for a peaceful solution.

Looking for a peaceful solution.

Looking for a peaceful solution.

Looking for a peaceful solution.

Fatespeaker has stood in for you in the prophecy.

Fatespeaker has stood in for you in the prophecy.

Fatespeaker has stood in for you in the prophecy.

I have taken your place in the prophecy.

Fatespeaker has stood in for you in the prophecy.

We used the Dreamvisitors to visit each Queen.

We used the Dreamvisitors to visit each Queen.

We used the Dreamvisitors to visit each Queen.

We used the Dreamvisitors to visit each Queen.

We used the Dreamvisitors to visit each Queen.

You already had one, why did you send me for another?

Fatespeaker informed us that you also had a Dreamvisitor on you.

Fatespeaker informed us that you also had a Dreamvisitor on you.

I told them that you also had a Dreamvisitor on you. (Sorry)

Fatespeaker informed us that you also had a Dreamvisitor on you.

We also brought The Claws with us.

We also brought The Maggots with us.

We also brought The Claws with us.

We also brought The Claws with us.

We also brought The Claws with us.

I think Sky might be Peril's brother.

My little brother is here, he offered to heal you, but we said you were recovering just fine.

Peril isn't allowed in my rainforest for obvious reasons, she'll meet us there.

I'm meeting so many new dragons.

Starflight, where did you get these people?

We don't approve of your actions,

We don't approve of your actions,

We don't approve of your actions,

We don't approve of your actions,

We don't approve of your actions,

But we understand.

But we understand.

And I don't understand.

But we understand.

But we understand.

We're going to have a conversation when we get back.

We're going to have a conversation when we get back.

I don't know why you were okay with getting replaced.

We're going to have a conversation when we get back.

We're going to have a conversation when we get back.

But we love you unconditionally.

But we love you unconditionally.

But we love you unconditionally.

But I love you, and I'm scared for you.

But we love you unconditionally.

From your Bigwings,

From your younger sister,

From your queen and sister,

From your friend,

From your youngest sister,

Clay.

Tsunami.

Glory.

Fatespeaker.

Sunny.

“You really love having me read these letters to you, don't you?” Moonwatcher asked, leaning over the desk poking Starflight on the snout with one of the envelopes. “If you want to hear these things, your friends are down the hall and Fatespeaker will be back from her trip to the Night Kingdom tomorrow. I don't understand why you bother me with this.”

“Well Moonwatcher they carry a certain sentimental value and I can’t exactly read them myself,” Starflight replied, taking the letters back from her. “And it was you who skipped your class to come here. This is just your punishment.”

“Ugh, I don’t want to go to Webs’ classes.” She complained. “He’s so boring and plain. Plus during exams I can just pick the answers off his brain anyways. I want a less boring, more magical teacher to teach me the history of the war.”

You know if you want a magical teacher, I’m right here.

Shut up Darkstalker, Moon thought, her voice echoing into Starflight's mind. Once he gets that scroll Starflight's going to kill you.

Where did you learn such violence? Starflight thought at her.

From you.

I don't believe that.

Fatespeaker loves telling stories about your time together on the island and how you threatened Viper for her.

You know I—

I'm putting you on mute Darkstalker.

Me too.

Wait no—

“Anyways,” Starflight said, beginning to adjust some papers on his desk. “You should at least pay some attention to him. Webs lived through all of the war and I enjoyed his teachings when I was your age.”

“Well you didn’t have a more fun, more interesting, and more magical alternative.” She reasoned.

“I suppose that is correct.” He sighed, taking a scroll off of his desk and putting it in its place on the shelf. “What do you want to know?”

“How did you and Fatespeaker meet?”

“That is a story for when she is also here.” The gong had been struck, signifying that the period had ended. “Every time you skip classes I’m going to make you read my letters until they get so

boring that you prefer Webs' classes." Moon groaned and left the room mumbling a quick goodbye as she went off to her next class. As she left Sunny past her and entered the library.

"Did Moon skip her class?" She asked, pointing back towards the leaving Dragonet.

"You know we don't treat any royalty any differently from the rest of the students," Starflight started. "But somehow Jade Mountain still has a princess."

"And who's fault is that?" Sunny cackled. "She's your sister after all."

"Well Clay's siblings are here as well." He clarified. "And they don't act nearly as spoiled as her."

"Well they're mature and she's still coming into her own. She needs time to grow."

"I suppose." He relented. "I don't really sound like it, but I am proud of her. She used to be this skittish dragonet that couldn't really hold a conversation." He thought back to their first interaction, when she only glanced at him from behind Secretkeeper. "And now she oozes with confidence."

"Well she was taught by the best." Sunny said, nudging him with her elbow.

"Why are you here?" Starflight asked.

"I was just checking in because the love of your life isn't here and she wanted me to tell her how much you yearned for her while she wasn't around."

"Well you can report back to her when she gets back that I yearned for her this much." Starflight said, holding his arms out his entire wingspan. "And this is an under-exaggeration."

"Tell her yourself, lover boy."

"You also need to tell her or else she might not believe me."

Sunny snorted. "You need to stop listening to the future to make jokes. It's cheating."

"How is it cheating if I bring everyone around me joy with it."

"Okay, okay." Sunny acquiesced, "On another note, I kept meaning to ask you this, but why is Turtle here? Isn't he a Claw?"

"I invited him because he's still young and having super powers doesn't mean you shouldn't be well adjusted and have more than three friends."

Also he's going to find a boyfriend here but, that's really an after thought.

“How do you feel about all of this?” Sunny asked, turning towards the hallway. “I mean out of all those students passing us people don’t know who you are, or what you sacrificed. Except for the Nightwings I suppose. Do you think they gossip?”

“I don’t mind being unknown, I’m just glad we’re all alive and safe.” Starflight paused and looked up. “There’s another continent with other dragons.”

“What?”

“And one of them has Nightwing powers.”