



Prologue IV

[Ambience](#)

He loved the coast, while the sky tickling mountain tops of his ancestors lands were beautiful, he felt drawn to the ocean, its great unforgiving expanse left lots to the imagination. He gripped hard on his stallion's reigns and brought it to a halt.

His guards weren't far behind, the falcon of his house like an ensign on their chests. He had never been fond of an armed escort, but alas his Father always thought the worst.

boy, don't climb that tower.

boy, don't leave the hall after dark.

boy, it's too early to drink.

His Father was full of nays, never did he just say.

"Fuck it, I'm beat. Mayhaps we should camp here for the night?" He slipped from his saddle, followed by his guards.

"Sounds delightful, young Falcon." It only took them an hour to organize the tents, and only an hour after that to have the campfires burning. Ale was passed around, stories were lamented or made up either way they had a grand time.

When the young Falcon finally lay his head on his travel pillow, its dusty leather somewhat comforting in the cold air it smelt of home, the stables which he tumbled with his sweet Daisy it didn't take him long before he slept.

Dreams didn't come to him as they had in his youth, but on this night he was on a mountain, wings outstretched spying on the world below.

"What the fuck" he awoke to the sound of steel tearing through flesh, figures had entered their camps. Were they human?

The webbed hands of one of the assailants covered his companions mouth as his blade dug deep into his torso, the young Falcon was up in a heartbeat, sword unsheathed teeth clenched as he cut down one of his would be assassins. His blue face wide eyed as his soul left its body, was it human? It was hard to tell in the moonlight, a dozen or more stood from their corpses, cold eyed and angry.

"Drop the toothpick, cunt." The webbed hand one growled.

"Step closer and I shall cut you down brigand!" His voice wavered in fear, the leader of the Squishers growled a laugh.

"Cut me down? You and what army?" The young falcon persisted and charged the ogre, his sword ready to disembowel him, but the blue faced murderer simply pushed it away with a dirk clenched fist.

"I think the boys an Arryn" growled one of the others.

"Guess I can't kill em, but I can make him remember who rules the tides." The webbed hand figure closed the distance with the young Falcon, he swung his sword in an attempt to push him back, but he caught his arm with his own. Their heads collided and the young Falcon tasted blood.

By the Seven, I'm going to die.

The squisher grabbed his shirt, stopping the young Falcon from falling.

"Listen close boy, your eye I will take but not your life. When we meet again you'll thank me." The dirk moved surgically to his eye, cutting into the iris but with a steady hand it traveled no further, his vision left with it in an explosion of blood and clear liquid. The Squisher dropped the Falcon, leaving him motionless for a moment as his brain processed what had happened.

An Eye for an Eye makes the whole world blind.