

~ The Moon's Magic ~

Bolting through the long emerald grass, midnight black cape billowing out behind him, gently tugging on the long grass and swishing around his legs, the fae heard heavy footfalls as they chased him. Amaris ran, studying his surroundings, ignoring the harsh wind as it rushed past, stinging his pale blue eyes. Finally he saw his chance! A small opening in the trees. A split second decision. He changed course, now running towards the luminous forbidden woods.

A warm golden light surrounded the forest, making it seem almost enchanted. Quietly yet quickly Amaris fought his way through the thick grass. The dark fae shouldn't have followed him, it wasn't part of what he had planned! He sighed softly, still walking through the wilderness which seemed to get darker and more mysterious by the second. Amaris looked around calmly at the growth embracing him, an abundance of vibrant rainbow flowers littered themselves among the tall rich grasses.

The soft glow of the sun gradually faded, Amaris could still hear the army of dark fae crashing around the forest behind him; he snarled under his breath. Remotely he began to wonder if he would ever make it out of the ever blackening forest.

A crunch echoed through the eerily silent forest as Amaris stepped around a pale ivory skeleton only to tread into another, he looked down. Empty eyes stared at him. Lifeless. His black boot, trapped in the now broken ribs. Releasing the deathly grip from his foot, Amaris sighed again before continuing deeper into the sombre forest.

"No one makes it out alive," the wind howled sadly through the thick trees, Amaris growled viciously, his mood matching the forest as it became darker.

After hours of walking, the fae reached what seemed to be the center of the forest. A tree stood alone, no others within a ten meter diameter. Amaris halted in front of it, running his hand along the ancient trunk, smiling gently as soft shimmering violet and silver swirls lit up the trunk, and spread through the juniper green of the leaves.

"Prince Amaris of the moon" Words echoed around him, He closed his unusual crystal eyes, strange visions flooded his sight: A midnight stallion, A full moon, A strange tiara, A tendril of silver blue racing towards him. Amaris flew backwards, retracting from the tree as if it was a snake. The fae then found himself plummeting downwards.

Pale blue eyes fluttered open, a green glow filled his vision, eyes hastened to adjust to the light. He sat up, wincing at a sharp pain in his side. Looking around he took in the full moon that cast a magnificent silver over rolling emerald hills, pearly white flowers and a rushing sapphire blue waterfall. Amaris stood, treading towards the lake that lay beneath the rushing falls. Reaching it he crouched and dipped his hands into the water, ripples disrupted the glass like

surface. The fae drank deeply from the cool pond, A sloosh, Almost not heard. The prince's head snapped up from the liquid pooling in his hands. A mysterious blue and white alicorn stallion had placed a hoof into the still pool, before submerging his muzzle and drinking. Amaris held his breath. The stallion was stunning. The stallion was the one from his vision.

Abruptly the stallion froze, foreleg raised, neck arched, he sniffed the wind. Realising the stallion had caught his scent Amaris snarled at himself for being upwind of the now alert creature. However rather than galloping away the midnight horse turned, tucking his once open wings onto his sides. Magical stare fixed upon Amaris, he then began walking through the lake towards the long silver haired prince, leaving the still water rippled in his wake.

Standing before Amaris the stallion lowered his majestic head, flaring his nostrils he took in Amaris's scent before blowing gently upon the prince and nickering as if asking the fae to pat him. Steadily a hand was raised, gently placed on the equine's head below its sharp horn. A split second he had to feel the horse's soft hair on his palm before the two were swiftly surrounded with a silver blue glowing tendril. Magic. Wrapping itself tighter, the tendril spun faster, till it engulfed them completely. Amaris's long silver hair lifted as did the stallion's Black and white hair. As quickly as the magic surrounded them, it disappeared. Hair fell back into place. Both horse and fae opened their eyes to look at one another, both now had opposite cloudy eyes. Fae left, Stallion right. Blind.

"Ghost" Amaris breathed the mystical stallion's name, still they stared into one another's eyes.

Everything would change.