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# Copyright

**A**ztec Samurai Adventures Book  
1: Sunblade Rising — When the  
Sun-Blade Chooses Its Bearer, the War  
Begins

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# Chapter 1 - The Edge Of Smoke

The training blade caught her across the ribs before she saw it move.

Itzil staggered back, sucking air through her teeth. The wooden sword had left a welt she could already feel swelling beneath her tunic, a hot line of pain that throbbed in time with her heartbeat. Across the courtyard, Korvain lowered his staff and regarded her with the patient disappointment of a man who had been doing this for fifty years.

"Again," he said.

She reset her stance. Feet shoulder-width. Weight centered. Blade angled across her body in the third guard position. She'd drilled this a thousand times. Ten thousand. She knew the form the way she knew her own breathing.

Korvain moved.

She didn't see the strike. She saw the aftermath - her training blade spinning across the flagstones, her hand stinging, and Korvain standing exactly where he'd been before, his staff resting at his side as though it had never moved at all.

"You're watching my hands," he said.  
"Stop watching my hands."

"Then what should I watch?"

“Everything. Nothing. You’re fighting to not lose, Itzil.” He stepped forward and picked up her training blade, turning it over in fingers that were gnarled with age but still precise as clockwork. “Fight to protect. There’s a difference.”

She wanted to argue. She wanted to tell him that she was trying, that she’d been trying for three years, that every morning she climbed the four hundred steps from the village to this temple courtyard and threw herself against his impossible skill until her arms shook and her lungs burned. She wanted to say: I am not good enough. She wanted to hear him disagree.

He handed the blade back. “Again.”

The Sun-Blade temple sat on the shoulders of Mount Solara like a crown of

white stone and golden tile. It had been there for centuries - since before the village of Solquetal had grown up along the river below, since before the trade roads had stitched the valley into the wider world. The temple was old in the way that mountains are old, in the way that rivers are old. It simply was, and had been, and would be.

Itzil had lived within its walls since she was six years old, when Korvain had walked into Solquetal's orphanage, looked at twenty children, and pointed at her. She'd never understood why. She was not the biggest or the fastest or the cleverest. She was stubborn, which was not the same thing as any of those, although Korvain seemed to think it might be better.

Now she was twenty-two, and the temple felt smaller every year.

She cleaned her training blade and hung it on the rack beside the others. Twelve warriors trained here. Twelve disciples of the Sun-Blade tradition, learning forms and philosophy and the old language of light-and-steel. She was the best of the twelve. Korvain said so, which was as close to a compliment as he ever came.

Being the best of twelve people in a temple on a mountaintop did not feel like being best at anything.

She walked to the eastern terrace and leaned against the railing. Below, Solquetal spread along both banks of the River Ilara - a town of clay-brick houses and tile roofs, market squares and work-

shop smoke, children running and dogs barking and ordinary life unfolding the way it had for generations. She could see the orphanage from here, a long building with a red door. She could see the mill, the smithy, the bridge. She could see the fields beyond the town, golden with late-harvest grain.

Everything she could see was peaceful. Everything she could see was safe.

She gripped the railing and breathed. The air smelled of stone and incense and the faint sweetness of the temple's gardens, where Amalura grew her medicinal herbs and her fury in roughly equal measure.

"Staring at the valley won't make it more interesting."

Itzil turned. Amalura stood in the terrace doorway - a woman of indeterminate age who might have been sixty or might have been a hundred, depending on how much she'd slept. She was small, sharp-featured, with a blind left eye that she'd lost to a fever decades ago and a working right eye that missed absolutely nothing.

"I'm not staring," Itzil said. "I'm thinking."

"You were staring. Thinking requires activity behind the eyes. I saw none."

Itzil bit back a response. Amalura was the temple's Keeper of Lore - its historian, librarian, scholar, and unofficial conscience. She had taught Itzil to read, to think critically, to ask questions that had no comfortable answers. She had also taught Itzil that arguing with Amalura

was like arguing with the weather: technically possible, spiritually futile.

"How was training?" Amalura asked, settling onto the stone bench that overlooked the valley.

"He hit me. Twice."

"Only twice? You're improving."

"He's seventy-three years old, Amalura."

"And still faster than you. What does that tell you?"

Itzil exhaled. "That I need to train harder."

"No." Amalura's voice sharpened. "It tells you that speed is not the point. Korvain doesn't beat you because he's fast. He beats you because he's clear. His mind is still when he strikes. Yours isn't."



You're clouded with doubt, girl, and doubt makes you slow."

"I don't doubt my technique-"

"You doubt yourself. Which is worse." Amalura folded her hands in her lap, the way she did when she was about to say something that would sit in Itzil's chest for days. "The others follow you because Korvain says to. Not because they believe in you. And you know it. And that knowledge eats at you like rust eats iron."

Itzil said nothing. There was nothing to say. Amalura was right. She was always right, which was the worst thing about her.

"Leadership isn't earned by being the best fighter in the room," Amalura continued. "It's earned by being the person

who stays in the room when everyone else runs. You haven't been tested yet, Itzil. You don't know what kind of leader you are because nothing has asked you to lead."

"Maybe nothing will."

Amalura's working eye fixed on her - sharp, bright, unflinching. "Something will. I can feel it the way I feel weather coming. The world is changing, girl. Faster than you know."

The bells started ringing at midday.

Itzil was in the refectory, eating cold rice and pickled vegetables with three other disciples, when the sound cut through the quiet like a blade through cloth. Not the temple bells - those rang at dawn and dusk, steady and rhythmic. These

were the village bells. The alarm bells. Fast, high, panicked.

She was on her feet before the second ring.

Through the refectory window she could see Solquetal below, and what she saw drove a spike of ice through her stomach. Smoke. Not chimney smoke - dark, oily, angry smoke rising from the eastern quarter of the town. And moving within the smoke, shapes. Figures in armor, black and silver, moving in formation through the streets.

"Soldiers," said Venn, one of the younger disciples, pressing against the window. His face was white. "Those aren't ours. I don't recognize the standard."

Itzil recognized it. She'd seen it in Amalura's history texts - a black field with a

silver crown split by a vertical line. The Dominion. She'd read about them the way you read about storms in distant countries: with interest, with sympathy, with the quiet assumption that it would never come here.

The smoke was here now.

"Get Korvain," she said. Her voice was steady. She didn't feel steady. "Tell him the village is under attack. I'm going down."

"Itzil, we should wait for-"

"People are dying RIGHT NOW." She grabbed her blade from the rack - not the training sword, the real one, steel and leather, the one she'd carried for six years and never used on another person. "Get Korvain. Follow when you can."

She ran. Down the temple steps, four hundred of them, taking them three at a time, her boots striking stone in a rhythm that matched her heartbeat. Fast. Faster. The smoke grew thicker as she descended. The sounds grew clearer - screaming, the clash of metal, the terrible sound of wood cracking as buildings burned.

She burst through the tree line at the base of the mountain and into the outskirts of Solquetal. The eastern market was ablaze. Stalls overturned, awnings burning, produce scattered across cobblestones slick with something she didn't want to identify.

And the soldiers. Dominion soldiers in black plate armor with silver trim, moving with the disciplined precision of men

who had done this many times before. They carried straight swords and round shields and the absolute confidence of people who expected no resistance.

Itzil ran toward the nearest group - three soldiers herding a family toward the town square. The family was screaming. The soldiers were not. That was the worst part. They were silent, professional, efficient.

She hit the first soldier from behind. Her blade found the gap between his shoulder plates and bit deep. He went down with a grunt of surprise, and the other two turned toward her.

She'd never fought a real opponent before. Not someone trying to kill her. The difference between training and combat was the difference between swimming

in a river and swimming in the sea - theoretically similar, practically a different universe.

The second soldier swung at her head. She froze. Three heartbeats. An eternity compressed into the space between one breath and the next, her body locked, her mind screaming RUN and FIGHT and DO SOMETHING in a chaos of contradictions.

Instinct won. She ducked. The blade passed over her head close enough to part her hair. She came up inside his guard and drove her sword into his side. He folded. She pulled the blade free and turned to the third soldier, but he was already running.

Her hands were shaking. She looked at them - her fingers, wrapped around

the leather grip, trembling like leaves in wind. There was blood on the blade. There was blood on her hands. She'd killed two men. The world had not prepared her for how easy it was, or how awful it felt.

The family was gone - fled into the smoke. Good. She moved deeper into the town.

What she found was worse than the burning.

In the town square, a Dominion sorcerer - robed in black, hands glowing with a dull crimson light - was pressing his palm against the chest of a kneeling villager. Where his hand touched, a sigil burned itself into the villager's skin. The man screamed - a raw, animal sound that clawed at the inside of Itzil's skull. Then



the scream stopped. The man's eyes went blank. Empty. Like windows with the curtains drawn. He stood, picked up a dropped sword, and turned toward his own neighbors with the mechanical purpose of a puppet on strings.

Ash-oath. She'd read about this. She'd never seen it. The reading had not prepared her for the reality - the human being erased in front of her eyes, the body remaining but the person inside gone, replaced by obedience.

She wanted to vomit. She wanted to scream. She wanted to run back up the four hundred steps to the temple and hide in the refectory and pretend none of this was happening.

Instead, she raised her sword and charged the sorcerer.

He saw her coming. A flick of his wrist sent a bolt of crimson energy that she barely dodged, the heat of it scorching her sleeve. She closed the distance - three steps, two, one - and swung.

The sorcerer deflected with a shield of dark light. Her blade rebounded. He smiled - a thin, professional smile - and gathered energy for another strike.

An arrow took him through the throat.

He dropped. Behind Itzil, three of the temple disciples emerged from the smoke, bows drawn. Venn was among them. "Korvain's coming," he said. "He said to hold until he arrives."

Itzil nodded. She couldn't speak. The ash-oathed villager was still standing in the square, sword in hand, eyes empty, waiting for orders that would never

come from his dead master. She didn't know how to undo it. She didn't know if it could be undone.

She fought on. Through the streets, house by house, corner by corner. The Dominion soldiers were pulling back - not in panic but in orderly retreat. They'd gotten what they came for. She could see it now: the attack on the village wasn't the point. It was loud, visible, terrifying. It drew attention downhill.

Away from the temple.

The realization hit her like Korvain's staff across the ribs.

She turned and looked up the mountain. Through the smoke, through the haze, she could see the temple. The doors were open. Figures moved inside - black and silver.

The Dominion hadn't come for the village. They'd come for the temple.

And she'd left it undefended.

## Chapter 2 - Fire In The Valley

She ran back through the burning streets with her lungs aching and her mind screaming a single word: temple.

The four hundred steps had never felt so long. She took them two at a time, her thighs burning, her breath coming in ragged gasps that tasted of smoke and copper. Below her, Solquetal burned. Above her, the temple waited - violated,

breached, its doors thrown open like a wound.

Three disciples ran with her. Venn, who was fast and scared. Marek, who was neither. And Tuli, who had an arrow wound in her shoulder and was running anyway because Tuli did not know how to stop.

They reached the temple courtyard to find it empty. No soldiers. No fighting. Just silence and open doors and the faint smell of something chemical - an alchemical accelerant, the kind used to burn through wards.

"The vault," Itzil said. "They went for the vault."

The inner vault sat at the heart of the temple, behind three locked doors and a series of protective wards that Amalura

had maintained for decades. It held the temple's most sacred artifacts: scrolls, weapons, relics from the Sun-Blade tradition's earliest days. Most were historical curiosities - interesting to scholars, worthless to soldiers.

Most. Not all.

They found the vault doors blown open. The locks had been melted - not picked, not forced, but dissolved by concentrated dark magic that left the metal edges glowing dull orange. The wards were shattered, their remnants hanging in the air like broken spiderwebs made of light.

Inside, the vault was undisturbed - shelves of scrolls and artifacts sitting in their places, untouched. All except one.

The pedestal at the vault's center was empty.

Itzil stared at it. She knew what had sat there. Everyone in the temple knew. The Ember Core - a relic the size of a human fist, a sphere of crystalized sun-energy that pulsed with warm golden light. It had been in this vault for four hundred years, placed here by the temple's founders, protected by every generation since.

It was gone.

"They didn't come for the village," Venn whispered. His face was ashen in the vault's dim light. "The raid was-"

"A diversion." Itzil's voice was flat. She could feel something building behind her sternum - not grief, not fear. Anger. The cold, heavy kind that settles into bone and stays. "They burned Solquetal



to distract us while operatives hit the vault.”

Footsteps in the corridor behind them. Itzil spun, blade raised.

Korvain stood in the vault doorway. He’d climbed the four hundred steps at his own pace, which was slow and steady and arrived when it arrived. He leaned on his staff, his breathing even despite the climb. His eyes swept the vault - the blown doors, the broken wards, the empty pedestal.

He was calm. That was the thing about Korvain. The world could catch fire and he would be calm - not because he didn’t care, but because panic had never once in his life solved a problem.

“The Ember Core,” he said. Not a question.

"Gone."

He nodded. Stepped into the vault. Ran his fingers along the broken ward-traces, reading them the way Itzil might read footprints. "Professional work. Precise. They knew exactly what they were looking for and exactly how to get past the protections." He paused at the pedestal. "This was not a raid, Itzil. This was planned. Weeks in advance. Maybe months."

"By who?"

"By someone who knows what the Ember Core is and what it can do." He turned to face her. In the vault's low light, the lines on his face were deep shadows, and his eyes - still sharp, still clear, still carrying the weight of seven

decades of knowledge - held something she had never seen in them before.

Gravity. Not concern. Not fear. Something heavier than either.

"Sit down," he said. "All of you."

They sat on the vault floor - Itzil, Venn, Marek, Tuli with her wounded shoulder. Korvain lowered himself onto a stone bench with the careful, deliberate movements of a man whose joints had opinions about every position.

"The Ember Core is one of seven sacred relics," he said. "Each one amplifies sun-magic. Individually, they're powerful. Together..." He paused. Chose his words with the precision he applied to everything. "Together, they can open the Great Gate."

Silence. Even Venn, who talked through earthquakes, said nothing.

"The Great Gate was sealed centuries ago," Korvain continued. "Before this temple was built. Before Solquetal existed. It is a portal - a doorway between our world and another. What exists on the other side of that doorway is... debated among scholars. Amalura knows more than I do. What is not debated is this: the Gate was sealed for a reason. Whatever is on the other side should not be on this side."

"And the relics can open it," Itzil said.

"With sufficient power and all seven in one place, yes. The relics are the keys. The Gate is the lock." He looked at the empty pedestal. "Someone just stole one of the keys."

The sound of rapid footsteps echoed down the corridor. Amalura burst into the vault - not burst, precisely, because Amalura did not burst anywhere. She arrived with velocity and purpose, which was different. Her face was pale. Her one good eye was wide.

"I felt it," she said. "The moment they took it. I felt it like a hand reaching into my chest." She pressed her palm against the empty pedestal. Her fingers trembled. "That relic has been in this temple for four hundred years. Whoever took it knows exactly what they're doing."

"How many relics does the enemy have?" Itzil asked.

Amalura and Korvain exchanged a look. The kind of look that contained an entire

conversation compressed into a single glance.

“We don’t know for certain,” Amalura said carefully. “The seven relics were scattered across the continent after the Gate was sealed. Hidden in temples, buried in ruins, protected by wards. Over the centuries, some have been... lost. Records conflict.”

“Best guess,” Itzil pressed.

Another look between them. Korvain answered. “Before today, intelligence suggested the Dominion had acquired two relics. With the Ember Core, that makes three.”

Three of seven. Almost half.

“How long before they find the rest?”

Korvain straightened on his bench. The movement cost him - she could see it in the tightness around his eyes, the way his left hand pressed against his knee. But his voice was iron.

"That depends on how organized they are and how much they know. If they've been planning this - and the precision of today's raid suggests they have - then they already know where at least some of the remaining relics are." He met her eyes. "This was not a raid. This was a declaration of war."

The hours after the attack were a blur of fires extinguished, wounded tended, and dead counted.

Solquetal had lost eleven people. Eleven names that Itzil had known since childhood - shopkeepers, farmers, a school-

teacher, a fourteen-year-old boy who'd been trying to protect his sister. The Dominion soldiers had killed with efficiency and without malice, which somehow made it worse. They hadn't come to terrorize. They'd come to distract. The deaths were incidental - arithmetic, not cruelty.

Seven villagers had been ash-oathed. They stood in the town square now, blank-eyed and motionless, waiting for commands from a dead sorcerer. No one knew what to do with them. No one knew how to undo what had been done. Neyla's mother was among them - but Neyla didn't live here anymore. She'd left years ago to work in refugee camps on the border. Itzil didn't know if anyone had sent word.



The temple's other disciples had arrived during the fighting and helped drive the Dominion soldiers out of Solquetal. The enemy retreated southeast, moving fast, carrying the Ember Core with them. By the time the fires were out, they were gone.

Korvain convened a council in the temple's main hall that evening. Itzil, Amalura, and the senior disciples sat on cushions around a low table while rain - the season's first - drummed against the roof tiles and ran in silver streams down the courtyard stones.

"The Dominion has been expanding for years," Korvain said. "Territory by territory, kingdom by kingdom. I've received reports from other Sun-Blade temples - some have already fallen. Others have

gone silent. We may be one of the last still standing."

"And now they've found us," Amalura added. "This temple will not be left alone. They'll come back. In force."

"Then we prepare," said Marek, one of the older disciples. "Fortify the temple. Train harder. Build defenses."

Korvain shook his head. "Twelve warriors cannot defend a mountain temple against an empire. We don't need walls, Marek. We need allies."

He turned to Itzil. The weight of his gaze settled on her like a hand on her shoulder - heavy, deliberate, meaningful.

"You need to leave the temple, Itzil."

She blinked. "Leave?"

"There are people across this continent who can fight. Warriors, scouts, engineers, healers. People with skills we need and conviction we can trust. But they won't come to us. Someone has to go to them."

"Send one of the senior disciples-"

"I'm sending you."

The table went quiet. Rain filled the silence.

"Korvain, I'm not-"

"You are the best fighter in this temple. You are the best tactician. And you have something the others don't."

She waited. He didn't elaborate.

"What?"

"Stubbornness." For the first time since the attack, something like humor touched the corners of his eyes. "The kind that doesn't know when it's beaten. That's not a weakness, Itzil. In what's coming, it may be the only thing that matters."

Amalura cleared her throat. "He's right. And I'm saying that under protest, because agreeing with Korvain is against my policy." She reached into her robes and produced something - a palm-sized token of carved obsidian, smooth and black, with a sun-and-blade sigil etched into its surface. "Take this. It marks you as a representative of the Sun-Blade order. Anyone who recognizes it will know you speak with temple authority."

Itzil took the token. It was cold and surprisingly heavy for its size. She turned it over in her fingers, feeling the grooves of the sigil.

"Where do I go?" she asked.

"There's a frontier outpost called Ashmark," Korvain said. "Three days east. A scout is stationed there - one of the best I've ever seen. His name is Kaelen." Something flickered across his face - an expression that might have been fond exasperation. "He's arrogant, insubordinate, and the best tracker I've ever encountered. You'll hate him."

"And yet you want me to recruit him."

"I want you to convince him that the world is worth fighting for. Which may be the harder task." He paused. Leaned forward. "He lost his entire unit three

months ago. He's been sending intelligence reports to anyone who'll listen. No one responds. He's bitter, Itzil. Bitter and brilliant. That's a dangerous combination - and a useful one."

Itzil looked at the obsidian token. At Korvain. At Amalura. At the rain streaming down the windows of the hall where she'd spent most of her life.

"When do I leave?"

"Dawn," Korvain said. "The road gets more dangerous every day."

She nodded. Stood. Walked to the door of the hall, then stopped and turned back.

"Korvain."

"Yes?"

"What if I'm not enough?"

He looked at her for a long time. Rain and lamplight. The oldest warrior she knew, sitting in the temple where he'd spent his life, sending his best student into a war she didn't understand.

"You won't know until you try," he said. "But I chose you for a reason, Itzil. I chose you because when you get hit, you get up. Every time." He folded his hands on the table. "Now get some sleep. You have a long walk ahead of you."

She left. In the corridor, she pressed her back against the wall and closed her eyes. Her hands were still shaking - not from the fight, but from everything after. The dead. The oathed. The empty pedestal. The weight of a token in her pocket and a task she didn't know how to carry.

She stood there for a long time. Then she opened her eyes, straightened her spine, and walked to her room.

Sleep did not come easily. But it came.



## Chapter 3 - The Ember Core

She climbed the steps to the vault at dawn, before anyone else was awake.

The blown doors had been propped shut with timber braces, but the locks were gone and the wards were dead, so the gesture was symbolic at best. She pushed through and stood in the dim interior, surrounded by shelves of scrolls and artifacts that suddenly felt fragile in a way they hadn't before.

The empty pedestal caught the first light of morning through the vault's single high window. A beam of gold fell across the bare stone surface where the Ember Core had sat for four centuries. She could see the faint circular outline where the relic had rested - a slight discoloration in the stone, like a tan line on skin. Evidence of something that had been there so long its absence felt wrong.

She heard footsteps behind her. Measured, deliberate, accompanied by the soft tap of a staff.

"I thought I'd find you here," Korvain said.

"I wanted to see it one more time before I left."

He stood beside her, both of them looking at the empty pedestal. The silence was the comfortable kind - the silence of two people who had spent years training together and didn't need words to fill the space between thoughts.

"Tell me about the relics," she said. "All of them. Everything you know."

Korvain settled onto the stone bench along the wall, his knees protesting audibly. He arranged his staff across his lap - a weapon he'd carried for forty years, a length of ironwood capped with a short blade at one end that he could deploy faster than most warriors could draw a sword.

"Seven relics," he began. "Forged at the same time as the Great Gate, using the same techniques. They were designed

as keys - each one a piece of the mechanism that controls the Gate's opening and closing. Individually, they amplify sun-magic. Together, they provide the energy to activate the Gate."

"And the Dominion wants to open it."

"That appears to be the plan. Though what they expect to find on the other side..." He shook his head. "The historical record is conflicted. Some texts describe the realm beyond the Gate as a dimension of pure energy - dangerous but potentially useful. Others describe it as something worse. A place where consciousness exists without form. Where hunger is the only law."

"Which version do you believe?"

"I don't believe either. I deal in what I know, and what I know is this: the Gate

was sealed by people who understood it far better than we do. They sealed it at enormous cost - lives were lost in the sealing. They did not do that lightly."

Footsteps in the corridor. Faster than Korvain's, sharper than Itzil's. Amalura swept into the vault with the energy of someone who had been awake for hours and had opinions about all of them.

"Good. You're both here. That saves me a trip." She carried a leather satchel over one shoulder and a look on her face that suggested the satchel contained answers to questions Itzil hadn't thought to ask yet.

She set the satchel on the pedestal - right where the Ember Core had been - and began pulling out scrolls, tablets,

and hand-drawn maps. Within minutes, the pedestal was buried under paper.

"I've been in the archives since midnight," she said. "Cross-referencing every mention of the seven relics across four centuries of temple records. Here's what I know."

She unrolled a map - hand-drawn, annotated in three different inks, covered in Amalura's precise handwriting. The continent spread before them: mountain ranges, coastlines, forests, cities. Seven points were marked with gold circles.

"The seven relics. Their last known locations, as of the most recent records I could find." She pointed to each in turn. "The Ember Core - stolen, now in Dominion hands. The Tide Pearl - believed to be in a coastal temple in the

southern reaches. The Starshard - hidden in a mountain fortress in the Shattered Peaks. The Heartstone, the Voidglass, the Sunheart, and the Dawnchain - locations increasingly uncertain. Some of these records are decades old. Others are centuries."

"How many does the Dominion have?"

"Three confirmed, including ours. Possibly a fourth." She tapped a location in the eastern plains. "The temple at Brightfall went dark six months ago. If the Dominion took it, they likely have the Heartstone as well."

Itzil studied the map. The gold circles were scattered across the continent - no pattern, no cluster. Deliberate. Whoever had hidden the relics centuries ago had spread them as far apart as possible.

"If we can reach the remaining relics before the Dominion does, we deny them the keys," she said.

"Correct," Korvain said. "But we can't search for relics and fight a war at the same time. Not with twelve warriors and two old scholars."

"Which is why you're gathering allies," Amalura said to Itzil. "Not just fighters. People with specific skills. A scout who can navigate hostile territory. An engineer who can build defenses. A healer who can-" She stopped. Pressed her lips together.

"Who can what?" Itzil asked.

"The ash-oaths," Amalura said, her voice softer now. "What you saw yesterday - the villagers, their eyes going blank. That magic is not new. It's ancient. And there



are... theoretical references in the oldest texts to a form of healing that might counter it. But I've never seen it demonstrated. It would require a healer of extraordinary power and precision."

"Do we know anyone like that?"

"There are rumors. A woman working in refugee camps near the eastern border. She treats people the Dominion has discarded - wounded, displaced, damaged. Her name comes up in reports from travelers. They say she can do things with healing magic that shouldn't be possible."

"Her name?"

"Neyla."

Itzil filed the name alongside Kaelen's. Two names. A scout and a healer. The

beginning of something she couldn't yet see the shape of.

She left at dawn, as Korvain had instructed.

Her pack contained three days' food, a water skin, a bedroll, a map, and the obsidian token. Her blade hung at her hip - cleaned, sharpened, still carrying the weight of yesterday's kills in the way the steel seemed fractionally heavier than it had been before. She knew the weight was imaginary. She also knew it would never fully leave.

Korvain met her at the temple gate. The morning light caught his white hair and turned it gold. He looked old in that light - genuinely, undeniably old in a way that he could usually mask with his bearing and his iron will. She realized, with a sen-

sation like stepping off a cliff, that she had no idea how much time he had left.

"Listen to me," he said. His voice was low, meant only for her. "What you're doing - leaving this temple, gathering people, building something - this is not what I trained you for. I trained you to fight. What you need to do now is lead. They are not the same skill."

"You've told me that."

"I'm telling you again because you haven't heard it yet." He placed his hand on her shoulder - a gesture he almost never made. His grip was still strong despite the tremors that plagued his fingers when he was tired. "A leader who never leaves home is not a leader. She's a guard. You need to go out there and find people worth fighting beside. Then

you need to convince them that the fight is worth having."

"And if they don't listen?"

"Then be stubborn. It's your finest quality." He released her shoulder. Stepped back. "Go. I'll be here when you return."

Amalura was waiting at the head of the path that wound down the mountain's far side - the back route, avoiding Solquetal and the roads the Dominion might be watching. She pressed a small leather journal into Itzil's hands.

"Notes," she said. "Everything I know about the relics, the Gate, the Dominion's command structure, and the people you're going to find. Read it on the road. Memorize what matters. Burn the rest."

"Thank you, Amalura."

"Don't thank me. Come back alive. That's thanks enough." She paused. Looked at Itzil with her one good eye - the eye that had seen more of the world than most people's two. "You're going to doubt yourself out there. Every day, probably every hour. That's normal. Doubt is the mind testing its own assumptions. The people who never doubt are the ones you should worry about."

Itzil nodded. Tucked the journal into her pack. Turned to the path.

Three junior warriors fell in behind her - Venn, Tuli, and a quiet young man named Sorren who was solid with a blade and didn't talk much. Korvain had assigned them as her escort.

They looked nervous, excited, and very young.

The path wound down the mountain through pine forests and switchbacks. Below, the world opened up - valleys, rivers, distant mountains, and somewhere beyond them, a continent at war. She could feel it now - the pull of something larger than herself, larger than the temple, larger than anything she'd imagined. The world was changing, Amalura had said. Faster than you know.

She walked.

The mountain fell away behind her. The temple shrank to a speck of white stone on a green shoulder. The air changed - pine to dust, mountain to valley, home to everywhere else.

That night, camped under a sky thick with stars, she lay on her back and stared upward. Her body ached from the march. Her mind ached from everything else.

She held her hands up in the darkness. Open palms, fingers spread. She thought about the ash-oathed villagers. The sorcerer's crimson fire. The way Korvain's staff had always seemed faster than physics should allow.

She thought about what Amalura had said: the Sun-Blade tradition was built on the principle that sunlight could be channeled through will. That the right person, with the right clarity of purpose, could manifest light as a physical force. Could project it through their hands,

shape it into a blade of pure golden energy.

It was the foundational skill of the order. Every disciple trained toward it. None of the current twelve had achieved it. Korvain had, decades ago, in his prime. Amalura could sense it but not manifest it. The art was dying.

Itzil stared at her palms.

Something flickered. Faint. Warm. A light like a candle flame seen through frosted glass - golden, trembling, barely there. It danced across her palm for half a heartbeat, then vanished.

She clenched her fists. Opened them. Nothing.

She tried again. Closed her eyes. Thought about the sorcerer pressing his



hand against the villager's chest. The blank eyes. The puppet-string obedience. The boy who had tried to protect his sister and died for it.

The light came back. Stronger this time - a glow that spread across both palms, pulsing with her heartbeat, warm as sunlight on skin. It lasted two seconds. Three. Then it guttered and died, leaving her hands tingling and her heart hammering.

She lay in the dark, breathing hard. Her palms still felt warm. Something had happened. Something she didn't understand and couldn't control and wasn't sure she wanted.

But it had happened.

She closed her eyes and slept. Tomorrow was Ashmark. Tomorrow was Kae-

len. Tomorrow was the beginning of whatever came next.

Her dreams were full of golden light and burning villages and the sound of bells.

# **Chapter 4 - The Prophecy She Doesn't Want**

**T**he Hall of Embers lay at the deepest level of the Sun-Blade temple - a place Itzil had visited only twice in her life. Both times had been during the annual Solstice ceremony, when the disciples filed through in silence to pay respects to the temple's founders. She remembered the feeling of descending into the earth, the air growing cooler and drier, the walls pressing closer un-

til the corridor opened into a vaulted chamber carved from the living rock of Mount Solara.

Amalura had summoned her here the night before her departure.

The chamber was circular, thirty paces across, with a domed ceiling covered in carvings so old that their edges had softened to suggestions. The walls were covered floor to ceiling in inscriptions - the old sun-language, angular and precise, cut into the stone with a tool that no longer existed. Torches burned in iron brackets, throwing amber light across the carvings and filling the air with the scent of burning pine resin.

Amalura stood at the chamber's center, her hand resting on a waist-high pillar

of polished obsidian. She didn't look up when Itzil entered.

"Come here," she said. "And read."

Itzil approached. The pillar was covered in inscriptions - denser than the walls, more precise, the characters smaller and cut deeper. She leaned close and tried to parse the old sun-language. She'd studied it with Amalura for years, but reading it fluently was like reading poetry in a second language - she could get the sense but not the music.

"When the keys are threatened," Amalura translated, her finger tracing the lines, "a bearer will arise. Not chosen by council. Not appointed by elders. Chosen by the light itself. The bearer will carry a blade of pure sunlight - manifested not from metal but from will. The blade will

be the answer to the darkness beyond the Gate."

She paused. Her finger moved to the next section. Her voice changed - quieter, harder.

"The bearer will either save the world or fail. There is no middle ground. The blade does not compromise."

Silence in the chamber. The torches hissed.

Itzil straightened. "You think this is about me."

"I think the light that flickered in your hands last night was not an accident." Amalura's one good eye fixed on her. "You didn't tell me about it. You didn't need to. I felt it from my study. A pulse of

sun-energy - untrained, undirected, but unmistakable."

"That could have been-"

"It was not a malfunction. It was not a coincidence. The Ember Core was stolen, and within hours, light manifested in your hands. The prophecy describes exactly this: when the relics are threatened, the blade-bearer appears."

Itzil backed away from the pillar. Not consciously - her body moved before her mind caught up, putting distance between herself and the words carved in stone.

"I didn't ask for this."

"The prophecy doesn't ask for volunteers."

"Then pick someone else. Someone better."

Amalura's expression shifted - from the sharp, analytical mask she usually wore to something softer. Something almost like tenderness, though she'd deny it if accused.

"I cannot pick. The light picks. And it picked you." She paused. "I understand your fear, Itzil. I do. This is an enormous weight to carry. But consider: you've been carrying weight your entire life. The orphanage. The temple. The training. Korvain's expectations. The other disciples' resentment. You've carried all of it, and you're still standing. That is not common. That is not accidental."

"Standing is not the same as being ready."



"No. But it's a start."

Itzil looked at the carvings on the walls. Generations of sun-language, centuries of accumulated wisdom, recorded by people who had lived and died and believed in something they couldn't fully see.

"What happened to the last blade-bearer?" she asked.

Amalura hesitated. It was a small thing - a fractional pause, the kind most people wouldn't notice. Itzil noticed.

"Her name was Solara. She was a warrior of this temple, three hundred years ago. She manifested the Sun-Blade during the last major conflict with the forces beyond the Gate."

"And?"

"She fought brilliantly. She was brave and skilled and dedicated. She held the line while the Gate was sealed."

"And then?"

Another pause. "She died. The sealing required more energy than one person could survive channeling. She gave her life to close the Gate."

Itzil said nothing for a long time. The torches crackled. Somewhere above them, the temple slept.

"So the prophecy says I'll save the world or fail," she said finally. "And the last person who succeeded at saving the world died doing it."

"Yes."

"That's not very encouraging, Amalura."

"I have never been in the business of encouragement. I am in the business of truth." She placed both hands on the obsidian pillar. "The prophecy is not a death sentence. It is a possibility. Solara died because the circumstances demanded it. Your circumstances may be different. Your allies may be stronger. Your approach may be wiser."

"Or I may die too."

"Or you may die too. That is true of every person in every war. The prophecy doesn't change the fundamental risk. It only clarifies the stakes."

Itzil found Korvain on the eastern terrace, sitting in the moonlight with a cup of tea that had gone cold.

He didn't turn when she sat beside him. He already knew it was her - he always

knew, the way a musician knows a note by its vibration.

"She told you about the prophecy," he said.

"She told me about Solara too."

"Ah." He sipped the cold tea. Made a face. Set it down. "Solara was the best of us. The finest warrior I've ever heard of - and I've studied every warrior in the order's history. She was brilliant, brave, and absolutely relentless."

"And she died."

"She died saving the world. There are worse epitaphs." He was quiet for a moment. The night sounds of the mountain filled the space - wind in pines, insects, the distant murmur of the river below.

"She was nineteen. Younger than you are now."

Itzil stared at the valley. Solquetal was dark below - no lamps, no movement. The village that had been her childhood was quiet in the way places become quiet after violence. Not peaceful. Just empty.

"I don't believe in prophecies," she said.

"Neither do I. I believe in patterns. The light manifested in your hands because something in you - some quality, some combination of will and clarity and stubbornness - resonated with the sun-energy at the precise moment it was needed." He turned to face her. "Call it prophecy. Call it coincidence. Call it whatever makes you comfortable. The

fact remains: the light chose you. What you do with that is your decision."

"I could ignore it."

"You could. You won't."

She wanted to argue. She couldn't. He was right - the same way Amalura was always right, but gentler. Where Amalura cut with the precision of a surgeon, Korvain placed his truths like stones in a riverbed: solidly, quietly, in places where the current would carry you over them whether you wanted to go or not.

"Tell me about Solara," she said. "Not the warrior. The person."

Korvain leaned back. The moonlight caught his features - the deep lines, the white hair, the eyes that had seen more than most people could imagine and still

managed to find something worth looking at.

"She laughed loudly. She was terrible at cooking. She argued with her instructors about everything - philosophy, technique, the best way to sharpen a blade. She had a pet bird - a little sparrow that she'd rescued from a hawk. It sat on her shoulder during training until it got too fat to fly."

Itzil almost smiled. Almost.

"She was the best of us," he said again. "And she still wasn't enough on her own. She had allies. Friends. People who fought beside her, who covered her weaknesses, who carried her when she fell." He met her eyes. "That's what you're going to build, Itzil. Not a solo quest. A team. The blade-bearer doesn't

win alone. She wins because she has people worth fighting for."

The mountain wind shifted. Cold air rolled down from the peak, carrying the scent of snow.

"Korvain."

"Yes?"

"I'm scared."

He nodded. Not surprised. Not dismissive. Just acknowledging the truth of it the way he acknowledged everything - fully, without judgment.

"Good. Fear means you understand the stakes. The people who aren't scared are the ones who get everyone killed." He placed his hand on her shoulder. His grip was warm and steady despite the tremors. "You're ready, Itzil. You have



been for a while. You just need to stop asking permission to lead.”

She looked at her hands. Open palms in the moonlight. She thought about the golden flicker. The warmth. The brief, impossible moment when light had lived in her skin.

She closed her fists. Opened them. Nothing.

Closed them again. Thought about the ash-oathed villagers. The empty eyes. The puppet-string obedience. The world as it was - broken, burning, full of people who couldn't save themselves.

She opened her hands.

Golden light. Faint as candlelight, trembling like a newborn flame. It spread across her palms, pulsing with her heart-

beat - warm, alive, hers. It lasted five seconds. Seven. Ten. Then it guttered and died, leaving her fingers tingling and her chest aching with something she couldn't name.

Korvain watched. His expression didn't change, but his eyes - his eyes held something she'd never seen in them before. Not surprise. Not pride. Recognition. As though he'd been waiting for this moment for a very long time.

"Now we have something to work with," he said quietly.

She stared at her hands. The light was gone, but the warmth remained, nested deep in her palms like a coal banked for the night.

Tomorrow she would leave the temple. Tomorrow she would find Kaelen, and

whoever came after Kaelen, and whoever came after them. Tomorrow she would begin the work of building something she couldn't yet see the shape of.

Tonight, she sat with her mentor in the moonlight and tried not to think about a warrior named Solara who had been brilliant and brave and dead at nineteen.

She was twenty-two. That was three extra years. She intended to use them.

# Chapter 5 - First Light

**K**orvain began her real training before dawn on the day she was supposed to leave.

She'd been packed and ready, her bedroll strapped tight, her blade oiled and sharp, the obsidian token heavy in her breast pocket. She was standing at the temple gate when his voice came from the courtyard behind her.

"Put your things down. You're not leaving yet."

"You said dawn--"

"I said dawn yesterday. Today I'm saying noon. You have four hours. We're using them."

She set her pack against the gate post and followed him to the training courtyard. The morning was still dark - the sky a deep blue-black with the first suggestion of grey at the eastern horizon. The flagstones were cold under her boots. The air smelled of dew and stone and the faint chemical trace of the vault's broken wards, which still hadn't fully dissipated.

Korvain didn't pick up a training blade. He didn't take a fighting stance. He stood in the center of the courtyard with his staff across his shoulders and said, "Show me."

"Show you what?"

"The light. Show me what happened last night."

She held out her hands. Concentrated. Thought about the ash-oaths, the burning village, the empty pedestal. The feelings that had summoned the golden glow the night before.

Nothing.

She tried harder. Squeezed her eyes shut. Clenched her jaw. Willed the light to appear with every ounce of determination she possessed.

Nothing.

"Stop," Korvain said. "You're trying to force it."

"You told me to show you-"

"I told you to show me. I didn't tell you to break your teeth trying." He lowered his staff and approached. "The Sun-Blade is not a physical weapon, Itzil. It's not metal. It's not crafted. It is a projection of the wielder's will, shaped by clarity of purpose and channeled through sunlight. It requires three things." He held up three gnarled fingers. "Intention. Clarity. Surrender."

"Surrender?"

"You cannot force light. You can only let it through. The blade doesn't manifest because you're strong. It manifests because you're clear. Clear about what you want. Clear about why. Clear about who you're fighting for."

"I'm clear-"

"No, you're not. You're standing in a courtyard thinking about technique. Technique is for swords. The Sun-Blade is something else." He stepped back. "Close your eyes."

She closed them.

"Now stop thinking about the blade. Stop thinking about the prophecy, the relics, the war, Amalura's lectures, my expectations - all of it. Let it go."

She tried. The thoughts didn't want to leave. They circled like birds around a roost - the dead villagers, the ash-oaths, the empty pedestal, the letter she should have written to Korvain that she didn't know how to start.

"Breathe," he said. "In through the nose. Out through the mouth. Slower."



She breathed. Slower. The thoughts settled. Not gone - just quieter. Like a river calming after a flood.

"Now think about one thing. One person. One moment. The single, specific reason you would stand between someone else and harm."

The boy. The fourteen-year-old in Solquetal, the one who'd tried to protect his sister. She hadn't been fast enough to save him. She'd arrived seconds after the Dominion soldier's blade had done its work, and she'd found the boy on the cobblestones with his hand reaching toward the alley where his sister had run.

He'd died reaching for someone he loved. He'd died trying to protect her. And he'd been a child, with a child's courage and a child's fragile bones, and

the world had broken him for having the audacity to care.

She didn't want the blade because of prophecy. She didn't want it because Korvain said she should or Amalura's scrolls said she must. She wanted it because of that boy. Because somewhere right now, in villages and cities she'd never seen, there were other boys and girls reaching for people they loved and finding only empty air and sharp steel.

The light came.

Not tentative this time. Not a flicker or a suggestion. It came like dawn - a warmth that started in her chest and flowed down her arms and into her hands, pooling in her palms like liquid gold. It was warm but not hot, bright but not blinding, and it hummed with a frequency she

could feel in her teeth and her spine and the space behind her eyes.

She opened her hands and the light took shape - elongating, flattening, defining edges. A blade. Crude, rough, crackling with unstable energy, but a BLADE. Three feet of golden light extending from her right hand, casting sharp shadows across the courtyard flagstones.

She held it. Five seconds. Ten. Fifteen. It guttered, surged, guttered again. The energy was wild - she could feel it pulling against her control like a horse that hadn't been broken, eager and powerful and barely contained.

At twenty seconds, the blade flared. A burst of light and heat that scorched the nearest training post - a six-inch circle of blackened wood, smoking in the

morning air. The blade dissolved. The light went out. Itzil's hand dropped to her side, tingling and warm.

Korvain stood exactly where he'd been. His expression hadn't changed. But his eyes - always his eyes, the part of him that held everything he wouldn't say aloud - were bright.

"Now we have something to work with," he said.

They trained for three hours. It was unlike any training she'd done before.

Korvain didn't teach her forms or footwork or the thirty-seven guard positions she'd memorized over the past decade. He taught her to feel. To find the clarity that summoned the light and hold it while the world tried to pull her away.

"The blade manifests when you're clear. It dies when you're clouded." He circled her while she held her hands out, trying to sustain the golden glow. "Fear clouds. Anger clouds. Doubt, pride, resentment - all of it clouds. The blade doesn't judge your emotions. It responds to your clarity. You can be afraid AND clear. You can be angry AND clear. You just can't be confused."

The light came and went. Came and went. She could hold it for seconds at a time - thirty, forty, occasionally a full minute before her focus slipped and the glow dissolved.

"Rage makes fire," he said, when she lost control and the energy flared wild again, leaving another scorch mark on the courtyard stones. "Purpose makes a

blade. You need to decide which one you want."

By the third hour, she could manifest the blade consistently - a rough, unstable weapon of golden light that lasted thirty to sixty seconds before dissolving. It was crude. It was unreliable. It was the most extraordinary thing she'd ever experienced.

"It responds to you," Korvain said, watching the blade flicker in her hand. "Your mood, your focus, your intention. When you're clear, it's sharp. When you're scattered, it's wild. When you're afraid, it dims. When you're determined, it blazes."

"How do I make it stable?"

"Practice. Time. Experience." He met her eyes. "And something I can't teach you:

a defining purpose. The blade stabilizes when the wielder knows - truly, deeply, without reservation - what they're fighting for. Solara's blade was perfect from the day she manifested it. She never doubted her purpose for a single moment."

"What was her purpose?"

"She wanted to protect everyone. Not abstractly - specifically. Every person she met, every child she saw, every stranger who crossed her path. She carried them all." He paused. "It burned her out. No one can carry everyone. You'll need to find your own purpose. Something sustainable. Something that doesn't consume you."

Itzil looked at the blade in her hand - golden, trembling, alive. She thought

about the boy in Solquetal. She thought about the ash-oathed villagers standing blank-eyed in the town square. She thought about the people she hadn't met yet - Kaelen the scout, Neyla the healer - and the people beyond them, the thousands and millions who would suffer if the Great Gate opened.

She couldn't carry everyone. Korvain was right about that. But she could carry the ones in front of her. The ones she could see. The ones she could reach.

The blade steadied. Not perfect - still rough at the edges, still flickering - but steadier than before. The golden light hummed at a lower frequency, less frantic, more purposeful.

Korvain nodded. It was the highest praise he gave.



She left at noon, as revised.

The Sun-Blade dissolved when she released her focus, and she sheathed her steel sword at her hip for the road ahead. The golden weapon was powerful but unreliable - she couldn't hold it long enough for sustained combat. Not yet. The steel was her partner until the light was ready to be her weapon.

Korvain stood at the gate again. This time Amalura was with him, and the three junior warriors - Venn, Tuli, and Sorren - were packed and ready.

"First stop: Ashmark," Korvain reminded her. "Find Kaelen. Then move south. There's a border forge where an engineer named Torvane works - he builds weapons and machines. He's been send-

ing proposals to the military academies for years. No one funds him."

"A scout and an engineer."

"And after them, the healer. Neyla. She's somewhere in the eastern refugee camps. You'll have to search." He gripped his staff. "Build something, Itzil. Not just a team - a purpose. Give them a reason to fight that's bigger than revenge or fear."

She shouldered her pack. Touched the obsidian token in her pocket. Looked up at the temple one last time - white stone and golden tile against the blue sky, ancient and enduring and suddenly very small against the enormity of what waited beyond the mountain.

"I'll come back," she said.

"I know you will."

She turned. Walked. Did not look back again.

The road wound east through valleys and forests, past farms and streams and the ordinary geography of a world that didn't know yet how close it was to breaking. She walked with her three companions in a silence that was part determination and part dread and part the buzzing residual energy of golden light still humming in her bones.

That night, at camp, she practiced.

The blade came faster now. She could manifest it in three seconds - a flash of will, a pulse of clarity, and the golden light extended from her palm like thought made solid. She held it in the

darkness and watched the light cast shadows through the trees.

It was getting stronger. So was she. But so, somewhere out there, was whatever had taken the Ember Core and oathed the villagers and burned the market and killed the boy.

She extinguished the blade. Lay down. Stared at the stars through the canopy.

Tomorrow was Ashmark. Tomorrow was the scout.

She thought about Korvain's words: He's arrogant, insubordinate, and the best tracker I've ever seen. You'll hate him.

She thought about Amalura's words: The prophecy doesn't ask for volunteers.

She thought about her own words: I'm scared.

Then she slept. And if the golden light flickered in her palms as she dreamed, warm and steady as a heartbeat, neither she nor the night sky noticed.

# Chapter 6 - Whispers From The Dominion

**T**he Ember Core arrived at the Dominion capital on a Tuesday, carried in a velvet-lined case by a courier who had not slept in three days and whose horse had died of exhaustion at the city gates.

Volzentar received it in the throne room.

The room was designed for exactly this kind of moment - a vast hall of black marble and silver filigree, with columns that rose sixty feet to a vaulted ceiling inlaid

with constellations of silver wire. The floor was polished to a mirror sheen, reflecting the torchlight in long, liquid streaks. The throne sat on a raised dais at the far end - not a chair but a sculpted monolith of obsidian and silver, designed to make whoever sat in it look like the final point of an enormous arrow aimed at whoever entered the room.

Volzentar sat. He did not slouch. He did not lean. He occupied the throne the way a mountain occupies a valley - completely, as though it had been built around him rather than for him.

He was not what most people expected. The stories that preceded him described a towering warlord in black armor, a monster of violence and rage. The reality was more unsettling. He was tall - six

feet and some inches - but lean rather than massive. His features were sharp and elegant, with high cheekbones, a narrow jaw, and eyes the color of tarnished silver that held an intelligence so acute it was almost uncomfortable to meet.

He wore no armor in the throne room. Instead, a coat of dark silk over a shirt of fine black linen, boots polished to a mirror finish, gloves of thin leather that he peeled off one finger at a time as the courier approached. Every gesture was precise. Deliberate. Rehearsed in the way that only the deeply calculating rehearse - not to deceive, but to ensure that every movement communicated exactly what he intended.



The courier knelt and held up the case. Volzentar descended from the throne - three steps, unhurried - and opened it.

The Ember Core sat on its velvet bed, pulsing with warm golden light. It was the size of a large fist, roughly spherical, its surface a lattice of crystallized energy that shifted and reformed in slow, organic patterns. It was beautiful in the way that power is always beautiful - compelling to look at, difficult to look away from, and subtly wrong in a way that suggested the beauty was a warning rather than an invitation.

Volzentar lifted it with both hands. The light reflected off his face, filling the sharp planes and hollow shadows with gold. He held it up - not to examine it, but to display it. The court watched. Gen-

erals, advisors, sorcerers, functionaries - fifty people arranged in the hall's tiered galleries, all of them important enough to be here and all of them aware that their importance was a gift that could be revoked.

"The Ember Core," Volzentar said. His voice was rich, musical, and carried without effort to every corner of the hall. He'd trained that voice. He'd trained everything. "Third of the seven. Three months ahead of schedule."

He turned to his inner circle, arranged at the foot of the dais. Three people. The most dangerous individuals in the Dominion, each of them lethal in ways that complemented the others.

Nightshade stood to the left - a woman of indeterminate age in robes of deep

crimson, her dark hair pulled back from a face that was striking in its composure. She had organized the Solquetal raid. Every detail - the timing, the diversion, the alchemical charges for the vault wards - had been her design. She stood with her hands clasped before her, watching the Ember Core with the professional satisfaction of someone whose work had gone exactly according to plan.

Dalrignon stood to the right - thin as a blade, with ink-stained fingers and eyes that focused on the middle distance more often than on the people in front of him. He was the portal engineer, the architect of the mirror-network that allowed the Dominion to project force across the continent. He looked at the Ember Core not with satisfaction but

with hunger - the particular hunger of a technician presented with a component he'd been waiting for.

Between them stood a messenger - not one of the inner circle, but a field commander delivering a report from Gravok, the beast commander. Gravok was in the field, managing his army of war-beasts in the contested eastern territories. He wanted permission to deploy his full force against the allied border settlements.

"Gravok requests a total offensive," the messenger said, reading from a sealed scroll. "He believes the border settlements can be taken within two weeks if he commits his entire beast army."

Volzentar considered. He did this openly, visibly - not because he needed time

to think, but because the display of consideration was itself a tool. People who saw their leader deliberate felt respected. People who felt respected were easier to control.

"Grant his request," Volzentar said. "But redirect his primary objective."

The messenger blinked. "My lord?"

"The border settlements are a secondary concern. Gravok's real mission is the girl."

Silence in the throne room.

Nightshade stirred. "The Sun-Blade temple produced a candidate?"

"More than a candidate. The raid team reported a disturbance during the withdrawal from the temple - a burst of sun-energy that disrupted their alchem-

ical shields. Brief, uncontrolled, but unmistakable." Volzentar placed the Ember Core back in its case with the gentleness of a man handling something precious. "Someone at that temple manifested sun-energy within hours of our taking the Core. The timing is not coincidental."

"A bearer," Dalrignon whispered. His eyes had focused now - sharply, intently. "A genuine blade-bearer. The first in three centuries."

"Potentially." Volzentar returned to his throne. Sat. Arranged his coat. "Nightshade, I want her found. Not killed - found. I want to know who she is, what she can do, how far along her training is, and who she's allied with. Everything."

Nightshade nodded. "And when we know?"

"Then we decide. A Sun-Blade bearer is either the most dangerous threat to our plans or the most valuable asset we could acquire. The distinction depends entirely on what she is." He steeped his gloved fingers. "Find me the girl with the golden light. I want to see what she is before I decide what to do with her."

The court dispersed. Volzentar remained on his throne - not because he enjoyed sitting on it, though he did, but because the hours after court were when the real work happened. The public sessions were theater. The private ones were surgery.

Dalrignon approached first, as always. The portal engineer had no interest in

politics or ceremony. He wanted to talk about the Ember Core.

"The Core's energy signature is compatible with the mirror-network," he said, producing a small notebook filled with equations and diagrams that would have meant nothing to anyone else in the room. "If I can integrate it into the primary relay, the portals' range increases by a factor of three. I could open stable doorways across the continent - not the temporary micro-portals we use now, but permanent passages. Standing gates that soldiers can march through."

"How long?"

"Three weeks. Maybe four. I need to grow a new anchor crystal to house the Core's energy. The current crystal is at capacity."



Volzentar nodded. "Do it. Three weeks. Not four."

Dalrignon left without acknowledging the directive. Social niceties existed for other people.

Nightshade remained. She waited until the throne room was empty - truly empty, not the false emptiness of hidden listeners, which she would have detected immediately.

"The bearer is real," she said.

"Most likely."

"If she manifests a full blade, our sorcery-based defenses become significantly less effective. The Sun-Blade cuts through dark magic like light through shadow. That's not a metaphor - it's a physical property."

"I'm aware."

"Then you know we can't let her develop. Every day she trains, she gets stronger. Every ally she gathers makes her harder to reach."

Volzentar smiled. Not the public smile - the one he wore for courts and speeches and the carefully staged moments of charisma that held his empire together. This was the private smile. Smaller. Sharper. The smile of a man who saw six moves ahead and found the game endlessly entertaining.

"Nightshade, a Sun-Blade bearer is a girl with a glowing sword. Impressive. Symbolic. Potentially lethal in close quarters. But she is one person. I have fifty thousand soldiers, seven hundred sorcerers, two sacred relics - three now - and the in-

frastructure to project force to any point on this continent within hours."

"You're not concerned."

"I'm intrigued. There's a difference." He leaned forward on the throne. "A Sun-Blade bearer hasn't appeared in three centuries. The last one sealed the Great Gate. If this new bearer is anything like Solara, she'll be brave, principled, and utterly convinced that the world can be saved by one person with enough courage."

"And?"

"And I will show her that the world doesn't work that way. Courage is admirable. Numbers are decisive." He leaned back. "Let Gravok test her. Let his beast army probe the border. See what she does, who she runs to, how

she thinks. Then we'll know how to break her."

Nightshade absorbed this with the clinical detachment of a surgeon planning an operation. "And if she can't be broken?"

"Everyone can be broken. The question is where the fault lines are. Some people break under pressure. Some break under loss. Some break under kindness." The silver eyes gleamed. "The interesting ones break under hope. You give them just enough to keep fighting, just enough to believe they're winning, and then you take it away. The fall from hope is always the longest."

He stood. The throne room felt larger when he moved through it - not because of his physical presence, but because

of the vacuum of attention he created. People looked at Volzentar the way they looked at a storm on the horizon: with fascination and the unshakeable certainty that it was coming whether they watched or not.

"Deploy Gravok," he said. "Tell him the beast army moves in three days. Primary target: the Sun-Blade temple's protectorates. Secondary target: anything the bearer might defend." He paused at the door. "And Nightshade."

"My lord?"

"The bearer. When you find her - and you will - don't approach. Don't threaten. Just watch. I want to know her before I meet her."

He left.

The throne room emptied. The torches burned. The Ember Core pulsed in its case on the dais, golden light throwing slow shadows across the black marble floor.

In the vault beneath the throne room, two other relics pulsed in sympathy - the Heartstone and the Voidglass, already acquired, already integrated into the Dominion's magical infrastructure. Three of seven. Almost half.

The Great Gate, sealed for three centuries, hummed at a frequency too low for human ears. But it was there. Patient. Waiting. And something on the other side - something vast and hungry and older than the Gate itself - pressed against the seal and whispered, in a voice made of absence:

Soon.

# Chapter 7 - The Road To War

**T**hree days on the road changed Itzil in ways she hadn't expected.

The mountain paths gave way to valley roads, and the valley roads gave way to open country - rolling grasslands broken by copses of oak and elm, crossed by streams that caught the autumn light and threw it back in silver fragments. The land was beautiful in the way that vulnerable things are beautiful: tempo-



rary, exposed, one bad season away from ruin.

She walked with Venn, Tuli, and Sorren - her three junior warriors, each of them carrying packs that weighed more than they should have because Itzil had insisted on extra rations, extra water, and the small medical kit that Amalura had assembled. Better to be sore than sorry, she'd told them. They were sore. They were also, she suspected, sorry.

Venn talked constantly. It was his way of managing fear - a ceaseless stream of observations, questions, and tangential anecdotes that filled the silence the way sand fills a bucket: thoroughly and without discrimination. How far to Ashmark? What was the scout like? Had anyone ever seen a Dominion war-beast?

Did Itzil think they'd see any war-beasts? He'd heard they were as big as houses. Were they really as big as houses?

"I don't know," Itzil said, for the eleventh time. "I haven't seen one."

"But you've read about them. In Amalura's texts."

"Amalura's texts describe them as 'varied in form and uniformly devastating.' Not the same as a size comparison."

"But if they're devastating, they must be big--"

"Venn." Tuli's voice cut through like a blade through cloth. She walked with the tight, controlled stride of someone whose shoulder wound had mostly healed but who was determined not to show that it still pulled. "Shut up."

Venn shut up. For about four minutes.

The road was not safe. Dominion patrols had been reported in the region - not the full military presence that occupied the eastern territories, but scout teams and courier riders moving along the trade roads. Itzil kept the group off the main paths, using the game trails and stream beds that paralleled the roads without exposing them to open ground.

She practiced the Sun-Blade every night after camp was set. Alone, in the dark, away from the others. Partly for privacy - the light was still unstable, prone to flaring and guttering in ways that would alarm anyone watching. Partly because the practice itself was intensely personal, a dialogue between her will

and something she didn't fully understand.

The blade came easier each time. By the second night, she could manifest it in two seconds. By the third, she could hold it for three full minutes before her focus slipped. The golden light was warm in the cold mountain nights, and she caught herself thinking of it as a companion - the only thing in the world that responded to her emotions with perfect honesty.

She told no one about it. Not yet. The prophecy was Amalura's secret to share or not, and the blade was hers until she decided otherwise.

On the third day, they reached the frontier.

The frontier was not a line on a map. It was a feeling - a gradual shift from the relative order of the interior provinces to the fraying edges of civilization where central authority thinned and local necessity took its place. The towns were smaller here. The fences were higher. People looked at strangers the way they looked at storms: measuring, calculating, deciding whether to prepare or run.

Ashmark was the last outpost before the contested zone - a huddle of stone buildings and wooden palisades perched on a hilltop overlooking a river crossing. It had been a military outpost once, garrisoned by a full company of border soldiers. That was before the Dominion's advance had pushed the border back fifty miles and left Ashmark stranded in no-man's-land.

Now it was occupied by whoever was stubborn enough to stay.

Itzil led her group up the hill path at late afternoon. The palisade gate was open - not because the garrison was welcoming, but because several of the gate posts had rotted through and no one had repaired them. Inside, the outpost was a study in functional decay: buildings still standing, walls still mostly intact, but everything bearing the quiet neglect of a place that had been forgotten by the people who were supposed to maintain it.

She counted heads as she moved through the compound. A dozen soldiers, maybe fewer, in mismatched armor and with the hollow-eyed alertness of people who'd been on watch too long.

A handful of civilians - refugees, probably, who'd washed up here when the tide of war had pushed them west. A few horses, thin and tired. A lot of empty space where a full garrison should have been.

She found the duty officer - a weary lieutenant named Hask who looked at her obsidian token with the flicker of recognition that said he knew what it was, followed by the flicker of doubt that said he wasn't sure it mattered anymore.

"Sun-Blade order," he said. "You're a long way from your temple."

"I'm looking for a scout. Kaelen. I was told he's stationed here."

Hask's expression did something complicated - a rapid transit through recognition, annoyance, exasperation, and

something that might have been grudging respect.

"He's stationed here in the sense that he sleeps here occasionally and ignores every order I give him." He gestured toward the outpost's eastern edge, where a series of storage buildings backed up against the palisade wall. "Last I saw, he was in the observation post. Top of the grain store. He spends most of his time up there."

"Doing what?"

"Watching. He watches everything. And he sends reports - intelligence reports, troop movements, Dominion patrol patterns. He sends them to anyone who'll listen." Hask's voice carried the specific bitterness of someone who had tried to get those reports heard and failed.



"No one responds. Not the regional command. Not the military council. Not the temple network. He's been screaming into the void for three months."

"Why?"

"Because his entire unit was wiped out three months ago. Eleven scouts, dead in a single night. Dominion ambush. He survived because he was on a solo patrol." The lieutenant's voice softened, fractionally. "He's the best scout I've ever seen. He's also the angriest. Be careful."

Itzil found the grain store at the eastern edge of the compound - a squat stone building with a flat roof accessible by an external ladder. She climbed. The roof was scattered with the detritus of extended habitation: a bedroll, a pack, a cold fire pit, bowls of dried

food, maps pinned to a board with knife marks tracking patrol patterns. And sitting at the roof's edge, legs dangling over the side, looking east through a battered spyglass - a man.

He was younger than she'd expected. Mid-twenties, maybe. Lean the way wolves are lean - not thin but stripped of everything unnecessary. Dark hair cut short and practical. A face that was handsome in the angular, unsettling way that suggested its owner had never once used that advantage intentionally. He wore a scout's kit: dark leather, lightweight armor, a short bow slung across his back, and two knives at his belt positioned for speed rather than display.

He didn't look up when she reached the roof. He'd heard her climbing - she was

certain of that. He simply chose not to acknowledge her until he was ready.

She waited. She would not speak first. Korvain had taught her that much about dealing with difficult people: let them come to you.

Thirty seconds. A minute. He lowered the spyglass.

"The duty officer sent you," he said. Not a question. His voice was flat, controlled, with an edge of mockery that came so naturally it might have been structural.

"Korvain sent me."

That got a reaction. Not much - a slight tension in his shoulders, a micro-pause before his next breath. But it was there. Whatever Kaelen felt about the world, he still respected Korvain.

"The old man sent a kid with a rock." He nodded at the obsidian token visible at her collar. "Impressive."

"He said you're the best tracker he's ever seen."

"He's right. I am."

"He also said you're arrogant and insubordinate."

"He's right about that too." Kaelen swung his legs off the edge and stood. He was taller than she'd expected, and he moved with the fluid, economic grace of someone whose body was a precision instrument. "So you're from the temple. What do you want?"

Itzil told him. Everything - the raid, the Ember Core, the relics, the Great Gate, the prophecy, the blade. Not the details

of her own manifestation - not yet - but the strategic picture. The big shape of what was coming.

He listened without interrupting. His face was still. His eyes were not - they tracked her words the way a hawk tracks movement, quick and evaluative and missing nothing.

When she finished, the silence stretched.

“Why should I follow you?” he asked.

The question was blunt. No hostility - just a genuine need to understand.

She thought about what Korvain would say. What Amalura would say. What a great leader would say - something inspiring, something that made the blood warm and the spine straighten.

What came out was different.

"I don't know," she said. "But I'm going to fight either way. You can come or you can stay here and rot."

The mockery left his eyes. Something else replaced it - something harder to read. Not respect, exactly. More like interest. The kind of interest a scout shows when the terrain reveals an unexpected path.

"Your reports," she continued. "Three months of intelligence, sent to everyone who should care. No response. You've been doing the right thing and the world has been ignoring you. I won't ignore you. I need what you know. I need what you can do."

He stared at her for a long beat. The evening light caught his face - the sharp

lines, the dark eyes, the tension around his jaw that said he was carrying something heavy and had been carrying it for a long time.

"Fine," he said. He reached for his pack - already packed, she noticed. He'd been ready to leave for weeks. Waiting for a reason.

"But I don't take orders."

Itzil picked up his bedroll and tossed it to him. "We'll see about that."

Something happened at the corner of his mouth. Not a smile. The ghost of a smile's distant cousin. There and gone.

He slung his pack. Checked his bow. Counted his arrows by touch.

"When do we leave?"

"Dawn."

“Good.” He looked east, where the last light was fading over the contested territories. “Because the Dominion moved three battalions south yesterday. Whatever they’re doing, it’s starting.”

Itzil followed his gaze. The eastern sky was darkening - not just with night, but with something else. A quality of shadow that felt heavier than it should. Somewhere beyond the horizon, the Dominion was marshaling its forces, and the war that had been building for years was about to stop building and start arriving.

“Then we’d better move fast,” she said.

“That,” Kaelen said, shouldering his pack, “is the first smart thing you’ve said.”



# Chapter 8 - The Scout

The girl from the temple was not what he'd expected.

Kaelen had received visitors before - military officials, mostly, who arrived with pressed uniforms and clean boots and the particular brand of condescension reserved for people stationed too far from the capital to matter. They'd listen to his intelligence reports with polite attention, promise to pass them up the chain of command, and leave. Nothing would change. The reports would van-

ish into the bureaucratic void, and the Dominion would continue to move its pieces across the board while the people supposed to stop them studied the pieces and discussed the board.

Itzil was different. She had dust on her boots and determination in her eyes, and when she'd told him about the Ember Core and the Great Gate and the prophecy, she hadn't wrapped it in comfortable qualifications or strategic abstractions. She'd told him the truth, plainly and directly, and then she'd offered him the most honest recruitment pitch he'd ever heard: I don't know why you should follow me. But I'm going to fight either way.

That was either very brave or very stupid. Possibly both. He found himself respecting it regardless.

He watched her now from the grain store rooftop as she organized the group for departure. She moved with the confident economy of someone who'd been trained well - every gesture purposeful, no wasted motion. Her three junior warriors followed her instructions without hesitation, which told him they trusted her more than she probably realized. Trust wasn't given freely by soldiers. It was earned in the accumulation of small moments - decisions made under pressure, burdens shared without complaint, the willingness to put yourself between your people and whatever was trying to kill them.

She'd done those things. He could see it in the way they looked at her.

What he couldn't see was whether she understood what she was walking into. The contested zone wasn't the protected interior, where the worst threat was a bandit or a bad storm. Out here, the Dominion was real. Their soldiers were disciplined, their sorcerers were lethal, and their intelligence network was terrifyingly good. He'd learned that lesson three months ago, in a way he would carry for the rest of his life.

He didn't talk about the unit. Not to Hask, not to the other soldiers at Ashmark, not to the ghosts that sat at the edge of his vision when the nights were long and the silence was too loud. Eleven scouts. The best reconnaissance

unit in the border forces, each of them hand-picked, each of them trained to operate independently in hostile territory. They'd been his family in the way that soldiers who share danger become family - bound not by blood but by the mutual understanding that each of you would die for the others without hesitation.

They had died. All of them. A Dominion ambush in the Thornwall Pass - perfectly timed, perfectly executed, deploying blood-magic that confused their trail-signs and turned their own tracking techniques against them. The enemy had known their positions, their movement patterns, their communication signals. Someone had studied them the way Kaelen studied Dominion patrols: thoroughly, patiently, and with lethal intent.

He'd survived because he was on a solo patrol fifteen miles east. He'd returned to find the pass empty and the bodies arranged in a line - not out of cruelty, but out of the clinical orderliness that the Dominion applied to everything. Eleven bodies. Eleven packs. Eleven weapons, cleaned and placed beside their owners. A message: we could have scattered you. We chose to show respect. Be grateful.

He hadn't been grateful. He'd been something beyond anger - a cold, specific fury that didn't burn but compressed, diamond-hard and patient, waiting in his chest for a target worth striking.

For three months, he'd channeled that fury into reports. Detailed, precise, comprehensive intelligence on every Domin-

ion movement within two hundred miles of Ashmark. Patrol schedules. Supply routes. Communication patterns. Sorcerer deployments. He'd written it all down and sent it to every authority he could reach, and every authority had responded with silence.

Until Itzil.

She didn't respond with silence. She responded with: I need what you know.

That was enough. For now.

They departed Ashmark at dawn, as agreed. Itzil's group of four plus Kaelen made five - a small team, mobile and quiet, which suited his preferences. Large groups were slow, loud, and visible from a distance. Small groups could move through the gaps.

He took point immediately, without asking. Scouting was his function. He didn't need permission to perform it. Itzil watched him move ahead with an expression he couldn't quite read - somewhere between approval and the mild irritation of someone who preferred to be asked before decisions were made.

He didn't ask. Asking was for people who weren't sure of their value. He was very sure of his.

The route south led through contested territory - not actively controlled by either side, but patrolled by Dominion scout teams with increasing frequency. Kaelen read the land the way a scholar reads a book: footprints told stories, broken branches wrote sentences, the behavior of birds at the treeline com-



posed entire chapters about who had passed and when.

“Dominion patrol,” he said, two hours into the march. He held up a fist - the universal signal for stop - and crouched at the base of an oak tree. The others froze behind him.

“Where?” Itzil, low and immediate.

He pointed. “Three hundred yards, moving east to west across our line of march. Eight soldiers, light armor, one sorcerer. They’ll cross our path in about four minutes.”

“How do you know there’s a sorcerer?”

“The birds. They’re avoiding a spot about fifty yards behind the main group. Animals can sense dark magic - it registers as wrong, the way a dog senses a storm.

If the birds are flying around something they can't see, it's usually a sorcerer with an active ward."

Itzil absorbed this without argument. He appreciated that. Some commanders challenged every assessment out of habit. She challenged what needed challenging and accepted what didn't.

"Options?" she asked.

"We wait. Let them pass. Four minutes of patience costs us nothing. Engaging an eight-person patrol with a sorcerer gains us nothing."

"Agreed."

They waited. The patrol crossed - exactly as he'd predicted, eight soldiers in Dominion black and silver, with a robed figure trailing behind them radiating the

subtle wrongness that marked active sorcery. They passed within two hundred yards, oblivious to the five people pressed against the tree line.

When the patrol was gone, Kaelen led them south through a ravine that would have been invisible from any approach except the one he'd memorized during his months of solitary scouting. He knew this land. Every fold, every stream, every ridgeline. He knew it because knowing it was the difference between survival and the alternative.

"You're good at this," Venn said from behind him. The young warrior seemed incapable of extended silence.

"I know."

"Most people would say something modest."

"Most people aren't as good at this as I am."

By afternoon, they'd cleared the patrol zone and were moving through open country toward the southern border. Kaelen called a rest at a stream crossing - clear water, good sight lines, defensible position against casual approach.

He sat apart from the group, as was his habit. He ate dried meat and flatbread from his pack and studied the terrain ahead through his spyglass. The landscape was changing - grassland giving way to hills, with the first suggestion of the mountainous terrain that separated the border from the deeper interior.

Itzil approached. She moved well for a temple warrior - quieter than he'd expected, with an awareness of her sur-

roundings that suggested training beyond basic swordsmanship.

"Can I sit?" she asked.

"It's a free country. For now."

She sat on a rock beside him. Pulled out her own rations. They ate in silence for a minute - the comfortable silence of people who were still measuring each other and hadn't decided where the edges were.

"Your reports," she said. "The intelligence you've been sending. I read some of it on the way here. Korvain forwarded what he could."

"And?"

"It's the most detailed tactical analysis of Dominion operations I've ever seen. If anyone had acted on it three months

ago, the border situation would be completely different."

Something shifted in his chest. A tightness he'd been carrying so long he'd stopped noticing it - the tightness of shouting into a void and hearing nothing come back. Someone had read his reports. Someone had understood them. Someone had used the word acted as though action was not only possible but expected.

He didn't show it. He'd spent three months not showing things, and the skill had become a habit.

"Why didn't they?" he asked.

"Politics. Bureaucracy. The inability of comfortable people to believe that uncomfortable things are happening to other people far away." She met his

eyes. Direct. No evasion. "The same reason they didn't respond to your requests for reinforcement. The same reason Ashmark is falling apart. The center doesn't see the edges until the edges are on fire."

"And now?"

"Now the edges are on fire."

He looked at her. Really looked, the way he looked at terrain - reading the contours, the sight lines, the hidden features that revealed themselves only to sustained attention.

She was scared. He could see it in the tension around her jaw, the way her fingers gripped her water skin slightly too hard, the micro-adjustments in her posture that spoke of someone bracing for an impact they couldn't see coming. She

was scared, and she was here anyway, and she was telling him the truth about a situation that most people would soften or evade.

“Korvain said I’d hate you,” she said.

“Do you?”

“Not yet. Give it time.”

The ghost of something appeared at the corner of his mouth. Not a smile. He’d forgotten how to smile three months ago, in a pass full of bodies. But something adjacent. Something that remembered what smiling felt like and wasn’t entirely opposed to the memory.

“Where are we going next?” he asked.

“South. There’s an engineer at a border forge. Then east to find a healer in the refugee camps.”



“Building a team.”

“Building something. I don’t know what shape it is yet.”

He nodded. Stood. Packed his spyglass. Checked his bow, his arrows, his knives - the inventory of a man who’d learned that readiness was the only prayer worth saying.

“I’ll scout the route ahead. There’s a Dominion checkpoint on the southern road that we’ll need to avoid. I know a way around it.”

He started to walk. Stopped. Turned back.

“The reports,” he said. “You’re the first person who read them and came here.”

She looked at him. The fear was there. And beside it, steady and quiet: conviction.

“That’s because I’m the first person who understood that reports don’t mean anything unless someone does something about them.”

He held her gaze for a beat longer than was comfortable. Then he turned and walked into the tree line, and the forest swallowed him the way it always did - completely, silently, as though he’d never been there at all.

Behind him, the group packed up and prepared to move. Itzil watched the spot where Kaelen had vanished. She didn’t say anything. She didn’t need to.

The scout was in. Arrogant, insubordinate, and brilliant - exactly as advertised.

Now she needed an engineer.

# **Chapter 9 - The Duelist And The Engineer**

**T**hey found Jagren in a fighting pit.

The warrior clan encampment sprawled across a river valley two days south of Ashmark - a semi-permanent settlement of tents and wooden structures that served as a gathering point for mercenaries, freelance warriors, and anyone with a blade and an appetite for employment. The clan wasn't a sin-

gle family but a loose confederation of fighters who shared a code: fight fairly, honor debts, and never stab anyone in the back unless they'd stabbed you first.

The fighting pit occupied the camp's center - a circular depression thirty feet across, lined with packed earth and ringed by tiered seating made from logs and planks. When Itzil's group arrived in the late afternoon, the seats were packed. Two hundred people, maybe more, cheering, betting, and drinking with the particular enthusiasm of an audience that had nothing else to do and nowhere else to be.

In the pit, a young man was destroying his opponent.

He was Itzil's age, give or take - dark-haired, lean, and moving with a

speed that made the air around him seem slow by comparison. His blade was a slim, curved weapon designed for speed rather than power, and he used it the way a musician uses an instrument: with technical precision so complete it transcended into art.

His opponent was bigger, stronger, and increasingly desperate. The larger man swung heavy, chopping blows that would have been devastating if they'd landed. None of them landed. The young man wasn't just faster - he occupied a different category of fast, the kind that made other fast people look like they were wading through honey.

The finishing move came so quickly that most of the audience missed it. A feint to the left, a pivot that defied the normal

rules of momentum, and a strike from an angle that shouldn't have been physically possible. The larger man's sword went spinning. The young man's blade stopped a quarter inch from his opponent's throat.

Silence. Then the roar.

The young man turned to the audience and spread his arms. He grinned - a wide, genuine, entirely un-humble grin that said he knew exactly how good he was and felt no particular need to pretend otherwise.

"That," Kaelen said from beside Itzil, his voice flat as a blade, "is exactly the kind of person who gets other people killed."

His name was Jagren, and he was delighted to meet them.

Not delighted in the measured, diplomatic way of someone managing a social interaction. Delighted in the way a child is delighted by a new toy - immediately, completely, and with a volume that suggested his enthusiasm had never been introduced to the concept of discretion.

"A Sun-Blade warrior? An actual Sun-Blade warrior?" He pumped Itzil's hand with both of his, still sweating from the pit fight. "I've read about your order. The golden blades, the ancient temple, the warrior tradition stretching back centuries. Incredible. Absolutely incredible. And you're building a team? To fight the Dominion?"

"That's the plan," Itzil said, extracting her hand.



"I'm in."

Kaelen and Itzil exchanged a glance. She could read his thought as clearly as if he'd spoken it: too eager. People who rushed into fights without asking questions were the first ones to rush out of them - or the first ones to not come out at all.

"You don't know what we're facing," Itzil said.

"You're facing the Dominion. I know what they are. I've seen their soldiers come through here - recruiting, requisitioning, doing the things empires do to the edges of their territory. They think they own the world. Someone needs to teach them they don't."

"That's not a reason. That's a slogan."

Jagren's grin dimmed, fractionally. Not extinguished - nothing short of catastrophe could extinguish a grin like that - but tempered. He looked at her with something sharper behind the flash.

"You want a reason? Fine. I fight because it's what I do. I've been fighting since I could hold a blade. I'm the best duelist in this camp - probably the best on this side of the continent. And I am absolutely, completely, one hundred percent wasting my time in a fighting pit."

He gestured at the arena. "This is entertainment. It's not real. Nobody's life depends on me being good. Nobody's freedom hangs on whether I win or lose. I'm fighting for applause, and applause is empty." He met her eyes. "I want to fight

for something that matters. If you're offering that, I'm in."

The sincerity was real. Under the flash and the volume and the grin, Jagren meant every word. He wanted to matter. That hunger - for significance, for purpose - was as genuine as anything she'd encountered.

It was also dangerous. People who fought for significance took risks they shouldn't take. They sought glory in moments that demanded caution. They made beautiful choices that got ugly results.

But he was fast. Impossibly, undeniably fast. And in the war that was coming, fast might keep people alive.

"We leave at dawn," she said. "Pack light."

His grin returned at full power. "Already packed."

The border forge was half a day's march south, set into a hillside above a stream that provided both water for cooling and power for the bellows. It was a functional place - no aesthetics, no decoration, just stone walls, a massive chimney, and the constant rhythmic sound of metal being shaped by someone who understood it at a fundamental level.

They found Torvane inside.

He was the opposite of Jagren in every measurable way. Where Jagren was loud, Torvane was silent. Where Jagren moved with theatrical flair, Torvane moved with mechanical precision. Where Jagren talked constantly, Torvane

communicated primarily through raised eyebrows and the occasional grunt.

He was compact - medium height, stocky, with forearms corded with muscle from years of forge work. His hands were large, scarred, and spectacularly dexterous. He wore a leather apron over practical clothing, and his workspace was a precisely organized landscape of tools, metals, and half-finished projects that ranged from conventional weapons to devices that Itzil couldn't begin to identify.

When they entered the forge, he didn't look up. He was assembling something - a cylindrical device with an intricate internal mechanism that involved springs, gears, and what appeared to be a small

crystal that pulsed with faint magical energy.

“Torvane?” Itzil said.

“Busy.”

“We need to talk.”

“Busy now. Talk later.” He adjusted something inside the cylinder with a pair of needle-thin pliers. “Later meaning when I’ve finished calibrating this charge regulator, which requires concentration, which requires silence, which requires you to not be here.”

Kaelen leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed. Jagren vibrated with the restless energy of someone who’d been standing still for more than thirty seconds. Venn opened his mouth. Tuli elbowed him.

They waited.

Seven minutes later, Torvane set down his pliers, placed the device in a padded case, and turned to face them. His expression was neutral - not unwelcoming, not hostile, simply the face of a man who allocated his attention like a resource and had just freed up some allocation.

"You're from the Sun-Blade temple," he said, noting the obsidian token. "You want something."

Itzil told him what she'd told Kaelen and Jagren. The Ember Core. The relics. The Great Gate. The Dominion.

Torvane listened with the focused attention of someone processing raw data. When she finished, he was quiet for ten seconds - an eternity by conversation standards, during which Itzil could prac-

tically see the calculations running behind his eyes.

“The Dominion’s war-beasts,” he said. “Their siege weapons. Their alchemical sorcery. All of it is engineering. Built. Manufactured. Dependent on supply chains, maintenance, and the continued availability of raw materials.” He looked at the devices on his workbench. “I’ve been designing countermeasures for three years. Ward-disruptors. Signal jammers. Portable fortifications. Explosive charges optimized for specific Dominion alloy compositions.” He picked up a small metal cylinder. “This, for example, generates a pulse that neutralizes the alchemical wards the Dominion uses on their field encampments. Range: forty meters. Duration: twelve



seconds. Long enough to breach any standard defensive perimeter."

"You've built all this?"

"I've built prototypes. I've sent proposals to every military academy, every border command, every organization that should care about stopping the most powerful empire on the continent from conquering everything in sight." His voice carried no bitterness - just the clinical frustration of someone whose solutions had been ignored by the people who needed them most. "No one funded me. No one responded."

Kaelen made a small sound. Itzil glanced at him and saw recognition on his face - the same story he'd lived. Reports sent. Solutions offered. Silence returned.

"I'm not a military academy," Itzil said. "I can't fund your work. I can offer you something better: a chance to test your designs against actual Dominion targets."

Torvane looked at his workshop. The prototypes. The blueprints. The years of work that no one had used.

"I build things that work," he said. "If you want things that are pretty, find someone else."

"I want things that keep people alive."

He nodded. Reached for his pack - already partially assembled, Itzil noticed. Like Kaelen's, like Jagren's. These people had been ready. Waiting. All they'd needed was someone to point the way.

"When do we leave?" Torvane asked.

"Dawn."

He nodded again. Began systematically packing his most critical tools and prototypes with the methodical efficiency of a man who had thought about this moment many times.

Jagren watched the process with undisguised fascination. "What's that thing?" he asked, pointing at a device shaped like a nested set of brass rings.

"Ward-disruptor."

"And that?"

"Explosive charge."

"And the-"

"If you touch anything in this forge, I will remove your fingers with the industrial shears and feed them to the stream."

Jagren pulled his hand back. "I like him," he told Itzil.

"Everyone likes me," Torvane said, without looking up. "I don't know why. I'm not likeable."

That night, camped between the forge and the road south, Itzil sat at the fire's edge and counted her team.

Kaalen the scout - sharp, wounded, seeing everything. Jagren the duelist - fast, eager, needing a purpose beyond applause. Torvane the engineer - precise, frustrated, carrying solutions no one had asked for. Venn, Tuli, Sorren - her junior warriors, loyal and learning.

Seven people. Against an empire.

Kaalen sat across the fire, cleaning his blade in the light. His movements

were automatic - the kind of maintenance that came from years of practice, hands moving without conscious direction while his mind worked on something else.

"We need the healer," he said, not looking up. "The one Korvain mentioned. Neyla."

"I know."

"The refugee camps are three days east. Dominion-controlled territory for the last fifty miles."

"I know."

"And somewhere along the way, we're going to run into something we can't scout around or fight through. The Dominion knows the temple was hit. They

know someone survived. They'll be looking for us."

"I know."

He looked up. Firelight. Sharp features. Dark eyes holding something he didn't name.

"You say 'I know' a lot for someone who doesn't have a plan."

"I have a plan. Keep moving. Find Neyla. Don't die."

"That's not a plan. That's a to-do list."

"It's a start." She met his eyes across the fire. "Plans require intelligence. You're the intelligence. So tomorrow, on the road, you tell me everything you know about Dominion operations in the eastern sector, and I'll turn your intelligence into a plan."

Something changed in his expression. Subtle. The way a landscape changes when a cloud passes and the light shifts - everything the same but differently lit. She'd offered him the thing he'd been denied for three months: someone who would use what he knew.

"Dawn," he said.

"Dawn."

He went back to cleaning his blade. She went back to studying the fire.

Tomorrow was the road east. Tomorrow was Dominion territory. Tomorrow was Neyla - wherever she was, whoever she was, whatever she could do that Amalura said shouldn't be possible.

The team was growing. Four strong, with three more. Seven against an empire.

It wasn't enough. It would have to be.



## Chapter 10 - The Healers Burden

The child had been coughing for three days.

Neyla knelt beside the makeshift cot - a blanket thrown over a pallet of straw in a tent that leaked when it rained, which was often - and pressed her hands against the girl's chest. The girl was six, maybe seven. Thin in the way that refugee children were thin, with hollow cheeks and eyes that were too large for

her face and a cough that rattled in her lungs like stones in a drum.

Neyla closed her eyes and reached.

Her healing magic was not dramatic. There were no golden flashes, no shimmering auras, no visible display of supernatural power. It felt, from the inside, like listening - extending her awareness into the body beneath her hands and hearing what it had to say. The lungs spoke of fluid. The blood spoke of infection. The heart, small and determined, spoke of a body fighting to survive with resources it didn't have.

She pushed warmth into the girl's chest. Not heat - warmth. The kind of warmth that a mother's hand gives when pressed against a feverish forehead: reassuring, intentional, alive. She

coaxed the fluid to thin, the infection to slow, the immune response to rally. It was delicate work. Heavy-handed healing caused more damage than it repaired - the body was a system, and systems responded to finesse, not force.

After twenty minutes, the coughing eased. The girl's breathing deepened. Color returned to her lips.

"She'll sleep now," Neyla told the girl's mother - a woman who hadn't slept in three days herself and whose eyes held the specific exhaustion of someone who had been running and was still running, even while standing still. "The infection will break by morning. Keep her warm. Give her water when she wakes."

The mother gripped Neyla's hand. Her fingers were rough, her grip painfully

tight. She didn't speak. She didn't need to. The grip said everything: thank you and please don't leave and I can't do this alone.

Neyla squeezed back. Then she gently extracted her hand and moved to the next patient.

The refugee camp occupied a strip of no-man's-land between the eastern border and the Dominion's outer territories - a mile of scrubland and trampled grass that had become, through the accumulated desperation of thousands, a temporary city. Tents stretched in every direction, organized not by plan but by arrival: the earliest refugees near the center, the latest on the edges, and everyone in between arranged by the haphaz-

ard logic of people finding empty space and claiming it.

Neyla had been here for four months. She'd arrived with nothing but her medical knowledge, her healing magic, and a fury so deep it had burned through the initial shock and settled into something colder and more permanent: purpose.

Her family was gone. Not dead - worse. Her mother, her father, her younger sister. Ash-oathed. She'd watched it happen, from behind a wall, through a crack in the plaster, while Dominion sorcerers pressed their hands against her family's chests and burned the sigils in. She'd watched her mother's eyes go blank. Her father's hands fall limp. Her sister - twelve years old, bright and loud and impossible to silence - go quiet.

She'd run. Not bravely. Not strategically. She'd run because her body had moved before her mind could process what was happening, and by the time her mind caught up she was two miles away and there was nothing left to go back to.

The guilt of that running lived in her like a second heartbeat. It was always there, always beating, always reminding her: you left them. You left them standing with empty eyes and puppet-string bodies, and you ran.

She'd come to the refugee camp because it was the closest thing to a purpose she could find. People needed healing. She could heal. The equation was simple, even if the execution was exhausting.

She worked eighteen-hour days. She treated infections, wounds, fevers, malnutrition, and the particular brand of psychological damage that came from losing everything and ending up in a tent in a field in the middle of nowhere. She was the only healer in the camp with genuine magical ability. The others were herbalists, bone-setters, and well-meaning volunteers with varying degrees of competence. She was grateful for all of them and insufficient without them.

The camp held approximately three thousand people. Three thousand bodies, three thousand souls, three thousand stories of loss and displacement and the stubborn refusal to stop existing even when every material reason for existence had been stripped away. They ate what the supply convoys brought -

when the convoys arrived, which was less and less frequently. They slept in tents that were never warm enough. They cared for each other with the desperate generosity of people who had nothing left to give except attention.

Neyla loved them. All of them. Not abstractly, not as a concept, but specifically and individually, the way a gardener loves each plant in a garden - knowing their needs, their weaknesses, their particular way of leaning toward light.

She was treating a man with a broken arm - compound fracture, the bone visible through torn skin, infection already setting in - when the strangers arrived.

There were seven of them. Five were clearly warriors - armed, armored, travel-worn. The sixth was a short, stocky



man with a leather apron and the callused hands of a craftsman. The seventh walked at the front, and Neyla noticed her before she noticed anyone else.

The woman carried herself with the careful balance of someone trained in combat - weight centered, awareness wide, every step a controlled placement rather than a casual motion. She was young - early twenties - with dark hair pulled back and eyes that held equal measures of determination and exhaustion. She wore a steel sword at her hip and something at her collar that caught the light: an obsidian token, carved with a symbol Neyla recognized from the old texts her grandmother had kept.

Sun-Blade order.

The woman approached the medical tent. She stopped at the entrance and waited - not barging in, not demanding attention, just waiting until Neyla had finished setting the broken arm and wrapping it in a splint.

"Neyla?" the woman asked.

"I'm busy."

"I can see that. I can wait."

She waited. For forty-five minutes, while Neyla finished with the broken arm, treated a child's fever, cleaned and dressed a wound on an elderly man's leg, and convinced a young mother to eat something despite having no appetite. The woman watched all of it with the particular attention of someone cataloging capabilities.

When the last patient was settled, Neyla washed her hands in a basin of water that she'd purified with a touch of her magic - heating it just enough to kill bacteria, cooling it instantly afterward. She dried her hands on a cloth and turned to face the stranger.

"I'm Itzil," the woman said. "I'm from the Sun-Blade temple on Mount Solara. I need your help."

"Everyone in this camp needs my help."

"I know. That's why I came to you instead of sending a message." Itzil stepped closer. "What you do here - the healing, the care, the way these people look at you - it's extraordinary. But there's a war coming, Neyla. A war that will make this camp look like a quiet afternoon. And

the skills you have are needed not just here but everywhere.”

“My skills are needed HERE. These people-”

“Will be ash-oathed if the Dominion reaches this camp. Every person you’ve healed, every child you’ve treated, every life you’ve saved - all of it erased by a sorcerer’s hand and a sigil on the chest.”

The words hit like a physical blow. Not because they were cruel - because they were true. Neyla had been treating symptoms while the disease marched closer every day.

She looked at the camp around her. The tents. The cook fires. The children playing in the dust between the tent rows, their laughter bright and fragile

and completely unaware of what was coming for them.

"What are you offering?" she asked.

"A chance to fight. Not with a sword - with what you can do. Your healing magic. The ash-oaths, Neyla. Amalura - our scholar - believes there may be a way to reverse them. A healer with enough power and precision could theoretically break the magic that holds them."

Neyla's heart stopped. Not literally - she was a healer, she knew what a literal cardiac arrest felt like - but the metaphorical version, the kind where the world pauses and reconfigures around a single piece of information.

"Reverse ash-oaths?" she whispered.

“Theoretically. No one’s done it. But if anyone could...”

If anyone could. If anyone could undo the magic that had taken her mother’s eyes and her father’s hands and her sister’s voice. If anyone could give back what had been stolen - not just for her family but for the thousands, the tens of thousands who’d been erased by the Dominion’s most terrible weapon.

“I can’t guarantee we’ll win,” Itzil said. Her voice was quiet. Honest. “I can’t guarantee anything. But I can guarantee that we’ll fight for the people who can’t fight for themselves. That’s what I’m offering.”

Neyla looked at the camp. At the refugees. At the girl she’d healed that

morning, now sleeping peacefully in a tent that leaked when it rained.

She looked at Itzil. At the obsidian token. At the determination in those exhausted eyes.

"I need to arrange coverage," she said. "The herbalists can handle routine care, but the serious cases--"

"Take the time you need."

"And I'm bringing my kit." She pointed at a battered leather bag that contained every medical supply she'd accumulated over four months. "All of it."

"Bring whatever you need."

Neyla began packing. Her hands moved with the same efficiency she applied to wound care - systematic, thorough, nothing forgotten. Bandages, herbs,

tools, her personal notes on every treatment protocol she'd developed.

As she worked, a young girl appeared at the tent entrance - the same girl she'd healed that morning. She was standing, pale but alert, with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders and a look on her face that was equal parts confusion and concern.

"Where are you going?" the girl asked.

Neyla knelt. Looked into the girl's too-large eyes.

"I need to go help some other people. Far away."

"Will you come back?"

The question hung in the air. Neyla felt the weight of it - the same weight she felt



every time someone looked at her with trust she wasn't sure she'd earned.

"I'll try," she said.

She didn't promise. She never promised what she couldn't keep. But she held the girl's hand for a moment, warm and steady, and the girl held back, and for a few heartbeats the entire war and the prophecy and the ash-oaths and the Great Gate shrank to the size of two people holding on.

Then Neyla stood, shouldered her bag, and walked out of the tent into the late afternoon light.

Itzil was waiting. Beside her, a lean man with dark eyes and a short bow who watched the perimeter with the focused attention of someone who never stopped watching. A flashy young man

who vibrated with energy. A quiet man in a leather apron who examined a tent pole with professional interest.

Her team. If she chose to join it.

She chose.

“Where to?” she asked.

Itzil looked at the road ahead - east, into Dominion territory, into the unknown. “Forward.”

“That’s not an answer.”

“It’s the only one I have right now.”

Neyla adjusted her medical bag on her shoulder. She’d spent four months treating the wounded. Now she was joining the people who made the wounds unnecessary.

It was terrifying. It felt like the first honest thing she'd done since running from her family's house four months ago.

She walked forward. She didn't look back. She didn't need to.

The camp would be here when she returned. If she returned. And the girl with the too-large eyes would remember that someone had held her hand and said I'll try - which was, in the end, the most honest promise anyone could make.

# Chapter 11 - The First Camp

The five-person team made camp in a shallow valley between two ridge-lines, sheltered from wind and hidden from the road by a stand of ancient oaks whose canopy was thick enough to mask a fire's light from overhead observation. Kaelen had chosen the site - he chose every site - with the methodical precision of someone who evaluated terrain the way other people evaluated furni-

ture: by function, defensibility, and the probability that it would try to kill you.

It was their first night together. All five of them - Itzil, Kaelen, Jagren, Torvane, Neyla - plus the three junior warriors, arranged around a fire that Torvane had built with an efficiency that bordered on insulting. He'd used a device from his pack - a small brass cylinder that generated a controlled flame at the push of a button - and had the fire burning and stable in under a minute. Jagren had been trying to start his fire with a flint for ten minutes.

"That's cheating," Jagren said, watching the brass device disappear back into Torvane's pack.

"It's engineering," Torvane said. "The distinction is important."

"To you."

"To anyone who wants a fire before midnight."

The dynamic between them was immediate and chemical - oil and water, style and substance, flash and function. Jagren moved through the world like a performance. Torvane moved through it like a schematic. They were, Itzil suspected, going to drive each other insane. They were also, she suspected, going to make each other better.

Neyla had claimed a corner of the camp where the light was best and was inventorying her medical supplies with the focused determination of someone organizing their weapons before a battle. She laid out bandages, herb pouches, needle and thread, a small mortar and pes-

tle, and a collection of tincture bottles that clinked together when she moved them. Everything was arranged by function: trauma supplies on the left, illness treatment in the center, magical augmentation on the right.

Kaelen sat at the camp's eastern edge, watching the perimeter. He hadn't stopped watching since they'd arrived. His eyes moved in a continuous sweep - treeline, ridgeline, sky, ground, treeline - the automated vigilance of someone whose survival had depended on noticing things before they noticed him.

Itzil sat at the fire's center and tried to feel like a leader.

It was harder than she'd expected. In the temple, leadership had been structured - Korvain above her, the disciples

around her, the daily rhythm of training and study providing a framework she could lean on. Out here, there was no structure. No schedule. No one to tell her what to do next. There was only her judgment, her instincts, and the increasingly urgent need to turn five strangers into something that functioned.

"We need a plan," she said.

Five sets of eyes turned to her. Six, counting Venn, who was always paying attention even when he looked like he wasn't.

"The Dominion has three sacred relics. Maybe four. They need all seven to open the Great Gate. Our objective is to deny them the remaining relics - find them before the Dominion does and secure them." She pulled out Amalura's



map and spread it on the ground. "The nearest confirmed relic location is here - the Tide Pearl, believed to be in a coastal temple in the southern reaches. After that, the Starshard, in a mountain fortress in the Shattered Peaks."

Kaelen leaned forward, studying the map. "The southern coast is two weeks' march. Through Dominion-patrolled territory the entire way."

"I know."

"And the Dominion will be heading for the same relics. They have the same intelligence we do - probably better, given their resources."

"I know that too."

"So we're in a race we can't win with a team we can't afford to lose." He sat

back. "Just want to make sure we're all clear on the math."

Jagren, who had been listening with uncharacteristic patience, spoke up. "So don't race. Ambush. Let the Dominion find the relic, then take it from them."

"That's not-" Itzil started.

"No, wait." Kaelen held up a hand. His eyes had sharpened - the scout's brain engaging with the tactical problem. "He's not entirely wrong. If we go straight for the relic, we telegraph our intentions. The Dominion expects a race. They've planned for a race. What they haven't planned for is someone who lets them do the work and then takes the result."

"That's what I said."

"You said 'ambush.' I said it with more words and fewer hand gestures."

"Boys," Neyla said, without looking up from her inventory. The single word carried the weight of someone who had spent four months managing the competing needs of three thousand refugees and had no patience for ego.

The silence was immediate.

Torvane cleared his throat. "The strategic question is intelligence. We need to know what the Dominion knows: which relics they're targeting, when, and with what force. Then we plan around their plan."

"How?" Itzil asked.

All eyes turned to Kaelen.

He looked at the map. Looked at the territory markers - the Dominion patrol routes he'd documented, the outposts he'd mapped, the communication lines he'd identified during three months of solitary observation.

"There's a Dominion intelligence outpost called Thornspire," he said. "Forty miles southeast. It's a relay point - communications from the field pass through it on the way to the capital. If we can get inside and access their records, we'll know everything: relic locations, troop deployments, strategic priorities."

"How heavily defended?"

"Twenty soldiers. One sorcerer. A blood-mirror communication device connected to the high command." He

paused. "It's doable. With five people and the right approach."

Itzil looked at her team. Kaelen, already planning entry routes. Jagren, ready to fight anything that moved. Torvane, calculating the sorcerer's ward strength. Neyla, packing her medical kit for field operations.

"All right," she said. "Thornspire. First real mission."

She caught Kaelen's eye across the fire. He gave a fractional nod - not approval, but acknowledgment. She'd taken his intelligence and made a decision. That was what he'd been waiting for.

They spent the evening around the fire in something approaching companionship. Not friendship - that would come later, if it came at all. This was the

cautious, exploratory phase, the social equivalent of five animals sharing a watering hole: aware of each other, not hostile, but not yet trusting.

Jagren told stories. He couldn't help it - performance was his language, the medium through which he processed experience. He told them about his best fights in the pit: the duel against a man twice his size who'd fought with a hammer, the match against twin sisters who'd worked in perfect coordination, the time he'd won a bout while temporarily blinded by a thrown cloak.

"You lost a fight to a cloak?" Kaelen said.

"I DIDN'T lose. I won. While blind. That's the point of the story."

"The point of the story is that you didn't see a cloak coming."

"The point of the story is-" Jagren stopped. Processed. Grinned. "Fair point. I didn't see it. But I adapted. That's what matters."

Torvane examined a Dominion-issue arrowhead he'd found on the road, turning it in the firelight. "The metallurgy is crude. Iron core with a dark-steel coating. The coating is the dangerous part - it resists magical healing. A wound from this arrowhead would resist Neyla's magic."

Neyla looked up sharply. "Let me see." She took the arrowhead, holding it between her fingers with the delicate precision of someone handling a poisonous insect. She closed her eyes. Felt the metal with her healing sense.

"He's right," she said. "The coating is designed to interfere with biological magic. It wouldn't stop healing entirely, but it would slow it. Make treatment more difficult. More painful."

"Weaponized counter-healing," Torvane said. "The Dominion has invested significant resources into neutralizing magical support. They've thought about this."

The mood sobered. The Dominion wasn't just an army - it was a system, engineered from the ground up to counter every advantage their opponents might have. They'd thought about healing magic and built weapons to defeat it. They'd thought about scout networks and built intelligence to compromise them. They'd thought about defen-



sive wards and built sorcery to breach them.

"They've had years to prepare," Itzil said quietly. "We've had weeks."

"Then we'd better be smarter than them." Kaelen's voice was flat, practical, stripped of everything except the assessment. "We can't out-resource them. We can't out-number them. But we can out-think them - if we use what we have instead of wishing for what we don't."

He looked at each person in turn. "A scout who knows their patrol patterns. An engineer who's built counter-measures for their specific technology. A healer who can treat what their weapons do. A fighter who's faster than anything they've got."

He looked at Itzil. "And a commander with a glowing sword and a talent for showing up when it matters."

She met his eyes. He held the gaze. Firelight and shadows and the first tentative filaments of something she couldn't name - respect, maybe. Or recognition. The feeling of being seen by someone who paid attention to everything and chose what to acknowledge.

"Dawn," she said. "We march for Thornspire."

"Dawn," he agreed.

The fire burned down to coals. The team settled into sleep - Kaelen taking first watch, because of course he did. Itzil lay in her bedroll and stared at the canopy of oak leaves above.

She practiced the Sun-Blade. Quietly. Privately. The golden light spilled from her palms and filled the space above her face with warm luminance, casting the oak leaves in gold and shadow. She held it for two minutes. Three. It was steadier every time.

At the edge of camp, Kaelen saw the light. She knew he saw it - he saw everything. His eyes reflected the gold for a moment, and his expression changed - not shock, not calculation, but something quieter. Something close to awe, held for half a heartbeat before he masked it and turned back to the perimeter.

She let the blade dissolve. Closed her eyes. Tomorrow was Thornspire. Tomorrow was the first test.

The team was five people, a fire, and a plan that was barely more than a direction. It wasn't enough.

It would have to be enough.

# Chapter 12 - March To Thornspire

The land changed as they moved southeast. Open grassland compressed into tighter terrain - ravines, rocky hillsides, stands of dense forest that blocked sight lines and channeled movement through predictable paths. Ambush country. Kaelen hated it.

He moved fifty yards ahead of the main group, as was his practice. The space wasn't arbitrary - it was calculated based on reaction time, sound propagation,

and the average engagement distance of a Dominion patrol. Fifty yards gave him enough lead to spot a threat, signal the group, and have them react before the threat reached them. It also meant he was alone, which suited him in ways he didn't care to examine.

The forest floor spoke to him. Every broken twig was a sentence. Every scuffed patch of moss was a paragraph. The boot prints he found at the base of a stream crossing told him a twelve-person patrol had passed here within the last six hours - Dominion regular infantry, based on the tread pattern. They were moving northeast, away from Thornspire, which meant the outpost was currently lighter on manpower than usual.

Good. He filed the information.

He spotted a bird's nest disturbed at eye level - not by wind, which would have displaced it uniformly, but by a hand reaching through the branch at an angle consistent with someone checking a concealed message drop. Dominion field communications used physical drops in addition to their magical blood-mirror network. The drop was empty - already retrieved - but its location told him the communication route and the approximate schedule of the courier who serviced it.

He marked the location on his mental map. Another piece of the puzzle.

The group rested at midday in a declivity between two boulders that provid-

ed cover from three directions. Kaelen briefed them on what he'd found.

"The patrol that normally covers the Thornspire approach is currently deployed northeast. They won't be back for at least eighteen hours. That gives us a window."

"How do you know they won't be back?" Jagren asked.

"Because their boot prints show a full combat load - extra rations, heavier armor, communication crystals. That's a multi-day deployment, not a patrol loop. Something pulled them away from their regular route."

"Or they were redeployed to strengthen Thornspire's defenses because they know we're coming," Torvane said.



“Possible. But the boot prints are heading away from Thornspire, not toward it. And the message drop along the route was already serviced - the courier came through on schedule, which means the communication network is operating normally. If Thornspire had gone to alert status, the courier schedule would have shifted.”

Itzil listened to the exchange with the focused attention she gave to every tactical discussion. Kaelen had noticed that about her - she didn't pretend to know things she didn't. She listened, processed, and then made decisions based on the best available information rather than on ego or assumption.

“What's the approach?” she asked.

He drew in the dirt with a stick. "Thornspire sits on a hilltop - a converted watchtower surrounded by a palisade wall. Single gate on the south side. The compound contains the tower, barracks, storage buildings, and a communication center where the blood-mirror is housed."

He tapped the drawing. "Twenty soldiers, one sorcerer. The soldiers rotate on four-hour watches - six on patrol, six on the wall, eight resting. The sorcerer doesn't follow the rotation. She stays in the communication center, maintaining the blood-mirror connection."

"She?" Neyla asked.

"The sorcerer is a woman. I've observed her through my spyglass during previous reconnaissance. Mid-thirties. Dark

robes with silver trim - that's a mid-rank Dominion sorcerer designation. She's competent but not exceptional."

"How do you know she's not exceptional?"

"Because exceptional sorcerers aren't posted to relay outposts in the middle of nowhere. They're at the front. Thornspire is a bureaucratic assignment - important but unglamorous. The sorcerer assigned there is good enough to maintain the blood-mirror but not good enough to be needed elsewhere."

Torvane leaned forward. "The palisade wall. What's it made of?"

"Timber. Twelve-foot posts, sharpened tips, no walkway on the interior side. The soldiers patrol the wall by walking the exterior base."

“Ward-stones?”

“Four. One at each compass point, embedded in the wall posts. Standard Dominion defensive configuration - they project a detection field that triggers an alarm if anyone with hostile intent crosses the perimeter.”

Torvane reached into his pack and produced a small brass device - one of his ward-disruptors. “Range on this model is thirty meters. If I place it within range of the ward-stones, it’ll suppress the detection field for...” He paused, calculating. “Fourteen seconds. Maybe sixteen.”

“That’s not long.”

“It’s long enough to cross a twelve-foot wall if you know what you’re doing.” He looked at Kaelen. “Do you know what you’re doing?”

"I've been crossing walls since I was twelve."

They reached the outskirts of Thornspire by late afternoon. The compound was exactly as Kaelen had described: a hilltop outpost surrounded by timber walls, with a stone watchtower at the center and a cluster of smaller buildings arranged around a packed-earth yard. Smoke rose from the barracks chimney. A flag - Dominion black and silver - hung limp in the still air.

Kaelen positioned the group in a tree line four hundred yards from the compound's southern gate. Through his spyglass, he counted the visible soldiers: four on the wall, two at the gate, scattered movement inside the compound. The numbers tracked with his previous

observations, adjusted for the patrol's absence.

"The blood-mirror is in the tower," he said, passing the spyglass to Itzil. "Top floor. The sorcerer will be there. The intelligence we need - troop deployments, relic locations, strategic priorities - will be stored in the communication center on the ground floor."

Itzil studied the compound through the spyglass. "The plan?"

"Two-phase. Phase one: Torvane disables the ward-stones from outside the perimeter. Phase two: I go over the wall, access the communication center, retrieve the intelligence, and get out."

"Alone?"

"Speed and stealth. One person makes less noise than five. I can be in and out in ten minutes."

"And if something goes wrong?"

"Then phase three: you and Jagren hit the gate from the front. Draw the guards. Create chaos. I use the distraction to finish the extraction."

Jagren's eyes lit up. The prospect of hitting something was always well-received.

"What about the sorcerer?" Neyla asked.

"The sorcerer is the wild card. If she detects the intrusion, she can lock down the compound with blood-wards. We need her distracted or occupied."

"I can handle that," Neyla said. Everyone looked at her. She met their gazes with

the steady calm of someone who had made a decision and was not interested in debating it. "I can't fight a sorcerer. But I can sense blood-magic. If she activates her wards, I'll feel it before it reaches full power. And my healing magic interacts with blood-magic in ways that might buy us time."

"Might?"

"I've never tested it in combat. But I felt the ash-oath on a villager once - my magic touched the sigil and the sigil reacted. Blood-magic is biological at its core. It uses the body's own systems as a medium. My healing magic accesses those same systems. There's... overlap."

Kaelen filed this information alongside everything else. A healer whose magic could interact with blood-sorcery. That



was either an asset or a liability, depending on the circumstances. He'd take it.

"Dawn," Itzil said. "We hit Thornspire at dawn."

"Not dawn," Kaelen corrected. "Three hours before dawn. The guards are at their lowest alertness between the third and fourth watch rotation. Fatigue and routine create predictable gaps."

"Three hours before dawn, then."

He nodded. Packed his spyglass. Checked his weapons - the automatic inventory that was as much a part of his daily rhythm as breathing.

Through the trees, Thornspire's watchtower caught the last light of sunset. The blood-mirror at the top would be active now - transmitting reports, receiving or-

ders, connecting this lonely outpost to the vast machinery of the Dominion's intelligence network.

In a few hours, that connection would be their window into the enemy's mind.

He settled against a tree and closed his eyes. Not to sleep - he rarely slept before an operation. But to enter the focused calm that preceded action, the state where his mind sorted through variables and possibilities and arranged them into sequences so precise that when the time came, his body would know what to do before his conscious mind caught up.

The team settled around him. Itzil sharpened her blade. Jagren stretched. Torvane calibrated his ward-disruptor. Neyla prepared medical supplies for poten-

tial casualties. Venn, Tuli, and Sorren checked their weapons and tried not to look nervous.

Tomorrow would be their first real test. Their first operation behind enemy lines. Their first chance to prove that five people - and three trainees - could reach into the Dominion's machinery and extract something useful without getting killed.

Kaelen opened his eyes. Looked at the watchtower. Looked at his team.

He didn't trust them yet. Trust was earned in action, not in campfire conversation. But he respected the potential. They were raw. They were untested. And they were here - which, in his experience, was the hardest part.

He closed his eyes again and began reviewing the approach route. Three hours before dawn. Through the ward-gap. Over the wall. Into the heart of the enemy.

Just another Tuesday.

## Chapter 13 - The Thornspire Raid

Three hours before dawn. The world was black and cold and perfectly silent.

Itzil crouched at the tree line with Jagren and Neyla, watching the compound through the pre-dawn darkness. The watchtower was a silhouette against the marginally lighter sky - a black finger pointing at stars that were beginning to fade as the earth turned toward morning. Torches burned at the gate and at

intervals along the palisade wall, creating pools of amber light that threw the spaces between them into deeper shadow.

Torvane was already in position. He'd left thirty minutes ago, circling to the compound's northern side where the nearest ward-stone was embedded in the palisade wall. His ward-disruptor needed to be placed within thirty meters of the stone - close enough that anyone walking the perimeter might spot him. He'd gone without complaint, carrying his device in a padded case and moving with a silence that surprised everyone who assumed engineers were loud.

Kaalen was a ghost. He'd vanished into the darkness twenty minutes ago, moving toward the compound's eastern wall

where the timber had been weakened by water damage - a vulnerability he'd identified during his months of observation. He was somewhere out there, invisible, waiting for Torvane's signal.

Itzil's job was straightforward: wait. If everything went according to plan, Kaelen would be inside and out before anyone noticed. If it didn't go according to plan, she and Jagren would provide the loudest, most attention-grabbing distraction they could manage.

She preferred the first option. She suspected she'd get the second.

Torvane's signal came at precisely the agreed time - a quick flash of light from his position, visible only from the tree line. The ward-disruptor was active. The detection field was down.

Fourteen seconds. Sixteen at most.

Somewhere on the eastern wall, Kaelen moved.

Itzil counted. One. Two. Three. She imagined him scaling the weakened section of palisade - finding handholds in the timber, pulling himself up with the fluid efficiency she'd seen in every movement he made. Four. Five. Six. Over the top. Landing on the other side in a controlled drop that absorbed impact through bent knees and forward momentum. Seven. Eight. Nine.

She stopped counting. He was either in or he wasn't. The next signal would tell her which.

The compound was quiet. The torch at the gate flickered in a breath of wind. A guard on the wall paused at the mid-



point of his circuit, stretched, and continued walking. Routine. The most dangerous state for a sentry - the moment when pattern replaced awareness and the mind wandered to breakfast or sleep or the letter waiting at home.

Minutes passed. Long minutes, stretched thin by adrenaline and the particular flavor of anxiety that came from waiting while someone else took the risk.

Neyla touched Itzil's arm. "I can feel the blood-mirror," she whispered. Her eyes were half-closed, her expression concentrated. "Top of the tower. Active. There's a sorcerer connected to it - I can feel her life-force threaded through the device."

"Can you tell if she's aware of the intrusion?"

"Not yet. Her pattern is steady. Regular. She's maintaining the connection but not alert. Routine maintenance."

"If that changes-"

"I'll know before you do."

Inside the compound, Kaelen worked.

Itzil couldn't see him. Couldn't hear him. She knew he was in the communication center - the ground floor of the watchtower, where intelligence scrolls and maps were stored - because he'd told her that's where he'd go, and Kaelen did not deviate from stated plans.

She watched the guards. The wall patrol continued its circuit - seven minutes per rotation, four guards covering

the perimeter. The gate guards stood in their pools of torchlight, talking in low voices about something that involved hand gestures and occasional quiet laughter. Off-duty soldiers in the barracks were silent - sleeping, presumably.

Everything was normal. Everything was fine.

Neyla's hand tightened on her arm.

"The sorcerer. She's shifting. Something's - she's not alarmed, but she's aware. Like she heard a sound she can't identify."

Itzil's pulse kicked. "Can you interfere?"

"I don't know. I've never-" Neyla closed her eyes. Her breathing changed - slow-

er, deeper, more controlled. "I'm going to try something."

"Neyla-"

"I can feel the blood-mirror's connection. It's like a thread of red light running from the sorcerer to the device. If I can... soothe the connection. Make it feel normal. Like putting a hand on a nervous animal."

She reached out with her healing magic - not physically, but through the invisible landscape of biological energy that was her native territory. Itzil felt nothing, saw nothing. But Neyla's face smoothed, and after a moment she whispered: "Done. She's settled. Back to routine."

"What did you do?"

"I sent a pulse of calm through the blood-network. The sorcerer's nervous system interpreted it as the connection stabilizing after a minor fluctuation. It's like... telling her body that everything is fine."

Itzil stared at her. "You can influence a sorcerer's perception through her own magic?"

"Not influence. Reassure. There's a difference." Neyla opened her eyes. "And I can only do it because blood-magic is biological. It uses the body as a conduit. My healing magic accesses the same conduit. I just... whispered through it."

The implications were staggering. Neyla's magic didn't just heal. It communicated through the same channels that blood-magic used. If she could reassure,

could she also disrupt? Could she sever the connection? Could she - and here Itzil's mind leaped ahead to the implication she hadn't dared voice - could she reverse an ash-oath by communicating through the magical conduit that held it in place?

Later. That question was for later. Right now, Kaelen was inside, the sorcerer was calm, and every second of calm was another second of opportunity.

The signal came eight minutes into the operation. A quick double-flash from the compound's eastern side - Kaelen was out.

Itzil exhaled. She hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath.

They waited. The compound remained quiet. The guards continued their rota-

tion. The sorcerer, according to Neyla, remained in her routine maintenance pattern. Whatever Kaelen had done inside, he'd done it without leaving a trace.

He appeared at the tree line ten minutes later - materializing from shadow with the silence of someone who had learned to make the darkness a collaborator rather than an obstacle. He carried a leather satchel that hadn't been on his person when he'd left.

"Intel," he said. He wasn't breathing hard. He wasn't sweating. He looked exactly as he had before the operation, with the minor addition of the satchel and a look of grim satisfaction that suited his features the way victory suited a blade.

"Any issues?"

"The communication center was organized by date and category. Dominion bureaucracy is thorough - they file everything. I took the most recent strategic assessments, the relic-related intelligence, and the troop deployment orders for the current month."

"The sorcerer?"

"Didn't see me. She was on the top floor, connected to the blood-mirror. I was on the ground floor." He paused. "There was a moment when something in the tower shifted - a change in the ambient magic, like a current in water. Then it settled."

Neyla said nothing. Itzil said nothing. They exchanged a look that said: later.

Torvane collected his ward-disruptor and rejoined the group. The device was



warm in his hands - the energy expenditure had heated the brass casing.

"Fourteen-point-three seconds," he said. "The ward-stones reactivated within expected parameters. No evidence of disruption visible to external monitoring."

"Clean?"

"Clean."

Itzil looked at her team. Five people. A successful infiltration of a Dominion intelligence outpost. No casualties, no alarms, no traces.

"Let's move," she said. "We need distance before dawn."

They melted into the forest. Behind them, Thornspire stood undisturbed - its guards patrolling, its sorcerer maintaining, its intelligence files lighter by sever-

al critical documents that no one would notice were missing until the next inventory. By then, the team would be fifty miles away.

They didn't stop until midmorning, when Kaelen declared the distance sufficient and found a defensible rest point in a rocky outcropping that provided shelter and sight lines.

Itzil spread the stolen intelligence on the ground. Scrolls, maps, encoded messages, tactical assessments. The team gathered around.

The picture that emerged was both better and worse than she'd expected.

Better: the intelligence confirmed that the Dominion had three relics, not four. The Heartstone from Brightfall was listed as "acquisition pending" - the temple

had been destroyed, but the relic hadn't been found in the ruins. It was missing.

Worse: the Dominion had already dispatched relic-hunting parties to two confirmed locations - the Tide Pearl at the southern coastal temple and the Starshard in the Shattered Peaks. Both parties were well-resourced: soldiers, sorcerers, and specialized equipment for bypassing ancient wards.

The troop deployment maps showed the Dominion was massing forces in three locations simultaneously - the eastern border, the southern coast, and the central plains. A three-front strategy that suggested either overconfidence or a level of resources that made overconfidence irrelevant.

And there was one more piece of intelligence, buried in a routine communication from Thornspire to the capital. A reference to the raid on the Sun-Blade temple. A name.

"The raid was organized by someone called Nightshade," Itzil read. Her voice was steady, but the name sat in her mouth like something bitter. "A blood orator. She's described as-"

She stopped. Read the passage again.

"She's described as Volzentar's primary intelligence operative. She doesn't fight. She manipulates. She uses blood-magic not for combat but for persuasion - entering minds through the bloodstream, reading thoughts through biological resonance." Itzil looked up. "She's the one who planned the raid on our temple. She

knew exactly where the vault was, exactly what protections it had, and exactly how to bypass them.”

Silence around the intelligence spread.

“She’s also been tasked with finding me,” Itzil added. “The report mentions ‘the Sun-Blade candidate.’ Volzentar wants me found and assessed.”

“Assessed,” Kaelen repeated. Not a question - a processing of the word and its implications. “Not killed. Assessed.”

“That’s what it says.”

“Which means they don’t see you as a threat yet. They see you as a variable. Something to be studied before they decide how to respond.” He met her eyes. “That’s good. It means they’re

cautious. Cautious enemies make slower decisions.”

“It also means they’re watching. Nightshade - whoever she is - is looking for us.”

The team absorbed this. The warmth of their successful operation cooled in the shadow of a larger truth: they were not anonymous. The Dominion knew the Sun-Blade temple had produced a candidate. They knew she was gathering people. They were looking.

Itzil rolled up the scrolls. Packed the intelligence. Shouldered her pack.

“We move faster,” she said. “The Tide Pearl - the coastal temple. We intercept the Dominion relic-hunting party before they reach it.”

"That's a race we said we couldn't win," Kaelen reminded her.

"Then we'd better run."

She sent a message to Korvain via the communication method Amalura had arranged - a sealed scroll carried by one of the temple's trained hawks, which Venn had been keeping fed and rested in a cage strapped to his pack. The hawk launched into the morning sky and turned north toward Mount Solara, carrying everything they'd learned.

Korvain's response, when it came, would find them on the road. Moving fast. Moving south. Toward the coast, and the temple, and the relic that might keep the Great Gate sealed for another generation.

But before Korvain's response came, another message would arrive - a warning about Nightshade, about blood-magic, about the woman who didn't fight with weapons but with words, and whose words were more dangerous than any blade.

That warning would come too late.



# Chapter 14 - Escape From Thornspire

**T**hey were two hours south of Thornspire when Kaelen heard the dogs.

Not literal dogs - Dominion tracking beasts, a hybrid of wolf and something darker that had been bred for pursuit. They made a sound halfway between a howl and a scream, pitched at a frequency that traveled for miles and put ice in the blood of anyone who recognized it.

He stopped. Raised a fist. The group froze.

"They found the gap," he said. "Faster than I expected."

Itzil was beside him in three steps. "How long?"

He listened. Counted the howls. Estimated distance based on sound propagation and terrain. "Thirty minutes. Maybe less. They've got our scent from the perimeter - the ward-stones would have recorded our biological signatures when we passed through."

"I thought Torvane's disruptor suppressed the wards."

"It suppressed the detection alarm. The recording function operates on a different frequency." He kept his voice neutral, but internally he was recalculating. He'd known the ward-stones had a recording function - it was in his intel-

ligence files. He'd assessed the risk as manageable because the recordings required manual retrieval, which typically happened during the weekly maintenance cycle. Someone had checked early.

"Options," Itzil said. Not panicking. Good.

"Three. One: we run. The tracking beasts are fast but they tire over distance. If we can maintain pace for four hours, we'll outlast them."

"We have wounded." Tuli's shoulder, re-aggravated during the approach. "She can't run for four hours."

"Option two: we fight. Kill the beasts, kill the handlers, and disappear before reinforcements arrive."

"How many handlers?"

"Standard Dominion pursuit team is six beasts and twelve soldiers. Plus the tracking sorcerer who reads the ward-stone signatures."

"Thirteen against eight. Not great odds."

"Option three." Kaelen pointed to the river they'd been paralleling. "Water kills scent. We enter the river and travel downstream for a mile. The beasts lose the trail. We exit on the far bank and cut south through terrain they can't follow with a pursuit column."

"The river's fast. And cold."

"Beats being eaten."

Itzil made the call in two seconds. "River. Now."

The water was brutal.

Late autumn runoff from the mountain snowmelt had swollen the river to twice its normal width and pushed the current to a speed that turned wading into a fight. The water reached Kaelen's chest - for Neyla, who was shorter, it reached her chin. Tuli, with her bad shoulder, couldn't use both arms to brace against the current.

Jagren, to his credit, positioned himself upstream of Tuli and used his body as a break. The current split around him and created a pocket of calmer water in his wake. She walked in his shadow, one hand gripping the strap of his pack.

Torvane had waterproofed his equipment in advance - his pack was sealed with waxed canvas and the critical devices were wrapped in oilcloth. Of

course he had. Torvane planned for everything, including hypothetical river crossings that no one had discussed.

They moved downstream for twenty minutes. Kaelen counted the distance by landmarks - specific trees, rock formations, bends in the river. One mile. Far enough that the tracking beasts would lose the scent trail and have to cast in circles to reacquire.

"Out," he said. "Far bank."

They emerged on the opposite shore, dripping and shivering. Neyla immediately checked Tuli's shoulder - the cold water had reduced the swelling but the exertion had pulled at the healing tissue.

"She needs rest," Neyla said.

"She can rest when we're clear." Kaelen scanned the far bank through his spyglass. No pursuit visible yet. "We move south through the forest. The canopy will block aerial observation, and the undergrowth will slow mounted pursuit."

They moved. Wet, cold, exhausted, but alive and undetected. Behind them, the tracking beasts howled - frustrated, confused, circling at the point where the scent trail vanished into the river.

Kaelen allowed himself a moment of satisfaction. Brief. Professional. Then he pushed ahead, scouting the route, reading the forest, staying fifty yards in front where the silence was his and the danger was personal.

By afternoon, they'd put fifteen miles between themselves and Thornspire. The

pursuit sounds had faded. Either the tracking team had lost them entirely or had been recalled - the Dominion was efficient, and maintaining a pursuit team in the field cost resources. If the quarry had successfully broken contact, standing operational doctrine was to report the incursion and shift to alert status rather than continue a diminishing-returns chase.

They made camp in a defensible position - a rock overhang that Kaelen had used before during his solitary scouting. It was dry, sheltered from wind, and invisible from any approach except the one he controlled.

The team collapsed. Not gracefully - they dropped packs, sat heavily, and entered the particular state of exhaus-



tion that follows sustained adrenaline: shaky, nauseous, and deeply grateful to be stationary.

Itzil organized the recovery. She had Neyla treat Tuli's shoulder, Torvane check his equipment for water damage, and Venn start a concealed fire for warmth. She assigned watch rotations. She reviewed the stolen intelligence again, making notes in the margins of Amalura's map.

She did all of this while wet, cold, and visibly exhausted. She did it because it needed doing, and no one else was going to do it.

Kaelen watched from his perch at the overhang's entrance. He watched the way she moved - the deliberate steadiness, the refusal to sit down until every-

one else was settled. He watched the way the junior warriors responded to her - not with the obedience of soldiers following rank, but with the trust of people following someone who'd earned it.

She hadn't earned it through speeches or charisma. She'd earned it by making calls. The river. The timing. The decision to prioritize Tuli's safety over speed. Each call had been right - not obviously right, not dramatically right, but quietly, practically right in the way that mattered when lives were at stake.

He'd served under officers who made louder decisions. He'd never served under one who made better ones.

She caught him watching. Held his gaze for a moment across the camp.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"For getting us in and out of Thornspire alive."

He shrugged. "That's what scouts do."

"That's not what you did. You trusted my plan. You executed it perfectly. And when the pursuit came, you had three options ready before I asked." She held his gaze. "You stayed when you could have run."

He didn't have a sarcastic comeback for that. He looked for one - scanned his usual inventory of deflections and dismissals - and found the shelf empty. She'd said something true, and the truth of it bypassed his defenses the way the ward-disruptor had bypassed Thornspire's detection field.

He had stayed. He could have run - alone, he could outpace any pursuit team the Dominion deployed. He could have taken the intelligence and disappeared into the wilderness, survived on his own the way he'd survived for three months. He'd stayed because the team needed him. Because she needed him.

That was new. That was terrifying in a way that Dominion soldiers and tracking beasts were not.

"Don't make it weird," he said.

Something flickered across her face - surprise, then something warmer. She didn't push. She turned back to her maps.

He turned back to the perimeter. Watched the forest. Listened to the silence.

Behind him, the team settled into the evening. Jagren was telling Venn about the river crossing, turning it into a story that was already 30% larger than the actual event. Torvane was drying his devices with methodical care. Neyla was humming something soft while she worked on Tuli's shoulder.

The intelligence satchel sat in the center of camp. Inside it: the Dominion's secrets. Relic locations. Troop movements. The name Nightshade.

Tomorrow they would plan. Tomorrow they would move south. Tomorrow the race for the Tide Pearl would begin in earnest.

Tonight, they were alive. They were together. And for the first time since his unit had died in the Thornwall Pass, Kae-

len felt something he'd thought he'd lost: the quiet, dangerous, terrifying weight of having something worth protecting.

He didn't name the feeling. He wasn't ready for that. But it was there, sitting in his chest beside the diamond-hard fury and the three-month silence, and it wasn't going anywhere.

## Chapter 15 - The Intelligence

**T**he stolen scrolls told a story that Itzil wished she could unread.

She spread them across the flat rock that served as their planning surface, weighting the corners with stones against the morning breeze. The team gathered around - five people studying documents written in Dominion cipher that Kaelen translated as he read, his fluency in the enemy's language another

product of three months of solitary intelligence work.

“Relic status report,” he read, finger tracing the angular script. “Dated twelve days ago. Ember Core: secured, in transit to capital. Heartstone: acquisition pending - the Brightfall temple site has been excavated but the relic was not found in the primary vault. Search teams deployed to secondary locations. Void-glass: secured, integrated into the capital’s defensive infrastructure.”

“That’s three confirmed in their possession,” Itzil said. “Two secured, one missing.”

“Four remaining unaccounted for. The Dominion has confirmed locations for two of them.” Kaelen moved to a map - a Dominion military chart far more de-



tailed than Amalura's hand-drawn version. "Tide Pearl: coastal temple, southern reaches. They've dispatched a thirty-person retrieval team with two sorcerers. Estimated arrival: nine days from the date of this report."

"Which means they're already there," Torvane said. "Or close."

"The Starshard: Shattered Peaks mountain fortress. A larger team - fifty soldiers, four sorcerers, engineering support. The fortress is apparently well-defended by ancient wards that have resisted previous attempts."

"And the last two relics?"

"The Sunheart and the Dawnchain. No confirmed locations. The report notes that historical records are contradictory and that intelligence assets have

been assigned to research.” He paused. “Specifically, they mention a scholar in their custody who may have relevant knowledge. An elder from a Sun-Blade tradition temple captured during a border raid.”

Itzil’s blood went cold. “Which temple?”

Kaelen checked the report. “Doesn’t say. But the description - elder, scholarly, knowledge of relic lore - sounds like someone from our tradition.”

She thought of Amalura. Of the other temples Korvain had mentioned - some fallen, some silent. If the Dominion had captured a Sun-Blade scholar, they had access to knowledge that could accelerate their relic search enormously.

“We send this to Korvain immediately,” she said. “All of it. He needs to know

about the captured scholar, the relic locations, and the Dominion's timeline."

Venn prepared the hawk. The bird was restless - it didn't like being carried through rivers - but it was trained and reliable. The intelligence was copied onto thin paper, sealed in a waterproof tube, and attached to the hawk's leg. Venn launched it from the overhang's edge, and it caught the morning thermals and turned north.

"Now," Itzil said. "The Tide Pearl."

The tactical problem was straightforward: a Dominion team of thirty soldiers and two sorcerers was ahead of them, heading for the same relic. The heroes' team was eight people - five combatants, three support. Even accounting for

surprise, the numbers were catastrophically unfavorable.

"We don't fight thirty soldiers," Kaelen said. "We let them find the relic and take it from the retrieval team after they've done the hard work."

"The plan from the campfire," Jagren said. "My plan."

"Our plan," Kaelen corrected, without looking at him.

The approach required speed. The coastal temple was two weeks' march at normal pace - too slow. They needed to arrive before the Dominion team extracted the relic and departed.

"Torvane," Itzil said. "Can you build anything that moves faster than walking?"

He considered. "Not in the field. But I know someone who might have what we need." He pulled out a small notebook - his personal index of contacts, suppliers, and people who owed him favors. "There's a smuggler network that operates along the southern trade route. They use lightweight carts pulled by mountain horses - fast, maneuverable, designed for moving cargo through Dominion checkpoints without detection."

"Can you reach them?"

"I can reach their drop point. Two days east. If they have availability, they can move us to the coast in six days instead of fourteen."

The cost was risk - using a smuggler network meant trusting people whose primary motivation was profit. But the

alternative was arriving too late, and too late meant the Dominion had four relics and was halfway to opening the Great Gate.

"Do it," Itzil said.

Korvain's response arrived by hawk two days later, as they were approaching the smuggler's drop point.

The message was brief - Korvain's style was economy, not elaboration. But the content made Itzil read it three times.

Intelligence received. Confirmed against our own sources. The captured scholar is from the fallen temple at Brightfall - an elder named Varshan, specializing in relic geography. He has knowledge of at least three relic locations that we do not. If the Dominion extracts this knowledge,

they will know where every remaining relic is hidden.

Regarding Nightshade: she is more dangerous than you know. She doesn't fight. She talks. And people who listen to her don't come back. Her blood-magic allows her to read emotional states through biological resonance and to craft arguments that target the listener's specific vulnerabilities. She will find your fears and use them against you.

Be careful, Itzil. And be fast. The Tide Pearl is critical - if we can deny the Dominion even one relic, we slow their timeline by months.

One more thing. The light I felt the night before you left - practice it. Every day. You will need it sooner than you think.

She read the last line twice more. Then she folded the message and tucked it into her breast pocket, beside the obsidian token.

Korvain knew about Nightshade. Korvain was worried. Korvain - who had faced down everything the world had thrown at him for seventy-three years with iron calm - was telling her to be careful.

She touched the pocket. Felt the token's weight. Felt the message's weight.

Then she squared her shoulders and walked to where the team was waiting.

"We have confirmation," she said. "The Tide Pearl is critical. Korvain wants us to move fast." She didn't share the warning about Nightshade - not yet. That information would come when it was tactical-



ly relevant, not as a source of pre-emptive anxiety.

"The smuggler contact?" she asked Torvane.

"Confirmed. They have a cart and horses available. Cost is high, but they'll take us to the coast in six days."

"Then we pay it."

They moved east, toward the drop point, toward the coast, toward a relic that might keep the world from ending.

Behind them, the hawk circled once and disappeared north. In front of them, the road stretched south through contested territory, past Dominion patrols and surveillance and the invisible web of Nightshade's intelligence network.

Somewhere ahead, a team of thirty Dominion soldiers marched toward the same destination. Somewhere behind, tracking teams searched for the scent that had vanished at a river crossing. And somewhere above it all, in a throne room of black marble and silver, a man with tarnished-silver eyes studied reports about a girl with golden light and decided what to do about her.

The race was on. And they were behind.

## Chapter 16 - The Border Crossing

Jagren had never been this far from the fighting pits.

The thought arrived uninvited as he sat in the back of the smuggler's cart, wedged between a crate of dried fish and Torvane's equipment pack, watching the landscape change from hills to coastal scrubland. The air had shifted - heavier, saltier, carrying the promise of ocean that he'd never seen except in

stories told by travelers passing through the warrior camps.

He was a long way from home. He wasn't sure he had a home.

The pits had been his world since he was fourteen. Before that: a series of foster homes in a series of forgettable towns, each one ending when his temper or his fists found trouble he couldn't talk his way out of. The warrior camps had taken him in because they took everyone in - that was the code. If you could hold a blade, you belonged. And Jagren could more than hold a blade. He could make a blade sing.

Fighting was the first thing he'd ever been good at. The first thing that made people look at him with something other than annoyance or pity. In the ring, with

a weapon in his hand and an opponent in front of him, he was someone. The crowd saw him. The crowd cheered. The crowd remembered his name.

Out here, there was no crowd. There were seven people in two carts, rattling along a smuggler's road through Dominion-adjacent territory, heading toward a coastal temple where a glowing rock was supposedly hidden. No one was watching. No one was cheering. And the fights ahead wouldn't end with a bowed opponent and a roar of applause. They'd end with blood and screaming and people who didn't get up.

He'd killed the Dominion soldier at Thornspire - one of the gate guards, during the distraction phase that hadn't been needed because Kaelen's infiltra-

tion had gone perfectly. The guard had spotted Jagren's position and come to investigate, and Jagren had put his blade through the man's throat before the investigation could become an alarm.

It had taken two seconds. The man had dropped like a puppet with cut strings. No drama. No duel. No moment of eye contact across a ring where both combatants knew the rules and the stakes and the boundaries.

Just a man alive, then not.

Jagren had thrown up afterward. Quietly, behind a tree, where no one could see. He'd cleaned his blade and returned to position and said nothing about it.

The smuggler's road bypassed three Dominion checkpoints. The driver - a leathery woman named Dox who communi-

cated primarily through grunts and the creative use of profanity - knew every hidden path, every gap in the patrol schedule, every friendly farm where a cart could be hidden in a barn while soldiers passed.

They traveled by night and rested by day. The journey compressed - six days of darkness and jolting roads and the smell of dried fish and the constant, low-grade fear that every shadow might contain a Dominion patrol.

During the daytime rest stops, Jagren trained. Not the showy forms he'd perfected in the pits - the spinning strikes, the dramatic flourishes, the crowd-pleasing combinations that looked spectacular and worked perfectly against opponents who played by

rules. Instead, he practiced what Kaelen had shown him: simple movements. Direct strikes. Economy of motion.

"You're too pretty," Kaelen had said, watching Jagren practice on the second day. The scout was leaning against a tree with his arms crossed, his expression hovering between critique and amusement.

"Excuse me?"

"Your fighting. It's pretty. Every move is designed to look good. That's fine in a ring. In a real fight, pretty gets you killed."

"I won at Thornspire--"

"You killed a man who wasn't expecting you. That's not fighting. That's execution." Kaelen straightened. "Real com-



bat is ugly. It's short and brutal and the person who wins is the one who does the least amount of work for the most amount of damage. You add three unnecessary movements to every attack because they look good."

Jagren wanted to be angry. He searched for anger and found, underneath it, the uncomfortable recognition that Kaelen was right. The flourishes - the spins, the blade-twirls, the dramatic changes of stance - were habitual. They were the language of the pits, where fighting was entertainment and style was currency. Out here, style was weight. And weight slowed you down.

"Show me," he said.

Kaelen drew one of his knives. "Attack me."

Jagren attacked - his standard opening, a feint-to-thrust combination that was fast, deceptive, and had beaten every opponent he'd faced in the pits.

Kaelen didn't block. He didn't parry. He sidestepped - a single step, perfectly timed - and let the thrust pass through the space where he'd been. Then he was inside Jagren's guard, knife at his throat, the entire exchange lasting less than a second.

"See?" Kaelen said. "One step. One movement. Your attack had six movements. I needed one."

"That's not fighting. That's cheating."

"There's no such thing as cheating in combat. There's alive and there's dead. Pick one."

Jagren picked alive. He spent the remaining rest stops stripping his technique down to essentials - removing the flourishes, tightening the transitions, finding the straight line between intent and action. It felt wrong. It felt ugly. It felt like cutting the beauty out of the only thing he was good at.

But when he practiced the simplified forms, he was faster. Not a little faster - significantly faster. Without the decorative movements, his strikes arrived sooner, his recovery was quicker, and his overall effectiveness doubled.

"Better," Kaelen said on the fourth day, watching Jagren drill the stripped-down forms. It was the first compliment the scout had given anyone. Jagren pretended it didn't matter. It did.

On the fifth day, they passed through a destroyed village.

Not burned - emptied. Every building intact, every door closed, every window shuttered. But no people. No animals. No movement. The silence was absolute, the kind of silence that fills a space where sound used to live and leaves an outline of its absence.

Jagren walked through the village with the rest of the team. His hand was on his blade. His senses were screaming.

Ash-oath sigils were scorched into every door. The distinctive crimson marks - circular, nested, pulsing with a faint residual glow - covered the village like a rash. The Dominion hadn't destroyed this place. They'd harvested it. Every person, every soul, processed and taken.

He found a child's toy in the rubble near the village square. A wooden horse, half-buried in dust, its paint faded and one leg broken. Someone had made it by hand - he could see the tool marks, the care taken in shaping the mane and tail. A parent's gift. A child's treasure.

He picked it up. Held it.

The toy was small and light and represented everything the Dominion had taken from this place - not just the people but the possibility of people. The children who would have grown up here. The families that would have formed. The ordinary, beautiful, unremarkable lives that would have been lived.

Torvane appeared beside him. The engineer looked at the toy, then at the ash-oath sigils on the doors. His face was

set - the expression of a man processing information he wished he hadn't received.

He didn't say anything. He didn't need to. The toy said everything.

Jagren placed it on a windowsill. Carefully. As though returning it to its owner.

Then he walked on. And something in his chest - something that had been loud and eager and hungry for attention his entire life - went quiet. Not dead. Quieter. Harder. A different kind of purpose settling into the space where glory used to live.

Itzil was watching him from ahead. He met her eyes and saw that she'd seen. She'd seen the toy. She'd seen his face. She'd seen the change.

"Promise me we'll make them pay," he said.

Her expression shifted - not anger, not vengeance. Something steadier.

"Not pay," she said. "Stop. There's a difference."

He hated that she was right. He hated how often she was right. But he nodded, because she was right, and because the difference between paying and stopping was the difference between the fighter he'd been and the one he was becoming.

They moved on. The village disappeared behind them. The road continued south, toward the coast, toward the relic, toward whatever waited at the end of this journey that had started in a fighting pit and led him here - to an empty village with a broken toy and a woman who told

him the truth even when the truth was harder than a lie.

The coast was close now. They could smell it - salt and wind and the vast, inhuman patience of the sea. Tomorrow or the next day, they'd reach the temple.

Jagren touched his blade. Not the flashy grip of a performer. The steady grip of someone who'd found a reason to fight that was bigger than applause.

It was heavier than glory. It was also, he was beginning to understand, more real.



# Chapter 17 - The Blood Orator

**T**hey reached the coast on the sixth day.

The sea was enormous. Itzil had known this intellectually - she'd read about it, studied maps, understood the geography. But standing on a cliff edge with the ocean spreading to the horizon in every direction, she felt the knowledge transform from information into experience. The water was vast and grey-green and alive, moving with a patient, inhuman

rhythm that made everything on land feel temporary.

The coastal temple sat on a promontory half a mile south - a structure of white stone and weathered columns, half-consumed by centuries of salt wind and encroaching sea. It was beautiful in the way that ruins are beautiful: a record of something that was, shaped by the slow erosion of what came after.

Kaelen had scouted ahead. He returned with intelligence that made the beauty irrelevant.

"The Dominion team is already here," he said. "Thirty soldiers camped on the temple approach. Two sorcerers maintaining a defensive perimeter. They arrived yesterday - the temple's external wards

are still intact, so they haven't breached the inner sanctum yet."

"Why not?"

"The wards are old. Pre-Dominion. Sun-Blade tradition construction. They're designed to repel dark magic specifically - the sorcerers' standard breach techniques don't work. They're trying to find a workaround."

Itzil processed. The wards were protecting the relic, but they wouldn't hold forever. Dominion sorcerers were resourceful and patient. Given time, they'd find a way through.

"We need to get to the relic before they breach the wards," she said.

"Agreed. But there's a complication." Kaelen's expression was neutral in the

way that a still lake is neutral - surface calm hiding depth. "There's someone else with the Dominion team. Not a soldier. Not a sorcerer. A woman in crimson robes who arrived separately, by horse, an hour ago. She walked straight through the camp without stopping and entered the temple's outerruins."

The cold feeling returned. The one from Korvain's message.

"Nightshade."

"I think so. The soldiers deferred to her. Even the sorcerers." He paused. "She didn't carry a weapon."

They planned the approach during the remaining daylight hours, hidden in a sea cave below the cliffs. The plan was Kaelen's - modified by Itzil, refined by Torvane, and accepted by the group

with the grim determination of people who knew the odds and had decided to ignore them.

Phase one: Itzil would enter the temple through a sea-level entrance that Kaelen had identified - a partially submerged passage carved into the promontory's base. The temple's inner sanctum could be accessed from below. The Sun-Blade tradition wards would recognize her as an ally and let her pass.

Phase two: while Itzil was inside, the rest of the team would create a diversion on the landward side - not a direct assault, but harassment. Torvane's devices, Kaelen's scouting, Jagren's combat skills, all directed at making the Dominion think they were under attack from a larger force.

Phase three: Itzil retrieves the Tide Pearl and exits through the sea passage. The team disengages and retreats to the rendezvous point.

Simple. Clean. Full of gaps that Nightshade's presence filled with uncertainty.

"If she's in the outer ruins, she'll be between me and the inner sanctum," Itzil said.

"Yes."

"And she doesn't fight with weapons."

"She fights with words. And blood-magic." Kaelen's voice was flat but his eyes were intense. "Korvain said people who listen to her don't come back. If she speaks to you, don't listen."

"How do you not listen to someone?"

He didn't have an answer for that. None of them did.

Itzil entered the sea passage at dusk.

The water was cold - not the river-cold from the Thornspire escape, but the deep, patient cold of the ocean, the kind that seeped through clothing and skin and settled into bone. The passage was half-flooded, requiring her to wade and then swim through sections where the ceiling dropped to inches above the water's surface. Her pack was waterproofed - Torvane's oilcloth wrapping - and her blade was strapped to her back where it wouldn't impede her movement.

The passage opened into a natural cavern beneath the temple. From here, a stone staircase spiraled upward into the

structure proper. The stairs were carved with sun-language glyphs that pulsed faintly as she ascended - the wards recognizing her affinity and granting passage.

She emerged into the temple's ground level. The interior was vast and shadowed - columns supporting a ceiling that had partially collapsed, allowing moonlight to stream through gaps in the stone. The floor was covered in sand and debris from centuries of neglect. Murals on the walls - faded almost to invisibility - depicted scenes of the Sun-Blade tradition's history: warriors in golden armor, blades of light, the sealing of the Great Gate.

She moved through the outer chambers toward the inner sanctum. Her foot-



steps were quiet on the sand. Her hand rested on her blade's hilt. The Sun-Blade hummed in her palms - not manifested, but present, like a voice in the next room.

She rounded a column and stopped.

Nightshade stood in the center of the main hall.

She was not what Itzil had expected. Not a monster. Not a creature of obvious malice. She was a woman - perhaps forty, perhaps older - with dark hair pulled back from a face that was striking in its composure. She wore robes of deep crimson that moved like liquid when she breathed. She had no weapons. She had no guards. She stood alone in the moonlit hall with her hands

clasped before her and a smile that was warm and terrible in equal measure.

“Hello,” she said. Her voice was beautiful - rich, musical, intimate. It slid into Itzil’s mind like silk over a knife. “You must be the blade-bearer.”

Every instinct screamed: don’t respond. Kaelen’s warning. Korvain’s message. The intelligence that described this woman as someone who didn’t fight - she talked, and people who listened didn’t come back.

Itzil drew her sword - the steel one, not the Sun-Blade. Keep the golden weapon hidden. Don’t reveal capabilities. Basic tactics.

“Step aside,” she said.

Nightshade didn't move. Her smile deepened, and the warmth in it was the warmth of a fire that invited you to step closer and closer until the flames were all you could see.

"I know your name, Itzil. I know about your temple on Mount Solara. I know about Korvain - such a good man, such a tired one. I know about Amalura, sharp and brilliant and so very afraid of losing what little she has left."

The words landed like strikes. Each one precise. Each one carrying information that no one outside the temple should possess.

"I know about your scout - Kaelen, the last survivor, carrying his dead like stones in his chest. And the duelist - Jagren, so desperate to matter that he'd

follow anyone who promised him significance."

She stepped closer. One step. Her robes whispered against the stone floor.

"I know you're afraid, Itzil. I know you don't believe you're enough. I know the prophecy feels like a chain rather than a calling, and I know that every night when you practice the Sun-Blade in the dark, you're not training - you're praying. Praying that the light means something. That you mean something."

Itzil's grip on her sword tightened. Her palms were sweating. The accuracy of Nightshade's words was surgical - not guesses but insights, drawn from intelligence she shouldn't have and delivered with an empathy that felt genuine.

That was the horror of it. Nightshade wasn't lying. She wasn't manipulating through falsehood. She was manipulating through TRUTH - weaponizing real observations, real insights, real compassion to build a bridge that the listener would walk across willingly.

"I'm offering you a deal," Nightshade said. Her voice was soft now - the softness of a mother comforting a frightened child. "Surrender the blade. Walk away. Take your little team and go home. No one else has to die."

She spread her hands - empty, open, unthreatening.

"I'm giving you a kindness, Itzil. Take it."

The silence that followed was the loudest thing Itzil had ever heard.

She thought about the destroyed village. The ash-oath sigils on every door. The child's toy on the windowsill. She thought about Neyla's family - eyes blank, souls burned out, puppets on crimson strings. She thought about the seven ash-oathed villagers in Solquetal's town square, still standing there, still waiting for commands that would never come.

She thought about kindness. About what kindness meant when it came from someone who built her career on erasing people's minds and calling it peace.

"Kindness from you," Itzil said, "comes with chains."

Nightshade's smile changed. Not colder - more interested. The way a crafts-

man's expression changes when a piece of work reveals unexpected complexity.

"I like you," she said. "You'll be interesting to break."

She raised one hand. The air between them rippled - blood-magic gathering, invisible but palpable, a pressure that pushed against Itzil's skin and tried to find a way in through her pores, her breath, the thin membranes of her eyes.

Itzil manifested the Sun-Blade.

Not deliberately - instinctively. The golden light erupted from her palm and shaped itself into a blade that cut through the blood-magic pressure like dawn through fog. The crimson ripple shattered. Nightshade stepped back - the first involuntary movement Itzil had seen from her.

The Sun-Blade blazed in the moonlit hall. Its light was fierce, unstable, pulsing with the raw emotion that Itzil was channeling - fear and determination and the specific fury of someone who had been told the truth about their weaknesses and refused to be broken by it.

Nightshade's composure returned - quickly, professionally. She studied the blade with the clinical detachment of someone cataloging a new threat.

"A real blade. Remarkable." She stepped back again. "We'll meet again, Itzil. And next time, I'll know what you are."

She vanished. Not through a door - through a portal of crimson light that opened behind her and swallowed her whole. Blood-magic teleportation. She was there, and then she was not, and the



hall was empty except for Itzil and the golden light and the echo of a voice that would live in her nightmares for months.

The Sun-Blade guttered. Itzil let it die. Her hands were shaking. Her heart was hammering. She felt exposed - not physically but psychically, as though Nightshade had peeled back a layer of skin and looked at the raw tissue beneath.

She breathed. In through the nose. Out through the mouth. The way Korvain had taught her. Slowly. Steadily.

Then she moved deeper into the temple. The inner sanctum was ahead. The Tide Pearl was waiting.

And behind her, in the space where Nightshade had stood, the air still smelled of crimson silk and the particular poison of a kindness that meant: sur-

render your soul, and I'll let your body live.

No deal.

# Chapter 18 - The Tide Pearl

**T**he inner sanctum of the coastal temple was a masterwork of ancient architecture that the centuries had treated with equal parts reverence and violence.

The chamber was circular, carved from the promontory's living rock, with a domed ceiling that had been painted with constellations in gold leaf - most still intact, a few dissolved by the persistent moisture of the sea air. The walls were covered in sun-language inscrip-

tions, and the floor was a mosaic of blue and gold tiles arranged in a pattern that depicted waves and light intertwined.

At the center of the chamber, on a pedestal of white stone shaped like a cresting wave, sat the Tide Pearl.

It was smaller than she'd expected. The size of a walnut, perfectly spherical, luminous with an inner light that shifted between blue and silver in a slow, hypnotic pulse. Where the Ember Core had burned - fierce, hot, demanding - the Tide Pearl sang. A sound at the edge of hearing, like the hum of the sea compressed into a single, perfect note.

Itzil approached. The wards here were active - she could feel them, a gentle pressure against her skin that tingled with recognition. The Sun-Blade tradi-

tion's signature in the magic was unmistakable, like a family resemblance in a stranger's face. The wards knew her. They let her pass.

She reached for the Pearl. Her hand hovered an inch from its surface. The inner light intensified - responding to her proximity, to the Sun-Blade energy that lived in her palms even when the blade wasn't manifested.

She took it.

The moment her fingers closed around the Pearl, a vision struck - not violent, not forced, but immersive. She was standing on the ocean floor. Fish moved around her in silver schools. The water was warm and clear and lit by a sun that penetrated to impossible depths. And at

the bottom of the ocean, vast and dark and undeniable, she saw the Great Gate.

It was enormous. A structure of black stone set into the ocean floor, rising three hundred feet from the seabed to an arch that framed a darkness so complete it seemed to consume light rather than reflect it. The Gate was sealed - she could see the ward-chains that held it shut, glowing gold against the black - but the chains were thin. Fraying. Each link carrying a stress that had been building for centuries.

Something pressed against the other side. A weight. A hunger. An intelligence so vast that perceiving even its edge made her mind stagger.

The vision ended. She was back in the sanctum, the Tide Pearl in her hand, her

breath coming fast and her eyes streaming.

The Pearl was warm. It pulsed in time with her heartbeat - already synchronized, already connected. The relic had accepted her.

She tucked it into the waterproof pouch at her belt. Turned. Ran.

Outside the temple, the diversion was in full effect.

She could hear it as she descended through the temple's lower levels - explosions, shouts, the distinctive crack-boom of Torvane's devices detonating against defensive positions. The Dominion camp on the landward approach was in chaos. Whatever Kaelen had coordinated, it sounded convincing.

She emerged from the sea passage into the cavern below the promontory. The water was cold and rough - the tide had risen while she was inside, and the passage was now fully submerged for the last thirty feet. She took a breath, dove, and swam through the dark water with the Pearl warm against her hip.

She surfaced in the open ocean on the seaward side of the promontory. The moon was up - a half-disc of silver light that painted the waves in mercury and shadow. The rendezvous point was a cove two hundred yards north. She swam.

Kaelen was waiting on the rocks. He pulled her out of the water with one hand - his grip was strong, his expression taut with controlled urgency.



"Got it?"

She patted the pouch. "Got it."

"Good. Because they know we're here. The diversion worked, but one of the sorcerers detected the ward-fluctuation when you entered the sanctum. They're redirecting forces to the seaward side."

"Where's the team?"

"Disengaging. Jagren's covering the withdrawal. Torvane set delayed charges on the approach road - they'll buy us ten minutes."

"Neyla?"

"She's with Tuli. Tuli's shoulder opened up during the movement. Neyla's treating her while running, which is exactly as controlled as it sounds."

They moved. Along the rocks, through the surf, toward the cove where the smuggler's cart waited. Behind them, the coastal temple was alive with torchlight and shouted orders as the Dominion team mobilized.

An explosion shook the ground - Torvane's delayed charges, detonating on the approach road. The sound was enormous, amplified by the cliff faces, and it was followed by the distinctive crack of stone fragmenting under explosive force.

"He collapsed the road," Kaelen said, a note of genuine admiration in his voice. "The entire approach road. They'll need hours to clear it."

"That's our exit window."

They reached the cove. The team assembled - Jagren arriving last, breathing hard, blade bloodied. He'd fought his way clear of a four-soldier pursuit team with the efficient, stripped-down technique Kaelen had taught him.

"Three down," he said. "The fourth ran."

"Did he see your faces?"

"Mine, briefly. But I don't think he was memorizing features. He was memorizing exits."

The cart was waiting. They piled in - wet, bleeding, exhausted, victorious. Dox the smuggler cracked her whip and the horses lurched forward, carrying them north along the coastal road at a speed that was reckless by any standard and absolutely necessary by theirs.

Itzil held the Tide Pearl in her hand. It glowed softly through the waterproof pouch - blue-silver light that pulsed with her heartbeat and warmed her palm against the ocean cold.

Four relics remained in play. The Dominion had three. The heroes now had one. It was a start.

They didn't stop moving for two days. The smuggler's cart carried them north along the coast, then inland through a series of back roads that even Kaelen hadn't known about. Dox earned her payment three times over, navigating terrain that would have stopped a military column and finding water, shelter, and fodder for the horses with the instinctive competence of someone who had spent her life staying one step

ahead of people who wanted to catch her.

On the second evening, with enough distance between them and the coast to allow a cautious rest, Itzil called the team together.

"We have the Tide Pearl," she said. "The Dominion doesn't know we have it yet - they'll assume the relic is still in the temple until they breach the inner sanctum and find it gone. That buys us time."

She laid out the strategic picture. "The Dominion has three relics. We have one. Three are unaccounted for: the Heartstone from Brightfall - missing, possibly lost. The Starshard in the Shattered Peaks - the Dominion is sending a team. And two others - the Sunheart and the Dawnchain - locations unknown."

"If we can get the Starshard before the Dominion does, we deny them a majority," Kaelen said. "Three to two. That changes the equation."

"The Shattered Peaks are three weeks away," Torvane said. "Through heavily patrolled territory."

"Then we need a faster route."

The team debated. Options were proposed, evaluated, discarded. They were tired, wounded, and running on momentum rather than reserves. But the energy was different now - not the tentative optimism of the first camp, but the harder, more durable confidence of people who had done something difficult together and succeeded.

Itzil watched them talk. Kaelen's tactical brain. Jagren's eagerness, now tem-

pered by experience. Torvane's solutions. Neyla's quiet attention to the human cost of every option.

She held the Tide Pearl in her pocket and felt it pulse. It was warm and alive and hers - the first relic secured, the first tangible proof that five people and three trainees could reach into the Dominion's plans and change the outcome.

It wasn't enough. But it was a beginning. And beginnings, Korvain had taught her, were the most important part.

# Chapter 19 - Nightshades Report

The blood-mirror showed Volzentar's face in crimson light, his features rendered in the liquid medium that served as both communication device and surveillance tool. The mirror was the size of a dinner plate, held in a frame of black iron, and it reflected not light but presence - the specific biological resonance of the person on the other end.

Nightshade knelt before it in her private tent, pitched a mile from the coastal



temple's ruins. The Dominion soldiers were still working on breaching the inner sanctum. They would succeed eventually. When they did, they would find the pedestal empty and the Tide Pearl gone.

"The bearer is real," Nightshade said.

Volzentar's image was still. His silver eyes held the same evaluative patience that characterized every interaction she'd had with him over fifteen years of service. He did not rush to conclusions. He gathered data. He waited until the picture was complete.

"Describe her."

"Young. Early twenties. Trained in the Sun-Blade tradition - standard forms, solid technique, nothing exceptional in conventional terms." She paused. Chose

her next words with the precision of someone who understood that inaccuracy in a report to Volzentar was not merely unprofessional but potentially fatal. "The blade manifestation is genuine. Unstable - she's early in the development process. But the core resonance is strong. Possibly the strongest I've ever encountered."

"Stronger than the historical records?"

"Comparable to the records of Solara. Possibly exceeding them, given the instability - high power, low control suggests a ceiling that hasn't been reached yet."

Volzentar processed this. The mirror's crimson light shifted slightly - a function of his emotional state bleeding through the biological connection. He was in-

terested. Not alarmed - Volzentar was never alarmed. But interested in the way that a chess player is interested when the opponent makes an unexpected move.

"And the team?"

"A scout - Kaelen, formerly of the border reconnaissance corps. Competent. The best tracker I've seen. He planned the infiltration of the temple - sophisticated work for a field operative."

"The Thornspire incident."

"Almost certainly. The intelligence breach matches his operational signature."

"Continue."

"A duelist - Jagren, from the warrior camps. Exceptionally fast. Limited com-

bat experience outside the arena, but he's learning quickly. An engineer - Torvane, independent contractor. He builds countermeasures specifically designed for our technology. His ward-disruptor suppressed our detection system for nearly fifteen seconds."

Volzentar's eyes narrowed. Fractionally. "Fifteen seconds."

"Yes. And a healer - Neyla, from the eastern refugee camps. This one concerns me most. She has abilities that I've never encountered - her healing magic interfaces with blood-magic channels. She disrupted my tracking during the infiltration. I believe she can sense and potentially influence blood-magic constructs."

The mirror was silent for five seconds. In Volzentar's economy of response, five seconds was an entire conversation.

"The healer threatens the ash-oath network," he said.

"If she can influence blood-magic, she may be able to disrupt ash-oaths. Potentially reverse them."

Another silence. Longer.

"And the Tide Pearl?"

"Gone. The bearer accessed the inner sanctum through a subterranean passage. The tradition wards recognized her and granted entry. By the time our breach team reached the sanctum, the relic was extracted."

"So. A Sun-Blade bearer with a genuine blade. A scout who can breach our intel-

ligence infrastructure. An engineer who can suppress our defenses. A healer who threatens our most critical magical system. And they now possess a sacred relic." Volzentar's voice was measured, analytical, entirely without panic. "This is a more coherent threat than I anticipated."

"My assessment as well."

"What do you recommend?"

Nightshade had been composing her recommendation since the moment the golden blade had shattered her blood-magic in the temple hall. She delivered it with the clinical precision that Volzentar valued above all other qualities.

"The bearer's weakness is psychological. She doubts herself. The prophecy is a

weight, not a wings. Her team is the real threat - they compensate for her individual limitations. Destroy the team, and the bearer becomes a lonely girl with a glowing sword. Powerful but directionless."

"You want to target the team."

"I want to separate them. Isolation is more devastating than assassination. Kill a team member and you create a martyr. Isolate them and you create doubt." She leaned forward, her face catching the crimson light. "Let me work, my lord. Give me time and access to our field assets. I'll pull them apart."

Volzentar considered. The mirror pulsed.

"Denied."

Nightshade's composure held, but only just. "My lord?"

"Your approach is sound in principle but premature in execution. We don't know enough about this team yet. Your encounter with the bearer was valuable but incomplete - you tested her resolve and found it sufficient. Now we need to test the team's capabilities under greater stress."

He leaned back, and the mirror's perspective shifted slightly, revealing the throne room behind him. "Deploy Gravok."

The name landed in the tent like a thrown axe. Gravok was not subtle. Gravok was not sophisticated. Gravok was thirty tons of war-beast fury aimed at a target and released.



"Gravok's beast army against a five-person team is excessive force," Nightshade said carefully.

"It's a test. I want to see how they fight when outnumbered and outmatched. I want to see the bearer use the blade under combat stress. I want to see how the scout reacts, how the engineer improvises, how the healer performs under fire." His eyes gleamed. "And I want to see if they break. Because if they can survive Gravok, then your approach - the surgical, psychological approach - becomes the correct strategy. If they break under brute force, we save ourselves the elegance."

The logic was, as always, impeccable. Nightshade hated it. She hated it because it relegated her to an observ-

er while Gravok's beasts did the messy work, and she hated it because Volzentar was right.

"As you wish," she said.

"One more thing." Volzentar's voice dropped - not in volume but in register, the way it did when he was about to say something that mattered. "The healer. Neyla. If she can truly reverse ash-oaths, she is the single greatest threat to our infrastructure. The ash-oath network represents fifteen years of acquisition. Tens of thousands of souls. It powers our war effort, our economy, our communication systems."

He leaned forward. The crimson light filled his features, turning them into a mask of shadow and blood-light.

"If the healer can undo that... eliminate her. I don't care how. I don't care when. But she does not survive this war."

The mirror went dark. The crimson light faded. Nightshade knelt in her tent, alone, surrounded by the cold salt air and the distant sound of surf.

She thought about the bearer. The golden blade. The determination in those young eyes. The refusal to accept a kindness that had chains attached.

She thought about the healer. The quiet woman who could sense blood-magic and might - might - be able to reach into the most powerful weapon in the Dominion's arsenal and pull it apart thread by thread.

She thought about Volzentar's order. Eliminate the healer.

Nightshade stood. Brushed the sand from her robes. Walked out of the tent into the night air, where the ocean crashed against the promontory and the stars burned in a sky that didn't care about empires or relics or the small, desperate people fighting over both.

Gravok's beasts would be deployed within the week. The test would come. And after the test - regardless of its outcome - Nightshade would do what she did best.

She would find their fears. She would find their fault lines. And she would apply precisely enough pressure to make them crack.

It was, after all, what she was for.

# Chapter 20 - Gravoks Beasts

**T**hey heard the beasts before they saw them.

The sound came from the east - a low, rhythmic tremor that Itzil felt through the ground before she heard it through the air. Not footsteps. Not hooves. Something heavier. Something that moved in groups and shook the earth with the accumulated weight of creatures that evolution had not designed and nature had not intended.

Kaelen was on his feet before the second tremor. His spyglass was out, aimed at the ridgeline a mile east. His face, usually controlled to the point of blankness, showed something she'd never seen on it before.

"Run," he said.

"What-"

"NOW."

They ran.

Not the disciplined retreat of a military unit disengaging from contact. This was flight - raw, undignified, driven by the sound that was growing behind them like a tide of noise. Kaelen led them north, away from the road, into terrain that offered cover and obstacles. Rocky ground. Dense forest. A dry streambed

that cut through the landscape like a trench.

They made it two hundred yards before the first beast crested the ridgeline.

Itzil looked back. She shouldn't have.

It was the size of a house. That was the first thing - the sheer, incomprehensible scale of a living creature that occupied more space than most buildings. It was built like a bull, if a bull had been designed by someone who thought bulls were too small and too gentle. Massive shoulders. Armored hide - not natural armor but grafted plate, bolted to the creature's skin in overlapping layers of dark steel. Tusks that curved forward from a jaw wide enough to swallow a horse. Eyes that burned with a dull crimson light - the signature of dark magic,

the mark of a creature that was as much sorcery as biology.

Behind it: more. She counted five before the forest swallowed her view. Five war-beasts, each the size of the first, moving in formation with the disciplined coordination that marked them as controlled - not wild creatures but weapons, directed by a handler's will.

And behind the beasts, on a platform strapped to the back of the largest one, a figure. Massive, scarred, armored in a style that was half-plate and half-trophy - pieces of enemy equipment welded to a base frame, creating an armor that was part protection and part memorial to every opponent its wearer had destroyed.

Gravok. The Beast Commander.



"Into the streambed!" Kaelen shouted, and the team dove for cover.

The dry streambed was four feet deep - enough to hide them from direct observation but not from the beasts' other senses. The creatures tracked by vibration, by scent, by the blood-magic resonance that their handlers used to mark targets. Running wouldn't save them. Distance was temporary. The beasts were faster over open ground.

"Options," Itzil gasped, pressing her back against the streambed's earth wall.

"Limited." Kaelen was already calculating. "Five war-beasts, plus handlers. Gravok on the lead beast. Standard deployment is eight support infantry per beast - that's forty soldiers behind them."

"Forty soldiers and five war-beasts against eight people."

"The math is bad."

"Torvane." Itzil looked at the engineer, who was already rummaging in his pack. "Tell me you have something."

"I have several somethings. None of them are designed to stop a creature that weighs more than a house." He pulled out three cylindrical devices - his explosive charges. "These will damage but not disable. The armor plating on those beasts is military-grade - my charges can crack it but not penetrate."

"Can you slow them?"

"I can annoy them. Which might be worse."

The ground shook. The beasts were close - two hundred yards, maybe less. The sound was a continuous rumble now, the vibration traveling up through the streambed walls and into their bodies.

"The streambed runs north for half a mile," Kaelen said, reading the terrain from memory. "It empties into a gorge - narrow, deep, too tight for the beasts to follow. If we can reach the gorge, we're clear."

"Half a mile."

"At a sprint."

"With beasts behind us."

"The math is bad," he repeated. "But it's the only math we have."

They ran. Along the streambed, crouching low, moving as fast as the uneven footing allowed. The beasts followed above - their handlers directing them along the ridgelines on either side, herding the quarry like wolves herding deer.

Gravok's voice boomed across the landscape - amplified by blood-magic or simply by the sheer volume of a man whose chest was the size of a barrel.

"LITTLE WARRIORS! I SMELL YOU! THE BEASTS SMELL YOU! THERE IS NOWHERE TO RUN THAT THEY CANNOT FOLLOW!"

Itzil ignored the voice. Focused on moving. One foot after another, the streambed narrowing as they went, the gorge ahead visible as a dark slash in the terrain.

A beast dropped into the streambed.

Not climbed - dropped. It had jumped from the ridge, a distance of twenty feet, and landed in the streambed with an impact that knocked everyone off their feet. The creature filled the passage completely - a wall of armored flesh and crimson eyes, blocking their path.

It lowered its tusks. The ground shook.

"TORVANE!" Itzil screamed.

The engineer threw a charge. It struck the beast's chest plate and detonated - a sharp, contained explosion that cracked the armor and drove the creature back three steps. Not enough to disable. Enough to stagger.

Jagren moved. Fast - faster than she'd ever seen him. The stripped-down tech-

nique Kaelen had taught him was pure efficiency: he charged the staggered beast, ducked under the tusks, and drove his blade into the gap between the cracked chest plate and the neck armor. The blade bit deep. The beast screamed - a sound that shattered thought and turned the air solid.

“MOVE!” Jagren pulled the blade free and ran. The beast thrashed, wounded but not dead, blocking the streambed with its massive body as the team scrambled past on either side.

The gorge was a hundred yards ahead. Then fifty. Then twenty.

A second beast appeared above them - on the ridgeline, silhouetted against the sky, looking down. Its handler, mounted

on its back, raised a hand that crackled with dark energy.

The sorcerer-handler threw a bolt of crimson fire. It struck the streambed wall, showering them with dirt and stone. A second bolt followed, closer.

Neyla cried out. A fragment of stone had caught her forearm, opening a gash that bled freely. She stumbled. Tuli caught her - the young warrior's wounded shoulder screaming in protest but her grip absolute.

"KEEP MOVING!" Itzil drew the Sun-Blade.

The golden light erupted in the streambed - fierce, unstable, blazing with everything she felt. Fear. Fury. The desperate need to protect the people behind her. The blade was three feet of

liquid gold that hummed with a frequency the beasts could feel.

They felt it. The beast on the ridgeline flinched. Its handler yanked the reins, but the creature refused to advance - the Sun-Blade's energy was antithetical to the dark magic that controlled it. The crimson light in its eyes flickered. The handler's control weakened.

Itzil raised the blade. The light intensified. The beast on the ridgeline backed away - one step, two, three - pulling its handler with it.

The team reached the gorge. They plunged into the narrow passage - barely wide enough for two people abreast, the walls rising thirty feet on either side. The beasts couldn't follow. The war-beasts milled at the gorge's en-



trance, screaming in frustration, their handlers shouting commands that the Sun-Blade's residual energy made them reluctant to obey.

Gravok's voice echoed down the gorge, distorted by the stone walls.

"RUN, LITTLE BLADE-BEARER! THE BEASTS WILL WAIT! I WILL WAIT! THERE IS ALWAYS NEXT TIME!"

They emerged from the gorge's far end a mile later, stumbling into a forest that the war-beasts couldn't navigate and the infantry couldn't reach without a three-hour detour.

The team collapsed. Not strategically - physically. They dropped where they stood, gasping, bleeding, trembling with the aftermath of sustained terror.

Itzil let the Sun-Blade die. Her hand was hot, tingling, exhausted. The manifestation had lasted nearly three minutes under combat stress - far longer than any training session. The blade had been stronger, steadier, more defined. Not because she'd practiced more, but because she'd needed it more. The golden light responded to genuine need - to the real, desperate desire to protect the people behind her.

Korvain's words: Fight to protect. There's a difference.

She understood now.

Neyla treated the team's injuries - her own forearm first, then Tuli's reopened shoulder, then assorted cuts and bruises from the streambed scramble. She worked with focused efficiency, her

hands glowing faintly with healing magic that Itzil could now see was tinged with blue-silver - the Tide Pearl's influence, resonating with the healer's own power.

"Everyone alive?" Itzil asked.

"Alive," Kaelen confirmed, the word carrying the specific gravity of someone who cataloged every alternative.

"Gravok won't follow through the forest," he continued. "War-beasts are open-ground weapons. But he'll circle. He'll set up a cordon. We need to move tonight."

"We will." Itzil looked at her team. Battered. Shaken. Alive.

They'd survived a war-beast assault. Five beasts. Forty soldiers. The Beast Com-

mander himself. And they were still here.

"This was a test," she said. "Gravok didn't attack us to capture the relic. He attacked to see what we could do."

"Agreed." Kaelen's voice was grim. "Which means someone told him where to find us. Someone with intelligence about our movements."

Nightshade. The name hung unspoken between them.

The blood orator had found them. Tracked them. And now she'd sent the beasts to take their measure. The next attack wouldn't be a test. It would be the real thing.

"We move," Itzil said. "North. Back to the temple. Back to Korvain."

They moved. Through the forest. Through the night. Through the dawning understanding that they were no longer anonymous - that the Dominion knew who they were, what they could do, and where they were going.

The race had become a hunt. And they were no longer the hunters.

# Chapter 21 - The Blade Manifests

Something changed on the road north.

The Sun-Blade was different. Not in appearance - it was still golden light, still shaped by her will, still pulsing with the warmth that had become as familiar as her own heartbeat. The change was deeper. Structural. As though the blade had been a sketch and was now, gradually, becoming a painting.

She practiced every night. The manifestation came faster now - less than a second between intent and appearance. The blade was more defined: cleaner edges, steadier light, a resonance that hummed at a frequency she could feel in her bones. And it lasted longer. Five minutes. Eight. On the third night after the war-beast encounter, she held it for twelve minutes without faltering.

Kaelen watched from the perimeter, as he always did. He said nothing about the light, as he always didn't. But she noticed that he'd positioned himself closer to the camp on the nights she practiced - not protectively, but attentively. As though the light was something he wanted to be near.

The change wasn't just in the blade. It was in her.

The encounter with Nightshade had done something - not the damage the blood orator had intended, but something unexpected. Nightshade had named Itzil's fears: the doubt, the feeling of inadequacy, the suspicion that the prophecy was a chain rather than a calling. She'd named them accurately and tried to weaponize them.

But naming a fear sometimes robs it of its power. Itzil had heard her doubts spoken aloud by an enemy, and instead of crumbling, she'd found the words insufficient. Yes, she doubted herself. Yes, she felt inadequate. Yes, the prophecy was heavy. And none of that mattered, because the boy in Solquetal was still



dead and the ash-oathed villagers were still blank-eyed and the Great Gate was still a crack in the world that something vast was trying to push through.

Her fears were real. Her purpose was bigger.

The blade responded. It grew steadier each night because she grew steadier each night - not more confident, but more clear. The distinction mattered. Confidence was a feeling that could be shaken. Clarity was a state of seeing that persisted even when feelings failed.

On the fifth night, she tried something new.

She manifested the blade and then, instead of holding it static, she moved. Not training forms - real combat movements. The strikes and blocks and tran-

sitions that Korvain had drilled into her for ten years, executed not with steel but with golden light.

The Sun-Blade moved differently than a physical sword. It had no weight - or rather, its weight was emotional rather than physical. It responded to her intention with perfect fidelity: when she wanted it to cut, it cut. When she wanted it to deflect, it deflected. When she wanted it to extend, it grew. When she wanted it to compact, it shrank. It was, she realized, the most responsive weapon in the world - because it was not separate from her. It was HER, externalized. Her will given form.

She ran through Korvain's advanced forms - the sequences he'd taught her in the final year of training, the ones that

combined physical technique with mental discipline. The blade sang through the dark air, leaving trails of golden light that hung for a fraction of a second before dissolving. The movements felt natural - more natural than steel had ever felt. As though she'd been training her whole life with the wrong instrument and had finally found the right one.

She pushed further. Faster. The forms blurred into each other, transitions becoming seamless, the blade moving as an extension of thought rather than an extension of arm. She could feel the energy flowing - from her core, down her arm, through her hand, into the manifestation. A circuit. A complete system.

The blade blazed. Not the unstable flare of her early attempts - a controlled, pow-

erful surge of golden light that lit the camp like a second sun. Every tree, every rock, every blade of grass stood in sharp relief against the darkness. The night became day within a fifty-foot radius.

Then it faded. Gently. Controlled. She let the blade dissolve and stood in the aftermath, breathing hard but not exhausted. Her hand was warm. Her mind was quiet.

Kaelen was staring at her from the perimeter.

So was everyone else. The entire team had woken - drawn by the light, standing at the edges of their bedrolls, looking at her with expressions that ranged from awe (Venn) to professional assessment (Torvane) to something she couldn't read (Kaelen).

"Sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to-"

"Don't apologize," Jagren said. His voice was quiet - genuinely quiet, stripped of performance. "That was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

She didn't know what to say to that. The compliment sat in her chest like the warmth of the blade - unexpected, unsolicited, and more meaningful than it should have been coming from a man who measured everything by how it looked.

Jagren wasn't talking about aesthetics. He was talking about something else - the thing the blade represented. A person's will made visible. A purpose given form. The physical manifestation of the answer to the question: what are you fighting for?

Neyla approached. Her healer's eyes were wide, and her hands - her working hands, the instruments of her craft - were trembling slightly.

"The light," she said. "It felt like... healing. Like what I do, but different. Not biological - spiritual. The blade isn't just a weapon. It's a projection of... wholeness."

"Wholeness?"

"When I heal, I touch what's broken and help it knit. When you manifest the blade, you're projecting what ISN'T broken. The part of you that's whole. The part that knows what it's for." She shook her head. "I've never felt anything like it."

Torvane produced a small device from his pack - a resonance meter, used for measuring magical energy output. He'd

been holding it up during the manifestation.

"The energy signature is unlike anything in our records," he said, studying the readout. "It doesn't match any known magical taxonomy. It's not elemental. It's not sorceric. It's not biological." He looked at Itzil. "It's something else entirely. Something that doesn't have a category."

"Can you measure its strength?"

"In approximate terms. The peak output during your final surge was..." He checked the readout again. His eyebrows rose. "Equivalent to a fourth-rank Dominion combat sorcerer. And you've been training for less than three weeks."

Silence around the camp. The implication hung in the air like the residual warmth of the blade.

"If you reach full development," Torvane said carefully, "the blade could potentially match anything the Dominion can field. Including their elder sorcerers."

The weight of that settled on Itzil's shoulders. Not a burden - not this time. A responsibility. The blade was a weapon of enormous potential, and it was growing. It was growing because SHE was growing - every experience, every fear faced, every moment of clarity adding another layer of strength to the manifestation.

Korvain had said: the blade stabilizes when the wielder knows what they're fighting for.



She knew now. Not abstractly. Specifically. She was fighting for the boy in Sol-quetal. For Neyla's family. For the empty village with the broken toy. For Kaelen's dead unit. For Jagren's need to matter. For Torvane's solutions that no one had used. For everyone the Dominion had taken and everyone they would take if no one stood in the way.

The blade was the manifestation of that knowledge. And it was getting stronger every day.

The team settled back to sleep. Itzil remained awake, sitting at the fire's edge, watching the coals glow.

Kaelen appeared beside her. He sat without asking - they'd moved past the asking phase somewhere between Thornspire and the coast.

"The blade," he said. "When you manifested it during the war-beast attack, the beasts flinched. They refused to advance."

"I noticed."

"The dark magic controlling them couldn't overcome the blade's influence. Which means the Sun-Blade doesn't just cut - it disrupts. It interferes with dark magic at a fundamental level."

"Korvain said the blade was specifically created as a counter to the forces beyond the Gate. It's designed to oppose darkness."

"Then it's not just a weapon. It's a key. The same way the relics are keys to opening the Gate, the blade might be a key to closing it."

She looked at him. Firelight and shadows. The sharp angles of his face, softened slightly by the warm light. The dark eyes that were always watching, always calculating, and occasionally - rarely, in moments like this - simply looking.

"You've been thinking about this," she said.

"I think about everything. Occupational hazard."

"And what have you concluded?"

"That you're more important than you realize. Not the blade - you. The blade is a tool. You're the person who decides how to use it. And the decisions you've made so far - the Thornspire raid, the coastal temple, the retreat through the gorge - they've been right. Not perfect. Right."

She was quiet for a moment. The fire crackled. An ember popped and sent a tiny constellation of sparks into the dark air.

"Korvain said I need to stop asking permission to lead."

"He's right. You haven't asked permission for any of the decisions that mattered. You just made them." He paused. "That's not nothing, Itzil."

She looked at the fire. Looked at her hands. Open palms, still warm from the blade. The golden light lived in her skin now - not visible, but present. A companion.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"For following someone you didn't know into a fight you didn't ask for."

Something shifted in his expression. The wall that he maintained - the scout's professional detachment, the survivor's emotional armor - developed a crack. Small. Temporary. But there.

"You didn't ask either," he said. "And you're still here."

They sat at the fire until the coals died. Neither of them spoke. Neither of them needed to. The silence between them was comfortable in a way that surprised them both - the silence of two people who were beginning to understand that the space between them was smaller than they'd thought.

Tomorrow was the road north. Tomorrow was the return to the temple. To-

morrow was the next step in a journey that had started with smoke and bells and a girl who didn't believe she was enough.

She was beginning to believe.

## Chapter 22 - Return To The Temple

**M**ount Solara appeared on the horizon on the fourteenth day - a familiar silhouette against the autumn sky, its peak catching the early light and throwing it back in white and gold. The temple was a speck of white stone on the mountain's shoulder, tiny with distance but solid with meaning. Home.

Itzil felt the sight in her chest - a loosening of tension she hadn't realized she'd been carrying. She'd left this mountain

three weeks ago as a disciple with a token and a mission. She was returning as something else. Something she didn't have a name for yet.

The team climbed the four hundred steps in the late afternoon light. The stone was warm under their boots, heated by the sun, and the air smelled of pine and incense and the particular sweetness of Amalura's gardens. The scent was so achingly familiar that Itzil had to stop on the two-hundredth step and breathe.

Venn, who had talked for approximately eighty percent of the journey, was silent. Tuli walked with her hand on the wall, steadying herself, her shoulder healed but her body remembering the cost. Sorren brought up the rear with the quiet



dependability that was his most defining quality.

Kaelen climbed beside Itzil. He'd never been to the temple - had never been anywhere this peaceful in years, probably. She watched him take in the mountain, the stone steps, the golden-tiled roofs above, with the evaluative attention he gave everything. But underneath the assessment, she saw something else: appreciation. The recognition of beauty by someone who'd been living in its absence.

They reached the temple courtyard. Korravin was waiting.

He stood at the courtyard's center - the same spot where he'd trained her a thousand times, staff in hand, white hair catching the light. He looked the same.

He always looked the same. The mountain might erode and the seasons might change but Korvain would stand in his courtyard with his staff and his iron will and the patient expectation that whoever climbed those steps had earned the right to be there.

He studied the team. Itzil first - a long look that moved from her feet to her face and read everything between. Then Kaelen, Jagren, Torvane, Neyla. Each of them measured, assessed, and filed.

"You brought me a scout, a duelist, an engineer, and a healer," he said.

"I brought you a team."

"Hmm." His expression was the one he used when she'd executed a technique correctly but with room for improvement. "Show me."

"Show you what?"

"The blade."

She hadn't told him. The hawk messages had covered intelligence, strategy, and tactical updates. She hadn't mentioned the blade's development - partly because she wanted to demonstrate it in person, partly because she wasn't sure words could describe what it had become.

She held out her right hand. Breathed. Found the clarity.

The Sun-Blade manifested.

Not the tentative flicker of three weeks ago. Not the rough, unstable weapon of her early training. A BLADE - three and a half feet of golden light, perfectly shaped, steady as steel, humming with

a resonance that filled the courtyard and made the stone flagstones vibrate sympathetically. The light was warm and fierce and alive, casting sharp shadows in the afternoon sun, visible even in full daylight.

Korvain looked at the blade for a long time. His expression didn't change. But his eyes - those iron eyes that had seen everything and maintained composure through all of it - glistened.

"The forms," he said. His voice was rough.

She ran the forms. All thirty-seven guard positions, flowing from one to the next with the seamless precision of ten years of training executed through an instrument that was, for the first time, worthy of the technique. The blade moved like

thought - no lag between intention and execution, no gap between will and action. It was her best performance. It was, she suspected, the best performance any Sun-Blade bearer had given in three hundred years.

When she finished, the courtyard was silent. Korvain stood still. Behind him, Amalura had appeared in the doorway - she'd felt the manifestation from inside the temple, drawn by the resonance. Her one good eye was wide. Her hands, normally still, were pressed against her chest.

Korvain spoke. One word.

"Good."

From him, it was a standing ovation.

The debrief lasted four hours.

They gathered in the main hall - Korvain, Amalura, Itzil, and the full team. Every detail was reviewed: the Thornspire raid, the intelligence extracted, the coastal temple, the Tide Pearl, the encounter with Nightshade, the war-beast attack, the blade's development.

Amalura studied the Tide Pearl with the reverent attention of a scholar handling something she'd only read about. She held it to her good eye, turned it in the light, felt its resonance with her fingers.

"Genuine," she confirmed. "The energy signature matches the historical records precisely. This is one of the seven keys."

"Four remain unaccounted for," Itzil said. "The Starshard, the Heartstone, the Sunheart, and the Dawnchain."

"The Starshard's location is confirmed - the fortress in the Shattered Peaks. The Dominion is sending a team." Korvain unrolled the maps they'd captured from Thornspire. "But the fortress is ancient and heavily warded. It will resist a conventional assault."

"We go after it."

"Not immediately. You and your team need rest. Resupply. Training." He looked at each team member in turn. "What you've accomplished in three weeks is remarkable. But remarkable isn't sustainable. You need to build your strength before you spend it again."

He was right. They were exhausted - not just physically but emotionally. The relentless pace of the journey had con-

sumed their reserves. Another mission without recovery would break them.

"Two weeks," Itzil said. "We rest, resupply, and train. Then we move on the Starshard."

"Agreed." Korvain turned to the team. "While you're here, I'll train each of you. Individually. Not combat - though that too. I want to understand your capabilities and help you develop them."

Kaelen: "I don't need training."

Korvain looked at him. The look lasted five seconds - an eternity of evaluation compressed into a glance.

"Everyone needs training," Korvain said. "Even the best scout I've ever seen. Especially the best scout I've ever seen."



Something in Kaelen's expression shifted. Not surrender - recognition. The same recognition Itzil had felt when Korvain saw through her defenses and found the truth underneath.

"Fine," Kaelen said. "But I'm not doing forms."

"No forms. Just questions. I find that the right questions are worth more than any technique."

Amalura claimed Neyla immediately - pulling the healer toward the archives with the urgency of a scholar who'd found a kindred mind. "The ash-oath reversal theory. I have texts you need to read. Immediately."

Torvane gravitated toward the forge - the temple's small metalworking shop, which was basic compared to his border

forge but adequate for prototype work. Within an hour, he'd assessed the available tools and materials and had begun designing improved ward-disruptors.

Jagren found the training courtyard and began drilling - not the old flashy forms but the stripped-down technique Kaelen had taught him. The sound of his blade cutting air was precise and rhythmic, a metronome of discipline replacing the jazz of showmanship.

The temple, which had felt empty and vulnerable three weeks ago, felt different now. Not safe - the Dominion was still out there, still hunting, still advancing. But populated. Purposeful. A place with people in it who had chosen to be there.

That evening, Itzil found Korvain on the eastern terrace. The same spot where they'd sat before she left. The same view - the valley, the river, the village of Sol-quetal below, still healing from the raid.

"You're different," he said, without turning.

"Different how?"

"Three weeks ago, you asked me if you were enough. You wouldn't ask that now."

"I still don't know if I'm enough."

"But you'd fight anyway."

"Yes."

He nodded. The sunset painted the valley in amber and rose, and for a moment the world looked gentle - a landscape at peace, seen from a mountain where

warriors trained for war. The contradiction was as old as the temple.

"Nightshade concerns me," he said. "More than Gravok. More than any military threat. She fights with information. She finds weakness and applies pressure. The fact that she approached you directly - offered a deal - means she's already assessed you. She knows your psychology."

"She knew about you. About Amalura. About the team."

"Which means the Dominion's intelligence on us is better than I'd assumed. They have sources we haven't identified."

The implication was unsettling. Someone, somewhere, was feeding information to Nightshade. Not necessarily a

traitor - the Dominion's surveillance network was vast and subtle. But the precision of Nightshade's knowledge suggested something more than passive observation.

"We'll be more careful," Itzil said.

"You'll need to be." He turned to face her. The sunset light caught his features - the deep lines, the white hair, the eyes that had seen seventy-three years of a world that rarely made seeing easy. "The war is coming, Itzil. Not the skirmishes you've been fighting - the real war. The Dominion is mobilizing. Their relic acquisition is accelerating. The Great Gate..."

He paused. Chose his words.

"I've felt it. Even here. A vibration in the earth. A wrongness in the air. The Gate is straining. Whatever is on the other

side is pushing harder." He looked at the valley. "We may have less time than we thought."

She let the words settle. The weight of them was enormous - the weight of a world balanced on a fault line, waiting for the next tremor to shift everything.

"Then we'd better be ready," she said.

"You will be." He placed his hand on her shoulder. The tremors in his fingers were worse than before - she could feel them through her tunic, a vibration that mirrored the one he described in the earth. "You're not the same person who left this temple three weeks ago. The blade proves it. But the blade isn't what changed. YOU changed. The blade just reflects it."

She covered his hand with hers. Held it. Felt the tremors and the strength beneath them - the iron will that kept this man standing when his body wanted to rest.

"I'll be ready," she said.

"I know you will."

They watched the sunset together. Mentor and student. The oldest warrior and the newest. The man who had spent his life preparing for this moment and the woman who was just beginning to understand what the moment required.

The sky darkened. Stars appeared. The valley settled into the quiet of evening. And somewhere beyond the horizon, beyond the mountains, beyond the contested territories and the Dominion's borders, the Great Gate hummed with a

frequency that only the fearful and the clear could hear.

Itzil heard it. She'd been hearing it since the Tide Pearl's vision - a sound like the sea compressed into a whisper, constant and patient and hungry.

She would face it. Whatever it was. Whatever it cost.

She was beginning to understand that the blade was not the answer. It was the question, made visible: What are you willing to do to protect the people you love?

She didn't know the full answer yet. But she was learning. Every day. Every step. Every time the golden light came to her hands and burned away the darkness.

She was learning.



# Chapter 23 - The War Council

**T**he war council convened in the temple's main hall on the tenth day of their return.

The hall was larger than the team required - designed for full temple assemblies of fifty disciples and staff, now occupied by eight warriors, two elders, and the particular tension that fills a room when every person in it knows that the decisions made here will determine whether they live or die.

Korvain presided from the head of the low table, his staff laid across his knees. Amalura sat beside him, surrounded by scrolls and texts she'd been cross-referencing for ten straight days. The team arranged themselves around the table - Itzil at Korvain's right, Kaelen at her right, and the others filling in with the organic hierarchy that had developed over the past month. No one had assigned seats. No one needed to.

"Status," Korvain said.

Itzil spoke first. "We hold one relic - the Tide Pearl. It's secured in the vault, behind wards that Amalura has reinforced. The Dominion holds three: the Ember Core, the Voidglass, and one we haven't identified. Three relics remain unaccounted for."

Amalura took over. She'd been researching without pause since the team's return, fueled by the intelligence from Thornspire and her own formidable archives. Sleep, she'd informed anyone who asked, was an inefficiency she'd address when the world was less imperiled.

"The Starshard is in the Shattered Peaks fortress. Confirmed. The Dominion's retrieval team is en route - fifty soldiers, four sorcerers. They'll reach the fortress within two weeks."

She unrolled a new map - one she'd drawn herself, incorporating the Thornspire intelligence with her own research. "The Heartstone from Brightfall remains missing. The Dominion excavated the temple ruins and found nothing. My the-

ory: the Brightfall elders hid the relic before the temple fell. A secondary vault, location unknown."

"And the last two?"

"The Sunheart and the Dawnchain." She tapped two locations on the map - both marked with question marks. "Historical records place the Sunheart in a temple complex in the deep south - beyond the contested zone, in territory the Dominion hasn't reached. The Dawnchain's location is genuinely unknown. The last reliable record is two hundred years old and references a 'vault beneath the sea,' which could mean a dozen things."

Kaelen leaned forward. "The Dominion's priorities, based on the intelligence: Starshard first, then sweep for the re-

maining relics using the captured scholar's knowledge."

"The captured scholar," Korvain said. His voice carried weight. "Varshan, from Brightfall. He knows more about relic locations than anyone alive. If the Dominion extracts that knowledge, they'll find every relic before we do."

The room absorbed this. The strategic picture was clear: whoever controlled the information controlled the race. And right now, the Dominion had the better hand.

"We need allies," Itzil said. "Not just fighters - governments. Armies. Resources. Five people can raid an outpost and steal a relic. Five people cannot fight a continental war."

Korvain nodded. "I've sent messages to the surviving Sun-Blade temples. Two have responded - both small, both frightened, but both willing to coordinate. I've also reached out to the three independent kingdoms that border the Dominion's territory."

"And?"

"Mixed responses. The kingdom of Thalendor is interested - their military council has been watching the Dominion's expansion with increasing alarm. Pyrrath is sympathetic but cautious. Coravel is non-committal."

"They're afraid," Neyla said quietly. Everyone turned to her. She rarely spoke in tactical discussions, but when she did, the room listened. "They've seen what the Dominion does to people who

resist. The ash-oaths. The blank eyes. They're not being cautious. They're terrified."

"Then we show them there's a reason not to be terrified," Itzil said. She placed the Tide Pearl on the table. Its blue-silver light pulsed in the dim hall, casting soft shadows across the maps and scrolls. "We have a relic. We have a blade-bearer. We have intelligence on the Dominion's plans. We have something to offer that fear can't buy: a chance."

Korvain studied her. The evaluation was familiar - the same deep, penetrating assessment he'd given her every day of training for ten years. But something had shifted in it. He was no longer measuring her against what she could be-

come. He was measuring her against what she was.

"The Starshard," he said. "You want to go after it."

"Before the Dominion. We intercept their retrieval team or we reach the fortress first. Either way, we deny them a fourth relic."

"The fortress is heavily warded. Ancient defenses. The Dominion is sending fifty soldiers and four sorcerers because they expect significant resistance."

"We don't need fifty soldiers. We need the right five people." She looked at her team. "We've proven we can operate behind enemy lines. Thornspire. The coastal temple. The war-beast escape. We're small, fast, and we have capabilities the Dominion hasn't accounted for."



She held up the Tide Pearl. "We also have this. If the relics are keys, they might interact with each other. The Tide Pearl might help us access the Starshard's protections - Sun-Blade tradition wards recognizing a sister relic."

Amalura's eye brightened. "That's... actually a compelling theory. The relics were forged together. They share a resonance signature. One might indeed serve as a credential for another."

Torvane produced his notebook. "I've spent the last ten days redesigning my equipment based on what we learned. Improved ward-disruptors with longer range and duration. Explosive charges optimized for war-beast armor. Signal jammers that can interrupt blood-magic communication over a wider area." He

flipped to a specific page. "And this - a portable resonance amplifier. If the Tide Pearl can interact with the Starshard's wards, this device will boost the signal. Turn a whisper into a shout."

Kaelen had been listening with the focused attention he gave to every tactical discussion. "The route to the Shattered Peaks runs through territory I've mapped extensively. I can get us there in twelve days - faster than the Dominion's team, which is taking the main roads."

Jagren: "And when we get there, I fight whatever needs fighting."

Neyla: "And I keep everyone alive while they do."

The room was charged - the particular energy of people who had found a purpose and were eager to pursue it. Itzil

felt it - the electricity of aligned will, the power of a group that had moved past the cautious, tentative phase and entered the phase where they trusted each other enough to run toward danger together.

She looked at Korvain. He held her gaze. "Permission to proceed?" she asked.

His eyes held something she'd never seen in them before. Not approval - he'd shown her approval before, in small doses, carefully rationed. This was different. This was pride. Raw, undisguised, the pride of a mentor watching his student become the thing he'd always believed she could be.

"You don't need my permission," he said. "You haven't needed it for a while."

She stood. The team stood with her - automatically, instinctively, the way a body responds to a nerve's signal.

"We leave in four days. Use the time to prepare. Rest. Train. Resupply." She looked at each of them. "This will be harder than anything we've done. The Shattered Peaks fortress. Fifty Dominion soldiers. Ancient wards. War-beasts, probably."

She manifested the Sun-Blade. It blazed in the hall - golden light filling the ancient space, casting the sun-language inscriptions on the walls in sharp relief. The light was steady. Controlled. Beautiful.

"We can do this," she said. "Because we've been doing it. Every day, every step, every fight - we've been doing the impossible. Not because we're the

strongest or the fastest or the smartest. Because we're the ones who showed up."

The blade pulsed. The team pulsed with it - a resonance of purpose that was not magical but felt that way. Five warriors, two elders, and a blade of golden light, standing in a temple on a mountain while the world below them tilted toward darkness.

They would fight. They would show up. They would do the impossible, again and again, until the impossible became ordinary and the ordinary became legendary.

That was the plan. It wasn't much.

It was everything.

## Chapter 24 - The Horizon Burns

The night before departure, Itzil climbed to the temple's highest point - the observation platform above the main hall, where the roof met the sky and the mountain dropped away on all sides. The platform was small, barely large enough for two people, and the wind at this altitude was constant - a cold, clean pressure that pushed against her face and pulled at her hair.

She sat on the stone ledge and looked at the world.

The view was immense. To the north: mountains, rising in blue-grey waves toward the snowline. To the west: the valleys where she'd grown up, the river Illara winding silver through farmland and forest. To the south: the contested territories, where the land darkened and the fires of border conflict painted the night with distant orange smudges. To the east: more mountains, more valleys, and somewhere beyond them, the Shattered Peaks where the Starshard waited.

And everywhere - above, around, pressing against the edges of perception - the wrongness. The vibration Korvain had described. The hum of the Great Gate straining against seals that had held for

three centuries and were now, slowly, beginning to fail.

She could feel it through the Tide Pearl. The relic sat in the vault below, but its resonance reached her even here - a pulse like a second heartbeat, steady and warm, carrying the echo of the vision she'd received when she first touched it. The ocean floor. The vast black arch. The chains of light, thinning. The shadow pressing through.

She thought about what waited on the other side of that Gate. Not the abstract danger of historical texts and scholarly warnings, but the specific, visceral reality of something so vast and hungry that perceiving its edge had made her mind stagger. VASTRIX. She didn't know the name yet - wouldn't know it for years.



But she could feel its weight. A pressure at the boundary of the world, like a hand pressing against a windowpane.

The window was cracking.

Footsteps on the stairway below. She knew who it was before he appeared - she'd learned the sound of Kaelen's movement over the past month. Light, precise, deliberately quiet but not silent, because approaching someone in the dark without warning was rude even by his standards.

He emerged onto the platform and sat beside her without asking. The space was small enough that their shoulders almost touched.

"Couldn't sleep?" she asked.

"I don't sleep well before missions. Bad habit."

"What do you do instead?"

"Check my equipment. Review the route. Imagine everything that could go wrong and plan for it." He paused. "Think about the unit."

She let the silence hold. He rarely mentioned his dead scouts. When he did, the words were careful - rationed, like water in a desert, because if he let too many out at once, the flood would take him.

"There were eleven of them," he said. Not looking at her - looking at the horizon. "Each one handpicked. Each one the best at what they did. We operated independently for months at a time - deep behind enemy lines, gathering intelligence, mapping positions, doing

the work that nobody sees and nobody thanks you for."

"What were their names?"

The question surprised him. She could see it in the way his shoulders shifted - a micro-flinch, as though she'd touched something he'd been protecting.

"Taryn. Voss. Meela. Dann. Lira. Kobb. Fenn. Sarai. Orell. Juno. Thane."

He said each name with the precision of someone who had been repeating them to himself every night for three months. A litany. A prayer. The roll call of the dead, spoken into the dark by the last one standing.

"I survived because I wasn't there," he said. "I was fifteen miles east, running a solo patrol. When I came back..."

He stopped. Breathed. "They'd been arranged. Lined up. The Dominion does that - they call it 'respectful disposition.' They kill you and then they arrange your body as though they're doing you a favor."

Itzil didn't speak. There was nothing to say that wouldn't diminish what he was sharing. She listened. That was enough.

"I filed the first report that night. From the pass, sitting beside them. I sent it to every authority I could reach. No one responded." His voice was flat. Level. The flatness of someone who had compressed an ocean of grief into a space too small to hold it. "I kept filing reports. Every day. For three months. Because it was the only thing I could do that felt like I was still fighting."

"You were still fighting."

"It didn't feel like fighting. It felt like screaming into a void."

"And now?"

He turned to look at her. In the moonlight, his face was a study in contrasts - sharp angles and soft shadows, the hardness of his jaw and the vulnerability in his eyes that he showed to almost no one and was showing to her now because they were on a mountaintop in the dark and the world was about to ask everything of them.

"Now it feels like fighting," he said.

The wind shifted. Cold air rolled down from the peak, carrying ice crystals that caught the moonlight and glittered like tiny stars. Between them, in the small

space on the ledge, something hummed - not the Tide Pearl's resonance or the Sun-Blade's warmth, but something else. Something that lived in the frequency between two people who had chosen to face the darkness together.

Neither of them named it. It was too early for names. But it was there.

She found Korvain in his quarters an hour before dawn.

He was awake, as she'd expected. Sitting at his desk with a cup of tea - this one actually warm - reading a scroll by candlelight. His staff leaned against the wall. His hands, when he set down the scroll, trembled with the persistent tremors that had been worsening for months.

"I'm leaving something for you," she said. She placed the Tide Pearl on his desk. "Keep it safe. If we don't come back--"

"You'll come back."

"If we DON'T--"

"You. Will. Come back." He picked up the Pearl. Held it to the candlelight. The blue-silver glow mixed with the amber flame, creating a light that was neither warm nor cool but both. "I didn't train you for twenty years to watch you die in a mountain fortress."

"You trained me for whatever came."

"I trained you to survive. To adapt. To show up." He set the Pearl down. "The blade is the weapon. You are the warrior. Don't confuse the two."

She nodded. There was more she wanted to say - things about gratitude and respect and the particular form of love that exists between a mentor and a student, built over years of discipline and trust and the willingness to be pushed beyond what you believed you could endure. But the words felt inadequate. Too small for what they needed to carry.

"Korvain."

"Yes?"

"Thank you. For choosing me. In the orphanage. For seeing something I couldn't see."

His eyes - those iron eyes, steady and clear and carrying the weight of everything he'd witnessed in seventy-three years - softened. Not much. A fraction. The fraction that meant everything.



"I didn't see something in you, Itzil. I saw YOU. The rest was always there. It just needed time."

She left his quarters. In the corridor, she pressed her back against the wall and breathed. In through the nose. Out through the mouth. The way he'd taught her.

Then she straightened. Squared her shoulders. Walked to the courtyard where her team was assembling in the pre-dawn grey.

They stood at the temple gate as the sun crested the eastern mountains.

Eight people. Itzil, Kaelen, Jagren, Torvane, Neyla, Venn, Tuli, Sorren. Each carrying a pack. Each carrying a weapon. Each carrying the particular weight of someone who has chosen to walk to-

ward the thing that terrifies them because the alternative - walking away - is worse.

Korvain and Amalura stood at the gate. The two elders - the grandmaster and the keeper, the warrior and the scholar, the iron and the acid. Together, they represented the full tradition of the Sun-Blade order: the strength to fight and the knowledge to fight wisely.

Amalura pressed a new journal into Itzil's hands. "Updated intelligence. Everything I've found in the past two weeks about the Shattered Peaks fortress, the Starshard, and the Dominion's plans. Read it on the road."

"Thank you, Amalura."

"Stop thanking me. Start succeeding. That's thanks enough." She paused. Her

good eye was bright - not with tears, because Amalura did not cry, but with something adjacent. "Be brilliant, girl. You have the capacity. Use it."

Korvain said nothing. He stood at the gate with his staff and his silence and the sunrise painting him in gold, and he looked at Itzil the way the mountain looked at the valley: from above, with patience, with the understanding that what stood below him would endure long after he was gone.

She met his eyes. Held them.

No words. None needed. Everything that mattered had been said - in training sessions and quiet conversations and the thousand small moments that build a relationship strong enough to withstand the world's worst efforts to break it.

She turned to the path. The mountain's far side. The road south and east, toward the Shattered Peaks and the Starshard and the next chapter of a war that had started with smoke and bells and a girl who didn't believe she was enough.

"Move out," she said.

The team moved. Down the mountain. Into the world. Toward whatever waited.

Behind them, the temple caught the sunrise and blazed white and gold against the blue sky. Korvain watched from the gate until the last of them disappeared below the tree line. Then he turned, walked to the training courtyard, and began his morning exercises - the same forms he'd practiced every day for fifty years, steady and precise and unbroken.

The mountain stood. The temple stood.  
The old warrior stood.

And on the road below, walking into a world that was cracking at the seams, eight people carried everything they had - skill and fear and purpose and the stubborn, impossible belief that showing up was enough.

Far away, in a throne room of black marble and silver, Volzentar received Nightshade's report about the coastal temple. The Tide Pearl was gone. The Sun-Blade bearer had taken it.

He sat on his throne and considered the chess board - the real one, not the metaphorical one - that he kept on a side table. He moved a piece. A knight. Forward and sideways, the way knights move: unexpected, angular, ar-

riving at positions that straight lines couldn't reach.

"Interesting," he said to the empty room.

He placed the knight at the center of the board. Surrounded by pawns and rooks and the accumulated power of a carefully constructed empire.

One knight. Against everything.

He smiled the private smile. The one that said: let's see what you can do.

On the eastern horizon, the Shattered Peaks rose against the sky like broken teeth - jagged, dark, ancient. Somewhere in those mountains, behind wards that had held for centuries, the Starshard waited. A second relic. A second key.

And somewhere beyond the peaks, beyond the border, beyond the Dominion's capital and its black marble throne room and the vaults where stolen relics pulsed with light, the Great Gate hummed.

The Starless Crown - still invisible, still gathering, still months from manifesting - turned in the void above the world.

And something vast pressed against the seal and whispered:

I am patient. I have always been patient.  
But soon, I will not need to be.

END OF BOOK 1

Itzil will return in Book 2: THE MIRROR SIEGE.

# Author's Note

**T**hank you for reading Sunblade Rising.

This story began with a simple question: what would happen if you took the warrior traditions of ancient Mesoamerica and the disciplined philosophy of the samurai and combined them into a single world? Not as a historical exercise, but as a fantasy — a place where golden blades are forged from will, where empires are built on stolen souls, and where the person standing between the



world and its destruction is a young woman who doesn't believe she's qualified for the job.

Itzil's doubt is not a weakness. It's the most honest thing about her. The people who never doubt are the ones who stop growing. The people who doubt and move forward anyway — those are the ones worth following.

This is Book 1 of a twelve-book journey. The team you've met here — Itzil, Kaelen, Jagren, Torvane, and Neyla — is only the beginning. More heroes will join. More villains will emerge. The stakes will rise from a stolen relic to the fate of a continent, and eventually to the fate of reality itself.

But it all starts here. With smoke and bells and a girl who showed up.

I hope you'll continue the journey with me.

With gratitude, Ketan Shukla

# **Also By Ketan Shukla**

## **Aztec Samurai Adventures Series**

- **Book 1: Sunblade Rising - A Blade Forged in Light**
- **Book 2: The Mirror Siege - Reflections of Betrayal**
- **Book 3: Ash Oaths - Bonds Written in Blood**
- **Book 4: The Starless Crown - The Darkness Unveiled**

- **Book 5: The Serpent's Gambit - A Spy Among Shadows**
- **Book 6: Rain of Obsidian - Tides of Dark Magic**
- **Book 7: Feathers and Bone - Wings of Defiance**
- **Book 8: The Shattered Blade - Forged Through Fire**
- **Book 9: The Forge of Souls - The Price of Power**
- **Book 10: The Mirror Queen - Realm of Shattered Glass**
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# A Quick Favor

**I**f you enjoyed *Sunblade Rising*, would you consider leaving a review on Amazon?

Reviews are the single most important thing you can do to support an independent author. They help other readers discover the series, and they help me keep writing the stories you want to read.

Even a single sentence makes a difference:

“I loved this book because...”

Thank you for reading. Thank you for reviewing. And thank you for being part of this journey.

— Ketan