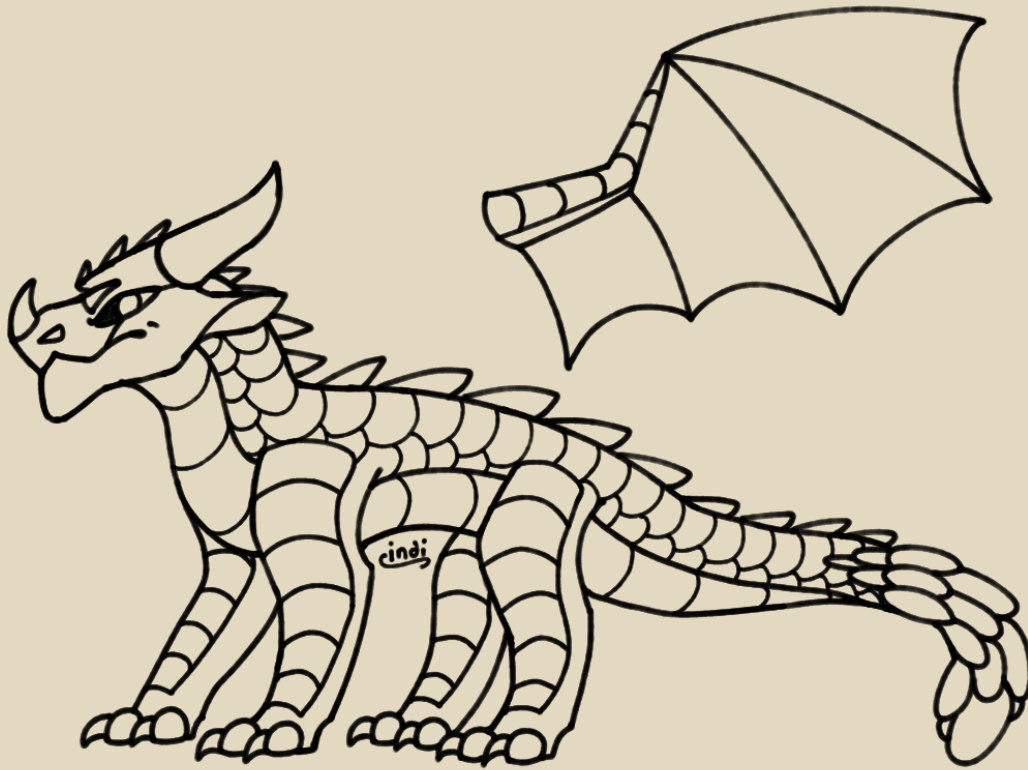




A Guide to the

Dragons of Protura

By the StreamWings



AshWings

Description: Strong plated armoured grey scales with orange or red under scales; Big heads with strong jaws; Flail like club at the end of their tails.

Abilities: Fireproof scales, can breathe a small blue flame that melts through metal and rock, can use the flail as a weapon capable of breaking bones and even weak rocks.

Leaders: Chancellor Basalt and Chancellor Gabbro.

War affiliations: Allied with the DuskWings, NorthWings and the CinderFeathers.

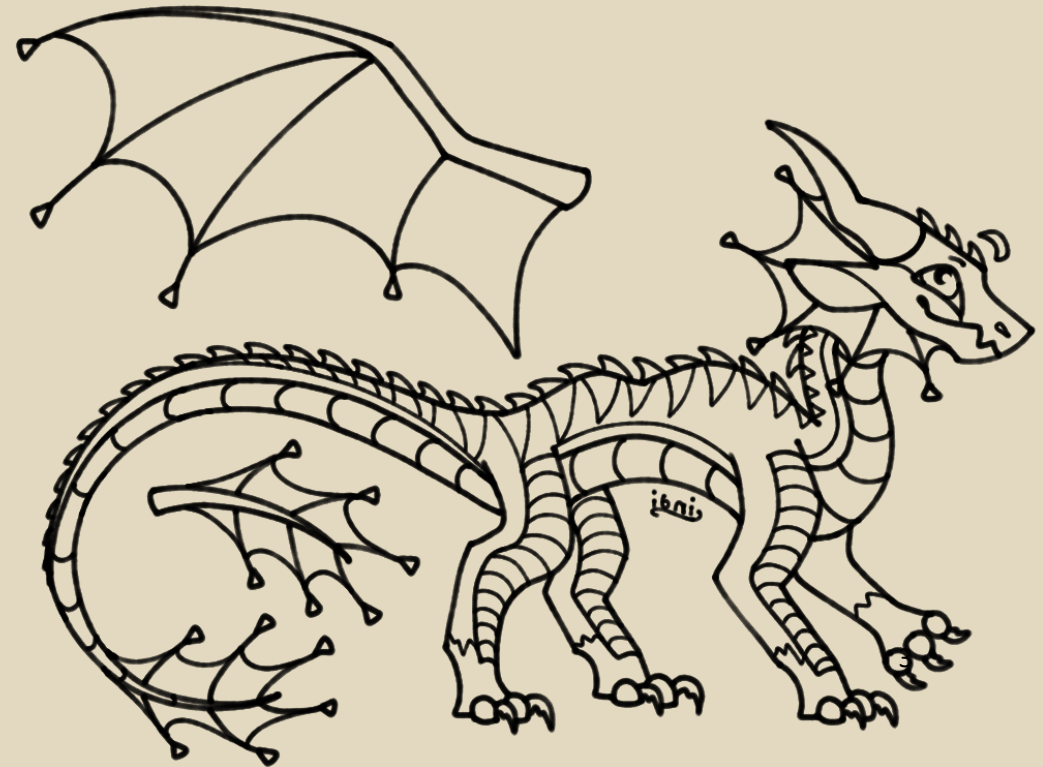
DuskWings

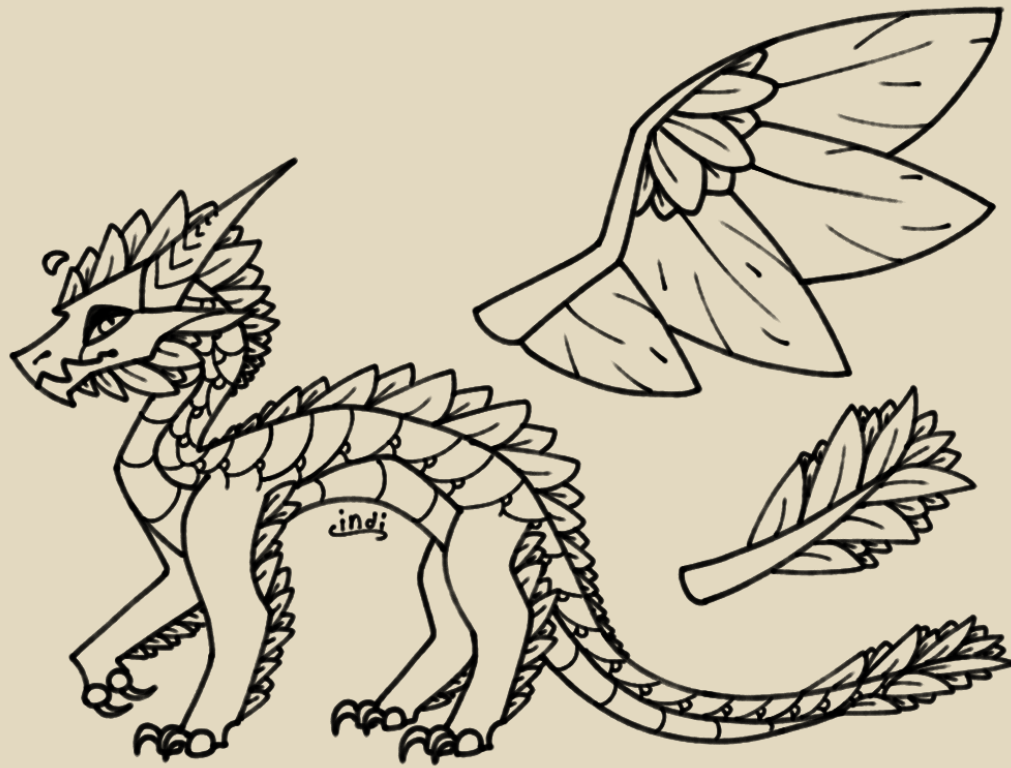
Description: Orange and golden scales the colour of the rocks on a clay desert canyon; Frills behind the ears; Bigger than average wings; Long and serrated claws for climbing; Long tails that end on a stabilizer fin; A small hump on the back.

Abilities: Can carry water inside themselves for long periods of time, can also spit this water at boiling temperatures, really fast and precise flyers.

Leader: Queen Twilight.

War affiliations: Allied with the AshWings, NorthWings and the CinderFeathers.





GroveWings

Description: Weird dragons with white scales on their heads and claws; Pale green scales on the rest of the body; Luminous spots from various colours; Sharp spikes at the end of the tail; Odd horns with multiple branches.

Abilities: due to their isolationism no one actually knows what they can do, only wild rumours exist but one should dismiss them.

Leader: They are a barbarian clan so probably they lack any cohesive leadership.

War affiliations: None/Unknown.

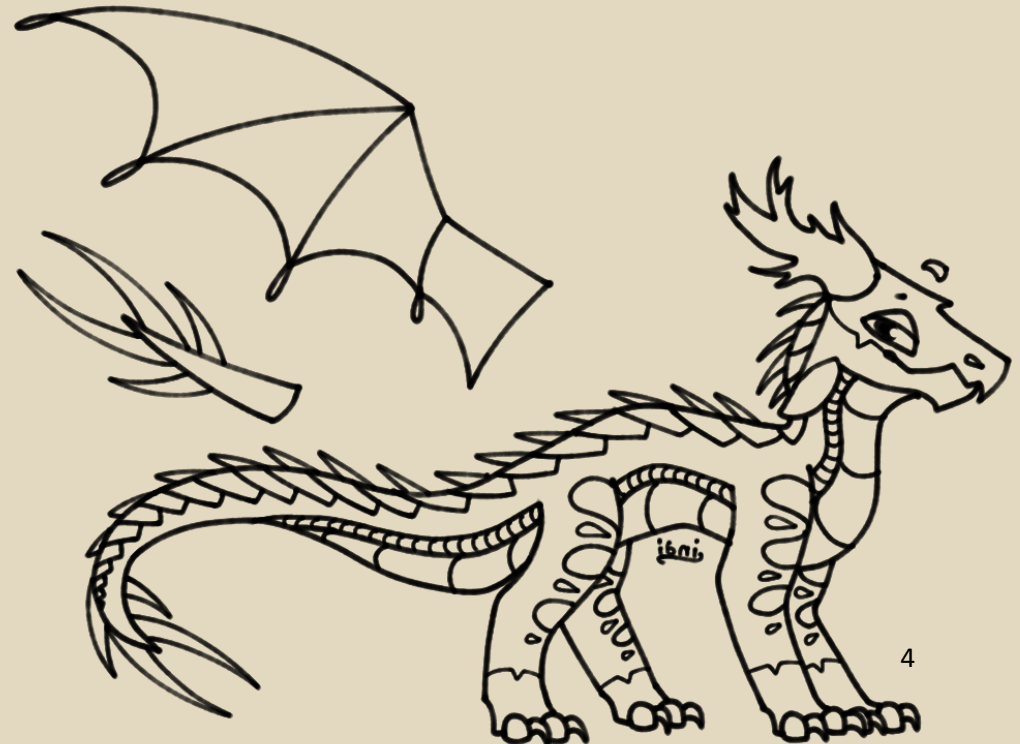
GaleWings

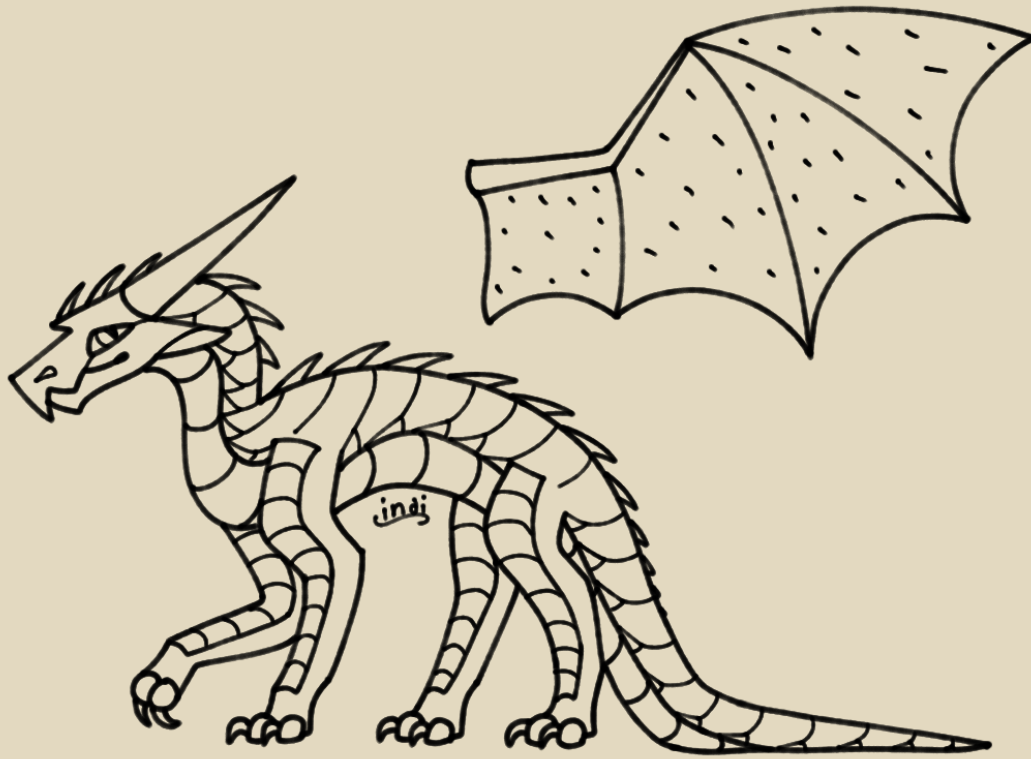
Description: Beautiful colourful feathers that can be either green-blue, red or yellow-orange according to their ethnicity and scales usually going from dark green to brown.

Abilities: Can shoot a strong blast of compressed air.

Leader: currently split on two factions, the empire is ruled by empress Quetzal, the partisans are leaded by Tempest

War affiliations: The CinderFeather partisans are allied with the AshWings, NorthWings and the DuskWings; The LushFeathers and DustFeathers are in the GaleWing empire, allied with the StreamWings.





NorthWings

Description: Dark scales with occasional silver spots like the snow from their islands; for some reason they all seem to be skinny; gruesome red fangs.

Abilities: None

Leader: Chancellor Basalt (these barbarians don't have an actual government, but they swore their allegiance to the AshWings).

War affiliations: only loyal to the AshWings.

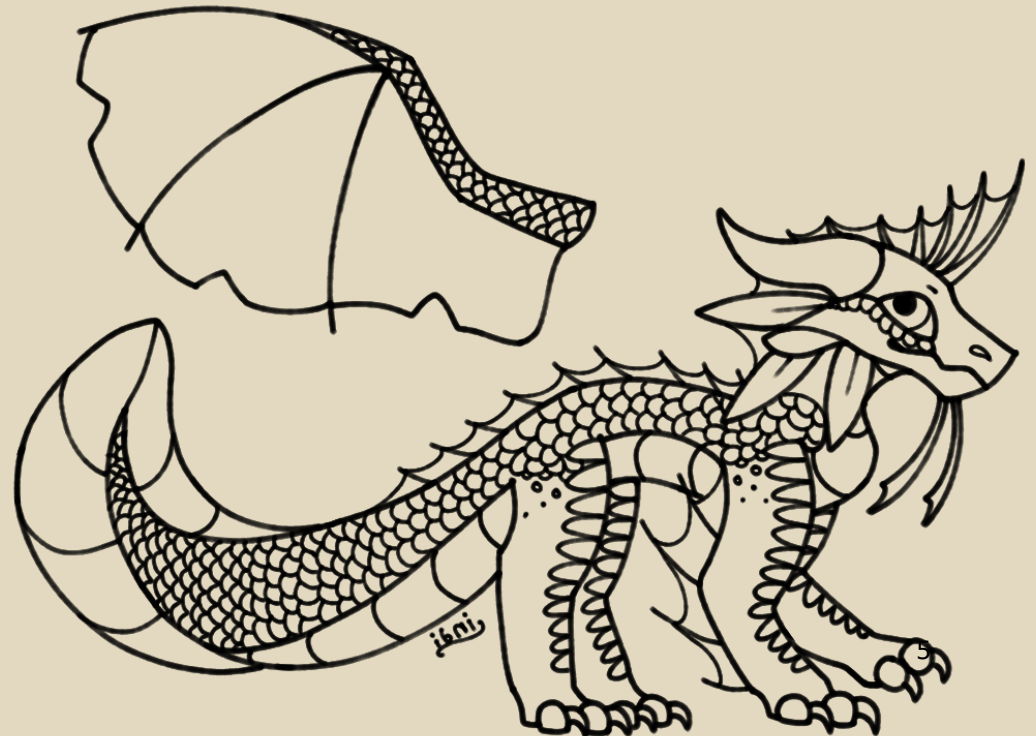
StreamWings

Description: Silvery scales the colour of river water from their grand island varying from pale green to blue; Long strong tails that end on a powerful fin; External gill behind the head; Webbed talons with sharp claws.

Abilities: Can breathe on fresh water, swim extremely fast ignoring currents on the water and can regenerate any injury in a matter of weeks, even lost limbs.

Leader: Queen Arowana

War affiliations: Allied with the GaleWing Empire.



*There was once a great palace overlooking the sea
upon the world this was now a cold vestige
when the skies turn dark and the sea claims it's wings
casted down with all the other forgotten things
a great power from an era soon to be abandoned
lies below the sky that has been wounded
nothing but the wretched ghost remains within
of the greater of all things that could had come to been*

The palace was quiet, there weren't any dragons awake this early in the morning.

Quetzal walked through the empty stone hallways towards the main hall, the clinking sound of the jewels she wore echoed as she walked past the multiple stone columns with feathered snakes engraved onto them, rays of sunlight casted various beams of light as they reflected on the gems the empress wore, her pale skin seemed to almost glow in this dark palace, slightly making her teal feathers glow due to the light reflection.

She saw Conure slowly approaching flying to the balcony from the city below, she landed with a graceful move nearly entirely silent except for the cracking of her old joints. *Another session of listening to this ancient specimen trying to give orders to the mighty empress is about to begin.* The empress thought bitterly.

Quetzal never really liked the priestess, who had been in charge of the temples before she even got to the throne, and she was sure the feeling was mutual, yet she had to deal with her as there wasn't any simple way of getting rid of her.

She looked like a diseased creature with her pale yellowish scales mixing with her scruffy green feathers, which contrasted in a weird way with her headpiece, a round crown made of rose gold with a big amber sticking out in a sun shaped piece at the front.

"Your majesty" Conure said while making a small nod with her head and folding her wings.

"High priestess, has any progress been made on the north?" as Quetzal said this Conure winced "Our attempts at breaking the AshWing perimeter have been unsuccessful, their fortress

seems to have more supplies than we expected, the siege has proven to be unfruitful so far, we should retire the army and focus on holding the line". As she said this both dragons started walking inside the palace.

I didn't expect much progress, but if we can't even pierce their defensive line, we'll need to take a more gruesome approach, not a more passive one. "Those rebels are probably receiving supplies from the AshWings, maybe we should push instead, is the army ready for a quick offensive to try to overwhelm their defences?"

"They have several injured dragons, but they should be able to mobilize soon, but doing this would leave us defenceless" said Conure while sitting down on one of the mats on the main hall, she looked glad for being able to rest her worn body on the soft cold cloth.

"Order the generals to destroy the nearby town of Troari, this way they'll be forced to defend them and leave their positions, it's that or risking falling out of favour of the popular opinion."

"But what about the astral mirror? We can't leave it unprotected or those savages will destroy it"

Who cares if they destroy the observatory, we already have calendars for the next millennium.

"Well, we are running low on sacrifices, one would guess the great priestess would be more concerned on taking another town full of potential blood"

Conure bit her tongue before adding something and nodded in approval.

"What about the south border? How's progress going on the dusk cities?" Quetzal said.

As the sun continued to rise up the reflection on Conure's headpiece was starting to become annoying to Quetzal who had to stop gazing at the priestess. *I wish she had more discrete ornaments.*

"So far we have managed to establish good relationships with the dragons of the Nashf region and Sikaluska, but Bophili is still on the side of the AshWings, I wouldn't make more moves there, we are already pushing our luck with this amount of bribes and propaganda"

Of course, you don't want to keep pushing, cowardly lizard, I guess that's how you managed to survive to such an old age.

"What, are you scared of Queen Twilight? That clayhead knows better than messing with our mighty empire, I doubt she would dare to accuse us of paying corrupt officials if she wants to keep her kingdom united."

"I think it's unwise to put so much faith on our Dusk allies, considering they have proven to be unreliable on the past"

You just don't like the idea of having allies not bound by your rules

"What do you mean by that? Don't do you trust the judgment of your empress?"

"The crown can very easily cloud your judgment; you should not forget that there's a reason I'm here and your mother is not."

Before Quetzal could answer, another dragon entered the room, a small servant wearing robes covering his cyan feathers, he looked nervously at the empress and the grand priestess as if he had walked into a room full of jaguars ready to pounce on him.

“What do you want?” said Conure in an annoyed tone

The servant avoided looking at the grumpy priestess and instead focused his gaze on Quetzal.

“Your Majesty” he said in a wavy voice “the execution of the captured CinderFeathers is ready”

Finally, a good distraction from this nonsense chitchat with Conure

“We should continue this later” Quetzal said to Conure.

In a slow motion the decrepit dragon rose from the mat and turned away to the external platform, but as she was opening her wings to take off, she stopped herself and looked back at the empress, the rising sun casting a million reflections on the amber she wore.

“Have you finally started preparing leave the crown? You know you are running out of time.”

It was very true, in just two weeks the Trial will start, so I need to do something now, I can't risk the future of the empire in these precarious times, not when we are so close to the end, but any move from now must be precisely calculated if the future is to remain bright.

“Very daring of you to rush your empress, but sadly you are right, I should prepare the throne for the transition, nonetheless, I'm still the empress and I still rule over you, now leave”

Conure let out a small laugh as she started to fly

“As you say. My majesty”

The sickly priestess took off into the sky on direction to the major temple, her figure quickly disappearing into the stone buildings from below.

The sun was rising over the city and dragons were starting to slowly wake up, unaware that in couple a few days, the destiny of the GaleWing empire will change forever.

Am I going to have to get rid of her? There's no other option, it's a big risk to allow her to live, we are so close to win the war, we can't afford to have problems at the palace.

Part 1: A cold dark night

Releasing Soon