

The Dragon Lord

She turned away from the village, covering her mouth to protect herself against the cold. The only thing that mattered to her now was the green egg in her arms, the quiet heartbeat coming from within. She braced against the wind as it bit at her neck, and squinted her eyes against the thickening snow. Her pace quickened with her growing anxiety, as the world in front of her disappeared into a white haze. She gave a quick gasp as she lost her footing, slamming into the ground, she let go of the egg and heart it land with a hard thump, biting against the sudden stinging in her her ankles, she shuffled towards the egg; hugging it close to her body as she sat in the snow, ignoring the sudden shock as the cold started to seep in through her clothes.

*If I die out here, she thought, at least I'll be so frozen that someone will have to pry the egg from my arms.* Wiping her nose with a snowy glove, she shook her head, mumbling to herself "I can't give up yet," She struggled to her feet with a grunt and continued on through the blizzard. It wasn't long before the wind started howling at her, and a coat of frost gathered over the egg. For the second time that day, her legs buckled and she collapsed into the snow. If her teeth weren't chattering, she would have assumed she was already dead.

*That's a dragon egg!*

She remembered the look of pure shock on Gorin's face as he held it up for inspection, *I know a guy who can help you out, Massy, he goes by the title The Raven.* Her eyes fluttered close, and she heard the wind carry her whisper away; "Raven."

*"C'mon, please take my hand!" She stretched her arm out to the small, raven-haired boy in cowering in front of her; his face buried between his knees, but he snuck a quick look towards her hand before another tremor shook the earth. The mine shaft was about to collapse, and she clenched her jaw hard as she tried not to show how scared she was. The boy in front of her was around her age at the time, but his skin was pulled tight around his cheeks; an obvious sign of malnutrition. Another tremor shook, and she raised her arms over her head against the falling rubble, and this time,*

*the boy yelped and reached a hand out to her; she grasped it firmly, and pulled him out with all of her little might, ignoring the sharp snag of his nails against her skin.*

*“Hey, it’s okay.” She sighed, “you’re safe now, are you okay?”*

*Shaking, the boy nodded his head quickly and turned to her, his green eyes were puffy from the tears, but they had a strong evergreen shine to them.*

*“Wh-What’s your name?” She prodded carefully. He mumbled a response under his breath.*

*“I’m-I’m sorry, I didn’t hear you.”*

*“Dorian.”*

*“Hi, Dorian, it’s nice to meet you. My name is Masai, but my family calls me Massy.”*

*Masai’s smile must have been too harsh for the poor boy, because the second he saw her grin, he shrugged his shoulder out from under her, and began to sob.*