

The Drosthnya

By Mya

Submitted: January 29, 2007

Updated: January 29, 2007

A Princess must save her people with an awful choice or her race will perish.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Mya/42987/The-Drosthnya>

Chapter 1 - Prologue	2
Chapter 2 - Strong Wills	3

1 - Prologue

Agreya lifted her voice to the wind. "Ayaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Birds scattered as a plume of fire arose from the corner of the forest. Shuryan lifted his hand, letting old fire shield him and his mate. Their only child (as was custom) stood on top of a hill, bathed in a pearly glow.

"Mother!" she cried. "See! I come to you!"

The wind died down. Only carnage remained. Agreya touched two fingers to her lips to honor the dead and whispered, "It was their Fate." Shuryan merely watched her, golden eyes solemn.

Muiyadell Agretha-Shuryashan joined her parents. Stormy blue eyes looked with distaste at the fallen men who had tried to take her life. She spat, once, on the ground. Then she turned and walked away with her parents, silvery blonde hair swinging in the cold breeze, leading the way. The princess was six.

2 - Strong Wills

The aging queen looked sadly at her daughter. At two hundred years, Queen Agreya still retained her beauty, her iron rule and her famous will. Eight hundred year old King Consort, Shuryan stood behind her plain chair, watching his headstrong daughter like a hawk.

The princess had passed her one hundredth birthday celebration a few suns ago, entering into the adult world of the Drosthnya. They were a bizarre race of Fayrie, Human and Elf...over the years, the human third had dwindled. Only the royal and noble Drosthnya carried the blood of their ancestors.

Muiyadell's grandmother had been human. Her grandfather, Janizled, an elf/fayrie cross.

"I won't!" said Muiyadell.

"Dear, you must. Creshen's mother was human. His father was human. He is a human." Agreya sighed.

"You must marry him."

"Daddy!" whined Muiyadell.

Shuryan's golden eyes gleamed out at her. "Muiya, your mother is right. You must marry him to retain your right to the throne."

"Why can't I marry Elerin? We've been friends since I was twenty!" demanded Muiya. "Creshen is a BABY. He's only seventy."

"Elerin is promised to your cousin Muiya. You know that. Now stop acting like a child!" snapped Agreya, losing patience with her headstrong daughter. Unfortunately, that self-said daughter had also inherited her mother's famous will.

"Daddy!" cried Muiya. "Tell her..."

In this, Shuryan would not defend his daughter. "No Muiya. No."

Muiya stared helplessly at the pair for a moment, then dashed out of the room.

~

"Agreya." Shuryan turned his unnerving eyes on his mate. "You must not blame yourself. I was angry too. I wanted to marry one of my own. But I am happy now."

"Even though you are only King Consort to an immortal human?" asked Agreya bitterly.

"Yes. You are beautiful of heart and of body. I could not be happier," answered Shuryan. "She is headstrong and willful. So were you. So are you. Sweetheart, she will come around."

"I hope so," said the queen with a weary sigh. "I am so tired Shuryan!"

"I know my dear. I know."

"When she marries I can die and go join my family. So can you. I want to die Shuryan. I am weary of living and of ruling."

Shuryan was alarmed to hear his wife speak like this. When a Queen spoke fondly of Death, it would not be long till Chaos came.

"Agreya, you should not think of that. You must rule until your Time comes. If you admit defeat..."

"I am not admitting defeat. I am merely tired. Forgive me Shuryan. I must rest." The Queen of the Drosthnya wearily got to her feet and limply walked away.