



The Amber Blade and the Obsidian Wing

Samanyu



In the dusty corner of a forgotten ruin, young Elian discovers a rusted sword buried beneath a pile of stones. Though worn by time, the hilt feels strangely warm in his hand, as if it has been waiting centuries for his touch.



Back at his forge, Elian meticulously cleans the blade until a brilliant amber glow begins to pulse from its center. The light illuminates the walls, revealing ancient carvings of a great dragon and a warrior standing side by side in friendship.



Driven by a mysterious calling, Elian ventures into the Whispering Woods, where the trees lean in to share secrets of the past. The sword acts as a compass, its golden light cutting through the thick, swirling mist and guiding his path.



At the base of the Crag of Cinders, a massive cavern breathes out clouds of dark, sulfurous smoke. Elian stands small against the towering entrance, his heart racing as he prepares to face the beast of legend.



From the depths of the shadows, Ignis the dragon emerges, his scales shimmering like polished obsidian under the moonlight. He lets out a low growl that shakes the earth, his eyes burning like molten gold in the darkness.



Elian draws the amber sword, but instead of a battle cry, the weapon emits a soft, melodic hum. The vibration echoes through the cavern, perfectly matching the rhythmic thrum of the dragon's powerful heart.



The dragon pauses, his fierce expression softening into one of profound recognition and ancient sadness. He slowly lowers his massive head until his snout is inches away from the glowing blade Elian holds with trembling hands.



As Elian gently touches the hilt to the dragon's forehead, a flood of golden light erupts, filling the cave with visions of a lost era. The curse that had turned their ancestors into enemies begins to shatter and dissolve.



The remaining rust on the sword completely vanishes, transforming it into a masterpiece of celestial steel and sunfire. Ignis spreads his wings wide, no longer a monster of the dark, but a majestic guardian of the light.



With Elian seated firmly upon the dragon's back, the pair soars high above the kingdom, the amber sword held aloft like a beacon. Their silhouettes against the setting sun signal the dawn of a new era of peace and wonder.