

Prologue

It was just before dawn and lack of sleep was making her crazed and paranoid. She had not been able to remain in her room because a the deep feeling of dread was making her restless. All her instincts were on edge, the whole palace felt strange, almost strained to the limit. Her soft steps lightly echoing down the hall was all she could hear as she moved.

Her heeled boots tapped the carpet with intent. Her body and mind felt overly charged and in this state she feared she might loose her mind before the sun rose over the mountains. She felt like her powers were going to explode if she didn't vent them on something. She half expected if she did that it would set the palace and city into a fit of panic thinking they were under attack or something and that would be bad. It would do her no good nor would it help her current state of agitation.

She took a left at a turn in the hall, wind blew into the hall and with it a sweet scent. She stopped, curious as to the smell. She took a few more steps and stopped near a balcony in one of many halls and rooms in the massive structure. She rested her hand on the frame that held the large open double doors. The rails gleaming in the light of a silver moon and a smaller red moon in the clear sky. The wind blew her long dark hair behind her, then around her face as she walked out onto the balcony. The red brown strands gleaming with the light.

She wore a white gown that opened up at her thighs with blue trim and soft silver patterns o the sleeves and the skirt that fluttered around behind her. Her weapon tucked at her hip, a sharp double edged sword that would change into a javelin. Her eyes were a soft turquoise that was almost translucent most of the time.

Her hands dropped onto the rails and she leaned in, her elbows falling to support her as she rested on one foot, the other kicked over her heel. She closed her eyes and inhaled, taking in the scent of the sea, the trees, the flowers, snow from further north. The other scent that flowed around was from the city below. Unrest and anxiousness. Something was wrong and her instincts made her want to find out what the problem was. Something was going to happen, she could feel it.

"Can't sleep Princess?" A soothing male voice called softly.

She opened her eyes slowly as her sensitive hearing head him step from the hall, onto the stone balcony before stopping next to her. She tilted her head to look up at the gleam of red eyes stared back at her. The man was tall, pale tan skinned and nearly snow white hair. A good six feet tall, broad shoulders, and think muscular frame. Gorgeous and regal and one of her personal guard, and part of the elite forces that made up most of the palace guard.

The Legion were people of their race that had mastered the ability to shape into the very creature they evolved from. Many worlds called them myths, and they went by many names in different times. Elves in their humanoid form, Dragons in their shifted form. They had once been Atlantians, they still were. Named for the massive flying city that fell into the sea in ancient times on Earth during war. However they had always been Daragonian. They were the dragons as much as they were humanoid. They lived long lives and valued life like many other races among the stars.

With the shape shifting came many other abilities, some more so then others. It all came down to bloodlines. Or so she had been told however she didn't even understand her own abilities yet. She was still learning seeing as she was young compared to members of the Legion or other military or members of society.

The warrior next to her had turned and rested his rump on the rail, crossed his arms and looked at

her. He was almost boyish in her face, no facial hair and soft features., He was also very kind and overly interested in her whereabouts in the palace and seemed to enjoy her company a lot. She suspected he liked her more than just friend as she always saw him. He smiled lightly at her when she turned and hopped up onto the rail to sit and look at him.

“No..... something in the air has my dragon restless.” She replied, taking in his features, “On duty tonight?”

She looked him over, he was garbed in the Legion uniform with added components to show his rank and unique style. He was dressed in the dark blue black pants, a shirt that was skin tight to show off his muscular form. The armor was silver and designed with oriental patterns from his home province. A red gem hung from his neck to show his affinity for fire as a primary element. A light blue hakama was loosely resting over his upper body, open to show his chest and a dark belt held it together at his waist, that also held his curved sword. The rest of the hakama fluttered like a long trench coat behind his legs.

“Nah.... I was unable to rest also, so decided to patrol. The whole of the city is restless. Empress is up to. She said something is not right so she locked herself in the Star chamber to meditate to search for the disturbance cause.” he said, his voice quiet and soothing.

“Mother is? Hmm..... I hope she doesn't find anything. The dreadful feeling in the air is very unnerving.”

Her mother had a rare gift to see possibly futures. She could focus and search possible fates and seek out almost anything. Her mother had told her she honed the power to be able to see seconds before to stay steps ahead of enemies in battle. Now that no longer fought she used the ability to make sure her people were safe. If she focused right she could find outcomes and intent from others that might be a danger or if a storm was coming she'd use it to find out how bad it would be. In this case, she felt like something was going to happen that was unrelated to anything that had ever happened in her lifetime. She was pretty certain this feeling was not the weather, otherwise she'd feel it before most anyone else unless they had similar abilities to her.

“Yes... She said that I should check on you also...” he spoke somewhat unsure.

His hand running through his long ponytail that was tossed over his shoulder. He always fiddled with his hair when he felt nervous. The action always made her watch him closely, almost as though her eyes were drawn to the action. Though, despite his attraction she never felt anything more for him than a close and trusted friend growing up.

“As you can see... I'm fine. Just sleeplessly annoyed I almost want to just run until I can sleep. Or fly...” she muttered the last part.

She had yet to fully learn to fly in her dragon form. Her age made her wings weak still and needed to grow stronger with time and training until she learned to fly in that form. She was still new to having her dragon awaking. It was the sign of full maturity for her people. One was considered fully mature when one finally woke their dragon side, then time to grow into the dragon and meld as one with it. When that happened, you were the dragon and in full control.

“You'll get there. Just be patient.” he chuckled, “I'll work with you more often if you wish.”

“Thanks. I'd appreciate it. I feel trapped.... I feel longing for the sky and the only way I can fly now and before is my fighter.” she said rubbing an itch under her nose before dropping her hand again.

He chuckled at her words. It was the truth. She always looked to the sky and felt deep longing like she needed to be there. It may have been due to her loneliness too but the fact was she knew she was born to fly. It was something that made her feel freedom not being confined by palace walls and formality. To be able to go free as the wind and stars.

She shifted her weight and managed to sit all the way on the rail and turned around so her legs could hang over the edge. Resting her hands next to her hips she leaned back to gaze into space. The massive cluster of stars resting longways across the night sky. It was blue as a precious gem. The interior of the Galaxy shining bright and strong. So many worlds out there she had been to but never

been free to explore. Her bloodlines preventing her from being free. She had everything but felt she had nothing.

Glancing over, she saw her company staring at the sky with her. His long elven ears tilted down, red eyes gentle, a narrow pupil with a golden color surrounding it. Handsome sharp but regal features, strong jaw and expressive eyes. Their people held distinct features to tell of their dragon heritage. Sharp ears, longer and mobile adding expression to their features. Expressive eyes, normally with a main dark color and lighter interior color of the iris and a narrow slit of a pupil like a feline species. Fangs and claw like fingernails added a dangerous feel. One may think they warring and dangerous, well, dangerous could be true, however they were a rather peaceful people unless provoked.

Other details tended to be more visible on males than females. Horns of a pale ivory protruded from her friends head just above his ears and were about eight inches long, curved slightly and dull at the tips. She herself had a set of her own. She was not sure what shape they would take when she got older but they were a also silver gray color, a bright contrast to her dark auburn hair color and sparse caramel streaking. They rose back and out slightly and the ends seemed to be trying to split off into a 'Y' and ran only about three inches for now.

Some of their people had areas of scale like skin on their spines or arms. They all had very distinct body markings that appear with age and grow darker in color and tended to become luminescent in the dominate color when they shifted or used large amounts of their natural abilities. It was like magic, but it was also a science... it was one in the safe what they could do. Their race had been around so long and thrived on many worlds. Evolution made them grow into what they are to survive. Her markings appears to be becoming a subtle shade of teal or possibly greenish blue.

She closed her eyes and tilted her head back more as the wind picked up sharply. It made her take in a deep cleansing breath, only to shutter when a chill ran down her spine. It sent shock waves through her as the odor of death hit her nostrils. Her eyes snapped open as she tensed. Something was wrong. She looked to the man at her side. He had turned around and looked like granite. His jaw tick as her narrowed his gaze, seeming to be focusing on something. He felt it too.

Suddenly a sound rumbled the air and the earth. The mountain city went into chaos as fire rained down from the sky above like the gods were throwing comets at the city. She through herself around and dropped onto the balcony in a rush.

"It's an attack!" She roared.

She found herself moving before she had time to think about it. Her warrior mode kicked in full force. In her 17 years of life she had proven to be a progeny in combat arts and strategy. She had yet to do anything more with it other than simulations that she passed with flying colors. Her warrior friend was at her back keeping pace with her shorter strides. She needed to see her mother now to find out who the attackers were.

"Why hasn't the defense net engaged?" He asked no one in particular, a growl in his voice. She sensed that his dragon was close to the surface.

He was six years older than she was and so knew his dragon and abilities well with age and training. He would only grow. The dragon would be fully grown at one hundred or so years of age which was a mere ten percent of their average life span. With time came power and knowledge beyond most species in their galaxy.

"I don't know Cal.. something is not right. I can.... Ah!" she gasped in pain before she could finish the sentence.

Her head felt suddenly like it was splitting in two. Her eyes hurt and she shut them tight. Everything wavered around her, everything felt vague and strange. Her sensed screamed at her to focus, to let go and stop fighting whatever was happening. She was in so much pain that it was hard to think or realize anything. She barely registered that she was on her knees clutching her head and her friend was gripping her shoulders and fussing over her. She could understand or focus on what he was saying, only that he was scenting of extreme worry and concern.

“My... head....” she managed to moan, then fell into her friends firm chest.

Everything went dark. Her mind no longer hurt nd everything looked blurry as sights and sounds shot into her mind. Fighting, battles. Fearful cries of terror as the citizens fled. He was looking at the city she realized and the warriors were working to protect them all. Alarms wailed in the distance. They were the evacuations sirens. They were leaving the city?

Suddenly the images blurred and seemed to zip forward to a place that was burning and shook like it was under fire. She saw her father running down a hall in the palace as it burned. Drapes burned and debris fell from the ceiling when the palace shook with the impact of.. perhaps weapons fire. The images jumped several more times making it hard to focus on what she was seeing and the events. It then dawned on her.

She was seeing future events! She had her mothers power of foresight but it was hitting her with enough force to have made her black out and cause serious mental pain. She felt everything, saw it all and it unnerved her greatly. She stopped unwilling on what appeared to be like a war room, it was round like a sphere and it had windows all around, she realized it was one of the star chambers they used for meditation. She saw her mother facing off with a group of intruders. She was fighting with them and appeared to be having problems.

“It's harder to use your powers isn't it?” one laughed.

“What have you done to me?” her mother panted, her sword gleaming with less power than normal.

“It's a neural inhibitor of sorts. It interrupts you species brainwaves that control your interesting powers making you weaker and unstable when using them.” The one who appeared in charge said holding up a hand held device.

Her mother seemed to snarl and power glowed around her form in a golden haze, her golden hair blowing about her in waves. She witnessed her mother fight the device and start to shimmer and shift. The unknown males seemed to blanch and took a few steps back. One cursed and opened fire on her mother before she fully transformed. She screamed out in protest. Her heart sank as she saw her mother's future and she tried to move to save her. Nothing happened and she had no control over anything here. Her mind jumped again before she saw her mother fall.

She was in the throne room now. Blue drapes and silver and light blue banners hung around, many on fire. It was being stormed by troops from an alien world. She was having trouble learning who until the scenes moved to her father in sword combat with a male that was as menacing as a demon. A dark fur cloak draped over the intruder's shoulders, his features were man and beast, eyes blazing gold. Armor dark and clawed feet digging into the floor as he engaged in combat with her father and his Legion guards. Among them was the Commander of the Eni family. Her father's second in commands son. He was a quiet, handsome man and absolutely lethal, and her closest guard and friend.

The alien attackers were Vitani. A humanoid race that had a grudge against their people since ancient time. They were a beast like race, long slender tails, clawed like feet similar to a paw with longer toes. Human facial features with a slight animal cross toward feline everything above the waist was more like a man than the bottom half. Fur tufted ears and feline eyes from golds to greens to blue hues. Dark fur, tanned skinned and rough hair that could come in many natural colors.

They engaged in combat with the enemy. Other guards using blast rifles and blasters to cover her father and the Legion as they fought. Holding off the forces as the alarms screamed in the palace for evacuation. Her heart raced as she turned in the dream state to see an enemy soldier running toward her. She put her hands out in order to use her powers to blast him with electricity but nothing happened. Panic hit her right before he ran right through her. Her reaction was reflexive and she had momentarily forgotten she was not really there. Merely seeing what might be.

Her vision jumped again to the city outside. It was being bombarded from space and from ships in the sky. It jumped again to herself running through the hall and toward the battle. Her weapon ready. More images flooded her mind of being inside a ship and it shaking. Alarms blaring and she being forced into a room by another. A male with dark red hair, when he spoke she couldn't understand him.

Yet his words somehow soothed her. It moved again and from there on it was a blur of images to the point that all the feeling and sensation overwhelmed her.

Everything started to fade into darkness. Her head swam and she was in agony. A man's voice was calling to her. As the images faded away, she started to see a face coming into focus. Red eyes with golden rims started at her in deep fierce worry.

"Anya please wake up!" he shouted.

She blinked him into focus. It was her Legion friend Cal. He seemed authorial to her, dim and powerful. She could see an aura glowing red around his form, fading slowly as she started to hear explosions in the distance. Shouts from down the halls and the sounds of blaster fire and metal clashing in the familiar chime of combat.

"Anya... thank the gods...." he said touching her face, "Your powers... they just... exploded. What happened?"

"I...." she breathed, sitting up only to have her head splinter, "My head hurts...."

"Easy..." he said helping her to sit up, "I am surprised that much power didn't kill you just now... but we need to move. The city is under attack remember."

She then snapped her gaze up to him. Suddenly she wanted to know how long she was out. Her mother was in danger of being killed, or something. She saw so much and her mind and memories were just now starting to tell her what had happened. She was seeing visions of possibly events that could be. Her mother's strange gift had been passed to her after all. Then her father.. the city. The city was going to fall and they would be pushed from their home. Then it dawned on her as a few more visions came to mind... They would be destroyed if they did not evacuate.

"Cal! We have to get to my mother and father. We must evacuate the city or we will all fall with it!" she shouted, grabbing his shirt before struggling to her feet. Cal assisting her.

"What do you mean?" he said holding her still.

"I saw it! I just saw what could happen if we don't alert the city to begin evacuation!" she panted the words.

He stared at her for a moment with a frozen look of stunned stupidity. Out of everything she saw, she saw her mother dieing, her father coming close, being surrounded. The city burning to the ground and cities sinking into the sea. People dieing and women and children being beaten and raped. All of it was coming back to her and she wondered if her mother saw it too. However, her mother's ability was limited to the use of object and intense focus. Why didn't she need that much for it to hit her like a bomb?

Cal stared into her eyes as she pleaded with him silently. He took a deep breath and gently gripped her arm and ran. She moved with him with renewed vigor and despite her head feeling like it was melting she knew what had to be done to save her people.

The battle continued for over an hour. Her heart raced as she fought. She had made it in time to help her mother with Cal and reinforcements. Then to the throne room to help her father and the rest of the Legion. They all were now moving forward from the palace's massive landing bay. Dragons of many sizes and color flew. She rested upon the back of her father. A massive and majestic black fur dragon. Her mother nearby, a buckskin color with an auburn mane. Cal, who was pure white and many other of the Legion who could shift with ease.

She was so tired. Her powers were taking a toll on her physical state. Her brain felt like it might melt. It was a weakness of their people. They could only use so much power before it weakened them or worse, killed them. She laid forward on her father's neck and closed her eyes. Her mind jumped forward like a kick in the teeth.

It kept happening to her without her control, off and on and was draining her badly. It was allowing her to warn them before her mother could even react. It was keeping them one step ahead since they escaped from the palace less than 20 minutes ago. This time however, she saw a massive ship.. no three, that was dropping into the planetary atmosphere. Her mind pushed forward of its own accord to

show them being blocked from the sky city, the site of the evacuations.

It jolted forward a few moments again to show the enemy firing at the city, their Legion, her mother and father all being shot down by the surprise attack. She falling to her death if they did not do something else or change course. In a blink she was back on her father's back.

"Stop.... its an ambush... Three combat cruisers are going to kill us and shoot down the sky city.." she said weakly.

Her father snarled loudly. The Legion slowed and dropped out of the sky toward the forest below. For a short while she blanked out, almost like she fell asleep for a moment. When she opened her eyes she was being pulled off her father's back and held in the arms of her father's Commander. She gazed up at him to see diamond blue eyes ringed in emerald green staring at her.

"Majesty her powers... they are overwhelming her." He said softly, his gaze never leaving hers. "They are going to kill her if something is not done."

A snarled echoed nearby before her father's dark haired figure appeared in her vision. She looked at him. It was strange. She was seeing him, but now vaguely away of other visions. She was seeing stuff again. Seeing them to the point she was starting to have trouble telling what was real and what was not. Her mind was tearing it's self apart.

"What can we do?" her fathers soothing voice said, his hand caressing her face, worry etching his face.

Her mother appeared in her mind, soft words trying to sooth her. Turning her head, she saw her mother clutching her necklace over her. Tears running down her face. She could feel worry and fear rolling from her mother. She was scared that she was going to die and loose her daughter. Her head started to hurt again and she clutched at it as she moaned. It was getting worse. She didn't even know what was happening around her anymore. Everything was blurring together.

"Block her powers until she can control them. She is still to young to have this much power." her father's commander said, "I can do this..... but if I do... she will lose memories and.... "

"I know..." her father said, "I would trust no one else with my daughter other than your Lieutenant."

"But I can't do what he speaks of my Lord...." Cal said over the noise in her head.

"Make it stop....." she moaned, turning her face into the chest of the man holding her.

"Do it...." her mother said, holding back a sob, "I will not loose my daughter."

The pain was becoming unbearable as her body begun to spasm and hurt. Coolness hit her back and she realized with some uncertainty she was laid on the ground. She turned her head, her breathing rigid and heart pounding in her head. Voices echoed in him mind and images still flashing inside her head. In and out of the visions she went until they suddenly stopped and everything went dark.