

# A Flowers Love

By MissDanax

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## Prologue

*The world is a big place by far, and most of it is left untouched by Man and his meddling hands. The days pass slowly, one by one, each with a new and exciting adventure, whether that adventure is one of great importance like a crusade, or one simply as small as a meeting with a friend. Though a crusade is a big adventure, small ones may turn into bigger ones that are a lot more important...The sun rises in the morning, and then it sets once more at dusk, the stars uncovering themselves, and bathing in the night sky, naked and sometimes alone. The sky covers the world like a giant glass domed roof, much like its cousin the sea covers parts of the world like a rippling blanket.*

*There are three main sections of the world, the North, the South and the West. Of course there is the East, but many a traveller stays away from there, for not many have returned after taking a peek or two at the Gates of Syr which keep intruders from entering the plains of Teirae™sia. These plains harvest a great evil and have done for many years, ever since the last war of the lands in which evil was only just defeated.*

*A Man by the name of Cae™llyn ElestirnÃ« came from an lesser known land to fight the Evil, and with armies from the North, South and West, Evil was defeated and the land fell into a grateful peace, the people felt more safe than ever before and years passed. Cae™llyn became king and married, and was given three children by his wife; two sons and a daughter, Vodi, Jhaer and Sai™thylyrn. Jhaer was the eldest son, Vodi was the youngest son, and Sai™thylyrn was the youngest sibling period, and she disliked it â€“ a lot.*

*The three children where born in the city of Seere, the city where their father ruled over the Humans and Elves. Now, Cae™llyn had married a Human female, despite the thoughts of his own family, it was unheard of, an Elf-Human marriage, but everyone adjusted to their new king and queen and rejoiced when the children arrived. Joy came back to the city, and to the people, and years once more passed with a happy flourish. And then, the joy faded when Cae™llyn died as he reached the generous age of 750 Elf years, a mere 150 Human years, and hardly any of the Humans in the world lived to see that age. His wife, Estela ElestirnÃ« took on his roles and the Queen lived to 86 human years before passing away in her sleep. The eldest son, Jhaer became king and things continued to run smoothly until he was killed in a battle against rebels who hoped Evil would return. The attack had been extremely brutal and his body was never found. Vodi and Sai™thylyrn had been taken away to ensure their safety, and they planned to hold a ceremony to honour their brother when they returned.*

*Two years passed, and the city had fallen to ruin under the rule of Mas Hailamare, a lord and knight to the city, but not the rightful king, for Vodi and Sai™thylyrn never returned to their homeland and they never held their brothers ceremony. They had been lost, never seen again; and that worried many. Had they fallen to the*

*same fate as Jhaer? Had rebels killed them and those who took them to supposed safety? Nobody knew and nobody wanted to find out, they simply wanted to live a quiet life, even if fear hung from their ceilings and paved their roads. They still tried. The sun still rose in the morning and it still set at dusk, but there was a lingering cloud over the plains of the world, and fear shone in every pair of eyes. Every second that the people lived, was a second longer than the late king and his siblings.*

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## Chapter One

The day was a cold one, and there was a smell of rain though the sky was clear. There was a gentle breeze that only cooled people further and forced some into coats and woollen scarves. One person who wore a thick long coat was a male, who stood at six foot two. He had light skin, blonde hair and grey eyes. His name was Jhori, he was an Elf, and the son of Lord Hailamare, and unlike his father; he saw what Mas was doing to the city, to their home – destroying it. Jhori was walking through the city, taking in every little detail, every piece of stone, every piece of wood and each and every blade of grass he spotted.

“Good morning, Jhori.”

The Elf turned at the sound of his name, “Good morning, Shi™sas.”

The female Elf smiled and bowed, “Are you well?” She had bright blue eyes and silvery blonde hair that was pulled back slightly to allow her to be able to see, but there were a few stray strands that fell into her eyes.

Jhori nodded, “I am well, I wasn’t aware you were here, is Kan™ya no longer good enough for you?” She gave her a smile.

Shi™sas gave a smile of her own, “Kan™ya is beautiful, it could never be – not good enough” for visiting a friend.

“Hmm! Do I know this friend?” Jhori asked his eyes searching hers briefly before he looked back to the path they were walking.

Shi™sas looked at him, “I do not think so, but enough of me, how are things here at Seere? I have heard things about your father-.”

â€œDon't mention my father!â€• Jhori snapped, â€œHe has disgraced me.â€•

Shiâ€™sas looked taken aback but recovered, â€œI apologise!â€• she paused and looked around, â€œâ€•! Excuse me, I have to go.â€• She turned on her heel and walked back the way they had just come from. Jhori sighed and continued to walk without her. He wanted to hear nothing of his father, but unfortunately for him, the direction in which he was heading, was to his father.

After a brisk five minute walk, Jhori stopped outside a large door, a lot taller than others throughout the city. It was decorated in goldâ€™s and silvers. It was somewhat majestic, even for a door. He took a deep breath and pushed it open, it creaked a little. Jhori walked into the large hall and looked straight ahead, he saw his father; he was sat upon the throne, â€œFather.â€•

The older Elf looked up at Jhori, â€œMy son, you came! Tell me, does it look, good, to see someone sat here? Does it look good to see me sat here?â€•

Jhori thought for a moment, â€œIt is good to see someone sat there, yes.â€•

Mas glared at him, â€œBut not me..? Not your own father!â€•

Jhori stamped his foot like a child, â€œNo, father! Not you! The throne belongs to the Elestirnâ€™sâ€™, not Hailamaresâ€™!â€•

Mas smirked, â€œThe Elestirnâ€™sâ€™? Ha! They are dead, what use is the throne to them?â€•

Jhori looked shocked, â€œDead? How do you know that? You do not know that they have perished! Unless!â€• he paused, â€œâ€•! Unless you set it all up, unless you killed them.â€•

Mas laughed, â€œHow could I have killed them when I was here with you?â€•

Jhori glared at his father and drew his sword, â€œYou set it all up! You ordered someone to kill them! Didnâ€™t you!?â€• Mas stood and stepped towards his son, pulling his weapon from its sheath, â€œFather! I demand an answer!â€•

Mas growled at him like a wild animal, â€œHow dare you suggest a thing! You fool, I should kill you for that accusation, but as you are my son, I will hold back and give you a warning instead.â€•

â€œI do not want a pathetic warning, kill me father, but it will get you nowhere!â€• Jhori snapped, â€œ

ashamed of what you have done to this city. The people are in pieces! They looked up to you, but you have failed them! You have failed the Elestirn!â€•

â€œThe Elestirn!â€™ never deserved that throne!â€• Mas snarled gesturing behind him, â€œIt was their years, many centuries, but before *they* got their filthy hand on it, it was ours; and now it is mine. Then, when I die, it shall be yo-â€•

â€œFather, not a soul in this city in their right mind would crown you their king!â€• Jhori said, â€œWho was i protected these people from Evil over two hundred mortal years ago? Cae!â€™lyn Elestirn!â€œ. Who protected them when he died? His wife, Estela Elestirn!â€œ, and then their son, Jhaer protected us all again against rebels two years ago and he *died* doing it! The Elestirn!â€œ family have given so much to Seere and its people, and you only wish to bring this once great city to ruins! I won!â€™t let you!â€•

â€œSilence!â€• Mas shouted, â€œSilence I say! I will not listen to this!â€•

Jhori sheathed his sword, â€œYou will father! one day you will be forced to listen, whether to me, or to another.â€• He turned away and began to leave.

Mas called out to him, â€œWait! My son, I do not wish for us to fight, I need you on my side! Please, Jhori, please.â€•

Jhori did not look back as he replied, â€œYou forfeit our relationship months ago father, and though we fight both for good, I do not wish to fight with you.â€• He left and slammed the doors behind him.

Mas let out a small whimper before dropping his sword and falling to his knees, his head in his hands, he sobbed, â€œMy son! my son!â€• he looked up when the doors opened again to reveal a soldier and he sh viscusly, â€œMy son has betrayed me!â€•

The soldier stood silent for a moment before bowing, â€œMy Lord, we have received word from the Western Cities.â€•

Mas stood up and picked up his sword, walked forwards and grinned, â€œWhat do they say?â€•

The soldier bowed again, â€œThey are to join with us, and fight.â€•

â€œThank you, Delan, you may go.â€• Mas said nodding. Delan stamped his foot as a salute, turned and left Mas turned to face the throne and gave an evil smile, â€œThe Elestirn!â€œ throne will soon be mine, even if my

own son stands in my way, he shall be crushed, along with those who stand for the Elestirn™. He sat on the throne and ran a thin forefinger along the armrest of the golden seat, "Soon."

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