The Return

A story from the Milspur Archives

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Epilogue

The city had fallen.
A long time ago.
Her bells stopped ringing.
Her merchants stopped sailing.
Her flags stopped flowing.
And the sun had set on the west.

But now the city has returned to the light.
Her bells ring again.
Her merchants sail again.
Her flags flow again.
The city is proud again.

This is the story of how it happened.
Of Belisar,
The servant of Iani.
Of the armies of House Estoria.
And their grand quest,
To return the light to Plemre.

Story 1

Belisar stood before the iron door. Its ornate decorations and carvings reminded him of those grand gates lost centuries before. The doors had the crest of House Estoria molded into them, with gems inlaid into its carved crown. The armor of Belisar was no less intricate. It was made of blackened iron, with branches and vines carefully pounded into it. It was armor fit for a servant. For a man entrusted with another's noble cause.

Belisar's grip tightened around the rim of his helm. There had been no explanation when the messenger told him he had been summoned. He had been pulled from his campaigns in the east, leaving his army to the whims of less competent leaders. Belisar did not care to leave his men in another's hands.

Iani the redeemer rarely summoned him from a campaign. That alone worried Belisar. The general feared that a frontier was collapsing. Belisar walked towards the door. As if on cue, the grand doors swung open.

When nobles and generals visited the throne room, Iani of House Estoria would often be sitting on his jeweled throne beneath the arched ceiling. This time, he stood waiting at the door. His shoulders sagged beneath the crown, and his brown hair hung untidily across his forehead. After letting Belisar kneel in front of him, Iani finally broke the silence between them.

“Tell me, Belisar, how is the army?”

Belisar stayed kneeling. “The army is ready for whatever is required of them.”

“There is no need to kneel anymore,” said Iani. "I have heard the campaign is going well.”

Belisar stood up and sighed. “Yes, my liege. We have secured our trade routes without much resistance, and our men remain well fed. We have suffered few casualties.”

To be continued...

After dispensing with the pleasantries, Iani set Belisar on an epic quest.