

Storm Dragon

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A fictional fantasy of Celia and a childhood promise she made to a 'dragon', which she forgets. Just a cute short story.

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1 - Storm

The Girl quietly watched the sky aware of the impending summer storm. She walked outside from the open hall extending outside, as it's white marble gleam now shadowy and secret. She placed her hand on the marble sighing, as it was cool to her touch on such a warm night. She watched dimly as the upstairs curtains in her room flowered out to welcome the dark with a white-handed wave. Looking out at the cumulonimbus that grew to a monstrosity she smirked at the small sparks of light that glowed within it. Turning after feeling her outlook was not as sacred or desolate, she saw her brother and her soon-to-be-sister outside near the tree line. Laughing and pointing out the celestial sky and the creamy orange orchids that grew near there. She shook her head as they called out the bodies above.

“The stars will soon be covered and where will their beacons be then?” She whispered this to the wind so that it may carry her message to the flowers who were awaiting the small dry spell to cease.

“You need only the sun and the rain.” She sighed. “How lucky you are.” The curtain now feeling threatened by the power rising in the east flapped violently and the orchids bent to their master. The Girl's skirt fluttered as she watched the lovers flee to the house through the main entrance. They laughed and floated to the door opening the heavy oak door kissing each other once before they were pressured to be on their best of behavior.

A deep voice in the east boomed a resounding greeting and a small shower began, the flowers basked in it. The Girl's face downcast at her bare feet jerked up to the heavens up as a bolt lit up the sky to reveal her eyes of violet color. She smiled and breathed in deeply the flavor only summer rain could give her, the warm dirt dampening and ozone. She smiled as she remembered the tale of how certain dragons had certain scents. Some were coppery and sharp. Some were clean and invigorating, et cetera. She couldn't remember, childhood wasn't important now the future was coming and like the harsh storm she felt swelling up, it was not a happy scene; for the flowers or her. She turned to the house sure they were celebrating the coming wedding now that the secret had been revealed. Her skirt flitted all directions the wind toying with her. She glared as her hair became disheveled and she ran nearly slipping on the wet smooth marble. A thunderous voice called for her to come back but she ignored it and ran into the security of her home to hide from a promise that she had long forgotten. A low grumbling came from the heavens and a pair of yellow eyes flashed in the sky, broodingly.

The Girl walked onto the threshold saturating the intricate carpet as she left the large uncarpeted patio. She shut the frosted glass sliding door behind her. Her parent's laughter floated through the hall from the dining room. She started for the staircase knowing her brother would want a fond congratulations and approval of his bride even from his little insignificant sister. She went to the stair rail touching the cherry finish with delicacy and then tracing the engravings on it. A large clap of thunder shook the chandelier that flickered threateningly. She listened to its twinkling crystals as it swayed some more. Its song over

she started the ascent. She held onto the railing, afraid of slipping on the wooden paneled steps. She finally got to the top though her wrists did ache from their death grip on the wooden bar. She finally arrived and ran into her room. She tried the light, which didn't come on she recalled that the bulb had given out. She had been up, as they held a small party below, reading her books. She flew to the closet and pulled down a velvet top, and picked a black lacy skirt. She hastily put them on and as she brushed her wet and tangled brown hair she looked at the pile of books she had reread last night. She looked at the detailed winged beasts and damsels on the front with their purpose written on their face: Victory. She smiled as she recalled and then reminisced about when her grandmother told her such stories.

"Granny!"

"Yes dear?"

"Can we read this one today?"

"Of course. What is its title?"

"The Maddened of Twolalti."

"No. It's called The Maiden of Twilight."

"Oh."

"Now once upon a time..."

"What's this?" The girl interrupts and points to the dragon on the cover.

"It's a dragon."

"Wassa dragon?"

"It's a powerful creature that can fly and...."

"It looks like a lizard."

"Yes, I suppose it does."

"It's teeth are awfully sharp." She gasps as she remembers the big bad wolf.

"Is he a bad dragon?"

"Well, I don't know about his one in particular but some are good while others are indeed bad."

"Oh. I hope this dragon is good."

"I do too. Now shall I continue?" The girl nods and listens to a tale she only partly comprehended and she interrupted several times but it was finished nonetheless. After the story, she was in awe at the

dragon's powers.

"He can grant wishes?"

"Yes."

"Wow! I wish I had a dragon."

"Well he only resides in this book." She said her leathery hands patting its covers. The girl nodded but didn't stop wishing.

She ran downstairs while tying a black bow in her hair and nearly slipped on the wet stairs.

"Celia!"

"Mother?" Celia turned as she caught herself on the railing the bow residing on a lower step.

"Where have you been darling?"

"I'm sorry, mother." She said withholding her answer.

"Come down here."

"All right." She slowly walked down the stairs scooping up her bow and went down to her mother's side. Her mother looked at the wet stairs and the stained carpet and sighed at her own daughter sad shape. Her dark hair was pulled up into a bun and her light brown eyes were vivid and alive. Her lips were stained with a kiss from a red, red rose as they matched the long-sleeved red dress she wore. She quickly snatched the bow and secured it decidedly in the mass of frizz.

"Come your sister-to-be wants to be better acquainted with you." The girl avoided her mothers condescending stare and obediently followed. Her brother was drinking of the rare white wine that was for only the most superb of occasions. He wore a white informal button up shirt and tight black pants. His spiked black hair and dark sable eyes twinkled into his fiancée's hazel eyes with merriment. She had her short blonde hair cascading freely onto her shoulder and wine to her lips. Celia went to the chair as the butler pulled it back for her to her small salad. She picked up the chilled fork and began to eat not speaking.

"Celia." Her mother warned though it was a warm tone for the guest to guess its meaning. Her brother smiled looking at her through the glass of clear cool water she brought to her lips to hide her displeasure.

"Celia, dear sister." Celia put down the glass unperturbed and looked into her brothers eyes.

"I would like you to meet my future wife, Tamra." Celia nodded at her and smiled.

"Nice to meet you Tamra, my name is Celia. I welcome you to the family." Her mother pursed her lips with pleasure at her child's good breeding.

"Thank you Celia. I'm sure I will love you as much as my own family." She laughed.

"But what am I saying you are my family." They all enjoyed a small laugh, with Celia playing her part as the quiet polite child. Her father was having his wine filled and watched the happy couple with pleasure, it reminded him of his own happy youth. He consciously thought of his graying blonde hair. He turned to his youngest child, Celia, he gray eyes wondered at the quiet usually unsociable child. She had been that way ever since her grandmother had died.

Celia stood at her grandmother's casket and sighed shakily. Her violet eyes watered once again and she laid the rose on the casket and then they lowered it into the ground. She grabbed dirt from the pile beside it and tossed some of it onto it her family members did it as well. She went to her mothers black skirt and held onto it. Her mother sniffed and patted the small head. Her mother then stood as everyone paid they're respects to the grievous. Celia feeling uncomfortable left their side to go behind a tall tombstone and hid behind it. A young boy playing skipped near her and his mother caught his hand and noticed the child behind the tombstone.

"Oh, my poor dear." Celia looked up at her as the boy tore his hand away from his mother to stare rudely at her.

"Mother is that her?" He recognized her from earlier that day, at the church after his mother had gossiped to him about her.

"Hmmm? Oh my but it is." The woman clasped her hand over her mouth. The boy smiled and grabbed Celia's hand. She drew back from the boy and then her mother called for her. She found her and spoke of a lot of things she didn't understand with the other lady. 'Betrothed. Fiancé.' What did any of that mean? But as she grew older she understood that conversation and met the boy several other times. He wasn't a mean boy but he wasn't altogether understanding. If he wanted to play tag, they had to play tag, no compromising. He was rough as boys were bound to be though he was quick to apologize but still she dreaded their play dates. She was happy when they ended and went back to her books and consequently locked herself up in her room.

Celia cut into the tender duck finishing and placing the fork and knife crossed upon the plate. The elders got up to entertain in the living room and Celia gave them goodnight wishes and kisses to retire to bed early. The lightening rolled across the sky and the thunder called after. The windows were teary and the bushes outside brushed against it trying its best to console. Celia once again went up the stairs happy they were no longer wet slowly went up only getting halfway up. A crash of lightening shook the house and the chandelier jarred and its crystals spread out making a solid note of distress as it swung about. The chandelier shined no more and a groan of protest came from the living room as the entire house

was covered in pitch black darkness. Celia quickly put her hands to search for the railing, she failed to contact with it and instead touched the floor and crawled up the stairs like an infant. She clambered up the stairs one by one feeling the cold stairs bite into her hands, she finally came into contact with plush carpeting and sighed her relief. She crawled onto the carpet and only until then did she have the courage to stand. She heard footsteps around her echoing in the space that until now had seemed so much smaller. She went to where she hoped the wall was and touched something that felt solid until she pushed into it and it swung open. It wasn't her room.

"The upstairs bathroom." She reminded herself. She turned in relation to where her room was as a flash of thunder shot and lighted under the small crack under her door. She ran to it as the thunder reverberated and enfolded in the clouds. She came as she noticed the still open window she had forgotten to close as a pair of lightning flashed. She waited for the boom from it but only heard a small growling that lasted longer and made the hair on her nape stand on end. She ran to the window pulled the drenched curtain inside and latched the window shut. She was wet again from the rain that had assaulted her as she saved the curtain and herself. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain descended, the wind howled and the house was dark as she had nothing to do but suffer under it all alone in her room.

The storm had not forgotten her promise to him and was begrudgingly allowing her to stay protected inside of the house instead of flushing her out by ripping off the roof. He would never forget to claim what rightfully belonged to him.

Celia was playing hide-and-go-seek with the boy and was hiding outside in a bush behind the garden reading The Maiden of Twilight. She smiled as she remembered sitting in her grandma's lap as she read it to her.

"Ready or not here I come!" Celia shook her head as she read. She heard him traipse along around the garden since before he had found her high in the tree and had to climb after her. She was quietly turning the pages as he noisily ran about and even went into the house though she told him she enjoyed the fresh air better on sunny days. He finally gave up and verbalized so. She didn't hear him so he amused himself by throwing the garden rocks around until accidentally he hit her in the bushes. She cried out in misery as he had hit her cheek and on the climax, too! She came out and attacked him with her book. He fled saying over and over 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' She chased him all over the garden until their parents stopped any further violence. Celia angrily left them and ran up the stairs to her room.

"I hate that boy and will never marry him!" She looked at the book, her only ally. She touched the dragon on the cover.

"You could grant my wish couldn't you? I would promise to stay with you forever."

The storm dragon did agree to her terms though and she was his whether she believed now or not. The terms were simple she belonged to him since the boy's marriage to her could not occur. It was not the dragon's own doing but he still collected his just dues.

He released a more coaxing groaning in the sky as Celia lied down to sleep. But a crescendo of rain and

more wrathful thunderous boom ripped through the heavens as she nearly slept. He then lessened it once again vowing when she woke up the storm would still rage. His golden brother kept a keen eye on the promise dragon.

“He's far too headstrong and doesn't understand a child's fantasy.” He knew the presence in the book was the grandmothers soul to keep her granddaughter happy but it brought only more confusion for the youth. He knew the child asked the wish in fury and rage but decidedly it was better that way. He smiled thinking of the characteristics they seemed to both have.

“Stubbornness.” He then watched his brother's storm brew and thicken over the house as he strangled it refusing to let go.

“Play your game a little further dear brother, and we will see if the mortal understands her true wish and that you understand your own as well.” The storm lessened to a shower but still the sky was overcast as morning came. The soil saturated began to flood to lower ground or collect in large pools around the house and possibilities of a flood began forming. Celia was roused by a knock on the door from the butler. Collecting herself from the night before she put on a flowery pink dress. She pushed back her hair with a headband and looked at the stairs apprehensively before skipping down to brunch. They were all there tiredly trying to heighten all their spirits at the dank prospects for that day: to stay cooped up in the house all-day; together. Celia ignored the drab conversation about the storm and instead ate hurriedly. Her mother excused her and she went to the threshold to the patio taking off her shoes and walking slowly on the marble to the end where she looked at the effects of the storm. The orchids had been uprooted by the wind and were strewn into the water floating leisurely. As far as she could see only gray clouds spread thickly over the clouds and the reflection of water upon the ground like there was no other way of life to be known except dark heavens and saturated earth. The large puddles fascinated her as the small shower continued sending small waves through it. They rhythmically reverberated with the drops she barely noticed anything else at that moment. She looked to the sliding door for a shadow to be watching her finding none, off she went down the steps where the pair had been before looking at the twinkling stars. She smiled at the cool moisture her feet felt as she connected with the ground. She looked at the poor orchids again.

“Maybe too much water for a flower is bad.” She looked up at the sky.

“Especially now that there is no longer a sun.” She picked one up to keep her company promising to take it to her blue china vase in her room to live out its days. She twirled it in her hand dipping it every once in a while in the water hoping that would sustain it. She looked into the forest as water fell and dripped off of the leaves with a pleasant muted sound. Giving a nice effect along with the clear note of water plinking on water. She went into the forest mesmerized with the quiet and shadowed trees. She went deeper and deeper as the storm that once had been abating was slowly getting harsher and heavier.

Celia's mother wondered if her daughter was in her room reading again until a frantic knock sent the butler hurriedly to the front door. A grievous mother stood in their midst as Celia's mother quickly went to the mother of her daughter's fiancé.

“My boy, Eiris, is dead.”

“Dead? Oh, my dear... but from what?” She asked sympathetically

*“A horse riding incident. It bucked my baby to the ground and he was trampled to death by the horse.”
The woman sobbed.*

The mother stayed to relay the sad news to the family who actually found themselves happy about something to discuss, though it gave them great guilt to have to even say that it did even to themselves. The distraught woman prepared to stay the night after the sudden turn in the weather. Celia's mother after her best to console the Eiris's mother went to find Celia intent on telling her about the unfortunate accident that happened to her fiancé but Celia was unfortunately lost as the storm grudgingly darkened her way and pelted her with drops of contempt.

2 - Dragon

The golden brother watched the storm dragon's darkening scorn for the girl intensify. He watched the girl's confused look of terror as she found herself lost in the blackening void. He sighed and narrowed his eyes.

"Brother. That is a very dangerous thing to be doing to a mortal. Beside seeing she doesn't even know her transgression against you." He widened his eyes in abject horror as his brother released a bolt of lightening near the girl.

"That's it brother! No more games time to end this stupid obsession!" The golden brother roared his decree and his rays broke through the frills of his brother's disastrous storm. The storm gave a small groaning of protest instead of its intended boom of victory as the girl screamed in terror and fled away from the singed tree. She ran further in her fright away from the house and further into the forest as the siblings confronted each other. The storm dragon disconnected himself from the storm he had melded himself into before. His long serpentine frame lashed heavily out as his body that was once shrouded by clouds flashed out with purplish scales and a pair of injured glowing yellow eyes. His brother cut through the clouds his scales a brilliant mix of platinum and gold as his green orbs were fixed on his brother's narrowed slits. The storm dragon opened its mouth a gurgling mix of ozone as sparks flickered and danced within. With a slash of its tail it dashed to its brother to attack and connected with a loud thunderous clash of otherworldly bodies.

Celia ran deeper and deeper in her fright, tears and rain alike upon her stricken countenance. She then felt a warm glow on her back and noticed the sun had come out through the clouds. A sob akin to a gasp caught in her throat as she saw a glowing dragon whip through and she stood cemented to the spot as another ethereal being alighted from the clouds. She screamed but was not overheard over the crack they released as they impacted each other. But from that collision a volley of light and thunder gyrated from their pinnacle and a magnetic flux threw her to the ground. In her eyes blazed the two embattled specters which faded in and out of focus, their thrashing in the sky becoming less and less audible till the girl passed onto unconscious, and was dead to the world.

Celia's mother looked outside as the sun started to shine and smiled as the clouds were slowly being pushed away.

"Celia!" She yelled hoping to find her daughter was close by. She shook her head when there was no answer. The grieving mother came outside.

"Are you calling for your daughter?"

"Yes, she's probably reading a book somewhere."

"My son did say Celia liked to read." She looked down sadly and back up at the sky.

"It looks like I should go home."

"Oh, it was nice having you but a shame on such terms." The mother nodded and went to her car parked in the front. She quickly backed up and circled to the road and left back to the empty house where she and her son had been the only inhabitants. Celia's mother sighed, she now felt twice as sorry for her as she originally had been. She had wanted a better life for their poor old acquaintances. She had known them for years and when the boy's father died they had ran into financial trouble so she arranged the marriage to her daughter so that they could live their life in wealth. Now there was no way it was going to happen, either way for the former betrothed pair.

Celia opened her eyes and groaned. The sound echoed as she found herself in a wet cavern. She gasped as she looked around and quickly sat up.

"Where am I?"

"Oh, you're awake."

"Huh?" She turned to see a young blonde male with green eyes smiling at her. He was surrounded by a white light and she had to shield her eyes from its harsh glow. He wore a pair of silver hoop earrings and had white clothes on.

"I'm sorry it came to this." He looked over his shoulder. "Brother?"

"Coming." The boy who walked in at the command had long black hair that came to his waist and golden eyes. He didn't glow bright but had a dark purple tint. He had dangling amethyst earrings and was wearing black with gold trimming.

"Where am I?" she asked again after she had stared at the golden-eyed boy's bored countenance.

"Inside of you."

"Inside of—" She started shaking. "Are you a demon and an angel come after my soul?" She gulped.

"Am I dead?"

"If we were which of us would be the angel?" The blonde one asked. He gave a sly look to his brother. Celia fell back to the floor and the blonde laughed apologetically.

"Tynan." The blonde said a little embarrassed at himself sauntered to the trouble-maker. "Will you tell her or shall I?"

"I will tell her." The dark one cleared his throat as Celia's violet eyes fixed upon him.

"You belong to me!" The blonde slapped a hand over his brother's mouth.

"Ha ha. Very funny little brother." Tynan glared at him. He muttered something into his hand.

"Wham didj wamph meda say? Misae?"

"Tell her that...." He looked over at her as she watched her eyes widened looking away from them.

"I'm going to hell?" She covered her ears and started rocking herself. The blonde started whispering into his brother's ear, he fidgeted uncomfortably and once even blushed as his elder brother pushed him away after his advice.

"Misae? Are you sure?" Misae shrugged. Tynan growled and punched his fist into his open palm catching her attention, Celia looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Uh...." He faltered.

"I can't do this Misae."

"Why not?", he asked smugly, "Last time you tried to kill her and it was all right."

"Kill me? Tried? Do you mean the lightning? Is that how I died?"

"You're not dead!" Tynan yelled. Celia shrank back.

"Then where am I? She asked meekly. Then a vision of dragons came to her mind.

"Dragons!" The boys jumped at her sharp exclamation.

"The dragons killed me!" She stated as she wondered at the great beings.

"Didn't I just tell her she wasn't dead?" Tynan growled.

"Hey, why don't you tell her again? She listens about as well as you do." Misae smiled secretly.

"Shut up."

"They were so beautiful." She said her eyes shining with the memory. Tynan smirked despite himself. Misae looked at his brother who now was almost serene again.

"You promised something to my brother." He examined his fingernails.

"Promised? Promised—what?" There was a short silence.

"You promised to be his eternally." He said equally. Misae blushed at his brother's newfound bluntness and his head drooped.

"Do you remember?" Misae looked up at her.

"But I wasn't talking you. I was talking to that other dragon on the cover." Tynan's eye twitched as he pointed at Celia.

“What—what the....” He turned back to Misae who smiled crookedly.

“What do you mean by that!” He went to her and placed his hand on her shoulders. Misae quickly went to his side to make sure he didn't hurt her.

“I was the only one who heard your promise. I don't know why though!”

Misae looked at Tynan and smiled turning away from him. Tynan looked at him.

Misae, you have been withholding something from me. He released Celia and went to his brother and clenched his fists.

“You were implored by a human spirit who redirected you to her granddaughter. Besides these kind of arrangements usually aren't called upon by the dragons.”

“I know that,” he said grating his teeth.

“So why was I called upon?”

“Do you remember dear brother when you said you would like to have a great friend, a human even?” Tynan blushed.

“Well more than a friend really....” Tynan looked at Celia.

“And she's the one.” Tynan looked down. “Yes I guess I do understand now.”

“But of course, that is if she does agree.” Misae turned to Celia.

“So do you?” Celia looked at Misae placidly.

*It's a crime you let it happen to me
Never mind, I'll let it happen to you
Out of mind, forget it there's nothing to lose
But my mind and all the things I wanted*

*Every time I get it I throw it away
It's a sign, I get it, I wanna stay
By the time I lose it I'm not afraid
I'm alive but I can Surely fake it*

*How can I believe when this cloud hangs over me
You're the part of me that I don't wanna see*

Forget it

*There's a place I see you follow me
Just a taste of all that might come to be
I'm alone but holding breath you can breathe
To question every answer counted*

*Just fade away
Please let me stay
Caught in your way*

Forget it

*Just fade away
Please let me stay
Caught in your way*

*It's a crime you let it happen to me
Out of mind, I love it, easy to please
Never mind, forget it, just memories
On a page inside a spiral notebook*

*Just fade away
Please let me stay
Caught in your way
I can live forever here*

Forget it

*How can I believe when this cloud hangs over me
You're a part of me that I don't wanna see*

I can live forever here

Celia's mother was rubbing her temple as a pair of brown-haired boys ran around her. Tamra was smiling with her husband as he whisked the naughty boys up.

"You two stop pestering grandma." He said kissing their hair.

"Yes daddy!" They said wrestling in his arms. He released them and they went to the cool marble walk. Celia's mother watched remembering that was where Celia loved to play best. She sighed, after searching for three years they had given up. She sighed heavily again wondering where the child could

have gone and found it painfully harrowing that the betrothed died on the same day. Was it coincidence or a terrible plot? She had long wondered and had nightmares about it. But she had finally stopped wishing hadn't she? The room was in the same condition she had left it in with books laying everywhere. The boys yelled close by. She turned to watch them. They were bubbling limbs of energy and she found it hard to keep up with them. She was surely old enough now to have grandchildren but found herself already drained from the search for her daughter. The sun was setting and surely this one was one of the more beautiful ones she had watched, or was it only because it was the first she had actually had paid attention to since then? She didn't know. Her husband came outside and saw the rambunctious twins chasing each other, he smiled and put his hands on his wives shoulders and kissed her cheek. Her son was watching her and a pained expression crossed his face. Tamra looked at him and pulled his hand to hers and kissed it. The lovers watched the sun set as the twins finally tired and sat one in his grandmother's lap the other in his father's lap, falling to sleep. They carried them up and laid them down to sleep. The two woman stood in the doorway as they slumbered away. Celia's mother eyes watered but before Tamra could help remedy she went to her room and cried there. Soon all the anguish forced her to sleep. What a strange dream she had as she did....

"Mother?"

"Celia?"

"Yes". Celia not aged by a day walked from the thick darkness. She had vivid eyes that made her mother fall to her knees. Celia quickly came to her side and kneeled beside her.

"You're alive?"

"Yes, in a sense." Celia was quiet for a while as her mother stared at her searching for reality.

"Mother, I came here of my own will. I don't want you to mourn me."

"But you're gone I can no longer see you."

"I can be here in your dreams."

"But you're an aunt now. You can't be with them."

"They will know me too in their dreams."

"As will everyone else. I promise." She smiled. Tynan's voice called out.

"Celia?"

"I'm here."

"Celia who is that?"

"My...." She blushed.

"I'm her fiancÃ©." He stayed on the edge of the darkness in dim obscurity.

"If you want to visit all of your family, you'll have to be quicker than this."

"Of course. Mother I will come again." Misae's light shone through the daughter as Celia's mother was gently rocked back into deep unconsciousness while her daughter ran back into the darkness.

When the family woke up they all relayed a strange dream with Celia in it telling them she was alright. They would pass that tale through the generations to come for years, each puzzling over it. Did it really happen? Was it a made up fantasy? They can never know for certain, but when the most terrible storm blows over they swear they see two dragons in the sky: one of the brilliant bright clouds and the other the storm clouds slowly dissipating and that they see an outline of a girl between them. Do you believe? You promise?

Names and Meanings:

Misae white hot sun

Celia-blind

Tynan- dark

Tamra- palm tree

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