



*In the land of Craih, seven young royals have been banished from their kingdoms by an evil mage and a grieving emperor, but under the leadership of Prince Jasher, they will return to claim their birthright and set their people free.*

## **The Seven Royals: All Good Things**

by Jacob Airey

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# *The Seven Royals* *All Good Things*



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## Chapter 12

The Kurve is what the locals called a string of Archipelago islands that followed along the Southern coast of the continent of Icester.

The Kurve islands formed an almost spinal shape that followed the Southern edge of Icester, and that was how they got their names. It was home to many island kingdoms. A few here and there allied together with coastal and maritime kingdoms, but most were independent. The people of the Kurve were great fishermen, sailors, and shepherds, but the islanders to the west were also great warriors. Legends of the great warriors of the Kurve warriors all over Icester and beyond. There were pirates who patrolled and looted the area looking for weak ships to plunder, but very few dared when they saw the colors of a Kurve war vessel. Though pirates value treasure, what they valued most was their lives.

Unbeknownst to Jasher, this is where he had awoken, a decade later. This is where he rested and tasted the salty sea from inside his metal capsule. He had made it out alive. As he lay inside, he wondered if he could get out, but as he tried to move, another wave of exhaustion washed over him, and he collapsed back down.

He wondered, *“Will I ever make it out of here?”*

## Chapter 13

The atmosphere in the darkened room was ripe with the same humidity that permeated the swamps. It was just enough to make a person sweat, but not so much that one could not breath.

The octagon shaped room had the perfect amount of darkness that, even though it was hot, it still sent a shiver down your spine and goose bumps down your skin.

The floor was painted black, but vines came from the center of the room and into the corners and up to the ceiling. The vines formed a cluttered chandelier that drooped in the middle of the room. Hanging in the center from a thick vine was a glowing crystal ball.

To all who entered the room, it gave them a shudder and most avoided coming in here all together.

However, to its current occupant, this was home away from home.

This room belonged to Fabius Thorne, Grand Mage of the Sorcerer's Society and Viceroy to Emperor Midas.

Though a decade had gone by, he had barely aged. His eyes glowed with an unnatural red. His fingernails had grown shaper his blackened hair had grown longer.

He was wrapped in a black silk cloak with the golden hand of Midas smeared onto his chest area.

Fabius approached the crystal ball. He pulled out his wand from inside his silk robe and pointed it at the orb. A pulse of energy came from the wand and turned the crystal ball into a body-sized mirror.

He said, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, contact my allies on Craih, one and all."

Suddenly, he was surrounded by several mirrors, each taking a spot on the corners of the hexagon with him staring into the middle one.

The images of his most trusted advisers appeared, only ten years ago.

He greeted his inner circle, "Hello, my comrades. This is to give you an update on the war situation."

He explained, "The two of us have built a second smoke factory to create a layer of cloud so thick that it blocked out the sun. As you know, the first allowed us to take Craih.

As you know, Emperor Midas, and I are headed to Gorasyum for our annual trip. Our Emperor still insists we do this even though it means nothing. The people there are lethargic and have no desire to please me or our emperor. However, Emperor Midas especially wanted to do this since our second smoke factory has moved to Revenant and it is the tenth-year anniversary of our victory. I am trying to rebuild the spell that sped up the growth that overtook Craih, so it can spread faster on Icester. The spell will take time as many of the ingredients I need are extremely rare."

Thorne paused, looking for a reaction. "Some of you have suggested that I am spreading our ranks too thin, but we are still marching toward victory."

He looked at the dark silhouettes, but no one seemed to move.

"No sign of the Seven Royals," he said. "We have not found a trace of them, but we have reached the ten-year mark. I know many of you are frustrated with the growing resistance on Craih. They seem to be gaining more courage as they feel the Royals will return. We will ensure they do not end."

He observed a few nods, but again, no reaction.

"Now, to the war effort."

## Chapter 14

On the islands the farthest west in Icester, three muscular, ebony skinned fishermen, with their long black hair and long black beards were pulling in their catch of the day.

At first, the fishing seemed to be going well. They were pulling up a catch that they could easily trade at the local markets or to feed their families.

Zuberi threw his net in, but when he tried to pull it up, he realized it had latched itself onto some foreign object.

“Father,” he called out. “My net is caught on something. It is a heavy object.”

His father Jengo was a retired sailor and captain whose long hair was slow graying. In his later years, he was trying to enjoy the quiet life with his family. His sons were Zuberi and Imamu. They were twins who looked like younger versions of their father. Zuberi, the eldest twin, wore his hair in a ponytail while Imamu wore his in dreadlocks. All three were mighty men of valor. They were honest and fair to all who were fair to them, but they dealt fiercely with those who would try to harm their families and friends.

Jengo walked over to watch as Zuberi tried to pull whatever was down there. “It is stuck on something good and tight. Imamu, climb down and see what it is.”

His son nodded. “Yes, father.” He climbed down on the rocks and he saw what appeared to be a metal capsule. He looked it over but could not determine its origin or its design. He had never seen such a foreign vessel anywhere, not even in his studies.

“Father, you must see this!”

Jengo and Zuberi both climbed down. They too were shocked when they saw the tubular shape. All three had never seen anything like it before in their lives. For a moment, they stood gaping at the vessel, unsure of what it is.

Zuberi finally asked what was on all of their minds, “What could this be?”

Jengo walked over to it and said, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say it was a vessel, designed to go under the water. I’ve

heard rumors that a few were experimenting with that sort of invention, but none have ever been developed as far as I know."

Jengo looked it over. "It looks like it was designed in Craih. All of their designs are made from optimization with very little imagination like most of their sea vessels."

Imamu exclaimed, "Incredible." He dared to approach it closer and saw a window. He wiped off some gunk on it and called out, "Father, there's someone inside!"

Jengo and Zuberi walked over to it. They both gasped when they saw his face.

The father told his sons, "We must get him out of there immediately! Help me try to find a way to open this giant metal tube."

Imamu said thoughtfully, "We don't know anything about this, Father. What if we kill him when we bring him out?"

Jengo weighed his son's words, but ultimately shook his head. "This is something that was clearly designed for escape. It was meant to go underwater yet has no weapons. We must take the chance and awaken him, whoever he may be."

The sons obeyed their father and the three of them began looking for a way to pry it open. Jengo found the top of the capsule where a lever was located. He pulled it, and a hissing sound emitted from the capsule. It opened up and a frosty air burst forth from it. It made all three of them shiver.

Jengo leaned in, suddenly, the person woke up and grabbed his collar, gasping, "Help me. I must find them." With those words, he collapsed, quivering and shaking.

He ordered, "Let's get him out of here! He's cold to the touch. We have to warm him, or he could get frost bite."

Imamu observed, "Father, there's the symbol of a dragon where he was laying. He's definitely from Craih."

They lifted the young man out of the capsule as he clutched onto his sword, but he was weak, and the blade fell to the ground. His sword fell from its sheath and unleashed a bright blue light that made them cover their eyes. It went straight up to the sky and as quickly as it happened, it went out. The young man tried to stand again, but this time, he lost consciousness.



Jengo's jaw dropped. "I know who this is! Get him out of here! We must hurry!"

"Yes, father," the twin sons said in unison.

Jengo folded his hands together as he realized the legends were true. A young warrior from Craih was coming to collect his brethren to retake their homeland. Jengo was honored and proud to be the one to help bring this young prince out of his metallic case.

## Chapter 15

On the other side of the world, the continent of Craih had not seen the sun for ten years. A giant cloud blocked out its light and the dreary darkness made the people of Craih dreary as they were forced into servitude. Though there was a revolution that had formed against the dark forces of Emperor Midas and his Viceroy Fabius Thorne, their reach seemed unstoppable.

In the occupied kingdom of Teysha, the capital Grandfire City, the once glorious palace of the kingdom was beginning to decay. It was made in a circle, with four main entrances to represent a compass. While it sat near a mountain, it did not build onto it, but rested in its shade. The decorative alabaster stone had become covered in black scum and the vines that had once grown out-of-control on the columns were now rotten. The stench of the rot traveled all through the halls and rooms of the decrepit palace.

The people of Craih had long since gotten use to the rotting stench, for it mattered not to the kingdom. Teysha was an echo of all of the seven kingdoms on the continent.

Deep inside the Grandfire City palace, there was a man, or at least, the people thought him to be. He was King Midas' adopted son Omri.

Omri was seven feet tall and very muscular. The size of a gladiator. His skin was a pale-white sickly color and always seemed clammy. He was always wearing black and a blue rock around his neck. His head was bald and tattooed over his blackened eyes were red diamonds. Though his talents in the skills of violence were legendary, what was also for certain was he was a sorcerer, trained personally by Viceroy Fabius Thorne.

Soon after Teysha had fallen under the occupiers, Omri had been chosen to rule over the palace. It was rumored that he had been a Teysha soldier but had defected and possibly spied for King Midas' army. The truth of the matter is that no one knew much about him. It was all conjecture and

speculation. Though many legends existed about his origin, he remained suspiciously quiet about the matter.

Omri was at the entrance of the royal bedroom. It had once been home to the king and queen. Now, it was his to do with as he pleased. He maintained minimal servants and kept the place darkened, for he preferred it that way. The dark was inspiring to his thoughts, making grow fond of it.

There in the once royal bedroom a young girl waited for him, a virgin from a nearby village.

He opened the door and saw she was dressed in a white dress, looking scared. He smiled. He liked that.

It was said that no amount of woman's company could slay his lust. His harem was great in numbers, though many of the women did not last long under his harsh care.

He looked upon the innocent girl before him and licked his maroon lips with a blackened tongue before smiling to show his yellow teeth. He wanted her flesh so bad he could almost taste it.

*"Perhaps I will,"* he thought.

He said slyly, "Don't be afraid. No harm will come to you." A cruel smile began to form on his lips. He almost laughed at his own lie. There would be harm to her like so many others, as he was Overlord over the Teysha kingdom.

He took a step toward her and she flinched, but she did not run as others had tried before her. Things were worse if they tried to run. If she had tried to run past her, he would torture her. This one seemed brave, but that would prove to be futile.

He took a step ahead, but the rock around his neck unexpectedly shined a blue color, then shattered. It happened so quickly that Omri was caught completely off guard as a strange energy shot through his body.

The girl placed a pillow around her face to shield her eyes from the bizarre glow.

The effect was even worse for Omri. He visibly gagged and tried to keep from throwing up. He failed, spilling his guts all over the floor.

After he wiped his mouth, he whispered in horror, "It cannot be."

He looked at the young girl. She was even more shaken by his display. She thought that maybe he would reject her. She could not bear the thought of that. It was said, if he rejected a girl, he sacrificed her to the dark spirits. However, his lust was gone. He looked at the girl for a brief moment and turned away, saying nothing to her.

He stormed out of a room where a sniveling human servant was waiting for his orders.

"Sir," the man said.

"Are father and the Viceroy back?" Omri demanded to know.

The servant rapidly shook his head. "No, my lord. When I glanced into the magic mirror, the speech had not even started yet."

Omri smashed a nearby vase. He dare not interrupt his adopted father's trip.

"I need to speak to them as soon as they get back!"

Jengo began to give mouth to mouth to the young warrior before him. They had managed to get him and capsule to their island when they realized the prince's breathing had become shallow.

"Come on, Prince! Wake up," the father shouted

His sons were pouring dirt on him in an attempt to warm him up.

Finally, the prince sat up and started gasping for air, at first, they were relieved, but then his breathing became labored and he began to shake uncontrollably as his face turned purple.

"He's having a panic attack," said Jengo. "He could hyper ventilate."

Imamu replied, "What do we do?"

Jengo suddenly punched the prince right between the eyes. Jasher fell back onto the sand, unconscious, but his breathing returned to normal.

"What did you do that for?" Zuberi demanded to know.

Jengo said, "It was the only way to snap him out of it. Whatever device that was, it kept the prince in a state that his

body was not use to. It could be days before he recovers, but he may not have that much time.”

“Why not?”

“You saw the light, Imamu. Someone else may have. Someone who is hostile.”

He ordered, “Zuberi, go to the village and get something to carry him back to our village.”

After his brother was gone, Imamu asked, “Father, who is this man? And why do you call him a prince.”

“This is Jasher, Knight of Grandfire City, Dragon Prince of Teysha, and Captain of the Seven Royals.”

Imamu swallowed hard. “The story is true?”

Jengo nodded. “I had my doubts too. Yet, he found his way to our islands here on the Kurve. For ten years, he's been sleeping and now he comes to us. We must help him recover. It is our duty to help him, so he can free his people.”

Imamu reached for the hilt on his belt, but his father stopped him.

“No, my son.”

“But I want to see the Blue Blade.”

Jengo shook his head. “He should be the first to draw his sword.”

## Chapter 16

To the East of Craih, was the continent of Icester. The two lands were connected by a peninsula and a small mountain range littered with swamps.

While Craih had a somewhat round shape and housed mainly humans and dragons, Icester was three times as large and five times as long. As such, it was home to humans, Elves, Dwarves, Vampires, Orcs, and Fairies alike. Some lived in the mountains, others in the forests, some in the coasts, but many lived in the beautiful valleys that swerved their way all through the beautiful land.

It had kingdoms great and small all around the rich land. It had independent serfdoms and villages that held no allegiance to any one monarch. It had tall, majestic mountains and deep, dark forests to the north, and green, sunny forests to the south, enriched with canyons, plains, and green hillsides.

On the Western side of Icester, an all-girls academy of mysticism was situated on a mountainside. All the girls were wearing the white dresses of a student.

Two teachers, one with black hair and the other with white, were dressed in the traditional black dress, were rushing through the halls.

The white-haired teacher asked, "What has that girl done now?"

The black haired one replied, "Headmistress, she is a prodigy with the mystic arts. It is good for the school to have such a powerful student. She did save her friends from that ghoul, but sometimes it is bad for us. Remember when she changed the entire red bricks to that bizarre green color? It took hours to repair it."

"Remember what she put an enchantment on the food and it started to sing and dance? Most of our staff fasted for a month."

"What is this time?"

"Her healing technique teacher said that everything was fine. Suddenly, the girl's bracelet started to glow, and she won't stop dancing."

The headmistress stopped dead in her tracks, alerting the other to do the same.

The black haired one asked, "What is it, ma'am?"

"Get the girl. Tell her to pack immediately."

"What? Why? We can't banish her for dancing."

"No, this is something bigger. I must get her mystic staff."

"But..."

"Go now! There's no time to waste!"

The white-haired teacher sped off.

The black haired one kept going until she could hear the cries of joy from the girl from all the way down the hall.

When she came to classroom door, she could see a strange blue light.

At a knight encampment, outside a dense forest on Craih, a group of warriors were enjoying some leisure time. They were jousting, singing, and eating around campfires.

The sergeant-at-arms was a gruff man with a scarred face and a thick brown beard. He was in silver armor was seated at his desk penning a letter to his daughter.

The corporal, a young tan fellow, walked in and said, "Sergeant, permission to enter."

"Granted."

"Sir, have you seen Philip?"

"I believe he's visiting the graveyard, paying respects to his friend."

"We must fetch him, sir."

"Why?"

The corporal held a black leather wristband with a glowing blue rock. "One of his brothers saw this in his tent."

The Sergeant jumped up. "Don't just stand there! Get him! I'll alert the captain."

Corporal saluted. "Aye, sir!"

Deep inside that same forest, a giant rat was on the hunt. A thick mist had permeated the forest, but it did not stop the

rat. His master had made sure he could see through it. The rat was sent to find the one person who could stop his master's plans. Though he had some intelligence, he would still obey.

At last, he caught a scent and he began to follow it until it came to a tree with a carved out hollow.

This was it, the home of the nuisance. He began to sneak and bear his teeth, ready to strike.

Suddenly, a quiet, calm voice spoke, "Oh, my."

A bright blue light shot from the hollow, sending the rat scurrying back into the woods out of fear of the light.

On board a sea vessel hugging the coast of Icester, a sailor aboard a small buccaneer vessel approached the helmsman who was navigating the calm Paraina ocean.

The sailor said, "Alter course. We are to head to Denoka."

The helmsman shouted, "Why would we head to that bloody place?"

"It's time."

"Wait, we're losing our shipmates? Has it really been ten years?"

"I'm afraid so."

The helmsman began to adjust course. He waved signals to the crew on the deck, prompting them to adjust the sails.

The helmsman asked, "Why can't they all just come aboard, and we can keep attacking Midas' fleet?" The sailor shook his head. "That won't save our homeland, my friend. They need to be together to rally us all together. They've been good mates, but you know that they are destined for royalty."





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