



NINON THE FLAME

Past

Your gift has always terrified you. Flames are heralds of destruction and, although you firmly believe in the Regents' cause, you have always wondered whether you are a protector of the Vale or another danger to its people. Your uncertainty has distanced you from your peers, pushing you to build a wall of shyness and secrecy around yourself.

That wall crumbled a year ago, just as your life reached its darkest night: A swarm of White Dragons descended upon your Fiefdom, without Faramond's horn to warn you in time. Right away you dove into battle to fight fire with fire, but you could not hope to stop the monsters alone, not with your army routing in panic. When a Dragon threw you to the ground, you closed your eyes and waited for the final blow. You cried in anger over your failure at protecting your people.

Then came a rumble and a pained roar.

When you opened your eyes, you saw a man surrounded by light standing against the dark sky. A wave of his hand willed an enormous boulder from the crumbled watchtowers to lift into the air and throw itself at the Dragon above you. An army followed after him, driving off the swarm. As the battlefield cleared, the man held out his hand to you. It was Renier, smiling at you: «Do not fear, Ninon, it is all over now».

Present

As soon as the reconstruction of your Fiefdom was able to proceed without you, you visited Renier

to thank him. During your time at the Monastery you had always shied away from him, for you thought him arrogant and mean. Nothing could be further from the truth, as the man you met that day was kind and generous. And all of your following visits only further proved you wrong.

Ever since then, you have taken every possible chance to meet him and you treasure the time you spend together. The two of you have bared your very heart, showing yourselves for what you are. As you listened to his dreams of bringing peace to the Vale, you let yourself be embraced by the purity of his soul. You inevitably fell for him, and when you confessed, he pulled you into his arms. «Do not fear, Ninon, you will always be safe here».

Future

Renier: Your union is the dearest thing you have. He is the best among you and nobody else could have taken down the Great White Dragon.

You will show the others how much he has changed ever since your training, by supporting him in the election for the Regency of Zamar. The two of you have never talked about making your bond public, but you feel possessive about him and you long to claim him for yourself.

Giraut: You have always felt pity for him. A brother like Renier made his life a living hell during your training. His rare smiles have always been for his sister Lylie.

You were surprised to hear of his victory over the Great Black Dragon, as you did not think him to be almost as strong as Renier. The Vale needs its two heroes to put their old grievances aside.

Lylie: Renier tormented her when you were children- you always stood back, and felt great shame for it. You were friends, although you have always envied her gift: the ability to heal any wound.

You want to get closer to her by helping the three brothers find harmony. You will show her how much Renier has changed.

Faramond: The eighth Regent, in spite of the tradition of anointing seven, one for each Fiefdom. A talented alchemist, a friend to every beast, and your first love. The youngest and most defenceless of your companions was the one to find a breach in your armour: You began playing older sister, then you became friends, and in time even that stopped being enough. At the Monastery you kept your love secret, but later Faramond was named the Wandering Regent, constantly travelling to watch over the Vale. Then you realised you could not spend your life waiting for a few fleeting encounters. So you took the hard choice of severing your bond.

You do not blame him for failing to sound the alarm in time. If he had allowed you to fight the Dragons on your own, you would never have got to truly know Renier.

Solomon: The oldest of the Regents, as well as Faramond's only friend besides yourself. You hold respect for him, but he worries you, for although his strength does not feel the effects of age, his memory is unreliable and it keeps getting worse.

You can count on him as a messenger, if you cannot bear to speak to Faramond. He still feels for you and you do not wish to see him suffer: A friend may know how to tell him of your bond to Renier.

Wilhelm: Seven years ago he almost died facing a Dragon alone in open battle. Only Lylie's healing could save him.

You have always felt a certain kinship with him, the master of thunder with such a gentle heart. Now that a new age of peace is on the horizon, you would like to know him better.

Allen: It is normal for the Oracle to be succeeded by his apprentice, but it will be hard to stop calling Allen by name. Destiny has put him to test right away, with Cerdic's death so close to his predecessor's and such a sudden turn in the war against Dragons, now finally defeated.

Nobody more than you wishes to know the fate of your Order now that the battle is over. Only when you are free of your duties will you be able to fulfil your dream of a new life with Renier.

Drystan: Captain of Zamar and pupil of late Regent Cerdic. You know nothing more of this young man, stepping into the Monastery for the first time today.

It must be hard for him to take part in this Council without even the guidance of his master. Cerdic was a good man with solid principles: Surely Drystan misses him as much as you do.

