

Long ago, a prophecy was foretold, and stored beneath a mountain, laden with heavy ores and flowing lakes. It spoke of two twins, one gold, one silver, and spoke of their arrival being a harbinger of the doom of all, but the rising of a new civilization from the ashes, burnt by the fire in the belly of the gold, its rise overseen by the eyes of the other, their gaze like a bitter glacier. They were to see the rise of three great armies, to watch as the world they knew turned to dust. And they were to be at the center of it all, directing and counseling, fighting and leading. All marching towards the inevitable end.

On a cold winter's day, the cry of two children broke the bated breath of a household, a midwife for each, snowed in with the family. They were named Sydia and Mythria, born to the Cerivian household, twins of a peculiar nature. Their parents were of draconic lineage, but both family trees having mingled with humans for so long, it was believed that there would be no dragon in these children; it was immediately apparent that this was not the case, from the scales that both children possessed, the silver tail of the older, and the nubby golden horns of the younger. They were doted on from a young age, provided with food and shelter, and loving parentage, their noble status apparent. Once they were old enough to go to school, they did so.

And so, problems began, as is typical in these these types of stories. Things started small (they always do). A playground spat, the twins pitted against other noble children began, began to escalate, and as it did, the air grew frigid, despite it being a green and hearty spring. Mythria grabbed the arm of another child, and their flesh grew pale, and then icy, as her eyes turned dark and cold. A teacher stepped in at this point to intervene, but the damage was done. Frostbite, in the time of fresh flowers. Mythria was sent to study at home, under private tutelage. Sydia followed soon after, following an incident that ended in another child who deciding on revenge for their friend returned home with a broken arm.

However, the twins were perfectly content with their new setting, preferring the company of the other above everyone else. They excelled in their studies, and were careful to stay in their parents waning graces, as their other... quirks became apparent.

Away from prying parent eyes, they would take to stints in the woods on the estate. Mythria would practice with her sorcery, freezing ants one by one, and Sydia watching them thaw as she spoke to Mythria about the goings on of the servants. Slowly, larger animals got involved, as did Sydia: she found as she thought about thawing the animals (which, poor creatures, were already dead), she was able to do so, and upon finding them still immobile, decided to help get rid of the evidence, by burning them to nothing with her own newfound sorcery. Of course, they were caught in the act eventually. From then, they received nothing but distant regard from their parents: where they were once doted on and coddled, they were left alone. Whispers of something wrong with their children circulated through the house, something hard to ignore, but not impossible. For them, what was wrong with practicing their talents, as they were taught to do? And so they began to spend more and more time alone together. Then one day, Sydia came up with the idea, posed quickly to Mythria, to show everyone what they can really do. And so they would sneak out, and cause trouble, as angry teenagers are prone to do. Frozen livestock and burnt fields became a common occurrence in their town.

Then, one day, when they had both reached the age of 17, a stranger came to the house, and after a very short conversation with their parents, they were taken to a different country. The woman who had bargained for their custody insisted on being called Cecilo, and they were told that they had great power (clearly) and that it could be put to better use than wonton destruction. So they would study under Cecilo's instruction, and became privy to the knowledge of the immortals, and their escapades and to some degree, their plans.

[note for din: this is where any information, true or false that you think that Cecilo would have fed them would be incorporated]

They also underwent vigorous self-investigation, eventually concluding that Sydia's golden dragon lineage having attempted to bring about the rise of a phoenix, and Mythria's silver dragon ancestors being in possession of a swath of True Ice.

As they spent time with Cecilo, they found themselves drifting further apart, if ever so slightly. Mythria trusted Cecilo and showed her the extent of what she could do. Sydia was suspicious of their new caretaker, and how long that thread of acceptance would be extended, eventually becoming close, but always just a little distant. Mythria convinced her though, that perhaps if they stuck around Cecilo, they would have the secret to her immortality, and so they hung on to that. 5 years of tutelage, and they were told that they would only grow more through real experience, but it soon became apparent that more time was being spent with Mythria than with Sydia. Long stints away from their shared home, and Sydia was left alone. Every mission she was sent on was a relief, especially if she was sent with Mythria. Though there was something different about her older sister now. She felt older, more tired. There were scars that Sydia had never seen before every time they were together. Her hair had grown out, several times over. Sydia could barely keep up, her flames power only just keeping up with the precise control that Mythria had obtained over her frigid power. One time, Mythria came back, a year later, looking just the same as she had when she had left. Any questions Sydia had were brushed aside, not unkindly, but with dismissal. Mythria still loved her, of that she was sure, but there were things happening that Sydia could not see, that Mythria would not allow her to see. Sydia grew sloppy on missions, burning things she didn't have to, just to watch them light. She was finding something cathartic in the flames, the way that the colors danced over the writhing forms and structures, the way the smoke was lifted away. For the first time, Mythria pulled her back, and Sydia didn't go on missions for a long while. Sydia spent her time thinking, when had they gotten this damaged?

Sydia gathered her courage, eager to regain her sibling, and confront Cecilo. Why was she using Mythria (and in some ways, why was she *not* using Sydia)? What had she done to her sister? Who were the people that they were sent to kill? Cecilo sat in the dining room, Mythria next to her, with her same cold, somber smile that had accumulated over the years. Sydia couldn't tell anymore whether or not she was even happy. When had they gotten so distant? Before any of her questions had even left her lips, Cecilo announced that she had a mission for Sydia. It would be a long one, she said, one that required patience, and control. Both of them expressed that they believed in Sydia. Perhaps things weren't so bad after all. She just needed a bit of time to calm down was all. This mission would be good for her, they said. It was simple. Pest control around an area, to defend a home. She would wait there, for Cecilo's signal to return.

That night, Mythria pulled her aside. Her voice was ragged, her eyes, same as they ever were: the color of a frozen river, except they darted from side to side, looking for something that wasn't there. She spoke quickly, and with urgency. She told Sydia to wait there, that she would collect Sydia, not Cecilo, just to wait for her there, please. Sydia agreed, and Mythria promised that she would explain everything once they were reunited, that she would get them what they were promised, what they deserved.

The next day, Cecilo opened a portal, and Sydia went through, none the wiser. She would wait there. A month passed, easily fighting off the small groups of assailants. She never saw their faces. Collect the ashes, use them to fertilize the garden. Rinse, repeat, month after month. The hordes grew, but never so much that they couldn't be set alight. Burn and grow, burn and grow. She read every book in the house, once, twice, five times, ten times. She grew to imagine faces on the things that she burned, every person that had ever looked at her with disgust, every shopkeep that saw the twins and blanched in fear, every servant in her home that had looked at them with disappointment.

Then one day, they stopped altogether. Sydia didn't mind. She assumed that Mythria would come to collect her soon, or even Cecilo. A week passed, then a month, then seasons changed once, twice.

Sydia awoke to a sound below her. A fire lit in her hand, and she crept downstairs, ready to turn whatever had broken into her home to ashes. A dreadful hissing noise, and she stared down into the eyes of someone who looked like Mythria. No, it *was* Mythria. She was older, years older. Another hissing noise. Something dripped onto the floor. Blood and water.

Mythria's throat had been cut, and she had only barely managed to freeze it shut and stem the flow of blood. Her hands were slippery, and she collapsed into Sydia's lap, knees having already hit the floor. Mythria reached into her pocket, and withdrew a bloodied notebook. Her diary, which she motioned for Sydia to flip to the end of, and to read. Sydia had been missing from the continent for 3 years, Mythria unable to find her all this time. Cecilo had sent her to another plane, and Mythria detailed how Cecilo had never intended for Sydia to return. Mythria had found this out, and had resolved to destroy Cecilo, to claim her immortality, and to get Sydia back, to make amends for the time they had spent apart. As she finished reading, Mythria reached up and stroked Sydia's cheek, leaving a trail of blood. She slipped off a ring, and handed it to Sydia, and handed her a bloodied scroll, and mouthed a final phrase. "I'm sorry you were alone." Her hand slipped slowly to the ground. For the first time in her life, Sydia felt cold.

She laid a blanket over Mythria, and went to gather her things, and set them outside the house. Anger burned inside of her, hot and low, and it swept through each room as she left. She leaned down to the floor, and gave Mythria a single kiss in the middle of her forehead, before she covered her dead twin's face with the blanket.

She sat outside, tears boiling off her face before they could even hit the ground, and watched as the building burned to the ground.

Mythria wasn't coming back.

Neither was Cecilo.

Cecilo had killed her sister, and left Sydia to waste away in a place that she had only ever barely called home.

She opened the scroll, and cast the spell on it. Plane shift back to the prime material plane.

A string of fires in each town, and she would scrape up whatever was left, and in the towns that she didn't burn, she looked for information. Years without a sister, years of waiting while the world went on.

1.5 years without leads. The fires stopped happening as often. Dead people are hard to get information out of, surprisingly. Sometimes there are places you shouldn't burn down, and people aren't really happy when you burn down an inn after a night of particularly heavy drinking. 1.5 years of plotting. She would find Cecilo, and all the immortals, and she wouldn't kill them, no. That would be too quick, too kind. Everything Cecilo had, she would take. Every immortal would have nothing left. Only then could they die.

It could all burn.

Turns out, some prophecies are only a little bit true.

Sydia Cerivian is a golden dragonborn (barely), her lineage only apparent through her scales and horns. She stands at 5' 6", (5' 9" if you count the horns) and has brown hair. Her eyes are golden, as are the scales and horns. The scales accumulate on her shoulders, forearms, and underneath her eyes, as well as her calves and back.