

Decisions Must Be Taken

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The Nords are about to have the shock of their life as what they believed was their her turns to bite them on the ass and what until then was thought to be evil rises to take the place of their savior. They have either the choice to accept and embrace the Adynn, the Dunmer, or they can chase her back to her home, Morrowind (Nords are kinda racist after all).

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Decisions Must Be Taken

Table of Contents

Decisions Must Be Taken Chapter 1

SKYRIM Awakening The Dragonborn

SKYRIM Trip To The Camp

Decisions Must Be Taken : Chapter 1

Welcome.

Author blabbing ahead:

Skip this shit to chapter next if you already know what Skyrim is -especially if you spend all night from 12.00 to 10.am playing it and end up looking like a drug addict. If you are here to comment something like "Good. Read mine" in every chapter, then may I suggest profile request? I usually respond to requests, but if you are being an attention whore, like me at times, then no.

Onto the task at hand now. Since I post this is a non fanfiction site (because I hate having ten different accounts everywhere- and don't fancy fanfiction.com like booksie) I aim on paying a little more attention in making this understandable. Like, describing the dunmer, the redguards, the highelves and blabla. So that anyone can read it, regardless if elder scrolls world is burned in their memory or not.

I just love Elder Scrolls Oblivion, Skyrim line. I wish I had the previous games too (particularly Morrowind). It kills me when I compete 100% and have nothing new to do, which is why I thought of starting up this story. This way there is no limit at all and also I get to take out all this hunger for old times and heroism, which I so like, through my characters.

The language will be unlike what I'm used to. Fucks and sons of bitches will be only rarely so I can make it less modern sounding, you get it. I've learned to control myself over the Internet chat so I think I can make it. So I am going to warn that they are in there but just once, twice, thrice (haven't counted them).

Bethesda is the creator of the games and everything is Bethesda's. The only thing mine is the plot and characters who are not found inside it. And of course the civil wars, dragonborns tales, races, map and all of that. Okay. Go read.

Violence, racial discrimination, possibly sexual few scenes will be included in the story.

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Chapter 2: SKYRIM Awakening The Dragonborn

PART 1 "Awakening The Dragonborn"

The steady strong voice of a Nord woman distinguish enthusiastically only for a few words before blending back in the chaos once more. "It is impossible to believe. Did you hear?". He answered nodding and gesturing intensely to her.

The news were brisk fresh. A hundred rumbles all at once by disrupted citizens who suddenly lost their everyday order, their daily routine, in order to be present at this unexpected occurrence were swapping from one to another until they acquire the answer none of them had.

Looking at them abstractly seemed like a dance fest. For sure the air had that celebrating smell on. The shop keepers transfered their business outside the doors in order to stay updated as well, and were widely rewarded from their purposeful thinking. Confused customers are spending customers, as one of them humored to the meat hunter, they might hand a little extra than the correct price. History was probably in it's making that moment, and all Belathor care to speak about was his business.

The leaders of the Stormcloaks fell dead in raid! Could this be true? And if yes, what better could this mean? Or would it be for worse? With the death of the Nord Jarl, Skyrim was automatically handed to the hands of the Imperials. Hands that failed once before defending their own land, Cyrodiil, from the Aldmeri dominion and their weapons clang on the floor where they finally surrender on their knees, their emperor Tidus Mede II pulling a fine line with his trembling quill on the peace concordat.

Thinking about it, the Imperials had no authority over Skyrim. They were completely powerless. As long as they were under the Thalmor, then the Thalmor would gain control of them soon. And these merciless elves certainly did not have the best intentions in mind.

There was a chill in the air of the dark times were ahead. Maybe Jarl Ulfric Stormcloack was the one who sensed it first one morning, he climbed at the top of his palace and gazed out in silence at the snow where Nords had known only as their home (maybe his eye caught something unusual) and suddenly realized that they were not alone anymore. The elves were threatening to disturb their sacred grounds, ban their god, and captivate yet another race. To take it. Take over everything!

However this time they weren't going to just pass a continent over to them, no. When every single Nord was facing down dead and the race extinct, only then they would have their victory. Skyrim was not just a river rock flowing with the stream, Skyrim was the rarest of the gems glued upon Tamriel hard like a wolf flee. As long as the kept rising and the sun kept falling this land belonged to the Nords. The elves -and their Imperial puppets with them- could just go suck on the tit of a different civilisation!

Jarl Ulfric just fought to protect his grounds, savagely though he may be, from these unworthy to hold a sword in their hands Imperials. While he believed that the ban of Talos worship would drive all of his kind with his side, a few sided with the empire against him. Were these people now regretting or celebrating the defeat of the Stormcloaks, was a wonder.

Those thought were not Adynn's herself. They were scattered thoughts spoken out loud by political suckers or angry drunks which then became hers. The Stormcloak fans with the legion fans were on a fiery debate at the towns square of who's side is right. It was more intense than ever before thanks to Nord mead custom. And those who didn't possess some type of skill to protect themselves, should a group brawl outbreak, stayed clear far from it speaking in more civilized manners under the old tree.

Decisions Must Be Taken

But there was one who wasn't in neither one of those places, as she was in neither one side of the war. Adynn, the Dunmer. The dark elf with no past, no home, no memories, no knowledge, just a stranger who got trapped passing through Skyrim. She was sitting inside the shadows close enough to observe the conversations but not being dragged into one, for the main reason that she didn't know much about the war. Only that the Nords were trying to repel the Imperials because the Imperials agreed to ban the worship of Talos. The other bits about the Thalmor, the White Gold Concordat and so on were only heard as names. She did not dare asking for explanations.

Her fear of her grayish skin, her pointed ears, her scarlet eyes, her missing pupils kept her at great distance from speaking creatures. She was afraid that they will see the Thalmor in her face when in truth she was not them. Because some people unfortunately think all of them elves alike. But a Dunmer, just because she has same elf basics, does not side mean she is with Altmer. And if the Dunmer in general have shown to favor the empire, then this is because the Nords treat them like plague. So they go where there's more advantage.

Today however she broke her safety measures. The bench on which she was sitting was very visible by anyone looking especially for her and her skin was not dark enough to stay hidden in the shadows. In fact, her skin was a little too dark for the stone color of the bench. Any other day she would stand out but not today.

Adynn tap her heels nervously praying to Sithis (a god she forgot all about but never forgot his name) she'd just go unobserved until the end. She was amazed by how long her presence had gone unnoticed by Whiterun's residents. If a warrior, Nord, nobleman was stranger to them, then a dark elf should in best of circumstances be chased out of town with torches and arrows. Normally. The cold skinned children of Skyrim did not get too well with the flaming hand of her race. Then the dark robes leave little room to doubt of the fire inferno the single snap of her wrists could bring.

In adversative emotions of fear and spunk together, and always prepared for the worst, Adynn crossed the crowd heading straight for the Inn located down the stairs on the brawling level of things. She began whispering random words as she cut into the crowd pretending to be a delirious researcher. It would definitely draw bigger attention but for the moment it provided her with some kind of comfort.

Bannered Mere was build slightly higher than the rest of the shops in the district. The purpose of going in it was to find some privacy but instead she was greeted by an even worse piling inside. Blushed! A beautiful Redguard female rushed into Adynn with her shoulder to open way and didn't turn to apologize.

Redguards were the native of the desert far from Skyrim, called Hammerfell. She'd never forget the image of that place. How badly she wanted to see it with her own eyes.

She had only seen Redguards by far (tossing anchors, tightening ropes, sweeping the decks, unloading crates), at the docks in Solitude, waiting hidden in the green in danger of being captured as scout or thief, but Redguards have always drawn her attention and she couldn't pull her eyes from one whenever she spot it. Their foreign brown, crisp bodies in combination to their hardy build and those curved swords of theirs, the scimitars, promised a worthy battle to anyone who loved a fight. Even the word Redguard was glorious!

She sighed and search around with her eyes for a private corner where she could relieve her weight on. There was a cozy little spot next to the stairs. Adynn speed quickly to it. The sweeper was drawn to the movement turning his head on her.

"Hello." she smiled friendly to him trying to suffocate that urge to release a bolt snake in his widened Breton eyes. He was the other kind of racist. One who will associate you with Necromancer just because your ancestors were.

Decisions Must Be Taken

He quickly looked down to cover his discomfort. "I just take care of the dusting and cleaning in here. If you are looking for a good bed, Hulda is the one you should talk to."

"I see." Adynn felt like thrashing her tongue out to the eyes of this poor stressed fool. Just by the fashion he swang the broom hysterically she could almost taste his fear in the air. From what she could remember, she was the one changing directions to the sound of a man calling her out. When did that change? You're making progress Adynn, she told herself.

Yet not everything was to blame in her race. There was a wide shift on people's behavior when she wear a dark brotherhood robe than when she dressed civilly. So where it all end to is that she was to be blamed in the end, for wearing that Fortify Conjuraton robes, not being a Dunmer. Like she had been told before "You Dunmer love to be the victims. That's why you're so comfortable inside your Windhelm slums after all."

What is so scary about her robe? The green skeleton pastern on her chest? Everyone could kill her with a simple dagger anytime. It's not like she was wearing dragon scaled underneath -that would show. It'd be amusing now if she sneaked behind the scardy dust cleaner whispering "Fus...RoDah! But better if not. It was too crowded. Getting the Dovakhiin title above her already burdened reputation had always been something she avoided.

People loved their legends too much to allow one elf ruin it for them. Two Dovakhiins? Two Dragonborns? Here a simple Jarl died and Whiterun's resident went out of their minds. Just think all the fuss that would be created if their legend were twice actualized. This can't happen. The prophecy speak of a great hero and so on...Adynn was no doubt the last to make dragon slayer material. Let the lizard, Hyidd, have all the credits. A house and a good shop was all Adynn dreamed for her future. First thing after collecting those 5,000 gold would be...

"The bastard of Windhelm is not yet dead." shortly whispered a feminine voice in her ear. Adynn jerked her head surprised and saw a person walking away nervously from her. Her clothes were a set like Adynn's of hooded robes but in kinder colors than hers. The shade of robe healers or apprentice mages are used to wearing.

Without delay she abandon her silent cover by the stairs and following the hasty stranger. She chased her through another room where a group of thugs shout and chuckled around the cooking pit and climbed up the stairs in the back. Strangely the entire upper floor was deserted.

The mysterious person guided Adynn to a -hopefully- rented bedroom (since she had the keys matching to it) and ordered her to close behind. Once Adynn made sure no one was lurking in the shadows she closed. But the woman was not easily convinced. "You will have this bed" she said neutrally while gutting the end table from it's contents on the bed. Her voice was an Imperial one's though more shapeless and colorless than usual. "Sleep or wait until I am fully convinced we're alone and then we shall speak. Any questions?".

Adynn watched her back without a respond causing the woman to turn around. "I said, any questions?"

Adynn nodded. She asked her if she had got the wrong person and glued to it she asked what was this all about. The woman catch up with a: "Good. Keep them then. I'll tell you everything you want to know when you wake up." And with that she left her.

Adynn was far too anxious to do as the woman said so she only lay down and closed her eyes. Several times she began feeding suspicion towards this and almost run out on her chance three times, but the "Redguard" curiosity got each time the best of her. Thus she began a long conversation with her logical side trying to

Decisions Must Be Taken

provide the comfort she lacked in order to sleep. If the woman wanted to kill her, that side told her, then she'd surely have done it by now. It was a perfect set- feast cold blooded murderer. Crowd, noise, commotion and that rebel's death would surely come to cover the insignificant murder of a simple (and kind of threatening on top) Dunmer.

In fact, during such uproar, she could even serve Adynn's body to the customers without risking big, then walk off clean of every suspicion. A mature Imperial female in healers outfit. Who would suspect? The more Adynn thought from a killers perspective the less the odds the weird woman was her assassin. Eventually she slipped in a comma-like sleep.

"Oh, good. You are alive." someone said hostilely as soon as Adynn flicked open her eyelids.

Adynn scanned around her blurry vision from sleeping until locating a woman sitting on a chair by her head. Immediately her head loaded with memories of the past day and she jumped up to the edge of the bed keeping the fur close to her body. "Why did you bring me here? Tell me." she hissed.

"Patience my elf, and keep your voice down."

Adynn ignored the patience elf nonsense fro the other and spoke directly. After all she wasn't the one to be so desperate as to seek help from a stranger. She could behave as she wanted. "What do you know?" she asked her equally loud and eagerly like the last question. The woman held a disturbing long silence to admire Mikael's singing before satisfying Adynn's eagerness. The shadows on the down half of her face emerged and perished her mouth in her hood as they danced in the candle light. She was grinning slightly.

We drink to our youth, to the days come and gone for the age of agression is just about done. We'll drive out the Stormcloaks and restore what we own. With our blood and our steel we'll take back our home...

She finally choose to terminate the dark ritual silence and speak. "Hm, yes. The age of aggression. Mikael is good isn't he?"

Adynn stopped frowning and relaxed. "Yeah. Yeah, Mikael is good." she agreed patiently. No good would come out being so snappy with the lady. She was there with the purpose of telling her about something and in time she would. All that was asked from her was to endure and wait. So Adynn listened. The woman sang the next verse along with the young bard. She handled her voice pretty well for a novice which actually meant she had sang in not just once before.

"Down with Ulfric, the killer of kings. In the day of your death we'll drink and we'll sing." Slowly her voice faded back letting Mikael's echo take over from there. And she looked at Adynn. "The Imperial have gathered downstairs drinking the ale like water. They sent them in many coveys throughout the various towns all day- I see them from outside the walls. Poor Mikael. This is the fifth time they requested this song. When he refused the first time they drew a sword on his neck."

"Is the Jarl dead?" asked Adynn shortly. Whatever game the woman was trying to pull Adynn in, Adynn was in no mood to play it. She wanted her answers now. Mikael's bullied bard life was not of her interest, neither discussing what poor service the legion guards did to Whiterun. She came here about the Windhelm bastard, that would be Jarl Ulfric Stormcloak all she knew, and that was the only thing she aimed to talk about. Because she wanted to know what did the woman seek out from her. But the answer came ambiguous. Ulfric, was as dead as their decisions. Damned priests! And what does that supposed to mean?

"It means we have to decide that my mer friend."

Decisions Must Be Taken

"What?"

The woman nodded slowly, apprehending the intensity of her tone as disbelief.

"No, I don't get it woman...what's your name."

"Nancuria."

"Do you have the Jarl, to kill the Jarl-Nancuria...?" suddenly her name seemed to bother her for a while and paused. "Is he dead? Alive? Wait...we have to decide? We decide on what when he is dead?"

Nancuria found Adynn's sentence amusing. "You Dunmer have funny temper. What I meant was, the Jarl is not dead yet. Ulfric Stormcloak is still alive with me- or rather, with us."

What us? Who were they, the others, them? It sounded mystifying and evil. Where were the others? How did they have the Jarl? Were they Stormcloaks as well? Did they start spreading rumors of his death?

"If you are patient I'll tell you all about it later but not here. We must head quickly to my camp in the plains, out of here, where we can have undoubted privacy. Sister Yorland know about it as well. It's up to us to decide whether we should incarnate Mikael's song or return the king to it's-"

Adynn stopped Nancuria with a frustrating sigh. "Stop for a while just..." she rubbed her forehead for a long time "...just why bring me here to tell me all that, of all the adventurers out there. I don't know anything about the civil war, and I haven't got any interest to know what goes on it, and you must be making mistake. Why are you telling me about this?"

"Because you have the voice" she answered naturally Nancuria like this was something everyday, ordinary news everyone knew.

"The v- the v..." stutter Adynn. She felt like the woman was testing her and suddenly she frowned, insulted. "No I don't. What voice, what are you talking about?"

"The Dragon voice Adynn."

Adynn was a loss. "How do you know? I never used my," she looked around and whisper "voice. I kept it secret from anyone." Apart from that time I shouted accidentally, she continued with her mind.

The woman's, Nancuria's, face structures harden stubbornly with Adynn's words. She got up and looked down proudly to the mer letting the impression she had suddenly grew taller somehow. "Adynn, a Dovakhiin is brought to this world for a purpose. Save us from our doom, Alduin's return. And you keep the weapon of our salvation hidden?". She came awkwardly closer to Adynn until their knees touched together and yelled a whisper like trying to shake her from a bad standing up dream. "Hiding it Adynn! You know the songs well. Are you going to wait for the end without doing anything? Is that the hero you are?"

Maybe her words were not so wrong but the way she scold at her like a baby furry Adynn.

"Shut up!" she yelled right back. "You know nothing Nancuria. Is that why you came here, to give me a hero lecture is it? Well guess what. Skyrim has already found a hero- and in case you missed that two, Alduin is already dead. He can shout, he can shout and he can kill pretty much anything that blocks his way. I am sure he can shout the mountains if a paved travel pleases his lordship. Why don't you tell that to him?". Adynn was about to cry for no better reason than letting her emotions to a complete stranger who didn't know her, so she

Decisions Must Be Taken

looked down. Such an outburst would be the very first in her life. She should have seen in that alone the power Nancuria had over her.

What the woman did next was to surprise her even more. She took Adynn at her arms. Nancuria's knees bend offering a place for the dark elf to cry.

Stormcloaks were alive, Adynn was trembling in a foreign's hug, her dragonborn powers were revealed ensuring her life was due to be sacrificed for the sake of mankind and the save Skyrim, a place not even her homeland- what more was there?

The elf could feel like everything she ever lived for, fought for was sitting right next to her in bed and had just gotten up and walked out of the door. Then saw a dragon piercing the air. It was charging closer and closer to her with its square jaw wide open. She opened her eyes to send it away and looked at Nancuria. "Why did you come to me?" she pleaded softly.

"Because my fate is with you."

"But why?"

"It has to be. I am the only one who saw you speaking the dragon tongue. It's your fate Adynn, and I am going to be your guide- uh, key that unlocks that future if you will."

"Are you from the future?" she asked rather stupidly.

Nancuria snort in evident amusement. "No."

"Who are you then?"

"I am almost sixty years old and I am a master at restoration spells working in the temple on the sick. In addition I give training to anyone who wants to know about alchemy and healing spells and every often hold outside college duties- such as recruiting new members. I hope that satisfies your curiosity for the time being, because we're going to be a long road together whether you know everything or nothing about me."

"But you still haven't answered me why am I important in a world that already has one Hero."

"It's your fate Adynn. You must normally be pleased with it. Some men are born and die trying to give a reason to their existence. See not everyone is destined to have a purpose in here and that's what can break even the strongest. But you, you have come leave your ink in history for ever child. The fugitive from Morrowind. The hero of Skyrim." Her words no doubt sounded promising to Adynn but the life of a hero was always so differently told in tales than what it was in reality.

"But Nancuria, why now, if you knew all along about my voice?"

"Because now I was given the reason. Now that Hyidd is..." she paused unsure of how to continue this in a public in.

Hyidd the Argonian? The Dragonborn? "What about Hyidd" she said curious.

Nancuria sighed, not being able to resist to that question. "The Lizard is not different than the damn dragons that set entire villages on fire just because they can to. You'd say wearing their skins as trophy has made him in another man. His voice has caused troubled all across Skyrim."

Decisions Must Be Taken

If that was true...Adynn didn't want to think of the results.

"Adynn, I have to tell you something. I am afraid that in our desperation we may have done one of the biggest mistakes that may scar dark times ahead for Skyrim, even more of Tamriel. Our thrill, sadly, driven us all in blind faith and quick judgments. Even though the signs were right in front of us. We have failed to read the legends as they are. Hyidd was never to be fair and square savior we had been hoping for. You are the one." Adynn felt the room temperature dropping. "Hyidd is...he's slowly growing to be invincible."

She sat next to the girl and continued. Adynn saw worry gathering at the age lines around her mouth. "Not even Deadric lords are much to him anymore. Do you know what is going to happen if this hero suddenly turns against us?"

"I know." she nodded. It was something she had never thought before but never to actually happen.

"Exactly. If Hyidd is not stopped soon then Tamriel is doomed in the hands of that distorted 'hero', who could change any moment. And now that he is engaged to Stormcloak death, now is the time for you."

"So you're saying I am the actual hero who can stop him" concluded Adynn, irony tinting her voice.

Nancuria shook her head. "Yes, that."

"I am supposed to get up now and suddenly be enlightened about every step., creep behind this unbeatable man, somehow murder him and all that without losing my head in the end by his angry following?" she snorted amused "Alright. Sounds reasonable. Just tell me when."

"Stop pitying yourself Adynn."

"Pitying?" she snapped not believing this woman. The healer opened both her hands as to give surrender so Adynn could relax. How did she dare saying that to her when her job was so easy? Inform the dragonborn. Big deal! What if she was told to go on arms naked with a professional, fully armored, berserked orc combatant?

"Okay. Very well, your task is difficult. I understand that. But remember, impossible is always possible. Only cowards like to use this word. And besides, you won't be alone in all this. I know just what we have to do and from where to begin. First we will travel to the graybeards and express our concern for Hyidd and everything. Having listened some things about them, I believe they won't disagree. They will help you discover the importance of your Thumm, I mean you dragon shout, and unlock hidden powers."

"Graybeards. Whatever, just don't call me dragonborn." What in Sithis was Graybeard now and how did this priestess end up with all this information? She noted herself to ask about some things about her secret identity later.

Adynn started to believe this whole Ulfric thing was just a lie to get her to this scale of the conversation. She wouldn't be surprised if she saw a pack of wolves tarring apart his royal corpse on the way. Thinking about the certainty with which the woman pulled her into this room and easily lead her exactly where she wanted made Adynn again very mad. Oh, she just assumes she can just bring me in here and order me to move my hands as she pleases? Hah! We'll see about that.

Adynn got up and started stealing whatever was in the drawers. Everyone knew the silent sign of 'Let me recover for what I payed for and I'll be heading'. Seeing the woman getting so confused was so satisfying. Too bad sticking your tongue out is considered childish.

Decisions Must Be Taken

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am stealing this room, then I will leave for Riften first thing in the morning to find a descent man who will hire me. Hey, a coinpurse! Damn, it's empty."

Adynn didn't second look when closing the woman in the room behind her and left from Whiterun feeling proud for taking her by surprise. The guards at the gate gave her a funny look when they pushed the doors open but didn't say anything more than "What business does a small elf like you have outside the city walls at night?". She send them off easily by saying it's not of their concern to know of her destinations.

A few more steps down, right in front of the stables another guard pulled her at the side. He unmounted his horse and came in her face with a torch. This one was wearing the white color cloth on top of his mail and was carrying the shield of Winterhold. The triplet mountains. He must have had a tiring journey to get to Whiterun from Winterhold. "These are difficult times Skyrim's into elf. May I take you safely with my horse?"

You know well that her safety was not their top purpose for offering protection when they have their hands ready on their swords and are trying to blind you with the torch. She tried to avoid his offer politely. The guard handed her a torch for one gold Septim and let her go. "Travel safely" suggested the horseguard while walking past her. The carriage could be heard from the horses snorting walking away from her. Adynn didn't pay attention to him. She kept walking.

Till halfway her thoughts came to confrontations. She stood. Whiterun was still in sight when she turned to see it, like a dark cloud shaped on the night sky, without details. It looked rather small and breakable from far but she knew that it wasn't.

She began to visualize against her will the same place, how it would be the next time she'd see it. No one could tell. But the odds of not finding it here was as good as fifty to fifty (with Hyidd in mind). Hyidd was more a threat than a bless.

Everyone depended from her and what did she do? Took off. Only to satisfy her moody little outburst for a while. Head to Riften to be just one more of it's little roaches. Oh no...her stalker was right. She could neither fight and possibly lose her life for a greater purpose or just shrink and cry about watching everything collapse around before her eyes. She had something every adventurer would kill for. A destined path. A destination promised of danger, honor and a worthy death. She was the savior of everyone. She was the legend itself!

By abandoning her bags down Adynn symbolized the beginning of her new life but also a dead end to her old. With no money there was no Riften. Whoever found her belongings on the floor was one lucky friend. And she'd be happy to one day meet the fellow adventurer who would hold her blade of blaze in his/ her hand. So renewed Adynn walked back to Whiterun.

She hesitated for a second before pushing the door open. How could have the unexpected fleeing have struck the big woman?

Any kind of reaction would be understandable to Adynn but this. Nancuria was stoned at the same exact place where she had last seen her. Vacant, lifelessly eyeing to the door- could it be awaiting for her return? Adynn looked at her, expecting to her something like "I knew you'd come back." but Nancuria didn't even blink, she said nothing. Only nodded like she affirm to herself everything had worked as planned. Her prophecy had been confirmed.

"What now?" said Adynn after a while.

"Ulfric is waiting for you."



Adynn Rnyill, the Dunmer

Chapter 3: SKYRIM Trip To The Camp

PART 1 "Trip To The Camp"

Minutes before the light ball jumps behind the snowy mountains the cryptic woman woke up the elf and pulled her by force from her hand, outside the town walls where she tipped a guard to let them get on the watch tower and watch the sunrise, gasping for air. The man leaned against the wooden pole and watched it with them with a warm smile. It was same like any of the other five hundred sunrises he had seen before but sharing it for once along with two romantic ladies, one particularly valuable, and the other amusingly stupefied, made it the first of its kind. He therefore felt generous to share his food with them.

It was still dark while they silently passed the mead bottle one to another in the circle and unwrapped the food quickly in order to not miss the first ray. Adynn took her hands out of her sleeves and smiling gratefully she accepted a hard chunk of bread and a tiny charcoal stick (which turns out it was overcooked rabbit haunch). She began biting small pieces immediately, chewing them to mud because it was tasteless and she was not hungry, but didn't want to sadden the hospitable man.

Nancuria knew his name. She asked him about his back and the guard moved his head in disappointment. Then asked him about his wife and again he moved his head in disappointment. Last she mentioned retirement and the man just looked down. So she didn't ask him anymore about his life.

Just as he raised his head again from the ground the sun bloomed, at first gray and cold, and slowly it shifted the empty white snow on the mountains into many colors like it was transparent glass, until the last night critter was beaten in singing by the countless chirping and the ground divided into sun and shadows.

It was one of a kind. The air filled with positive smells. Adynn saw a saber cat close by that was lying openly all this time on the grass but its colors made it one with the ground. The hunter moved suddenly and got up to stretch from its sleep. She never saw a saber cat stretch before, or sleep, so she laughed when she saw it. Nobody, not even the other guards stretched their arrows on it feeling like they would dishonor the morning spirit should they get a magnificent animal like this in its sleep. If it showed interest on their horses they would sadly kill it but for now it wasn't necessary.

Nancuria walked to the corner, threw her head back with her eyes closed and waited until the sun crossed the golden fields and touched her face. Her hair took in the light. They turned in a golden ginger color. Adynn watched the mature beauty amazed for a while before she comes next to her. "How do you call this light Nancuria?" she asked softly. Her finger showed on the mountains.

It was as if she had reached her hand out and closed her fingers around the sun, then slid it in her pocket. Nancuria opened her eyes disturbed and turned her head slowly on her, looking with wonder. The guard dropped his jaw. "Do you mean the sun?" she asked her back, in the same tenderness that you would ask a child.

The sun. It was such an magical moment for her. She learned the name of the burning ball. Adynn smiled brightly. "The sun..." she whispered, and she faced her head like Nancuria towards the sun. She pronounced it in such marvel that the other two felt a new amazement in it for a while. "From where did the sun came from Nancuria?".

Nancuria didn't speak so the dragonborn looked at her. Her friend was looking up with a serious look- and a hint of sadness. "I wish we had the answer to that my elf. I wish I could tell you."

Decisions Must Be Taken

"Sometimes, I think, the sun listens to me when I ask for the rain to stop and it shines again." Adynn continued, "Other times I feel like the weather is against me. You think the sky and the clouds can hear us?"

Straight after her question the tower creaked and sounds of someone big coming up the wooden stairs to their watchtower, interrupted the moment. Instantaneously all three turned around and were surprised at the noble Nord man dressed in heavy expensive linens, jewels and furs, that came coming up with his head held high like a proud lion, and a small party of two archers and three sword welders watching his back with their eyes torn open and veins popped out.

Pulling her eyes from the blood seeking bodyguards around him she met someone very different. Confident, sure and serene. He was blond and he had his beard knotted a little before the tip forming a tiny ball so it wouldn't get messy, probably. His eyes were small and sleepy under the sun, they opened up though once he stepped in the shadow of the tower and he looked at Adynn intensely into her eyes with countenance. By the way he stare at her, Adynn realized that she was insulting her with her staring.

Since she guessed quickly who it was she only got this much from him before she lowered her head so low that she could see nothing else than her boots and one from Nancuria and the guard who kept night watch. Her spine ached the back of her neck.

The other man's shadow stretched out left from his feet.

"Good day my Jarl, how can I help you?" the guard said with his important voice. Nancuria greet him as well, sounding less acquainted than him. And the both of them waited patiently for him to find a worthy line of the jewels in his forehead to welcome them back.

Adynn recognized the silence that fell when people were looking at her (also a wave of that perfume they make out of flowers entered her nostrils). This time however the air came friendly into her lungs. He was definitely looking at her, but happily not with hate yet. Just curiosity.

Her mind was forcing her to apologize for staring at him so boldly before but her mouth did not move. She waited like the rest.

Finally the Jarl turned to the guard without saying anything about Adynn and time began rolling again. "Gayr, I let you responsible to inform anyone who seeks for me that I leave my seat in Whiterun for a few days empty. I will travel with Irileth to Solitude."

"Is this about the imperial-" His thoughts had dashed uncontrollably out of his mouth and he cut them. He apologized sincerely. Whatever the reason of the sudden- kind of secret- departure, he had no right to ask for reasons from the Jarl, and the Jarl had every power to keep it secret if he did. It was just that he was used to put him self into people's private business and for a moment he ignored who stood in front of him.

But the man didn't appear even the slightest bothered about the imprudent, incomplete sentence towards him. In fact he answered. "I am going to ask the dragons if they can pull the sun down for me. A have a few answers to get from him." he joked in a flirting manner. Adynn had the feeling he overheard their little talk about sun and clouds."

More seriously he gave the real reason. "We've received many disturbing letters from Jarl Elisif for months in relation to...private, town matters, which cannot be solved through letters. I am going to offer whatever help I have. My court mage, Irileth, and these men will come with me. Tell the people of Whiterun who want my ear to speak to my Stuart." he remained silent for a while and then turned his attention to the women speaking with an informal voice. "I don't think we've met with this Woman." he said "Is that a new student Nancuria?"

Decisions Must Be Taken

"Oh, yes and no. Here is Adynn. Adynn Rnyil."

Adynn would not have lifted her heads otherwise. That Imperial knew her last name. Or at least if that was indeed her last name, and not a momentary creation, because she could not remember neither what or if about it herself. So she toss her head up and attacked Nancuria with a glare. "Yes. Adynn Rnyil" she verified aloud to herself turning her head away from Nancuria. Now she gave a close examination to his face.

He looked like he was trying to choke a smile. "Nice to meet more people from Morrowind." while saying that Adynn looked behind him at another Dunmer woman like her standing with a hardened expression on her face. At first there was no difference from the rest of the guardians. All helmets shadowed their faces once they looked down so only if you gave weight to the skin colors on their arms would you see it. The woman had the typical greenish- purplish skin of the elves from Morrowind. Instantly she felt like this Jarl was a man of trust.

"Adynn," Nancuria opened her palm to the the Jarl "this is Balgruff, the Jarl of Whiterun."

Adynn looked at Nancuria not finding the right words to say. Finally she resulted into a deep nod. "I'm honored." she said heavily.

He nod as well as a sign of thanks. Jarl Balgruff didn't behave like the type of man that would be right for Jarl ship. His attitude did not present a man in search of a throne to spend lounging on all of his life. She just sensed like circumstances chained him to the top of Whiterun and had it been different he would be a capable warrior in the field. But somehow, humbly nodding and going away in person to deliver his message- dressed in Jarl outfit- it made him the most fitting figure for walking in the carpets of the castle high on Whiterun. Yes, Adynn kind of liked him already.

The three of them remained until the Jarl with his escort were out of sight and then they farewell the guard, Gayr, and headed back into Whiterun. With Nancuria in her side Adynn got on people's good side all the sudden. Too sad they never stayed to enjoy a friendly day.

Unknown of why, Nancuria waited until pre afternoon to announce their departure. Until that comes Adynn spend almost full in the room she rented the previous night waiting anxiously. She didn't want to pay for a second day, a day she wouldn't spend in it, and she avoided to see the owners. The idea of her being the Dragonborn was so far away that she grew tired of thinking of the way expanding between her and that title. It's the same to deciding of building a town which will stand on the sea. Once you step into the sand you suddenly see your toes sink under it, how they get swallowed, pushed and pulled by each wave and start thinking how much deep before I reach a solid bottom.

When Nancuria opened the door to give the start of their journey, she found the Dunmer kneeling on the floor in front of all her things scattered in front of her, her hands abandoned at the sides like she lost power over them. She was so confused that she didn't bother looking up. She just remain in deep thoughts looking at everything in front of her like it was a bad wound on the wooden floor.

"Are you not ready yet to begin". There was no question mark.

Adynn needed a lot while to answer to her. "No," she mumbled confounded, without changing or taking away the expression from her things "I tried but, but..."

Nancuria stopped wondering aimlessly around the room setting her dead eyes on the other woman. Her fingers untangle as they were behind her back to be crossed in front of her chest. "You emptied everything from the pack I gave you and now you are staring at them. We are in hurry. Please put them all back so we

Decisions Must Be Taken

can go".

Adynn continued staring at the misc in front of her. There were potions, alchemy ingredients, a few leather skins protecting bread or uncooked vegetables, keys, strings, forks, unknown medical tools and volume first and second of a story. "I can't come" she said. Her voice sounded heavy and impersonal to herself like it came from the lungs of someone who was about to be executed. "I can't walk. I can't put the things back into the bag and I can't get up. I can't be the Dragonborn, it's a mistake" she had started to get panicked.

"I'll help you". Nancuria started placing the foreign inventory into the bag alone while the elf fought to slow down her breathing. The air however seemed to be sucked out of the room, into the dark hole of the opened bag. She wanted to plead the healer to let her be, get away from her life, cry but if she wasted the little air she had she was afraid she would start choking. Her gut told her that tears would not work. Nancuria looked at her like she was a tool to be shaped. Like a weapon. Yes, that's what she was: A rare ingot of the strongest. The only one that could pierce Hyidd's, the Argonian's, scales.

"All set". She said cheerfully daring to direct a smile to her.

Nancuria support the Dunmer during the first steps. Literately fear drain the strength out of the poor elf. She was sobbing, tearless, the sobbing of cold, fear, death. She felt her bottom half weak like when she was ill.

All eyes laid on the hugged friends as they made their way down the stairs and to the exit of the inn. A mercenary offered help to carry Adynn and open the door and then Nancuria dismissed him by his name, and using a lie on Adynn's condition.

She set the elf down on the cold step to calm down before they meet with the rest. "You need more work than my original estimation, Adynn. You have to learn to silence your thoughts". Adynn still shivering did not speak. The shape of her eyes gave Nancuria the feeling she was going to explode, from the inside. There used to be one student once who lost his minds because of Nancuria's cold stance to his difficulties killing three others with poison in an attempt to kill her. The boy was a Dunmer as well, a little darker and younger than her, but eyes exactly like hers. Bringing back a few flashed of that day she soften the chords in her neck and spoke less like a teacher. Dunmer did not think clear under pressure. "Thinking is an interesting trait in human."

The Dragonborn looked at her. Her one eye was winking from sweat.

"Why?" she went on "Because thinking brings us visions and no matter how easy or hard it is to make it a reality there's always a way, I believe. It's thinking that makes them impossible."

"They are not always impossible like not everything can be possible" she took a shaky breath as she looked away again, obviously giving a strong battle with the voices in her head. People were looking only at them again. "Dragonborn is impossible." she whispered. A new wave of shivers run through her body while she said that.

Nancuria grabbed Adynn's robe collar and turned her around brutally. Non of it match the calm expression on her face. Adynn closed her fists. Did not punch her though. "Let me give you an example of someone who proved the impossible, possible, Adynn." she said slightly heated. "Hyidd. Ordinary Hyidd, a simple nobody Argonian. Him. He believed he was the hero and so he fought his way up like one. Do you see the power hidden in fate Adynn? In the trust of fate? It makes you defy even gods!"

"What if I don't believe in legends and fates Nancuria?"

Decisions Must Be Taken

"Then you must."

She sounded like a Nord, not an Imperial. Truth be told, her dedication and blind belief in their Dovahkiin stories was not Imperial at least.

"Must doesn't mean I will. Must means I have to, doesn't it."

Their little confrontation was done with whispers and threatening looks. Adynn would love to have the freedom to scream at her but their secret must by all means be kept hidden from the ears placed upon their talk. As it seems Nancuria remembered it the same time with her. The grip released her robe. It still took a pat from the wearer to straighten though. "You are right." she admitted. "You are right Adynn, my apology. Unfortunately, It's up to your own will if you follow me. I only hope fate is not my illusion." She looked at her deeply in her eyes and asked her seriously "Are you willing to sacrifice your life following- and believing- after tales Adynn even though you will never be sure if they make the future or not?"

Cringe. She couldn't do anything else. The question was heavy, and not at all convincing. In the contrary it was like Nancuria intended with that to make her say no. Sacrifice you life for something that is not even certain to come. Why the gods would she fraise it so dispiritingly.

Adynn was for a second time standing in the middle of a two way made to decide her final answer. The travel bag became sensible on her legs, kind of heavier, while she remembered of yesterday night how she gave up her money and weapons outside of Whiterun. She had already decided that time to let go of her happiness for what was best for this world. Now she had to decide again. And maybe again and again and again until she began counting on those blasted Nord tales. She sighed in surrender and got up. "Take me. It looks like I don't have a choice anyway".

Nancuria continued about fate and men as they walked towards the gates together, stopped and waited for someone else. Adynn was engaged in her own thoughts so she didn't pay much attention.

Thinking brings us to the steed edge, she was saying, strapped with a set of plucked feathers, ready to test ourselves and see if we can triumph over nature and fly, and, just when you are about to throw your feet off the ground something stops you. It isn't the ground or the trees surrounding you but only thoughts that can not be touched, that cannot even crush a bug by themselves. Thoughts do not exist, but in the same time they are. And exactly, they rise as invisible untouched walls which can not be brought down by simply landing a hammer on top of them because the walls will go right through the hammer. It requires weapons found only in the mind of the strong ones. Take it as a final battle. Like every problem with human, there's always the master culprit behind, usually waiting in the end. Find the culprit that was waiting to attack you in the final moment, kill him, then leap.

"It's like trying to drive a ship through the mud. It's not impossible."

When she heard what the mage said, Adynn turned her head in surprise. "Ship through the mud!" she repeated with amazement. "Or a city over the sea."

"Yes. Or a city over the sea. You want to believe you'll hit the "gold" spot from the first try, but unfortunately when you're counting on luck it's usually when hope takes the place of belief. And with no belief there's no confidence. And with no confidence there is discouragement. And a discouraged human will shy away defeated even though he never got to fight. The effort dreams take sometime."

Adynn wondered what was she going to say about the boat in the mud. She would never find out.

Decisions Must Be Taken

Nancuria raise her hand straight up inviting two others waiting next to the gate guards to copy her. Adynn looked at them. A fat, portly woman and another thin one dressed in robes like Nancuria's. Adynn could not tell if the small person was a man or a woman.

"You know, Adynn, I think thoughts are important, but if you don't pay attention to which ones you must follow they will make you useless. And I don't like wasting my day with useless people." She speed up and broke away from her before she had the opportunity to reply. Adynn paused with Nancuria's rude note in front of a Redguard blacksmith not more than a feet far. The busy woman gave her a short look deciding she was not interested. Adynn kept looking, however, like hypnotized. She watched how she banged on the ingot with patience making it flat.

Now who was the first who beat and burn iron into weapon? Back then, such idea would probably be unthinkable. It's not like mud. It's like rock. It's harder than that. It's iron. Fat, petrosal chunks of earth. But somebody saw one day something and insisted that there was an answer to create knives, tools out of them and soldiers that cannot be penetrated by wooden sticks that easy! In some sort he made something which was thought impossible, possible. For the minds of his time at least.

But not anything is possible! she heard her mind screaming at her.

"Adynn, get over here!"

Nancuria with her fellow friend load the errant boy (he was a boy) with their bags to have their hands free in case an unpredictable attacker happen to cross ways with them. His face showed insecurity but no anger or anything menacing.

The team that left Whiterun consisted of three woman, one being herself, and a man student, all being Imperials, dressed similarly- except herself. The male drew her curiosity. He was in a state of constant suspense, irreversible. Whether it was in his nature or because Nancuria and the other one wouldn't let him waste their valuable time with mistakes, by the looks of him he'd soon cause his heart to shatter his rib cage to crums. Although Adynn normally had a big grudge for such pathetic beings, this one seemed to appeal her good side. Maybe because both had a common enemy, Nancuria. Or maybe because he was so pitiful it was almost adorable. Like a little child trying to walk in his father's armors. So she quickly found herself walking next to him.

When they were out of the city gates Adynn dare give him attention for the first time. "I am Adynn" she introduced. She felt so bad for him when she read the happiness glowing in his eyes when rising his head.

"Marius- Starvas j. Emilus" he said fluently. "Or! Or Marius- Starvas j. Ecitus".

The name just begged Adynn to make fun of it but she chose to get past it. Something about him made him one of those guys that would cry and fall in long depression over the death a house bunny. His hair were a shade of brown, curly up to the end of his neck. Sad eyebrows, round face and dark blue eyes of innocence to complete his apprentice outlook. Wrinkles were not absent from his face but Adynn bet he was younger than what he looked. Eyes can tell you something really different, supposed one knows how to read them. He was the only one with his hood fallen back. "Very pleased to see new members joining in our peace action"

Peace what there? How is putting the Jarl's head under the axe considered peace? Adynn thought it would be easier to stay silent on this one. Nancuria would give her the explanations she owed her later. "So do you live in Whiterun Marius?". That's all she remembered from his name because it could fit a woman as well.

Decisions Must Be Taken

"No. I am from Rorikstead. Actually just a little farm outside of Rorikstead, but they still consider me as their own. Do you know where Rorikstead is? It's closest to Markarth."

"No, I haven't been to Markarth".

"It's the dwemer town at the end middle left of the map. You know the Understone Keep?"

She shook her head. "I never travel outside Whiterun's plains".

"I can't blame you. I am not too thrilled about crossing tundra as well. Believe me, I would never step out of the farm if it wasn't for Nancuria. So the reach it the Jarl's palace there, and they say that its ruins of the ancient dwemer. They say that they have a museum in Markarth with all the dwemer artifacts and machinery. This is a great gift for us, simple people because I would never get the courage to stumble into the old ruins around Skyrim to see one. I am just a healer. You can say it takes a lot more than moving your fingers and moving your hands to go against dwemer guardians."

Adynn had no idea who were the dwemer and who where the guardians and how did Markarth look like. She had a feeling however that Nancuria was not going to allow this ignorance go for much too long. If she had to take a guardian in her arms and carry him in her tent just so Adynn could see it then that she would do.

"I go to Rorikstead from times to times" he continued seeing that his companion didn't show interest about history. "There's a mountain wall between Markarth and Rorikstead. Also the the tail of the river. I live at the end of that tail so I travel from Old hroldan and get to Rorikstead. This is the quickest way."

Why exactly was he giving her directions?

"Unfortunately my duties need me constantly on the road so I rarely have time for my parents. Do you leave in Whiterun?"

"Uh, no I just came here yesterday" she paused irregularly. Her answer was rather small for some reason as she cut most of it.

"Then where do you live?"

"Marius what did you do with the potions I gave you?" asked him equally gravely the healer number two with healer number one. Her voice set the errand boy on alert mode who almost trip in his nervousness to stand next to her. "I have them all in this bag" he said by handing out a worn out leather. Adynn watched as the lady similar to Nancuria pulled out and finished it with a gulp. The empty container was thrown in a different bag on Marius- Starvas j. Emilius (a name wasted on a short apprentice) and caused a series of clinging making Adynn guess it was the empty bottle bag. They began walking again.

"By the way, you can call me Marius *or* Starvas. My mother used to be quite the...the flirty type I'd say and it stirred a bit of a...of a problem, finding who my dad is. Marius says it him, Starvas says it's him so I am half of each. Don't know how that's possible".

Adynn laughed freely. She knew he wouldn't have a problem with it. "Is your mother married with both men?"

He nodded. "Feel free to invite yourself sometime in my home if your travels brings you to Rorikstead. I swear, no matter what you are, my dads always know how to entertain you. Just ask around town and they'll tell you".

Decisions Must Be Taken

How nice! Adynn felt flattered. She promised to him it'd be the first thing she'd do if she ever fell to Rorikstead. This man was indeed very kind. You just don't invite people you've just met into your very house and family in times when vampires and werewolves walked amongst the common man unnoticed. She was sure if he was a target for kill right now, she'd have to live with the compunction for months and months.

The terrain slowly starting taking to ascent and the grass- which for a while started sprouting healthily- turned consumptive, frail and yellowish again. Sign of horses and people near. Adynn also noticed a small cutback on the women's pacing. "We're here". Marius announced to his new friend the same time when the camp appeared in front of, under, her eyes. Several tents were set on a deep cavity, around a big fire. Some people stopped what they did to see the arrivals. Nancuria returned their waving and started climbing down the way.

"That's a weird place" Adynn said to Marius.

Nancuria heard what she said and choose to take the answer. "This lake hole did not always exist here. You want to know how it was created?"

"Sure". Unlike Markarth she was interested to know what could possibly punch a hole this big on the ground.

"It's almost over a year ago that happened" she began. As she went on, Marius drifted back with the other person probably having already heard of this story. Adynn tried to descend the rocks leading down to the small camp as quickly as Nancuria in order to not lose words. "The word was, Alduin opened it by tossing a fireball on it. He flew away as soon a dragon began rejuvenating from inside clouds and smokes. Mikael was on a song about this. Let me see..."

Her fingers played with her chin a little trying to bring the melody in her memory. "Ah yes, Prince of skies! Bones who shaped out of fire and smoke, into the a prince of the skies began to form. Our city..." something fit wrong there. Nancuria corrected it. "Our homes soon were left four walls, our heads and our eyes craving until he falls. Should we fool the enemy, one must stand in the center. Show his life will be offered, his name will be song forever. Brave men stood and children run and old- even the women fought. All they died, fewer had even chance to cry, before they all got crisped alive. The Prince of the skies...and the rest. That's all I remember".

Finally they leaped on straight floor. Due to speaking Adynn and Nancuria had stayed back. The others were already cooking something over the logs. "Mikael wrote it?" continued on the subject Adynn as they strolled towards the fire with pase.

"He did. And also I was the very first who he ever read it to. Sadly to him, doing the transforming from poem to bard song just never worked good so he simply let it go. Such a same to my opinion because he has a skill for it, just not the passion. He will always be distracted by women".

"And is this story real?"

"A small part of it as usually. During Hyidd's fight with the dragons, Alduin resurrected dragons out of the very soil. Now if this village ever existed and was just wiped off by a dragon attack then we'll never know. Mikael himself claims that it was a new village that did exist but I wouldn't take oath on his honesty if I were you. As I said, he's going to say anything to have a woman share his bed by the end of the day".

Way too many information about the bard. Maybe Nancuria had her adventures with him as well. "The hole though remains a mystery. Maybe we'll talk about the other versions of it's tale when we talk again" she said vanishing suddenly into a tent.

Decisions Must Be Taken

Adynn looked around to find what to do. In the end she end up on a rock.

She couldn't resist the temptation to shut her eyes and bring Mikael's song into her imagination. If it was true then Adynn was right now sitting inside the tomb of a once dead dragon. Very- very strong feelings of proud overcome the elf. As it was on her nature she flamed to the senses of power raging in her blood. She heard her voice call her out the DRAGONBORN and magical sparks jumped down the rocks.

Shocked she pulled her hands on her chest and looked around. Nobody saw that. Damn destruction magic! Times like this it was too hard to have control over it.

Much unlike her Argonian enemy Adynn had never been any closer to dragon than holding a drawing of one in her hand. That's maybe why she was the only one who experienced such profound feelings of this place.

The odd characteristic of it was the rocky sides when all the rest was covered in grass. Why was nothing growing at the sides? And one more wonder. What use did the healers get from this hole. Just studying the sights? Marius called it something like peace action.

But on top of all came another question which shadowed all others. When Nancuria said Ulfric is waiting for you the day before, that meant that today he was here. Reminding herself quickly that they held him under captivity Adynn felt a little safer again. The rumors didn't have him exactly for the forgiving, welcoming, peaceful man. She started betting in which of the tents would she meet this war thirsty Nord.

What was this place? she suddenly wonder again.

Late at night Nancuria told Adynn where to unfold her bedroll. It was a leather tent kept in fairly excellent condition compared to what surrounded it.

"Am I going to see Ulfric Stormcloak here?" she asked what she had been dying to ask all afternoon while Nancuria had her back turned to her.

Nancuria threw an inexplicable cold eye on the dark elf when she asked that. But answered politely. Tomorrow, she mumbled and left.

Adynn would be accused for such sudden changes in mood in fair bases. One moment the sweet comforter and the next a Deadra lord locked out of his oblivion realms. Up until now she didn't know the confusement she caused until meeting Nancuria. She was fine just this morning. Whatever happened to change her.

She fell on her bed exhausted from everything she heard and saw today.

The region around Whiterun in day, as it looks from the watchtower.

Decisions Must Be Taken

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