

The Legend of Greywinds – Book 5

Storms of Assiral

Chapter 1 – Leaving Zaria

“Jeti, I must tell you that I have no idea where we are going. I only know that with us going to Assiral, Fiera will be forced to go to Edana in my stead. Does that not make sense? Is she not more capable of flying on the back of her beast? Do you think she will be angry with me?”

Jeti snorted, stopping Jada in her tracks.

“What a silly question. Of course, Fiera will be angry. It matters not. She and Carena are the Chosen Ones and I will not allow them to take unreasonable risks. I love them too much.”

Jada and Jeti resumed their trek along the road leading away from the Valley of the Moons and the Festival of Peace. Although she was frightened by the thought of the unknown that lay ahead for them both, she knew that this was the right thing to do. Besides, she had Jeti by her side—a powerful Spirit Warrior. Arial and Garam had recently witnessed Jeti’s power. Jada hoped they would be able to convince Fiera, Carena, and Lexa that she was in good hands.

Suddenly the fear of the Assiral Plains sent a cold chill through her body. The hair on her neck, arms, and legs stood on end. She was scared. There was no doubt about that. She prayed silently to the grey winds for guidance and protection. A light wind at her back urged her on. As she walked, she began to sing and dance to keep her mind on something positive.

Jada had no idea what she was walking into that evening. The one thing she did know deep within her soul was that this was where she was supposed to be. And having Jeti by her side was immensely comforting.

She questioned Jeti for hours as they traversed the open meadow beyond the valley. The night sky was bright, yet there was little sound as they travelled. Most Zarians were still at the Festival of Peace. Jada was pleased. She knew the silence of this night gave her an advantage. It would truly make it more difficult for Fiera and Rayn to locate her and Jeti. Jada and her companion had devised various plans of action should the sound of a galloping horse or the flapping of dragon wings fill the air around them.

“Do you know where the City of Peace lies in the Plains?” asked the Echo.

Jeti shook his head. He spoke the language of the Cheveyo, a language that only a handful of Zarians and this Echo could understand.

Jada laughed. “You silly unicorn,” she answered. She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave a loving hug. “Will you stay with me forever? From where do those images on your wings come? What else can you do?”