

# Pegasus the Archangel:

The Stone of The End

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Pegasus the Archangel.  
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Printed by: CreateSpace

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Edited by: Génesis Villanueva  
Cover by: María Alejandra Lozada

ISBN: 978-1-387-53104-2

## **Chapter 1: Crowning the prince.**

High up above the clouds, invisible to humans day and night. A flying citadel wanders protected by an ancient power. The land of Arcadia; a magnificent, heavenly and mysterious creation. This marvelous city is the home of the Arcanians, legendary beings created within the core of light itself. Winged and powerful living forms named angels by mortals.

The architecture of the city outruns all human conception, neither old nor modern constructions could match the beauty and magnificence of such flying utopia. Marble pillars adorning the streets, green grass growing peacefully all around the corridors and houses. Yet, the most important and majestic part of Arcadia was the central square. A garden with hundreds of glittering flowers, wooden benches that appeared to be growing roots, white fire giving light during the nights without any fear of the strong breeze, for not even a typhoon could turn off such flame. Right in the center of the beautiful garden was a floating big crimson stone, delicately turning with the pass of time as if it were a clock.

The Arcanians constructed all this to live away from humanity, away from their wars and conflictive nature. After all, they were assigned at birth with a bigger task to fulfill, to fight the Black blood clan. The race that once brought chaos and misery to the whole planet, receiving the name demon by their infamous reputation.

After centuries in peace, the Arcanians began to abandon their warrior side. Yet always alert to the return of the clan, they had one member of each family to be part of their army, a force formed mostly by young recruits and veterans of the first Arcanian war. This army was known as "The Academy" due to the ages of their members.

20 was a good age for Arcanians to be warriors. At that point, their aging would start to slow down as their body matured. This process was not the same to every Arcanian, however, they would never die of old age. Some say that no Arcanian has had the chance to grow old enough to die and the most accepted theory in the city is that they are simply immortal.

After the end of the first war, a sort of monarchy was established. Exilon Pegasus was crowned and since then he had governed Arcadia with justice and wisdom. He was a tall white archangel with red wings, black short hair and majestic silver eyes with a touch of blue. The queen was Rasiel Mercurius; a blonde seraph with long straight hair and big eyes with the same living spark of the forest.

The royal couple had three children. Galaxy; the youngest, as well as the only girl, had her eyes and hair very likely the same to her mother's, with the exception of Galaxy's hair being wavy. Her face had round cheeks, she was full of life, the typical look of a young and charming princess. In the middle of the sibling line was Nexus, the second son of the family; his pale skin made a strong contrast with his black hair and his deep blue eyes. The shape of his hair was hard to describe, Galaxy would name his style, "messy and shiny". The first son of the crowned couple was called Millenium. He was as tall as his father and with the same hair color as his mother, having the same prodigious eyes that Exilon had.

Arcadia was aware that the couple had offspring. However, they were not aware of how many they were or their genders. This was thought by the crown in order to keep them safe and protected. While most Arcanians around their twenties had been known by most of the kingdom, the firstborn had to wait until that same age to be presented to the people. At first, it was planned to wait until Millenium was 18. However, the family waited until Galaxy turned 18 as well. Those were two years more for Millenium to wait. Two years is a lapse of time that perhaps eternal beings took of very little importance, still... was this time enough to make the young soon-to-be prince change his mind towards how his life was meant to be? Could any young creature of any species stand such isolation for that long?

The three siblings never lacked recreation, education or any other prior need. Yet interaction was a crucial point as they only shared with their parents and themselves. Not even castle guards were allowed to see them.

The day of the presentation arrived. Very early in the morning, the Arcanians were summoned in front of the royal palace to witness the crowning of the prince. The plan was to present the prince with the arrival

of the morning sun. Every Arcanian was present in the place, waiting for the prince to appear. Even the royal family was waiting for him.

“Where could he be?” Asked the queen as she held on her hands the crown she would use to crown his son. “He’s a prince, not a damsel. Is he putting on some make-up or something?” Complained Exilon staring at his pocket watch. A peculiar artifact made of jade and copper pieces. He checked the time on it before a guard wearing a full body armor crossed the huge golden backdrop displayed in front of the castle’s main entrance. The guard saluted stomping the ground with his left foot and said. “General Pegasus, we are three minutes away from sunrise. Is everything set?”

Lord Pegasus took a deep breath and placing his watch back in his pocket he turned to the guard and replied. “Indeed soldier. You may begin as planned.”

"Certainly sir." Said the soldier saluting the same way he did at his entrance. He turned around and left. Galaxy and Nexus were in their places as they would be presented that same day. However, there was no sight of Millenium and time was running low. Exilon began walking from one side to the other when the whole family heard a voice calling from the inside of the castle. “I’m sorry for the delay!”

The door leading to the main hall opened and Millenium emerged wearing an armor completely the same as the guard that entered not five minutes ago. Still not knowing how his son was dressing, Exilon exclaimed. “You are late! Do you have any idea of...?”

He stopped as he saw young Pegasus, he cleared his throat and asked in anger. “What in the name of Arcadia are you wearing?”

“Isn’t it obvious father? I am wearing armor.” Said Millenium holding the helmet under his arm. Both the younger siblings released small laughter that was muted by their mother's hush, who stared at her firstborn with calm and charming eyes saying. "My dear son. Today you will be crowned in front of all Arcadia. You shouldn't be dressing that way for such an event."

“It’s alright mother. I don’t wish to be crowned.” Replied the boy wearing his helmet. His father frowned and yelled. “You do not wish to be crowned?! That is not a choice for you to take or reject. It’s your destiny!”

“Destiny?” Asked Millenium rhetorically. Rasiel raised a palm to her forehead saying in her mind “Oh Arcadia, he didn’t say destiny again.” They kept arguing as the guard entered saying. “One minute and we will raise the curtain!”

Neither Exilon nor Millenium heard him, the others made their best to take their positions and the curtain was raised. Millenium assumed a guard stance, pretending he was nothing but another soldier. On the other hand, Exilon didn’t know what to do but to turn back to the expecting crowd in front of them. “Millenium...”

Whispered the king between teeth but Millenium did nothing to this call but to whisper back. “Nexus...”

And there was calm and tension, yet at last, a step forward was made. It was Nexus, who; unable to know why should he be the one walking forth, questioning himself as he became the center of attention of the crowd, but still not stepping back. The middle brother was now in front of the staring people of Arcadia, neither the king nor he could believe it.

Arcanians are powerful beings, but none of them is able to turn time back. The things that happened are indelible from the pages of history and there is no space for redoing. Lady Rasiel understood this at once and decided to carry on ahead with the crown on her hands, approaching his son Nexus as she cleared her throat.

"Citizens of Arcadia!" She proclaimed in a strong voice, then after a short pause, she proceeded. "Before you stands the new prince and future king of our land." Rasiel had raised the crown over Nexus' head as she pronounced these last words. Exilon was somewhat powerless, shocked for the turn of events. He couldn't speak a word and how could he? He didn't understand at all the reasons for Millenium turning his back on the crown like this.

“All hail...! “ Called the queen out loud. “Nexus, Pegasus!”

And with the final word she landed the crown on her son's head, the crowd started hailing and cheering as applause invaded the place. Galaxy went to his brother and hugged him in congratulations as Millenium and Exilon stood behind applauding.

Young Nexus had his throat frozen as he saw all this happening, he stayed motionless with the eyes fixed on the horizon pass the cheering crowd, what had he done? What comes next? Around him stand the cheerful faces of his mother and sister, behind stand the smiling face of his brother and the frowning face of his father.

Once the ceremony was over; Millenium entered the castle followed by his father who claimed for an explanation. "What was all that?! Do you realize what you've done?!" Asked Exilon in anger. Millenium didn't seem to answer to these claims, so he continued his yelling. "You turned your back on the crown! On your family! On your destiny!"

To the last word, Millenium turned around and exclaimed. "Destiny, destiny, destiny!" He took the helmet off and added. "I am not an actor father, nor a pawn in one of the chess games." His voice was now calm yet firm.

"I know what you are." Said his father. "You're a coward! A coward who refuses to comply with his duties! And what for?!"

Millenium quickly took the word stating. "Not what for but who for." Then he pointed at the window that led to the front yard where there were still some citizens. Still keeping his stare at Exilon the young Arcanian said. "I don't want to be just a symbol. I don't want to claim the merits of those who fell in the name of Arcadia as mine. There were times when a king like you was on the lead of our armies. Now those times are long gone and I don't find myself using as the member of a court."

"And what is it what you want then?!" Asked Exilon with a strong frown. Millenium took a short pause to calm himself and placing the helmet back on his head he answered. "I wish to help Arcadia the best way I can, and I feel the best way it's joining the academy."

"You are joking, Arcadia has been in peace for thousands of years. Soldiers are mostly retired and you could have more action in a library than on any guarding position of the citadel." Explained Exilon, not justifying Millenium's actions. But the young one had made up his mind and he insisted saying. "Father, I have been concealed in this castle for twenty years! I have carved a stare at the city every single night I've been aware of its existence. And although I've never seen it, I feel I must protect it!"

Exilon's frown faded, and now a certain spark of disgust flashed in his eyes. He turned his back on Millenium and said. "Your immature nonsenses have made you commit a humongous mistake, now you wish to become a member of A.R.A and I will not allow it. Good luck trying to surpass my authority in that instance. "And with these dooming words, he left back to the front yard closing the door behind him with obvious anger.

The young Arcanian remained silent after his father left, yet a slight sound drew his attention to one of the pillars that adorned the way to the stars. There he saw a quick flash of blonde hair and he immediately asked: "How long have you been there sister?" Galaxy walked away from her hiding spot towards his brother. Her eyes were fixed on the ground and her hands were holding each other.

"I'm so sorry brother." She uttered as if she was holding her whole soul from going out, then she added. "You know I don't like to hear you and father arguing."

Millenium was about to say something to comfort her when she suddenly jumped to his arms and hid her face on his chest, a few tears slid through the chest pad of the armor as they abandoned Galaxy's eyes.

"There, there," repeated Millenium as he tried to calm his sister down. "I don't want you to fight!" She claimed with her face still hidden. The older brother gently placed his hand under her chin and raised her face slowly saying. "My dear sister. You mustn't cry for that. My father and I do have some... differences but I can assure you that it will never go beyond that." He used his thumb to wipe out and emerging tear from her eye and added. "Besides, you're a princess now. You are not to be seen crying around."



She released a soft giggle that broke her sadness for an instant, she closed her eyes and hugged his brother, and he did as well. As time stopped for a moment and she could rest her fears on his shoulders. Not really knowing that Young Pegasus had his heart shattered deep within the cold and hard armor that covered both his body and real emotions.

Millenium had spent his whole day in the garden behind the palace, as he was kneeling near the lake, he held his helmet in front of him and saw his face on the shiny metal. At that moment, the prohibiting words of his father reverberated within his thoughts. Maybe then was the moment that young Pegasus finally grasped the severity of what he had done. Or is it that he knew it yet he expected to succeed? Nobody else but him could know this. Now he stood in front of the lake contemplating his predicament in the distorted reflection depicted on the waters of the lake.

He took his helmet off and gave it a deep stare, the memory of his father prohibiting him to go into the academy ambushed him once more and made him toss the helmet to the water in frustration. The surface of the armored piece was still visible over the water, as the remaining drops of water found their way back from the helmet to the lake resembling the very same tears that Millenium was trying not to shed.

"I wonder what the owner of that armor would be thinking." Said Nexus coming closer to the lake after he went out of the castle. Millenium paid attention to his brother's words for a few seconds and then looked back at the helmet as he proceeded to take it back. "I'll place it back where I got it from before they find out." Answered Millenium with some seriousness on the tone.

"You had this all sorted out I suppose." Implied his brother while taking the crown on his hands and giving it a short glance. "Apparently I didn't." Replied the young Arcanian, Nexus chuckled shortly and then he asked. "Why did you do it then?"

Millenium shook the helmet a bit to remove the remains of the water and finishing up with the drying using a handkerchief and said "To be totally honest I don't know. My father says it is my destiny to become a king, yet somehow I can feel that's not right. Besides last night..." His brother interrupted, "Yeah, this word "destiny" has never been your favorite."

Nexus placed back the crown over his head and added. "However I thank you, I guess."

"Don't mention it." Said Millenium. Nexus chuckled once again and proceeded to take his sword out, a basic rapier tied to his belt, then he said. "This doesn't change anything about the daily duels, does it?" "Not at all." Answered Millenium taking his rapier out as well and assuming a fencing stance.

The two brothers used to practice with their swords almost every day. They were both very skilled at fencing. When one would slash, the other would dodge, every attack received a defense and every step forward found a jump back. It was even more like total synchrony instead of an untimed swordfight as such. Most impressive was that all of this was not planned, both brothers were just enjoying their time as they had since they were given that fencing book at their childhood and their mother gave them the rapiers.

Exilon was watching their friendly duel from the second floor. He was at his office, where the sound of Arcanian metals could not pass through the glass and distance and multiple paintings created by the king himself decorated the room. Rasiel knocked on the door twice and after receiving an answer she went in. Passing by the desk and leaning to her husband's left shoulder she also placed her vision on her sons.

"There they are, just as if nothing had changed." She commented softly. Exilon frowned and said nothing right after but past a few seconds, he uttered. "But things have changed indeed." "Oh my dear, please do not judge Millenium so roughly, doesn't he quite reminds you of someone who used to be just like that?" She asked with a smile. Exilon raised his voice a bit claiming, "I wasn't that hardheaded!"

"You are right Exilon, you are still that hardheaded." Replied the queen and then giggled. The king turned his gaze to her but dared not to say anything for perhaps she'd be right and he wouldn't dare to admit his own stubbornness.

"However, what I mean is that Millenium didn't just reject the crown and placed us on the brink of a scandal but he wishes to go further on that