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English 304

Story title on progress

“By the power vested in me, Empress of Soberana, I grant you, Violet Raven, the title of General of the Soberana Warriors,” Empress Irma stood from her throne, her tall and impressive built glided over towards where Violet was. She stood tall as well, gleaming with pride for her achievements and skills finally being recognized. “I hope you will do your duty by this empire and you will do your duty to me,” the Empress stated pointedly at Violet, almost challenging her. She then waved her fingers and her iron sword transformed into a gleaming stygian steel sword.

Violet’s eyes widened slightly, “Thank you, your majesty. I will not disappoint you,” Violet declared, bowing her head slightly.

“I would hope not,” she replied, then glided back towards her throne. Sofia, lieutenant of the warriors, held a small smile for her best friend and general. The rest of the warriors were standing as well and glanced over at their general, expectantly awaiting directions.

The queen simply observed, her face void of emotion. Violet wondered if that woman ever smiled, but then decided she shouldn't think of her because, somehow, she will find out. Violet glanced at her army, her fellow Soberana warriors, strong fierce woman, each gifted with strength and battle skills. Of course none compared to her, but Violet didn't reproach them for that. In fact she made it her new mission to make them as powerful as her someday and protect their Empire.

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The Soberana Empire was not always so powerful. It was ruled by many small nations who only destroyed each other. They were uncivilized in Queen Ira’s opinion. Uncivilized governments who caused destruction on this once beautiful planet and as a result, they destroyed more than half of their population. The Empress rested in her quarters, recalling her latest conquest. She despised males, it was their fault that Earth was on the brink of extinction 400 years ago. But no matter, she does thank them to some extent. It was their failure that allowed for her success in raising an empire that will protect the planet from ever creating those mistakes again. She was in charge now, and it was her duty to destroy every last nation and government who believed themselves superior and indestructible.

The Empress leaned back at her desk, a small twisted smile curved her face. Ira was beautiful; she could only be described as tall and overwhelming, her body was toned and lithe, accentuating her powerful feminine strength. Although she was Empress, she did not decorate herself with dresses and jewels, like ancient rulers. No, her physical appearance already demonstrated her regal power. She wore a simple black Stygian bodysuit. However, the one

jewel she did possess was her crown, made up of Stygian steel as well, alternating with long short pointed peaks.

The crown oozed danger, just like it's owner.



It had been a while month since Violet became general, and already there had been some very grand changes in her life. Everyone looked towards her for guidance, some even in reverence as if she was the Queen herself. However the more drastic changes she had gone through were herself. Her physical strength had increased tenfold, her combat instincts had become even more flawless, almost predicting her opponents' every move. However, she started sensing others moods as well. It was the oddest thing too...

Due to this new development, she started noticing a difference in the Empress. The Empress emotions felt cold in Violet's opinion. Violet found herself thinking of conquering more nations and enslaving men. Violet had never thought twice about the enslavement of men, however the more her empath abilities increased, the more she realized that the Empress enjoyed torturing her slaves, she found pleasure in dehumanizing them and objectifying them.

"What did I say about preparing my meals in my quarters at the time I request them?" she demanded towards a particular slave as she threw the platter of food at his feet.

"My apologies, your majesty. It won't happen again," he scrambled to pick it up, and as he knelt the Empress pulled him up by the neck.

"You better believe it won't, because next time I won't be so forgiving," she threw him back as he fell against the floor, knocking his head against the wall. "Now get out of my sight you filthy male," and with the flick of her hand, the slave stood on command and disappeared through the door as if without his own consent.

Violet observed on the side, perplexed by such inhumane treatment of another human being. She had never noticed the queen hated despised men so intensely. But she could feel it. She could feel that hate and disgust so greatly, that it revolted her stomach. Violet had always prided herself in being the powerful warrior she worked so hard to become in order to protect the empire that was her home. However, now, she is not so sure anymore if that safe home exists.

"You had something to say, General Raven?" the Empress spoke, one hand poised at her hip, the other at her chin, a picture of complete calm.

"No, your majesty." Violet bowed her head slightly, as she stood with her hand on her sword, "I just came to inform you that the new recruits have done well in there training today. All current warriors have started their training for the next mission. Everything seems to be going to plan." Violet ended her small report and stood still.

"Excellent," the Empress finally concluded, a slight twitch in her lips. Violet felt a sudden lust for blood. Her whole body pulsed with the need to fight and to conquer. She tightened her eyes and cleared her throat.

“If you’ll excuse me, I’ll go and dismiss the warriors to their cabins,” Violet said, the queen simply nodded, her attention elsewhere. Violet headed out as quick as she could, that hunger for murder tormenting her.

Once she was outside of the queen’s quarters and a few feet away, she was finally able to breathe, her mind and emotions clearing with every fresh breath she took. As she rounded the corner into the fields she almost slammed into another person. Her reflexes were quick, however, and she managed to maneuver around the person and even catch the tray they carried, before it clattered to the floor. “Here you go,” Violet said as she made to hand the platter over to its owner and made eye contact. It was the slave from earlier.

“My apologies General,” the slave repeated the words from earlier. For some reason, this angered Violet. Especially after experiencing the fear this slave held that she would replay his mistakes to the queen.

“I assure you, there is no need to apologize. It was a mistake on both our parts,” Violet offered as she glanced at his face again. “I was distracted,” she added as an afterthought. Violet could feel the shock and relief immediately.

“Thank you General,” he replied gratefully. “Did you need anything?” he added.

“No thank you,” she paused not knowing how to address him. “What is your name?” She asked, frowning her brows. For the life of her, she couldn’t understand the sudden interest. She felt she needed to apologies on the behalf of her queen.

The slave gave her an incredulous look, as if wondering if he had heard her right. “I-uh” he cleared his throat, “My name is Daniel,” he said, glancing at her again.

“Nice to meet you Daniel. My name is Violet,” she said extending her arm in a handshake.

“I know your name General Raven,” Daniel said, then his eyes widened quickly, “I’m sorry, general,” he bowed his head.

“Oh hush,” she said with a small roll of her eyes, “Of course you know my name, no need to apologize,” she smiled at him, and he returned the smile. “I’ll see you around, Daniel,” she said again, dismissing herself.

For his part, Daniel was in shock the whole conversation. After being yelled at by her royal pain, Daniel wondered if the General was playing some kind of prank in which he was the punchline.



However, Violet was true to her word, she often saw Daniel. She made an effort to converse with him whenever their paths crossed. As the weeks passed, she began to consider Daniel a friend. However, the more time passed the more she decided that the queen was poisoning her. Every time she was around her, she could feel that deadly need for power at the expense of many lives. It repulsed Violet, to be completely honest. But it repulsed her more that she once admired her Empress. She was devoted to her as well as the empire because she thought they were saving nations on the brink of extinction. However, now, Violet was confused. She spoke her concerns

to her brother Nico, and her friend, Sofia, over dinner one night. Nico shook his head in disbelief. “Look, I have always respected your decision to be a part of this empire and rule by her majesty’s side, but I have always warned you she was a dangerous woman,” Nico was blind, Violet blamed herself, but he was adamant otherwise. Nico had always been very intelligent and intuitive, and after the accident, his abilities made his intelligence unparalleled.

“But, why? You have never told me why you thought that about her,” Violet accused, huffing in annoyance. “I am only now getting the sense that she is more than I thought, but you never once were able to tell me why.”

“Violet, you know I can’t,” Nico whispered, imploring Violet to understand, or was it to continue to pry?

“See that’s the thing, Nico,” Sofia spoke up, “You keep saying that but you never gave us a reason,” Sofia agreed.

Nico took a long sigh as he rubbed his temple in frustration. “It’s complicated. I can’t tell you guys why or how. I just hope you guys can trust me and do something about it,” Nico closed his eyes, as if it physically pained him to talk about it.

Violet was troubled again by how much her brother seemed to know about the Empress, but it troubled her even more that he wasn’t able to talk about it. Almost like if he was cursed. And what does he mean do something about it? Regardless, Violet was convinced she needed answers, and the only way she was going to get answers was to hide her emotions from the queen.



“Attention!” Violet’s voice magnified through the field as she addressed her warriors. “All scheduled training appointments will be tripled and everyone will either report to me or to Lieutenant Sofia for the rest of the week!” She listed off training groups of six new recruits and paired them up with a seasoned warrior for guidance. “Alright, no more instructions will be given the rest of the week, but I suggest you get to training. After you complete your training, you will go through a series of tests that will demonstrate to me if you are worthy of joining the Soberana Warriors.” She paused and waited for everyone to become focused again. “That is all, you are dismissed.”

“All hail Empress Ira!” Sofia chanted.

“All hail Empress Ira!” the warriors replied.

“All hail the Soberana Empire!” Sofia replied.

“All hail the Soberana Empire!” they replied back. Immediately, the warriors divided off into their groups and some began their sessions while others chose to plan first.

“You know, that chant feels very hard to want to say right now,” Sofia confessed conversationally.

“You shouldn’t be saying that out in the open right now,” Violet warned. “It’s not safe.”
However, Violet had to agree.

“E-excuse me, General Raven,” Violet turned to see a trembling slave boy no older than thirteen. He was awfully dirty and covered in cuts and bruises.

“Yes? Can I help you?” Violet asked gently, afraid to scare him off.

“It’s um- it’s Daniel,” he said quietly, eyes cast down, “he didn’t want me to tell you, b-but he’s hurt.”

“What do you mean he’s hurt? What happened?” Alarm bells were ringing in Violet’s head. There was really only one person that could hurt him.

“T-the Empress, well, she was upset with him. Um, he got whipped. Please, General, I don’t know what to do,” the boy seemed to be in tears. Violet could feel the fear and hopelessness this boy felt, and her heart yearned to protect him.

“Alright, where is he? Can you take me to him?” the boy quickly nodded and ran towards the slaves quarters. Violet followed, Sofia trailed behind.

The slave quarters were fairly large as far as slave quarters go. The space was in the dungeon and there was many cots lying on the floor where the slaves slept, a small light bulb hang in the middle, giving off little light, and Violet could see one small bathroom stall with no privacy doors. This place was depressingly despicable. Violet, again, wondered why she had stood by ignorant to this misery that surrounded her. She saw Daniel lying in a cot on his stomach, groaning and dizzy from the pain. “Oh dear god!” she knelt beside him, examining his wounds. “Daniel, can you hear me?”

“Yes, Violet,” Daniel sighed, opening his eyes to look at her. His eyes were completely glazed over.

“Did he take anything?” Violet asked the boy.

The boy nodded. “He told me to steal some whiskey from the kitchens so he wouldn’t be in so much pain,” the boy wrung his hands together, nervous.

“Sofia? Do you think you can do something?” Violet asked, Sofia was already kneeling on Daniel’s other side, her hands hovered over every wound as she examined them. “He received more than 50 lashes, it’s hard to tell because there are not many abrasions. My guess is that the queen purposely slashed through already opened wounds. You see how some are deeper with the tissue more damaged?” she furrowed her brows, thinking. “We have to get him out of here. Somewhere clean so the wounds won’t get infected.”

Violet cursed. “Do you have something that we could carry him without suspicion?” she turned towards the boy. The boy hesitated, trembling in fear. “You can trust me, I’ll take care of him, but I need you to think hard ok.”

“We have the laundry carts. The boy said and dashed to fetch one.

Violet and Sofia quickly and gently lifted him off the cot. It was difficult to hold him because every point had teared flesh, but with Sofia's healing abilities, she was able to numb the pain enough to not add more discomfort for him. The boy returned with a laundry bin that had small wheels. Sofia layered the bottom of the cart with blankets and pillows then they both weaved him inside, laying him in a way that wont hurt him. They covered the top of the bin with a sheet and went out. With the help of the boy they were able to escape from the palace and make it to Violet and Nico's home undetected.

"What the hell? What is going on?" Nico exclaimed, bewildered as he heard the bang of the door as it opened and many feet barged in.

"Hurry Nico! Lock the door, set up a bed for us to lay him on." Nico, knowing the way around his own home managed to do just that.

After they finally got him settled, Sofia started working on his wounds. Violet sighed, her body sagged, tired, not only physically, but emotionally as well. She was feeling all kinds of emotions and wasn't sure which ones were genuinely hers, or which ones were the other's. One thing was clear to her, however.

The Empress was dangerous.

Violet didn't know how or when, but she was going to have to do something about that if she wanted to protect those she cared about. If she finds out Violet took in the slave, she would go after her. Or worse, she would go after Nico, and Violet couldn't have that.

Regardless, Violet started to plot as she watched Daniel doze into unconsciousness.



As it was, the Empress never suspected anything. A few days after Daniel's lashing, Violet had a meeting with the Empress. She suppressed the boiling hatred that grew every time she was near her. This time, it was even more powerful. Violet had the suspicion that she herself was feeling the same intense emotions, but somehow, because of her own emotions, she was able to control the feeling and manipulate the emotions in the room.

Violet trained hard that day. Her already ruthless fighting technique became even more flawless. She combated with every warrior, multiple warrior at a time, and still she hadn't even received a scratch. "Harder!" she yelled at them. "Is that all you've got!?! Don't disappoint me warriors!" she yelled again. They came after her, working together, but she was unstoppable. Her anger was fueling her strength and sharpening her focus. She was able to predict every lunge and attack aimed towards her.

Meanwhile the Empress watched over the training field through her window, wondering why Violet was pushing so hard if she hadn't asked her too. Violet was becoming a nuisance. The Empress knew what she thought of her. She was testing her to see if she was fit to be general, but of course, no one deserves her trust. Violet had disappointed her. She had lost what little trust Ira had in her.

The Empress would have to dispose of her before she became even more powerful.



“I think I got it!” Sofia greeted her as she entered her home.

“Got what?” Violet asked, leaving her armor in the closet and cracking her neck.

“I don’t think you should quit being general. I know it’s what you have always wanted and even though it has made you feel like the Empress is dangerous, I think that is why you should stay,” she said, gesturing with her hands.

“How’s Daniel?” Violet asked instead. She really did not want to think about Ira right now.

Sofia sobered a little, “Well, he is still out. I’ve done all I could, he’s rested a few days now, I don’t know why he hasn’t responded to the medication,” Sofia wondered as they both made their way towards where Daniel rested.

His wounds were still bad, however, there was no more blood leaking and Violet thought with more rest and antibiotics, he should be healed soon enough. Violet sat down next to him, simply staring. You could say he was handsome, with dark hair and olive skin. He could be her age, maybe a bit younger. Her hand shot out to touch his face. It was strange, she realized, she had actually never been near a man that wasn’t her brother, and it was making her feel weird things. Daniel sighed, making Violet’s heart skip a beat. She retracted her hand and stared at it as if it betrayed her. When glanced around, she noticed Sofia had left the room. Probably to let her moment of embarrassment to herself, no doubt.

“Violet?” her eyes darted towards Daniel again. His eyes were blinking, trying to focus on Violet.

“Oh, thank god! You’re awake,” she said eagerly.

“Where am I? Why are you here?” Daniel asked, finally realizing he doesn’t know where he is. Violet quickly recanted how they had found him and decided to bring him to her home to heal him.

“What happened? Can you remember why the Empress beat you?” Violet questioned.

Daniel looked away, almost in shame. “Yeah, I remember.”

After Violet realized that was all he was going to say, she persisted. “Well can you tell me?”

“You have to understand, I never meant to tell her. It was like if she was feeding the words to me, and she managed to pick the right words. She asked me what you found so special about me, why your interest in talking to me. I told her I had no idea. I don’t know how, but she got in my head. She insinuated that we were romantically involved, and for some reason, I couldn’t deny it. It was like, whatever she said, became true to me and that’s why I said it,” Daniel paused, looking her in the eyes, “I hope you’re not mad. I don’t know why that happened.”

Violet, despite herself, still managed to blush at that idea. “No, I’m not mad. I know what she’s like, her power, it is very manipulative. I don’t think you could have helped it.

Daniel nodded. He felt a lot better than what he felt after being beaten. “There is something I have to tell you,” Daniel confessed.

“What is it?”

“I am part of a secret group called the Rebellion. I see that you don’t hold the same ideas as the Empress, and since our friendship I was wondering if you wanted to become a part of it.”

Violet was shocked mostly. She was not aware a secret group existed, let alone the mysterious way in which they appeared. “What exactly is the Rebellion?”

Daniel then proceeded to explain every aspect of the Rebellion; when it formed, how far it could go, who was in it, how many people were a part of it. What their goal was etc. “The reason I’m asking is because I trust you, you have saved me in more ways than one and for that I will always be thankful.” Daniel looked at her, his face shining. Violet could feel the affection radiating off of him, the happiness he felt near her. It made her skin tingle with pleasure. She finally realized that she liked Daniel. She wanted to know everything about him, what he liked, what he didn’t. Everything.

She reached for his hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. He tightened his grip on hers, and held her hand for a lot longer than necessary.

Daniel had told her that, they needed a leader in the Rebellion. Ever since realizing her change in loyalties, Daniel conserved asking you. Violet was honored, but she was conflicted.



“My dear sister, I have solved all your problems!” Nico declared as he entered their home. Violet and Sofia were in the middle of conversation, making plans for their next training session with the warriors; Violet had planned a subsequent meeting with the Rebellion to see what they expected from and what she could do.

“And why, my dear brother, do you say that?” Violet mocked, with a small smile of her own.

Nico smiled in their direction, as he blindly made his way towards a seat. He sat down next to Sofia, as Sofia let out a small sigh. “Are you going to tell us or what?” she said, leaning towards him. Violet could feel the adoration through Sofia.

“Well, I realized that your new Stygian blade has more power than you know,” he started as he began laying out pictures of the so-called blade. “After examining it thoroughly, I realized that the sword absorbs everything it destroys, and the more power it absorbs it is able to protect you.”

“So you’re saying it makes me stronger than I already am?”

“Modest as ever,” Sofia commented.

Nico chuckled, agreeing. “Yes, exactly.”

“Will this help me against the Queen?” Violet wondered, already strategizing all possible outcomes.

“I thought about that too, and I found it odd that she herself gave you this sword. She must know about its power because she carries it as well. I think she can manipulate it in some way. I'm still trying to find out how and why she would give it you in the first place,” Nico furrowed his brows, and placed his hands over the pictures on the table. It was his way of ‘seeing’. Through his hands and because he was blind, he was able to see situations in which they could benefit from; his added intelligence was always a bonus as well.

It had been a few days since Daniel had mentioned the Rebellion, and surprisingly Nico and Sophia were eager to join, but agreed that it was best for them to join as spies for them, since they already held positions in the warrior army.

Daniel rounded the corner, yawning and stretching his limbs. He wasn't completely healed, but he was finally able to move around and do stuff, the slave boy, who's name was Jacob, turned out to be his brother. Violet and the others decided that they will not be able to go back as slaves to the palace. It was too dangerous and they would be questioned. Instead they'd stay here with Nico, and lay low, only to make contact with the Rebellion when necessary.

Violet was nervous. She felt a sudden wave of anxiousness, as if whatever they were planning would fail before it had a chance to succeed.

Well, there was only one way to find out. Violet knew she was doing the right thing. She knew that now, and helping the Rebellion would also help her forgive herself for being a part of this empire led by a malicious queen.

Regardless, if she fails, she'll know that she failed fighting for what's right.

There was a sudden jolt in their home, the ground shook and then scorching heat engulfed them. The village was under attack.

It seemed like the Empress was always one step ahead of them.

Violet rushed towards the others, but only managed to grab a hold of Daniel's hand before she blacked out.



Outline

I decided that I wasn't going to be able to finish it because there is still much needed to be explained but I would like to give a brief explanation on what would happen next:

Violet and the others would manage to escape underground and finally meet up with the Rebellion were they would confirm that the explosion was from the orders of the Empress.

Violet would then meet with the Empress enraged because she received no order for that explosion.

The Empress would then reveal to her that she knew all along that Violet would end up betraying her so she ended up destroying her home in revenge.

Violet would become even more enraged, and Ira would try to have her imprisoned and stripped of her title but they would engage into a fight.

Meanwhile, Nico, Daniel, and Sophia are trying to evacuate the village. With the help of the Rebellion they manage to fight off some of the Warriors. Sophia struggles with fighting them, and some manage to turn sides as well. However most are loyal their Empress and they fight.

Daniel escapes the battleground to search for Violet because he believes she's in danger.

Nico, not being a great fighter, ends up getting hurt, and Sophia pulls him aside and protects him as long as she can. Nico urges her to return to the fight, but she's adamant to protect him.

Nico then, fear of dying, professes his love for Sophia. He tells her that he always feared confessing to her because he wasn't sure he could give her a future with him being blind, Sophia overjoyed, smacks him and tugs him toward a kiss.

Violet and Ira are engaged in their fight for quite a while, each matched in skill and stealth. Violet's sword absorbs every hit, however it doesn't compare to Ira's suit and her own sword. She taunts her. Flaunting her weaknesses for caring too much about men. She then confesses to her that she was the one who killed Violet's parents. Her mother was once general too, however she loved her family and her husband more. Ira demanded she leave her husband and rule by her side. However she refused. Ira then retaliated by murdering them and setting their home on fire. She manipulated the scene to make Violet believe she was the one that caused it, allowing her to feel guilt about murdering her own parents and leaving her brother blind.

Enraged and pained by this revelation, Violet manages to knock the sword out of Ira's grasp. She takes it and continues to fight her, landing enough blows to finally break through Ira's armor.

Daniel then arrives, shocked at what he sees, ready to assist Violet if she needed it.

Violet has everything under control, however. She confesses to the Empress that she had always admired her, however, now after everything, she only pities her because her greed for power has blinded her to the beauty of love and relationships with other human beings. With both swords, she slashes through her armor and manages to slice her head off.

Daniel runs towards Violet, catching her before she falls. All the hate drained out of her. He confesses that he's glad she killed the Empress. They laugh with each other then he kisses her.

Violet, ready to move on to peaceful times and accept men in her life, kisses him back.

And The End.