

A young king stared solemnly at the fields of an unknown realm. His cerulean suit was in scraps and ash, the only evidence of his fallen home. His eyes, the color of lapis lazuli, were dazed as he stared at the ripened grain. The king's job was to start a new kingdom, but here he sat, ignoring the future of his family's bloodline.

Over time, he built a small home and befriended many of the inhabitants of the new world. The king was respected by all, from the Cybertronos who offered him wisdom while he rebuilt their homes, to the Enderians, the creatures of void who never knew the kindness of mortals till the human came. The respect for the newcomer drew the attention of three local leaders. The leaders saw how the king was respected by their people and went together to seek his true intentions.

The leaders appeared to the king as he was sitting in a field, fighting imaginary battles with his obsidian sword. The king acknowledged each leader and bowed to show his respect. "Greetings, your honors. My name is Asher Graves. I am on a quest to rebuild my kingdom that was destroyed by enemy lands. How may I assist you on this day?" The king spoke as he stood. The leaders then conversed among themselves before one stepped forth and cleared his throat.

The leader's body was made of flesh and many metallic symbols, his eyes brighter than the sun. On his head, he adorned a pair of brown goggles, which were covered in grease. His armor covered over a pair of brown and grey suspenders. His arms were made from this world's very core, which he obviously repaid with his and his peoples' creations. "My people have offered our wisdom in exchange for your abilitation of creatability. I have seen your progression, your majesty, and it has often reminded me of my own youth. My people and I will respect you as the world's king, if you could possibly take my offer." The Cybertron leader declared to the younger royale, who's eyebrows were raised in interest.

The Cybertron bowed on one knee and lowered his head. "If you protect my people as their new leader, I will forever honor your line as your advisor. I will share the wisdom I have gained over my life. Allow my assistance, and I will never let any harm come to your creations."

Asher lowered himself to a kneeling position in front of the leader. "It would be an honor to serve your people and to have you by my side. May I know your name, my friend?" He asked while tilting his head, shaggy brown hair flopping to the side. The Cybertronos leader raised his head in surprise before answering, "My designation is Cadmus, your majesty. Thank you for receiving my offer." The men shook hands before Asher stepped aside for Cadmus to stand at his side, nodding at the two remaining leaders to continue.

The next to step forth was a being made of pure void, his face adorned with shades of black and purple the king had only heard about. The leader adorned robes and armor made of obsidian and Netherite. The void at the end of his arms formed hands as he bobbed his head respectfully to the king and his new found advisor.

A voice echoed through the leader as he remained in his respected stance. "My name is Draven, your majesty. My Enderians have been treated as monsters for centuries. You are one of the first mortals who have treated us as equals. I am in great depth to you, your majesty. My people and I have never experienced kindness quite like yours. If you become this world's king, my people and I will forever protect your bloodline."

Asher bowed to the Enderian leader, eyes solemn and caring. "My apologies for your mistreatment of you and your people, Draven. No kind, no matter who, deserves to be mistreated for their looks. It would be my honor to know my future is safe with you." The king patted the young leader's shoulder, a siblingly bond forming between the two. Draven floated over to Cadmus, the void transforming into hands. Cadmus proudly shook his hand and the two stepped back for the third leader's arrival.

The third leader had moved to watch from a tree limb, grey wings raised slightly as she flew down. Her hair was black as midnight with streaks of magenta near the ends. She wore a purple dress with engravings of the sun, stars and moon on the belt that wrapped around the silk. Her eyes were the prettiest blue king Asher had ever seen. They shined like diamonds on her tanned skin. As she walked to him, tiny, purple orbs touched the ground where she stepped. She cleared her throat and began stating her discovery.

"One of my companions has offered you wisdom, while another has declared protection. I bring forth something else, something very dear to my people. We Avians often rely on the companionship of others to get through times such as war or famine. The ability to know that we're not alone keeps us going and strong. We are tended to be seen as 'Weak' or 'Fragile' for this however. People tend to believe you can only win a war with weapons or violence or even death and sacrifice. I am far wiser than my compatriots, and I have seen similar things such as what happened to your realm. If you continue to help my people and become this world's king, I wish to ask if you will take what I said into consideration."

King Asher bowed to the Avian at her words, lowering his head to hide his saddened eyes. His own mother had taught him that lesson, and the leader had immediately reminded him of her. "M'lady? I accept your offer. Companionship is something most and even I tend to forget.

I wish to have you by my side and to help me remember this, especially in times such as these. May I ask what your name is?" He stated as he rose, turning to her.

The Avian's wings puffed in pride, her eyes a mixture of joy and sorrow. "My people aren't raised with names, your majesty. However, I have always been fond of the name Katherine. If it's possible, I would like to be recognized as that." She asked, unsureness in her voice.

Asher reached and held her hands in his. "Of course, Katherine. I hope we both, if not all, can learn and inspire each other. If we are able to achieve that, this realm shall become the greatest of its existence, if that can even be done to something so perfect. May the future leaders of our land stumble upon this field and discover the greatness we have formed today. Today my Wise, my Brave, and my Love, will never be forgotten."

And so the bonds remained as the years went and the kingdom grew. In the nearer future, they each led a legacy on the world. Cagmus had invented a machine that allowed others to connect and learn about other realms. Draven's people had been welcomed with open arms to the castle and in return, he held his promise and became the godfather to the king's three children. And Asher and Katherine fell in love and helped balance the ruling of the realm, the loyalty and compassion flourishing throughout the realm. They may have all passed on, but the day and legacy never was forgotten.

A young woman with dirty blonde hair and blue armor stood before a field of grain. There stood a giant oak tree, on the very ground of where the four once stood. She stepped back to view her work and looked on proudly. On the large base of the tree, she had painted a mural of the leaders and the king. Cagmus was looking lost in victory, hands tinkering away with another great invention for the kingdom's delight. Draven was seen with an obsidian blade, void in the process of forming hands. And in the middle stood the king and queen, hand in hand. Katherine's hair was pulled back and her wings were raised proudly. Asher looked at her with nothing but love and loyalty in his greyish-blue eyes, a crown being placed by hands shown to be made of nothing but the earth of his kingdom itself. The girl bowed to her work, honoring the elders she once knew and loved. A young boy approached her with curiosity, before signing to ask what she had made. The woman looked lovingly at the boy before putting him on her shoulders. "This, my dear, are your grandparents, the once rulers of what used to be our realm. In this spot, a Cybertron, an Enderian, an Avian and a cerulean king met.