

"You do remember, don't you Katherine?" said the assailant girl, circling the girl like a predator would its prey. Katherine, the blonde girl in question, was tied down in a chair and struggling with the ropes binding her. "You remember what they told you, don't you," said the attacker, again. She, unlike Katherine, had long black hair that made even the night look bright. She had pale skin as well as cold, restless, torturing brown eyes. Katherine had brown eyes too, but her's were kinder and warmer.

"I won't tell you anything, Niamh," replied Katherine, through gritted teeth. Niamh expected this response, but it didn't phase her.

The chair was in the center of a stone room with a fireplace at one end and a heavy wooden door on the other. By the fireplace was a collection of burning branding irons, ones farmers would use on cattle.

"You will. Whether or not you'll do it now or later is up to you," said Niamh. She spoke matter-of-factly, and had a smile on her face that made the entire world hold still in anticipation, but not the good kind.

"What happened to you, Niamh? Why are you acting like this?" asked Katherine as Niamh walked over to the fireplace and lifted a burning iron.

"I'll ask you again Katherine, what did those traitors tell you?" she asked, as she walked closer to Katherine, wielding the burning iron as though it were a ruler.

"I know you won't hurt me, Niamh. I know you wouldn't do that. I know you. Remember what we used to be? We used to be friends, Niamh. We used to be inseparable. What happened to you?" said Katherine.

"Used to," was all Niamh said in response. She walked behind the chair and pulled down the shoulder piece of Katherine's blouse. Then, she began fiddling with the branding iron next to the empty spot on her shoulder.

"I know you won't brand me like another one of the slaves you control. I know I'm more than that to you. We used to spend every day together, remember that? We used to be partners in crime at school. But those were just games. This is different! You must see that," continued Katherine. She sounded like she believed what she said, but she was clearly too scared to turn around and face Niamh.

"I know you won't hurt me," continued Katherine, though her voice was trembling. But Niamh didn't hear that. She was distracted by ramming the branding iron into the spot on Katherine's shoulder.

Katherine let out a momentary scream, but she stopped herself from showing weakness. Instead, the only noise came from her skin sizzling and the tears rolling down her cheeks. Her mind filled with sorrow and began racing, looking for anything good about her old friend.

"Now tell me, Katherine, did that hurt?" asked Niamh, a laugh forming in her voice.

"You," was all Katherine said. She tried to form words but she wasn't able to. It was too hard for her.

"Do you want to tell me what they told you, or should I try a more painful approach?" asked Niamh, gesturing to the fire itself. Katherine grimaced and looked away from her old ally, wistfully.

"Don't you remember the days we spent walking through the castle courtyard?" asked Katherine, after waiting a few moments to calm down.

"Not helping," replied Niamh, with a ring in her voice.

“Don’t you remember the nights we spent laying under the stars, looking at constellations,” continued Katherine.

“Answer the question, Katherine,” said Niamh, in a more angry tone.

“You asked me which star was my favorite, and you’d told me you’d go up there and get it for me,” continued Katherine.

“What did Varian tell you?” yelled Niamh. As she did, the flames from the fireplace danced more violently. It scared Katherine, but she wanted so much to believe that Niamh wouldn’t burn her again.

“Tell me you remember, Niamh! Tell me you remember all the adventures we embarked on together, all the journeys we took together in the Barbarian Realm. We escaped the Hypnotists and their glowing green eyes! We helped the people who were under their spells escape their control! Don’t you remember their glowing green eyes, the people under their control had them too! We saved them! We tamed a spotted bear and rode it home. Then my mother made us take it back, and we were so sad but we knew it was the right thing to do. You vowed to get me one of those when we were adults and allowed to do stuff we couldn’t then,” said Katherine, talking way too fast. It was justified. She really didn’t want to get hurt, but it was still hard to understand.

“And you know what I did last year, Katherine? I killed every last Spotted Bear. Our own bear, the one with an extra toe, was my favorite kill,” said Niamh. Katherine’s head dropped and a few more tears fell from her eyes.

“You wouldn’t-,” began Katherine.

“And we’re already planning the adventure to destroy all the stars. I’ve had it planned for weeks. And your mother? I killed her too. I killed every last member of your family. Everyone you ever loved, everyone you ever cared for. They’re dead, and I killed them. Still think there’s a part of me left on your side? I beg you to reconsider,” said Niamh, as she put her hand into the flames and scooped up a ball of fire.

“You’re lying,” shouted Katherine. A part of Niamh really did look like she was lying, but that wasn’t the part she was focusing on.

“Am I?”

“Varian told me the troops would come on Friday,” said Katherine, her spirits broken. She looked away as she spoke, and Niamh noticed it.

“Look at me and tell me what Varian told you,” said Niamh, flicking her wrist which caused the fire to go out, and grabbing Katherine’s chin so that she was forced to look at her.

“I told you! They attack Friday,” replied Katherine, trying to look away but not being able to due to Niamh holding her chin.

“You know that I can tell when you’re lying, Katherine. You look away. Now tell me again when they’re attacking,” said Niamh.

“They’re attacking as we speak,” said Katherine, her voice faltering and cracking. This response was suitable for Niamh. She dropped her grip on Katherine’s chin.

“I suspected as such. The guards are already on the border just in case. But now what am I going to do with you,” sneered Niamh.

“Go defend the border. Leave me here,” said Katherine.

“You could tell me more about the secret weapon they have,” replied Niamh, a frightening smile forming across her face.

"You know what their secret weapon was, Niamh," said Katherine, her voice faltering.

"I know, but I want to hear you say it," replied Niamh, a terrifying smile forming upon her face.

"She was an Enchantress. A powerful one. But she had a weakness, a weakness that got her caught," said Katherine.

"And what, pray tell, is the weakness's name?" grinned Niamh. She already knew the answer.

"She was another Enchantress, an equally powerful one. But while this girl controlled the water, her weakness controlled the fire. And even though they were polar opposites, they were best friends, more than friends even. And then one of the friends disappeared, and the weapon never saw her or heard from her again until she started a war that she has almost won," replied Katherine.

"Her name," commanded Niamh, even though it was clear she knew.

"The Secret Weapon's Weakness is Niamh Wallace. But she goes by *The Dragoness* now," said Katherine, staring straight into Niamh's eyes.

"And what's the secret weapon's name," commanded Niamh, again.

"Her name is Katherine Carrow," replied Katherine. Niamh let out a loud, cold cackle. She had to steady herself so as not to lean back too far.

"Please Niamh, stop this war. Those people you have under your control, they're not there by choice. You make them help you. But they don't want to. Be considerate to your people and let them go. Stop this war. You don't need to rule everything," said Katherine.

"Oh shut up, Katherine," said Niamh.

"In fact, only a few years ago you told me that you wanted to spend the rest of your life with me in the Barbarian Realm with all the animals. And we could live happily ever after," said Katherine.

"Stop, Katherine," responded Niamh.

"Forget about the war. Why can't we move away to the Barbarian Realm and spend the rest of our lives together like you promised! Forget the war," said Katherine.

"War? What war! Katherine, every battle we've had, I have won. Every single time. And we've had massacres. The only people fighting on your side are the ones my guards are obliterating right now. You can feel it, can't you, the deaths of everyone. Water manipulating Enchantresses are supposed to know when people die. That's true isn't it?" said Niamh.

"Stop," said Katherine, tears falling from her cheeks and onto her clothes.

"You really think there's still a chance to save me! No Katherine, you can't save me because I don't need to be saved. It's you whose ways need to be changed, not mine. You're on the wrong side of this war, a war I've already won! Join me Katherine, and maybe I'd spare you," said Niamh.

"I'm looking into your eyes and looking for my best friend, but you won't let me see her. Please Niamh, join me," said Katherine. Niamh only glared.

"It's clear I won't be changing your mind," said Niamh, walking back over to the fireplace and staring into the fire.

"But I can still change yours. C'mon Niamh, please. Somewhere in there, you must know what you're doing is wrong," replied Katherine.

"No Katherine."

“So many things are happening right now, and they could get better! Everybody is finally getting along back at home, the nomads are being gifted full rights and treated better than before. People like us, we’re being treated better too,” said Katherine.

“We’ll never be treated like everyone else. In the views of those cowards, we’re low lifes. They think just because they’re so rich and wealthy they can treat people who are different from them like garbage. But I’ll show them, I’ll show all of them. I’ll make them wish they never said anything. I’ll make them pay. I’ll make them burn in my flames like they said I’d burn in hell,” said Niamh. As she spoke she placed her arms at her side and they roared with fire in her anger.

“You’re wrong Niamh. People can change. I believe that you can too,” said Katherine, again.

“Oh quit being such a goody goody! You have no idea what my life has been like,” responded Niamh, in a slightly more high pitched voice than usual. It was clear she was both annoyed, and angry, and her fire wasn’t going out yet.

“Actually, I do. You might have forgotten, but we used to spend every day together,” replied Katherine.

“I haven’t forgotten, you won’t stop reminding me. But that doesn’t mean anything Katherine, things happened at my home. You ever wonder why you could barely come over? Well I’d tell you but I don’t care anymore, that problem’s been taken care of,” continued Niamh.

“You clearly still care about it Niamh. So tell me, like old times when you would rant to me about everything,” suggested Katherine, talking sweetly to Niamh in hopes it would change her attitude.

“Oh, would you shut up Katherine! My parents abused me! I wasn’t the child that would conquer the world for them, so they burned me every day until I was! Ever wondered where the scars on my back came from! No, you didn’t, because you only ever think of yourself,” shouted Niamh, as she flung a fireball next to Katherine’s head, narrowly missing but obviously on purpose. “You’re so irritating! I don’t know what I ever saw in you.”

“Well, I don’t know what I ever saw in you,” clapped back Katherine, her anger suddenly starting to rise, “You’re a terrible person, and all you do is hurt people! You never think of anyone but yourself anymore, and you’ve killed everyone else I’ve ever known!” As Katherine spoke, her tears that fell from her eyes and her sweat that had formed from her fear began to rapidly join together.

“And I’d do it again!” Shouted Niamh, the fire in her arms raging as she swung them above Katherine’s head.

“Rubbish!”

Katherine’s sweat and tears had fallen all over her, and now when given the chance she formed it all together and froze it like a dagger. She used it to cut through the chains binding her to the chair, and then she threw them towards Niamh so that they would miss, but just barely.

“You bitch!”

Niamh began throwing fireballs furiously at Katherine, all of which she dodged by dancing around the room. She called back the ice dagger to her hands, and reformed it back into a large ball of water.

With every attack Niamh made towards Katherine, it was blocked by her ball of water, or by Katherine jumping out of Niamh’s range. Niamh wanted Katherine to fight back, this was obvious, but Katherine was refusing to.

"Fight back! Fight back, you coward!" Shouted Niamh, again. It was only her yelling things, Katherine was ignoring her. She was only being defensive for herself, not attacking her opponent. She didn't want to harm Niamh, she couldn't bring herself to do that.

Katherine also knew she needed to find a way out from where she was. She knew she needed to find an escape, but she didn't know what that escape might be.

Eventually, Niamh gave up just throwing balls of fire and jumped into the middle of the room. There she lit her hands on fire, held them out like a scarecrow, and began spinning in circles at an immense speed.

"Stop!"

Katherine didn't expect this move. She hadn't seen it before. Why did she expect that Niamh hadn't learned new methods of attack? Why did she think she still knew what Niamh would do, and knew how to stop it?

"It burns doesn't it, Katherine," said Niamh, walking over to the fallen Katherine. Katherine was laying against the wall now, both of her hands had been burned by Niamh's last attack, and they weren't pretty burns either.

"Please Niamh," begged Katherine, as Niamh lifted up Katherine and strapped her back into the chair.

"Let me make this perfectly clear Katherine. If you ever try to escape again," said Niamh, "I will not show mercy." Niamh further proved this by setting the ends of Katherine's hair on fire, even though it went out shortly after.

"My powers might not work Niamh, but I can still talk to you," said Katherine, staring up at the girl. At this moment more than ever, it was completely apparent that Niamh was much taller than Katherine, and it seemed to play an important role in their relationship.

"Go for it," snorted Niamh, as she leaned against the wall.

"Do you remember the last time we celebrated my birthday? We were sitting together on top of Mount Kyoshi when you turned to me and told me the best thing I'd ever heard," said Katherine. Niamh's face finally showed signs of humanity as Katherine began this story.

"Yes," Niamh croaked, trying to sound confident and strong but failing a little.

"Do you remember the first time you told me you loved me? I do, every single day," said Katherine, looking at Niamh, who was looking at the ground.

"It was right after I told you I'd do anything for you. I told you I'd destroy all evil so I could spend every moment with you," said Niamh, her eyes tearing slightly so she looked away.

"And I told you I'd do the same for you. I'd never let anyone hurt you," replied Katherine, as she began to cry.

"And I rolled over to face you and said," Niamh hesitated for a moment, "You're my world, Katherine. My whole world. I love you, I love you more than you know." Now, the tears came rolling down her face and her callous demeanor weakened.

"I love you too," replied Katherine.

After a moment of silence, Niamh too burst into tears. Katherine again formed an ice dagger to escape from the chair and she ran over to Niamh.

"I'm sorry," cried Niamh, as the two embraced.

"I know, I know," replied Katherine, lovingly. The two stared at each other for only a moment before Katherine kissed Niamh, and Niamh kissed back.

Niamh took Katherine's own dagger and plunged it through the back of her heart. As Katherine fell, Niamh held her close to her chest and cradled her.

"I'm so sorry," said Niamh, "I didn't have a choice. And it wasn't my fault!" Niamh's eyes glowed green as Katherine fell to the floor.

"Niamh, why," was all Katherine said, tears falling from her cheeks and onto Niamh's hands.

"I'm sorry! I went to get you that spotted bear, and they got me," said Niamh, her eyes glowing green again.

"The Hypnotists?"

"Your mother's not dead, she's alive. I didn't touch your closest family, I resisted them as much as I could!"

"I know."

"I love you Katherine, please, you have to believe me!"

"I love you."

And as Katherine took her dying breath in Niamh's arms, Niamh let out one last painful scream. Then she took the ice dagger she had used to kill her lover, and stabbed it through her own heart to be with her once again.

Because she remembered.