

Indigo saddled the big black warhorse. Her servants tried to stop her. She glared at the large footman who stood in her way. SaMarra stood right behind him.

“Lady Indigo, nineta, you are not going into the mountains by yourself, not in your condition, Master Jarock would have our skins,” the older housekeeper begged.

“Then saddle a horse and come with me,” Indigo was determined, “but you better hurry, because I am leaving.”

Indigo mind swirled with the paralyzing fear. She couldn't touch him, she couldn't find him. In a blink he had been gone. Just gone. She flipped the reins over the black's head, but the saddle master grabbed the bridle. The horse stilled and moved closer to the man to avoid the pressure on his mouth.

“Let go,” Indigo's voice was low and full of threats. No one was going to stop her. She had to find Rock.

MaTara came dashing out of the keep, followed by the young maid that had been sent to fetch her. “Indigo, ti low be seagon,” her great great grandmother demanded.

Indigo gritted her teeth in frustration. “Rock abieto, los bano fee way.” She thought about just kicking the horse forward and riding over the lot of them. She had to go.

MaTara planted herself in front of the horse whose nose didn't even touch the top of her head. “Stop, nineta, your darkcano is coming home. You must trust the blessing that you will have many more ninetes.”

Indigo wrestled with her grandmother's word, but the knowledge that Rock had stood in a valley filled with blood vengeful dragons and then he was gone. He was just gone. She pulled her shaky hands up with the reins and kicked the horse. She was going to find him. The horse stumbled forward and the crowd was pushed back. The black warhorse with the young duchess leapt across the stable yard and disappeared through the archway. The other's scrambled to saddle horses to follow her. They all knew that Master Jarock was going to have their heads, but they also knew that nothing had ever stopped Lady Indigo from her chosen purpose. The woe to those who tried to stand in her way.

Two guards swung up into the saddles and kicked their mounts into a run to catch up with her. The rest scrambled to pack supplies and weapons. The guards grimaced. What weapons would stand against angry dragons.

The black warhorse raced down the rock smooth valley corridor. The sound of its hoof beats echoing off the walls of the cliffs. The rhythm perfect with the chanting in her head, “Never be persuaded to leave him.” The fear that clinched her heart circled with the guilt of her failure. “Never be persuaded to leave him.”