

## **Kyro's Birth**

The halls of the Kasl were packed with esteemed visitors from across the Kaspaverse. The buzz of excitement filled the air, an undercurrent of anticipation rippling through the never-ending chatter of the guests and the clinking sounds of celebration. The golden pillars were draped with intricate tapestries depicting the fierce visages of previous dragon kings of Kasena, their embroidered eyes seeming to follow anyone who dared meet their gaze.

At the end of the main hall stood a towering throne, 50 feet tall, crafted from the finest white marble and gold in the cosmos. The throne loomed over everything in the room, but not its occupant—for the only thing grander than the throne was the king sitting upon it. Downsized to a more palatable form so as not to intimidate his subjects, King Kyronius Maximus still radiated an aura of unparalleled authority. His golden scales glimmered faintly even in the hall's warm light, and his sharp, golden eyes held a wisdom and intensity honed by eons of rule. He was no ordinary king; he hailed from the legendary Maxi lineage of royal space dragons, rulers of not just the Shards of Eternum, but the entire Kaspaverse.

Though his planetary home was Kasena, Kyron preferred the freedom of the cosmos, where his massive natural form could move unhindered. His responsibilities extended far beyond ruling—he was also the Kaspaverse's first line of defense against the ancient and relentless enemies that sought its destruction. Today, however, was not about battles or duties. Today was about legacy. Decades ago, his equally majestic mate, Kyra, had laid an egg. Finally, after years of waiting and months of fervent speculation, it was about to hatch. This was no ordinary event: this was the birth of a Maxi Dragon—a new prince, and one day, a king.

Kyra, in her shapeshifted human form, greeted the guests with a regal grace that matched her dragon might. Her teal dress, perfectly matching her piercing eyes, shimmered as she moved. Her golden hair cascaded down her back, crowned with a simple but elegant circlet. Among the guests were the DAG knights—stalwart protectors of the Kaspaverse, sworn to the Maxi bloodline—who had traveled from distant realms to witness this historic occasion. They carried with them gifts, oaths of renewed allegiance, and a quiet reverence for the power this family wielded.

The clamor in the hall silenced in an instant with a single commanding “Shh.” The sound had come from Kyron, his gaze still fixed on the egg nestled on a velvet cushion the size of a house before the throne. Even in silence, the guests could feel the palpable weight of his focus. Kyra, sensing the moment, shed her human guise and returned to her dragon form. Her long, elegant neck arched as she took her place beside her mate. Together, they formed a picture of power and unity, their scales glinting under the soft glow of starlight that filtered through the grand hall's crystalline ceiling.

The egg began to stir. The first sound was faint, a soft scratching from within the shell. A ripple of excitement swept through the room, and the breaths of hundreds were held in unison. A tiny crack appeared, then another. Each fissure spread like veins of light across the shimmering surface, refracting hues of gold and white. Finally, a small piece of the shell broke away, revealing a glimpse of something white beneath.

Kyron's golden eyes glimmered, and a hush fell so absolute that even the faintest creak of the egg's movements echoed like a drumbeat. Another shard fell. Then, with a final burst of energy, the top of the egg exploded outward, and a small white-scaled dragon tumbled free, landing clumsily on the plush velvet cushion.

The baby dragon blinked, his teal eyes glowing faintly as he tried to focus on the world around him. His small golden horns caught the light, and his tiny wings, still wet and wrinkled, fluttered instinctively. He stumbled forward, rolling awkwardly before managing to push himself upright. The entire hall seemed to hold its breath as the baby lifted his head and met his father's gaze for the first time. Kyron's golden eyes softened, filled with pride and wonder.

"A blessed birth, my son Kyro," Kyron declared, his voice reverberating through the grand hall.

Kyro squeaked in response, a sound so small and innocent it was almost comical against the backdrop of grandeur. Kyron let out a roar—a deafening, jubilant sound that shook the very foundations of the hall. The guests erupted in cheers and applause, their voices echoing like a symphony of triumph. The DAG knights knelt in unison, renewing their vows of loyalty to the Maxi bloodline and its newest member.

Kyra curled protectively around the baby dragon, her teal eyes shimmering with tears of joy. "Our son," she murmured softly to Kyron. "The future of the Kaspaverse."

As the celebrations continued, whispers spread among the guests. Some spoke of the immense power that Kyro would one day wield, while others murmured of the challenges he would face. The tapestry above the throne, depicting Kyron in a victorious battle against the cosmic devourer Zalthor, an enemy defeated long ago, seemed to flicker in the starlight—a silent reminder that the road to greatness was never without peril.

But for now, the hall was filled with joy and hope. Kyro, oblivious to the weight of his destiny, let out a tiny yawn and nestled into the velvet cushion, his parents watching over him with pride. This was the beginning of a new chapter in the saga of the Kaspaverse. The birth of Kyro—a dragon destined to carve his name into the stars.