

6. Ambedo Over The Meadows

The sun had been shining for a week. Combined with Celestia's life magic that had radiated through the land and sky, Equestria was on track to recover most, if not all of the damage that had been inflicted by Twilight's surge. Though it pained Eriwen to see the destruction and death that had been inflicted upon the once great nation, it was worth it to be able to build her hive upon such rich land.

Eriwen had, admittedly, visited Celestia's tree (she had come to refer to it as the 'Celestial tree') often. While she was certain Celestia was at peace, she still spoke as if the matronly Princess was still there. She spoke of plans, of hopes and dreams for her hive. The crimson royal had even built a nursery in the ruined throne room, so that Celestia's spirit could watch over her growing drones closely and witness the future of Equestria for herself.

Even so, Eriwen had a long way to go before Equestria would be the beating heart it had once been. First steps were important. She needed drones, and she needed drones fast. However, she could only produce so many drones at once, and nymphs were hungry little things. Eriwen needed to be able to feed her young until they could hunt for themselves. Ponies no longer inhabited Equestria, but there were creatures that would suffice in the meantime... Deer, elk, and woodland creatures were fine enough, but what Eriwen needed were magical beasts. Hydras, kelpies, and other such creatures that once roamed Equestria. While their emotions were not as potent as a sapient being, they were a great deal more nutritious to Eriwen and her growing clutch.

Everyday Eriwen would venture out to the wilds and claim as much energy as she could. Everyday, she grew just that little bit stronger, her chitin shining more, her red hair growing more lustrous.

It was to Eriwen's great surprise as well that the protected oases that she'd visited on her way to Canterlot had become founts of solar magic, as though Celestia's sacrifice had triggered some slumbering power. Eriwen wished she could ask her what they were for, but she could only assume the founts were some sort of failsafe or protective array. When she got close to one, her body thrummed with power, as though it was judging her to her very core...

As Eriwen hunted the beasts that roamed her lands far and wide, her clutch grew. By the time a month had passed since their laying, she awaited her first drones' hatching.

One egg split, then two, and three and four! Eriwen felt a surge of joy pierce her soul, and she smiled. As her little nymphs burst forth, carapaces shining crimson red, she noticed something over her newly emerged hive mind. There was no mistaking the tinge upon their forms, the growing energy emanating from their souls linked with hers.

Eriwen's drones were capable of producing love. They were self-sufficient, they would not need to feed as she did! They would survive in this empty land.

“Thank you, Celestia,” she whispered as she embraced her first four drones as her mother once did for her. Their energy sustained her, and they would sustain each other as well, “what a wonderful gift...”

Revision #1

Created 2024-01-22 21:03:26 UTC by oblivvys

Updated 2024-01-22 21:04:14 UTC by oblivvys