

The Demise, Trenaris' Mission

Queen Trenaris of the Yu'var Hive capital knew she had very little time left. The ponies, selfish as they were, had expanded far beyond the borders of her lands. Her scouts who had survived their trek into their towns and factories reported nothing good. Their magitechnical developments had surpassed the Changelings' own, and it was only a matter of time before they were overrun.

Of course, there was a glimmer of hope. Queen Trenaris's own daughter, Princess Azenai, had excelled at every possible test since her hatching twenty years ago. She had made Trenaris proud, and so it would be Azenai to lead her people to safety.

Until the ponies' selfishness reached its apex. They had flown too close to the sun, and their magitech golems had turned on them. New Canterlot had been reportedly lost just days ago, and the chain reaction of magical explosions was swiftly approaching the Southern Badlands. Over half of the continent had been devastated. There truly was such little time left...

Azenai's task changed in the blink of an eye. Trenaris had given her daughter a mission. One she hoped would survive into the future.

It could've been hundreds of years, it could have been thousands, but Azenai would awaken and liberate their kind once the surface of the Equestrian continent was habitable. Trenaris had prepared for every eventuality. It was the duty of a Queen of her high intellect to judge every possibility. Every timeline she could imagine, she would not survive. But it was the nature of a Queen's daughters to surpass her. All lived to improve the Changeling race... Even at the cost of their own lives.

Queen Trenaris looked out across the badlands from her highest tower, two of her most loyal drones standing guard beside her. The distant glow of ethereal magic expanding rapidly into the skies crept closer, and illuminated the North side of the proud hive city. Trenaris sighed and closed her eyes as the aftershocks trembled the earth.

The nearest settlement of ponies finally succumbed to the chain reaction of volatile magic. White hot seared Trenaris and her entire hive away in an instant, their lifeforce giving rise to yet another expanding nebula explosion of pure magic.

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