

Martin Septim

I'll never forget Martin; he was the hero of the entire of Cyrodiil after casting Mehrunes Dagon into oblivion forever. The daedric lord was vanquished swiftly after Martin became the golden dragon of Akatosh; his beliefs as a priest were not in vain.

I yearned to tell him my genuine feelings for him, but I could not as I was a lowly dark elf male. Such a thing is forbidden, as not only race is prohibited but also same gender is an illegal act, which is punishable by hanging. My name is Magna, a feminine name in the province of Cyrodiil but some would say I acted feminine by nature. These people were ignorant Imperials, t'was a shame I grew up in Imperial City where the people there were experts of speechcraft and mercantile. These narcissistic imperials had a silver and swift tongue their taunts at adolescence mean nothing to me now.

Those jeers would be naught; a mere hanging would be worth it for one peck from my dear Martin.

I had just broke out of the Imperial City Prison after convening with Uriel Septim, the father of Martin. He was murdered at the hand of the Mythic Dawn; there was no struggle as Uriel accepted his fate. I had journeyed to Weynon Priory to meet with Jauffre who set me a quest to meet my Martin, my lovely Martin.

I had voyaged over land, rivers and the occasional lake to get to the recently ruined village of Kvatch. The inferno of the village roared as scamps congregated around the parish. The oblivion gate stayed strong, its gate showed me the hell within every now and again it would spew out daedra. My determination to remove a village of its anguish was not complete. I had no real willpower or reason to actually complete this quest, there were no rewards but fortunately I was wrong, as I would find out in the near future.

After I shut the gate of oblivion and a sigh of relief, I held my blade scabbard close to my waist and deposited the sword into the scabbard after slashing the wind to remove the blood from the steel. I was now a hero but I had not yet terminated my mission, it was time to find the priest. I was kicking the dust from the floor and hoping finding this "Martin" would mean I could go home. Home being on the streets of Imperial City or in the local Inn. I sighed again and looked around the road beneath Kvatch for my contact until I saw him.

It was definitely Martin as he was wearing priest robes but that wasn't what I was looking at, I saw him aiding a young woman and his face was fine looking and so masculine. His good looks and his saintliness meant he was the ideal man for me. He was perfect in personality and appearance I approached him.

His reaction when I told him he was the son to the emperor was angry which made me upset because I enraged the prince. All was forgiven quickly due to his calm nature. I respected this man so secretly that I was sure he would accept my love at one point.

This person filled my resolve so much that I did each quest for him. Before I could say my devotion he would set me a mission for me to complete. My initial plan was to go home but I had to continue on to show my loyal to my dear Martin. It was never regretful later on when I lost my poor Martin. It had begun when I blocked the great gate of oblivion, which held the daedra plan to annihilate Cyrodiil. I had gathered the forces of each city to help the cause of fighting the deadra. I was dazed and distressed when I heard Martin was going to be leading the military but at a conflict I was proud that my friend Martin was doing this. His muscular body sweating away as he carved into the enemy, the blood splattered on his face. The moistness glittered off his face. The Septim armour looked dashing on him.

When I was in the torturous realm, which is oblivion, I was in difficulty but my thoughts were fixated on Martin, who gave me purpose and assisted me overcome my intricacy. I sliced my way through the gates to take the sigil stone seconds before the gates of oblivion would close behind me. The sigil stone taken away from its resting place would close the gates of oblivion and take me back to Cyrodiil

My final quest meant losing my loved one, it was unexpected. We met with the consul Ocato to discuss my, love's claim to the throne. It was at that time an Imperial Legion Soldier notified us that daedra were rampaging over Imperial City. I had took my katana sword forged by the Blades and readied myself for my adversaries.

Martin and me fought together, I had to guard my friend as my life depended on it. We brawled with the daedra I was beginning to discontinue fighting but the thought of Martin kept me going.

Lord Dagon was the last straw when he appeared, it was truly the end but my smart Martin had thought of an initiative. Lord Dagon was a mammoth sized daedra who seemed impossible to trounce. We ran, we ran, we went to the dragonfires in a desperate attempt to defeat Lord Dagon. It was then that he had told me goodbye as a friend. I was oblivious to what he meant. He dashed to the centre of the temple of dragonfires before Dagon had smashed the ceiling of the temple to face Martin.

Martin had smashed the Amulet of Kings and became the golden dragon of Akatosh who was colossal but equal size to Dagon. They fought before my eyes, the battle was amazing and I had front row seats. I anticipated Martin's triumph over Dagon which he did as he was casting Dagon into oblivion. I cheered for my hero but to my revelation, Martin was turned into stone. My idol, my love had been either killed or left in purgatory.

After the event I cried myself to sleep in the inn, to continue my forbidden secret love with Martin I visited the stone dragon every week and placed my tears on the ground. Being champion of Cyrodiil was no replacement for my sweet Martin but I had kept a diminutive fragment of the Amulet of Kings, which was left at the centre of the temple.

My love, my Martin, no more.