

THE LEGEND

Lirael Lorelight—fae bride of the Silver Veil realm—was said to be ancient wisdom personified. She shimmered with the radiance of stardust and moonbeam. Flowers bowed in her presence. Stars stirred at her voice. She emanated legacy not through crown or command, but through the hush of twilight, the breath between petals, the shimmer of tendrils spun from silver light.

Her beauty was breathtaking, but it was her essence—her dreaming heart and untamed spirit—that made her legend.

THE LORE

Long ago, in the hidden glens where moonlight drips like dew and time flows sideways, Lirael Lorelight prepared for a union unlike any other. Born beneath a waning moon and kissed by tidefoam, she was not like the others of her court—wild and wondering, yes, but with a soul tethered to beauty, union, and the kind of love that echoes across lifetimes.

On the eve of the Lunar Convergence, when the silver realm aligns with ours, Lirael was to wed—not for power or politics, but for soul. She stitched her gown herself from strands of starlight and the remnants of fallen petals. She wove powerful crystals onto her ensemble to be sure she was a reflection of her true desire.

But the veil closed too soon. Her beloved never arrived. Some say she turned into mist and faded into lore. Others say she left the gown behind on purpose—hidden in the folds of the human world, waiting for the right soul to find it.

That time is now.

By Shelley Novotny