

Chapter 15: Two Failed Assaults in One Night

After convincing Orion into joining the horde, the horde left the cave as the guards and the inhabitants called out after the magma dragon, wishing him good luck in the war against the humans and telling him to kill as many as possible for them. Orion smiled at his fellow cavemates and told, "Thanks guys! I will!" The horde walked on and left the cave behind in the distance to go look for other dragons to recruit. Aeolus knew that meeting them in person was one way to boost the morale, but telepathy was also another way to invite dragons to over to his side. The first dragoness he thought of in mind was his old friends, Atlas and Flarina. The former of the sisters was a magi dragon, whose breed can use teleportation magic. After Atlas agrees to join the horde, she could warp herself, her sister, and their friends over to Solomos. And with her at their side, Aeolus could get her to teleport the horde to their other friends in Solomos and use them to connect with their friends and their friends and so on until his horde is big enough to destroy the army.

The disaster dragon made a telepathical link with the magi and said, *'Greetings Atlas, it is I, Aeolus.'*

As the Firestar family was sleeping, Atlas heard a familiar voice in her mind. Her closed eyes squeezed tight as she replied, *'Dang Aeolus, you had to talk to me while I was trying to catch some z's? You better be glad this was only the early part of my rest. So, what's up?'*

The disaster said, *'Well Atlas, sorry to disturb your sleep, Atlas. But I'm letter you know that I'm running a horde of my own and our goal is to kill all the humans in Solomos.'*

'Really now? That's nice,' said Atlas, feeling impressed to hear that he was the leader of his own group. *'So how big is this horde of yours?'* she asked.

'Not much, we only have nine dragons,' the disaster told her. *'We need a lot more than that to destroy a large army of humans that are killing dragons everywhere.'*

The magi got mad at the news and barred her teeth at her contempt for humanity's wickedness. *'Those humans, never give up, do they?'* she said.

Aeolus replied scornfully, *'Of course not; their malice and greed are all instinctive and that's never going to change.'* Then he spoke in a calm tone, *'Anyway Atlas, I went talk to you to see if you would be interested in joining the Vulture horde. A magical dragon would be useful for our cause, especially when our enemies are capable of using magic.'*

Atlas tensed, feeling unnerved by the invitation into the kill crew. *'You want me to join your horde?'* she asked.

'Yes, did my words not imply that?' asked the disaster dragon.

'They did, but I'm kind of busy with my life at the moment,' the magi told him, giving him an excuse not to join. Usually, Atlas would be happy to help a friend out with any problems they had, but this case was different. If the Vulture horde planned to destroy all the humans in Solomos, then that would mean the deaths of genuinely good humans as well. Part of Atlas's personal code of honor was to avoid/prevent the deaths of the innocent and she wasn't one to go against her honor. *'I have two nieces that I need to take care by myself. Their parents, Flarina and her mate, died not too long ago,'* she told him. Hopefully that reason alone should dissuade her friend from getting into his horde.

When Aeolus heard about Flarina's death, he couldn't help but feel sad for the red whiptail's death and sorry for Atlas and her nieces. *'That's very tragic to hear,'* he replied. *'How did she die?'* he asked.

He heard the magi growling, *'Hybrids! They killed their own mother and John, her mate. They would have killed my nieces too, had I not butchered them first.'*

The horde leader made a frowning scornful face at the mention of hybrids. These artificial half-human scums were an abomination to dragonkind and nature itself as he saw them as rape babies made to destroy their own parents. Needless to say, they were more dangerous than halflings. Aeolus would be sure to annihilate each and every one of them when his horde gets to Northeast Rudvich someday. *'Nice to hear that they got a taste of your revenge; they definitely needed that,'* he said.

Atlas yelled angrily, *'Damn right, they did! Those heartless mutants got what they deserved.'*

'Indeed!' the disaster dragon said, feeling just as mad as she was. *'May they rot in hell and your sister rest in peace.'* Then he spoke in a more softer tone, *'Flarina was a sweet and caring dragoness. I will miss her for all of my eternal life. My hearts and prayers will go out to you, Atlas.'* Aeolus and the original Firestar sisters were once slaves who lived together under one of his previous slave masters. Flarina always sought to help out her fellow slaves during work time and would bring cheer and comfort to them after the end of their tiring days. The disaster dragon and the other slaves had grown fond of the whiptail who had been like a sister to them. Much to say; they were quite sad and disappointed when the Firestar sisters had to be sold to their new owner who eventually took them to Rudvich.

'Thanks Aeolus, that means so much to me,' the magi said gratefully. *'I hope her soul can rest, knowing that her daughters are in safe paws.'*

'So do I,' said Aeolus, closing his red eyes in respect for the dead. Then he opened them back up and remembered why he had talked to Atlas in the first. So he went back to the topic on hand and said, *'Anyway, let's put the sad matter aside for now, because I need recruits. If you can't join my horde,*

then maybe some of your friends would like go in your place instead. If they haven't joined the other hordes.'

Atlas replied, *'My friends, huh? Well, let me ask them and see if they want to get in on this business of yours.'*

'Yes, please do that and let me know if any of them want in,' the disaster dragon said. Then he gave her a quick note before she could start inviting, *'But please do limit your friends by their powers and abilities. This horde does not need plain, normal weaklings who will only get in the way.'*

'That I will, pal,' the magi promised before they disconnected their telepathy. Aeolus was glad to have friends like Atlas who are happy to help out. It made his life easier. The dusk sky eventually dimmed down to complete night. Pretty soon, Zylanon and Eitri would come to the Vulture horde. The leader would have to tell them everything that has happened and about the newest member in the group as well.

It was now 10:00 pm at night time, but there were still some people in the streets about. Keith wanted to attack Ronan when no one was around to report the commotion to the Aquarians, and that would have to be at the time when most of the city's population was asleep. The boss thought about the assassin particularly and thought, *'Hmph, that man; I should have made sure that there was not a survivor alive back then. But it's never too late to bring the last of his clan to extinction. With them out of the way, I can focus back onto decimating A.D.R. and the Aquarians.'* Keith sent his spy to watch the enemies from the distance to keep an eye on them and let him know if anything in particular happened. In the meantime, the boss would wait at his hideout.

Aldric made his way over to the town square as ordered by Keith. He wore a dark brown cloak and a black mask to hide his identity from everyone, including his targets. The spy went over to the alleyway and hid there as he watched the Southwestern man and copper dragon from the corner. They were sitting by the fountain, looking as if they were waiting for something. The spy saw the dragon growling and tapping two of his fingers on the ground. The foreigner subtly drew one of his knives and threw it in the direction of the spy. Aldric moved his head to the side and barely avoided the knife as it flew bye and hit the stone wall of the building. "If you want this to end, then let us end it here and now," the assassin shouted out so the spy could hear him. "You want me dead? I'm right here."

The spy remained hidden in the alley and thought bitterly, *'Impatient, are you? You son of a bitch. Don't worry, your death will come eventually.'*

Time went by until it was a quarter after midnight. Keith equipped himself with the best weapons and tools; it was now time to end the pesky duo once and for all. He took up his cell phone and called his spy, "Aldric, are you still there?"

The spy at the other end of the line replied, *"I am, is it time?"*

"Yes Aldric," the boss confirmed as he got out of his office. "I'm coming over to the square now. Stay where you are and make sure these rats don't move."

"Yes sir. But do be careful, I think he knows you're coming," the spy warned.

"Well then, let's give him a warm welcome," the boss said figuratively with a sly smile. He hung up the phone and gathered up his men before they went out into the streets. He cast his invisibility spell on himself and everyone to launch surprise attacks on their targets. He also cast the no scent spell, so that they wouldn't be detected by dragons who would smell out their scent. This was also a good way to prevent any of the Aquarian night guards from getting involved in their crime. The group split up to go separate ways to the square. They were to hide on top of buildings, in the alleys, around the corners, behind large objects, and etc.

With everyone in place, the boss entered the square walked quietly towards the seemingly sleeping pair until he was 12 feet away. *'Letting your guard down, eh? Not the best move, I'd say. Oh well, let's finish this,'* he thought. Then he cast his lightning spell at the duo.

But at the quick second, the targets opened their eyes and dodged the spell. The man drew his sword and said, "You like to wield powers I see. It won't help you. Magic is weak against a bound sword." He implied that there was a 'specialty' to his sword. "Let us end what you started all those years ago. My family will have justice for what you did."

Keith chuckled out in amusement and said, "Well now, if you want to die so badly. I'll be happy to grant you the favor. But let's see if you can find me!" He used his wind magic to shoot himself up into the air like a rocket and used flight magic to stay airborne above the ground. Then he cast two brightly-colored and sparkling balls towards Ronan and the dragon. These were fireworks spell; the moment they hit the ground or the enemy, the balls would burst into a fiery explosion to painfully burn anyone caught in them.

After the warrior and his dragon dodged, the henchmen started firing arrows and casting magic spells at them to give their boss some back up support. The Southwesterners took notice of the invisible gang's shadows exposed by the light poles and decided to take advantage of them. The dragon started taking out the gang thugs one by one or group by group using all his attacks and even attacking from the air. Some of them got burned and some got frozen in thick ice. Because some of the henchmen had been in or on top of buildings, the fiery breath that touched them made the buildings catch fire. So the

surviving mages, in the buildings not on fire, had to resort to casting barriers to protect themselves from further attacks from the dragon. The others escaped the burning homes and to move somewhere else. Ronan used his shurikens and threw them at where the boss's spell came from. Keith turned sideways to let the sharp weapons fly by him into the wall of a store. The assassin shouted, "Drake, barrier." Drake flew around and formed an ice dome around them. Temporarily imprisoning himself, Ronan and the gang. The dome covered the entire town square and was as high as three two-story buildings. "Nowhere to run now," the assassin told his enemy with a smirk.

The boss smirked back and replied, "Oh really?" Then he warped outside of the dome and was on top of it. Then he stared intently at the ground below and raised his hand up like a claw as used his earth magic to raise tall and sharp rocky spikes out from the ground beneath his enemies. Ronan jumped backwards to evade the spikes and backflipped onto the top of the fountain. Drake flew by and let his friend hop onto his back. Keith, having observed Ronan's moves, thought, *'Hmm, he's very acrobatic and reflexive. Simple attacks won't do at all. I'm going to have to perform some cunning tactics if I am to kill these pests.'* The henchmen fired their arrows and cast their spells at the man and dragon duo flying in the air.

Drake flew toward the top of the dome he made. He launched a single spike at the dead center of it. When they got close enough, Drake whipped his tail and smacked it up all the way through the ice. The ice began to crack all the way down the dome before shattering completely. All the small shards and large pieces of ice would crash down on top of the gang members on the rooftops, either impaling them or crushing them. The survivors cast their barrier spells to shield themselves from the falling pieces. "Just you and me now," Ronan shouted to the boss, who cast his float magic to descend to the ground softly.

The shards broke through the roofs of the buildings and woke up the residents. "Hey, what's going on around here?" asked a man, who was surprised to see a shard in his own home.

"Oh my gosh the sky is falling!" shouted a lady looking out the window.

Another man came running outside as his arms flailed in panic. "My house is on fire and so is the market!" he yelled. People started to flee their homes in panic to avoid being burned by the fire consuming their homes and the shards falling on them.

Minerva woke up startled when she heard the loud crash of ice falling down next to her bed. "Oh my gosh, what was that?!" she cried. She heard noises outside her house and looked through the window to see that neighborhood was on fire and the ice was everywhere. "Oh my!" she said. She quickly put on her clothes and rushed out of her home to join the panicking crowd in the streets. "What's going on around here?" she asked.

Drake threw Ronan to the closest rooftop, where the man dropped himself down from into the streets before blending into the shadows. The dragon flew up into the night sky where the gang couldn't see him. His dark brown scales let him hide in the sky easily. "You want me dead? you'll have to find me on

foot," the assassin taunted the boss.

Keith brushed him off with a laugh and said, "Hah, a challenge that I will take, boy!" He was confident that he was going to kill his victim eventually. The man touched the ground and walked after the assassin into the street. The darkness would provide more advantage to his stealth than just his invisibility spell. The boss kept his eyes and ears sharp for wherever his prey might be. Unbeknownst to him, Keith's foot pulled a rope and set trigger to a trap. An arrow flew at him and shot into his shoulder. "Hrk!" the man groaned in pain as he clutched his wound. It seems like his nemesis has put up traps in the alley. In this pitch-black darkness, the traps would be nearly impossible to find, so the boss cast a barrier around himself to prevent any more ambushes. The disadvantage in having a barrier would be that Ronan would find him after he leaves the alley, but the good side to this was that he would be safe until then. The man continued to track down his enemy while the traps bounced off his barrier.

Minerva stayed out in the middle of the square, looking around at the fire on the buildings. She didn't know exactly how this mess happened, but some of the people around her were saying that the culprit was a dragon, while others accused the situation as being caused by a mage. More people speculated that the fire might have been an accident; there were no other guesses for the fallen ice shards. Aldric had merged into the crowd to use as meat shields, since he figured the dragon wouldn't harm the innocent citizen. Then he spotted the familiar blonde woman in the crowd and identified her as Minerva, a target he had missed during the raid. Taking up his crossbow, the spy aimed at her and got ready to fire. But before he could make his arrow fly, something hit him in the back of his leg. Aldric hissed in pain from the sharp sting and lost focus of his target. Before he could think of grabbing the object out of his leg, two more struck him in the back and paralyzed his body. The invisible man fell over and died.

As Minerva waited to see if the Aquarians would come over to fix the disastrous situation, she glanced to the side and noticed the same hooded man again picking up shurikens off the ground or strangely rather off the air. She wasn't sure how these ninja stars were able to float off ground like that. Maybe it was a magic trick or something. When the man looked up to meet her eyes for a bit, she said, "Oh hello again, it looks like we keep running into each other, huh." The man didn't reply and instead he ran off to somewhere. Minerva sighed, "And there he goes." She was kind of annoyed that she didn't get a responded when she tried to talk to him.

Keith came out of the darkness and saw the scene between Minerva and Ronan. He noticed that the two seemed to be acquainted with each other. He thought about taking the woman hostage, but he didn't know the exact relationship she had with the assassin. It would work well against Ronan if she was a friend or something more than that, because Keith didn't see any use of using complete strangers as his hostage to make his enemies hesitate and turn into easy targets. But then again, Ronan went to the ADR and tried to save random strangers. So maybe this acquaintance would be no different. The boss dispel his barrier and walked over to Minerva. He cast both his invisibility and sleep spells at her to make her unseen to the crowd as she falls helpless and unconscious. A few people surrounding her were surprised

at how she suddenly disappeared in a blink of an eye in front of them. Keith picked up the blonde and carried her out of the crowd and into the dark place. At the dead end, he cast magic chains around Minerva's body. The chains were bluish-black and glowed light that was barely seen in the dark. Then he dispelled the invisibility and made Minerva to be seen again. The boss at the side of the trash can for his enemy to come and find the bait.

After Keith pulled out the arrow on his wound, he formulated a plan and called his surviving henchmen to tell them about it on the cellphone. "Men, meet me at the alleys behind the world market. We're going to ambush this hooded snake once and for all," he said. Shortly after he hang up, he saw two more arrows flying at him. Luckily, they missed him by two inches and crashed into the concrete ground. The man figured out where they came from and cast his electric spell at Ronan's location. It missed as the cloaked man jumped out and wielded his katana to try to chop off his hands. But Keith was too quick as he cast his barrier to bounce off his attacker. Then ran over to the tied woman and held her up as he a knife against her throat. "I finally got you. You've been a thorn in my side long enough. Now listen here, boy. If you value this girl's life, you will lay down your weapons right now or else watch her die," he said, sounding serious in his threat. "One wrong move and blood will be on your hands." Behind Ronan, the gang members snuck up behind him. All with their weapons armed and ready to attack in case the boss gives them the signal to do so.

The assassin got up, temporarily holding his sword with a tight grip. Then he sighed through his nose and said, "Have your men stand down... If you want me dead this badly... I ask that the killing stroke be from you. You are a worthy adversary; your men don't deserve the honor. I also ask that you make it a clean death." Keith was puzzled that his enemy could somehow detect where his henchmen were, despite them being invisible and quiet in their steps. Maybe he must extraordinary auditory senses; at least that was what the boss assumed. Ronan started removing his weapons one by one, letting them all drop to the side. Once he was done, Ronan down on one knee and begged, "Spare the woman; she can do you no harm."

Keith smirked, finally glad that he was going to end his nemesis once and for all. "Very well then, if that is your wish. I'm glad to see that you have honor in you, young man. Your family must be very proud of you right now," he commented. The boss walked towards the assassin, carrying his hostage with him just as a safeguard in case he tries anything sneaky, as he continued, "Speaking of them, would you like to meet them up in heaven? I'm sure you're going to have a pretty happy family reunion of there, after all you and them must miss each other very much." He drew his sword back and thrust forward at Ronan.

At the last possible second, the assassin spun around the sword and grabbed the man's arm. He triggered his hidden blade, driving it into his spine between the shoulder blades, rendering Keith's body useless, but alive until he bled out. "How about you go to the depths and burn," Ronan said with a fiery anger. The gang members heard their leader's yell of pain and gasped as they heard his body fall on the concrete ground. Minerva had dropped down as well for she was no longer being held by her captor. The assassin turned to where the gang's sound came from and made a threat to them, "You can

either run for your lives, or I will kill you all right now." He stood ready for any opposition towards him.

The cowards all ran away for their lives and left their boss to die as they knew that they could not defeat him. "Damn miserable... How could I... possibly... lose..." said Keith with his voice growing weaker from dying.

Ronan stepped around, picking up his sword. "You underestimated me at every turn and you were overconfident. I've trained my entire life for this moment. I avenged my family's murder with your blood," he said before ending Keith's life. "Rest in pieces," he said, wiping the blood off his sword before sheathing it. With the gang leader dead, the magic chains around Minerva disappeared and the sleep spell was gone. The first thing the blonde woman heard as she woke up was the assassin asking, "You alright? I'm sorry you were dragged into this mess."

Opening her blue eyes, Minerva saw the hooded man again and found herself in the alley. She was bewildered as to how she got from one place to another. "Hu-huh? Where am I? How did I get here? And what do you mean this mess?" she asked the man.

The man looked to the dead body near them and then back to her. "You were kidnapped by a criminal. He tried using you to get to me. He must've heard about my work at that building on the other side of town. He used magic on you, but he's dead now. You're free to go," he explained as he would help her back onto her feet.

Minerva was unnerved at hearing how she was kidnapped to be used as a bait for this hero. *'I can't believe someone would use me like this for murder. Even worse, I could have been killed along with him,'* she thought shuddering at the horrific thought.

"You should find someone to stay with for a few nights, just to be safe," suggesting the hooded man before he started to walk away. His dragon friend landed on the street outside the alley.

The girl replied to him, "Thanks, I will. Do you think we will see each other again next time? I mean we keep running into each other a lot today." She had a gut feeling that this wasn't the last time that they would ever see each other. It must have been destiny or some sort.

The man looked back at her and gave a short answer, "Maybe." Then he got onto the dragon's back and took off into the sky.

Minerva walked out the alley and went on home. She saw the Aquarians cleaning up the damage caused by the fire and the ice. She entered her house and dialed the phone for one of her female friends. "Hello Whitney, may I stay over at your house for the night? I had a fire in my neighborhood and a giant piece of ice crashed down on my house," she said. Whitney replied 'sure' and Minerva left her house, carrying her pajamas. She took a taxi horse carriage over to her friend's house and slept there for the night.

Having found no refugee camp to destroy or dragons to recruit through the rest of the evening, the Vulture Horde went to sleep out in the woods. Zylanon and Eitri took watch as night guards in case the humans attacked them in their sleep. It was a very boring job in their opinion, but it was worth straining their mind for the safety of the horde. For a few hours, the woods had remained silent with only the occasional sounds of crickets, bats, and a prowling jaguar. That was until the guards heard the distant sound of a roar. Then came a small orange light in the horizon, which wasn't the rise of the sun as the sky was still black. A silhouette of a dragon in flying in the air had soon dropped down as if he/she had been shot. The guards knew that whatever was happening far away, it had to be bad. "We need to wake everyone," Zylanon said, without taking his eyes off the horizon.

"Yeah," Eitri agreed. He prodded the disaster dragon with his paw and told him without lowering his voice, "Aeolus, wake up! We just spotted something."

Aeolus opened his tired eyes and got up against his sleep-aching body's wishes. He had been hoping this night would go peacefully without any trouble, but it looks like they were going to have to deal with a situation at hand. "What is it, Eitri?" he asked.

While Zylanon went to wake the others up, the night magi answered, "We found a dragon being shot down from the sky. There must be humans nearby."

After waking up Orion, the shadow dragon added, "It's not just one dragon. There seems to be a skirmish between dragons and humans." He looked off to where the battle was happening. The horde could hear quiet fighting roars from the distance.

Aeolus found that this was an opportunity to both gain new allies and destroy their enemies. "That must be another horde. Come Vulture Horde, we must go out and aid them," he said to everyone. Then he told the nocturnal dragons, "Zylanon and Eitri, lead the way."

"Yes sir," they said. The dragons got up and followed Zylanon and Eitri. Corona blew and held a fireball in her mouth to act as a torch for everyone. They got to the cliff where they saw to their awe, a camp that was three times larger than all the other human camps they've been to. Over that place was a horde of dragons trying to fight off the magic-barriered humans below them and losing badly. Arrows flew up into the pierced the dragons on their vital points, while the dragons countered with fireballs spewed at their enemies.

Aeolus noticed the light of the fire from Corona's mouth. Thinking that some of these humans would spot the Vulture Horde that way, the leader told her, "Corona, turn off that fireball now."

The phoenix dragoness withdrew her flame and closed her mouth. "Oh sorry," she said.

Leafwing remembered what the refugee horde leader back at the cave described about the army and thought that the description fitted well with these humans, given their camp size and the magic spells that were being cast now. "Hey guys, is that the army the dragon back there was talking about?" he asked.

"It is," Orion answered. "That's the very same army that wiped out Dedries's horde. And these fools over there won't stand a ghost of a chance out there. Just look at them!" One by one the fighting horde was getting killed by the army. Lightning bolts zapped across the sky and struck the dragons dead.

The Vulture Horde traced these spells back to a few flying adolescent humans with magi dragon wings. Aeolus narrowed his eyes in repulsion at the sight of these freaks. '*Halfplings...*' he thought in contempt. Unlike hybrids, halfplings were the creation of a natural reproduction between a human and a dragon. But these human-like creatures weren't born out of love; they were born out of rape. Slave masters would sometimes force a dragon against his/her will for pleasure, punishment, or just to get a halfpling slave. Even though halfplings were primarily slaves or killed at birth as it was a religious sin for humans to mate outside their species. Sometimes halfplings would get same civil rights as humans after get out of slavery through work and education. Then they would get the liberty to have their very own draconic slaves. All dragons were stuck as slaves forever. All this resulted in Aeolus's resentment for this species. To him, halfplings were a symbol of all wrongs done to his race.

The warring horde soon realized that it was no use as their assault was hardly putting a dent in the humans' numbers. An imperial fleshcrowne dragon spoke to the others urgently, "Sunlight Horde, retreat! We're not winning this battle! These humans are tougher than we thought. We must leave immediately!" Within the next second, an arrow shot through his neck. The fleshcrowne's dark green eyes went wide in great shock. He struggled to speak, or more likely roar, but the air was leaving his lungs and his blood was oozing out fast. The dead Sunlight Horde leader dropped from the sky and landed with a thud on one of the tents, probably crushing a human inside with his weight. The Sunlight dragons stopped trying to destroy their enemies and turned around to escape for their lives. The humans and halfplings were none-too-merciful as they continued to shoot them down with their arrows and spells.

One gray dragoness got zapped on her wing and she yelped as she fell to the ground near the cliff. The soldiers, some of which held torches to see, ran towards the wounded dragoness with their spears ready to kill. The Vulture Horde were all fearful of the dragoness going to be murdered. Leafwing put his claws to his head and cried, "Oh gosh, she's going to die!"

Aeolus looked over at the night magi and told him hurriedly, "Eitri, teleport the dragoness back over to the place we slept at!"

"I'm on it!" the night magi cried hastily. He concentrated on the dragoness and sent her over to the woods. The people became surprised as the sudden disappearance of the disappeared dragoness as the spears thrown by them had hit the empty space that was the grass.

Then the horde leader told Eitri, "Now warp the other dragons you see back to there as well."

"Yes sir," Eitri said. He started teleporting all the Sunlight Horde members he could find from those flying in the sky to the others wounded on ground. The humans stopped attacking and began to wonder where all the dragons were disappearing off to.

After warping the last Sunlight Horde member away from camp, a magic beam fired at where the last dragon had been and shot next to the Vulture Horde. The beam's small explosive impact gave off a brief light to reveal Aeolus's horde for a second. The halfling boy, who casted the spell, told the other halflings where the horde was. The magi halfling girl's hand lights up with electricity before she holds it forward and shots out a white thunder bolt aimed at Aeolus. With quick reflexes, Leafwing jumps in between his leader and the spell and takes full brunt of the electricity. His body flashed every second millisecond showing his skeleton inside before dropped dead frozen with all his limbs stretched outward. The leaf pygmy's burnt body gave off crisp smoke as his eyes stared wide open into space. The horde looked him horrified as Corona tearfully shouted, "Leafwing, no!"

The disaster dragon wasted no time in telling Eitri to take them out of danger. "Get us out of here now!" he cried. Without a word, the night magi teleported the Vulture Horde away before any of them could suffer the same fate as their unfortunate friend.

Back in the woods, the Sunlight Horde members were all confused as to how and why they were brought over to a different place. A light flashed for a second and in its place was the Vulture Horde. The Sunlight dragons turned their attention to the strangers among them who shown in the light of Bam and Zylanon's fires; their eyes staring at each one of them. A canopy dragon stepped a bit towards them and asked, "Who are you?"

The disaster dragon answered him, "I am Aeolus, the leader of the Vulture Horde." He looked over to his subordinates and introduced them one at a time, "And this is my cousin, Bam."

The navy blue smiled happily at the Sunlight Horde, to which some of them smiled back at him and greeted, "Hi!"

Aeolus continued with the rest of his members, "Our healer, Hewey; our weather controller, Lutarn; our stealth fighter, Zylanon; our newest recruit, Orion; our fire starter, Corona." The phoenix dragoness was still crying over the death of her best friend. Hewey was doing his best to comfort her by brushing his head against her. "And lastly our magic user, Eitri. He was the one who teleported all of you out of danger away from the humans." His expression turned to that of seriousness as he continued, "But we are not safe yet. We're very much still near the human's territory. Come, we must get farther away before they find us."

The Vulture Horde ran past the dragons as to distance themselves from the camp. The Sunlight Horde looked at each other, wondering if they should follow him or not. One ember dragon called after Aeolus, "Wait, where are we going?"

The Vulture Horde stopped as Aeolus turned around and answered, "I don't know, but anywhere is better than here. Now if you don't want to be found by the humans or their wretched halfling offspring, I suggest that you come with us." The Sunlight Horde felt that they had no choice and decided to go with them anyway.