

Chapter 46: Spinx's Past

After a while later, Kathia finally made it back to the little girl, who seemed to rested well now that the teen had returned with Azera. But by now, Kathia was feeling very tired. Her shoulders ached from the weight of man's arms on her and she was panting. Putting him down on the ground, the redhead said hoarsely, "I am never... ever... carrying another person... ever again." She dropped herself on her bottom to the ground and decided to try and relax after all the work she did coming her.

The two ghosts looked to each other as the hiker grinned and said, "My brother was like that, too, when he had to carry a fat guy from McGreasy's all the way to the gym for him to lose that weight." The female spirit laughed with him.

The child ran up to Kathia and hugged her tightly as she cried out in joy, "Oh, thank you Kathia."

Kathia grinned at her, feeling like a hero to her. She said, "Hey, no problem. I just did what I had to do. That's all."

The hiker teased, "Yeah, you say that after complaining about having to carry that man there." The redhead shot him an annoyed frown and the two ghosts laughed at her.

The child looked up at Kathia and smiled up to her before she let go. She looked at Azera, who was now starting to move a bit, and said, "I think Azera is going to wake soon." A few seconds later, the man opened his eyes and blinked a couple of time before he sat up. He stayed there in silence as he almost looked to the ground. The mercenary must be confused as to how he ended up here.

Kathia was glad to see that her effort to save his life had succeeded. But she wanted to make sure that he was really okay before she would leave to return to Sundown. She asked him, "Hi Azera, I didn't think we'd see each other again so soon. So uh, are you feeling alright now? That girl here told me what happened, so I took you back to her and healed you."

Azera said still nothing, but got up and put his sword back in the belt holder. He then looked at the tree and said, "I'm fine, and thank you." He walked over to a tree and leaned against it. "So how much did the child tell you?"

Kathia told the whole story, "She said that you were hurt and that you were going to the mountain where Spinx is at. She got really worried and tried to look for you, but couldn't find you. So I had to go and bring you back, which leads us to here." Then she scolded him, "Seriously, don't worry a child like that. What if you got killed? Can you imagine how devastated she would be?"

"Like I care," the man said back in a harsh tone. The teen flinched in shock; even the ghosts were just as stunned. Azera got off the tree and started to walk away. Then a shadow flew over his head. They

looked up and saw three dragons and a halfling. "Take the child with you, Kathia. I don't need her slowing me down. Don't ever come looking for me again," the mercenary snapped at Kathia, but more towards the child. The child kind of sunk her head down when Azera took off running after the dragons that just flown over.

The redhead furrowed her brows and said, "Sheesh, what's his problem?" Then she turned and saw the girl crying. The small sniff and tears running down her cheeks were more than enough evidence to show that she was hurt. Kathia frowned, feeling sorry for the child who had been ruthlessly abandoned just like that. '*What a jerk!*' she thought with anger at the mercenary. Placing a hand on the girl's face and caressing it, the mage said, "You poor thing, you didn't deserve that kind of treatment from him. Come on, let's go over to Sundown. There's people way nicer than he will ever be." Not knowing where the camp will be, she looked to the hiker's ghost and asked him, "So uh, do you know where the camp is at?"

The hiker shook his head and answered, "I'm 'fraid not, lassie."

The woman's ghost also said, "I don't know where it is either."

It looks like Kathia will have to enlist the help of another ghost to guide her. She told the woman, "Okay, I'll send you back to the afterlife. I'm going to see if someone else can get me there." After she returned the female ghost to the realm of the dead, the mage called for another spirit, "Oh someone who knows the way from here to the camp of Sundown, I summon thee."

A ghost of a hunter in 18th century clothing appeared before her. He bowed before her and said, "At your service, my lady." He straightened up again and said, "Now come, I will lead you to Sundown."

Kathia turned to the hiker's spirit and told, "We're going now. I need you to follow us and make sure that necromancer isn't around. I don't want any trouble from him again."

The hiker obliged, "Got it, lassie!" Then they followed the hunter's spirit through the woods on the way back to Sundown.

The child slowly stopped crying and spoke up, "No, Kathia, I don't deserve it. He has already risked his life for me twice in only a day." She sobbed out, "I'm only a burden to him, and I will only be a burden to you and your whole camp." After she said that she ran in the complete opposite direction from where the group was going.

The teen and ghosts stopped as Kathia called out to her, "Hey wait!" The redhead ran after her to try and stop her from going into whatever dangerous creature or person was out there. But unfortunately, the child was going faster than she was, widening the gap between them every second. Kathia was in disbelief as to how a child's short legs would be able to outrun her longer legs, given the sizes of both girls. Soon, the child was no longer in sight. The teen stopped running and threw her fist down as she

cursed, "Damn it, she's too fast!"

The two ghosts caught up to her and the hiker said, "Forget it, lassie. You're ne'er gonna catch her. She's probably long gone by now."

But Kathia didn't want to give up on finding her just yet. She told the hiker, "But still she needs to be found. I can't leave her out there with that killer, Spinx. He'll murder her. Look, I need you to look for her and make sure she's safe. I'm going to go back to camp and form a search party there."

The hiker questioned her plan, "I'll do it, but are you sure you don't need anybody lookin' out for you?"

The teen assured him, "I'll be fine. I can watch out for you-know-who as I go."

"Okay then," said the nodding hiker. Then he flew off to look for the girl as Kathia and the hunter's spirit went on to Sundown.

After lunchtime was over, it was now time for the educational program to start. A bunch of dragons, young and old, entered the room. Among the students was a red-winged brunette halfling boy in his late teens wearing ragged clothes. The guy went up to Ms. Linsen and got her attention, "Hey lady."

The teacher asked, "Yes?"

He asked, "I know this thing is to teach dragons only, but I want to know if halflings can learn too. I mean we are part-dragons."

Ms. Linsen nodded, confirming, "Of course halflings can learn here. You're dragons just like the other ones here."

The halfling grinned, "Sweet! I'm finally gonna learn how to read all those signs the humans have all over the world." Then a sly smirk formed on his face, "Maybe I'll learn how to read some of that porn, too."

The teacher nodded slowly, grossed out by the halfling's perversion. She said, "Uh-huh... Well, let's hope you learn well from this session. Anyway, class is about to start. So take your seat while I speak to everyone." After the halfling flew up one of the desks, Ms. Linsen stood at the center of the front and greeted the class, "Good afternoon, everyone and welcome to the Association of Dragon Rights' literacy program. I am your teacher, Ms. Linsen." Then she pointed her fanned hands at Minerva, Drake and everyone else who signed up to teach. The woman introduced them, "And these are the volunteer mentors." Minerva flashed a friendly smile at the observing dragons. Drake bowed his head to the class. He gave a piercing glare as if he was seeing ones might be potential troublemakers and class clowns. Minerva saw a dragonet looked around at the place and drummed his front talon's toes. He looked to

the side and grinned mischievously. A bright pink dragoness next to him caught him looking away from the teacher and told him to pay attention. The dragonet turned his eyes back onto Ms. Linsen, who continued speaking, "Our purpose here to teach every one of you how to read our language, so that you will understand everything that we have written in human society. Whether they be street signs, books, lists of rules and every other thing else written. We promise you that by the end of this course, you will have learned everything such as the alphabets, grammar and pronunciation. We, the ADR and our volunteers, will do the best we can to educate you." Then she informed them, "Now on your desks will be the language textbooks. They are written in draconic, which we have learned from dragons we helped rescued, for your convenience and act as a guide to help you learn more about the language. These are to stay here in this class as they cost a lot of money to replace them. Now before we begin this class, does anyone have any questions?" She looked from one side to the other, looking for any dragon who had something on their mind. When not a word was spoken, the teacher resumed, "Alright then, we will now start our lesson. The first thing we'll learn is the alphabet and I will write them down in both languages." She turned to the blackboard behind her and took up a chalk stick to list the first few letters of the alphabet; the ones above in human language and the ones below in draconic. Ms. Linsen told them the human letters were and how they translated.

As the teacher continued with the alphabet, Drake roamed amongst the young dragons, eyeing each one of them and ensuring they paid attention. Minerva just stood in her place and looked around at the students. Pretty soon, she noticed one of the dragonets' movements on Drake. She wondered what he was doing. Was he trying to get his attention or bother him for fun? The adult dragon lightly swatted his tail against the dragonet's head. "Pay attention," he spoke to him without looking at him as he resumed his scan of the class. The dragonet snorted with a pout before the bright pink next to him quietly told him to stop playing around and listen to the teacher.

Ms. Linsen was onto the letters M through Z, explaining how they were pronounced and written. The teacher said, "So now that we've covered the whole alphabet of the human language, I am now going to divide these letters into vowels and consonants." She erased the last letters off with the blackboard eraser and then used the chalk to write the whole alphabet, excluding Y, into two groups: vowels and consonants. Y was written on the rightmost part of the board. Turning back to her students, Ms. Linsen explained, "As you know, vowels are speech sounds made with your mouth open and your tongue not touching your teeth or lips. Consonants on the other hand are made with trapped sounds. The Y however is a special case; it can be used as either a vowel or a consonant, depending on which words used."

Drake watched the dragonets closely. He helped any who were struggling to learn. The dragonets were thankful for his help in getting them caught up to their lessons. One of them nodded and muttered, "Thank you."

With explanation on constants and vowels done, Ms. Linsen went on to the next lesson. "And now we're going to practice to pronouncing some simple words from the worksheets. One of the volunteers will now pass them out to you before we begin. And if you need to help to pronounce the words, don't be

afraid to ask for the volunteers." The teacher looked to Minerva and told her, "Minerva, if you will." The blonde readily did her job as she took up the stack of worksheets and passed one to each student. Once she was out of papers to give, Minerva stood at the side of the room she was closest to and listened to what the teacher said next. Ms. Linsen told the class, "Now for a few minutes, you are going to look at the words and try to pronounce them to yourselves. Practice each word as often as you like until you feel like you can get them. Now begin!"

The dragons started to practice the ten words printed on the worksheets. A purple dragon looked to Drake and telepathically asked him, *'Excuse me, sir. I need your help with how to say this word.'* Drake aided the dragon who had called to him. After helping him how to say it, the brown dragon smiled at the purple when he got the word right. The purple dragon said his thanks to him.

As the class continued to pronounce the words they were practicing, a sweetling hatchling raised his hand and asked, "Excuse me! How do you say that word?"

Minerva saw and heard him. Happy to help out the young dragon, she made her way over to his desk. With a sweet smile on her face, she asked, "Which word, do you want me to help you say?"

The hatchling pointed to the word, 'beet', and said, "This one! I said it as b-e-t, but my mom says that it might not be the right way to say it." Minerva looked at the word before she explained to him how to say it. After he was taught the correct way to say it, the sweetling nodded gratefully and said, "Thanks!"

The woman replied, "You're welcome."

After a while of word practice, Ms. Linsen told the students, "Alright class, let's go over what we practiced." Then she told them how the words were actually pronounced and got the class to say them together. After they were done, the teacher smiled and said, "Good job! Now I have some more words for you to practice. Volunteers, please pass out the next worksheets." Minerva took up another small stack and passed each worksheet to the dragons. Then the class began to practice the words before the teacher would go over it with them.

Atlas and the others were still flying through the sky to get to Trident Mountain. Garin turned to Violet and asked, "So, what was it like being a dragon?"

The girl looked at him puzzled and said, "I never was a dragon, just a normal teenage girl. Well until a certain night happened, that was when it all changed." Then she turned away and continued, "And I'd rather not talk about it."

"Alright," Garin responded. "I won't push you to share your experience." The halfling did a sideways roll away from Axle and did some flips and spins in the air, laughing as he did so. Despite his distraction, he

was able to keep with the speed of the group as they made their way to Trident Mountain. After Garin had his fun, he flew up to Atlas and sat down on her head. "So," he said looking down into the eyes of the large magi dragoness. "What's the plan when we get there?"

Not minding the boy on her head, Atlas answered, "We're going to put a triangle-looking thing into a stone. But we're also going to watch out for any dirty tricks Dracul and the other lords have for us once we get there." The magi's eyes glared with distrusting suspicion as she continued, "I don't trust these scums to let us do one simple task and then get off the mountain with no trouble at all. They must have a trap over there; I know they do." Whatever was waiting for at the mountain, Atlas going to be well prepared for it. If the bad guys were going to trap them in some container, then she would just teleport everyone out. If they used that seal spell, then Atlas needed to reverse that spell and then warp her group out. If it came to a fight, then she'll gladly tear any enemy in the way.

Axle turned his eyes to Atlas and said, "Nothing is ever that simple, Atlas. There is a reason why Dracul wants me to get there before nightfall, I just do not know. As for the traps, do not be surprised if it's a pit mixed with a seal, something I'm fully aware of that Spinx more likely will do, since he has just about every magic type in his undead minions."

Now the magi felt more wary of the necromancer and said, "Then that means we got to put our guards up even more. Who knows what kind of crazy ass spells his zombies will pull out of their asses? That crafty, murdering son-of-a-bitch!"

Then the white dragon spoke, "You never know the real Spinx, before he became this monster he is now. Back then, he was a priest of dark magic, but was using that magic for good. He used the undead to get people to safety a few times when a village to the east was being raided by bandits. There was no law enforcement there at that small village and no help was coming either. Spinx however was coming to that town. Story be told, Spinx used an undead dragon to douse all the fires out and then used the undead swarm of little birds and wolves to drive back the bandits, without injuring the people at all. It was only month after that, when rumors of a priest with dark magic started to attack villages using undead servants. That's when the Incarus family found out and followed up on the clues." He took a breath and adjusted his wings to keep a steady glide. Atlas raised an eye out of curiosity, wondering of how Spinx went from a benevolent man who helped people to the corrupted person he was today. Axle continued, "Every small village, even a large town that was a day flight away, was destroyed or on fire. Soon the trail went cold and the rumors of a priest vanished from ears. Well until an island called Clamartion, which I would say is just about smack dab in the center between Rudvich and Solomos, was attacked. I was sent there with another dragon, a drake, to investigate the island. What we found was the Spinx you see now, burning a lake side town to ground." He stopped at that point for a few seconds.

Ohimia, who was behind the other dragons, asked, "How did he turn evil?"

Axle answered, "This village though was known for its tradition of soul bond of a dragon to a human, allowing both to become one mind and soul. Well, there was this one man with silver hair and with him

was a tiny midnight pygmy. The battle was short as Spinx cast him into the water and gravely wounded the pygmy. Me and my partner tried to stop Spinx and save as many lives as we could, but ultimately, the outcome was not what we expected. The undead had outnumbered us with a ratio of somewhere around 1000 to 1 and more was just gathering. Spinx was somehow wielding the power of a demon at his finger tips and he was not done there. He quickly found out what we were doing there and had an open slaughter feast with the people that were still alive, and then soon turned his attention back to us. We had no choice but to run as fast as we could. We could not take to the air for there was more dragons in the air than we could take on alone, and the streets were not safe either, because of the undead on the ground. Spinx have put us in a hard spot to get out of." Atlas noticed the tear running down the dragon's cheek and thought that something bad had happened to his partner. "We had no choice but to try and power our way through the streets and make it to the far side of the island for us to teleport back to home. But Spinx pulled out his crossbow that you, Atlas, have seen; and fired a bolt right into my partner's leg and soon getting me in my side. Even in pain, me and my partner had to still push, soon making it a safe distance from the undead and removed the bolts from our bodies or so we thought. The place we ran into for hiding was in a cave and we soon found out why Spinx did not chase us into that cave. The cave was full of night lurker dragons and we have not only disturbed their slumber when we found out, but brought them a four course meal as well to their front door. We soon had a choice, try fighting though the night lurkers or head back the way we came. We choose the way we came and ran for it, back into another hostile area. We were lucky to escape from the cave with our lives, but not without some wounds on top of what we already have." He seemed to choke on his words for a bit. Atlas wondered why he didn't try to heal their wounds first. Maybe they didn't have time as they were probably constantly chased or something. Then the dragon lord went back to the story, "The undead chased us to a woody area, where they soon ambushed us and injured us even further. Once the fight was done, my partner had fallen to the ground bleeding out. I had little energy left and only enough to heal only one of us. I went to heal her, but she said to keep it. She knew she was not going to make it, because she was much slower than I was. I told her, screamed at her that I was not going to leave her there, but she said that I had no choice. And she was right, I had no choice, because I was not given one. The spell that was given to us to teleport back home, she used the spell to teleport me back before I even had a chance to save her." He shook his head in sorrow.

Everyone felt pity and sadness for his loss. Ohimia let out a soft gasp, while Garin murmured, "Bummer..."

The magi knew all too well the death of someone close to a dragon and muttered the word, "Damn..."

Once the story of Spinx was over, Axle told, "Everyone land."

Then the dragonesses followed him below the trees and landed on the moss-covered ground. Atlas asked her friend, "So, what are we stopping for this time?"

Axle landed in front of the magi and looked down to the ground. Violet got off his back and looked up at him with a confused and worried look on her face like he had a troubling problem on his mind. The

dragon lord asked the magi, "Atlas..... I know you want to come with me, but can you please stay here until I get back?" His words were not only a request, but also felt like a command as well at the same time.

"What?" asked the magi as the request sounded crazy. "Don't be ridiculous, Axle. You know Spinx is over there with all his zombies and shit. If he hurts you again, who's going to be there to warp you and everybody else out?" She hated having to see the dragon get wounded again. She cared too much to let him die at the hands of anyone, even a wicked human. If that happened, then Atlas would never be able to forgive herself for this.

"There are a few things in this world that need to be done by myself," the white said as he sighed a bit. He came up closer to Atlas with his eyes soft, but filled with regret. "Forgive me," he said. Before Atlas could react, he swiped quickly and powerfully at the magi's head, knocking her to the ground. The dragoness's vision started to become dim as the last sounds she heard from the others were Ohimia's shocked cry of her name and Garin making a shocked yell. Atlas blacked out and she became unable to process any thoughts in response to the attack on her or any events that happened in her unconsciousness.

Aeolus had used Eitri's stone to teleport himself to the river where he killed a few flamingos and ate them. As he was finishing up his lunch, one of the nocturnal horde members at Doubloon's village, contacted him, *'Aeolus, this is Uvanis. I got some bad news to tell you.'*

The disaster dragon immediately stopped chewing the last prey. He lifted his head up away from the body in a slow pace that reflected how serious he felt this news would be. He asked, *'What is it?'*

Uvanis told him, *'The village we were in has just got attacked by really agile and skilled humans. They were being led by Arch and possibly Dracul as well. They've taken away Eitri and Atlas's nieces, and killed Peado, Zylanon and Tine.'*

Aeolus didn't take the news well at all. In fact, he was disappointed with how late the dark leaf pygmy had told him about the event. He spoke, *'What? Why didn't you contact me earlier? I would have brought the horde out to help you!'* The pygmy had better come up with an excuse to explain his and Eitri's incompetence.

He did, *'I was about to, but then Arch had one of our guards hostage. He told us to stop fighting or else he would have him killed. He even said we were no match for his men, which is true because they killed some of us and dodged every attack we threw at them. None of them died or got hurt. And by the way, they were only few in numbers. Eitri told us to stop fighting, so that the rest of us and the guard wouldn't die.'*

The horde leader went quiet, feeling the grim story hitting him like a ton of bricks. If even a whole village of dragons couldn't take out a small number of humans and two dragons, then what hope would the horde be against Dracul's army at this point? He said in a calmer tone, *'So that's why. Even if the horde had come, I don't think we would have been able to save this village.'* That was why the Vulture Horde needed training and knowledge from the dragons of Shadow Wind, so that they would be able to hold their own against Dracul and his soldiers more easily. *'Tell me, Uvanis. Has Atlas heard what happened to her nieces, yet?'*

The pygmy answered, *'No sir. I haven't told her yet.'*

'Well she needs to know, so that we can plan out a rescue. In the meantime, I will talk to Eitri and have him tell me when to send some spies over.'

'Spies?' Uvanis asked.

Aeolus answered, *'Yes, so that we can gain some intel on the enemy's strengths and weaknesses.'* The need for spies was now more necessary than ever, now with knowing the enemy can dodge many attacks easily. The horde should hold a meeting soon and discuss everything they've learned from their sparring sessions and the attack on the village. That way, they can learn some good techniques and improve on them. This will be useful not only against Dracul, but also the horde's future enemies as well, including Rina, Raven and the Aquarians.

Before the leader could form a telepathic bond with the night magi, he heard Uvanis's cry for help, *'Aeolus, help! Dracul broke the deal! He's killing us one by one. We need some magis to teleport us out of here!'* Aeolus gritted his teeth in stress. Of all the rotten luck to try and get things done, the dastard had to go and break the truce this soon. Aeolus considered whether to rescue the village or not. He saw the pros and the cons of both decisions. If he sent Yopple and the magi mates to rescue them, then Dracul would just teleport himself and his soldiers over to the horde and possibly decimate everyone there. The horde may have more combat experience and training than the villagers did and might fare well than they would, but the training was recent and won't be enough to stop them. But if he abandoned the village, then a survivor who knows his home had been abandoned by the ones who could have save them would speak ill of the horde to others and tarnish the Vulture Horde's image, thus ruining any chances of future recruitment. Not only that, he would also lose Uvanis and some others, who would share with the horde more on the enemies' fighting capabilities. Well, there was Eitri and the captured who would be alive to tell the story. But the more witnesses, the better as their differing point-of-views would off a variety of insight. Aeolus's train of thoughts were interrupted by the pygmy's desperate yell, *'Aeolus?!'*

The horde leader decided to be honest with him, *'Uvanis, you do know that Dracul and Arch can teleport, right? If we warp the whole village over to us, then they will follow us and destroy us all there. I can't afford to lose any of my horde's lives just yet.'*

'But Aeolus, you've gotten the horde to spare with each other, so that they would know how to fight other dragons. We, nocturnal members, didn't get the same amount of training as you day dragons did and that's why we lost.'

'And a day and a half of training is still not enough. If Dracul decides to come here, we may not have enough time to discuss how strategy.'

'You guys destroyed a few human settlements without deaths and even took down that group of dragon slayers.'

The leader reasoned, *'Only, because we had the element of surprise at our side.'* With Dracul's teleportation ability, the horde will have no idea where the enemy will appear at. Then Aeolus was reminded of the magis' ability to teleport. This power was an element of surprise. They would go in without the enemy knowing and then kill them. That plan sounds like a good idea. The leader told the pygmy the good news, *'You know what, Uvanis? I think we might be able to save the village.'*

Uvanis sounded a bit relieved, *'Really? That's great, Aeolus! I knew I could count on you.'*

Of course for the assault to succeed, Aeolus would need the dark leaf's help, too. He told him, *'I will send Yopple and a couple of spring dragons to capture Dracul, but I need you to watch how he fights, so that I can give them the go to get in at the right time.'*

'Okay, I'll keep an eye on him. But please hurry,' begged Uvanis.

Aeolus formed a telepathic bond with Yopple, the magis and a fourth dragon to tell them, *'Yopple, Jarilo, Evony, Kekul, we have an emergency. Dracul has just attacked the village, where our nocturnal soldiers are. I need you four to teleport to me immediately so that we can plan our attack.'*

Within a few seconds, the summoned four teleported to their leader's location. The male spring asked, "We're here. What's the plan, Aeolus?"

Aeolus gave them a brief on the mission, "What Kekul is going to do is place a tracking spell on Dracul and then teleport the three of you over to him."

Suddenly, Juna's words spoke into his mind in a slightly teasing tone, *'Hey Aeolus, found my brother now and now we are both ready to train your hoard for a bit. And how is everything on your end of the stick with Akil?'*

She apparently knew that the general was going to dislike him after that talk she told her earlier. Aeolus figured that the silver must have told her about the horde's bloody history. The leader thought that the silver would get amused with the truth, but he was not to give her the pleasure of his failure. He answered, *'We're off to a rough start, but it's not too much of a problem I care about, mind you. Anyway,*

I'll go let the others know about this shortly.'

The dragon lord asked kindheartedly, but with a bit of amusement tone mixed in it, *'You got beat I take it then. Well she was trained by my brother, so what could you expect? But her attitude came from her real parents, whoever they are. So have fun with that. Now have you talk to Atlas or Axle recently on their progress to the mountain, because Dracul has something plan for them; I just know it.'*

'Fine,' Aeolus just replied. He wanted to tell her that Akil never beat him and that she just gave up. But he'd rather keep the conversation short, so that he can finish the plan and send the team away. He also noticed the unusually "nice" tone in her voice and suspected that Juna was enjoying seeing someone else, besides her, giving him the cold shoulder.

Putting his attention back onto the three in front of him, Aeolus resumed from where he left off, "So anyway, before I tell you what to do next, I'm going to ask Uvanis what he learned from Dracul." He formed a telepathic bond with the dark leaf and asked, *'Uvanis, I got the team. Tell me what Dracul can do now.'*

The pygmy reported, *'Okay, let's see... He can transform himself into a human and take advantage of his small size to get around those bigger than him. I mean he was pretty agile; that was how he managed to dodge all our attacks.'* The horde leader was reminded of his spar from today and found the comparison between Dracul's human form and Firefry to be almost similar. The crimson flare's size and fast speed had made him difficult to land a claw or bite at him. Aeolus had been forced to use his breath attack and wind powers instead for an easier time against the pygmy. Uvanis continued, *'Dracul can also use dark magic. He burned everyone with black flames and made them come out from cracks below the ground. I think that's all I know of him.'*

Aeolus replied, *'Thank you, Uvanis. Help will be there shortly.'* With the telepathy over, the leader went back to planning a strategy with the team, "So as soon as Kekul teleports the team over to the Dracul, you spring dragons must breathe out your tranquilizing pollen breath to put him to sleep immediately. Do not wait too much or you might miss your chance. Once Dracul is knocked out, capture him and bring him to the lake we left. I and a few others will interrogate some information out of him and then hold a trial for him." He looked to the magma magi and told him, "Kekul, place the tracking spell on Dracul now." Kekul did as he was told and used his tracking spell to locate the dragon lord. The horde leader continued to tell the team, "And one last thing. If you find yourselves losing against him, then teleport and save yourselves. But do not come back to us. Dracul and Arch seem to have the ability to track us down and I do not want their army to fight us yet until we're stronger and bigger in numbers. Understood?"

The spring dragons replied, "Yes, Aeolus!"

With a brief nod, Aeolus said, "Good, you may go now." The springs inhaled to bring up pollen breaths

before they closed their mouths to hold them in until after teleportation. Kekul walked a distance away from the team and then teleported them to Dracul.