

Chapter 55: The Hunters from Shadow Wind

After playing some various fun time activities, the spring dragoness, whose name is Jarilo, was now telling hatchlings' stories to the Firestar sisters. Many of the dragons who were assigned to Group 5 had returned, most bringing back prey, fruits and vegetables, while others were unlucky to find anything. The horde was nice enough to let the sisters take their picks of the food. Danielle took a lizard, while Kylie got a prickly pear. They ate as Jarilo told a story, "Little Loy was a misfit pygmy, who was hated by many dragons, but loved by hatchlings who were amused by his jokes and antics. One day, he brought silence to his class when the teacher asked him to spell 'sobrazun', an old language meaning tree. Little Loy was quick on his feet. He jeered, "Sobrazun teacher. That's too small; give me something big to spell like 'ney'." And 'ney' was a word for whale." The spring smiled with amusement at the story's joke. Danielle and Kylie burst out laughing as tiny bits of their food went flying out of their mouths.

Another kind of laughter was heard before that someone said, "Wow, that sure is funny! Did you make that up or is this a common story?"

The sisters looked behind them and saw Ohimia approaching. She was carrying 3 gray foxes, flowers and some lizards. Danielle said, "It's Ohimia."

Kylie greeted her, "Hi Ohimia, we're listening to stories."

The lumina asked with a smile, "Is that so? What kinds did you hear?"

The whiptail answered, "The one about the gargoyles."

Her sister followed her up, "And the one about the enchanted stone."

Ohimia replied, "Ooh sounds interesting! Can I sit with you all and listen to more stories?"

The sisters replied, "Sure!"

Jarilo welcomed her, "Of course you may. Everyone is free to listen to the tales I tell."

"Sweet!" exclaimed Ohimia, who was happy to be let in. "I'll go put the catch on the pile and then I'll sit with you."

"Okay," the spring replied. The lumina went to put animals on the meat pile and the flowers on the veggie pile before she sat with the sisters and listened to Jarilo's continuation of the Little Loy story.

Azera mounted the horse with Kathia and they rode off in the direction where the halfling was last sighted going. This happened for a solid 30 minutes before Azera spoke up, "Wait here, Kathia. What is about to happen is nothing you can interfere with."

The girl watched him go as she asked, "Huh? Why?" The man slid off the horse and proceeded deeper into the woody fields. Not even in a minute of being gone, a large explosion happened as flames came leaping back towards Kathia.

"Ack!" screamed the startled girl. She quickly shielded herself with a bubble barrier and covered her face with her arms. The barrier doused the flames that were going to touch her. She put her arms down and looked at the fire in front of her as she asked, "What the heck just happened?!" Kathia worried about Azera being at the place of the explosion. He hoped the man was unharmed and okay, but she wouldn't know for sure until she saw him with her own eyes. But she mustn't go against what Azera told her to do and that was to stay where she was at. So what could she do? Perhaps get someone else to check up on him. She is a necromancer after all, at least a beginner to that study of magic; she could just summon a ghost to find him. Kathia used her magic energy and said, "Will any soul who wants to help me out come to me and search for a man named Azera?" Then the same ghost of the hiker showed up before her. She said to him, "Oh, it's you again."

The hiker smiled and asked, "Happy to see me, lassie?"

The girl answered, "As a matter of fact, yes. I need you to check Azera in that explosion over there." She pointed in the way he went at the burning flames. "I don't know if he's been hurt or not, but please make sure he's alright."

The hiker nodded and replied, "Got it." Then he flew over to the scene of the explosion. Not even a minute lasted when Kathia saw the ghost return as he called out, "Hey lassie!"

The girl looked at him, waiting to hear what he just found, "Did you find him? How is he?"

The ghost answered, "He's doing fine, kiddo. He's just fighting that halfling wretch."

What Kathia heard just now sounded unbelievable. The halfling wanted to help Azera, but now she's fighting him? What was going on? "Wait what?"

The ghost confirmed, "You heard me. He's trying to cut 'er up into pieces. Swinging that sword of his, while the wretch is casting magic at him."

Kathia told him, "Well keep an eye on him and make sure they don't kill each other. If one of them dies, the other will too."

"Huh?!" said the ghost who was in disbelief.

The girl explained, "I know it sounds crazy, but their lives are magically bond to one another. That's why I can't have them die yet. So please watch over them."

"Got it," the ghost obeyed before he flew away back to the scene of the fight. Kathia waited for the battle to end, hoping that the two combatants will make it out okay. After a short while, she saw the flames disappear and wondered if everything was alright over there now. Did one of them dispel the flames or did someone kill the other? She hoped it wasn't the last one. Then she saw the ghost coming back to her and asked, "What happened over there? I saw the fire disappear."

The ghost answered, "Azera won, lassie. He's alright and apparently, so is the halfling. He's carrying her over this way now."

The girl was relieved to hear that the event didn't end too badly. "Well that's good. Azera lives and I get my prisoner back. I'd like to find out what I can do to sever that soul bond so that they don't need each other to live." It was terrible for someone to have their life bound to another person, especially a lesser being. That meant that one unsuspecting event could end them and the other by surprise. They would have to spend their time and energy protecting each other that they could have had for only themselves. It was like a pair of people sharing handcuffs.

The hiker said, "I still have no idea what this soul bond thingamajig is all about, but I bet that Azera fellow would be pleased you're doing him a favor."

"Yeah, he would be," Kathia assumed with a slight nod. Then she saw the silver-haired man approaching and said, "Oh look, there he is." She started to call out to him, "Azera, you're back! Are you doing alright?"

As Azera got closer, Kathia saw that he was carrying the halfling with him on his back. "Exhausted," he said back to her. The chains on the halfling's wings clang behind him as he walked up to the redhead's horse. The girl was pleased to see that she could keep the prisoner like this without her being able to escape. That is if the halfling didn't have any magic powers to help her break free. The mage will have to find a spell to surely keep her prisoner in place. The man told her, "Kathia, take her first because there's only room for two people at a time and she's not shifting back to the tiny dragon form she has. It would be a good idea to tie her down this time just to be safe and not have her try and run off again. Not to mention the fact my legs feel like jelly right now that I can barely be able to walk." He placed the halfling on the back of the horse.

The girl replied, "Alright, I'll take her and this time, she's going to have guards watching her, too." It was an extra measure of security to keep the halfling locked in the camp just in case a simple spell or tie down won't do.

Then the man fell down on the grass and looked up to the sky; it seems like his body is exhausted. Kathia

noticed a small black line formed around his eyes like scales. It wasn't there before and the hiker's spirit didn't mention anything about this. She thought it might be some kind of injury and thought to question the man, "Hey, what happened to your eyes?"

Azera kept on looking at the sky and said back, "It's a side effect of the bond, just like how she is, I too change a bit as well. The crap around my eyes are indeed scales, but my vision, smell and hearing also change. Whether or not that is the extent of the bond or it continues I do not know." So he knows about the bond, too. Does that mean that he and the halfling were friends?

A slow clap came into earshot. The newcomer said, "Heart-touching, Azera. You bond with a dark myst, a rather ancient one at that or maybe repair a bond from the past. Frankly, I don't care. I came here because what you were hired to do has had uninspiring conditions." Kathia looked to the stranger and saw that he was a halfling. His wings were golden, there was a scar across his face, he has golden hair, and there was some strange sign on his gold armor suit with his pike on his back. There was more than him though as fully black-armored units came out from behind him. Looking at them felt like they were evil knight enemies that just came out of a video game. Azera spun quickly onto his feet and grabbed his sword hilt. But that was as far as he got as the male halfling has covered the whole distance between them and grabbed his throat. He lifted the swordsman off the ground and threw him like a rag doll across the open field, making Azera slide across the ground. The human bounced back onto his feet as he drew his sword while panting.

Kathia looked at the halfling and the knights nervously and with fear. They were outnumbered and she wasn't sure if she could beat them all, even with her magic. Even the ghost hiker was wary of this as he said, "Oh boy, I got a bad feeling about this, lassie."

The halfling man reached to his back and pulled the pike out from the hilt it sat in. He pointed the tip to the ground as a small amount of lighting discharged to the ground below. He quickly pointed at the units he brought with him and spoke in some strange tongue when he addressed the mercenary. Then he pointed at Kathia and the knocked out woman. The black knights sprung towards the two girls. Kathia got frightened; without thinking, she shrieked and made a dash for her horse while carrying the halfling woman. She nudged the creature in the rib as she shouted to it, "Go! Go! Go!" The horse neighed and it bolted off away from the men. The girl kept her eyes on her path, resisting the urge to look back and see how far away she escaped her pursuers. She needed to get back to the camp fast and get help. She hoped Azera would be alright without her. The guy seems to be survivor of such ordeals like when he fought Spinx 3 times and lived, but that was only because she saved his life. She wasn't sure how he would fare against that halfling fiend. He was not Spinx, but would Azera win this time or would he get beaten to near death again? Probably not as the men chasing her would probably give up and aid the halfling instead. Kathia didn't think Azera could handle himself against a bunch of men plus a halfling. They would surely overpower him. As she kept on going, she neared the mountains and saw a gray dragon near two boulders. The top of his head was a little redder than the rest of his body. His horns went down into a spiny frill down his neck. He looked strong, muscular and rough in texture with his scales. His wings were thin and leathery but uncut or torn. His eyes are yellow gold and his talons are

long and sharp. His back and feet look like they have been splattered with deep red blood. Kathia made her horse stay away from the mountains to avoid attracting the dragon's attention. Now is not the time to be fighting dragons, now is the time to flee.

As the horse made ground between the knights and their targets, hope of escape was more and more possible. Until a bolt of blue lightning streamed right passed the horse and a very reflective surface almost like ice formed from the air. It bounced the lightning towards back the horse. Kathia jerked the reins back in panic and got the horse to stop. She let out a terrified scream as she began to see her whole life flash before her very eyes. Even the horse whinnied in the equal amount of fear. It looked like she might die sooner than she thought. The lightning struck the horse and its body flashed like an x-ray as it let out the loudest cry in pain and reared up, throwing Kathia and the halfling woman off. The two females hit the ground and Kathia's breath was knocked out when her back and skull got hurt by the hard ground. She raised her upper-body up and rubbed the back of her head to soothe out the pain. Then she saw her horse before her lying dead on the ground; the lightning bolt had killed it.

"Shit!" she cursed, knowing her only ride back to the camp was gone. If only she was more proficient in necromancy, would she be able to revive the horse and try to escape again. She heard footsteps and looked back to see the knights were regaining distance she had been widening earlier. To make matters worse, she saw a shadow of a dragon streaking across the ground and the rumble of his breath sounded loud and frightening. The creature must have seen and followed her from the mountains. Kathia cried out her fright at the bad situation she was in, "Oh craaaap!" She knew she couldn't carry the halfling away on her own two feet as the weight would just greatly slow her down and allow both the knights and the dragon to get her. Instead, it looks like she was going to have to fight. The mage cast her lightning bolt spell at the knights in hopes that she would kill one of them. One of the men got struck and fell unconscious. The other two knights jumped back to avoid getting shocked before they retaliated with their own lightning spells. Kathia shrieked and quickly ducked down to try to save her own skin. The spells missed her, but one of them zapped the halfling. Just then, pitch dark smoke started to surround her and the halfling. The smoke is thick and warm, seemingly alive. She heard the knights shouting some strange words she couldn't understand, but their tone made it clear that they were taken aback by surprise. The knights didn't make that smoke, the dragon must have. The smoke the girl is in was hard to breathe and it singed her nostrils, making her choke. Kathia coughed as her eyes teared up. She gathered her strength to focus on casting a spell to save her lungs. She cast a wind spell to clear away some of the smoke away from her. She looked up at the darkening sky to see the dragon flying above her in a circle. The creature had caught up to her. Kathia gritted her teeth, now she was caught in a rock and a hard place. She was now going to have to fight both of them now. Seeing that the dragon was still in the sky for now, Kathia decided to go for the knights for now and cast her lightning spells at them. She hoped they were still in the same spots before the smoke appeared. A hiding place was good for ambush, but she would have to move after this as the knights would try to strike where she stands.

The knights noticed the dragon flying above him and assumed that he must be helping the girl and Massiva to escape. They cast their lightning spells up at the dragon. Just then, a different set of lightning bolts came out of the smoke and one of the knights shouted in his language, [Watch out!] The lightnings

barely touched them as they zapped on by. Each knight took cover behind a tree and retaliated with their spells zapping at the smoke, hoping to kill the girl.

As Kathia moved away, she saw white flashes behind her. It was just as she thought would happen, these men would retaliate. They won't stop until she was dead. She used her wind magic to blow away some of the smoke, so that she would talk to a ghost she needed to summon. But then it turns out that she wouldn't need to as she saw a glowing white and transparent spirit. It was the hiker's ghost and she was glad that he found her fast. He greeted, "Hey there, lassie. Looks like ya've gotten yourself into a fight."

"I know," said Kathia with the stress she felt in this situation. "These guys are going to kill me. Listen, I need you stay outside the smoke and watch for when these jerks attack. Also, let me know where they're at too, so I can zap them."

The hiker's ghost said, "Alright, you got it." Then the ghost flew outside the smoke and watched the attacking knights.

The dragon kept circling and got a little closer to the ground before the lightning spell struck his side by his left wing shoulder. The dragon let out a terrible howl of pain. He hovered in midair for a moment not moving as he came hurtling down to the ground in the same direction as the knights. One of them shouted, [Watch out!] The one knight barely managed to escape as the dragon came down with an ear splitting crash upon his two comrades, crushing them under his weight and flinging the lone survivor to the side across the ground. The dragon's body went limp.

The ghost watching this scene shuddered as if he was feeling the immense pain of both the dragon and the knights. He said, "Blimey, that's gotta hurt!" The smoke gradually cleared and Kathia was able to see her surroundings again. She saw lots of blood and a few armor pieces on the long trail of upturned dirt and gravel. Her eyes followed it to the dragon and knight, and immediately knew what happened to them. The knights had attacked the dragon and the moment they tried to alert the other, the dragon had crashed down on them. This was good as Kathia and the halfling were now safe again and they would be able to get back to camp with no trouble. The girl went over to the halfling and picked her up. She put the halfling's arms around her neck and held them together by the hands. Then she began to walk away with the woman carried. But they weren't out of the woods yet as the hiker's ghost saw the last knight getting up and looking at his dead comrades first before he turned to the females. The knight let out an angry scream and was about to let out another lightning spell. The ghost quickly alerted the girl loudly, "Duuucckk!"

Kathia shrieked as she swiftly threw herself down and avoided the lightning bolt just in time. She pushed the halfling off and looked back to see the last knight still alive and ready to kill her. Now that it was only just him and no one else to threaten them, the girl was feeling courageous and eager to destroy this man. "You want to fight?" she asked angrily. She got up to stand and turned to face him with her magic energy ready. She yelled, "Then die!" She cast a lightning bolt at the knight, who quickly dodged to the

side. The girl knew he was going to retaliate after evading, so she ran to the side before he could attack. His spell missed as she hoped it would. After she hid behind a tree, she cast her lightning spell at him again.

The hiker's spirit floated above the battlefield, watching Kathia and the knight trying to zap each other. They both kept missing each other as the battle dragged on. The hiker kept alerting the girl for when her foe was about to attack and where he would strike from. He was doing a good job of keeping her safe from death so far. But now he wondered when one of them would make a successful strike against the other. Kathia looks like she was getting exhausted of constantly casting spells and the knight, for some reason, was still energetic. The hiker wondered how he could help end this fight quickly before the girl tires out and becomes an easy target. He noticed how the knights never seemed to notice him the whole time. Either they were ignoring him or maybe they just couldn't see him. If it was the latter, the hiker wondered if it was possible for him to hit the knight and distract him. The ghost flew over to him to test it out. He threw a punch at the back of the man's head. The knight did feel it as the hiker hoped and the living man cried, "Ow!" When he moved his head back up, his eyes widened in shock as he saw Kathia's lightning coming fast. He never got a chance to move as he was shocked and screamed in pain before he fell down and died.

But the sparks shooting off the man had affected the hiker too, who was too close to the knight. The ghost felt even worse pain in places where the sparks touched him, creating holes on his form. The hiker screamed in agony as he began to hold on to his wounds. Kathia was horrified by what she had accidentally done to the hiker. She ran quickly over to him, though her tiredness from using up much of her magic energy slowed her down. She apologized, "I am so sorry, I didn't mean to do this! I swear I didn't know magic affects ghosts! Here, let me heal you." She held her hand over the one of the holes and cast her healing magic on him. But unfortunately, it made it worse as the hole grew bigger instead and the ghost was in more pain. The girl quickly apologized again, "Oops! I didn't think this would happen. Usually my healing magic fixes wounds, not the opposite. Sorry, I don't know much about ghosts. I'm new to this necromancy thing."

The hiker through his pained expression grunted forgiving, "It's alright, lassie. This just a mistake. Just send me back to the spirit and maybe someone there will fix this." He made a horrible-sounding scream from the bigger hole hurting him.

Kathia sent the hiker back to the afterlife and went back to the halfling woman. This terrible experience she just witnessed just now made her remember to never cast any magic spells at the ghosts she summons. *'I better read up on ghosts later,'* she thought, wanting not to make any mistakes like this again. She lifted the halfling up and carried her the same way as she did before. With the creature's weight and the girl's weariness, the walk back to the camp would be slower than ever. She wanted to summon another ghost to act as her watcher for her surroundings, but that would just use up more of her magic energy and she can't afford to collapse. For now, she must persevere to Sundown on her own.

Rainstorm roared frantically, "Oh TJ, he's going to kill him!"

'I know,' responded Aeolus in her head, feeling the direness of the situation. 'We need to stop that dragon immediately. But first, I must send this flesh piece to Juna before the blood dries out. You go fight the dragon, while I get Kekul to warp this.' Just after he said this, the magma magi and his gray friend teleported next to him. The horde leader commended the former for his good thinking on bringing a healer to this fight, because they were going to need him. He looked to the magi and said, *'Kekul, perfect timing. I just tore a piece of Axle's neck; send this to Juna right away.'*

"Sure thing," Kekul obeyed. He warped the flesh over to the silver dragoness.

Cirrus looked past the magi and the disaster and watched Rainstorm attempt to fight the armored newcomer with her claws. The male gray also noticed Axle in his badly injured state lying on the ground. He wasn't sure what to make of this as he asked his leader, "Aeolus, what's going on? Kekul told me that he and you were fighting Axle, but now I'm seeing one of us fighting this dragon in armor. Is he defending Axle?"

Aeolus answered, "Quite the opposite actually. He and his pygmy slave are here to kill Axle."

The silver dragon approached the wounded Axle before Rainstorm struck his armor from behind, but not even scratching the armor. He turned his head to see her clawing at his armor. "Annoying pest," he said out loud and took a swipe at her. The dragoness let out a loud pained roar and Aeolus, Kekul and Cirrus instantly turned their heads to her when they heard her. They saw her laying on the ground and her blood painting the grass red. She had deep gashes on her where she was scratched and also where a bone got broken. The armored dragon spun back around and started to walk to Axle again.

Aeolus ordered the male gray, "Cirrus, go heal Rainstorm. Kekul and I will take out that dragon over there."

"Got it," Cirrus replied before he went over to heal the roaring and wincing dragoness. Aeolus and Kekul engaged the silver. The magi cast a magic wall between Axle and the enemy to keep the white from being harmed during the fight. Aeolus blew lightning at the armored dragon's back, wondering if his armor would conduct electricity since it was metal. Maybe it might, maybe it won't, but he'll test that out regardless. The silver-armored dragon was struck; the metal was conductive, but it also acted like a shield of some kind as it all got redirected back into the earth. The silver dragon was still standing after that small shock. He turned towards Aeolus and countered back at him with his own spell, that of a large fireball. Aeolus's eyes went wide in fright as he saw the giant fireball coming right at him. He got burned as the ball hit him and knocked him down. "Aeolus!" cried Cirrus as he and Kekul were both worried for him. The horde leader is still alive; he started to push himself back up as he endured the pain.

Kekul readied his magic energy as he said, "Well if electricity won't work, then let's see how his armor

handles magma!" He cast a ball of lava at the armored dragon, covering his whole front side. Kekul smirked, thinking he had gotten the silver dragon.

Then suddenly, he heard Corona's telepathic voice asking, '*Kekul, we managed to capture the human. Can you tell us where Juna is?*' He answered her back, telling her where to go and giving her the mental image of the silver dragoness's location. '*Thanks, Kekul,*' the phoenix dragoness replied.

'*Anytime,*' the magi said. Then he noticed that something was wrong about the enemy; there was no roar in pain or even the slightest panic in him. Even the others were suspicious of this, too. Then the lava ball started to bubble up like a balloon. It busted into a cone shape in front of the silver and it was sent back towards Kekul. He was knocked him over as he let out a grunt. Being part-magma himself, his resistance to lava left him with very little damage and he was able to get back up easily. A solid fire barrier was surrounding the silver super close to his armor. He drew all the fire around his armor to the front into a ball, aimed it at Cirrus and fired at him.

After Cirrus was done healing Rainstorm, the large fireball hit and burned him, making him snarl painfully. The dragoness's eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open, she was startled by the sudden appearance of the attack. Cirrus dropped to the ground and started to roll the flames out. Aeolus noticed the fire on the silver's armor and thought, '*A master of flames.*' So besides electricity, fire attacks, or lava for that matter, would not be able to do any damage to him. These two elements were useless for this fight. But since they were dealing with a fiery enemy, the leader came up with an idea. Since Cirrus was too busy with his burning body, he looked to the gray dragoness and told her, "Rainstorm, I could use some rain right about now." Rainstorm used her magic to create dark clouds in the sky, which immediately began to pour rain. The rain itself would not do any harm, but they will be able to douse out the flames.

The rain patted on the large dragon's armor as it made small streams off his armor. He looked at Aeolus dead in the eye as he spoke, "So you think a little water will douse my flames of a fire mage of my strength? How disrespectful of you." Aeolus gritted his teeth, seeing that defeating the silver dragon was proving to be harder than he thought. It seems like water would not work against him either. The other horde members were surprised at this, seeing that the silver did the impossible. The fire on Cirrus's body was doused out, allowing the gray to heal himself which he started doing now. "Let me show you the real meaning of mastering your magic," the armored dragon said as the air begun to start to rise in temperature. Soon the water around him started to evaporate into a hot steam off his armor and the ground around him. Then it started to dry out the now soaked wet ground, but no flames were seen. As the steam started to become thicker and thicker from the water evaporating around him and the ground below him, the air soon started to become thicker and hard to breathe as evident from the little pygmy slave that was starting to cough and breathe heavily. From the veil of the heavy mist and fog, the silver said, "Let see who will pass out first, dragons. Me or you?"

The horde was having difficulty breathing as Rainstorm telepathically asked the leader, '*Aeolus, what do we do? That dragon's tough.*'

Aeolus tried to think of an idea quickly to defeat their foe before they lose. He knew Rainstorm, Cirrus and himself would not be able to harm the soldier. The silver will just fly over his earthquake attack and he might fly to save himself from hitting the ground after getting thrown out the tornado. Maybe Kekul could be able to stop him for good, but there were very few options on how to fight. Ice would not definitely work as how water had already failed, a light element won't work either as it might get reflected by the armor, he was not sure if earth attacks can break through the armor, and magis cannot use darkness unless they had a dark-type dragon for a parent. Perhaps a non-elemental attack might be able to dish out some damage. Aeolus looked to the magi and telepathically asked, *'Kekul, got any non-elemental attack spells?'*

Kekul replied, *'I do, just a magic beam spell.'*

'Then cast it at him,' the leader told. *'If it fails, then warp over to Azulignis and bring him here. Maybe his acid mud will be our last hope in saving Axle.'* The magi charged up his magic energy and white sparks appeared, floating towards the center of his mouth. After getting the right amount of mana for the spell, Kekul opened his mouth and blew out a magic beam at the armored dragon.

The spell went into the thick fog and hit something as indicated by the sound of explosive impact. The fog started to clear a bit as blood could be smelled through the fog a bit. There was also the sound of someone gasping for air before their breathing was cut. Rainstorm smiled and exclaimed, "You got him!"

Kekul did not believe it and told, "No I didn't, the gasp's too high-pitched to sound like him. I think someone else must have taken the hit." When the fog cleared up some more, there was a small pool of blood on the ground, but not from who the magic beam was targeted to. In the silver's clutching talons was the little pygmy with a fetal wound in her chest. He used the pygmy as a personal small shield to take the full attack from Kekul's spell. Everyone was disturbed by the sight of the dead dragoness. Aeolus gritted, Rainstorm gasped and the other two dragons just dropped their mouths open in shock.

The Shadow Wind soldier twisted his talon and threw the pygmy towards the ground, almost like she was trash that was being thrown out. Her body splashed on the ground as she landed close to Axle. The silver started to chuckle a bit before he asked Kekul, "So mage, how does it feel to kill another dragon? Does it feel rushed or do you now regret that attack of yours?" The magi stayed silent knowing that he broken one of Solomos's dragon laws which is to not kill other dragons and he did not want to give this monster the satisfaction of hearing his guilt.

Aeolus saw the look on the magi's face and understood what he was feeling. He reassured, "Don't worry, it's just an accident. Besides, he's the real killer by using her as a dragon shield. He won't get away with this."

"Damn right, he won't!" yelled Kekul as he started to cast earth magic. The hard soil of the ground below the silver dragon threatened to rise up to cover his legs and try to prevent his escape.

The silver dragon erupted a small fire under him to stop this process and took to the air, but not by flapping his wings as he stood on what seems to be solid fire under him. The horde was in awe at how the silver dragon's fire was able to go past the soil. Just how strong was his fire? The silver said, "Clever little dragons. And yes, I may have used her as shield, but I was not the one who cast a magic beam, nor challenge me in a fight knowing you are well out of your league." Then a fireball started to form above him and rapidly grew in size. "Sorry to cut our time short, but I have a tight time frame here and this little tango here must end." The fireball grew in a massive size and changed color to a blazing white. He looked at Kekul and said, "Let's see you stop this, mage." The fireball accelerated towards the horde, who stood there in fright and shock, knowing that nothing could stop his spell. Rainstorm let out a high-pitched terrified roar while the males had their mouths hung open. But something intercepted the fireball, casting a large cloud of smoke, which made it hard for the horde to breath as they began to cough. Aeolus flapped his wings to blow away the smoke. Something or someone has saved them, but who? What he saw was a single human, one with very long black hair, white clothing and a mask covering the bottom of his face. But his eyes were closed and he was completely unscathed from the fireball. The silver's eyes narrowed at this human, almost as annoyed by a buzzing fly in a lit lamp.

The man said in a voice match that of Axle's, "Aeolus and Aeolus's group, this is not your fight anymore. It would be wise for you to leave now." He looked almost like Axle, but Axle's human form had much shorter black hair as this one had hair almost touching the back of his knees. "Because you will only be in my way," he said as he opened his right eye, revealing his royal blue eye, but he seemed slightly different.

Aeolus decided to trust this human with the situation and replied, "Very well, we shall take our leave." Then he looked to Kekul and told him, "Kekul, take us back to Juna."

The magi and the other soldiers looked at their leader with uncertainty. They did not know who this human was, how powerful he is or if he would be able to protect Axle. Rainstorm asked, "Leave? But what about Axle?"

The horde leader assured, "He will be fine. We must go now."

Kekul was still hesitant to leave, but he decided to obey for now. He replied, "Alright fine, if you say so." He began to picture the silver dragoness in preparation to warp.

Aeolus looked at the new human and thought, '*You will be fine here, right Axle?*' Then the horde returned to Juna by teleportation.