

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 46](#).)

When the group landed, Garin promptly got off Atlas' head, and good thing too, or else he would have probably been launched into the one of the trees by Axle's seemingly idiotic reaction. Even Ohimia and Violet was just as shocked as he was by the white knocking out Atlas. The lumina cried, "Axle!" The vampire girl seemed to be a bit defensive now. The white gently placed his paw where he struck the magi and healed the wound he may have caused.

Garin looked him disapprovingly as he yelled, "Axle, what the hell?! Why'd you do that?"

Axle had a serious look on his face as he told them, "To protect her from the danger I'm about to put myself in. Can you watch over her until she wakes back up, and tell her I'm sorry as well." Then without another word, he took off back towards Trident Mountain at full speed. Violet though was still in shock, but she walked slowly towards Atlas and sat next to the sleeping magi.

Garin clenched his fists, watching as the white flew off to what was presumably his doom. *'I understand his reasoning for doing that,'* the halfling thought. *'But he didn't have to knock Atlas out.... And I can't go after him because I promised them I'd watch out for Ohimia.'* Garin sat down on a nearby log and put his head in his hands, deep in thought. *'I guess I'll just have to wait to see how things turn out....'*

Ohimia voiced her concern, "I wonder if he'll be alright by himself." Her worry was justified as Axle's story of Spinx gave a description of just how the necromancer was. Even Atlas knew that her friend was no match for him.

The sounds of patting rain was heard. Then all of a sudden, a large storm of dark clouds loomed overhead, blocking out the sun. "Oh no," Violet said out loud.

Ohimia asked her, "Oh no? What do you mean?"

At this point, the girl became very nervous and started yelling at the magi, "Atlas, wake up!" Garin snapped out of his thoughts and stood up. The vampire girl was trying to shake Atlas's head hard in an attempt to wake her up. She screamed again with more force added to her shakes, "ATLAS, WAKE UP YOU DAMN DRAGON!"

The halfling walked over to the girl and attempted to comfort her by putting his hand on her shoulder. Violet flinched at his touch on her cold shoulder. "Hey, calm down," Garin said, trying to comprehend how she was feeling and why. "Why are you so worked up all of a sudden?"

Violet replied back coldly, "They are extremely close by, and without Axle or Atlas's protection or the sunlight, we are very much dead."

As she continued to try and wake up Atlas, Garin asked, "Who are "they"?" But he never got an answer to that question as the snapping of a tree branch about 500 feet from them. Ohimia let out a startled gasp while Garin whipped around, drawing his sword from its sheath as he spun.

His eyes fell onto Violet, who got up away from him and Atlas and backed away slowly. She seemed more scared now than ever. She reached into her leather pocket of her single piece leather suit and pulled out a key to her own collar. As she was unlocking the collar from her neck, she said, "Do me a favor and protect Atlas, will you? When she comes to, tell her to go after Axle. I will draw the other attention away from you guys as long as I can. And can you also tell her that I know what her daughter looks like, but do not know the name. It's a green and orange-tinted dragon with red and blue eyes. That is all I know."

"You don't need to go, we could-" Garin was cut off by the realization that there were quite a few enemies prowling about nearby. He sighed then continued, his attitude towards the situation changed by the gravity of it. "Go.... Do what you have to do.... I'm not going to stop you.... But I'm not going to forget you either."

Ohimia wished her well, "Please take care out there." Her soft tone was filled with worry like she didn't want the vampire to get hurt by whatever creatures or people were out there. Violet's collar dropped to the ground with a small **thunk**. Garin looked from her to the collar and then back at the collarless girl standing before him. Violet turned on her heels and ran at full speed, seeming to run as fast as a cheetah. She was soon out of sight of the group and was gone, leaving nothing behind but an unlocked collar with the key still in it. Garin could feel the attackers pinpoint her and begin chasing after her in particular. Even Ohimia noticed that too as she cried, "Oh no, they're all going after her."

Garin sighed, *'As soon as Atlas wakes up, I'm going to find you.... I'm not going to let some wild creatures kill an innocent girl.'* The halfling, filled with determination, hit his battle stance, holding his sword at the ready and staying alert in case they were attacked. He told the lumina, "We have to believe in her, Ohimia. It's for Atlas's sake."

Ohimia reasoned, "Yes, but none of them came to attack us. They all just went straight for Violet like they didn't care about us."

She was right; something was off here. Violet made it sound like the mysterious attackers were going to harm the magi, but apparently that wasn't their objective at all. "Wait, so you're saying-" Garin said.

Ohimia finished for him, "That they just want Violet." Then her face pained and her voice started to sound sad, "Oh Guardian of Nature, they're going to kill her!" That was when Garin dropped his mouth open in despair. He should have gone to protect the girl, he should have disobeyed her and defend her instead. If only they all knew what the attackers' real intention from the start, then there would have been no need for Violet to make any distractions and possibly get herself killed.

Just then, they heard Atlas shouting, "Nooooo!" They looked to the magi to find her now awake with an expression on her face that made it apparent that she just had a nightmare. Garin wished had woken up sooner to help take down Violet's pursuers. Atlas was panting in shock before she looked to her travel companions and asked, "Guys, what's going on?"

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 47](#).)

After Garin explained everything that happened during Atlas's unconsciousness, the magi went off to find Axle, leaving the halfling and his lumina friend to go save Violet. They flew up into the air, desperately scanning the forest for signs of the girl or the other "creatures" that she presumably lured away. Ohimia had apparently caught on to some kind of scent as she said, "Garin, I just smelled blood."

Garin was not happy with what he just heard. In fact, it was worryingly to say the least. He asked, "Oh gosh no! That's not Violet's, is it?"

The dragoness confirmed with regret, "It is...and it's the only one I smell."

The halfling said, "Damn it! I just hope she's still alive when we find her. Those guys are going to pay for this." Garin had scanned the forest about four times, each time finding nothing before noticing a bright splotch of red amidst the large leafy-green trees. Pointing to them, he said, "Look, there's blood! That must be what you just smelled."

"It is. It smells just like Violet," said Ohimia. They swooped down in a dive, noticing more and more red splotches littering the ground as they neared. They landed in an area in between the puddles of red liquid. Their emotions started welling up as they approached the source of the gory liquid. They began to break out into tears as they made out what it was. The lumina cried, "Oh Violet." Then she started sobbing over the girl's death.

Garin pulled Violet's body, which had been violently impaled by a wooden spear, and set it down, his tears mixing with the blood. He placed his hand over the tips of the eyelids of the young vampire and softly closed them as his sobbing began to fill the forest. He then sat down amidst the bloody grass and mourned over her body for a few minutes, despite not even knowing her. Then, he brought the news to Atlas' attention. *'She....'* Garin stuttered and paused, having trouble making the statement. *'She's dead.... They killed her.... Her own people....'* The halfling cut off the telepathic transmission and clenched his hand into a tight fist. He got up, a fresh look of grim determination on his face. *'I'm not going to let her die in vain!'* Garin thought, determined. *'I'm going to keep fighting to end this war!'* Turning to the dragoness, he said, "Ohimia, let's go! We have to help Axle and Atlas, and avenge Violet."

Ohimia wiped her tears and sniffed, "I will, but I think we should bury her first. Give her a resting place."

As much as Garin wanted to do that, he would have to disagree for now. "There's no time for that, we need to go see if Atlas and Axle are alright. They might be fighting Spinx right now."

Ohimia let out a sigh and said, "I suppose you're right. We can't let them die, too. Let's go save them." Then Garin rose up into the air and engulfed himself in flames. He then shot towards Trident Mountain like a fiery comet, the flames increasing his travel speed. The lumina, on the other hand, had to beat her wings fast to keep up with the speeding halfling.

After a few minutes, they finally reached Trident Mountain. The rain simply evaporated before it even reached the shield of flames surrounding Garin's young body. Letting his anger burn, the halfling increased the size and strength of the flames, then shot down towards Trident Mountain at incredible speeds aiming straight for a dark purple drake that was attacking Atlas. Garin drew his sword from its sheath and held it out in front of him, turning himself into a sharp, fiery missile as he shot himself towards the enemy drake. *'This is it,'* he thought. *'We're going to kill this evil son of a bitch!'* Garin closed his eyes, bracing himself for impact that was to come when he connected. The blade pierced through the drake's flesh, but not drawing blood as the drake seemed to turn into a ghost at the last second.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 48](#).)

The battle with the drake had been quickly over as he along with the other enemy dragons disappeared and the man in black robes, who was probably Spinx, escaped on a black dragoness he rode. But the result wasn't one-sided in anyone's favor as both Axle and the swordsman, who had been helping them, were both injured. The swordsman, having suffered the worst, as he was lying unconscious. Garin sat down, a bit frustrated with the way things turned out. Atlas, who was in her human form, warped off to go look for help to heal the victims, most notably Axle. Ohimia, who had been guarding the swordsman's body, looked to where she saw him and found an empty spot instead where he used to be. Taken by surprise of his sudden disappearance, she asked, "Hey, where did he go?"

Garin perked up at her question, "You don't think he could have gotten away, do you?!"

Ohimia answered, "I don't know, maybe he did. I guess he must have been alright after all." Spinx's bones spell attack, which the halfling noticed during his fight with the drake, looked like it can deal out a big can of hurt. But the swordsman must have some good endurance if he was able to get back up and leave while they weren't looking in that short amount of time. "I wonder if he'll be alright," she said.

The halfling shook his head uncertainly as he answered, "I don't know. It's a miracle he can get up like that after that spell Spinx dished out on him." Sure some people recovered from unconsciousness fast,

but Garin was skeptical about the swordsman's case. Was the spell weaker than he thought it was or what?

Just then, Atlas appeared in her dragon form via teleportation with a cream-colored dragon next to her. She asked, "Guys, I'm back. Anything happened while I was gone?"

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 49](#).)

Garin and the dragons had split up to find Axle in different parts of the mountain. Ohimia and Garin went to the east and Hewey went to the west, while Atlas was climbing up the mountain. The halfling and lumina walked along the eastern path as they scanned their surroundings for Axle in either his dragon form or his human form. They both called Axle's name over and over again, hoping that he would hear them and respond. Garin called, "Axle, where are you? Axle!" Suddenly, they heard an explosion from somewhere. Ohimia let out a surprised shriek as she nearly tripped herself. Garin, also caught off guard by the noise, asked, "Whoa, what was that?"

The lumina responded, "I don't know, but whatever it was, it came from over there." She looked off into the direction where the explosion originated from.

Garin suggested, "Let's check it out. Axle might be where the explosion happened." There had to be a cause for this explosion to occur. If Axle had anything to do with it, then he had just made their task of finding him easier. Then they went on their way to find the source of the explosion.

Along the way, they found a shirtless white-haired man, who looked badly injured, lying in his own pool of blood on the shore of the pond. His blood poured out around him from under the shield. The side of his face had a scorch mark on it and there was a nasty gash on his arm. "Garin, look!" Ohimia said to her halfling friend.

Garin approached the shirtless human, unsure as to how much longer the man would survive. He took a few steps towards the puddle, his feet squelching in the wet ground. The rain still continued its onslaught, sending rain pouring over the scenery. Garin watched the blood seep out of the man and knew he needed to act quickly. "He's not looking very good," he said. "This might hurt him a bit, but I'm going to try cauterizing the wound." The halfling sucked in a few deep breaths, the rain still pounding against his body. He took the shield off of the man's body and created two small flames floating above his thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Then he pinched together the skin on either side of the wound, allowing the skin to meld together. He then slid his fingers across the rest of the large gash, sealing it and stopping the blood flow. "That should buy him some time, but we still need a proper healer."

The lumina said, "I say we take him over to that dragon that Atlas brought over." She picked up the man with her mouth and put him on her back to carry. Just as they were about to head back, Atlas flew downwards and landed before them. Ohimia looked at her and said, "Oh Atlas, I was just about to ask you to teleport us over to that dragon you brought here to help."

The healer that Atlas found had fixed all of Axle's injuries. Then he suggested that they all find a cave to rest in, which they did and were in now. Garin sat up against the rocky cave wall, contemplating what had just happened recently. He was quite interested in the events, but didn't have much to say. He stared up at the ceiling, listening to the rain pelting down against their cave outside. He then stared at his hands. He had so much power, but he couldn't ever wield it properly. Last time he tried....he shuddered with the thought. *'I just hope I'll never have to use it here,'* he thought. *'But I'm going to continue to practice and hopefully master my skills...'*

Then he heard Ohimia asking, "What's on your hands, Garin?"

Garin snaps out of his thoughts at the lumina's statement, shaking his head a bit. "Nothing. I was just thinking."

"Thinking?" Ohimia asked curiously.

"Just about what's been going on recently, it's nothing really."

Ohimia looked to Axle on Atlas's side and said, "We've been through a few rough times today. The fight we just fought, Axle getting hurt and..." She paused for a bit as if finding the right words to her next statement. She eventually continued with a sad sigh, "Her..."

((Note: The rest of this story is not canon to the RP.))

The halfling knew who she was talking about and wasn't mad at her for bringing this up. He sighed sadly, "Yeah, I know. It's been a really bad day and it sucks that we weren't able to do anything to prevent all that." If his powers had been fully mastered by that time, then maybe Violet would be here alive with them now.

The lumina looked back to him and said, "Well let's not dwell on that for too long. I think Violet would have wanted us to keep fighting for the future and make our dreams come true. I'm sure she's watching us out there, somewhere." With a small smile, she softly, "So let's do it for her, okay?"

Garin smiled back, he was still a bit sad, but he was about to get over today's tragedy. "Yeah, let's do it," he said. No matter what, he and Ohimia would get Yopple to come back to his senses, help them defeat Axle's enemies, and put an end to the Great War that's going on around the world. Violet would be proud of them if they can accomplish all that.

Atlas had been listening on their conversation while waiting for Axle to wake up. She was both touched and inspired by everything she heard. She thought about Violet and silently said to her spirit, *'I'm sorry I mistrusted you, kid. I guess you're not all that bad as I originally thought. Tell you what, I'll go and make my dreams come true, too. I'm going to defeat all the evil lords, find that daughter of mine you were telling me about, and raise my nieces into the perfect dragonesses they'll grow up to be.'* On that last part, she thought to her deceased sister and continued, *'Right, Flarina?'* Everyone was determined to get the things they want, no matter what.

After a few seconds pause, Garin thought back to when Ohimia suggested that Violet be buried. The girl did need a proper rest for both her body and soul. Now that the battle was over, they could go back and make her a burial ground. No one should have to see her corpse looking like this. And her body shouldn't be let out for scavengers to make a meal out of. Turning his head over to the magi, he asked, "Hey Atlas."

"Yeah?" she asked.

The halfling asked, "Can you take us over to Violet? I know you don't trust her, but we want to go bury her body. She needs a resting place." Ohimia looked at her with a soft nod and pleading eyes requesting to let the lumina and her friend go do the job.

Atlas, now being okay with the vampire girl, agreed that she does need a burial. She replied, "Alright, I'll take you to her." Looking over to the healer dragon, she told him, "You there. Watch over Axle until we get back."

The healer obliged, "I will."

After the magi got up, she teleported Garin, Ohimia, and herself to the place where Violet was last seen, the part in the woods where she was killed. Garin jumped in surprise by how instantly and quickly they were taken here in less than a second. Even Ohimia was just as astonished by the sudden warp. She even looked like she was kind of sick as she said, "Whoaaa, this is a bit overwhelming."

Atlas said to her, "I guess this teleporting spell will take getting some used to for you." Not everybody could handle teleportation the first time around. Some would get the warping sickness and in worst case scenario, vomit the contents in their stomach. Then all eyes fell upon Violet's dead body. This wasn't surprising for the magi at all as she was used to brutal deaths like this after her long slave career of fighting and killing in tournaments. But nonetheless, she still pitied the girl.

Garin said solemnly, "Alright, let's do what we came here to do."

"Got it," said Atlas. The halfling thought that they were going to dig, but the magi made it easier for them by using her earth magic to separate some of the soil and create a hole in the ground, which was the perfect size to fit Violet in.

Garin picked up the girl's body and carried her to the hole. Ohimia walked beside him and nuzzled Violet's face mournfully. They stopped at the grave and the halfling set the girl's body down in it. Atlas used her magic to bring the soil back together and close up the hole. Garin, noticing what the magi was capable of, needed one more thing done here. He requested, "Hey Atlas, can you create some kind of gravestone for her?"

"Sure," Atlas replied. It looks like they were going to do the human's version of a burial. Unlike some dragons, who just bury their dead, humans bury theirs and place a tombstone on the graves to mark where their fellow men died. The magi guessed that they wanted to know the place of their deceased since they don't have a strong sense of smell to find them. She used her magic to raise up a slab of rock next to the grave.

Garin used his magic to make a small beam of lightning from his finger and used it to write on the tombstone. He wrote the same sentence in two languages: *Here lies Violet, a smart young girl who will rest here in peace.* Smart was a good way to describe her, considering what she knows of her through their very short time together and how wise she seems beyond her years. With that done, he turned to Atlas and said, "Alright, let's go back." Without a word spoken, the magi teleported the trio back to the cave.