

((Note: The following sections take place during [chapter 20](#).)

Axle laid on the ground as he heard the sound of Danielle and Kylie playing around near some woods. The cold rock was biting at his chest as it ate his heat from his human form. His figure twitched a bit again before his blue eyes open up again. He could still feel the pain from daggers that had enter his body. He could smell his own blood, Strider's blood, and the smell of burnt stone a bit. Axle's only true friend he had was dead and he knew who sent Marc at them. Axle started to push himself off the ground. A small growl escapes his throat as he thought of Spinx. How much he wanted the necromancer to be dead now. He was the whole reason they were on this damn quest. Axle stood up and saw the huge blades, one broken and the other full. The man picked up the broken one and felt around the center of the blade before he felt the small hole he was looking for. He pressed hard against it with his thumb and the blade snapped open the center part of its hidden compartment. Inside were two thousand gold that was left, a sphere that glowed orange and red at his touch, and a triangle object that had a yellow taint to. Axle grabbed both the sphere and the yellow triangle in one hand and poured the rest of the gold into a bag he had in his pocket. He dropped the sword on the ground and the ring of metal hitting the ground was heard. He picked up the other sword and ran it into a crack in the ground before he sat down and leaned against it. He saw Atlas turn her head around to see him. He looked up at her with his blue eyes softened to still show he is no threat to her or the others. He said in a smaller voice than what he did when he was in the castle, "If you wish to know something, you might want to ask me now."

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After telling Atlas everything about himself, his quest and the motivation for Spinx hunting him down, Axle turn his head back to the magi with a bit of pity in his eyes. As he grabbed both of the large swords, he said, "It is your choice and I can't stop you from making it. Now if you excuse me, I'm just going to be outside and do a Shadow Wind tradition for Strider." He took them outside with him to where Atlas had buried Strider's body at. Axle ran the broken sword into the cold dirt and press a lever on the other, releasing the other seven swords and driving each into the ground in a pattern that lined each sword to lean against each other, forming a nice place to set an item in. He pulled out a small black feather and a white dragon scale and placed the scale first on top of the swords. Then the black feather was put on top of the scale. He then took a small gold coin from his pocket and a knife and ran it across his palm. He placed the coin in the bleeding palm and then on top of the black feather. His palm almost instantly healed and he placed the knife back into the sheath he had hidden.

Axle had his head down in a silent pray for Strider's resting place. He heard something move in the forest not far from him. He smelled humans covered in blood coming close to the abandon building they were at. Closing in on that scent was another group of humans. A man staggered out of the forest as he opened his mouth to say something before a spear ran him though. Four more people came out of the forest and saw Axle standing there. They all look at each other and smiled as they pulled out their swords and weapons. The leader pointed his sword to the "man's" neck and said, "Well it looks like we

have another pay day. Lad, either you hand over the gold you have and live or you can run and give us some fun. So what's it going to be, lad? The gold or your life?"

Axle simply looked into the bandit leader's eyes without a flinch. He said in an undertone that was not heard from him before, "You better start walking before all you die here in this very moment." The bandit simple laughed at Axle's threat and went to slice him, but the "man" grabbed his arm and with one great force, snapped his arm and ran the blade through the bandit's neck. The bandit's body hit the ground with a thud. "Anyone else want to try me? Because I'm getting sick of death swirling around my life," Axle growled at the remaining bandits as they started to walk backwards, still keeping an eye on him. After the bandits vanished from his sight, Axle turned on his heels and walked back to the others and stood at the door way. Part of his clothing was covered in blood along with his hands. "We might want to be leaving now. A group of bandits just came by and Spinx is not far behind either. His death scent is getting stronger every moment, which means he getting closer," he said in a undertone as he tried to wipe the blood off his hands. *'So this is what it feels like to have to kill without a choice. I hate that feeling,'* Axle thought as he waited for the others.

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After what was hours of walking and riding his undead minions, Spinx came across a small bandit camp. He simply watched from a distance as if he was stalking them like a cat stalks a mouse. He watched, wondering what to do with these unlucky people he was about to kill before he felt a steel blade on his shoulder. A male's voice was heard, "Well what do we have here? A rat trying to steal something from our camp, hmm?"

Spinx simply laughed with an evil grin on his face, "Really think I would steal from a bandit camp when-" A blood-curdling scream was heard for a bit as the man's body slowly got torn by the undead wolves. "I can just have my wolves tear you all from limb from limb." Almost as a signal, wolves came out of the woods around the camp. This was soon followed by screaming and howls at the undead fought the living. Spinx walked out from the woods and started to laugh at all that tried to fight or run. Yelling on top of his lungs into the air, "FEED MY PETS AND HUNT MY TARGET!"

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((Note: The following sections take place during [chapter 22](#).)

Axle left the hot spring cave that Atlas had teleported him and her nieces to. He changed into a dragon and took to the air. He followed the scent of Atlas and screamed in his head, *'Damn idiot, is she trying get herself killed?'* He was about half-way to the magi when he noticed something, a shiny metal that he knows he could use. As he came closer, he could see the person was killed by some type of animal and had his hand clinched to a sword and a shield. He could see the rest of the armor was torn, but not by a dragon. He changed to his human form as he grabbed both the sword and the shield and felt the weight

of them both. He was surprised by how light they were. Axle looked down at the dead armed person and shook his head. "Rest in peace," he said in an undertone as he looked around for a bag. He soon found one, opened it and saw a loaf of bread, two cherry red vials, and a book. Axle pick up the bag and slung it over his shoulder as he ran full speed straight to Atlas's scent. A few minutes later, Axle kept on running. While running, he ate all the loaf of bread that was in the bag, using the energy in the grain to heal the rest of his wound. Dirt flew beneath his feet as he kept running full sprint. One minute later, the man ran into the clearing and he saw the bone Box around something. "What the hell?" Axle wondered why it was there.

Then he heard Atlas's voice, "Axle? Is that you?"

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Spinx's drake landed down in a large tree close to Windfall. The man slid down off it and looked at his wound. "Interesting power she's got; might end up getting her body as my minion because of that. Well whatever," Spinx said as he removed his coat and opened his bag up. He pulled out a needle and thread and sowed his wound up. He could hear the carnival from where he was at and even see it. But what really surprised him were the two mages, one in a black cloak and one with extremely long white hair, talking to each other with a kid in orange hoodie that he remembered. "Well Marc failed to kill him too, I see."

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Merkath flew around a bit, looking for anything that could suit a place to stay so he could rest up a bit before heading out again. "There is nowhere in the damn north that provides any protection for a dragon my size," Merkath said as he turned around and head back a bit southwest now. He was going to head back to a cave that he saw close to a city that was still a bit of flight away from where he was at currently.

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A soldier looked into a shadow of a large empty room, waiting for orders and said, "Sir, a message from Spinx has come in saying he needs Juna to drag out Axle in order to capture him. Axle seems to have a new group member as well, a magi dragon that has a bit of magic that he could tell. The bad news is that Marc and the knight riders of death were mostly killed by a collapse of a castle on their heads. Spinx requests a newer, better merc in order to capture Axle. He also states that he is unsure of what other powers the magi dragon has, but he will try and find out."

A voice roared out of the shadow, making the soldier shake a bit, "So? Find a merc for Spinx, then a solo operative this time."

"I have already found one. I introduce Azera, a sword master and a master archer," the soldier said as a

silver-haired man with a glowing sword strap to his side and a bow strap around his shoulder approached.

The voice rang, "Fair enough." Then the mercenary, the voice told him, "Your job is to bring back a white dragon named Axle. I also want you to take a silver dragon with you named Juna to a necromancer named Spinx. It will help bring Axle out of hiding into a wide open field."

Azera simply shook his head and said as politely as he could, "Ya, got that all. Payment is thirty-two thousand gold; half now and the other half after the job is finished. Another two thousand for transport this Juna dragon to your friend."

There was a growl from the shadow as if the mercenary just made the shadow angry. "Fine." That was the last word of the shadow as two large bag of gold slide across the floor, along with a pair of keys to iron cuffs.

Azera picked up the two bags and the keys and proceeded to follow the soldier to where Juna was being kept at. "She's your problem now, not ours," the soldier said as he opened a door to the stairs that lead down to the dungeon. They followed down the stairway until they came to an iron door with a guard standing next to it. The guard opened the doors as they both scrapped against the stone floor. The doorway opened to a large dungeon with cells among cells next to each other and on top of each other. Both dragons and humans were among these cells. At the very far end of the dungeon was a black-haired halfling girl in a silver dress that was torn and batter.

Her cell was lit so much that she did not have an inch of shadow in her cell. She had a magi next to her cell. She hung on the wall by chains and iron cuffs not only on her wrists, but also on her waist, neck and ankles. The soldier said, "This is her, Azera. Juna can shapeshift between dragon and human, just like her brother Axle. Yet her form is not perfect, she still has claws, fangs, and her wings on her." The soldier point to the claw tips on her hands and the wings that are hardly seen as they are bound to her body. "And if you don't keep her in chains, she's going to escape you before you can even get a hold on her."

Juna's black eyes started to open at the chatter that was going on. She saw Azera holding a collar and star cuffs. She started to struggle to get free, but eventually gave up and started to pant. A low growl was the best she could do to scare them, but it did not even affect them. The magi said over Juna's growls, "I will teleport you to a city called Windfall, seeing how it's the last location Spinx said Axle was seen at. Spinx also said make sure she's alive when he gets her."

Azera looked at Juna and opened the cell door. He came up to her and said in a harsh voice, "So much trouble to just capture your brother." The girl snapped at him, which ended up getting a fist to the face at full force that cause her to become dizzy. The mercenary quickly removed the collar from her neck and replaced it with the one he was just given. He undid her ankles, which end up being a mistake on his part, because he soon got a kick to the gut as she snatched the keys from Azera before he knew what

just happen. She undid the cuffs around her waist and her wrist, then fell to the floor and tried to take off out the door. But she was grabbed behind by Azera and was slammed to the floor on her chest, knocking the wind out of her. He grabbed her wrists and cuffed them behind her back with her wings pinned to them. He pulled her off the ground and pinned her to the wall. "You're already a pain in my ass, damn dragon. Now behave or you're going to be knocked out as much as is needed," Azera said with his face just inches from her. Juna simply looked back at him with just as hard eyes as his were. "We are ready to go. Now would be as good a time as any," the mercenary said as he grabbed the girl by her arm. "Maybe teleport us outside the town so we don't bring attention to us," he said as the magi agreed and they were soon wrapped in air and was gone with the wind.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [chapter 23](#).)

Spinx watched a bit as a brown-haired girl in a gray hoodie was getting snapped at by an armored hellfire wyvern. He thought, *'I wonder how to make this event escalated more quickly? Hmm...'* The necromancer started to puzzle over his choices. *'Summon an undead dragon next to them maybe. Cast a bone wall, hmm an idea.'* Spinx thought on his choices without really giving himself away. He got down from the tree he was in and proceeded to walk into town, just enough to come within range of his spell, which was quite far for a bone wall, but he could still see the event unfold. With a swift hand, he raised a wall just right in between the dragon guard and the group of people talking to him. He stood in the shadows and thought, *'Let see where that goes.'*

The girl watched in amazement and shock as the wall grew. She cried, "What on Earth?!!"

The wyvern snarled briefly before sniffing the air. Then the girl stepped back as he bashed the wall down with his horned and armored skull. She looked around with confused eyes. The guard sniffed the air again and swiveled his head towards where a hooded man in black stood in the distance. He looked back to Sparks and said, "It's a necromancer. They're always the easiest to smell. They reek of death." They glared at the place that the necromancer stood as the hybrid boy pulled his hoodie's hood over his head.

Spinx was a bit upset that nothing else happened after he summoned the bone wall. He thought to himself, *'Well the dragon can smell me; not like I care really.'* He walked out of the shadow and with not a care in the world, walked past these people without even looking at them as he proceeded to a bar for a drink.

The girl demanded, "Who are you?"

The brown-haired boy in the black cloak raised his hands up; a light blue glow emanating from them as the bones lifted into the air, turning to dust and scattering into the wind. The horned boy watched the effect and huffed quietly. The glow faded from the mage's hands as he lifted one and placed it on the

angry girl's shoulder. "Don't even pay him notice. He's not even a real necromancer. If you want to see a real necromancer, I know one that doesn't need to hide in the shadows. They'll just come right out and pull your undies over your head in the open," he told her. Then he tried to comfort his horned friend, "Don't worry Akuma, he won't do anything, least end up crushed underfoot an angry hellfire dragon." Akuma huffed quietly as his hands went into his hoodie pockets and he glanced around the road. Then he glared back at the girl.

The guard snorted at the necromancer before he said to the girl, "He's worthless. Necromancers add nothing to a society. Pay him no mind. They're cowards that hide in the shadows and behind puppets." He straightened up and looked over at the teen mage. He paused a moment before he uttered, "Good day. Stay out of trouble." He flew up to a tower. The girl nodded at the wyvern, pulled up her hood and walked casually to the side of the street, disappearing from view as she turned the corner.

Akuma made a huff and looked off somewhere else. "Good riddance," he mumbled after the leaving girl.

Spinx, having heard the insults from both the mage and the wyvern, stopped seven feet from the mage. He said to the brunette in a cold tongue, "Better watch your mouth around me, mage, or I'll use your skull as a cup. I will very much kill you without any help from a minion and watch as you suffer from poison. Unlike your friend necromancer, I personally hunt my prices, but for right now I have my own mission I need to do. And I would kill you even in front of a hellfire dragon, but if not for the fact I already had a fight today. My sword would have been run through you right at those words." Then the necromancer walked even farther from the mage and his friend, still not even turning around.

Akuma spouted in anger, "Hah, the other necromancer would MAKE time."

Spinx yelled back at him, "You're not even worth my time, hybrid. So do everyone a favor and get lost." The man walked into the bar and took a seat at the counter and ordered a beer. Spinx set the drink on the counter as a hand shot from the side of him, knocking over the beer.

A drunk person behind him said, "You're a necromancer and I don't like necromancers." The smell of liqueur was evident with its strong smell.

"You owe me a drink now," Spinx said as he turned around and looked at the drunk person. "And I really don't give two shits on what you think. So go back to drinking your brain cells away," he said as the drunk person's face turn red. He grabbed Spinx by the collar and punched him in the face as the necromancer's head turned with the punch.

This was met back with a punch to the man's gut as people started to yell, "BAR FIGHT!" Spinx grabbed the man by the back of the shirt and ran his head into the counter. He slid the drunkard's head across the counter, hitting the man's head against glasses. The man grabbed a glass and smashed it against the necromancer's head as blood came from the fresh wound. The man used the advantage of Spinx's

wound and proceeded to punch his foe in the gut and the face. Spinx grabbed the man's fist and punched him in the face. He got behind the man, grabbed him by the back of the shirt and within ten seconds, the necromancer threw the man through the window of the bar. Spinx look out the window to see the man was down for the count.

Spinx walked back to the counter, jumped over it and grabbed three bottles of beer before he jumped back over the counter with the owner yelling at him and telling him not to step foot in his bar again. The necromancer walked out of the bar and looked at the man on the ground. "Worthless piece of shit," Spinx said as some guards were coming to see what happen at the bar. The necromancer vanished into the crowd again.

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In an abandon building in Windfall, almost as if it was burn down by a fire, ashes start to spiral around and any type of loose objects started to spiral around in the open area. Both standing there were Azera and the chained up Juna. The man looked around the building and saw it was in the town he guessed was Windfall. "Damn it, can the magi do anything right?" Azera said in a undertone. Juna kind of hummed at the bad luck Azera had. The man looked at her as she just smirked at him and simply shook his head. He tightened his grip on her arm and shoved her into a wall, causing pain to shoot up through her arms because the cuffs bit into her wrist. "Whip that smirk off your face," he demanded her, but she simply still smirked at him and it grow bigger. Azera dragged her from the wall toward the door and looked down the street of the city. He saw no one on the street he was on. He looked around again for anything to cover Juna. He found a cloak that was a bit burnt on the edge of it. But other than that, it would be the best thing he could use. He grabs hold of it with his free hand and puts it over the halfling with a bit of struggle. She was not willing to let him put the cloak over her body and he ended up just punching her in the chest again. "You really are a pain in my ass," Azera said and was not expecting an answer back, but end up getting one anyway.

Juna said with a smirk still on her face, "You think I will just let you hand me over to Spinx just to get killed by him later or be torture for the rest of my life by him? Hell no, I will fight you all the way until the trade point. So be expecting a lot of resistances and restless sleeps."

"Ya, I can tell," the man said as he pulled her from the building. They went into the shadows of the alleyways and passed by building after building. They made their way through the city unnoticed for the most part, until they came across the city hall. Azera said in an undertone, "What a mess. There's no way of even coming close to getting passed here."

Juna simply shrugged and said, "And what are you going to do about it, seeing how you can't really sneak your way by with me? And the way we came have guards down the road. I'll just make this simple on you." Three clicks were heard and the mercenary was quickly punched in the back. "You really need to put the keys in the front of you, along with your gold," the woman said as coins could be heard. She ran right passed him, running straight into the crowd of people.

"You clever little dragon bitch," Azera said as he pushed himself off the ground and ran straight into the crowd after her. With no way of tracing her in the crowd without a line of sight, it was near impossible.

Juna ran straight passed a silver-haired boy with a wooden staff. With the quick hand, she slid some of gold in the young man's pocket. *'A lot better for him than me,'* she thought to herself as she kept on running.

Azera was pushing his way through the crowd as he ran, until he ran right into someone who was hunched down and going through the crowd swiftly. "What the he-" the mercenary did not finish those words as he saw the sword the black-haired teenage boy had drawn. "Don't even try what you are thinking, I don't really care. Just not in a crowded place like this," the man said as he ran back into the crowd after the halfling. Soon he saw her up against the wall heading straight up it to a window. She was soon out of it. "Damn it," Azera said a bit out loud as he saw Juna blow a kiss to him and waved the gold pouch. She was soon gone.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [chapter 24](#).)

A blonde person was out at the empty street past the gates of the town exit. They pulled up a guardian dragon out of a dark cloud they had in their hand. "Let's have a look, shall we?" they said with a smirk. The undead dragon stared blankly at them. The teen circled the dragon once and nodded, muttering, "A little rough, but it does take a lot to take you guys down." The person set to work on mending the old, torn flesh.

A few clicks emanated from the teen's shadow before the blonde straightened up. "Well I'll be damned, they were not joking when they said another necromancer was in town," said Spinx as he came out from behind a building from the far side of the street from the blonde. The man had one beer in one hand that was open and another two unopened ones in the other. He asked, "Mind me asking, but who are you?"

The teen turned on their heels, hands going into their pockets. They said flatly, "Why yes, I do mind. You'll do well to introduce yourself before asking my name."

Spinx looked up at the guardian dragon. "Hm, nice. Kill it yourself?"

"And what if I did? You some dragon hugger come to slap my wrist?" the teen asked. "No... You're that ahem, aspiring necromancer I saw in the woods. Cute. But I'm not looking to trade collections." They narrowed their eyes suspiciously.

"I was not here for a trade and my name is Spinx," the man said as he drank the rest of the first beer. He let go of it and opened another as the first hit the ground with a loud shatter sound. "Now it's your turn, what's your name?" Spinx said as he drank some more of his beer he just opened. "Does not matter if you killed it or not? Just curious."

"My name is Kai." The teen's arms folded across their chest and looked at the man with half-lidded eyes. Then they lifted their face slightly on a subconscious level of confidence and pried, "And just what do you want then? You don't strike me as someone who likes to make casual conversation."

"That's true, I would not strike a conversation up with people or the living for that fact," Spinx said as he drank up half of his open beer. "And I'll get straight to the point then. I'm after a dragon by the name of Axle, though the only problem is he has a dragon companion that is a bit of a pain. If you help me, it would be rewarding to you; if not, well your lost."

"Ha," Kai made a loud snort of laughter. Their weight shifted to one side and they said, "I got more wealth than I'll ever need already, and look at you. What do I look like, twinkle toes? A bounty hunter?" They cocked their head to the side. "Never did I think I'd see a necromancer have to go crawling to a bounty hunter in any case. Have some dignity for yourself. Sheesh! If you have ANYTHING of value in your collection, you should be able to track and kill a target easy. What are you collecting? Decrepit old men?" they asked with a laugh. They turned to their guardian dragon and ran their hands down his now smooth scales. They ducked under one of his enormous legs, coming out the other side. They taunted, "I bet you don't even know how to restore corpses like this, do you?" They shook their head, "No no, I'm not into other people's dirty work." Then they rolled their eyes. "Held up by two dragons, come on," they mumbled at the end.

Spinx smirked at Kai and said, "You really are stupider than I thought." He set both his beers on the ground and snapped both his fingers in sync with the loud sound of a snap coming from it. Almost in an instance, both the dragon lords used for the fight against Atlas came from the ground with low growls coming from their throats. They were now unscathed as they were before the fight. A ring of fire appeared around him, the lords, Kai and their undead pet.

The teen made a fake yawn and smiled, "Oh sorry, was I supposed to be intimidated by that? Or maybe impressed; how cute. You're barking up the wrong tree."

Spinx ignores the comment as he grabs the open beer and finishes it off before he said, "Now that's better, with light and all. Now what was this about saying I need dignity for myself? If I remember correctly, I have quite a bit; but then again, not everyone wants eternal youth for themselves." Kai cocked an eyebrow as he threw the glass down the street behind him and its shatter sound echoed off the empty street walls. "And I would call someone by their real name, Kai, not twinkle toes. At least I have enough respect for another necromancer."

The teen's hands drifted down to their pockets, going inside for a casual look as they shrugged. "Sorry to

burst your bubble, but your threats, if that's what you wanna call them, are empty. See, I have my own toys that make both our magic completely null and void. But I also have my own tricks past anything magical." They raised a hand briefly and pointed at the side of the fire circle. The guardian dragon raised its tail and smacked the fire. A chunk of the circle suddenly disappeared from that side. "Oh did you know a guardian dragon's shield tail is immune to magic and disperse any magic they touch, twinkles toes?" They winked at the end.

Spinx simply laughed, "A threat? Don't make me laugh. I would have taken care of your 'pet' before these two were summoned. I simply summoned them to prove you're wrong and maybe light up the place a bit for us to see each other better." He was grinning now a bit devilish. *'A prepared necromancer, a very well prepared one,'* the man thought to himself.

"Yeah sure you would, twinkles toes," Kai waved him off with their hand. "Unfortunately for you, I still have a toy in my collection for works especially well against dark magic. And would you look at that! We're both necromancers," they said in a mocking tone, their hands going back into their pockets.

"So you're not interested in eternal youth? Odd, I thought a necromancer would be jumping at the idea."

"Eternal youth? So last year," the teen grinned. "I learned an ability that not only maintains my youth but heals mortal wounds. So really, I can't be killed short of being crushed or overall annihilated," they said smugly. Kai offered a small shrug, "It's a rare ability but fairly easy to use on...anyone really, at least for me. You don't look the suave type. Not good with words, your body. That kind of thing."

Spinx grinned at them, "You're talking about eating souls; that is a rare art in necromancy. But you are wrong about be killed by just two ways, try severing your head, rip to bits and poison."

Kai cocked an eyebrow at and smiled at him. They let out a burst of laughter, "Nah, I'm a potion master myself. I'd never succumb to anything as pitiful as poison." They waved him off once more with their hand.

"You really think it's not known by other necromancers, even when it's recorded in necromancers' journals and tombs. Sad to say this though, but that little ability of yours can be stopped dead in its tracks. Unlike mine, where there is no way to stop it."

"I never said it wasn't known by others, twinkles toes. I said it was uncommon. Just because you can read it, doesn't mean you can use it. It has a high learning curve, dumb dumb. Otherwise, everyone would be using it. I'd rather have something that can heal my wounds fast rather than something as vain as flat out 'eternal youth'~" They made quotes with their fingers.

The man's hand now slid to the hilt of his sword, "And I'm afraid that our chat has come to an end. Time for us to part and not in a way you think. Let's see which necro is better, me or you, Necromancer

Kai." At the words "Necromancer Kai", Spinx hinted to something he already knew and grinned even more. He removed his sword from its sheath. Its purple and green tainted steel glimmer off the light of the fire. "And you would want to stop mocking, Kai, or I'll spill your guts over the ground."

The teen remained in their casual composure and shrugged, not producing any weapons. "Have at it, Mr. Grumpy Pants," they shrugged. The guardian dragon shifted, standing now.

Spinx grinned at them and with his free hand, he returned his two pets to the ground. A much smaller, about three-fourth his size, drake appeared to his side. It has shiny blue scales and green eyes. Its eyes locked on to the guardian dragon right then and there. "Rip it to shreds," Spinx said to the drake as the drake growled. The drake back up into the fire and all of a sudden, the ring of fire that was left was gone, but the drake stood there, glowing a bright white now. The earth started to smolder below the drake's feet. "Go ahead, have fun my pet," Spinx said as his drake took off in a full sprint towards Kai's guardian dragon. The teen's hands went back to their pockets as they stared at the man blankly. The guardian raised its head in attention, curving its massive shield around to its side. Kai looked down and clicked her tongue a few times at the ground in different pitches. Spinx turns his attention to the teen and with a quick slash in the air in a spiral pattern, six bone rivers in the same spiral pattern circled on Kai at extreme speed.