

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 55](#)..))

As Godsend stands stock still among the boulders, he sees something burning in the distance over a mountain ridge. He mutters to himself about the prospect of other dragons being nearby, but if they were human, he would kill them all with his razor sharp teeth and put their heads on spikes. Godsend is a gray western dragon with his top of his head being a little redder than the rest of his body. He has horns going down into a spiny frill down his neck. He is strong, muscular and rough in texture with his scales. His wings are thin and leathery, but uncut and not 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. He is 25 feet tall and 30 feet long. Godsend snorts and spreads his wings in the air beside him and pushes them down, flying up into the cool misty air. He beats his gray wings until he gets to the ridge where he lands and folds his wings back to not give away his position. He crawls low till he gets to the top and looks over the boulders in front of him to the smoldering landscape below. He watches the flames and for any movement along the ground. He saw two humanoid figures fight each other with weapons and magic powers. After a short while, he saw the flames disappear. Winning fighter carried the loser off to somewhere.

With the fight over, Godsend started gazing to his left side. Then after a while, he heard the cloppity clop of horse hooves treading on stones and gravel well before he could see it. He allowed his solemn gaze to drift around in front of him and soon, he saw a red-haired girl riding on the back of a horse. He noted how transfixed and fearful she looked coming up the side of the hill where he rested. He knew somehow that she was in trouble as she turned away from him. He lifted his wings and beat them down, making dust and gravel fly into the air bellow his draft. He soared into the air above the girl, his shadow streaking across the ground and the rumble of his breath sounding loud and frightening. Soon, the horse got struck by lightning from somewhere off the ground. It reared up, throwing the girl and the black-winged halfling woman off, before falling down dead. The redhead raised her upper-body up and rubbed the back of her head. Then she looked back somewhere and then at Godsend's shadow before crying out, "Oh craaaap!"

Godsend circled above her, observing what is happening below him. He notices that a small army of 3 black-armored knights were following her. As the dragon watched the knights and the girl throughout their battle, he did not come closer than he already was. The girl cast her lightning bolt spell at the knights, which struck only one of them. The other two knights jumped back before they retaliated with their own lightning spells. The girl shrieked and quickly ducked down to try to save her own skin. The spells missed her, but one of them zapped the halfling. Godsend inhales and exhales black smoke which swarmed around the girl and the halfling. The smoke is thick and warm, seemingly alive. He stops when it covers both of them and blocks their view as he considers eating them as a light snack. As he saw some of his smoke disappear around the mage girl, he was quite shocked as a thought came into his head, '*A mana wielder...*'

The dragon kept circling and got a little closer to the ground. The girl cast more lightning spells at the

knights as one of them shouted out a word he did not understand. 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. They missed and the girl used her wind magic to blow away more of the smoke. Then weirdly, she started talking to someone, but the halfling was seemingly dead or just unconscious and there were no one else around. So who was she speaking to? She spoke stressful, "I know. 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."

Before Godsend knew what happened, there was a bright white flash of light and a sting in his side by his left wing shoulder. He got hit by a lightning bolt cast up at him by one of the knights. He let out a terrible howl of pain as his wing stung from the shock. The pain went up to his head and down to the tip of his tail. He hovered in midair for a moment non-moving as he came hurtling down to the ground in the same direction as the knights. He came down with an ear splitting *CRASH* upon two of the knights, crushing them under his weight and flinging the survivor to the side as well. The dragon's body went limp. There is a long trail of blood from the knights he dragged under him and from scratches he gained from the crash landing. Along the trail of blood is upturned dirt and gravel from the trail they were on. The smoke gradually clears as there is not a constant source that is keeping it going anymore.

((**Note:** This section is not canon to the RP and takes place during [Chapter 57](#).)

Godsend's eyes opened up to the darkened world around him. Night had completely settled in since his fall. His body was no longer in pain and the wounds were gone, thanks to the innate regeneration power he had automatically healing him. The dragon stood up from the ground and looked at the dead knights below him. The girl and the halfling were no doubt gone by now, but at least he has these men and the horse, provided that no animal ate it, to have as his dinner. Godsend stripped the armor and clothes off the two knights and ate them. After reducing them to bones and scraps, he turned to the dead horse and saw it still in one piece. He ripped its saddle off and ate it up before putting its corpse down. As he started to walk off, he found the third knight dead as well. Godsend stripped and ate him as well. With his stomach full, the dragon spread his wings and flew on back home to his cave to sleep for the rest of the night.