

((Note: The following sections take place during [Chapter 12.](#)))

Akuma sat by the river for a while before standing up again and turning back to the city. He dragged his feet along before he heard something land behind him with a loud thump. "Oh look, a scrawny human out by himself." The hybrid turned, seeing a spring seasonal dragon. They noticed the horns and made a toothy grin. They snarled, "A halfling, even better. I was going to pick you off as a stupid little human. But picking off an abomination like you is even better." Then they pounced at Akuma. The hybrid's face dusted and he made a lightning dash behind the dragon, shifting into dragon form. Akuma ran forward and gouged his horns into the side of the dragon. The seasonal howled and pulled away, recoiling from the blow. They charged forward and swiped out, clawing Akuma across the chest. His gold scales were strong enough to hold up, but one claw struck near his throat, leaving an open gash. The hybrid reared up and bit onto the seasonal's shoulder, sending a steady stream of electricity into them. They writhed and tried to pull away but its muscles seized up under the electrocution. After a minute, Akuma stopped and the body went limp. He let go of its shoulder and the body slumped to the ground. He slumped on top of it for a rest.

Akuma pulled himself up, all bloodied up again. He trotted down to the river and stuck his face in the water, washing off the blood again. He found he was unable to cup water in his claws and shifted down to human form. He touched his throat, feeling the open gash and wincing. He removed his hoodie, leaving him in a low neck t-shirt, which was useful for the case at the moment. He washed the immediate blood off and held his hand to the gash to try and stop the bleeding. He sat trying to recall anything about herbs from Chi. He did not even know where she was right now. Akuma held his hand to his neck, blood seeping out from between his fingers. It was hard to smell over his own blood at that point. Though, he thought he could smell...someone? It was confirmed by voices- people talking about something or another as they walked along. Their voices were small, definitely human. The hybrid growled quietly and washed his neck again. He thought annoyed, *'I swear they're everywhere, even in the woods.'* He paused, cleaning himself as the conversation grew closer.

One of the voices said, "What a child sometimes, even for being four hundred and eighty-seven years old."

Akuma thought, *'Four hundred and eighty-seven?... Must be a halfling or something.'* They did not sound like any hybrid he knew anyway.

The boy grimaced as the two men finally came close enough to notice and address him. The black-haired man asked, "Um, hello? Are you okay?"

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((Note: This section is almost canon to the RP.))

A small flare pygmy swooped down over Windfall and zipped into the city hall. It weaved through a crowd of people and dragons, being a swift little flier. It landed on a desk in front of Crowe and handed the spitfire dragon a scroll. Crowe shifted, his armor clicking as he read the scroll's contents before saying, "This is bad...yes, that would be an issue." He turned and retreated into a back room. The heat increased considerably as he entered the room. It had been enchanted to suit the Aquarian's temperature comfort. Woltar sat at the end of a large oval stone table, conversing with other dragons. Crowe approached and explained, "Woltar, the report came in. It seems most of the dragons in Rudvich are going to war against the humans."

The gold dragon frowned, "This is bad, that makes things more difficult. Arrange for troops to go out and round up small villages; usher them into the main surviving cities of the continent. I believe those are Windfall and Kirlsa."

Crowe asked, "Are you sure there's room?"

"Hmm," Woltar pondered. Then he explained, "Another thought, do all you can between these two cities and we'll make it a project between humans and dragons to build a third. Close to this one so we can keep an eye on it. A bit of a team-building exercise." He made a rumbling laugh.

The spitfire remained stoic, "Yes, sir." He turned and left the room, heading for the barracks.

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The town square of Windfall bustled noisily as noon approached. A shop off to the side had its door propped open. A mix of heat and cool air rushed out as wind passed by. The air conditioning was battling inside with the heat radiating from various machines. Grease covered most surfaces, which were littered with all sorts of tools, dirtied rags and other odd ends. In the back, Fayt was bent over a piece of machinery, his goggles down over his eyes as he worked at the metal with a blowtorch. A minute passed and he switched it off before moving over to the sink. He pushed his goggles back onto his forehead and his hand came up to wipe his brow. It caught a smudge of grease on his face, smearing it across his fur. "Huh?..." he uttered as his felt the sleek fluid across his fur. He sighed quietly.

"Hey you can't be back here- AH!" There was a loud crash.

Fayt turned, seeing his brother smash a worker into the wall as he made his way back to him. Albel growled, "Why do you insist on working in this pit hole? If you like these places so much, you may as well have stayed in the lab."

Fayt shook his head, turning back to the sink and washing the grease off himself. His brow lowered slightly as he said, "I like to fix things. I'm good at it. Not all of us are so chaotic." Then he scolded, "Stop

pushing them around, it falls back on me." He saw the crumpled worker standing up. The white hybrid dried and headed for the door. "I'm going out for lunch, I'll be back," he said as he stepped outside. Albel followed after him impatiently.

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"What was for me?" Nick questioned Kai. He looked around at everyone, including the leaving Akuma and strangers, before looking back at Kai. "Well, that ruined all of our fun, didn't it?" Raising a hand, it glowed an earthy brown as the area was mended. The damage from the previous fight being undone. Ice melted and the cracks and fissures in the earth pulled themselves together as if it had never happened.

The necromancer shook her head and laughed, "Just...at least put effort into your lies. It's almost painful to see I swear." Kai looked at Akuma crumple onto the ground briefly before standing up again from the sword. "Lil cutie has some 'tude. Is that fear or anger I sense? Because when you try that hard to ignore someone, it's REALLY obvious that you're extremely aware of them," she lectured, stretching her arms upward. "Me? I just settle it by punching people I don't like in the face. He has the right idea. But you..." She grinned, "You almost have a phobia of acknowledging conflict."

Nick looked at her with a perplexed look on his face. Turning away, his eyes looked over the area and all the faces, save Akuma. His eyes ran over Akuma, not stopping for even the briefest second, as if he did not see him at all. The mage went on, "I'm sorry I'm really not sure of what you're talking about?"

Kai puffed up her chest, looking at the ground and letting out a big sigh, drooping her head. After a moment she looked up again, moved over to Nick and wrapped her arm around his shoulder. "Well you see, right over there," she grabbed Nick's jaw, pointing his face at Akuma before pointing with her hand. "There is a little boy; short stack with silver hair, wears an orange hoodie, black jeans, sneakers; being crushed by a big ass sword." She patted his shoulder. "You seem to suffer from a serious case of denial, my friend. Because you can't seem to acknowledge his existence without punching yourself in the face repeatedly. Through conversation I mean."

She let go of him and he looked back at her, simply shrugged and saying nonchalantly, "I don't see anything worth looking at."

The necromancer turned to face him, chiding, "See the secret to subtlety is being subtle. Not acting like you're suffering from brain damage and can't see the person in front of you." Then she offered, "Now I don't like people who hang on their problems like ignoring the six hundred pound gorilla in the corner of the room. If you like, I can try and re-align your vision." She cracked her knuckles in her other hand.

Nick smirked and told her, "Who knows, maybe I am brain-damaged. How many people have lived through a large scale arcane explosion and gone unscathed? Absolutely zero, that's how many." Then he added, "And another thing, gorillas are like only four hundred pounds. And on top of that, this is a

forest, not a jungle. I doubt you would be finding any gorillas around here." He stopped and placed a hand on his hairless chin, stroking it a few times. "And another thing, why do you suddenly care about any problems I may or may not have? You don't care about anyone or anything, so why start pretending now?"

Kai looked at Nick plainly and corrected, "So you DO see the 600 pound gorilla? That's what makes the 600 pound gorilla so scary. Because it's extra kick-your-ass-huge. Besides. It's a figure of speech." She folded her arms across her chest, "Yeah as I said, you're some kind of special." She paused, looking at him again, "Look twinkle toes, it's not about caring about you. It's that I don't like stupid. I find it stupid when people not only dance around a problem like it doesn't exist, but when they do it when the problem is dangling in front of their face. So why do I care?"

Nick cut in, "Isn't that stupid in itself? You hate stupid people, yet you need them. You prey on them; you steal their souls. You rob their buildings and pillage their property. You manipulate them for your own devices. Where would you be without all the stupid people?"

Kai rolled her eyes and explained, "No, I do not prey on stupid people. I enjoy strong, clever opponents. I prey on stupid when I hate their guts. And I rip their soul from their body. I enjoy smarter opponents because the quality of my puppet skyrockets. I can still hold their soul, so their cleverness remains." She paused again, moving closer, "Well..." She threw out a sudden punch at the mage's jaw, but he suddenly disappeared and let her fist swing through the air. She frowned slightly at his evasion. Knowing that he was still around somewhere, she yelled, "Because I am the devil's advocate here. I force people to deal with the gorilla because I'm sick of staring at stupid. Angry? Punch someone? Sad? Tell someone? God forbid I have to sit there and watch that crap. It's cancerous. You're not stealthy and you're not clever. So just deal with it. Goddamn, I don't understand the living." She threw her arms up.

In a flash, Nick teleported a few feet behind her, hands in his pockets. "On the contrary, I'm very stealthy and I don't let my brilliance show. I just don't feel like it or even care for that matter."

The girl turned on him again and listed on her fingers, "Oh please. I've heard your lying skills, and I've seen you trying to be nonchalant. I'm a thief. I can recognize bad acting."

The mage simply shrugged before moving on, "My problem is that I want nothing to do with him. I'm not angry, I'm not sad. I'm just done. If he's not there, then that solves the problem, doesn't it?" Then he asked, "And if you don't understand the living, then why do you pretend like you do? I know very damn very well that the hordes of undead minions you control don't talk about their problems, or have problems in the first place. You say you don't care about anyone; you say you don't understand the living. If I didn't say so myself, I would say that you are pretty unqualified to tell anyone about facing their problems."

The girl continued ranting as Nick rolled his eyes and nod his head with a grin on his face, "Yes, I understand the dead because if I ask them something, they tell me exactly what they need to say. They

don't beat around the bush. And me, I don't pretend I don't have problems. And I deal with my problems, not brush them under the rug. So yes, I can say I'm qualified. I live without conflict. If that's how you deal with people you have issue with, that is quite sorry, bud. I see why you're solitary. Now uhh, you can sit and beat on your bush." She backed towards Windfall and simply said, "I'm going to get a drink." She turned and walked off towards the city.

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Fayt moved across the town square to one of the popular restaurants of Windfall. "That place looks good," he chimed, beckoning Albel along. They went inside and took seats. It was much easier to go into shops now that humans and dragons were forced to socialize with each other.

The waitress put two menus on the table, asking, "What can I start you off on?" Albel's mouth curved into a smirk.

"Two waters, please!" Fayt piped up quickly, afraid his brother was about to say something rude. The waitress did a short curt and walked off.

The black hybrid made a low chuckle, "Why what's the matter, brother? You seem on edge."

Fayt frowned, "Can you behave in public, at least?"

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Kai walked briskly into town, passing up Akuma, Axle, and Strider. She made her way to her favorite pub and walked inside. She was not in any rush of watching Nick sit in his problems. It was lunch time, good food and drinks were waiting. She made an order at the bar for food and took a beer on the spot, walking back to a lone table and sitting down. She sighed quietly, taking a large gulp. She rolled the taste around her her mouth in thought before swallowing. It had been a while since she had made a regular routine of talking to people she had met before. Kai was more of someone that jumped around and talked to others on the spur of the moment. She had no reason to keep actual friends. Not that most people wanted to be friends with a necromancer anyways. She had her own personal reasons for tampering with dark magic, but not caring what other people thought made it easier to breeze by without explaining herself to disgusted passerbys like Strider and Axle. She made a quiet chuckle and took another swig of her drink. A waitress brought Kai her lunch, a sandwich and fries. She ate in silence, listening to various conversations around her as she started on her 2nd beer. A group of teens came in, sitting at a table, "Oh did you hear? They're making an entire new city for humans and dragons."

"Well duh, we're sitting in it."

The one teen gave the other a playful shove, "Hey I'm being serious here. I was down at the city hall where those Aquarians are set up and they said they're gonna make another city nearby so they can

move all the little villages in Rudvich to the main cities. For safety after the whole Spell thing."

The other snorted, "I'm still not sure about that. Sure they're not just rounding us up to be annihilated?"

"I doubt it. Why go through the trouble of building two cities first? Why not just finish us when the first one was in rubble?"

"True enough," the other muttered.

Kai thought with a chuckle, *'Another city?.. They're taking this protection thing pretty seriously.'* She took another chug of her beer, feeling a buzz. She sighed, knowing she still had puppets to fix. What a dreary chore. Sometimes she wished it was night time all the time so she could endlessly pillage stores for dark artifacts. For the information she seeks longingly for.

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Strider pulled out a pouch full of money and handed some to Akuma. He said, "I would suggest to get something to use or to eat." The amount of money he handed to the hybrid was a fairly large amount.

"Thanks..." he murmured, staring blankly at it for a moment. *'What's this?...'* he thought briefly. Akuma opened the pouch, seeing the coins inside. *'Oh, that shiny stuff humans use for trading...'* He picked a piece up out of the pouch, staring at it. He thought, *'Looks like gold... What's so special about gold? It's just a hunk of metal. Wouldn't it be more useful to trade things they could use like food?'* He wondered how much the pieces were worth. He was not used to human currency. When he glanced up again, the swordsman was gone. He looked around where he stood and then saw Strider through the window in the emporium. Akuma lowered the hood of his zip-up hoodie to look around better, wondering where a good place to get food was. That bakery Nick took him to was good.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 13](#).)

Kai finished her second beer after eating the rest of her meal. It did not seem like a good plan to get wasted before working so she paid and left. At least she had a good buzz going to get her through the boring work. The repair was a draining technique, but it made her dragons more durable. She left town again, walking to the outskirts where the woods were and summoned one of her corpses. This one was a whiptail dragon. She started the process of mending its bone and flesh. *'You're not gonna out-fly this one, twinkle toes,'* she thought with a smirk as she reminisced over their spar. Then she muttered, "Where to pillage tonight..." She had forgotten to check another target for her late night thieving antics. The bone strengthened and healed while the muscle twisted and weaved together over top. A while more and the muscle had mended. A bright sheen came over the dragon next, paving over a

coat of sleek new scales. Once she was done, Kai plopped backwards. "I know I've said this before, but I hate doing that," she complained to the dragon, who did not so much as rustle in response. She rolled her eyes, "Nnngh, forget it. The dead make terrible conversation. Without their souls anyway.... Dragon souls always taste so spicy." She grinned at the whiptail. It stared back blankly in response.

Kai looked back from her spot on the ground. A large pillow of smoke was rising from the city. She muttered, "Oh, I smell a collection. Master's gonna love that." The necromancer rolled over and got to her feet. "Don't really want to walk back..." she paused, looking over at the whiptail. A moment later, she was zipping over the city on the dragon and landed in the square. No one gave her a second glance as she got off, so that at least meant she has mended the dragon right. She poked her head through the crowd, looking for bodies of interest. She frowned when they all were human. She thought, *'Well there's that... back to work then.'*

Kai shrugged at the scene and climbed back onto the whiptail dragon. She flew back outside of Windfall, landing a small distance from the gates. Enough for her to work without being interrupted. "You're all fixed," she declared as she slid off. The girl snapped her fingers and the dragon sank into darkness through the ground. "What next?.... Well...that reminds me." She raised a hand and a large dragon emerged from the ground. Its scales were the purest white. Two sets of feathered wings protruded from its back. Feathers also came from behind its elbows, on its haunches and along its tail. A pair of pearl-like horns curled back away from its head. Bright sky blue eyes decorated its face. It looked quite majestic aside from split flesh here and there. Kai went to work and after a bit had sealed all the scarring blemishes, making the dragon's scales look perfect once more. She looked down at her hands and muttered excitedly to herself, "I'm getting faster at this. Which means I'm a step closer to him teaching me Final Form." Kai stepped back to look at her handy work. She laughed quietly, "You're a pearl in my collection. Though...you contrast me quite hard..." The girl reached out to pet it and then changed her mind, retracting her hand. She seemed wary of her own puppet. "Tch," she huffed, stuffing her hands into her pockets, staring at the dragon with a pouting look.

Kai sank her white celestial dragon into the ground finally, shaking her head. "No oopsies today," she muttered with a quiet laugh. The girl moved to the side idly as she waited for her energy to come back. It seemed the Windfall crowd had thinned considerably. People were all interested in the commotion in the town square. Her hands found their way to her pockets. Kai's shadow moved slightly and a series of clicks emitted from it, sounding mechanical. "Yeah," she responded. "Wonder what that's all about anyway. Probably people angry over the unite with dragons." She let out a snicker. There was more clicking and Kai simply shrugged.

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Fayt and Albel sat in silence as they ate. Fayt paid for their meal and they left the restaurant. The white hybrid said, "Sorry, but I have to get back to work. I'll get out in the evening." He waved to his brother before running off. Albel snorted, watching the other leave. The black hybrid had never done human work and never planned to. He saw no reason. He already had a katana, which was far from a necessity

to him, and he could hunt for his own food.

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Strider said that he had gotten all he needed and that Akuma should finish off as well before returning to the inn. He left, calling back something about not being out at night time. The hybrid furrowed his brow. "It's only mid-day...." Since when did that matter? Akuma grew up on the streets, he had never really been concerned about night time. What was different now? *'Probably because I'm little... I can handle myself...'* he thought, turning and walking down the street. He searched for the familiar bakery and went inside, ordering a sandwich.

The clerk gave him a strange look as he set the money bag on the counter. The man grabbed a coin from the bag and said, "Only need this much, lad." The hybrid nodded shyly, taking his sandwich and money before leaving the shop. He sank his fangs in the sandwich and his face flushed slightly at joy from the flavor. How did humans make such good food? He made his way back to the inn as he nibbled on the sandwich. He looked around as he walked. He had not seen any other chipmunks in the street, only birds. Maybe it was just the inn? He shrugged.

Akuma arrived at the inn and stood outside for a few minutes as he finished his sandwich. He tossed the wax paper into a garbage can and dusted his hands. He looked around again for chipmunks, spotting one on the roof watching him. He sniffed a few times, picking up its scent now. He wanted to be able to tell later if it was actually the same one out of curiosity. The hybrid turned, walking into the inn. He went up the stairs and over the room where he quietly opened the door and slipped inside while Strider and Axle were eating. He moved silently to his bed, sitting down as if he would blend into the floorboards if he was quiet enough. That ended on a short note as he let himself fall back onto the bed. He stared at the ceiling, a small thrum escaping from his draconic voice box in content of a full stomach. That was easy enough. He did not have to even say much to be fed and housed by this pair. He stared blankly at Strider and Axle as he thought. Something tugged at the pit of his stomach; pain. He thought over what it could be. His thoughts brushed over Nick and then lingered on guilt. His cheeks flushed in a visible blush. He rolled over on the bed to hide his face from the others. Akuma let out a small sigh as he sat in silence. The other two seemed content as they ate as well. Lying in the bed made him feel a bit lethargic. He reached up and touched his face gently. The heat in his cheeks had subsided finally. Strider suddenly said, "Axle, we need to talk out in the hallway." They both promptly left the room.

Akuma sat up when the door clicked shut. He considered eavesdropping, but figured there was no gain since he did not even know these people. His head turned to look out the window. Daylight poured in almost blindingly. There was a pleasant white noise of chattering people walking by below and birds chirping. Akuma let out a yawn, stretching and then flopping back onto the bed with a content moan. The hybrid stared up at the ceiling as he waited for Strider and Axle to return. Not like he could go anywhere anyway with them out there. Unless he was set on jumping out the window. After a few more minutes, the pair had finally come back into the room. He looked at them as they remained silent, going to their spots. Strider seemed intent on watching the door. Akuma frowned and thought, *'What are they*



*expecting someone?.. Probably just them being weird as usual.'* The boy looked out the window again. Why were they sitting in here? It made him feel confined being in the one room and the only exit being watched. He bunched his hands into fists on the bed, taking a handful of bed sheets. He opened his mouth faintly which suddenly felt dry. He finally piped up, trying to sound as casual as he could, "You know, Windfall is a bit of a hot spot right now. Big city. Lots of things to do around here. You know, outside?" Breaking silence was something he would normally choose gnawing his own leg off over.

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"Well then..." Akuma slid off the bed, standing up. Neither of the two had explained anything to him; so as far as he was concerned, they just sounded downright crazy now. The boy moved around the bed and towards the door. He pointed over his shoulder and said, "I'm gonna... go out again... since it's still broad daylight." He opened the door and left the room, closing it behind him. The hybrid shook his head and went down the stairs and out the door. He sighed quietly as warm sunlight hit his face. He walked down the street and out the city gates. The silence away from the city was pleasant. He sat down in the grass, enjoying the cool breeze and the smell of the nearby forest. Akuma shut his eyes, relaxing in the lush grass in the heat of the warm sun and the gentle breeze. Rustling grass made him open his eyes. He sniffed once and thought briefly, *'Wait...that's the...'* He felt his hair move and sat up. Sure enough, the chipmunk had jumped away and was running back to the city. Akuma fumbled to a standing position. "Hey, wait!" he yelled after the rodent. He ran after it, discovering quickly that a human form could not outrun a chipmunk. Instead, the boy used his lightning dash ability to zip forward and block the rodent's path. He paused to crouch down and look at the small creature. It looked normal enough. He mused quietly, "You're just a chipmunk... Why are they so terrified of you?"

Akuma looked at the chipmunk with interest. It was not hostile, or so it seemed. The rodent made a sudden movement, jumping over him and running off along rooftops. The boy ran after it again on foot, using a lightning dash to get on the roof and zip across other ones. He lost sight of the little guy and followed the scent instead. He came to the top of an alleyway and looked down. The scent had disappeared. There was only a cat there now. He sighed and sat down on the roof. The cat had probably eaten it. He instead thought about what he would do now. Akuma climbed down from the roof top and walked through the crowd. He sniffed again, smelling someone familiar. Up ahead in the town square he saw Albel sitting on the edge of the center fountain, eating a cup of strawberries. He cautiously approached and sat a few feet from the other hybrid. Suddenly, he felt jumpy as he looked over at Albel. The older hybrid had already stopped eating. His blood red eyes drifted over to Akuma. He growled, "What do you want?"

Akuma flinched, instinctively lowering his head. He mumbled, "I just...saw you sitting here... I'm bored."

"And what am I? A television?"

The boy answered, "Familiar company..." The black hybrid snorted, continuing to eat. However dark and cruel Albel was, Akuma felt safer around him. Mostly because people tended to avoid Albel in fear. So it

was a sort of force field to the outside world as long as he did not irritate Albel himself. Akuma looked around nervously as the two sat in silence. He spotted the cat from the alley and frowned. Were animals just following him today or what? Albel continued to eat his strawberries, not caring for his surroundings. The boy looked back to him and asked, "So...where's your human? You always seem to be together..."

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Kai had moved to the forest outside of her house to work. She was getting faster at the mending ability. She had gained a very hefty prize from cleaning up after Windfall was first burned down in the bloody massacre. So there were lots to mend. She sank another dragon into the ground before she smelt something; death. But it was not anything of hers. *'Probably the other...'* she thought, following the strong smell to its source. At the forest line, she could see bodies of both humans and dragons strewn about from a battle. Her hands found her pockets idly. "Uh huhhhh..." she uttered in thought. Movement caught her eye. A human in black robes moved about, collecting the bodies. She thought with a frown, *'Told him there was another necromancer running around.'* A series of clicks came from Kai's shadow again. "Yeah, I saw," she responded. Kai made a snort of laughter and turned on her heel, walking away from the scene. She did not feel like hanging around other necromancers. She was different than most of them anyway. Her hands remained in her pockets as she walked through the forest and back to Windfall. She had her nightly heist to do later anyway. She decided to check out the dark artifact shop down an alley she saw. It looked shady enough to have something worth looking at.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 14](#).)

The day started to shift into late afternoon, the sky turning orange and tinting the water of the fountain he sat on. The crowds in the streets started to thin out as people started to head home from work. Akuma brought his legs up to his chest, turning and using a free hand to drag his fingers in the water. After a short while, the hybrid yawned quietly and slouched his form forward onto his knees. He felt relaxed in the silence. A sudden 'whoosh' and a splash made him jump up. It was shortly followed by a loud bang as he whipped around. Strider and Axle had suddenly appeared. He stared at them for a minute in their strange positions. *'Why are they?.....'* he cocked his head in confusion.

The blonde swordsman got up out of the water, looking around, "Damn it, that was Marc." From the sounds of it, they had gotten into some kind of tussle. Akuma felt like slinking away from the scene at hand. Maybe he should go find Albel again. Surely Fayt would stop his brother from killing the younger hybrid? Or perhaps Kai would help? He did not want to get kicked around for a pair of strangers. It is one of the reasons he had managed to survive so long on his own. Especially when he ran dangerously rampant around blood. At least before he was cured of his hunter mode.

Strider looked at Axle to see the brunette had smashed the trash can. He was very much groaning in pain. As he got up from the crushed trash can, he said, "So I guess you were right, Strider. They did follow us." Akuma stared blankly at them in alarm. So something was still after them. Was it going to come here?

The swordsman said, "Ya I guess I was right. Come on we need to get our stuff and get out of town." He put his sword back and they went back to the inn. Then a few minutes later, they jumped out the window onto the roof of the building across the window. Then they changed direction and ran to the center of the city with the police running after them on the ground. The pair had run off without a word to the young hybrid. He stood quietly a moment, looking where they were a moment ago. So he did not have a place to stay it turns out. Akuma sank back down, sitting on the fountain again. This Marc seemed to be after Strider and Axle. So at least he would be safe now, right? The remaining crowds gathered towards the inn where the human police were now asking questions about the owner's murder.

The town square grew silent, only increasing the sinking feeling in Akuma's stomach. He pondered what it was. Loneliness? Perhaps his time around humans had made him grow accustomed to company. He glanced up to see the crowd flock away from the town square, only to see a familiar mage again. He seemed to be standing still, staring at the hybrid. Akuma could not help but glance to the side to see if he was staring at someone else. Just a few hours ago, he had pretended Akuma did not even exist. The hybrid shifted uncomfortably under the stare, choosing to stare at the cobblestone road rather than Nick. Akuma tensed, glancing up at the mage again. He considered saying something. That was, until he saw Strider and Axle running at him. They closed in with no sign of slowing. Great, they were bringing something back again? He looked back to Nick, grinding his teeth. His mouth opened, feeling dry. "Ni-" his voice was strangled at the end as the hoodie pulled against his throat when Strider grabbed him. He was dragged quickly past Nick where he tried and failed to grab onto the mage, who lurched forward and reached for him.

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Kai walked along the forest, looking up at the sky as it started to grow darker. She came to the forest clearing in time to see Akuma, the blonde swordsman, and the white dragon fleeing the city. Akuma seemed to have had reservations as he pulled away from the other two. She stopped walking, folding her arms across her chest and leaning on a tree. "Wonder what that's about. But by the smell of it, they've gotten tangled up with that necromancer. Unfortunate, little Akuma." She let out a snicker.