

((Note: The following sections takes place during [Chapter 39](#).)

A voice asked from the shadow of a very dim lit room with only a small orb-like table lit up, "So Arch, any Information we got on Axle's little friend?"

Arch replied, "As of right now, we know very little."

Another voice said, "That is quite depressing. We need to know if she has some sort of ability that we are not aware of. Do we know anything we can use against her in case we need to?"

The table changed from a still image with Axle and Atlas to a new image of two hatchlings. "So far, these two were with them from the beginning. But after they teleported to the dessert, we lost them," Arch said as his dragon face came into view.

"Not lost, protected by others," another voice said as a blue dragon face now came into view. "It took me longer to track them down than I would like to have. But after a bit of digging, quite literally, I found them."

Now a black dragon face came into view, "Well then, Leaza, where are they at currently?"

Leaza said in a firm tone, "They are currently in a jungle; inside a cave with a large group of dragons protecting them. There's no way to get into it without going through the front door, but a small band of people should be able to get in and get out as fast as possible. I elect myself to lead the charge." A white dragon now said, "No, I will. We need a more stealthier approach; not a damn nuke in a enclosed space, so I will go."

There was a loud bang on the table as a large sword hit the edge. "It does not matter who goes, we just need leverage over her in case of emergency. If she has allied herself with Axle, and he has yet to push her way from this path, she must be good at something," A voice said as all the dragons looked into the shadow. "It will be so. Dracul, Arch and Leaza will go with a small band of people, no more than ten. An in-and-out mission, got it?"

Everyone nodded their heads and replied, "Yes elder."

-----

After a few hours of staying up way past since Atlas went to sleep, Axle started to feel his eyelids get heavy as he slowly started to drift to sleep. He fell softly against the magi's side as he slept.

-----

Spinx had intruded into the camp, trying to get a place to sleep for tonight. He encountered a red-haired girl and decided he would take her tent and use her as a bait for Axle later. Spinx watched as the girl was dragged into the earth. She let out a scream that he knew was going to catch attention. He quickly ran behind the tents and vanished from sight. The anaconda kept on going deeper and deeper until it teleported somewhere else and brought her with it. After a short while, the girl enflamed her body and the anaconda uncurled from its captive. It slithered away into the fog, leaving the girl where she was at.

-----

((Note: The following sections takes place during [Chapter 40](#).)

Juna and Mekarth woke up in the back of the cave. For Mekarth, it was a normal morning to him. To Juna, her head was throbbing and the world looked like it was spinning. The doodles that were on her face had been wiped off by the black last night. He had no idea which of the Vulture Horde members had left their childish prank there, but once he knew their name, he was going to tell her and let the offender face her. The black stretched like a cat for a second before he looked at his sister. He noticed she was awake, but she did not look so good. "You okay?" he asked her.

The silver shook her head as more pain came to her mind. She replied, "That damn mage dragon crashed me into a wall, hard."

-----

Spinx was sitting back on the mountain. He was kind of pissed off with the whole girl screaming thing last night, which made him look for a nice bed to sleep in last night. He was forced to sleep in a tree and keep watch at the same time just to make sure no one tried to follow him. He sat there waiting, thinking of the possibility of how this could work and how it could not. He was preparing himself once again for another day of waiting for his prize.

-----

Juna tried to stand up, though she staggered a bit that Mekarth had to help her by pressing against her side. After a bit, she changed into her halfling form as she laid on his back. He walked out of the cave with her on his back. A few dragons of the Vulture Horde had woken up and went outside the caves they slept in. They greeted each other with good mornings and thought about going together to get some breakfast. But before they could leave, they saw Mekarth carrying his sister. She did not look good to the Horde as her wing kind of dangled from her human side of her halfling form. To the dragons' worry, she appeared to be unwell. A leaf pygmy looked at the Incarus brother and asked, "Hey, is she going to be alright?"

-----

((Note: The following sections take place during [Chapter 41](#).)

Mekarth stopped after about 5 minutes panting from running at full speed. He never heard what the leaf pygmy dragon that was chasing him said, but it seemed like the black has realized it was hopeless to chase the man. He collapsed to the ground in depression. Nowe finally caught up to him and flew in front of the black dragon's head. He noticed that Mekarth was very upset about the kidnapping of his sister. The leaf pygmy understood how devastated he was and tried to assure him, "Don't worry, Mekarth. We'll get your sister back. We have magi dragons who can teleport us over to where she is and bring her back." The black looked at the small dragon and kind of let out a small breath. He was not in a mood to talk. There was a moment of silence between Nowe and the crestfallen dragon. The leaf pygmy tried to see if he could get him to cheer up, even by a tiny margin. "Don't worry, I'm pretty sure she'll be okay. I mean they're just taking her hostage, right? It's not like they're going to kill her or anything," he said. "Anyway, we got to get back to the village. Aeolus and everybody else will want to know what happened, so that we can go rescue her."

Mekarth muttered something in his native tongue and then turn his head to the pygmy. "It's not that I am worried about her as much as you think; it's the fact I failed her," he said as he turned his head.

"Oh," Nowe responded, when he was corrected.

"In our city, before Dracul took it over, my sister and I were known for having each other's backs in our time of need. Even though my sister is stronger than I am, she still needed my help with things." The black started to stand up. "To be honest, I'm more worried about what will happen to the people that just took her more than I am about her, and a little more about how pissed she's going to be when we get her or when she gets back." He may have sounded calm, but anyone could tell he was a bad at hiding the truth. Even his body motion told that he was worried about his sister more than he lets on. It was something that Nowe could easily tell. "Come. I would hate to let Aeolus wait longer than what I need to."

Nowe followed him back to the village. He thought, *'We'll get your sister back, I'm sure of it.'*

They made it back to the Eternal Wind Clan's village in about 15 minutes from the walking back trip. Mekarth looked at the horde leader and asked, "So Aeolus, what plan do you have?"

-----

Juna woke up to a very dark area. At first, she thought she was in the cave until she felt the coldness of metal around her neck and around her body. She could tell that she was clothed again, but not what she was hoping for. *'I swear to the past lords, I will ki-'* she started to think until Aeolus came into her mind.

He asked, *'Juna, are you alright?'*

She responded bitterly, *'Well at least the collar does not stop telepathic communication. And to answer your question, no I'm not alright. You better start explaining why I'm in a damn cell again.'* She was a bit pissed off about being where she is at. Then she heard someone walking around on the outside of the door.

The horde leader replied, *'You mean you don't know?'*

Juna shook her head at his response. She snapped back, *'How about the fact I was asleep?'* She stood up in the dark cell, letting her eyes adjust to the darkness of the room. Now she noticed where she was at and soon put two & two together. *'Aeolus, when I get out of here; you, me, and my brother are going to have a very nice long chat about this. Oh, and will only take an hour or so.'* Though her tone was calm, her intentions were more serious than it seemed.

The leader questioned, *'And how do you intend to escape? You just got kidnapped by a time leaper. You break out and he might come for you again before you least suspect it.'*

*'A time leaper; well now, that's a surprise,'* the halfling thought to herself as she went back to Aeolus. *'Simple, knock down the front door.'*

*'And the guards. Do you believe that you are a match for any of them, even a group of them?'*

*'I don't know, Aeolus. Who knows? They might be worth fighting at full strength,'* the woman replied back. *'If you want to help, go ahead.'*

She paced around the room, thinking of what she was going to before Aeolus popped into her mind, *'Very well, I shall send a few spies over to your location and have them scout the place for the safest way out.'*

She thought without replying to him, *'You think I know anything about this place? Well, all I can only see is a dark cell that is too small for a dragon of your size.'*

-----

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 42](#).)

After a while of flight, Atlas said to Axle, "I'll be right back. I got a deer to munch on. Don't stop for me. I'll teleport to you when I'm done." The dragoness swooped down towards the buck.

The white looked at the magi when she flew after the deer and then soon continued on flying towards the mountain. Violet was still gripping on his back for support when she said to him, "She does have a point, Axle. Neither of you two have got anything to eat at all for the past few hours." When she looked into Axle's eyes, a chill went down her spine. His eyes had no kindness in them, or even care. They were full of hate, rage, and fear all in one set. Even for having being a part of his little group for only 12 hours or so, she did not think Axle could hold so much rage for someone or something. She begun to worry about what he was even thinking or even the fact they he may have not heard her at all.

-----

Axle was out hunting on foot, quietly sneaking around in his human form. His blue eyes focused on his target as he watched a deer graze on the green grass. He was laying low, practicing his stealth as he crouched slowly towards the deer. He soon stopped as he got the feeling that someone just yelled his name, causing him to step on a twig and alerting the deer that he was near causing it to sprint off. "Damn it," the man muttered under his breath, but he could not shake the feeling like something or someone just yelled his name. He did not like that feeling. A very short while later, Axle can now start feeling the effects of something wrong. And what was worse, he started to feel sick. Someone or something was starting to drain him of his energy, and in a massive amount. He fell to his knees and hands as he could barely move on his own. He started to pant loudly and heavily as he felt like he was about to fall under his own weight.

-----

Juna was still pacing around the cell as she planned on her next move. But then she was interrupt by her cell door opening. A man walked into her cell and said, "Well, well, so. Aren't you something of a beauty." He came up close to her, continuing, "You would go for a fine penny if someone was in the market for a slave girl." He grabbed a hold of her cheeks, which Juna hated the most. He let go and she growled at him. "Now, now, you are underwater and no need to be hostile to me. I'm not the one who went and grabbed you from your little dragon party. All I am is a slave trader, so just sit back and relax and enjoy these walls for now, for they are the-" The halfling heard enough and clocked him in the face hard. She has heard enough of this man talk, so she dealt a lethal blow to his head. She simply shook her head as she searched his body for keys, weapons and anything she can find and use.

-----

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 43](#).)

Axle was back in his dragon form a few seconds before a random scream came from the air. He turned his head to whatever impact was on his back. To his surprise, it was a young girl, maybe seventeen or so. "Who are you?" he asked her, sounding a bit weak.

-----

Juna, after about 30 minutes of fighting and helping out a few people escape with her, finally made it to the top part of the building to the water surface. There was nothing as far as she could see. She looked at the one halfling with her and the two other women with her. The two women were dressed like they were to be sold as sex slaves, while the halfling was dressed like a maid. The rest of the small band she made through out were either killed or lost somewhere. When the women reached the light, Juna could tell what she was dressed up to be sold as. She was dressed like a gladiator. She thought, *'Well at least I don't look like them. Whatever.'* Then she sent out a telepathic message to the horde leader, *'Aeolus, here after about thirty minutes of fighting, I have finally made it to the top of this damn prison. Now do you mind teleporting here and taking me and my new band of misfits? So if you do not mind coming and getting us, like now would be great.'* The other three managed to collect some better clothing so they were not so exposed, but all of the had the same type of collars on their necks. The silver halfling soon sent a full 360° image of the place out in the middle of the ocean.

-----

Mekarth headed to the city the earth-type dragons were building; but he soon left, heading away from the city and camp, deeper into the desert. He seemed on edge, maybe by the recent events, but it looked like more was bothering him.

-----

The forest air was damp and humid. Nothing seemed to be stirring on the forest floor. Well, until nine shapes took form in the distance from a nearby cave. The dragon guards, who were standing at the entrance to the village cave, smelled incoming scents from the horizon: dragon, halfling & human. The closer the figures got, the more humanoid they looked, but only four of them are without dragon wings. The closer they got to the cave, the more could be told of them. All, but three, wore the same black color of armor. The other three were in front of them wearing different colors. The right was blue, left gold, and the middle red. They all carried their own type of weapons: from a small sword and shield to a staff. They stopped about twenty-five meters from the cave entrance. They appeared to be hunters or soldiers. Quartz and his fellow guard immediately knew that danger was heading their way. They must kill these humans right here before they threaten the village. The geode dragon roared, "Stop, humans! Don't you dare come near this village. We all defend it with our lives." The human in blue armor pulled his weapon from his back, revealing a scythe that looked like it was design to reap souls from people. But quickly he was not there, and neither was the small band of humans. It was almost like an illusion of some sort. The guards dropped their jaws in surprise at the humans' sudden disappearance. Quartz blinked and asked, "Huh? Where did they go?" The blue-armored one quickly came back from thin air; not one, but hundreds of the same man came from each angle around the geode, striking at different vital points in his body. The scent of all the other humans were gone including the blue one, though he was everywhere in sight. Quartz let out his dying roar as he dropped dead on the ground.

The other guard looked in shock at his fallen comrade and roared, "Quartz!" Then he shot a glare at the humans and thought to kill them all to avenge the geode's death. But his quick thinking got him to warn the village first. If these intruders could kill a single dragon like that quickly, then the same thing would happen to him, too. He pictured the chief in mind and telepathically said to him, *'Chief Doubloon, we're under attack by humans. They've killed Quartz, we need to activate the trap crystals now and get ready to fight for our lives.'* Then he tried to breathe fire at the clones. The clones all disappeared except for one standing right in the way of the fire blast, not moving like he did not care. The fire however never made contact with the blue one; instead, it stopped in mid-air as now the red-armored one stood there. He stopped it with only his bare hand, then soon the flames started to darken to a pitch black flame that swirled around him, catching the guard by surprise. Then the red man turned his attention to the new dragons coming from the cave. Almost instantly, he threw the now black fire right towards the cave entrance, aiming to burn every dragon coming alive. The gold one soon appeared as well with the other six black-armored ones. They each attacked the guard, aiming for a different spot, but not to kill. Instead, they were aimed to his legs and wings to stop him from moving. The dragon let out a pained roar as these limbs became broken, thus rendering him flightless and unable to move. "You bastards!" he cursed, feeling enraged by his agony.

---

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 44](#).)

Azera continued to walk as blood still slowly flowed from his now newly open wound. He left a noticeable trail behind him, but he did not care at all. He needed the answer that Spinx was holding. He soon collapsed to his knees as he rested his hand on the sword hilt for support. He thought, *'I can't give up now, not yet. I'll most likely find out what Spinx knows.'* He pushed harder to continue to the mountain, but still being extremely slow. It was not until about ten minutes his body finally gave in to the blood loss and the lack of energy he needed to make the journey. His sword laid next to him as his mind slowly entered a realm of nothingness. In the back of his mind, he could hear something moving closer to him, almost as if it was running quickly. He did not care; for without help, he knew he was surely going to die and he accepted that.

---

As the villagers waited listened out for sounds of the trap crystals' strike, something unexpected came their way. A stream of black fire flew towards them. The dragons were taken by surprise and as they jumped, shielded themselves with their wings or tried to duck. The pygmies were doing the former or using the bigger dragon's bodies as shields. Eitri was quick to put up a wall of water without any second thoughts to protect everyone from getting burned. The flames hit the water and doused itself out. Uvanis came out from behind the night magi's leg and sighed in relief, "Boy, that was close."

Then something strange started to happen. Once it seemed the flames were gone, but then they reappeared from nothing, surprising the dragons. And this time, the black flames were destroying the earth itself; however, no heat was being produced. It was seeping from the cracks in the ground as more started to appear from nowhere. The cracks went past the water barrier and beneath the villagers. The dragons looked down below themselves, expecting something bad to happen. One of them asked, "What's going on?" Then more black fires rose from the cracks and torched the villagers. Roars of pain filled the air as there of shouts of the fires hurting and telling someone to put them out. Dark types like Zylanon and Uvanis received less damage from the flames. Eitri used his water aura spell to douse the fires that were burning him. He did the same for the other dragons, so that they would stop burning. The night magi dispelled the water barrier, now that it was pointless to have with the cracks producing fire beneath them.

The red-armored man has turned his attention to the dragons in the cave, as now all but the golden one stood in front of the mouth of the cave. The golden-armored one stood next to the guard that was just brought down and rendered helpless. The gold one stabbed his pike into the ground just inches away from the dragon's head, and bent down also like he was examining the dragon's physical strength, weight and length, along with wing span. The guard glared up at the gold-armored human and growled. The man simply shook his head in disgust before picking up his pike once more and placing it on his shoulder. He headed for the cave entrance. The lighting traps spring from where the village dragons have placed it. But instead of frying him to a crisp, the lighting spiraled around him. He was controlling it and he redirected it back to the traps' source, destroying the crystals. The guard roared at him, "Get back here!" He blew his fire breath after the man. The golden-armored human was hit by the fire. The fire seemed to engulfed him, but what came out of the fire was not a burnt-to-crisp human, but a large golden dragon. He turned his head towards the guard, who dropped his jaw in astonishment by what he just saw. He asked, "You're a dragon?" The gold cleared the way of the traps for everyone else and went back over to the dragon that spit fire on him. He then took his front foot and slammed it down on the dragon's injured leg, looking to break bone. This caused the guard to let out a loud roar from the intense pain he felt.

Now seeing as how the trap crystals failed, they had to destroy the humans themselves. One of the dragons yelled, "Attack!" The villagers charged at the men as they spewed fire and cast spells at them. Zylanon went into his shadow form, crawling through the shadows beneath the other dragons and avoiding the light of the flames, so that he won't be re-materialized. The rest of the humans fell behind the blue and red-armored one, almost as if they were more afraid of their superiors than the dragons, as the black-armored humans got ready for the fight. The red-armored one raised his hand to his sword hilt and pulled the giant sword from his back sheath, letting it hit the ground. Its pure black metal seemed empty like a void. Then he took his other hand and removed the helmet from his head. What it revealed was a madman, almost seeming to enjoy playing with the dragons. He threw the helmet at the closest dragon and then charged at it, followed by all the other humans. *THUNK!* The helmet collided with the intended target. To the dragons, it seemed these men have a death wish charging in with only eight humans and no other support. After the two races reached each other, the dragons started to use their



claws and tails to attack for a close combat.

Arch was torturing the injured guard, seeming to build up pressure on the injured dragon's leg. The gold said with an evil grin, "You wanted me to come back, so I want to hear you scream for forgiveness."

No matter how much his instincts were telling him to make his tormentor stop, the guard resisted the urge, "N-never!"

Arch grinned evilly when the dragon resisted on pleading for him to stop, so he stomped on the broken leg and went to the next one, doing the same exact thing, repeating the process. Each time he did it, the guard would let out another pained roar. The gold grinned wickedly, "Now you want to beg for forgiveness, or are you going to be stubborn and let me break another one of your legs? I do hope you will be stubborn."

The red-armored one took a sidestep from the dragon in front of him that took a swipe at him and returned the favor by thrusting his huge sword into the dragon's neck. The foe fell down to the side with his eyes wide open as blood spilled out of his open wound. Once Dracul was done with the dragon, he moved to the next one, the one that was moving through the shadows. The blue-armored one was not after killing the dragons, but instead dodging their every attack and making a dash for the deeper part of the caves. A royal blue canopy dragoness and a few others saw the blue man running past them deeper into the caves. Knowing the threat he would be to any dragons who were unable to fight, she shouted to the others, "Stop that human, he's going further down the village." She and a few other dragons gave chase to the man in blue, but this led them open to be slaughtered by the black-armored humans who jabbed, slashed and bashed them. The canopy dragoness's eyes went wide with shock when she saw a sword being swung sideways at her. The blade made contact with the neck and cut through all the way. The head was severed off and fell to the ground where it rolled until it hit the wall. Blood flowed out from the headless body's neck and from the base of the head, forming red pools where they laid. For a small group of humans, they were extremely well-trained and they were using the dragon's sheer size to their advantage by dodging the attacks, so the dragons would hit each other.

Eitri cast a fireball at an evading human, but it missed and hit Zylanon's shadow form instead. The shadow dragon instantly emerged from his shadow and reared up as he roared in pain. The night magi felt bad about attacking his friend and apologized, "Sorry, Zylanon! I didn't mean to hurt you. I was going for one of the humans." Dracul saw the shadow dragon's solid form and took the opportunity to throw his huge sword at the dragon's back, running him through. Both Zylanon and Eitri's eyes went wide with shock as the former was impaled. After watching his friend fall lifeless to the cave floor, the night magi dragon shouted, "Zylanon, no!" The black-armored ones were now attacking in sync, striking one dragon down after another. They were only distracting the villagers to allow the blue-armored one to advance farther into the cave. However, they were not taking kill shots anymore, but instead were attempting to immobilize them. If that failed, the dragons were to be simply killed with no question asked. Shooting a furious glare at the man who murdered his friend, Eitri charged up his magic energy for a devastating spell he would throw at the human. But he was intercepted by the black-armored humans who stabbed

him down and paralyzed his limbs. The weakened night magi watched to his uneasy dismay the defeat of one villager after the other. It seems like the humans were not trying to kill them anymore, but why? Dracul removed his sword from the shadow dragon's back and put it back in its holder on his back.

-----

Axle was out hunting for another 10 minutes before he started to return back to the group, which now had a lumina dragoness and a halfling meeting them. He somehow gathered his thoughts about his quest to Trident Mountain. He started to question his own decision, his motive and what he really desired. Soon, he returned back to the group, to which Atlas greeted, "Hey Axle, how did the hunt go?"

Violet seemed to have noticed he had something on his mind, but did not press on that matter. Instead, she came up with an idea. She knew they were pressed for time, but it might work. She got up and went over to the magi. She whispered loud enough for her to hear, hoping Axle did not hear it as well, "Atlas, Axle has something on his mind and not for the good, it seems. Maybe you should talk with him and see what is going on, just for a little while."

-----

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 45](#).)

Akil's mind wondered though the pain and torture of the experiment they were putting her through. No matter how much she roared in pain, no matter how much she had crystals for help, nothing seemed to reach the outside world from a part of her own mind. The experiments were by hours, each lasting forty five minutes long. The reason they were doing this is to make mindless soldiers out of dragons is what Akil was able to gather so far, and she needed a way out. Due to the continuous experiments and lack of food or water, her body was in no condition for a solo escape. What is worse is that even if she wanted to get out, the chains around her legs and wings were strong & heavy and would cause her to become burdened by the weight. Her mind was slowing down as well due to not getting any sleep and lack of nutrition to think clearly. When time came back around for the people to do experiments on her, it was a bunch of new people than the ones who have been experimenting on her all night. They started quickly on the torturing and attempting to mentally break her as well. About half-way through it however, one of the new personnel make a very critical mistake. He accidentally loosened the chains that held her in place and she took full advantage of it.

She slashed quickly before any of them noticed, cutting everyone in the room to ribbons. She spun around at a quick pace to counter the dragons that were in the room in case of emergency as they got caught by her barbs. She killed one on impact and sent the body flying into the other, crashing them onto the ground. She made a mad dash to the closest area as the alarm went off whenever there was a dragon loose.

She then got to a corner, coming face-to-face with an armored dragon, but that did not stop her as she put all the strength she had left to crash right into the armored dragon as hard and fast as she could go. It seemed to catch the dragon off guard as she crashed into him, soon breaking through a stone wall to the outside world. They were extremely high up, and with her wings bound still to her side, Akil knew she would need to borrow a pair and grab hold of the armored dragon as his wings shot out from his side to stop his fall. But instead of stopping his, it broke her fall as he was crushed under the weight of both the chains, his armor and the chains around the dragoness's side.

Akil's head rang from the impact, which did not help with the muzzle attached to the collar around her head. It took her a second to collect her bearings before she could decide on the next course of action. Dragons were now coming from the hole she made, ramming the other dragon that was now below her. She got up and ran as fast as she could go, but the other dragons were faster. And soon, there were nets and ballistic shoots coming at her as they narrowly missed. Soon though, one of the ballistic met its mark and impaled through her back leg, stopping her dead in her tracks. She walked in pain, but it did no good as soon, nets met their own marks. Her attempt to escape failed and she had no more strength to resist the coming dragons. As she waited for their arrival, something strange happened. There was a flash of bright light, soon being followed by the winds suddenly shifting. She felt someone touch her side before the air around her shifted again.

---

Juna made her way to the replicated city and noticed her brother was not there. She was pissed that he was not here, so the question was where could he have gone? She stopped really quickly to look at how the city was coming along before she felt the wind started to spiral around near her, just about twenty-five meters or so. She noticed two figures in the distance that were not there before, and soon could see that one was a dragon she knew quite well. She wasted no time to run over there to find Akil and a human. However, the human was not going to survive because of a ballistic bolt having went square through his chest. He lifted his hand up towards Juna, mouthing something to her before his eyes faded as he died in front of her. He turned his head in disgust because he sacrificed himself for the green-orange dragoness. The silver looked at Akil and noticed the wounds she had now and how exhausted she was. Then she noticed the hole in greenish-orange dragoness's back right leg and the collar & muzzle on her. The earth-type dragons closest to her were distracted by the two strangers. They wondered who the dragoness was and what happened to her for her to be in this state. "Aeolus, get over here and bring your medic. Now!" Juna yelled into the air, but also telepathically told the horde leader as well with a tone like she wanted it done like yesterday and with urgency.