

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 44](#).)

Arch 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 guard was silent for a few moments as he pondered on what he should do. The pain was really bad and he didn't want to go through that again, but he didn't want to give this dastard the pleasure of looking weak to him. But either decision he went with, the gold dragon was just going to take joy in tormenting him. Knowing that a healer dragon would be there to heal him later after this, the guard decided to take a third option. He yelled, "Neither, you're going down!"

Arch was not expecting the answer the dragon has gave him. He then got hit by the guard's tail, knocking him over and soon got engulfed in flames by a spewed out fireball, or so it seems, until Arch was on the other side of the dragon now. The guard watched the fires carefully and expected his foe to leap out and attack him. But the gold bit him hard in the neck, taking him by surprise and causing him to let out a high-pitched groan. Arch picked up the crippled dragon's body, and dragged him to the front of the cave entrance. The guard looked to the corner of his eyes and saw a golden chest and same-colored feet moving. Having realized who this was, the guard was surprised to that the golden dragon had somehow, perhaps with magic, appeared on the other side of him. Arch let go when he started to taste blood in his mouth. He slammed his paw into the dragon's head to keep him down, not really caring if he hurt the damn thing. The guard closed his eyes and winced, feeling the throbbing blow on where he was stomped.

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

Aeolus walked towards Akil and said, "Akil, is it? I am Aeolus, the leader of the Vulture Horde. We have allied ourselves with Axle and his siblings for the purpose of liberating Shadow Wind. I assume you must be one of Dracul's prisoners, am I correct?" Then he asked, "Has Dracul or any of his loyalists spoke of some valuable info that could be helpful to us?"

Akil look at the horde leader and then turned her head to Juna, to whom she spoke to in an entirely different language than Draconic. As the halfling started to take her leave, Axle's general asked, {Lord Juna, who is this Aeolus character?}

Juna replied back in the same language, but with a tone that does not sound good for Aeolus. {A dragon with blood on his paws. Not just guilty blood, but innocent blood as well. Be careful when talking to him, for I do not fully trust him yet,} she replied before she shifted back to her dragon form and took to the air to look for her brother.

Juna searched around the area, trying to find some sort of clue on Mekarth's whereabouts, and soon found a cave that was close by, but not part of the village. As she came closer, she could smell her brother in the cave and soon proceeded with caution. "Mekarth, I know you are in there. You might as well-" she said before the air became thick with some sort of dark energy. She was all too familiar with that energy as it was Dracul's energy of his dark magic. She rushed down the cave, turned around the corner and found the black dragon curled in a ball, almost like he was in pain. This was the source of the energy and her brother. The wound that Dracul inflicted on him now burning bright red, causing Mekarth extreme pain. He was even sweating as well, almost like he had a fever. Juna only had a single guess: that Dracul's magic was now infusing itself with Mekarth's body in the most unforgivable way. Juna knew she was not followed and laid next to her brother as he panted, but it seemed to calm him down a bit, but not by much.

Juna waited with her brother before his panting came down a bit and became more of a smooth rhythm. "Mekarth, when did Dracul use dark Magic on you?" she asked him and he muttered that it was two nights ago. She knew when now, but how long was this going to last, and would it get worse. "When did it start?" she asked next and got no answer back. He was still breathing, but it was still heavy breathing. "Mekarth..."

Spinx was sitting over the edge of the mountain, flexing his hand. He smiled devilishly when he closed it into a fist. *'Good, he's finally gone for good. There is nothing left to hold me back now,'* he thought to himself as he heard the noise of his undeads working on the trap he was preparing for Axle's arrival. "I wonder how long she will cry for him when he dies before her eyes? Well, there is only one way to find out," he talked to himself as she started to laugh out loud into the air.

Eitri was about to telepathically call Aeolus for help and reinforcements when the gold yelled to everyone in the cave, "Stop your damn resisting; it's over, you dumb pieces of shit scales. You have lost, just like your damn scale-brained friend here." He increased pressure on the guard's head, knowing it would cause more pain. The villagers looked at the gold dragon and were shocked and angered to see him on the humans' side. "So now it is ultimately your choice: continue to fight and continue his suffering, or just surrender and spare him from his suffering; your choice."

Eitri finally figured out why the humans reduced their slaughter to incapacitation; they were going to use the guard as a hostage. But for what reason were they doing this? Not wanting another life taken away today, Eitri told the others, "Everyone, stand down."

The villagers stopped fighting, but some were reluctant to do so. Uvanis weakly lifted up his head and objected, "But Eitri..."

The night magi turned his head around to him and repeated, "I said 'stand down'!" Not another word was spoken from any of the fallen dragons as Eitri looked back to the gold dragon and asked, "Arch, are these humans working for you, too? What reason do you have to come to our village and attack us?"

Dracul removed his sword from the shadow dragon's back and put it back in its sheath on his back. He walked over to the night magi and spoke in perfect draconic. "Reason why we attack. Our order: to capture a few dragons. Now if you would be so kind and lay your scaley ass down," the red-armored human said with an order. He wound his hand around in the air almost as a signal. "And I mean all of you." For a question that had been directed at the gold dragon, Eitri was surprised to see that one of the humans can speak the dragons' native language.

Arch was still keeping the pressure on the guard's head. "If I was you, I would do what he says. He is one you can't kill with a band of weaklings like you bunch."

The guard suspecting that they were going to take the captured into slavery or something just as bad or worse, told the others, "Don't do it! I'll gladly give my life just to keep them from taking someone away."

Arch looked at the guard dragon, "Big talk for a piece of crap like you."

The night magi curled his lips in a begrudged growl as well as some of the other villagers. The gold's insult of calling them weaklings angered them, but they knew his words rang true. They were unable to even land a scratch on these humans, who seemed to fight a lot better than the usual ones of their species. Even if they sacrificed the guard, the chances of winning were still slim-to-none. So the best course of action was to surrender. At least the Vulture Horde would be able to rescue the captured later; well maybe. Eitri told the others, "Everyone, let's just do what he said. Obviously, we can't win this fight." Many of the villagers peacefully surrendered and helped to carry the injured out of the way of the intruders. Eitri surrendered too, but he had just two last questions he wanted to ask. "Before I go, what I want to know is, who are you going to capture and for what reason?" he asked.

Dracul simply just grinned a bit, telling the night magic, "Anyone we want. As for the reason, some for hostage, others for our own personal reason." He signaled to the black-armored ones, who then started to look at each dragon. They were looking at each dragon carefully, but still prepared to fight if needed.

Arch said to the guard, "So are you really willing to give up your life to save another? Please go ahead and choose who you want to stay here and you take their place." He emphasized, "Choose wisely."

Eitri heard what the gold dragon said to the guard and slightly dropped his jaw in worry. The night magi cried to him, "Don't do it, Straugh! Enough lives have already been lost today. We can't have another tragedy. Besides, you don't know who they're going to capture. If you guess wrong, then the ones they're taking away will still get kidnapped. You need to stay alive and rest until you are strong again."

Straugh the guard growled, feeling defeated in that he had no other choice. "Fine, Eitri. I'll do as you wish," he said reluctantly. The other dragons glared back at the black-armored men, ready to defend and fight if they struck first.

The black-armored men looked though the lot of dragons, then each one of them stopped by the dragon they wanted to take. Arch said, "Well look we have some winners. You six are the ones we are taking, any objections?"

The chosen dragons yelled out protests in indignation as one of them yelled, "Horse dung, Straugh never chose any of us. He said he was going to keep his own life, you-" They immediately became silent when Dracul simply grabbed his hilt of his sword. He was waiting for an objection, and it was clear what he was going to do, too. The dragons held back their rage without another word, but they still glared hatefully at Arch and the humans.

Arch said, "Now would the lucky six step forward in a nice straight line, just right up to the cave entrance. The rest of you farther back into the cave." The red-armored one stood next to Eitri, hand still on the hilt of his sword. "Now would be great," the gold dragon said as he turned his paw on the Straugh's head still.

Then the six dragons went to the cave entrance as the others retreated back to their cave rooms. Uvanis was among those leaving the scene. The dark leaf pygmy closed his eyes in shame and regret as he formed a telepathic bond with the chief. *'Chief Doubloon, we've failed. The humans were too strong for us; they've killed and wounded many of us.'*

He heard the chief respond with a disheartened tone, *'So I've heard. This is a sad day for this village, so many friends and family members lost. None of us will be sleeping peacefully tonight. Anyway, I hear they wanted to capture some of us, has anyone find out who they're taking away?'*

Uvanis answered, *'I don't know who they wanted originally, but it looks like they're taking the other dragons.'*

'Who?' asked Doubloon.

Uvanis was about to answer when he and the other villagers heard screaming hatchlings. They stopped and saw the blue-armored human taking away the Firestar sisters. Uvanis murmured in realization, "That's the magi dragoness's nieces." The dark leaf pygmy should have known that Arch and the humans would come for them. They were the perfect hostages to be used against their aunt, the Incarus family and possibly to the extent, the Vulture Horde. Uvanis told the village chief who being were captured, *'They're taking away Eitri, Hex, Vika, Todora, Sparqus, Pixie, and... the magi dragoness's nieces.'*

Doubloon sounded frustrated, *'Curses! It's not just our people we lost. We were also supposed to keep that dragoness's hatchlings safe until she got back and now this village has failed her. What are we going to tell her?'*

The dark leaf pygmy shook his head and replied, *'I don't know, but hopefully we can get everyone back.'*

Eitri barred his teeth at the gold dragon and thought, *'Arch, you monster. What do you want with us?'* Arch did not care if the dragons were glaring at him angrily. He just simply talked in another language, which the black-armored humans seem to understand. They then, each individually, walked up to the six dragons, a one man per dragon ratio. The men then each pulled a collar, which was around their waists, which was hidden in plain sight, and locked it around each dragon's neck.

The six dragons reared away from their captors, not liking where this was going. Eitri snarled, "So you did want some slaves. Well, don't think this will last forever. Sooner or later, the Vulture Horde will hear of this and they will destroy you, Arch. And Dracul as well." He looked to the red-armored human, figuring out that the evil dragon lord had taken the form of this one. Then the villagers and Straugh heard crying hatchlings and looked behind them to see the blue-armored human carrying Danielle and Kylie. Stunned expressions formed on their faces as the night magi murmured, "No..." He knew the hatchlings were going to be used as hostages against their aunt. How? Eitri hoped that it wasn't going to be too horrible. Looking back to Arch, the villagers scowled as he angrily said, "You monsters better not lay a claw on these hatchlings or else I'll make you regret it."

Arch just smiled devilishly at what the dragon had said. "What are you or anyone else going to do about it? Nothing. And for the record, you're not my slaves, you're theirs," Arch corrected the night magi. Eitri snarled back at him in response. After that all was done, the one that was near Pixie snapped his fingers as a portal opened up behind the gold dragon. "Now if you would be so kind and proceed through the portal in front of you. We are quite busy today and can no longer want to be wasting time here," Arch said, turning his foot again in another direction. The black guards went in this order with their slaves: Hex, Pixie, Vika, Todora, Sparqus, and Eitri, who was the last one. Even if the dragons resist going, they would still be forced by an unknown force pushing them to the portal.

Eitri closed his eyes in frustration and thought, *'To think I would be made a slave again after the Spell was supposed to free us. I guess the humans will resort back to magic if their technology won't imprison us no more.'* He opened his eyes again and noticed that his guard was a bit different from the others. It was a female up close, but even closer with a keen eye, she had her crossbow unclipped, while the other guards had their clipped.

As the dragons went one by one through the portal, and just right before Eitri went through, there was a loud snap of bones breaking. Arch has snapped Straugh's neck right in front of the night magi. "I said you can spare him from his suffering, not to let him live."

The night magi became even more furious and let out an angry roar, "You infernal monster! You won't get away with this!"

Dracul and Arch watch as the dragons the group have chosen to take from the cave disappeared. After that, Arch turned around and walked in the direction where Lucain in his human form took the hatchlings. "So, are you sure you want to do this?" Arch asked before he left without an answer.

(**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 46](#).)

Azera burst out of a bush in the forest ground with Violet in the area watching over Atlas as the magi slept. He made Violet jump a bit, but he had no interest with Atlas or the vampire at all, and still chased after Axle.

Dracul unclipped his large sword from his back as it fell to the ground and this followed by the chest plate & the heavy plated leggings. Only he was there standing in front of the small group of dragons. His evil grin on his face meant he was not done with them. The villagers knew that the man was up to something bad. He started to swirl a dark aura around him before he charged right at the dragons. Knowing something dangerous was going on, a dragoness shouted, "Watch out!" He jumped at the closest dragon, but what hit that dragon was another dragon, one that was dark red with a scar running down the left side of the dragon lord all the way to the tail. Dracul landed on his victim and made quick work on biting at their jugular to make the dragon bleed out. The victim let out a pained yowled as he flailed his limbs in reaction. He felt limp to the ground and blood poured out of his wound. Then Dracul turned and attacked the next dragon. The itus cantormaris dragon struggled to get himself free of the murderer before he would get killed, too. Dracul could feel that the itus cantormaris was trying to get away from him, but he slammed his paw in the center of the cantormaris's back with his talons extended out, right where a couple of major organs were at, and went to snap the itus cantormaris's back as well, before he turned his attention to the next one. But the way he walked, he was heading farther into the cave as the dark aura was cast at the other dragon, threatening to roast them alive.

The villagers had watched the red dragon lord's murderous deeds as a purple dorsal dragon got caught into the aura and thrashed down on the ground, roaring in pain. A pink dragoness shouted, "They lied to us! They said they wouldn't kill us if we let them take some of us away!"

A longhorn dragon growled, "He broke the truce, we need to fight back!"

As some of the villagers went to attack Dracul, Uvanis knew they were only rushing to their doom. The dark leafy pygmy shouted, "No wait, you all saw what happened! He'll tear you apart!" But the dragons didn't listen as they tried to claw and bite the red dragon lord. Dracul let the one of them bite him, but not in a vital area. After that however, he bit the offender back in the neck and tossed him towards the next closest dragon, which was a Morningstar that fell down onto his underbelly underneath the villager's weight. However, the longhorn did claw him in the side, but the villagers were soon met with a very dark aura that engulfed them. Their agonized roars filled the cave as they frightfully tried to put out the aura. They rolled, thrashed around and banged their bodies against the walls. Uvanis assumed that Dracul intended to kill everyone or possibly the whole village. So he contact the only one who would be able to save them, *'Aeolus, help! Dracul broke the deal! He's killing us one by one. We need some magis to teleport us out of here!'*

On the other side of the portal was the battle ravaged and ruined city of Shadow Wind. What was waiting for the new slaves on the other side were a mini army of humans, halflings and dragons alike, but each with their own sets of armor. The villagers, especially Eitri, figured that these armored dragons were not slaves. If Arch can order the black-armored humans around, then the statuses of these dragons obviously would not be lower than a human's. The villagers that were captured from the cave were already forcefully put onto metal slabs and chained down to them. When they came around to Eitri though, it was the woman guard with him that stopped them from chaining him to a metal slab. She spoke in the same langue as the rest of the guards were speaking. It seemed to turn their attention from her and Eitri for the time being as they went and got a metal leash for the collar before they left to grab a few other things. She clipped it on and tugged his head down, almost as if she was tightening and checking the collar. She whispered, though just loud enough to be heard over the yelling of orders, but quite enough so only Eitri can hear, "Listen Close; very Closely. We will come back in a few days to retrieve your friends and the hatchlings, but for right now, you are the only one I can get out of here, alive. I rather stay alive as well, if you do not mind," she said and almost coldly as well. The guards returned back with a muzzle and what looks like claw covers for the dragon. She took the muzzle, but not the claw covers, for Eitri. The guards simply did not question it as they left. "One blink is you understand, two blinks if you don't, because then you are just a waste of my time," she said as she strapped on the muzzle. The night magi gave her a blink. He may not have liked humans, but if getting out of this place alive was enough to get him back to the Vulture Horde and tell Aeolus everything that happened, then he had no choice but to trust her.

The guard with Eitri said her farewell and lead the night magi though the city streets, then soon started to make weird patterns through alleyways. Eitri wondered where on Veleia she was taking him. Soon, they came to an alleyway full of trash bags & spilt trash. The night magi winkled his nose in disgust from the horrid rotting smell. There was the smell of blood mixed inside the trash odor as well. Were there bodies inside them, too? Eitri was disturbed that this new world he was taken to would throw away its deceased citizens like garbage instead of burying them or cremating them to ashes. The woman quickly scanned the streets they were standing in to see if anyone was coming before she removed the mussel from Eitri. As she removed her helmet and the rest of her armor, she said, "Okay, I'm going to explain as fast as possible why you are here and who I am. If you have heard of Arch and of Dracula, then you have heard of Axle no doubt. Well to simply put it, I serve him only." As she opened up one of the lids that covered a large dumpster, she continued, "My name is Verona, and I'm am one of Axle's bowmen and a general as well." Inside was another female body as she threw in the armor on top and followed by the crossbow. She closed it quietly and walked up farther up the alleyway and searched though the trash bags. She grabbed a bag and opened it, revealing a pale white with golden trim armor dress with a short skirt, a matching pair of boots and gauntlets. She took her clothing off and put on the dress, followed by the boots and laced on the gauntlets around her wrists. Once she was done with that, she searched a bit more and found her glorious gemmed white bow with black shaft arrows. She slung it over her shoulder and strung the bow around her back. She threw her clothing she had on in the same dumpster as the body was in and again closed the lid. "I know you have questions and you more likely want answers as well, but we can talk as we go. Right now, you stick out like a sore thumb, so we need to move fast. As

dragons are faster runners than humans are, you are going to have to carry me to our location we need to head to. After that, we need to rescue the rest of your friends from the cave that was raided. Not talking about the ones that were not removed, but the ones that were left behind," she said as she removed the leash from the collar, but not the collar itself.

Eitri was shocked to hear that Dracul and Arch intend to do harm to the whole village. "What?!" he cried.

Verona said, "The collar stays, because it will block any tracking spells that are in the city right now. Trust me, my gauntlets do the same thing." The night magi knew that this would mean the Vulture Horde won't be able to teleport over to him for the rescue. She jumped up and landed on his back without his permission. "Follow this road down for a few blocks, then take a left and head east for a few blocks, and make it quick. On the way there, go ahead and ask away."

"Alright then," he said. Then he started to run down the road and follow the directions on how to get to the destination. On the way, Eitri asked her, "So Verona, what do Dracul and Arch plan to do with my village? You said we need to rescue everyone back there, right?"

Verona knew he was going to ask that question, but she still remained silent for a few seconds before she replied, "To be honest, I don't know. That was the reason why I went undercover. As for why we need to save your village, you revealed that Dracul was able to change into a human, so he's going to get rid of all the witnesses that are not sealed away or under his control. And I mean everyone." She said the last part coldly as they came down the street.

A cold chill touched his spines as Eitri imagined the carnage the evil dragon unleashed on his village. Everyone, young and old, getting slaughtered by Dracul and his soldiers. Horrified, the night magi murmured, "No..."

The next victim was the pink dragoness. All Dracul did was lunge his paw into her neck and whisper harshly at her, "I made no agreement to that truce. Plus, you have all seen my human form, and must be silenced." The pink dragoness let out a weak gasp in dread before succumbing to the dark aura and dying. One by one, each dragon fell before him and it did not seem like he was well-trained, because each dragon was landing some sort of hit, just not ones that matter. But from the other's point of view, he was slaughtering dragons quite fast as well, maybe in one or two hits. Soon he started to come for Uvanis, who had been watching this massacre with horror. The dark leaf pygmy let out a frightful shriek before he dashed off away from him. He went further down the cave where the other villagers were resting and getting their wounds treated by a few healers. Without stopping, Uvanis alerted them, "Everyone, run! Dracul wants to kill us all."

The surprised dragons roused their heads up, having felt tricked by the humans they fought. A summer dragoness asked in confusion, "But I thought they would leave us alone if we surrendered. Isn't that what they promised?"

A terrae dragon growled, "Who cares? You can't trust humans to honest and these ones have proven it. I'm going to teach them a lesson." He ran on his way to the entrance with the fury and intent to kill the backstabbing humans. But he quickly found an unfamiliar scarred red dragon instead. Ignorant as to where he came from, the terrae asked, "Huh? Who are you?" Dracul did not say a word, he just slashed at the terrae's throat and continued further into the cave. It seemed as if the red dragon was enjoying himself greatly.

Arch came back to the cave in his halfling form and saw a massacre in the cave. He looked over each body until he came to the pink dragoness. It seemed she was still alive, but just barely though. He simply poked her in the head to see if she was still responsive to the world around her or was too far gone, because he could use a warm body tonight. "Hello anyone still alive in there? If so moan," he said almost sounding caring, but just to see if she would responded back or if he should just skin her now for her beautiful scales. They would fetch for a high price on the market of Shadow Wind for clothing and other accessories. The pink dragoness heard Arch's voice and felt his touch. Normally, she would have woken up and tried to fight him. But alas, she was too weak to respond as she laid there dying. Her consciousness grew weaker every second that passed until she finally reached her death.

Meanwhile in another part of the village, the autumn dragoness rose to stand up as Pinky, Smasp and Pendra readily stood around her, getting ready to leave the cave. The dragoness's scythe wound was still hurting since the attack. For the sake of herself and the hatchlings, she needed to bear with it on the run. Looking down at the hatchlings, she told them, "Come on, children. Let's go!" The four left their room and went down the tunnel that led to the entrance. They joined the other villagers in this tunnel, who were also coming out of their rooms.

The group went together until they saw the gold-armored halfling in the distance around the curve. The dragon in the lead and as well as the few others in the front stopped as they telepathically told the others, *'Everyone, get back! It's that dragon who helped the humans attack our village.'* The group stopped and retreated from the end of the tunnel that took them to the room where the trap crystals used to be. They hid there from Arch's sight.

Pendra tilted his head in confusion as he asked, "A dragon who helps humans? Why would he-"

The autumn dragoness glanced at him and shushed him. Then she used telepathy to tell him, *'Be quiet, he might be trying to kill us, too.'*

Arch at first did not notice them until he heard the hatchling and the shush. He then noticed the second tunnel as well and started to put two and two, determining that this cave was a full circle; but none the less, they had no way of getting out. With the pink dragoness dead, he would have to find a nice dragoness who he could grab quickly, well before Dracul killed them all like he did with the pink dragoness. Then he got an idea and contacted the red lord before he slaughtered everyone. *'Dracul, if*

you find any like good-looking dragoness, can you knock them out for me so I can have a nice warm body tonight for my sleep, or a few bodies?' Arch telepathically asked Dracul.

The response he got back was a nasty groan from Dracul, but the red lord replied, *'Only a few.'* Arch jump like a little kid at a festive holiday. Then he told Dracul the direction he heard the other dragons were at and both of them decided to trap the dragons in a small area with no way of escaping.

The dragons at the front still peaked around the edge of the corner to watch the gold halfling. One of them said to the others, *'We got to find a way around that dragon.'*

The other one asked, *'Yeah, but how?'*

One of the dragonesses said, *'Ooh, I know! Why don't one of us distract him away and then we all get out?'*

Everyone liked her idea as Lhove said, *'That's a good idea. Let's send someone fast to do it.'*

But one of the dragons in the front alerted, *'Too late! He's already coming to us and blocking our way. We need to move back now and quietly.'* The group retreated from the tunnel's end to get away from the golden dragon lord.

Some of the dragons had already begun to run in fear of their lives. Those who stayed behind, waited to see if the terrae dragon would come back to them alive or as expected, dead. Not that they wanted him to die, but having experienced the humans' fighting capabilities, they knew that engaging a fight with him would seal a fool's death. A stench of dragon blood reached soon their noses. It was a sign that the terrae had been slain by Dracul. One of the dragons noted, "Come on, let's get away." The rest started to flee for safety, but the wounded lagged behind. Their injuries slowed them down enough to make them limp or stagger. One healer dragoness tried to see if she could heal them all in time to save them from a death sentence by sword. She went towards a longhorn and focused her magic onto him.

Uvanis heard the rushing of feet behind. Good! The villagers were doing the smart thing of getting away from the killer demon. The dark leaf thought about contacting Doubloon to warn him, but the chief seemed to have already heard as he told his people, *'Everyone, the humans aren't done with us yet! The one left behind is intent on slaying everyone. I need you all to try to find a way out of here alive and escaped this village immediately. Do not engage that man, he will kill you with ease.'*

When Dracul came into view of the area, he smiled devilishly as he now proceeded closer to the dragons. The blood on him smelled like the terrae's and the villagers' instincts immediately warned them that this dragon was his killer. A lumina dragon with a bleeding scar groaned in sarcasm, "Oh great, another blood traitor. Just what this word needs." An anagallis dragon, who was the farthest behind the others, blew fire onto the ground between himself and the enemy dragon to create a wall of fire to block his way.

The anallagis dragon's eyes went wide with surprise to see Dracul walked through the fire wall, using his dark aura to protect him from the flames. When he came through the flames, it seemed like he was a demon from hell as he approached the left behind the wounded. Any dragon that was in his way or try to attack him, he would simply make quick work of them until he caught the healer dragoness. The longhorn dragon he could care less for and would just simply snap his neck. The longhorn, watching the killer warily, urged the dragoness, "Go, now! He's going to kill us."

But the healer refused as she continued to heal him. "No, I can't. Too many lives have been lost today."

The longhorn growled, "And one more will be lost if you stay here. Just leave! We're all dead meat anyway. You'll never be able to save us all in time and you know it."

The healer saw the killer getting closer and knew that the longhorn was right. She needed to get out of here. Looking around at her fellow villagers, the dragoness was overcome with regret at not being able to help them. She shut her eyes tight and apologized, "I'm sorry, everyone." Then she started to run away. The longhorn stood up and glared at the red dragon, ready to challenge him. But he knew that this would not be an easy fight to win. He still has a few untreated wounds on his body, but nothing that would slow him down much. This contrasted with everyone else who were more damaged than him. They were all too weakened by their injuries to help him fight, so he was basically on his own. The longhorn may have stood more of a chance than the others, but he knew that this would not be enough. Fire breath attacks were also out of question as the aura appeared to have made the red dragon immune to fire. The aura itself may also have harmful effects on the longhorn if he were to touch it. The killer would surely defeat him, but the longhorn intends to make this fight last long, so that his sacrifice would allow the healer to escape. Aiming his long horns at the killer, the longhorn roared and charged at the killer.

Dracul jumped out of the way at the last second and slashed at the longhorn dragon's side, causing him to let out a pained roar. Then the red brought his claws down the longhorn's left hind leg to stop him from moving again. Immobilized by his injury, the longhorn was unable to fight anymore. The lord turned his attention back to the escaping healer. Once the healer was out of the picture, he could just simply put all the dragons in one room and kill them all at once. Killing them all one by one would be fun, but he was pressed on time and he knew it. To make sure none of the dragons in this room could escape, the flames the anallagis dragon spewed became super black and emitted no heat from it. Dracul ran after the healer, completely ignoring every other dragon here.