

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

Uvanis's group continued to run like animals escaping a burning forest. After going through the curved tunnel, they saw their village chief with a few others coming out of the meeting room. The dark leaf pygmy cried, "Chief Doubloon!"

The chief looked at his people and told them, "Hurry! We must get out of here fast!" Without another word, the chief's group joined with the others to escape.

As Verona scanned the area around them while heading towards a certain point, the woman instructed, "Turn right up here and head towards the sea, and double time it." The night magi turned right and ran faster as he could towards the sea. "If you have not figured this out yet, they have a full detail layout of the cave, so they know where everyone is at," she said as she spotted something move in the shadows.

Eitri stopped and asked astounded, "What? How would they know what our cave looks like without anyone of them being there?" This was impossible; it was like if the enemies had omnipotence or something. Then the woman pulled out one of the arrows from her quiver and notched it, aiming it at the shadows. The night magi took a glance to see what or who she was aiming for.

Verona's arrow shot straight into the shadow, but she could make out the faint sound of metal hitting metal. "Damn," she said as they passed the building she shot the arrow in. "Well to answer your question as to how they know the cave, it was from that blue-armored human, who is also a dragon lord, but one that is forced to fight for them. You might have not seen him or heard him because of his own power that he has. Now, we are about to have an unwanted visitor here very shortly, so I would suggest not asking anymore questions," she said as she readied another arrow and aimed it down the street. What came barreling out the window from the right side of them was a fully black-armored dragon. He was on a collision course with Eitri and Verona. The night magi dropped his mouth open to let out a soft gasp in surprise when he saw that armored dragon. He knew he had to get away from him quickly. He ran as hard as his legs would be able to go, desperate to get away from his pursuer. Verona watched closely as the black-armored dragon came closer and closer, slowly gaining in them. She stood up on Eitri's back and pulled the arrow she had ready and aimed at the ground. The arrow itself turned a very dark blue as she shot soon making a large patch of thick ice, which seemed to be spreading faster than either dragon was running, soon passing Eitri, but not in his path. The black-armored dragon slipped on the ice and fell hard on the ground, cracking the ice. Due to his full metal armor, the dragon had no grip on the ice at all and kept on sliding, losing his balance every time. Verona just simply laughed a bit as she sat back down at the poor dragon's attempt to chase the pair. When they were about to reach the sea, Verona simply said, "Just keeping running straightforward, do not stop at all. Not even at the edge of the sea."

Eitri knew what he was doing; he didn't intend to stop. He was going to fly over the ocean and get away from this dreaded place. His wings spread out as he got himself ready for flight. When his feet made it

over the edge, the dragon expected his feet to feel the cold water of the sea like anyone else who touched it. But apparently, that was not the case. Instead, he feeling something hard and dry as if he was walking on a wooden floor inside a human home. Eitri brought his wings back in and glanced down to see what he was running on, but all he saw was the running water. He thought, *'That's odd, I should have been on the water, but it looks like I'm running over it like some invisible bridge.'*

Verona kept on watching behind them until they were a good amount of distance on the bridge. She spoke up, but in a completely (but not in draconic or human) tongue, and what came from up ahead was a city that suddenly appeared from thin air, almost like gates were opening. On the other side was two armored frames, but in green and white armor. They seemed to be defensive, but they ran by Eitri and Verona just good enough about half way towards the land and slowly working their way back, until they made it back to the city, which soon became hidden from sight again. On the inside, people, halflings and dragons seem to be working together to keep the small city alive, but it seemed some of them looked a bit hungrier than others. Verona got off Eitri's back and she called someone's name and an entire squadron seemed to come. This squadron was a mix of dragons and humans, but there were more dragons than human in this squadron, being 3 to 5 ratio. There was a total of forty units here when Verona called. "So here is your rescue squadron to use at your disposal, dragon. Just let Telmos know the location you want to go to... Now I have to organize a food run for us to restock our rations. As you can see, we are running low on supplies," she said before one of the armored drakes came over and she got on it. But the night magi knew that this was impossible right now with just their help. There were too many of Dracul and Arch's soldiers to fight and save the villagers. And he also had no idea where Atlas's nieces were at. The only ones he'll have an easier chance of saving are the villagers, but he'll need some reinforcements from the Vulture Horde. The drake ran down the city streets and headed to the now ruined castle in the middle of the city. Behind the squadron was a statue of a dragon with the same crest as what was on all of the armors in eyesight, a dragon circling around a rose in a tight hexagon. The sign of life and protection of that life.

Axle came into a clear sight of the mountain and he could make out a small camp nearby. If anything happens, he would have to try and go in the opposite direction to try and protect the camp. The white came closer to the mountain and saw Spinx waiting for him, eating an apple that he stole. He saw Axle coming and threw the fruit over the edge before he stood up. Axle landed on the flat stone and the necromancer smiled when he did. As he started to walk in a circled pattern, Spinx said, "Well, I thought you would have brought that mage dragoness with you, but evidently you cut your losses and came alone. That makes my jobs easier, a lot easier."

Axle followed the same pattern, but kept his distance. He asked, "Tell me, Spinx. What happened to you from that city?"

The man laughed a bit before he replied, "Oh, you want to know what happened. Well after that city that I 'helped', I found a great source of power with no backlash to myself." He kept the same pace as the dragon, which felt wrong to Axle. "Well only the fact I lost what was holding me back." Axle and Spinx kept on doing the same pace in a circle. The dragon was about to speak, but the necromancer

snapped his figures. When he did, chains shot from the ground and grabbed around the dragon's ankle and body, slamming him to the ground. Axle roared in pain from the slam he just took. To top it all, he could not move as he was now stationed to the ground. Every time Axle tried to move, more pain shot to his mind as the chains tightened around his body and ankles. Soon, chains wrapped around his neck to stop him from moving. Soon, the ground below him crumbled revealing a pit fall trap, small for a dragon, but not small for a human. Spinx has placed the hole in the middle of Axle's body it seems and the man just laughed. "There's no way you can escape from your doom, Axle. So which will it be? Falling into a pitfall trap or will you die to me? You choose, seeing how you can shapeshift," Spinx said as he slowly started to draw his sword, laughing as he slowly started to come closer.

Axle had to think fast as he started to struggle. Soon, the clouds started to darken from the ocean behind the mountain and started to approach not only the pair, but also the refugee camp. Axle made a decision; he changed into a human and seemed to fall down the hole, which did not seem to surprise Spinx at all. Then he noticed one of the chains suddenly got pulled and started to circle the hole. Axle came out of the hole and seemed pissed.

A large lightning bolt shocked the black sky as rain started to fall. Spinx looked at Axle and smiled, "Now it would not be fun if you did die in that hole would it, but then again now I have to really dirty my hands now with your blood." He drew his sword fully and poses it to kill, ready to fight. Axle stood up on the hole's edge and drew his dagger from behind his back, getting ready to fight. Rain poured down from the sky as each drop splattered on the stone, creating a much wetter surface to be fighting on. When the thunder roared in the sky, they both ran at each other, having their blades cross each other's path, with the first blade clash being synced up with the cracking boom of the storm. Spinx's and Axle's blades kept on clashing. The lord's red crimson dagger vs the necromancer's purple cold steel as each time caused sparks to fly from the blades. However, Axle's little crimson crystal dagger was slowly eating away from Spinx's blade, giving it this ridged edge to it almost making it look like it has teeth. The necromancer was aware of this as each hit collision cause more teeth to be formed.

Spinx moved distances from Axle to plan for a few seconds before the latter came rushing back at him in full force, starting to push the necromancer closer to the ledge. Spinx quickly summoned up a green anaconda, ordering it to attack Axle. The snake bit him in the arm with the dagger in it. In reaction, Axle screamed in pain, but switched the dagger to his free hand and ran it straight through the snake before pulling it clean in half, separating the body from the head. During that time of dealing with the anaconda, Spinx saw the opening he was hoping for and tried to take a clean jab at his foe's vital organ, but Axle twisted his body just to avoid a fatal blow, but still receiving the wound to his side. Spinx ripped the blade from Axle's side, causing blood to spatter all over the ground, making the lord stumble back a bit. The wound Spinx has inflicted healed rather quickly for no real severe damage has been dealt. Axle's arm however was still bleeding due to the large snake's head still being clinched to his arm. He lost the ability to use his dominant hand for fighting it seemed for the meantime until he could remove the snake's head.

With Axle starting to be weakened in his human form, Spinx now had the upper hand as he started to summon his undead to attack in overwhelming odds. Wolves, birds and snakes attacked as one unit against the lord. The closest snake that went to attack first however, Axle blocked with the attached

snake's head and pried it from his arm. He soon turned back into his dragon form and took to the air. With Axle now being a larger target, Spinx started to use his bone magic and launch very large bone spears and the birds at the dragon, creating a very predicament and very deadly area for Axle to fly in. Some of the spears made contact with Axle's body and wings, but not bringing down the large white dragon. The others were hits on the birds and missed entirely.

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 47](#).)

Spinx continued his onslaught on Axle with his bone and bird barrage, causing the dragon to dance in the sky. As Axle dodges in the air, Spinx started to summon dragons from the earth and sent them at him. The now extremely overwhelming odds were now becoming too much for the white dragon lord as barrages of fireballs, bone shards, and other types of magic came at him. It started with only small amount of those magics that hit; but the more he got hit, the slower he become. Soon he got blasted by all the magics, knocking him back to the ground. Axle hit the hard wet stone as the rain washed away his blood. Spinx walked up to him as Axle's vision was starting to become red and black. The necromancer pointed his sword at him and laughed. "You never stood a chance by yourself," Spinx harshly said as he came to Axle and raised his sword; it now had a serious look as the dragon laid helpless to do anything.

Axle wounds were too great for his healing alone to take care of in less than a few minutes like most. All he could do was wait for his unchangeable death. Spinx harshly said, "After I'm done with you, I will go after that mage you had traveling with you. And you know what? I will just kill her and put her head on a pike and save it to the world like a flag. No one will even stand in my way as I will destroy this world from the inside out." He then brought the blade across the dragon's throat, causing Axle to start bleeding out more rapidly than before as his vision became black. His mind still wanders and was still active as he started to regret the most recent decision he have done.

'I guess this is really the end of my life,' Axle thought to himself as the world started to fade from his mind. He was beginning to leave this world.

A voice ringed over the blackness, *'And just what the hell do you think you are doing, child?'* An Angel type of dragon walked into view as the darkness faded away and was replace with a bright light.

Axle sighed to the dragon that was in front of him and said, *'I have failed my mission and everyone I cared for. I betrayed someone who trusted me just to save her life. I could not bring myself to allow her to put herself in danger, not with her nieces having to rely on her as a caretaker.'*

'Well than why don't you fight, just to correct that wrong and make it right, instead of just letting this happen?' the angel-type dragon asked him.

The white snapped back, *'I fought with everything I had, but I have failed to do my duty.'*

The dragon snapped back to him, *'No you did not. If you truly did, you would have asked one more time for forgiveness from Atlas. Let me asked this: what do you see in Atlas, what makes you want to protect her so fiercely that you would try to fight Spinx on your own?'* Axle did not know how to answer that question and just remain quiet. *'There you go, once you can't answer a question given to you, you are not ready to die yet, so fight. And while you are at it, find out what she does mean to you,'* the angel said before the dragon started to disappear from sight and be replaced by the real world. Spinx placed his sword above Axle's heart to start carving it out, but something happened that startled him. It happened when the dragon flinched, but he soon pushed it aside and went back to what he was about to do. The necromancer soon regretted that sight, because Axle jumped off the ledge with all the strength he could manage. The wet surface helped him out to reach his goal and he started to fall with the words of the angel dragon repeating in his head. *'You have to keep on fighting and find out what she means to you.'* It went over and over in his head as the world started to slow down to Axle's point of view.

As he started to slow himself down, Axle thought to himself, *'I will keep on fighting. I need to find out what she means to me.'* He landed, yet still a bit weak. He looked up at the now pissed man as he started to focus all his healing magic to his neck and removed the bone spears from his chest. Spinx jumped off the edge as a drake came under him and caught him as the necromancer's undead army came at Axle. "I will not fail my mission, and I will find out why she so important to me," the dragon said out loud to himself as he returned back to battle in a much better fighting chance and a clear head.

Suddenly, a bright flash occurred followed by dissipating clouds of purple smoke. Standing on the cliff before the two main combatants was a certain magi dragoness glaring at the necromancer and roaring, "Spinx, you are a dead man!" With Atlas entering the fight, the man now had two dragons to kill. After dodging the laser, which hit Axle instead, Spinx split his undead dragons into two groups to combat the dragons with the majority of them going after Axle.

Axle saw that five of the dragons were coming for him, but the three were going after Atlas. The white got ready for the onslaught that was coming, but now he worried for the magi's own life. He thought to himself, *'How could she be so reckless about that?'*

Violet made quick dashes through the woods, but she soon slipped in the mud, landing face first. She tried to quickly get back on her feet, but her arms were soon crushed into the ground by a foot. The pack of monsters she lured away was hot on her trail and have now caught up to her. A male grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, sending pain down Violet's spine, as he said, "Well, if isn't the traitor. So where is your big bad white protector at, hmm?" Violet knew what was coming when she saw the pack of vampires. Dragons and humans were among the group as they chatted a bit and laughed some more. Violet tried to struggle to get free, but what came was a painful snap in one of her legs. She screamed loudly as another one has snapped her left leg, making it impossible to run.

Ice playfully said, with a hint of amusement, "Would not want my used-to-be sister to run out on her punishment now, would we?" Violet tried to struggle still to get away, but two people grabbed her by

her arms and dragged her to a tree. Both of them pulled hard on her arms, pulling them behind the tree. The girl's former mother came into view now with a smile on her face.

The mother asked, "Now then, what is the jury decision on Violet's punishment?" The answer that the group gave was extremely grim. Violet remained quiet, though still struggling to get free. "Everyone heard the decision on Violet's punishment, and it.....is a SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH!" A slasher smile formed on the woman's face; she was very eager to make her traitorous offspring suffer brutally with no mercy whatsoever. She began to pull something out of the sheath sitting on the side of her hip. Violet's eyes widened at the long wooden stake sliding free of its holding case. The woman smiled wickedly at the stake being twirled around in her smooth fingers. "We all know one of the ways a vampire dies in stories is by a stake, right?" Then she looked to her daughter and grinned sadistically, "Let's see if it actually works." The other vampires laughed and snickered at what is quickly about to come. Violet tensed in fear and tried to pull her arms free as her body twisted back and forth hard, trying so desperately to escape her doom, but her captors' hold was too strong. With a swift thrust, her mother jabbed the stake into the girl's torso as the high speed added force into the attack to make some blood fly out of the wound and splotch onto the ground in front of its host. Violet's loud scream pierced the air at an intensity matching the pain she was going through right now. The woman repeatedly stabbed her over and over again, her arm moving rapidly with the speed nearing that of a bullet. Each hit would draw blood that flew out and splashed on the mother's clothes or on various spots on the ground, some of which landed further away from the others.

The chorus of laughs from the vampires sounded louder than ever; they were thrilled with the violent execution show. Ice grinned and jeered, "Suffer! Suffer! Suffer!" Violet cried out with each stab inflicted on her, whether it be on the flesh or the organs. Her clothes were now bloodied from her wounds leaking out onto them. Some of these wounds sprayed out jets of blood before they slowed down and stopped. Eventually, after a few more stabs, the mother stopped and Violet was now feeling agony, lightheadedness, and exhaustion. She had lost a lot of blood and her vision was waning to a strong blurriness nearing to darkness. Death was quickly approaching her and it would all be over. The girl hoped her last message to Atlas would reach her and the magi would be reunited with her long-lost daughter.

But the woman was not about to let it end there like that as she just thought of something. She feigned clumsiness, "Oh how silly of me, I forgot how exactly they kill vampires with a stake." With eyes widened maniacally, she exclaimed loudly, "Through a heart!" She had noticed her daughter on the verge of death and decided to go for an iconic end. With one last jab, the stake was plunged all the way through the heart and nailed to the tree behind it. Violet's eyes widened in shock before she went limp. Though her eyes never closed, it was clear that she was now dead. Leaving her stake where it was, the woman turned to her fellow vampires and said, "There! The little rat of a traitor has been punished! Now let us go after our meal." The vampires cheered in agreement before they left the area for their next objective. Violet was left alone as a lifeless body with her flesh and clothes holed and bloodied.

Juna seemed to feel Mekarth move when he opened his eyes and saw her. He seemed confused for a bit before he sighed in relief when she saw her brother was fine for the most part. She spurred a bit when he stood up and shook before she noticed that the scars on his side was now was a shade of purple that was not bright. It was a dark shade of purple, but now it was noticeable indifferently. She stood up next to her brother and asked him how he was and all she got was "better than before." They decided to head back to the replica city and see how the progress was going along. After that, they would need to hunt down some food.

Juna and Mekarth land near the Shadow Wind replica and saw that one of the earthwyrms have laid down on the ground in execution. Juna walked towards the dragon and smiled a bit, saying calmly, "I think that is enough for today you guys. Thank you so much. There is still much to do, but we now have a somewhat functional area to train with. Go out and get something to drink and have something to eat." She was pleased with the progress of the small section they were working on to train the dragons, but what they have done was a decent amount to start some more basic training in, but they would still need to work for about another week on the rest of the section.

The earthworm smiled happily and said, "Oh goodness. I can finally get a break!" He slithered off to go do some hunting for food and water.

The anallagis and the other dragons saw the fire wall turn black and cold, just the flames that had harmed them earlier. One rainbow dragon dreaded what would happen as he said, "Oh no, we're all going to die!" Just then, Jarilo, Evony and a large cassare teleported in right close to Dracul.

Uvanis left the fleeing group to get back to spying on Dracul. A healer dragoness came across his path and saw him going the wrong way. Wondering what was on his insane mind, the healer asked, "What are you doing?! You can't go that way. There's a vile red dragon over there that will kill you!"

The dark leaf pygmy replied without stopping, "I know! But I have to watch to see what he's capable of. I know someone who can stop him." He finally found Dracul fighting the spring dragons. Watching the battle and hoping the sent team will win, Uvanis thought, *'Aeolus's help has arrived. I hope they can save us.'* Dracul saw Evony blow more of that pollen crap at him, which again was making him drowsy. However, he noticed the dark leaf pygmy trying to hide and observe him. So before the red went to "sleep", he summoned a very strong almost-an-instant-kill aura around that pygmy to kill him quickly. Uvanis noticed the aura, but before he could make any reaction, the spell took his life away. The dark leaf pygmy collapsed dead with his eyes still open. Dracul then telepathically told Arch about his new plan he was going to do and the gold was not really pleased about it. The red lord let the pollen take him over, make it rather too easy to be captured.

Arch rolled his eyes at Dracul's new plan and now changed course on the dragons trying to escape their village. He changed into his halfling form, pulled out his pike and started to run it across the wall, till it met a crack. He jabbed hard into the crack and sent an extremely large amount of lightning into the wall, causing it to cave. The dragons at the very front of the group saw what the halfling did. Turning around to flee before they got trapped under the falling ceiling, they shouted, "Watch out! He's caving our way out!" The group turned to run away before the path out became blocked off. Just moments after Arch did that, he walked around through the way that Dracul went and start to sing. The song he was singing was an eerie tone and sounded murderous.

On the other side, the group stopped and saw the heap of dust, soil and rocks blocking their way out. Rivet gritted his teeth and said, "Great, now what? We're stuck here trapped between this and the killer human."

One hysteric canopy dragon cried, "We're all gonna die!" That's when everybody started to panic and scream. Arch started to hum very loudly before he started to sing his bone-chilling tune. His voice, if he was not a mad dragon, was very much enchanting as he made his slow way down the hall, ever so slowly creeping on the injured dragons ahead.

Axle turned his attention towards Atlas for a brief second and replied, *'Please Atlas, and I don't think this drake want to straight up kill me, if you have not notice she is alive not dead.'* He started to slowly back away from the drake that was circling him. She seemed to have noticed the slight movement he was doing and was trailing after him cautiously. He was buying time to try and figure whose sister he was responsible for killing or getting killed. It took a few moments before he started to realize who this drake meant. She was talking about Aqueous, the drake he could not save on that day.

Atlas replied, *'Okay, fine. But don't you dare die on me. We're all getting out of this alive, you hear me?'* Then she flew over to Spinx and the undead lords.

Azera got to his feet as the sound of cracking bones can be heard as Spinx's shield started to crack open after protecting him from the mercenary's area of effect fire spell. The necromancer's bone shield broke as the small shards started to reveal the now slightly burnt Spinx. His clothing looked like it was scorched and his right arm was bleeding a bit. Spinx turned all the shards towards Azera and release them like bullets being fired from a rifle. The mercenary blocked as much of his vitals as he could, but the sheer number of shards was overwhelming, even for a dragon. All those small cuts now in his skin started to make him bleed massively. He started to feel a bit unstable and fell to his knees. Spinx grabbed his sword and went on a massive advance, pushing Azera closer and closer to the forest, back the way he came. Their blades clashed, but Spinx was not aiming for vitals until he was able to kick the mercenary into the base of a tree. The necromancer ran his blade quickly though Azera's shoulder blade and twisted. This cause the silverette to scream loudly as the blade started to break his shoulder bone. Spinx said, "Once a failure, always a failure. This is now the third time that you have failed to meet my expectation and not worth my time anymore. Second time was with the fight in the forest, and the first

was when I slaughtered your whole village." He twisted the blade more, just to make sure Azera was listening, and forced him to scream even louder. "A failure to protect your friends, your community, your island, your family, as I brutally rip them from your grab. Nothing but a coward and a want-to-be-swordsman. Nothing but a shadow of this great protector you claimed yourself to be," Spinx snared at the mercenary as he grabbed the extremely weak man by the neck and slid him up the tree until he was standing, barely by his own strength. He removed his sword from Azera's shoulder and slashed not once but twice in a X pattern, causing the mercenary to slide down the tree. The blows did not seem fatal from a distance, but the condition he was in, he would bleed to death and soon by the look of his wounds. "You have always been a disgrace to be soul-bound to a pygmy as strong as that dark one. So, you will die here and now without anyone left in this world to moan for your passing, because to me you are worthless," Spinx said as he turned and walked away from Azera, once again and saw that Atlas had just cast a light spell at Tork, rendering his zombie useless from now on as his main section of his body was destroyed until the necromancer could repair it. He recalled the undead lord back from which it came so he could use it again as Tork would return back to the earth in a very bad condition. Spinx had Eve turn right then and there, heading straight for Atlas as he took the blood that was running down his arm, even in the down pour of rain, and started to draw three small circles in the ground with his blood in a triangle pattern and sat in the middle of it and started to chant.

The chief looked down at the red dragon with a disgusted frown. He said, "I'd never thought I'd see the day where a dragon would murder another dragon outside those human-run tournaments. What on Veleia has this world come to?"

Evony shook his head and said, "I don't know, but that's one evil dragon we're dealing with here. Maybe he and his gold pal are the next Evilas or they get their ideas from humans." Dracul heard every word the dragons were saying, but he waited in silence like a trap ready to be sprung.

After Doubloon was teleported away, his evacuating group started to calm down with the threat of the red-armored human/dragon being over. A blue-banded dragon said, "Looks like we're all safe now."

Another dragon said, "I'm finally glad it's over." Then the group dispersed; some went to go relax after a dire day they had, some went to go bury the dead, and others went to grieve in silence. Some who had taken the path west were now hearing frightened roars. They rushed down there to see their fellow villagers all scared. "What's going on?" one of the dragons asked.

One of the panicking dragons answered, "The gold dragon who was with the humans. He sealed off our way out of here!" This terrible news had put the group back into a sense of dire. It looks like they were not out of the woods yet.

The healer dragoness went back to the wounded to see if they had survived. She was glad and relieved when she saw that they were all still alive. She started going over to them when her foot hit something. Looking down, she saw to her horror that Uvanis was dead. She gasped, "No..."

After the healer touched her head to the dark leaf pygmy's body in sorrow, she and the wounded heard an enchanting, yet creepy, melody. The anagallis recognized the voice and alerted in a hoarse voice, "It's that golden dragon. He's back." The healer threw her head up in alarm. The others' mood turned to despair again and some hoped that their saviors would come back to get the gold dragon as well. A female anagallis covered her friend beside with her wing as they closed their eyes, awaiting their doom.

The longhorn slowly turned his head to the healer and told her, "If he's here, then the rest of his thugs are here as well. Go, run away and don't come back." The healer sighed reluctantly and fled away again. But this time, she stopped after going around the corner and hide behind the wall, listening to what would happen when the gold finds the injured.

Juna and Mekarth waited for the dragon that was going to teleport them to the lake. When Enamora got here, the silver looked over her shoulder and Enamora went to the dragon lords and asked, "I take it you're ready to leave?" Meanwhile, Kekul went to teleport the cassares to the lake. Both siblings nodded their heads together in unison, ready to go. The magi dragoness warped them to the lake to meet up with Aeolus.

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 48](#).)

The Doubloon and Uvanis's groups were recovering from the shock of the deadly red dragon, when another came running towards them. The dragoness in the lead roared, "We're trapped! The humans' gold dragon has blocked our way out!"

The two groups became alarmed as one among them shouted, "What?!"

Another dragon cried, "We got to tell Chief Doubloon about this!" He formed a telepathic bond with the chief and said, *'Chief Doubloon, we're not safe yet. The gold dragon, who leads those humans, is attacking us.'*

The chief's worried response was *'Hold on, I'll see if these three dragons here can go back to save you.'*

Arch kept humming until he entered the room with the wounded dragons. He simply walked right by every single dragon until he came up to the longhorn, who withdrew his foreleg away, thinking that the

gold halfling was going to hurt him. The lord took his pike and rammed it into the ground next to the longhorn. "Well, now you're the one I was looking for in this dump of a cave and weaklings. A dragon with a fighting spirit. Dracul already told me what you tried to do and personally, I was hoping you put up a little bit of a better fight. So how I make a deal with you. If you can defeat me in a one-on-one match with no magic and are fully heal, I'll leave everyone here alive, but you have to come with me back to Shadow Wind. If not, well I just collapse this whole cave system and bury everyone alive, including you. Either way, you will no longer see this cave again, sound fair?" Arch asked the longhorn dragon. "Oh, and I'm taking that pretty medic as well, even if you win or not. So, I'll give you time to think on that; you have about one minute to decide." The longhorn growled bitterly, not wanting himself and the healer to go with the killer. But he must win this fight if everyone was to be saved. Arch then grabbed his pike and teleported back to the cave room entrance still in sight of all the dragons and leaned against the wall, waiting. He started to hum again, but this time in a peaceful tone and not in a murderous one.

The longhorn started to walk towards to where the gold was at, but the healer came up to stop him and said, "Wait, let me heal you first." The longhorn let her heal him with her magic to fix all the wounds, until he was completely rejuvenated. She gave him a cheering nod and said, "Be strong and be careful."

The longhorn replied, "I will." Then he went over to the "man" and answered grumpily, "Fine, I'll accept your challenge. But don't think I'll make this easy!" Then he blew out a stream of fire.

Arch threw up a lighting shield and stepped out from around it. He said, "Not in a tight area like this, because if I was to 'accidentally' miss you, I could very much send this whole place into the ground. How about out front of the cave? More open air for us to fight in instead of a narrow tunnel like this." He started to walk farther way from the longhorn dragon.

The longhorn dragon said, "Good idea, let's take it outside." Then they went far outside the cave to a clearing. Looking at the halfling, he asked, "Ready?"

Arch looked at him and placed his pike on his shoulder as he yawned a bit. The halfling looked around and kicked at the ground, almost like he was bored. He picked up a fist-sized stone as electricity started to swirl around it and lifted it off his hand. "I'm ready, but the fight does not begin until this rock hits the ground. Sounds quite fair for a simple duel," he said and did not really wait for a response as the stone suddenly shot into the air. There was a moment of silent in the air as Arch simply looked at the blade of his pike and picked up another stone. He almost clean-cut the stone into two as the pike's golden blade still seemed shimmer. "Hmm, needs to be sharpen again," he said as he started to look over the weapon with not a care in the world about the glancing dragon that was in front of him.