

Shijha's muzzle curved into a snarl, his ears flattening as rage bubbled up inside him before thrusting his own sword forward, towards Solom.

"This all ends now!" He roared, echoing in the court and stepped forward, feral eyes narrowing in anger. "Bring it!" Shijha's roar echoed through the courtyard, vibrating off the walls as he, without restraint, launched himself towards Solom Braxxus.

As their swords clashed and the pearly ring of steel on steel rang out in the air, Solom's composure didn't change at all, staying calm and collected.

"I don't need protection against 'your' blades," he said coolly, blocking with his shield and countering with his sword before using his shield to smack him off balance, followed by using his armoured heel to crack him across the face. "I came to power by taking down those that would oppose me, might is the path to power and glory and the weak are destined to die. Like you!"

Shijha let out a growl as both of his swords came down and smashed against the shield. The sound of the ringing was loud in his ears, his fur bristled in anger before he felt the sword against his side. He staggered and touched his side. The blade had cut through his armour almost as if it hadn't been there, leaving a new mark next to the ones left by the Drakin.

He felt the heel slam hard against the side of his face, making his head ring and throb dully as he fell heavily onto the ground, his swords bouncing out of his hand. Growling deeply, he looked up at Braxxus as he taunted him before the blow came down.

Just as he brought his sword down, Rakash blocked his attack with his hammer, giving Shijha time to recover.

The leopard's growls calmed to a ragged pant as he was saved by Rakash. He recovered and without hesitation tackled the monarch, arms wrapping around his middle and lifted him up before slamming him on the ground hard on his back, pinning him.

Solom grunted, having been taken by surprise when Rakash had come to the leopard's rescue, having forgotten about him whilst the lizard had been engaged with one of his guards.

"And now, we will end this little farce Solom. Humanity's reign over us is over!"

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Meanwhile the hyena was proving how unstable she was as she let loose all around her, slicing

through friend and foe alike with her two handed sword with her face in a clear state of maniacal bloodlust, laughing like a lunatic and both beastman and human alike trying to give her a wide berth.

“Hey, we’re your allies, calm down!” A bear said, trying to grab hold of the manic hyena, only to cry out as she sliced his hand off.

“Don’t you touch me!” She snarled, a human roaring as he tried lunging for her only for the hyena to smack his sword out of his hand, pulled him towards her face with a grin before tearing his throat out with her teeth in a shower of gore, which splattered over a timid, watching bunny.

The Rabbit watched on from the sidelines, eyes wide at the brutality of the Hyena, the blood soaking the ground, a puddle of blood oozed towards his footpaws. The rabbit’s eyes came back up to watch the hyena unhesitantly ripping the throat of what should have been her ally. His off white fur splattered with blood and guts, cheeks turning a light shade of green at the gore that covered him. He gave a sharp squeal and staggered back, tripping over his own shaking feet and falling back with another sharp squeak.

Slowly, she turned her head, blood dripping from her muzzle. “Hello...little bunny...care to play? We can play at tea parties, with you as food!” She cackled, pouncing at him with manic glee.

The young male scuttled back, pink eyes wide as she looked at him again, the hungry eyes he saw earlier were even more intense now. Shifting back, he tried to stammer a reply, but all that came out were squeaks, his words lost in his throat.

As she pounced, the rabbit managed to flip and run, using all four limbs to scurry away as fast as he could, running along the outside of the field, trying his best to find any little crevice he could hide in... and thankfully he did. He nearly felt the claws of the hyena on his backside when he found a small crack in the wall and dove in. He was barely able to fit and he could just push himself back far enough that the hyena couldn’t reach him. “N-No!” he finally squeaked out to her comments.

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Shijha continued holding Solom down by the wrists, the shield still on his arm, but the sword knocked free and lay a few feet away. “You will never again conquer the beastkin.” He growled threateningly. His sabre-like fangs came within a few inches of the human’s face.

“Maybe we should lock you up like you did us. Like the animal YOU are!” He said, but the taste of

blood in the air was getting to him. "Might be better if I killed you here and now." Shijha's hands clenched tighter on the human's wrists, his claws faintly scratching the armour.

"Hehehehe," Solom started laughing, as if finding it amusing. "HehehehAHahahah!"

Rakash felt his temper snap and grabbed his head, yanking the helmet off and holding him by the hair. "You think this is a laughing matter, human scum!" Rakash hissed in his face, holding his hammer as if ready to cave his skull in.

"You think all I have are these...measly guards? You forget, I am not just in charge of this colosseum. I am the lord of this city and command an army!"

As if on cue, suddenly the gates to the colosseum opened, drawing the attention of the men and beastmen left standing.

And filing into the courtyard, a squad of one hundred knights came marching in formation, blockading any possible way out.

The leopard's grip loosened as the troop of knights filed in, his eyes wide at the prospect of having to fight another hundred or so knights after all this. That was all it took for Solom to break free.

"You can let go of me now and accept your death," Solom grunted as he lashed an armoured fist out to knock Shijha aside and kneed Rakash in the ribs, something going crunch as he broke through with the armoured knee, taking advantage of their lapse in focus before reversing the situation. Recovering his weapon, Solom wrapped a strong arm around Rakash's shoulders and pressed the blade to his throat, Rakash grunting as the blade nicked his scaled skin.

Shijha roared in pain as Solom struck his already grievously injured side. He fell backwards and then felt his ribs break as he was kicked heavily in the side. He gasped for air and got back up to his knees, growling venomously at him as he took his comrade hostage. "Damn you, Braxxus."

"It was a desperate plan...I hope we meet on the spirit plane, comrade," Rakash said softly, closing his eyes as he felt Solom tense, ready to end his life.

Meanwhile, the hyena had been too preoccupied with her prey to notice a ring of soldiers circling her.

"Huh, wh-where did you all come from? N-no! Fuck you!" She growled as her and the rabbit were

grabbed, a nod from Solom had her neck slit with a howling gurgle.

“Keep the rabbit, I need a reminder of those who resist. They either serve us humans, or are put down!” He said in that same, cool, cruel tone.

The Rabbit fought as he was held by the guards, or rather guard, one alone easily holding the boy. “N-No! Lord Solom, I didn’t- I wouldn’t!” he cried, hoping against hope that Solom believed him, gasping as one of the knights held him tightly around his chest, making him freeze once again, shivering in the knight’s grip.

“Any last words lizard?” He said as two knight’s surrounded Shijha.

Shijha’s knuckles were turning white under his fur, muscles tense and ready for another fight. “We won’t be crushed. Beastkin like us will go down fighting, even if the odds are against us.” Shijha growled as he watched as the other beastmen put their weapons down, hoping to save their skins. “You’ll meet your end one day Solom, after all it’s a good day to die.”

He struck the nearest guard with a suckerpunch to the face, grabbing the human’s arm and slinging him easily into the other. He roared out the call for a challenge, causing the walls to reverberate, amplifying his intimidating roar.

He kept striking out as they came up, but they flooded in on him and eventually overpowered him. Stepping over the bodies of their comrades, they pinned him to the ground. But on Solom Braxxus’ command, they didn’t kill him. One pressed a spear to his chest and the others helped to pin him, one being so sick as to thrust his sword into Shijha’s forearm, making the feline cry out in pain.

Rakash tried to fight his way free, but with his broken ribs he was too injured and without his hands free, couldn’t heal himself. Now that he had a good look at Solom’s armour though he could write a counter ward to dispel it, allowing himself some use of his magic. If he was in any position to do so...

“Valiant effort, I would expect nothing less from one of my ‘champions,’” he sneered. “Your reward is, watching your friend die before you go to meet him,” he said, smirking as Rakash felt the blade dig in, tearing his scaled skin as he intended to slowly open up his throat.

Suddenly though, a commotion brought his attention away from the struggling lizard as grunts sounded from his knights.

“NOW what?” he said crossly as suddenly the middle section of his knights fell back...only to reveal a

squad of armoured beastmen standing in their wake.

“Solom Braxus! Lord of the city of Drax! You are hereby under arrest for the wrongful enslavement of beastmen and held accountable for numerous deaths!” A striking, sleek and muscled leopard shouted, decked out in a light, onyx coloured armour, holding a pair of wicked, twin swords. “Surrender now and come back to Serris for judgement, or be felled here!”

As he proclaimed this, more fighting could be heard from behind as the rest of the new strangers knights fought past, pooling into the courtyard of the colosseum seeming to number over two hundred strong.

With the sudden disruption, he took advantage this time and managed to shake the humans that were pinning him. He stood up and roared as he pulled the sword out of his arm, gripping tightly around the wound, staunching the flowing blood for the moment.

But as he set eyes on the other leopard, hearing the proclamation, Shijha felt a sudden calm over take the entire field. Fear started to spread through Solom’s knights. They knew they were outnumbered. They knew what this small army had been doing through the land and unless directly commanded to attack, it looked like they were ready to surrender.

Shijha turned his head to Solom, waiting to see what he did. He was ready to strike out to save the lizard if it came to it. “It’s over.... You’ve nowhere else to run.” Shijha panted heaving breaths, his vision starting to dim as blood dripped from around the fingers that held his forearm.

“The rest of the troops are done sweeping the castle.” A gruff, gravelly voice said behind him, though it was obvious that the voice was speaking to the newcomer feline. “Not a soldier or spectator left undetained. Save this lot.” He added, loud enough so that Solom could hear.

Shijha couldn’t help but grin at hearing this. Now it really was over for the tyrant. All that was left was to see how this ended.

Using the welcome distraction, Rakash found a gap between Solom’s gauntlet and skin before quickly biting down with sharp teeth, causing him to drop his sword more in surprise which allowed Rakash to slip free, crouching beside Shijha. Tearing a piece of his loincloth off, he used it to wrap around the leopard’s wound, staunching the flow of blood properly.

“Kill the beasts! I order you!” Solom shouted. “And send word for the rest of my knights to rally here!”

“I think you will find the rest of your knights indisposed Solom,” Zeke said in his strong voice. “If you

insist on resisting, it is you who will be put down like a rabid dog!"

Chaos erupted once more as Solom's knights tried to fight an impossible battle, but Rakash held a hand up, the one not clutched to his bleeding neck.

"We will take care of him, we have a score to settle," he hissed before turning to Shijha, "buy me some time while I make a counter rune."

Shijha grinned "I'll do my best to save you some of him." The leopard growled and showed off his fangs once again to the human. "TRY to, anyway." He said in jest and raised his balled fists, the deep growl forming in his throat, eager to end the human..

Solom however heard all of this; swinging his sword down in an arc only for the leopard knight's twin swords to block, having moved faster than one could blink to intervene.

"Then allow me to help defend you O Shaman whilst you prepare," he said before shooting a sidelong glance at Shijha before tossing him one of his twin sabres in absence of the leopard warrior sporting none. "Shall we, cousin?"

Surprise was written over Shijha's face at the sudden intervention of Zeke. But it wasn't unwelcome. Even with gauntlets, the strike would have hurt. But seeing Solom's enraged, but shocked face at the new challenger was worth it.

He growled a rather happy growl and gripped the tossed sword, feeling the craftsmanship. "We shall." Shijha slashed out with his sword, barely giving Braxxus time to leap back, just escaping with a simple scratch over the armour's surface. "It'll be quite an honour to fight beside you, cousin." He added and hefted the sword up, thrusting it out, calling the silent challenge to Solom Braxxus.

Solom looked completely irate at this turn of events, it was written all over his face he knew his time was up. Even still.

"I may have failed to create my own utopia, but even if I manage to take one of you animals down, I will not have died in vain!" He cried out, charging them with a cry, seeming more like a cornered animal as he brandished his sword and shield.

"The only animal I see here is you, Solom!" Zeke grunted as he parried a sword stroke with his one remaining sword, Solom struck him with a knee, catching Zeke in the solar plexus and staggering him a bit, but then his new comrade backed him up.

Charging forward, he took advantage of Solom's attention on Zeke for the moment and shoulder

tacked him in the back, sending him sideways. But readied to block a quick retaliatory attack.

“Ugh, I see why you’ve had trouble, he is formidable,” Zeke grunted out. “How is that rune coming along shaman?”

“Perfection takes time, hold him just a few more seconds,” Rakash said as he focussed, inscribing runes in the dirt around him as the two staved off the enraged tyrant.

Glancing back at Rakash, he chuckled. “Don’t leave us too long out to dry.” He said to the lizardman. “Nah, this guy’s nothing, just a tantruming little cub.” He taunted Solom. “I had a better fight against that fennec you pitted me against.” He was admittedly feeling a bit cocky. But his goal was to anger the human further, hoping he would make a mistake in the fight was his main goal. It was having the opposite effect.

He struck out and parried as quickly as he could, but Solom seemed to be taking the taunting and turning it into power, his strikes rang and shook Shijha’s arms. Unfortunately, Solom soon had the upper hand on Shijha again. Solom used his shield to smash Shijha’s arms and deflect the blade. It almost caused the leopard to lose the blade, but he held on, even if he staggered sideways with the momentum of their attacks. He was left open to take Solom’s thrusting attack to his back.

The tip of the blade cut through his leather armour like butter. He felt the sharp sting on his lower back, towards the side of this broad form. Blood oozing around the edges of the sword. Reeling around, he tried to elbow Solom in the side of the head in order to get the human away so he could regain his paws. But as he moved, the human’s sword sunk deeper into his side, a scream sounding out as Solom pressed deeper. He slumped down onto his side as he heard Zeke’s own shout.

“NO!” Zeke cried out, regaining his breath just too late to stop the tyrant human’s blade from sinking into his new allies back, just missing his spine thankfully but causing grievous injury nonetheless.

With a fierce growl, Zeke rammed his elbow into Solom’s unarmoured face, the human crying out at the attack and letting the sword go, lodged now in Shijha’s back. With a flurry of swipes of his sword, Zeke forced him to retreat, even landing a slash on his face, spraying blood but only seeming to enrage the tyrant further.

“Done!” Rakash cried out in triumph as he finished the last of the runes in the sand before throwing his arms skywards. Throwing them down, a huge cloud seemed to gather before it resolved into thousands of angry,

buzzing infected insects that descended onto the battlefield, seeking out only the flesh of humans as the battle descended into screaming chaos.

“No, no! Away from me! Away!” Solom cried out, flailing his arms about in an attempt to fend off the swarm, to no avail as they started biting his face. “Y-you...lizard scum. D-d...i...e,” Solom grunted, staggering towards Rakash in a drunk-like stupor, his face turning a sickly colour before that too was covered by the rest of the swarm, collapsing in a choking, foaming mess on the ground.

“Quick, bring Shijha inside my circle, but be careful not to disturb the runes. Even in death Solom is a problem with that armour of his acting to block my mana,” Rakash snapped at Zeke who saluted smartly, guiding the wounded leopard in as best he could.

Grunting and getting to his feet, Shijha leaned on Zeke as blood streamed down his side, armour and fur getting stained deep red. “Well that could have gone better.” Shijha growled and lifted his feet from his shuffle to step over the runes. “Here’s hoping this sword isn’t coated in something that keeps you from healing me, too.”

The leopard grunted and slumped to his knees and reached to touch his side, paw coming back with blood. “Well What are we waiting for?” the pain causing him to be a bit more short tempered than normal.

“Patience, do you want to be healed quickly or do you want to be healed properly?” Rakash snapped back at him, fatigue of the past few fights and his own pain also eating at his patience.

“Properly, if at all possible...but as fast as you can.” Shijha gave a growling chuckle at his forced joke. He let Rakash inspect his wound, the feline’s tail lashing through the sand behind him, thankfully not disturbing the runes that made the circle around them.

Looking up at his brethren, he gave a faint smile. “Thank you, too, Zeke.”

“I-I do not deserve your thanks, I let a comrade get injured. I should have done more damn it!” Zeke said, looking crestfallen as he pounded the dirt with a mailed glove.

“Instead of feeling shame, maybe you could help? As soon as I start casting the spell I want you to start pulling the sword out. Slowly though, otherwise if he suffers any more internal injuries I might not save him. Ready...now!” He commanded, lowering his glowing hands towards the sword and wound, much brighter and potent than when he had his mana blocked.

Zeke pulled the sword out with a slow, deliberate motion, halting when Rakash told him, doing his best to focus on what the shaman instructed and not the cries of pain from the leopard tribesman or the sick squelch with every tug.

Shijha roared as the two worked the sword out slowly, the burning pain of the deliberate motions was softened by the healing magics, even if it was just a little bit. "I'm alive right now because of you..." He tried to console Zeke between growls of pain as the sword was removed. "You saved my life. Had you not been there, I probably would have been run through." He hissed and dug his claws into his armoured thighs as the sword was shifted again, the wound closed and stitched together. "Properly I mean."

"I won't deny, for a human, he was quite an impressive fighter." Shijha looked at the dead human.

"I won't lie, but I am not sure even with the two of us we'd have been enough," Zeke said, finally pulling the sword fully free and watching in fascination as the wound finished closing up, just leaving scarred tissue and a bare patch of blood covered skin. "It is scary, what these humans are capable of when they are driven. We'd best be on our guard, similar instances happened on my home isle. My own father used to be a knight captain, now a farmer with his arm sliced off by a skilled human who sought to wipe us out."

"The shaman's spell finished this lot off, and our men have cleared out the rest of the keep, Commander Zeke." A tall, dark furred jackal stood above them, just outside of the circle. At least Now Shijha had a face to the voice from earlier. "They're collecting the rest of the surviving prisoners now." The jackal said and looked down at the blood covered leopard and the lizard man; the small rabbit boy standing just behind the jackal, shivering badly as adrenaline drained from him.

"Good, I shall make sure to make them suffer before granting them the death they will seek, once I am through with them!" Rakash snarled, grabbing the bloodied blade from Zeke and pushing the jackal out of his way, only to find a hand on his shoulder.

"I can't let you do that, I know how you feel but there are proper ways to deal with them, without sinking to their level," Zeke said in a firm tone, squeezing his scaled shoulder.

"No. They have to die, they would have done no less than wipe us out if the situation was reversed!" Rakash snarled, smacking his hand away and whirling on him. "Shijha, you've seen what they are like. The world would be better without human scum!" He shouted to the recovering leopard, with Zeke

tensing, sensing things could get out of control soon.

Shijha's ears turned to each of the three as they spoke, the little rabbit shrinking back as Rakash made to move past him and the jackal. "Rakash..." He said when the lizard man spoke to him. "I wholeheartedly agree with you that they should be removed...I've seen plenty that have destroyed the land just to fill their pockets with the metal removed from the ground. But I'm tired...and while death would suit them fine, It isn't a punishment. For all the good it does, they'll probably return to the world to do it all over again..."

Shijha hissed as he made to stand up, the wound healed, only leaving the faintest of scars on his already tattered pelt, but it still stung. "They'll kill themselves, or the land will reclaim them for their misdeeds in a matter of time..." He finished and looked at Zeke and the still nameless jackal.

"Too right." The dark furred canine said in that same deep growling tone, nodding his head. "Don't worry Rakash," he spoke. "We'll see that they are properly punished for their crimes. To be fair," he looked down at the fallen warlord. "They won't be trying anything any time soon. I'd say you've exacted your revenge." He punctuated with a growl at the pale, sickly looking corpse.

"Thanks to your bugs, more than half of Solom's knights have been wiped out, including the tyrant himself," Zeke said as he looked from the fallen lord of the City Drax. "The humans will leave you alone for the time being...but," Zeke said as he saw Rakash's anger just putter out, "I know how hard it is for you. Both of you have lost so much. If you have nowhere, you can board the ship back with us back to Tail Island. I'm sure the Knights of Devos would really benefit from your might and wisdom," the leopard knight said in open invitation.

"No...though my people are gone, there are other tribes. And though Solom is gone, he was but one tyrant human trying to wipe us beastmen out. So long as they infest our land, slaughtering those different to them, I will travel and lend my aid where I can," he said as he made to step towards the gate, only to find Zeke's hand on him again, a more gentle and concerned expression on his handsome face when Rakash turned to look.

"When we return home, we will look into sending word to the mainland of your plight, you have my word. I will make sure personally to help bring peace to your land," Zeke said with a smile, which Rakash answered with his own.

"And what of you cousin, what do you plan to do for now? We'd welcome you into our ranks with pride if you so decided," Zeke said, though he could guess what his reply would be.

Shijha kept his good eyes turned to the conversation, feeling himself physically relaxed for the first time in years. It was a strange and rather uncomfortable feeling. "Well, as much as I would enjoy the honour to join you, I can't leave my home lands..." He paused, though they weren't home for those years, much of what he knew were the walls to the keep. "We've others to help here." He agreed with the lizardman.

"Rakash. If you wouldn't mind, I'd be happy to join you in the fight to keep our tribes, and people safe." He said with a nod. "I've no real home to speak of, and I've seen too many brethren fall to let the thought of abandoning them now wouldn't settle well with me."

"Heh, I think it rather befitting, a misfit band like us with no home, you're very much a beast after my own heart, even if I am cold blooded," Rakash gave a hissing chuckle, the first time in a long, long time since he felt like cracking a joke as they walked out of the arena with Zeke's men leading the fallen knights towards the bay where they were moored.

"I-I'll come too!" the rabbit spoke up suddenly, his long ears standing straight. "I c-can help take care of things for you, I'm good at all kinds of things, armour mending, medical, pleasu..." he was cut off by Shijha.

"You go with them, little one." The big cat said as he crouched down. "You'll be safer there, you won't have to do anything else like that again." He felt a sudden pang in his chest. "You'll be free to be a cub...."

The rabbit's ears fell from being lifted high, but after a small moment, he gave a weak, if not non-existent nod.

Zeke saluted his lieutenants, the feline and the jackal who had aided the charge against the final battle against Solom's knights before beckoning the feline over.

"If you want there is a place in my knights for a retainer, but if that isn't for you I am sure we can find somewhere you will fit in, little rabbit," he said in a gentle tone to him. "You'll have a week's voyage to decide regardless."

Rakash turned towards the poor, crestfallen bunny and knelt to him.

"This is for the best little bunny, eventual death probably awaits us, either at the hands of an enemy or something else, such is the fate of those who are vagabonds like ourselves. Until then though, we will do what we can, and a new, better life awaits you. One free of chains, where you can be among your own type," Rakash said as he looked up at the feline Zeke was putting in his charge. "Look after him,

please,” he said before straightening and glancing towards Shijha.

The Jackal gave a nod to Rakash with a light smile. “You have our word.” he said before Rakash’s gaze turned to the other feline and he ushered the little rabbit boy towards the ship.

“Wait, what about my family?” The bunny boy cried out and pulled away from the jackal. Now that the calm was settling in, he remembered his family were being kept in Solom’s own personal cage to serve his needs.

“They’re okay, little one, they’re already boarding the ship,” the jackal said softly to the boy, his armour giving soft clunks as he walked with the lepus towards the ship. Dozens if not hundreds of beastkin already climbing gangplank, tell-tale signs of white fur and tall standing ears showed where his family were.

Rakash looked towards the teeming masses or beastmen being escorted on board the gallion, some looking relieved, others looking weary and worried, unknowing of a life outside of servitude. He had every faith they would be looked after as well as possible though.

The humans on the other hand were getting rougher treatment as they were escorted to the lower hold, been pushed or gently jabbed by a sword if they didn’t behave.

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The pair watched the boat set sail for the sea, a little figure on deck of the Knights vessel waving, happy tears in his eyes as his family milled about in confusion, unsure about their new freedom.

Only once the boat was out of sight did the unusual pair set off on their own way. “Let us be off, comrade,” Rakash said to him as he made his way towards the outline of the forest, stretching as he revelled in the sun’s warmth.

Shijha gave a pleased sigh as his fur soaked up the sun’s rays. “Never thought I’d feel the sun without fearing another day of death.” He said and turned his head so his good eye could see Rakash. “These days aren’t going to be any easier. Probably going to be harder, actually.” He said with a last glance towards the dwindling ship.

“At least we have choices now.” He chuckled, baring his fangs to the setting sun. “This is probably a war we can’t win...these humans do like to multiply and spread like a plague.” He said, his thoughts going dark for a moment. “There’ll be others...on the same crusade though. I imagine anyway,

Beastkin who's village got savaged by other human tyrants. Least there'll always be help." He nodded as they walked.

Entering the forest, Rakash's skin seemed to glow with newfound strength and vigour as the dappled light played across them.

Reaching a hand up, his hand hissed as though coated in acid and grasped hold of the collar, eroding the last of its grasp over him before it came away in a snap of metal and threw it aside with a sigh of relief.

"First thing's first...we're going to need arms..." He glanced and saw the collar on Rakash's neck, though nothing more than a piece of jewellery, he corrected his statement. "I'LL need arms, sorcerer," he grinned in a bit of a playful manner, now that they were getting away from the arena, he acted like an entirely different feline.

"You underestimate me Shijha, for I have not had a chance to show what I am capable of at full strength," he said with a smile.

Placing a palm to the ground, he closed his eyes in concentration before with a small rumble, he pulled up a rough but functional looking onyx axe. "I assume this will do until we can get you a proper blade?" He said with a self smug sound to his tone.

Shijha accepted the weapon and gave it a test swing, giving a growl of approval. It was light despite being made from Earth. He nodded and slid the stone axe into his belt, his long tail giving a flick as Rakash continued speaking.

"You are right though, we are not alone in our fight. So long as we fight, the forces of nature are always on our side," he said as they headed deeper in search for clans to aid, a cluster of animals seeming to trail in their wake. "With your skills and my magic, we'll at least do some damage. Let's show these hairless apes what we can do!"

"I'm game." He gave a roar out, scattering birds that were hiding in trees, the rustle of their feathers mixing with the echo of his strong roar. He gave a softer chuckle as the sky became speckled with a couple dozen birds. "It feels so good to be free~!"

De Ende...for now!