

# Iron

by Xenny Diemes

## Chapter One: Firebirth

In an unknown land, in an unknown time. This world has been decimated nine times by various great demons, monsters and rival tribes that dominate this world. In between, there have been scant moments of peace and tranquility, only to be destroyed again by the great demons. Life and the tribes that have endured these destructions and the legend of the Warchiefs. Great and powerful beings chosen from the heavens and endowing a chosen mortal to vanquish the demon of the age and bring the world back to peace. But time often render these exploits into legends and later into myths. Making way for the next Warchief to take their place, and the cycle starts again. The brave and noble coyotes of the Djakarta tribe endured for so long in each destructive age, the memories of the Warchiefs still live with them.

A long time ago, the elderly chief of the tribe, Yahot for tells of a prophecy that the world will approach a tenth and final age where a demon god known only as “The Destroyer” will decide the fate of this world. The only way that it can be stopped is by the birth of the Tenth Warchief that will be tested in the journey to the end of the earth. If the warchief fails, the world will end. This prophecy was made centuries ago and the world is thousands of years overdue for the destroyer to awaken and put this cycle to an end. Present day into the current incarnation of the Djakarta tribe as they live peacefully at the base of an extinct volcano. Enter Aetara, a young, female shaman who earned her place in the tribe providing medicines and care for the warriors and uses her own magical powers in the name of defense and healing, and perform ceremonies the tribe holds dear for thousands of years.

On a scouting trail, Aetara comes across the great entrance of a massive cavern and inside she

finds a great wall, littered with illustrations of various great demons that destroyed this world. But each monster was defeated by a great warrior, small in comparison to the demons they fight but far strong than anything imaginable. It is the last picture that scares her the most. One of a more massive demon encompassing its body around the planet, showing that the world is doomed under its grasp. As she moves in for a closer look, she slips on a rock and falls down into a deep well, landing her into another chamber greater than the one with the illustrated wall. In the center of a chamber was a rock tablet and old battle axe. Aetara has so much to learn from this but an earthquake strikes the cave and with little choice, she grabs the two objects and ran to the nearest way out just before the entire place collapses.

Back at the grounds of the tribe, the young shaman is learning much from the language inscribed on the rock tablet but it is thousands of years old, but with her books and knowledge of last-world languages, she deciphered much of the words and it tells of a summoning of a being that will become the Warchief, a being of incredible power who will save this world. The axe was just a part of the puzzle the shaman is trying to put together but then suddenly a rumble came from underneath the ground. It can not be another earthquake and it can't be the volcano either once it has been long extinct. Out from the ground in the middle of the grounds, a huge, tentacled monster bursts from the earth and attacks those around it. Popping in and out of the ground made it hard for the warriors to find and kill this beast and worse, the monster kills those guardians instantly from a combination of lava-breath and crushing their bodies with its own in a roller attack.

Aetara tries to use her powers against this beast as a means to get everyone to safety and through the one passageway out of the grounds but her own powers didn't stand enough against this beast and is forced to retreat. It was then she realizes that the tablet can help her in some way. Running to her hut, she scrambles around to get the table and the axe to hopefully find something useful amongst the panic and fear of the people fleeing the terror. She hopes to find anything that could be useful: a more powerful defense spell, a warrior summon, anything. But as she tries to read it

out, a tendril from the beast crashed through her hut, destroying it and grabs Aetara around her waist. Still holding the tablet in hand, the beast got one good look at it before it decides to throw her and the tablet into the mouth of the reawakened volcano: Warchief.

Screaming on her way to the open mouth of the mountain, Aetara didn't let go of the tablet as she fell on her way into the lava. Chanting those words emitted a blue aura around her body before she splashed into the lava at the last second. Aetara was completely unconscious as her body lands softly in the grounds of another plain of existence. The coyote is surrounded by looming figures of great god-like power. They debated over if this mortal is worthy to bare the powers of the Warchief because she is a meek female shamaness who doesn't know the full power of the "gift" she will receive. But they know that this world is overdue for the arrival of the Destroyer and they have no time to find another. They agree and made the decision to endow the coyote with the powers of the mightiest warrior on the planet. The woman's body rose and her body gets radically transformed: Her once whole solid brown pelt and raven dark hair changed into a three-toned coat with a mane of pure white. Eyes from brown to faded blue and her entire body stretched tall and pumped with thick, bulging muscles.

They hope that this new barer of the powers will fight this great demon but for now she will have her first test against the one who threw her into the volcano. With the words of the beings, they order the now Tenth Warchief to arise and she opens her new eyes, now ablaze in white light. Meanwhile in the real world, the monster is still creating havoc as more try to flee until an explosion from atop of the volcano the great monster looks up and its mouth dropped in shock. With blobs of hot lava still clinging on her body the figure gave out a powerful battle cry as she leaps off the edge and flies into the face of the monster with hard right, sending him flying across the field and crashing into the wall. Recovering the monster shouted "Warchief" and threw its tendrils at her grabbing her by her wrists and ankles and attempts to rip her limbs apart. But it was useless as she flexed her muscles and her body ballooned twice its size to break free of their slimy grip. Waving her hand up,

she called her axe to fly into her hand and grabs it. Instantly the old axe glowed and grew into a harder, stronger and intimidating form.

Dropping another one of its heavy tentacles, it smashes the warrior before she gets a chance to charge but she grabbed the fallen tentacle in time and the shock only traveled down through her body and into the ground then using her axe, she slices the thing in seconds leading up to the beast. Retracting and retreating in pain, she knows she is not done with it and charges in to thrash the giant demon effortlessly. As she comes up to the beasts face to lay down her blade, the beat leaps, eats and swallows her whole. That was its last and fatal mistake as the warrior destroys its insides and bursts out from its skull. Covered in its entrails, her powers easily cleaned them off her body, falling to her knees after the rush, the warrior comes to and recollects herself. She only remembered what has happened to her. But there was no time for her, for the volcano is fully awake and ready to erupt again, dooming the remaining people to be consumed by molten lava.

To make matters worse, another earthquake struck, sending rocks tumbling and blocking the only exit out. This is where she sprang into action again to see how well her new abilities can do. Charging at full speed she slammed into the large rock with her own head and the rock explodes into hundreds of pieces. Ordering everyone to get out, the remaining tribes-people left as fast as they can before the wave of lava rolled down the mountain and into the grounds, destroying everything in its path. She knows that the wave of hot rock will kill everyone in the passageway, she has to block it. Doing it by slamming her hands into the wall of the passageway, the great woman's muscles exploded with power as she breaks off the largest piece of rock anyone has ever seen and throws it into the path of the lava, successfully blocking it before it can do harm. The people are saved!

The following morning, the remaining survivors of the tribe have lost their home. Recollecting and mourning those who they lost including Aetara who they last saw being thrown into the volcano. The warrior knows that she is Aetara but no one will believe her, her transformation was so radical that she is a totally different person altogether. Even towering all over them from once she used to be

shorter in comparison. What happened, as she chanted from that tablet, she became reborn into this powerful warrior. The tribe thanked this stranger for saving them and she smiled and spoke. Even her own voice is different and deeper than before. It's clearly a sign that everything physical about Aetara is gone and is now left... as this and can't bring herself to tell the truth.

As the tribe readies to find a new home, Aetara gathered some supplies and cloth to cover much of her huge body as she can and went her separate way. She hopes that she can find answers to her transformation and what it all means. Meanwhile in the celestial ether, the nine warriors looked down on her and see that their effort was not in vain. They will keep an eye on her for now, for she has much to discover of her new powers and with her already magical abilities, it will give her the extra advantage. Her time will come when she will have to face the destroyer and decide the fate of this world. In the depths of the earth, a glowing dark purple eye opens and can feel the immense ethereal energy coming from the surface. It knows that a new Warchief has risen and it becomes the signal for him to awaken.

## Chapter Two: Journey

It has been so far long since the day the young shamaness became the almighty warchief. Aetara has made a promise to her tribe that she will return when learns more of what her powers can do and what they mean. Since then, she has gained a great lot on her journey accomplishing great things. Made allies, gained enemies, fought in one-woman battles that a great army can accomplish with just her great muscles and great axe. Eventually Aetara learns more of the stories of the Warchiefs from the tablet and the inscriptions, her being one is proof that these myths are true, more than true. But then she recalled the last illustrations of the great monster consuming the world but what is left is a large blank space that appeared as if it was erased. That remained a mystery and

hopes it would a good one since the rest of the beings chosen defeated those monsters.

It was at this time Aetara shall take on a new identity to fit her new appearance. From then on she refers to herself as “Iron”, named after the only metal she knows is the strongest in the tribe to make their weapons. While gaining experience and the highs and lows of being a warrior, her being a shaman was not lost on her as her powers to heal the sick or injured giving the impression that she is not just some muscle-headed brute, Iron still has a heart. However those qualities are tame compared to her beginnings when she first started out of how powerful she really is. Iron tired a simple blaster spell used to just push or shove attackers out-of-the-way now ended up blowing up a whole mountaintop to oblivion. Flexing her muscles is the quickest way to lose her clothing, In situations where she has been captured and tortured; swords, spears, being crushed under a four ton rock were useless to her. In the icy barren wastelands to the hottest days of the vast deserts, nothing seems to hurt her. Except for one: The truth.

All of her exploits, made her a hero and a prime target against the growing number of powerful demons that have spiked since her arrival. Iron notices this and of her purposes and makes it her mission to eliminate all the monsters who dare harm the weak. Little does she know that it was just a sample of what is to come. At nightfall, Iron's muscles were slowly deflating back to their normal size because hours earlier she had slain over ten-thousand hulking monsters that were looking for her. With a warm fire in place, Iron takes time to relax until a strange approaches her, but with no harm, His name is Ronoke from one of the villages those monsters were in their path and he offers his thanks to her. But is also fascinated in her as a Warchief as he is an expert in those legends. Iron is willing to listen to his ideas for she wanted to know more of the legends herself. After several exchanges and debates on the nature of the Warchiefs Iron asks Ronoke of the missing bits of the illustrations of the past warriors.

Ronoke also knows that the latest demon attack she fought, all the attacks, were just a mere warm-up of what is really to come. Iron tells Ronoke that she knows that from the pictures on the

cavern wall, except for the huge painted over space that followed it. That is when Ronoke tells her about the missing details about the so-called mighty warriors, spiraling into a horrifying revelation that shoots into her inner soul. As before, The truth would be her greatest weakness.

## Chapter Three: Truth

Iron, horrified to learn about of what happens to the fates before her. She asks Ronoke of why did they have to die after slaying the great demons. He does not know, but it has been that way for ages: For each great demon of the age, A warchief defeats it and dies in the battle. From the patter, there is no way to stop that chain. Iron shakes her head in disbelief, she cannot accept it, she cannot take the fact that she is destined to die if she wants to save the world. Ronoke's complete disregard to her feelings, Ronoke sternly tells her that it is her destiny. No warrior has ever ran away from a battle of such magnitude, but in that moment, Iron did in despair. Iron ran as fast as her mighty legs can take her while Ronoke calls out her name trying to catch up. Iron yells behind Ronoke to leave her alone and without watching, she trips on a crack and smashed her head against a rock. The rock broke but she is out cold. Ronoke, catches up to her and tries to wake her up.

Iron does awaken but in a desolate and hellish world. The sounds of screams pierced her ears and echoed in her head. Falling to her knees, she urges the screams to stop but they keep getting louder and louder. Until they were stopped with a loud stomp that knocked her down. Iron looked up and standing before her are the nine previous Warchiefs. They looked at her with furious stares that stroke fear deep into her heart. The moment she uttered a single word, the wolf third warchief brutally slaps her across the face, and sending her body flying into a rock face. The third one angrily tells the coyote of how dare such a coward speak in their presence. Falling to the ground and coughing up blood, Iron tells them to stop but the Eight warchief, a blue heron cracked his knuckles and tells

her that they are just starting. Iron staggers and tries to fight back with her strength but even a punch felt like feather trying to shatter a block of steel and all nine warchiefs gave her the most brutal thrashing of her life.

This was her just punishment for simply running away, all the battles, trials and errors she endured meant nothing compared to the one act she had doubts and chose the way cowards use and this is enough to show and beat the consequences of her actions into her. This hell is the world she once knew the moment she failed to fulfill her destiny and take her death like a real warrior. Iron could not say anything as she lies on the ground bleeding, broken and sobbing. They looked down at her as being outright pathetic and feeling that this was a mistake after all. Then the First Warchief, a Tiger tells her that she will live with this trauma for the rest of her pathetic, mortal life and by the most tragic decree, she is stripped of all her powers and expunged of all experiences and lessons learned of her time as Warchief.

Back the real world, Ronoke tends to Iron, then suddenly she jumps and howls in pain. Opening her eyes burn white as the energies of the warchief leave her and the shaman witnesses in shock and a bit in disgust of watching her body rapidly and randomly deflated of its muscles. Her pelt returning to a single tone and white hair back to black. Falling back, she sees the first image is of Ronoke looking confused but also witnessing what just happened. All he can do, is embrace her as she cries. Later that morning, the shaman healed her with his own blend of herbs and magic. Though her body wasn't harmed in the real world, she needs it to at least heal the stress her body went through in changing back. Ronoke apologizes for his actions after seeing what she really is. At the moment, he hoped for the Warchief to do its job, completely ignoring the fact that there is a person underneath it all.

From what Aetara has told him, he figured that the past warchiefs are horrible people even worse to take her powers away after this. There is a ton at stake and taking the one thing from the world's salvation because she ran once. He knows that this is unfair for her and at worse a cruel joke.

With wondering of what they should do now, Aetara has one suggestion, for her to go back and reconnect to her tribe. Ronoke offers to come along for support and she accepts, it can get lonely on the long walk back when the fear the end is coming. As they embark on the long walk, Ronoke tells Aetara that she will always be worthy, no matter what and as they walk. The fall of the warrior is a signal for “her” to rise.

## Chapter Four: Rise

The Great Mountains of Partha, located half of a world away are an incredible sight to behold. With the highest peak scraping the edge of space, this natural wonder is the greatest natural miracle in existence. Underneath the natural splendor however, lies the domain of where all demons came from and is also the domain of the mother of all demons lies, the bane of this world's existence lies beneath the megatons of rock. For eons, this creature is the mother of the great demons that plagued this world in the nine ages. With one eye open, she can feel the energy of the one who has killed its children now extinguished. With nothing to defend this world, she rises. It starts with a tremendous earthquake that shakes the great mountain before it grew silent. And then it explodes, leaving half of the mountain obliterated for miles around. As the dust clears, its frame is now visible to those who survived the immense blast. It does have a great feminine figure, long powerful legs, broad buff shoulders and a massive rack that bounces and sways where her great muscles flexed. She looks down with great draconian eyes at this world and spreads her wings. The deafening roar to the skies are a signal that her reign and judgment on this planet is nigh. She is Makartsu: The destroyer.

Her first order before she makes her flight to “the end of the earth” is for her large armies of demons and bests to seek and destroy any remaining chambers to prevent any other curious soul from becoming the Warchief, As they followed their orders, every chamber, cavern and sacred spot is

destroyed while whole peoples, lands and civilizations were annihilated by these monsters. From what it seems, Makartsu will be victorious in plunging this world to hell. Meanwhile after weeks on foot, Aetara and Ronoke have finally arrived where her tribe has settled. It's near a great cliff overlooking a vast sea of fog as far as anyone can see. There is a great forest behind them, rich with resources for all their needs and a great spot. It didn't take long for her to be reunited with her tribe easily. But they wonder whatever happened to the giant coyote woman who saved them before and the last the remembered, she was killed in the attack years ago.

Aetara knows that she can't keep up the act and wants to confess of who she was until everyone fell down and held their ears in pain from a thunderous roar filled the air and as curious minds turn to the source of the roar. The dark figure emerges and it's tremendous in the view of the people and they ran. The great demon looks down at the little "bugs" and wants to become its first kill. Meanwhile while everyone runs, Aetara does something no warrior has the sense to do. Face up to it. Ronoke, tells her to run but she refuses to run, not this time. She still has the old axe in her hand and walks up to face this demon alone, not as the almighty Iron, but as Aetara herself with only her own knowledge and the old axe she still held on even after the demigods took her power away. She didn't care if she gets killed, she will go down with honor and to save the one thing she has left. Her tribe.

Her voice calls out to the great destroyer and she looks down at the tiny creature over her great bosom and asks of how dare she demands of her name. Aetara does not care and she challenges her to a showdown. Makartsu laughs and her bust bounces in her laughter, the idea of a mere mortal challenging her is amusing. Aetara is not patient in her chance to save the day. Makartsu arrogant as she is will humor her and accept her challenge. Though the idea of a little coyote challenging a three thousand foot tall monster is unacceptable, in a blast of wind and dark-red energy, Makartsu shrinks her self down to a more manageable size and faces the coyote. But then she notices the small axe in her hand the same that is familiar with the artifacts from all the caverns that have been destroyed. It is

none other than the weapons of the warchiefs.

Aetara confirms this but this fact won't stop her from stopping this monster. Makartsu never had this much luck fall on her lap to see and feel the energies emanating from her body that is different from her original state. She is telling the truth and knows she is facing the woman responsible for killing her children which all makes this revenge sweeter to know that she has done something for the warchiefs to take her powers away.

## Chapter Five: Warrior

What follows is the most one-sided fight in history. Makartsu makes her first move and zips by Aetara striking a rib hard enough to make her scream and fall to the ground holding her chest. It was without effort as the dragon licked her fingers in pleasure, including the finger that broke her rib. Aetara then sucks it up and gets back up holding the axe in her hand. Makartsu laughs at her attempt to work it off and she comes after her again with a hard right that sends the coyote flying, tumbling and smashing herself against a rock face. But again, Aetara wants to fight her. Now her laughter is turning into annoyance as she is tired of fighting this weakling but she shows some mercy to let Aetara come to take a shot at her. Struggling to walk, most of her bones broken and bleeding, Aetara's spirit still drives her to bring her stop her.

At this point however, she can not see that it was a setting up for her to get punched in the face down to the ground. All the while the tribe and Ronoke look with horror and sadness at the beating of one of their own, especially when it's the one who says will stop the end of the world. Makartsu has had enough playing games and raises her beefed-up arms to form a massive energy ball and throws it down to Aetara singeing her alive and collapses as a charred corpse. With her dead and defeated, Makartsu lets out a victorious roar to the sky as the dark clouds gather and the destructive elements of

this planet awaken. Volcanoes, Earthquakes, Tsunamis, Fires, every disaster imaginable out in full force as Makartsu has placed judgment on this world. This world will die! The dark dragoness flexed her muscles in explosive waves, feeling the joy and pleasure of killing every living thing on this world without a second thought.

But there was something that even the destroyer didn't predict. The surviving coyotes of Djakarta. She looks back and laughs at all of them, man woman and child that they're facing their death. They all don't care, Aetara gave them a spirit, a spirit in her death gave them a spirit in their lives. They have survived all ten ages and ten demons for generations and her existence means absolutely nothing to them. From Warriors to the normal folk, they have their own weapons ready to take her down. Makartsu is infuriated at all of them that they have the gall to take down whom is a god before ants. Except they are incredibly strong ants. The first wave of warriors attacked and the first blow actually knocked the dragoness down.

Shocked and furious, Makartsu tries to get up but again she is knocked down harder than before. She did get a good glimpse of those eyes, they shine with the energy of the Tenth Warchief but it wasn't from the warriors in the stars but from the corpse itself. The spark of energy is growing inside the charred remains of the shamaness. Fully restoring her body, the blackened remains unleashed the fur colors of the Warchief. No solid brown but three tones of pelt. Muscles swelled and explode shaking off the ash. The body grows two, three four times its normal size. The ash in her hair blows away revealing the pure white-as-snow mane from what was once black. She flexed her own sinew which exposed is far bigger and intimidating than the dragon's and posed in a power stance as a show of her returning power. Raising her great hand, she pulls the little axe and from her own energy forges the old tool into a mighty blade that shimmers in the lightening that strikes across the sky. The Tenth Warchief. Iron has returned!

Makartsu shakes her head at the impossibility of it all, she can't be back. She had just broken every bone in her body, burned her alive into a charred husk and yet she comes back as the one who

will destroy her. She won't accept it but Iron tells her in the voice of both her and Aetara that while she was too busy wanting to destroy the world, she was still alive, long enough to see the spirit of the people willing to stand in her way. And herself who saw a strange light, a light that endowed her back with the knowledge that the warriors have taken away from her in her punishment for running away when they should have helped her find another way. Looking at the fear in the destroyer's eyes it became clear that she is emitting a different energy. Iron doesn't understand it either but it won't matter for now she understands and will do what she can to put an end to this cycle one and for all. But not however without Makartsu having a say on it first and she charges at her.

But her mighty blow was blocked by her hand and Iron throws a punch that broke her own ribs and another that breaks a bit of her face. Stumbling and crashing to the ground, she remembers that she can still return to her original size and smash this bitch to oblivion but Iron stops her and shouts in her face before laying pound after ground shattering pound that doing that is a coward's way out. Iron lays out a beat down that is far harsh than how Makartsu did to her and she delivers the final blow into her face bringing her down. Iron then looks up and sees the storm clouds clear up and can feel the pains of this world finally relieved. Iron then looked on to the cheers of the tribe, celebrating that the world is saved. Ronoke runs up happy that it is all over and the fact that she actually survived the battle. Even Iron didn't expect the outcome of the fight to go into her favor. But Makartsu did still had strength in her to raise her hand and unleash a powerful ball of energy aimed for Iron's back. Ronoke sees the beam and with all his might pushed Iron out of the beam's path and it strikes him through the chest.

Iron is horrified of what just happened to Ronoke as he falls to the ground. Makartsu laughs that at least she showed her victory did come with a cost, but Iron won't let her savor that victory for long. She charges in with a ferocious roar and tears in her eyes as she swings her mighty axe through the destroyer's body. Makartsu screams as she disintegrates into nothingness. Iron falls to her knees weakened from the sudden rush of energy needed to get her revenge. She then hears a faint voice,

Ronoke's voice calling out to her. Iron runs to Ronoke to tend to his dying state. The damage is too severe for her or her powers to heal him but Ronoke doesn't want to pressure her into trying anyway. His last words to her is that she is the most incredible woman he has ever met and has not regretted going with her at all. Before his hand falls to the ground and finally dies.

Iron closes Ronoke's eyes and tells the dead shaman that there is one thing she can do in his name. But it is for her to deal with it alone. Laying Ronoke down, the crowd gathers but Iron tells them to stay back. She raises her arms and tries to feel an energy source. The kind that only a warchief can find and she does. Her body levitates and slowly gets consumed in light before she vanishes into the air. The tribe is confused and doesn't know why she vanished like that into thin air. But one tribe member knows and her answer: Retribution.

## Chapter Six: Retribution

In a flash that nearly blinded the warriors before them, Iron appears and she is immensely furious, not as much however as the others who dare see her presence. The Tiger Warchief roars and charges at the coyote to lay out the first punch but it then got stopped cold by her grip. He can't move to break free of her grip. Iron then raises her other fist and sends a punch that explodes in all directions and knocks the warriors off their feet and sends the tiger flying out of the realm. The remaining nine looked and they all attacked her. But Iron didn't back down, she is not afraid of them because her rage is fueling her conviction in laying her retribution against the ones who should have helped her in her journey instead only cared about their own interests more than hers. Iron is here to set them straight in their own blood of what a real warchief is capable of.

Her battle lasted for days and she has her share of brutal strikes, however the message did not go into their heads that Iron has risen herself to a new level never seen before the moment she was

“killed” by Makartsu. In the end, Iron has gotten her justice, all nine warchiefs have been defeated but still kept alive, with Iron holding the lupine warchief by the throat and is ready to make her first kill because he was the most vocal. Until a booming voice orders her to stop, she only stops to lay the death blow and demands who would order her, to deny her delivering punishment. It stood behind her and she turned to look with a shocked look on her face. She wants to attack but a wave of her hand calmed her down. The figure looked like Makartsu but she proclaims that it is actually her younger sister Vesuvia. Iron wanted to know what it this madness. All is explained to her to which the other warriors who are slowly recovering never knew.

Makartsu was once Vesuvia's sister and they have lived peacefully for eons and called the world they inhabit their home for countless years. That is until an unknown force has corrupted her sister's mind to the point she isn't even her sister anymore. In her wake, she has given immaculate births to the monsters that have destroyed this world nine times. In desperation to save her home, she endowed her own powers into a worthy inhabitant of this world. For each monster her sister unleashes to this world, one warrior, or as they call in her world, a warchief is born to take them on and in the process, die as a result of it. Iron asks in a frustrating tone as to why she didn't take on her sister herself. Even a direct clash has enough power to destroy this world worse than the demons they had done before. Her power is too intense for such a task, that is why she endowed a fraction of it into the beings. She is aware of the cycle and hoped that the tenth warchief, Iron herself would break that cycle. All the other warriors come from a hard lineage that is all about the fight. But when she entered the caves to learn and gain the powers of the mighty warriors. She showed more.

She showed compassion, willingness never back down from a fight. Showed more of her true self rather than the full warrior that the past ones never came to do. At the moment she ran after learning of the truth of the fate of having these powers are not in her eyes a show of cowardice, but a show of humility a show that she still has fear apart of the others that rather hide their fear than show it. There is no amount of strength to show how much she as regretted not interfering as they beaten

her for that act. But at least she has gotten her vengeance in their actions. Iron is beyond speechless at this point, but when she does speak. It is not of anger or resentment, but of wondering. She asks Vesuvia of a special request, once the request is uttered, she understands and grants her that wish and in time, will see it come true.

## Chapter Seven: Future

Three millennia has passed and the world has radically changed now the age of destruction ages have finally stopped thanks to the acts of a giant coyote woman changing the course of history through her wisdom and sheer might granted by the stars. The Tenth warchief went on her second journey to rid the planet of the remains of her sister's demons up until her time finally passed. The world now has no more need for Warchiefs and the ages of world destroying monsters are now growing into myth. Iron's long awaited wish is granted to rejoin the soul of her lost friend and now mate Ronoke as they venture together across the heavens. Vesuvia still calls the world they left behind home as she and the nine remaining warchiefs can finally get their rest. The coyotes of the Djakarta tribe grew and prospered until they became a great civilization of over a hundred thousand. In the center of the city does cast a great statue of the world's savior forged from memories of generation's past. The world has changed finally for the better.

Somewhere in the farthest parts of the world, a meek tigress girl from the shore islands was wandering around the underwater caverns looking for neat stuff to sell. Until she came across a glowing blue light in the deepest part of the cavern. What she discovers is a long spear in the center of a great hall surrounded by pictures of great warriors defeating monsters and one who left the stars with a companion in hand. At first the tigress liked the paintings but is too focused on the blue

glowing spear and she picks it up. Looking at it closer she reads the inscriptions and suddenly her and the spear are consumed in a bright flash of light. The surface rumbles, breaks and finally explodes leaving a huge water-filled crater and in the center is a being with incredible size and power. The once orange striped fur turns into a shade of blue, her hair waves and flows by itself without the help of the wind. Opening her new teal slitted eyes for the first time, she now holds a spear that grants her powers never before seen before.

Flexing her massive muscles and feeling her great bust, her only concern now is what to do with the spear and the whole deal. She will find out soon for this tigress has been granted the powers of the lost legends of the warchiefs, and she has become the Eleventh. But that's a tale, for another time.

The End.