(Nathan POV)

"I am thoroughly fucked, aren't I?"

"Yes, indeed you are my dear owner."

There was not any need for further arguments, I knew what he wanted, and he knew what he wanted. We both took our stance and in the next moment, we were at each other's throats.

\*CLANG CLANG CLANG\*

Our swords hit each other, and tiny sparks of light scattered everywhere. We were both duel wielders. Our swords clashed again and again, producing more sparks each time.

"Wow, you are better than I had expected." That was clear sarcasm from him.

"And you are worse than what I had expected," I replied fully and then pushed him back with some force. Then I raised my sword and summoned a gust of wind. I wanted to slash at him using the wind. The wind answered my call and gathered around the blades in an instant. I slashed and an invisible blade of wind left my blade.

(He will have to dodge it. If he is like me, I am sure that he will roll towards the left. That is where I will create a mud puddle….) I placed Vespira vertically in contact with the ground as I released the gust of wind from my sword. The mud puddle was formed, and the wind blade was approaching him at a fast pace.

(And.....)

But contradictory to my expectations, he did not roll at all. Instead, a gust of wind encircled him and the blade of wind got disrupted due to the heavy flow of the wind summoned by him and the slash never reached him. But the astonishing thing was not this but the fact that he summoned an astronomical amount of wind in such a short time without moving a single muscle.

(How did he....)

But before I could even think of it, he laughed

"HAHAHAHAHA, surprised haan." And without him telling I knew that I could not beat him using magic in here. His magic was stronger than mine. Well, it was kind of obvious considering that he was essentially a part of my own powers that escaped from the seal. It was obvious that his magic was going to be stronger than mine.

(Shit, can't use magic, wait a moment, This is my mind right? So, can't I....)

"No, you cant. That little power of your imagination will not work here." He replied once again before my thought was completed.

(Ugh this is seriously annoying)

Now I had no choice but to beat that guy in combat. And I had to take care. No one knew what would happen if I died in here. So, I lunged at him once again. He did not move at all. He waited for my sword to reach him and then with a swift movement he deflected it and thrust his own sword into my abdomen. I sidestepped and brought the sword in my other hand on top of his head. It was going to be a sure hit. His left hand was further away after deflecting my sword and his right was in a thrusting position. But instead, he simply moved his head a bit so that my sword would not hit his head but the shoulder. It was still going to be a fatal hit but then I felt it. Extreme resistance was slowing down my sword. There was an updraft of wind pushing my sword upwards.

(Does not matter I am still going to hit him)

And then

\*CLANG\*

What my sword hit was not at all his shoulder but instead ice.

"Han??" I was shocked and that cause me to freeze for a second. Alas, that was a second too long. And then I felt something piercing my body through the back. I coughed and blood came out of my mouth. It was then, although too late, that I realized the fact that I was playing in his hands since the beginning. Since the time he appeared in my head, my aim was to block him off. But that was not true for him. He never tried to block my thoughts instead he tried to infiltrate them. There was a connection between us and since the beginning of the fight, I had been trying to block his thoughts off. And he was trying to read them. That was what allowed him to know my moves in advance and he simply formulated his tactics according to them. And also his magic was stronger than mine. That was what had allowed him to block my blade in that manner. And now I was just standing in front of him, helplessly, his sword impaled through my back.

"Well that was a fun fight wasn't it owner." He smirked twisting his sword.

"Not so much, no." I was barely standing and yet I somehow managed to give him a smile.

"AAWWWWW you break my heart. Well, it's fine though because now I get to enjoy this body forever. You know because you will be dead." His smile grew wider and my heart sank.

(He will gain control!!!! I can't let that happen.)

"And what do you think you will be able to achieve like this? I can literally kill you right now." And he was right he could have. One of my swords was still stuck in the ice created by the magic on his shoulder. Frozen. The other was held back by him and he was holding me close to his body so that I would not be able to do anything.

"So now I think that I have been here long enough. I need to see the outside world. So, for that, I will now kill you. As your consciousness dies, I will gain full control over your body. With that, the annoying seal will also be broken and I will enjoy myself. I'll kill the bitch first and then I will….." He wanted to continue but I was not going to let him. What he was planning could not be allowed to happen. He could not be allowed into the real world.

(With all my powers at his disposal he could achieve anything. He would be able to even kill Dumbledor, the strongest wizard with a little more training. And no one will know what happened. The Morningstars will be held responsible. Sis and even Jac will be in trouble. I have to stop him.)

I raised my hand. I planned to make it as discreet as possible. He was still busy talking shit that I was not bothering to listen to.

(This is my only chance while he is distracted)

I could not take any chances. I was fatally wounded. The sword was piercing through my stomach. I had barely protected my spine. I was not losing blood because the sword was clogging the wound but that did not mean that it did not hurt. I only had a single chance. And with that, I let go of my other sword, formed a fireball in my hand, and shoved it in his face. It was a momentary decision, and he was laughing with his eyes closed. The fireball hit him straight in the face and exploded.

(It was successful and now to the next...…)

"TOOOOOO BAAAADD." I heard his voice and with that, all hope vanished.

He had withstood the attack unharmed. He was standing there looking at me with those eyes of his as if he were mocking me.

"That was a good plan but with a slight flaw in it." He spoke.

I was in no condition. Strength was quickly leaving my body and it was getting harder and harder to stand. But I still decided to humor him. I was not going to let him win no matter what.

"Of yeah and what was that flaw," I asked with a trembling voice.

"You see your plan was perfect." He twisted the sword and the pain worsened. "It would have taken down any enemy with his guard lowered. But you see my dear Nathan," He looked straight into my eyes "I never let my guard down even for a moment."

With all the strength left in my body, I kicked his leg. I gathered wind around my arm and using all the force I could muster I punched him in the gut. The result...….. nothing. Absolutely nothing. He simply blocked my kick with his leg and my fist never reached him as a giant boulder arose from the earth to protect him. It was a last-ditch effort. I was at my limit now.

"Nice attack once again Nathan. Too bad I saw it coming from your thoughts." He spoke near my ear.

This was the end, if I was going to do something it was now or never. I gathered all the magic power that I could and...…

\*SPLASH\*

"Hah?" The horizon tilted and energy left my body. I fell like a dead log.

(What???? What???? How????)

"Nothing I just slashed you." I heard a voice. It felt distant. Like someone talking through a tunnel. The world was getting blurry. He had slashed half of my body. My left lung was gone and there was a cut from my stomach diagonally to my ribs. It was the end. There was no going back.

(If only I could kill him, then I would be able to make things happen again using my imagination. Only then can I survive.)

"Oh just give it a rest. You have lost, I have won. That's that. You should not have come in here. You are weak. I shall take good care of your body." I heard him say.

(I am not weak and I will never let you have my body) I thought.

"Yeah right. PFT. It isn't as if you have a choice." He was coming closer, I could feel it. My whole body was burning. The pain was excruciating. Then something cold touched my neck.

"Well, it was nice knowing you." were the last words I heard, and then everything turned dark.