**Gun Of Solomon upload**

**Chapter One: Blades Of Solomon**

Chapter One Blades Of Solomon O ut in the deepest reaches of space, the

universes very structure rip and tear out of the purity of Chaos. Dark rifts open as common as thunderstorms on earth. These rifts can open   
doorways to inconceivable power or unimaginable new worlds to those brave, curious, and fearless enough. As these same rifts may just send its   
adventuring subject into oblivion.

Centuries removed from the thirteenth-century squalor of our planet, a sorceress, sustained for over a hundred years by arcane energies, felt the thrum of something unprecedented. This power, beyond anything she'd ever tapped, flickered into her awareness during a dreamless sleep. Seeking its source, she plunged her mind into a liminal state, a precarious bridge between wakefulness and oblivion. A searing wave of energy engulfed her, a furious violet inferno heralding visions of a fiery well, its flames mirroring the very energy that consumed her. The well's location became her sole obsession. Driven by an insatiable hunger for this limitless power, she embarked on a perilous quest. Demanding aid from every connection, she leveraged her coven's resources, subtly excluding her sisterhood from the plan's most dangerous elements.

The air hung thick with the stench of nightshade and the coppery tang of dried blood – the residue of her desperate invocations. Each dark location spell, a searing brand upon her soul, had yielded only whispers, fleeting glimpses. The blood-laced herbal concoctions, brewed under a gibbous moon, had twisted her dreams into a

nightmarish tapestry of premonitions, each thread a shard of the power she craved. Then, finally, a breakthrough – not a vision, but a visceral \*knowing\*. The gateway. Aglæcwif , her eyes burning with an unholy light, felt the ancient thrumming pulse in her veins, a rhythm echoing the h e a rt be a t of the earth i tself. The cove n , a circ l e of women bound b y b l ood and sh ad owed ambition, moved with her, their faces ill u minated by the s ickly green glow of phosphorescen t fungi clu t c he d in t h e ir hands. They reached t he desola t e N o rwegian m oorl a nd, t he wind a keening lament against the granite c liffs. T h ere, amidst the s kele t a l r e mains of ancient trees, it lay: the well. Not merely a well, b u t a gaping maw in the ea r th, its da r k water ch u r ning with an unnatural energ y that c h o ked the ver y air , a tangible vo r t e x humming with the raw power of a rip pling , ch a otic rift. Fea r w a rred with exhi l

arat i on in

Aglæcwif

' s h e art, a des p e r ate hunger t o se i z e the magic wi t hin.

The we l l bec k on e d, pro m ising bo t h salvati o n an d ann i hilation . A potent ritual demanded a sacrifice of formidable entities. Conveniently, she had already ensnared her coven,   
skillfully weaving promises of unimaginable power around them. With insidious manipulation, she steered them, unwitting pawns, towards a horrifying destiny: a ritual designed to siphon their essence into herself. Under the guise of a coven meeting to explore her purported visions, a palpable excitement crackled among some members; others, however, harbored gnawing apprehension, sensing the ominous undercurrents. Naturally, she omitted the crucial detail – her intention to obliterate them, merging their identities into her own. By the time she unveiled this gruesome step, the intoxicating brew she'd served had rendered them   
insensible. One coven member stirred before the others,

consciousness dawning amidst a nightmarish tableau. Five fellow witches, naked and chained to iron stakes, formed a macabre circle around a desolate well. The architect of this depravity, shrouded in a raven-black robe, stood over them, a figure of chilling dominance. The chill air bit at Lyra’s exposed skin as she stirred, a premonition of horror clawing its way through the fog of sleep. The reek of iron and damp earth filled her nostrils, a stench clinging to the raw, pre-dawn darkness. Five figures, stark white against the grim backdrop of the ancient well, were impaled upon iron rods, their limbs slack, their skin shimmering with a dew of sweat and… something else.

Something viscous.

Aglæcwif

. \*  
 Aglæcwif

.\* The name tasted like ash in Lyra’s mouth. Clad in a robe the

color of a raven’s wing, her silhouette was a grotesque parody of

grace as she stalked the circle. Lyra could hear the rasp of

Aglæcwif

's breath, a sibilant hiss in the oppressive silence. A strangled

gasp broke the night. "What…what is this madness?" The words, raw with terror, were barely audible. Elara’s eyes, wide and

accusing, found Lyra's in the gloom.

Aglæcwif

, a predator circling its prey, began her incantation. The guttural

Sumerian syllables vibrated through the air, felt as much as heard, a physical assault that resonated in Lyra's bones. Each word felt like a blow, a hammer against her soul. The ancient words slithered like snakes, coiling around Lyra's heart. \*Ia ia ia ia sakkakth iak sakkakh ia sha xul\*. The glint of polished steel – a kukri, wickedly curved and dripping with an unnatural luminescence – sliced through the darkness. \*Ia ia ia utukku xul ia ia zixul ia zixul.\* With a practiced

grace that belied the brutal act,

Aglæcwif

moved from one bound sister to the next, a macabre dance of

death. The screams were swallowed by the echoing chant, a

symphony of agony drowning in the guttural incantation. "Is…is that Sumerian?" The voice was a choked whisper, Elara's eyes widening in a silent scream as the crimson bloom erupted across her throat. The stench of blood was suddenly overwhelming,   
metallic and thick, coating Lyra's tongue with the taste of fear. Each fall of the blade was punctuated by a new surge of  
 Aglæcwif

’s chant – a litany of damnation. \*Ia kingu ia azbul ia azabua la xaztur ia hubbur ia ia ia\*. "What have you done? We are your sisters! You…you beast! You…changefoot! You…foist hag…" Elara's words died in a gurgle of blood.

Aglæcwif

, her face obscured by the shadows of her hood, stood over the well, the kukri dripping, a crimson offering to the abyss. The final words, a guttural shriek, tore through the silence, a venomous prayer to whatever dark entity she served.

\*Baxabaxaxaxaxabaxaxaxaxa KAKHTAKHTAMON IAS!\* The ancient words, charged with a power that felt both ancient and horrific, hung heavy in the air as  
 Aglæcwif

plunged the kukri into the well. Lyra knew, with chilling certainty, this was only the beginning.

The remaining witch slits her hand with the blade and drops it into the now spiraling well. A burst of black smoke starts to pour out of the well and an ominous voice echoes through.

Entity: Bring me chaos and death with the powers I grant you. Do not fail me!

With that command the Entity exhales black smoke from the many slits in his face. Billowing fourth through the opening into the rift. The black smoke enters the Witch's dimension, spiraling into the witch's mouth pulling her body above the ground. Her complexion dulls of all saturation turning a milky gray pearl. Blackness replaces the blue of her veins as they strikingly jut up her skin. Her eyes roll back into her head and black ooze seeps from her orifices. Her body starts to twitch and spasm uncontrollably until it all stops and she is floating limp just above the ground. Levitating for a moment and then her body falls to the ground like a bag of rocks.

The Witch screeches awake, opening her now obsidian black eyes. The Rift's power had altered her into something no longer just of this world. The Witch had drawn so much power that she was able to summon all sorts of vile beasts. The dark s upernatural world of beasts also had caught word of her power, many seek her out to follow her in her conquest. She began to conquer the neighboring communities. Consuming all signs of life in her wake.

\* \* \*   
Word had been sent out to the Citadel that this witch was on a warpath to t h e capital. For fear of his own life the king demanded that a secret order of Templar be sent out. This order, The Blades of Solomonwere specially trained in defeating creatures and conjurers of the dark arts.

The Knights rigorous training with unique weaponry, alchemy, tracking, and hunting the supernatural. This had given them a reputation amongst very exclusive circles, the King being a party to one of these secret   
societies. Part of their training was tattooing seals into their flesh using the blood and fangs from every beast they had slain. This however altered these holy knights into something a little less than holy. Something in between the realms of good and evil. Using only their complete stoic willpower to keep the beasts within them at bay, after they activate a seal to use the creatures powers.

They catch up to the witch at a very popular merchant town that she is in the process of terrorizing. More than two thirds of the towns population slaughtered amongst the pebble streets. The group of eight knights band together and start to hack away at feral lychons, giant winged demons, and vampiric ghouls. The horde only slightly thinning.

All the while the Witch cackles. The sound of her clacking laugh echoes with demonic power. Two Templars fall to the beasts but the others don't stop. They keep fighting. Continued to hack away and the creatures start to fall in more drastic numbers. The knights use more strategic tight   
groupings tactic, pairing off ofeach others specialties. Just as the knights believe they have bested her worse and slain most of the beasts, she summons a wall of fire surroundi n g the knights.

The six knights pull together with their backs together. From a top view it resembles a revolver c hamber. The witch rises into the sky with black wings that seem to be made out of ethereal tar.

Witch: You can't save this realm, you can't save this world, you mortal men can't even save this town! Hahahaha!

As she cackles these words to the knights the dead bodies of the townsfolk start to rise. The witch circling the Templars while cackling finally flaps her

bat like wings and flies back to her source of power, the well. The corpses slowly but surely start to push through the fire setting themselves a blaze but still staggering towards the knights. They manage to cut them down for the time being but more and more keep pushing through and th e Lysndra **aglæc-wif** Lysndra **a** a **-** steel of their swords start to heat to unbearable temperatures. The remaining knights form a last ditch effort to go after the witch. They take their leader Drako and force themselves in a huddle around him.

**Chapter Two: The Bastard Hounds**

T wenty four Years ago in a small farming town. Young Drako carrying buckets of water from the town well to his family barn. He didn't mind the night chores as much, he liked the quite of the night and wasn't afraid of the dark. He loved it so much that he started to get used to the darkness, listen further in it see better. Half way back to the stalls and he heard noises in the distance. He continues on his path brushing it off as nothing. A few more paces and he can hear a scream. Drako sets the buckets down and goes towards the sound. It sounded like it came from the Connor house, The house set upon the hill some distance from town. Some of the children in town spread rumors of a witch lived in the home. Drako knew better as he helped the old widow Mrs.Connor who lives in the home by herself, well her and her cats she seemed to acquire more of every autumn. Drako knocks on the door but when he does the door is opened and it pushes open a crack. A group of cats bolt out the door past him. He lets himself into the home calling out to Mrs. Connor. He gets into the center of the home and notices a trail of blood leading to a broken window. Now nervous he looks out the window. A quick blur of a large hunched hairy creature runs past and almost simultaneously he hears more yelling from town closer to his home. After a moment of being frozen from fear he snaps back to reality and sprints towards his home.

A few of the homes are on fire and townsfolk are running frantically out of them screaming for help. Drako running through the chaos he makes it to his home. Door swung fully open, he can feel it in his gut that something isn't right. More than the obvious, more than just raiders and fire. He staggers forward in fear. He grabs his Grandfathers old sword that hangs over the Hearth. Drako stands in shock now, he realizes that he has been walking through the pieces of his sisters and mother. Tears start to pour down his face and he holds up the sword tightly in front of him like his Grandfather had taught him.

A large gray werewolf slams down in front of him. The Lychon has his father still conscious in his grasps. The wolf walks right up on Drako snarling into his face.

Gray Werewolf: Yes you will make for a good pup.

The werewolf leans in and scratches a little chunk above his eye. Drako

yells fiercely and slashes downward cutting the wolf from his left ear through his right eye. The cut burns the wolf and he yelps as he runs out Drako's home. His father lies dying on the floor in front of him. His father waves him closer.

Drako's Father: Come closer son, I know this is all a lot for such a young boy, \* cough \* but you are a man now, I know me and your Grandfather didn't get along and he was upset with my humble life here. But you need to know that he was secretly proud that I had found peace and was able to give him grandchildren. \* cough \* \* cough \* He was a hunter, and not like how I taught you. He hunted monsters. Like the ones that did this. His sword you hold is edged in silver and crested with a seal that only the highest level of hunters know of. The legend of that sword goes back to Agggch , the angel Michael himself, \*huff\* it was even King Solomon's for some time. Keep that \*grunt\* sword close and they will come to help you when you are older.

.. \*cough \* cough \* rid this world of its demons my son. I love you\* Drako: I.. \* crying \* I Love you too Dad.

Drako's father passes before him. Drako wipes his tears from his face and walks out side into the center of the village sword at his side. A pile of bodies scatter the town, amongst the bodies are nine other boys scratched the same way ranging in ages from six to thirteen. Drako takes charge to get the boys inside one of the lasting homes still standing he gets Raphael and Adam help in comforting the younger boys.

A few days pass and food is getting scarce, Francis and Drako are only able to find a couple rabbits on their hunts. They took the opportunity to teach some of the other boys how to track and hunt. Luckily for them a traveling Gypsy lady that used to trade candles and scents in their town makes her way in. she stops her Ox and stands outside her cart in shock.

Gypsy Lady: Hello! Hello! Anyone here!

Drako and the Boys gather together inside the old town hall. Leon steps up.

Leon: Its the Gypsy lady, She trades My mom for apples this time every year. What should we do?

Drako: I think we need food and shes the only person we have seen in almost a week. Lets walk out together.

The boys lead by Drako walk outside towards the Gypsy Lady. All of them dirty and still in their bloody cloths from the werewolf raid.

Gypsy Lady: Oh my, come come . Get on the cart eat eat .

She opens a cloth sack of potatoes and wild onions and starts to hand them to the boys. Drako walks up to her.

Drako: Thank you miss.

Gypsy Lady: where are your parents?

Drako: they are all dead, everyone is, except us ten.

Gypsy Lady: I know a bigger village that has a home for boys a couple days ride south west . We should leave as soon as we can.

Drako: Yes mam' thank you mam'   
About a days ride before The Gypsy Lady asks about the claw mark they all have on their heads. Drako is hesitant at first but he eventually tells her the truth about the Werewolf attack. He shows her the edge of the tip of his Grandfathers sword where he has the dried blood. To his surprise she believes him and asks him to find a small wooden box with needles in it. She goes off the trail and parks the ox driven cart.

Gypsy: Alright boys time to set up camp. You lay blankets, you you and you forage for berries and wild veggies, you, you, and you gather wood and branches, you and you find big stones and bring them to him, you make a round stone pit for a fire.

Drako smiles how she just took charge, and hopped off the cart.

Drako: Okay guys, you heard the lady!

The boys hop off and start off to do the tasks given to them. The Gypsy Lady takes the box and starts to set up on one of the blankets. Small dishes of different ground herbs and one with a refined alcohol. She asks to see the sword from Drako. Hesitant about it at first, but he hands her the sword as he watches over her very intensely. She scrapes the dried blood off into a shallow small bowl and drops a couple drops of the alcohol into it. Stirring it with a few dashes of other elements she starts to chant. The mixture is finally ready and she calls over the boys one at a time. She takes her long needles and dips them in the mixture and has the boys to remove their dirty shirts. She starts to push the ink in one prick at a time over their hearts. The boys mostly tough it out or wince but none of them cry out. After all of them get their tattoos they start to brag to each other how tough they are. The Gypsy lady explains to them it is to prevent them from becoming the monsters that attacked them. An ancient seal now inscribed on every orphaned boy, holding back the evil intentions of the creatures curse that floods their blood.

They finally reach the village, much larger and more advanced than their own home village. The boys stand around the cart as the gypsy talks with a nun out front the Convent. The nun yells out for the boys to line up inside the entrance. The Gypsy runs back to her cart and says a small protective chant in Romanian at the end she kisses each on their forehead and gives them a hug. They Line up inside like they are told.

Over the next couple of years the boys bond and become like brothers.

Their bond strengthened through hardship. At first they kept to themselves and didn't respond back to the bullying of the other children. They where harassed by the older boys from the Orphanage on the daily. Easily picked out from the others from their unique scars and tattoos made them targets. Finally Drako and the others had, had enough. He started to train his new brothers in the art of defending themselves. Every basic chore turned into a training exercise. Working harder to get done with every task even eating so to have more time to train basic wrestling and punching. A few weeks of scrapping with each other they felt confident enough to stand up to their bullies.

During lunch the normal ritual of the older boys walking around their tables and picking off what they wanted from their small plates comes to an end. The oldest and the biggest goes to grab the apple from Raphael's plate.

Raphael: Don't   
Bully: What did you just say?

Raphael: I said don't.

Bully: And what are you going to do if I do?

The bully grabs it and smacks the back of his head. The other bullies laugh. Drako Stands up.

Drako: He said Don't, Now put it BArCK!

Drako's voice cracks as he yells Back and it sounds a little like a dog 's bark.

Bully: Did you just bark at me? Didju ? What are you some kind of bastard hound boy ?

All the other boys except for Drako and his “brothers” not just the bullies start laughing. Raphael Stands up. The older bully with the apple punches Raphael to the ground. Without hesitation Drako leaps over the table and headbutts him. Stumbling backwards into his friends.

Bully: Yer dead little man! Lets get ' em !

Francis stands up, then Adam and eventually all of the scarred boys including Raphael off of the ground.

Drako: BARK! BARK!

Raphael: Bark   
Francis: BARK! BARK!

They all start to crawl on the tables and walk towards their bullies barking and growling at their bullies.

Bully: You guys are crazy, get them Jeffery.

The tattoos on their chests start to glow and burn, their eyes start to flare up with a yellow glow, and their personality start to become naturally more feral.

Jeffery: Me, why don't you?

Bully: C'mon their just kids. Jeffery: Alright, I got them.

Jeffery goes to grab Francis and he bites him, possibly a little to into character, but as soon as he does the rest charge the older boys grappling and punching the older boys. All this while still growling and barking until the bullies run from the cafeteria screaming.

Jeffery: One of ' em bit me!

Bully: Run! They're MAD!

The other orphan boys came to giving the ten survivors the nickname the Bastard Hounds , they decided to embrace the name.

Always getting into trouble with the nuns, being found fighting each other when they thought no one was around. Eventually they fashioned wooden swords out of broken planks found behind the garden. Every time they would be confiscated and burned when caught by the nuns. They would just whittle their new swords and be at it the next week. All now more curious about the feel of a real sword Drako not allowed to have his grandfathers sword, would organize the Bastard Hounds into heists to steal the sword from the headmasters office. Of coarse at first they would get caught and punished. A couple years pass and about the ninth attempt they finally successfully obtained his grandfathers sword. The next morning the nuns found him sleeping with it in his bed. So they decided to lock it in a chest and give the ten boys a harsh punishment of standing outside naked for a day. A couple more years pass and a special guest priest has made his way from the citadel to the convent. He arrives late one night, the same night the Bastard Hounds have finally figured out the perfect heist. They figured they would take a reference from their punishment and strip down naked.

This time however they grease themselves up. The ten Bastard Hounds running, slipping, gliding, through the halls. Nuns and priests attempt to grab them the teenagers only slipping through their grasps. Three of the boys go full speed through the Headmasters door. Two drag the chest, struggling as they slip and fall pushing it while the one does his best at defensively blocking them. The rest of the hounds except for Drako keep the rest of the faculty busy chasing them. They continue to fight through the Nuns and Priests constantly grasping at them with no luck. They finally get the large chest up to the roof. Drako waits under the stairs by the front door. The guest Priest's carriage arrives in front of the Convent. The Headmaster flustered from the boys actions this night when he isn't   
expecting the guest till tomorrow. He runs out the door leaving it open. Hurrying to open the carriage door and help the guest Priest down.

Headmaster: we were not expecting you till tomorrow sir.

Priest: the course was not as treacherous as expected.

They walk to the front steps Headmaster struggling to carry The Priest's bags. Drako now just on the inside of the open front door.

Headmaster: Not to cause concern, but some of our more troubled boys are in the midst of causing some trouble this evening.

Priest: In the midst? You haven't had them detained?

As they take their first step Kabal yells out “ look out below!!!”  
and him and William throw the Chest off the side of the roof. It comes crashing down in the middle of the stairs. Papers, books, and the sword spill out over the stairs. Drako comes running down the stairs, slipping he tumbles down hitting the stairs but still grabbing the sword as he bumps into the priest. To his surprise the priest doesn't even budge, much sturdier than he looks. The nuns finally wrangle the boys inside and have them sitting in the hall. The headmaster grabs Drako by his hair and stands him up.

Headmaster: You are going to be very sorry you did this, this night especially.

Priest: Now now , before we start to the sentencing I would like to have a few questions first. Have the boys cleaned up and dressed. Have them sitting in the front pews of the chapel. But first hand me that sword son. Drako: You are not my father, this is my sword!

Priest: I see. If I promise you will have it back after we talk can I please hold it as you get cleaned up and dressed?

Drako: (A very hesitant) Fine.

The Boys are cleaned and dressed waiting impatiently in the chapel as the Priest talks with the Headmaster in his busted office.

Headmaster: I apologize for the boys tonight. They have not done anything this extreme before. When you said you had questions, I assumed it was for the boys.

Priest: I will get to them. You said they have done this before? I assume you don't know the significance of this sword.

Headmaster: Sorry, other than the boy Drako is able to convince all the other boys he arrived with to try and get it back for him, no I do not. Priest: well you see this crest here on the base of the sword?

Headmaster: Yes   
The priest pulls a pendant out from his collar and shows the Headmaster . The pendant has the same seal that is on the sword.

Priest: The boy outside was Drako, and he was able to organize nine others to risk what I am sure is a hefty punishment just so he can have something he wants? Or does this belong to him? Oh and why were they naked?

Headmaster turns red and starts to sweat with nervousness.

Headmaster: Well Drako did arrive here with the sword, yes. But I can not let him just to freely have a weapon. No weapons are permitted.

Priest: of coarse it would be unsafe, and the nakedness?

Headmaster: well... the only time they actually obtained the sword, my punishment was for them to stand outside for a day naked. I'm assuming this was their way of telling me that they are not afraid of my punishment.

Priest: And when he had the sword, did he cause harm to the other boys? Headmaster: No..., he was found sleeping with it in his arms.

Priest: I see, please tell me how they came to be here.

Headmaster: From what I gather, the boys village was attacked by wild animals only leaving those ten boys alive. They had survived on their own for a weeks time before a traveling tradeswoman found them. She thought it best to bring them here, for some reason she was a very superstitious woman and marked the boys with that symbol on their chest.

Priest: MmmHhmm , and did she mark their foreheads too?

Headmaster: No, the boys said the beasts did that to them. Of coarse I believe they did it to themselves, some kind of raid gang kind of pact.

Priest: I have heard enough, I want to bring them with me back to the capital.

Headmaster: For what purpose? They clearly are not behaved enough to make future priests.

The Priest stands up sword in hand.

Priest: I did not come here for priests David.

The priest enters the chapel doors and walks to the front still holding the sword. He walks with authority with a stern look upon his face.

Priest: I am Father Hart, And I know this young man is Drako. Tell me who the rest of you are.

He points at Francis at the end.

The Bastard Hounds: Francis, Raphael, Adam, Leon, William, Kabal, Henry, Joshua, Christian.

Father Hart: Well congratulations gentlemen, you all have been selected to become part of a new secret branch that I am personally assembling. For the next four years I will be training you ten to become soldiers. Drako will be your team leader and his responsibility will be to make sure you all work as one cohesive unit. Now head out to my carriage we leave tonight. Its a long walk back to the citadel. I expect the lack of respect for authority ends with this sword being placed back to its owners hands. I will not be as easy on you as your Headmaster.

Father Hart hands the sword to Drako with a smile on his face and nods to

the other boys and then walks out the door. \* \* \*

**Chapter Three: The Ancient One**

D rako and Raphael track the witch's trail using one of Solomon's devices. An enchanted cylinder similar to a compass, the compass   
opens up with many half circle golden rings inscribed with many seals and symbols.. It's able to seek powerful dark energies . They approach the the woods edge. The witch is only a few paces ahead of them speaking in dead tongues into a well.

Raphael whispering to Drako. "This is it Drako she's distracted. Use our brothers combined powers and plunge that blade into her blackened heart." Drako nods and focuses the power of the enchantments upon the blade. He approaches behind her as Raphael stays in the tree line. She seems to be speaking to a being from beyond the rift in the well. Something with one of the enchantments must be translating the conversation into Drako's head.

Witch: I wish to be reborn from you my master, with my second life containing the most powerful blood to have ever existed.

Entity: you are not worthy of my blood. You are not worthy to be my spawn.

Witch cries out a fierce echoing howl.

Witch: but why, have I not spread the chaos in your name.

Entity: no you have only done so in your own name. But this one with I feel his agony his pain. He, yes this one I will make my son.

The Witch confused at first quickly turns around to see Drako standing behind her steady with a blade tip pointed at her. With the Witches last words "you, how? Impossible!" He thrusts the enchanted blade into the witch creating an implosion of energy.

The implosion exploded directly after with an electric blue shock wave hitting a 30 yard radius around the point of the swords tip. The blast of energy was from a bearer protection the witch had placed on her own heart.

The seven seals of Time. This seal once struck with a holy artifact sends out a pulse that freezes every being within a thirty-yard radius. Raphael, Drako, even the Witch, Ill informed of the seals real power was encased in time. Frozen in electric blue crystals exactly how they were the instant the blast went off. The sword however causing the blast directly fell to the ground. There is a moment of silence then from the depths of the well a giant tendril comes out and grabs the frozen crystallized Drako, snatching

him back down into the well through the rift.

On the other side of the rift Drako is set down on a destroyed chunk of planet floating in space. A Purple gaseous fire pulsating around it. The cracked earth seeping with a bright orange molten energy peeking through the reddish black crust. Giant talons step in front of Drako's frozen body. Entity: you will make an excellent destroyer.

With this the Giant winged Entity grabs up Drako with his massive clawed hands. The Entity flies off into the voids of space.

\* \* \*   
Back on earth weeks after the incident at the well. The Keepers, the secret order that had trained and used The Blades of Solomon had sent out a scout party to search for the Knights. Only finding death and destruction. Once they got to the well they had found the witch and Raphael frozen in place.

No sign of Drako to be found. The order created a giant metal gate   
inscribed with protection seals to cover the well and imprisoned the frozen witch into a vault with similar protective seals only found in the deepest archives from King Solomon's temple.

The best alchemist, priest, and other mystics bound by the Order of the Keepers researched ways to unfreeze Raphael from his imprisonment in time. All the while consciously aware of his surroundings. The Sword had been placed in a secret canister. The canister sealed into the stonework of the monument dedicated to the Blades of Solomon, hidden in the temples bowels.

**Chapter Four: Wild West Wolves**

Y ears went by, The order of the Keepers had to become more and more scarce and more and more hidden from the world. The Blades of Solomon. Only became legend to new orders of hunters. Then a myth. The year now is 1879 the secret order had stretched far over the world still small in numbers they have managed to keep members hidden amongst local law enforcement and soldier regiments still hunting the fowl beasts that lurk in the night feeding on innocents. The original citadel buried over time as they moved and broken the headquarters around the globe.

Raphael's now enclosed in a casket in order to not draw suspicion, he was sent to the Americas. The grand expansion to the west held interest to the order attempting to gain knowledge of the spirit worlds from the native tribes. Cornelius Cassidy part of the order of the Keepers was given such task as to keep watch over the casket and cover as a traveling Undertaker.

Cassidy rides his stagecoach due west from a small railroad town. His destination. The Jornado de Muerti (the journey of death), near Fort Dodge. It has been some time since the Comanche and Kiowa tribes attacked the settlement, Cassidy's ambition to communicate with the tribes took this as an opportunity to possible developed some truce. The travel is long and the days are hot. The attire of an undertaker does not bode well against the heat nor does the lack of water. Because of this he has to venture off trail every couple days to find a stream. As horrible as the heat was during the day he had an unsettling feeling in his gut. The nights when he camped he could feel multiple presences watching him through the tree lines. By the third camp he had set he no longer had just suspicion, with his training with the Order he knew he was being hunted. A pack of skin walking werewolves had picked the lone traveler often camping off into the woods as an easy meal. But a wiser wolf of the pack cautioned the others. He could smell the tainted blood from Cassidy's seals etched with blood of werewolves, vampires, harpies, and chupakabra . Knowing he was being hunted,   
Cassidy rode off straight for Dodge city without stopping.

Finally arriving to the town , the sun has barely started to peak from the horizon. Dodge city was less filled with homesteaders and more so with gamblers, saloons, traders, and ladies of the night.

First step into getting set up with his cover was to see the sheriff's office.

Cornelius Cassidy disheveled from the ride with his unkempt facial hair, his dirt riddled black garb, and wide brimmed hat enters the sheriff's office. A small pair of barred cells are directly ahead and off to the left the Sheriff sits at a rickety chair behind his desk with his feet propped up. It seems that Cassidy's entrance had just woken him from a light nap.

Sheriff: Damn son, where'd you come out of. Looks like you've been stranded out on the trail too long.

This also woke up the heavier set man sleeping in the cell directly ahead. Man: what, where am I?

Sheriff: hold on Jimmy, I'll getch'u out of there in a moment.

Jimmy sits up and holds his head in pain.

Jimmy: OW! what in hell happened.

The Sheriff stands up and situates his belt.

Sheriff: Now I told you already Jimmy to hold on, we got a stranger. Cassidy: I'm the new Undertaker, Cassidy Cornelius. Look I've been on the road for sometime , I would like to bathe and get settled in. You should have already received my recommendations explaining that I provide all necessary trades with the profession. Hanging, Burial, plot digging, corpse examinations, and basic Coffin carpentry. In return for room and board. The Sheriff unlocks the cell and lets Jimmy out.

Sheriff: You drank a bit too much again, may have to apologize to Rose as well. But, for yer ' early release help out our new Undertaker here with his equipment.

Cassidy and Jimmy head out front and start to unlock a compartment off the front of the stagecoach.

Jimmy: haven't seen anything like this before. Didn't even know you could store things here let alone a coffin.

They get it open and pull the casket out. The coffin is ornamented with intricate design work laid with different metals and crystals. Jimmy blows out a big whistle in amazement.

Jimmy: I can see now why you wanted this baby hidden.

The two shimmy across the street to the saloon Jimmy heading backwards.

Rose Is wiping glasses at the edge of the bar near the stairs. She is an attractive woman with fiery red hair that already seems to be fed up with the day before it had started.

Jimmy: if you don't mind stranger , I need a second.

Cassidy: By all means.

Jimmy licks his palm and pushes his disheveled hair slightly less out of place and hikes his pants to a more presentable level. He starts to walk towards Rose.

Rose: And what in the Hell do you think you are doing back in here this early after last night?

Jimmy: sa sa sorry miss, it's just maybe I got a bit to full of it last night and and ... the Sheriff sai -  
Cassidy cuts him off: I believe what the man is trying to do, miss, is Apologize for getting drunk and disrespecting you.

Rose: oh yeah, well don't let it happen again or else.

Jimmy: Yes mam ' ! I won't, I swear.

Rose: good, wouldn't want to waste good whiskey on that ugly mug of yers twice. Now who's this dark handsome voucher of yers you got dragging that contraption through my bar.

Cassidy: Names Cassidy, Cornelius Cassidy mam' and I'm the new Undertaker.

Rose: Nice to meet you, names Rose.

Cassidy nods and they continue to load the coffin into the room.

Cassidy: I need the local gun smith.

Jimmy: sure sure , you’ll find his shop just down the ways to the left.

Cassidy digs into his pocket and pulls out a gold coin and hands it to Jimmy.

Cassidy: you mind tending to my horses and stagecoach there’s another one just like it.

Jimmy: Sure, Sheriff probably make me do it anyways Cassidy heads out of the room to Rose.

Cassidy: where could I get a bath and my cloths cleaned .

Rose: well I could run you a bath. It’s going to take some time to heat the water up but if you head back through that door behind the bar in a couple hours I can have you all cleaned up just hang yer cloths on the rack next to the tub and I’ll find you something to wear while yer cloths dry.

Cassidy: Thank you mam ’ I’ll be back.

Cassidy makes his way to the gunsmith. Entering the small shop a desk is directly in front with a wall of rifles, shotguns, and revolvers behind a well dressed dark-eyed slender man wearing a leather apron. The man would pass as a banker if not for his blackened rough leathered hands.

Gunsmith: well what can I do you for stranger.

Cassidy: I have a weird request but I’m willing to pay. I need as many silver rounds for this colt and this rifle before sundown.

Gunsmith: Hmmm well I don’t have much for silver around.

Cassidy grabs a small satchel bag from under his coat and empties it on the counter. Silverware, tea cups , coins, candle stick holders, and jewelry pour out of the bag.

Cassidy: I could bring this to the blacksmith first if it helps.

Gunsmith: well stranger I’m also the blacksmith so I can smelt this right down, silver is pretty soft for a round. I got to ask why silver?

Cassidy: Trust me it’s best you don’t know.

Gunsmith: Alright man of mystery. I’ll get to work.

Cassidy gets back and heads to the back room to get cleaned up. After his bath he cleans his clothing in the tub and drapes them on the line in the room. Around the corner Rose walks out in a sheer robe.

Rose: I’m sorry Cassidy, Cornelius Cassidy. But I just couldn’t find any extra clothing at all for you. Looks like we are just going to have to find something to do while yer cloths dry.

She drops her robe… afternoon now the sun has already peaked and has started on its coarse to dusk. Cassidy now dressed and kind of cleaned up, heads out to the gunsmith while Rose basks in her radiant glow. He enters the shop and hears rustling in the back. Cassidy pulls his bowie knife out.

Cassidy realizing he never did get the name of the gunsmith just yells“Gunsmith?” to the back.

Gunsmith: Yeah! I’ll be right out.

The gunsmith comes out to the desk sweat running down his brow.

Gunsmith: you know you could just call me Luke. Saying Gunsmith all the time seems odd. And since I keep calling you stranger what’s yer name. Cassidy: it’s Cornelius Cassidy, but most just call me Cassidy. I’m sorry for the in-formalities but my request has an urgency that could jeopardize the town itself.

Luke: Well Cassidy, for such short notice I was able to produce thirteen of the forty fours and the rifles more powerful cartridge, the forty four forty extended caliber bullets could only make five.

Cassidy with a big sigh starts loading his guns. The small pack tracking him had already set up in the nearby woods. The small group of Comanche Lychons followed their alphas lead without question but the elder of the pack knew something was not right and attempted to sway his alpha. Elder: something is not right with this hunt Chief Tseena .

Chief Tseena : Mua, you question my decision?

Mua (elder): I feel it in my bones, he is not of just man. He now is in a town filled with armed men.

Tseena : those men know not of what we are or how to stop us. And he looked and smelled human enough to me.

Mua: if it is your wish to continue the hunt I advise we wait till he leaves the safety of numbers.

Tseena : \*growls\* fine we will keep watch on him from the outskirts. If he

even takes a piss on the barrier of the town we grab him.

Mua: As you say Chief Tseena .

The pack consisting of five not including the elder Mua and the Alpha Chief Tseena separate and hide in the surrounding area.

\* \* \*   
Back in the gunsmiths shop.

Cassidy: okay, I need to get out of town. I'm looking for a small tribe to the west. They are a peaceful tribe that focuses their concerns to medicine and spiritual healing.

If you know any trackers or anyone that could help me it would be much appreciated. Cassidy empties out a pile of gold coins onto the desk. This is for the ammunition and the rush on my special request.

Luke: hold on here, you seriously going to stand there and keep me in the dark?

Luke grabs five coins out of the pile and pushes the rest back to Cassidy, Cassidy looks up at him cockeyed and questioning.

Luke: That's all I'm charging you for yer order, and I'll take you to the tribe. I actually have a small trade set up with them.

Cassidy gets excited.

Cassidy: that's great news Luke, could you draw me a map?

Luke: not so fast big guy, I have two conditions. First I'm coming with you, and second you tell me what's really going on here.

Cassidy: fine but it will have to be on the go, I'm endangering too many by staying in town after dark. Grab supplies for the travel and whatever silver utensils you have.

Luke: back to that silver again. Alright alright . I'll grab my gear. Meet you out front in 10.

Cassidy waiting patiently out front of the gunsmiths shop keeping an eye out into the darkness for any glinting eyes. Luke comes out dragging a small wooden crate.

Cassidy: what in the Hell is that?

Luke: Black powder, sulfur, copper, and about 3 yards of wax coated wick. They sure love messing with fire and small explosions. I can't just show up empty handed. They would only expect me to come for trade.

Cassidy: fine let's head out. I'll stick close to yer left flank as you lead the way. Keep a very close look into the distance. You see anything and I mean anything you crouch down and hold this.

Cassidy hands Luke a seven inch long dagger made of silver.

Cassidy: carefully place that where you can get to it easily but be wary it's sharp.

Luke: got it.

Luke starts walking to the stables with his pack and crate Cassidy behind him with a small sling pack and his satchel under his long coat. Luke slips the dagger into his belt on his right hip.

Luke: so you guna ' tell me what it is we need to injure with all this silver?

Cassidy: were-wolves... well Lychonthroped skin walkers from a nearby Native tribe I suspect. I notices them hunting me before I got into town. Luke: did you just say were-wolves?

Now on the stables they start to ready their horses for the journey Cassidy: Yes, now let's slowly but steady get out of town.

They get to the edge of town Cassidy spots a set of yellow eyes glint of the moons light in their direction. Cassidy with his voice lowered significantly Cassidy: They are watching us right now. Keep calm and trot like we didn't notice anything. I want to see how many are around us before we act. But when I give you the signal I'm going to hop off my horse after handing you the reigns. Take them back to the stable and stay out of sight with that blade I gave you ready in hand.

Luke: are you sure you just haven't been out on the trail too long it could be a pack of coyote.

They finally get to the edge of town towards the trail.

Cassidy: just be ready and do what I said, I spotted five converging ahead just waiting for us to get away from the towns lantern lit windows.

Luke : what ever you say, haha .

With his chuckle three beasts jump from the woods galloping like an ape running on all fours towards them. Cassidy rears up his horse   
simultaneously pulling his rifle and taking a shot at the one on the right just winging it's left forearm. Cassidy rides parallel to Luke and hands him the rope.

Cassidy: that was the signal.

He jumps off his horse and rolls off to the shrub. Luke wide-eyed in disbelief snaps him self out of it and heads straight for the stables.

The three are almost onto The spot of the commotion the injured beast limping slightly still not slowing down much. Out of either side of the surrounding woods two more come out and start to chase down Luke. Cassidy stands up with his rifle steadiness in his breathing he takes the shot at the one in the middle and lands it between his eyes. It falls like a small avalanche of rocks stuck in a canvas bag. Tripping the injured one.

The Lychons to the left still at full speed towards Cassidy he goes to aim then notices the two closing the gap on Luke. He quickly changes his focus to one of the others and ^ BLAM!^ another goes limp to the ground

flipping and rolling in the direction of its sprint. Cassidy drops the rifle and pulls his colt and twists to aim at the wolf pouncing in the air over him ^BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!^ it's massive corpse falls onto Cassidy pinning him to the ground hes able to barely aim at the last wolf chasing Luke ^ BLAM!^ he hits its shoulder making it flail backwards as Luke gets safely into the barn. the injured wolf now circles Cassidy on the opposite side of where he can shoot his arm stuck under a massive hairy leg. Growling and howling. .. off in the woods Mua the elder restrains the Alpha Tseena from charging in.

Mua: watch Tseena ! He is no normal man.

Tseena being restrained by Mua from the edge of the woods unseen by Cassidy. The wolf Cassidy was able to get in the shoulder claws at the barn doors. The arm wounded wolf still circling Cassidy waiting for his Alpha realizing that Tseena is not coming in for the kill prepares his pounce. Cassidy closes his eyes and under his breath speaks a tome. A slight light could be seen under his sleeve. The wolf pounces into the air Cassidy's eyes open ablaze in red fiery he tosses the wolf to the side and fires the remaining two rounds in the cylinder into the chest and head of the wolf jumping over him. He quickly rolls out of the way picking back up his rifle he charges the barn. And fires the round into the back of the remaining attacking werewolves head.

Mua: You see   
Tseena : What magic is that that gives him such strength?

Mua: None that I have seen without great sacrifice like our own.

Tseena : We stay to the shadows he must think we are all dead, I must feed on this one. I want his power.

Cassidy kneels until the energy passes through his veins. Once he simmers down he raises his head, stands up brushing the dirt from his clothes and hat. A hint of red lingers in his eyes and an aggressive hungry look   
overwhelms him. He makes it to the barn prying it open still infused with the strength from the seal he activated. Only meaning to find Luke to make sure he is safe, he accidentally strides swiftly through the stables to his location like a shadow hovering over Luke from behind his shaking crouched position.

Cassidy: Hey   
The quite echoed voice of Cassidy frightens Luke. Luke jolts up shaking the silver dagger clenched in his hand.

Luke: JESUS! You scared the shit out me Cassidy. What the hell was that. Were-wolves are fucking real!?!

Cassidy: We need to go now, I need to hunt as soon as we get a ways into

the woods away from this town.

Luke: What's the rush, you stopped those things right? Plus if yer hungry we can pick something up in town.

Cassidy: I need something fresh, and it's not safe for others with me around right now. And I'm not convinced we got all of them. None of them seemed to take control. No Alpha barking orders. The only reason I'm taking you is because I need a guide. Make sure you keep that blade close.

Luke: Why are you acting so aggressive all of a sudden ? You've already told me about the werewolves what arn't you telling me now.

Cassidy: On the trail. I'll indulge you then. ...

The two all packed and riding out of town pass the corpses of the wolves that seem to be at different transformations closer to human than the wolf form they were. Luke starts to ask why but gets cut off before acquiring. Cassidy: I'll explain that too. YeAAA !

Getting the horse to a gallop, they start on the trail only to be stalked from the shadows.

Chapter Five

**Chapter Five: Unwanted Changes**

C assidy and Luke trekking the trail lead by Luke. They enter the wooded passage and Luke anxiously rides parallel to Cassidy. The red sky starts to peer up from the darkness of night. Birds can be herd chirping in the trees.

Luke: Soooo , You going to explain any of that?

Cassidy: Lychons ... umm, Were-wolves, after they die they regress back to their human form.

Luke: and what about.. you know, this new attitude.

Cassidy: the order I belong to... very specific members that hunt the evils that men pretend to not exist, we empower ourselves with the blood of the supernatural beasts we kill. We create seals of summoning their power into the flesh. And I activated a power seal I had engraved into my arm from a powerful Vampire lord. We train our body and mind to hold back from the beasts aggressive nature. The seals also help keep the creatures blood from a full take over . But this time I believe the blood is doing more, I need to feed.

Luke: Holy shit, what next you going to tell me chupakabras are real too. Cassidy: They are, hunted one three years ago.

Cassidy stops and signals Luke to halt. A deer peaks out into the clearing. Cassidy slowly lowers down off of his horse and starts to sneak towards the oblivious deer. Prowling just out of sight and low to the ground he gets about 10 feet away before the buck notices him. Only a couple seconds go by but in that amount of time Cassidy sees the world almost as it is   
standing still and leaps into the air. The deer starts to kick off the ground.

Cassidy tackles the deer midair and rolls to the ground as it tries to buck free he digs his teeth into the side of the deer's neck. He drinks until it stops struggling.

Luke: holly Jesus! That just ain't right.

Cassidy wiping his mouth clean with his sleeve. Walking back to his horse.

Cassidy: yer right, the seal should be holding those urges back more. ...

Luke and Cassidy ride further down the trail Luke less talkative than before. The two Lychons lurk just out further down trail in the woods sniffing out the path the Undertaker and the Gunsmith have taken.

The two lychons stop and investigate the deer. Mua turns the deers head to reveal the bite wound on it's neck. He looks up at Tseena with concern. Mua: He is a viper.

Tseena and Mua are about half a day or more behind. .. day starts to break.

Cassidy and Luke can see the red and orange sky pierce through the speckled openings in the leafy canopies overhead.

Cassidy: time to sleep, nothing should bother us during the day and it seems to be the hottest day in October I've ever experienced.

Luke: yer kidding me right? It's cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.

Cassidy and Luke set up camp near a large canopied tree. Luke takes advantage of the soft moss covered ground and sits down ready to rest. Just past the ridge a mile back the two were-wolves change back into their human form and find shelter in a nearby cave. Just as they start to lay down the sun starts to make its way higher into the sky spraying intense beams of light through the speckled openings between the leaves.. One catching Cassidy on the hand. It sizzles and starts to blister open while catching a blaze. Quickly rolling away from the beams into the shade of a tree he pats out his left hand with his right.

Cassidy: FUCK   
He pulls up his sleeve noticing a tare in his leather. He finally pulls it up to see a thin scratch through the seal he had used.

Luke: what in hell is going on?

Cassidy: I… I, used a seal that was broken… the power of the Vampire I engraved my flesh with now curses me. You… you should not travel with me any further Luke. It isn’t safe anymore.

Luke: safe anymore? Like it was ever safe.

Cassidy: just do one favor please gunsmith. Help me dig a hole. I need you to bury me… How far are we to the tribe?

Luke: oh great we get a new Undertaker and I not only have to do his job but I have to do his job to him. Man I wish the boogy man shit never reared it’s ugly face to me. I don’t know how I’ll ever get a lick of sleep ag-Cassidy cuts him off.

Cassidy: the Tribe, is it close?

Luke: it’s about half a day west on the other side of the crick’.

Cassidy: I wish you wouldn’t have told me that. I wanted to know if I was safe distance away from them. Well it doesn’t really matter now I guess. I should at least finish this mission before I end my life. I should be able to hold it together long enough to do that if I feed on the way. Seems to be plenty of wildlife.

Luke: I guess I better start digging. Wouldn’t suppose you actually brought any tools of yer trade. Well fake trade I guess.

Cassidy: . . .

Luke: nope didn’t think yuh did.

Luke starts to dig the ground with Cassidy under the cover of the tree, cutting away roots with their knives as the claw at the ground. Hours go by and they finally get a hole big enough. Cassidy rolls into it and Luke packs him in. As Luke pats down the last layer of earth with his hands he notices that most of the day has past and the sun has already due west. He packs up the gear onto Cassidy’s horse and holds onto the reigns as he gets up on his spotted paint.

By this time Tseena and Mua have already awoken and have made their way back to tracking Cassidy when they notice Luke riding towards them in the distance down the trail.

Tseena : alright, this one is week. We will take him as prisoner to lure out the other. We don't even have to worry about shedding our skin to do so. Mua: I’ll start setting the trip line.

Mua sets low running rope from tree to tree along the path keeping it ready to pull taught and with support from the trees that it could trip a horse. The rope resting on the path is covered by loose leaves and dirt. Meanwhile Luke still trying to comprehend the night he just had is not paying much attention to anything.

Luke: Well I guess that’s that. Either someone slipped me peyote last night or werewolves and vampires exist and I hel -  
Mua pulls the rope as the horse crosses the path forcing it to stumble down into the dirt flinging Luke to the ground as Tseena jumps from his perch tackling Luke as he starts to stumble upward.

Tseena : Not a word. Do what I say and you won’t suffer.

Luke: Alright-  
Tseena back hands Luke.

Tseena : I said, Not a word.

The two force Luke to bring them to the un-expecting Undertaker, however Luke instead thinking quickly on his feet, leads them towards the small village that Luke and Cassidy originally traveled outside of town for. He makes sure to play up his stupid card and keeps pretending to lose his way.

The half day travel turns into an all day hike. Dusk starts to set and the wolves start to become hungry and more aggressive with Luke. Cassidy awakes from his grave and begins to dig himself free.

Tseena : This is enough! You have dragged us around for to long. You bring us to the white devil now or I'll make you beg for your death.

Luke: I swear we are close. It's across this field a small hike to the crick .

**Chapter Six: Wisdom Across a River**

C assidy brushing the earth of his clothes starts to walk towards the small village. His body aches with the hunger for the blood of the   
living. His heightened senses let's him easily track the wildlife in the fields and woods. His superior speed, reflexes, and strength allowed him to effectively catch game on the sprint to the village.

Mua and Tseena holding Luke near the edge of the creek. Cassidy hears the heart beats before he even enters the woods.

Cassidy: Damn it Luke... I said head back.

Tseena becomes more feral and starts to growl and grunt more than speak.

Tseena : I don’t see \*growl and huff\* the man \*huff\* you are bringing \*growl\* me to \*growl to a bite snapping close a couple inches from Luke’s face\*   
Tseena starts to transform towards the end of his yelling. Cassidy now quietly sneaking through the shrub to shrub still too far to act but he needs the stealth advantage the wolves could kill Luke at a moments notice, especially if startled. They out power him when at full transformation and he knows this. He hasn’t feed on human blood nor has taken the blood of an innocent person. The vampiric blood that now runs through his veins and grants him his power is like a thirsty demon that grows stronger the longer it exist and the more it feeds. The blood of man gives this “demon”superior benefits in regards to its power as well as its power over the host with its madness and hunger. Now when this thirst gets quenched by innocent blood like that of a child, the vampiric “demon” has practically taken every last bit of humanity the host once had.

Cassidy knows all this from his studies with the Order and also knows it is inevitability that one day the “demon” will win. Just like the Werewolves, anger can bring the beast /”demon ” within forth. Mua backs further away from Tseena , the elder wolf not even attempting to transform starts to notice his Alpha is no longer fit to lead and has no pack to claim.

Luke: Alright Alright you got me, haha what can I say?

Tseena : you can scream for him!

Tseena slashes across Luke’s chest. Luke belts out a cry of pain. And Tseena winds up for another slash. Cassidy finally in range darts our from the shadows, into a full running forward kick into the hip of Tseena . This

forcing him backwards to the ground about 10 feet away. Luke tosses the silver knife to Cassidy. By this time the nearby tribe has gathered on the creeks ridge to see the commotion.

Tseena spears Cassidy snapping and biting at his head. Cassidy dodging the attacks while wiggling backwards to get enough space to use the knife. Tseena grabs onto Cassidy’s shoulders digging his claws in deep. Cassidy’s eyes flare up red and with one swift move he thrusts the blade into the heart of Tseena , killing the wolf instantly and flinging him off of himself. He then darts at Mua kicking him to his back he puts the knife to his neck. The Chief steps forward and crosses the creek.

Chief: woah woah woah … there is no need to kill anymore. I can see that a devil possesses your soul but what good would come from killing a dying old wolf full of wisdom and no pack to claim. To kill him now? When the only guidance the new pup needs can only come from him.

Cassidy: my order has taught me plenty of lychons .

Chief: and I’m sure they had taught you much on the curse you now bare..

tell me, did that knowledge do much for you now? As much as someone else’s experience and knowledge of how to restrain and keep oneself from letting the monster within take over? Because I see an angry snake about to take the life from an old wolf who had not shown his teeth.

Cassidy pulls the knife away and sheaths it. Keeping his boot on his chest. Cassidy: Do I have to worry about you old man?

Mua: I have no fight here. Tseena had pushed us too far for his hunger of human meat.

Luke: ummm Undertaker, I think I might need a doctor.

Chief: we can help . Pick him up and follow me.

Inside a large tent Cassidy, the Chief, Mua and four other tribesmen sit around Luke’s resting body. The Chief takes a green mixture from a bowl he has been grinding with a rounded stone. He packs Luke’s wounds with it and then picks up a large pipe. He takes a large puff out of it and blows it into the wound. He takes another large hit and inhales, passes the pipe to Cassidy and gestures him to do the same. The pipe makes a full circle and the chief starts to chant. Everyone except the Chief and Cassidy are dazed and relaxed, dozing in and out of consciousness. The Chief looks over to Cassidy.

Chief: it does not effect you like it would if you were still mortal man.

Cassidy: And why does it not effect you as much? The Chief smirks Chief: it takes much much more for me to get the same effects anymore. Haha.

Cassidy: so the reason I’ve actually sought you out is that my Order had

heard that you have knowledge in supernatural curing that no others have. I came to ask you to ride back to Dodge city.

Chief: What would I benefit from this   
Cassidy: I have a lot of silver. Oh and you get to see black magic that’s been active for hundreds of years.

Chief: Fine, I’ll come with you. Your friend needs to rest here. I see the old wolf has seen the errors of his ways and would be best suited to watch over him as he heals. But first we must cure your weakness to the sun.

The Chief grabs the bowl from inside the tent and crosses the creek again.

We walks over to Tseena body and pulls his knife and slits his neck   
pouring the blood into the bowl. He walks back across the creek to Cassidy. He picks the bowl over his head and chants at the moon.

Chief: Bare your chest and drink from this bowl.

Cassidy does such and hands the bowl back. The Chief then dips his finger into the blood and scribes a symbol onto Cassidy’s chest then a line just under his eyes from check to check over his nose. The Chief places his hand just in front of Cassidy’s face.

Chief: Close your eyes.

With a couple words the chief sets the blood on fire. Cassidy yells out in pain and Chief pushes Cassidy into the creek. He emerges with red scars where the blood marks had been.

Cassidy walks back into the tent.

Cassidy talking to Mua: Me and the Chief are riding out for Dodge city. Can I trust you to take care of Luke? He has to know what he will become next full moon.

Mua: I will watch over him and teach him of his new life once he wakes . You no longer need to worry of me, I now know my purpose and will make sure I uphold my promise.

The Chief packs his horse and they ride out for Dodge city.

**Chapter Seven: The Good, The Bad, and The Undead**

T he Chief and Cassidy ride through town. suspicious eyes follow the new Undertaker and his native companion. They make a stop   
midway by the Sheriff.

Sheriff: hey there, so went by the room looking for you the other day. You see we had a couple dead Comanches laying around the other night. Herd a bunch of gunshots and a couple horses riding off. Went to check up on everyone’s statements and the Gunsmith wasn’t in. Herd people saying they seen you two fending off some kind of wolf or bear attack? But when I checked the street further up I only found dead bodies. Natives too.

Chief: local tribe, they cover their heads with bear and wolf pelts. This man and gunsmith brought the pelts to me because Luke is good friends with my tribe and they wanted further information of why they would attack the town. Luke got struck by rattlesnake on the way to our village and now rests in my hut waiting to recover.

Sheriff: well that sounds all good and everything but it seems like I should be the one heading up the investigation. Not the Undertaker.

Cassidy: it was late and was already heading that direction. I needed the Chiefs assistance. He knows a recipe for masking the smell of rot from cloth.

Sheriff: OK OK , so do we need to worry of another attack?

Cassidy: no, it was a small tribe that lost their way long ago.

Sheriff: well you might want to buy Jimmy a bottle, he took care of the bodies for you while you were gone.

Cassidy: I’ll be sure to thank him.

Cassidy and the Chief tie up the horses and head though the bar to his room. Getting a bunch of mumbled comments and judgmental eyes. The two finally get to the room.

Cassidy: it’s right over here.

Cassidy walks over to the coffin and starts to move cylinder on top.

glyphs on the lid start to rotate and shift on their own. Chief: What is this? Cassidy: it’s a coffin, crafted in the late 17 th century by monks and scribes. It can pretty much withstand any physical damage and can repel any spell or spell meant to seek it out. But it’s what’s inside this baby I need yer help with.

Cassidy opens the coffin and a slightly hunched staring Templar night Raphael is frozen in an electric blue crystallized cocoon.

Chief: the energy radiating off of this is from something g very ancient. I need salt, charcoal, a snake, and firewater.

Cassidy: I’ll be right back with   
Cassidy walks back into the main part of the tavern. He finds Jimmy and walks up to his table and tosses 4 gold coins onto the table.

Cassidy: Hey Jimmy I appreciate you helping me out like that with the bodies is there any chance I can get you to go get me a few item ?

Jimmy: oh wow, yeah I can help you out.

Cassidy: good good , I need a Snake and a sack of salt.

Jimmy: a snake?

Cassidy: and a sack of salt, thanks jimmy. I knew I could count on you. Cassidy leaves a baffled Jimmy and walks up to Rose.

Rose: so mister vanishing act. What can I do for you?

Cassidy: Hey Rose, I need a bottle of fire water. And a glass of water. Rose: didn’t take you for the firewater type.

Cassidy: I’m not but my Chief friend is.

Rose: OK Cassidy, you going to come by and help me later then?

Cassidy: Sure Rose, after I get the Chief back to his village I’ll make sure I swing back in for another bath.

Rose just smiles and goes behind the bar and grabs him the bottle .then pours a small glass of water from a pitcher. Cassidy nods to Rose with a smirk and walks over to the fire place . He grabs out a small chunk   
emptying the glass onto it putting the fire out on the piece. He gets back into the room to wait for Jimmy and hand off the Firewater and charred wood to the Chief. The Chief takes a mouthful of firewater and spits it onto the crystallized   
Templar. Then swig back one for himself. He starts to draw on symbols over the crystal she’ll with the piece of charred wood. Mean while Jimmy is out back kicking weeds and turning over rocks. He finally finds a rattle snake and pins it down with a stick. Grab in it by the base of the head he struts to walk to the local shop..

Jimmy: one bag of salt.

Shop keep : Holy hell son. What are you doing with that rattler.

Jimmy: it’s for the undertaker. He didn’t say much about it. It   
Shop Keep: here son just take the bag and I’ll send him the bill. Careful with that now.

Jimmy knocking at the door inside the tavern. Cassidy lets him in and takes the bag of salt from him and sets it on the bed. The Chief takes out his bowl from his sack and sets it on a small table end. The Chief then gestures to Jimmy for the snake. Taking the snake by the back of his head he forces the

snakes fangs over the lip of the bowl extracting the venom. He then cuts the head off of the snake and starts to drain the blood onto Raphael. Walks over to Cassidy and has him drink the rest out of it.

Jimmy: what in the…  
Cassidy: it’s a ceremony Jimmy, try and stay quiet.

The Chief fills his mouth full of the venom and the sprays it over the crystallized Raphael.

Chief: Awaken! The energy that flows in you belongs to this world. Let the trees once again breath from you, let the rivers share it’s water, the animals partake in the natural order of the hunt. Awaken back to where you belong child of the land!

With the speech the Chief raises his palm and slams it down on the center symbol on Raphael. In a sizzling trail of sparks the coal drawing flare up.

The shell around Raphael cracks and falls to the ground. Raphael bursts forward.

Raphael: DRAKO!!!

Chapter Eight Broken Curse

**Chapter Eight: Broken Curse**

I n the depths of what used to be the guarded catacombs of the Orders citadel, behind a sealed vault. Horrifying cackling rings out through the empty halls. Dark shadowy tentacles ooze through the cracks in the layers of stone.

On the other side of the galaxy in a floating chunk of destroyed planet an egg submerged in molten lava holds Drako. The Entity’s dark conversion had yet to cause any change to Drako because of the electric blue crystal shell that held him in time. Raphael can feel the bond of all of them free from the curse.

After some time of attempting to calm down the medieval knight un full armor with the assistance of the newfound vampiric strength of Cassidy (that did not help as much as it should have compared to Raphael’s), the Chief using “calming smoke” from his pipe, and Jimmy being flung across the room every time he got close. Raphael simply pins Cassidy under his steel boot, head buts the Chief, takes a seat and stares at Jimmy.

Raphael: I need a drink…. Well what are you waiting for!

Jimmy runs out of the room to fetch a brew. The Chief shakes his head back into consciousness and takes a seat on the other side of the room. Raphael looks down at Cassidy.

Raphael: where am I and how far am I from Knox’s Farm?

Cassidy: What farm? You’ve been frozen for two hundred years.

Raphael: that long… I lost track in that coffin.

Cassidy: You, you were conscious?

Raphael: Awake the whole time, unable to even sleep. The others too, I could feel the bond over then break when mine did.

Cassidy: Others? But the order told me that you were the last Blade of Solomon.

Jimmy comes running in with a pint of ale and a bottle of whiskey.

Jimmy: here here you go sir.

Raphael takes the pint and chugs a large couple gulps from the mug, picks his foot up off of Cassidy and gestures for the whiskey.

Raphael: I need food as well. (With that Jimmy hands Raphael the bottle and runs back into the bar. He takes a swig of the whiskey and coughs a little with a grin.) Well that’s not mead, haha . You are mistaken, there is one more. Drako is still alive. But I see you are no longer the boy that I remember

Cassidy: Drako? Like the original leader of the Blades of Solomon. The scriptures tell that he was never found   
Raphael: It is because he was never found I assume. I can't explain how but That Curse bonded us three. Me, Drako, and Witch could almost feel what was happening to each other. Not in any clear or description manner. But when that she - beast devil of a hag got locked away I could feel her anger and defeat. Something much more filled with fear, hopelessness, and despair rushed over me from Drako. Where ever he is I'm afraid that is far to distant than anything we can fathom.

Cassidy: Sooo we give up on him?

Raphael: I said no such thing. I will dedicate my life to finding my brother in arms, my commander. But we have much more immediate concerns. Chief: What concerns?

Raphael: That crazy bitch is awake too. The only thing she wants for this world is chaos and darkness. She worships entities that feed off of the tragedy of war.

**Chapter Nine: No Thanks**

D own in the depths of the abandoned catacombs, The Witch has already forged new minions to start rebuilding her empire of   
darkness. Using her dark powers from ancient entities like that of leviathan she warps together her servants from what is available to her. Homeless men, women and children fused and mangled together by twisted black tendrils and dormant demonic energies with rats, ally cats, and mangy hounds.

The abominations work like a hive . The smaller rodent, feline, children tunnel and gather an assortment materials while the bigger fat cat, mutt, beasts reinforce and equip the catacombs with workstations, forges, and cages. She sends her least altered of the horde; These spider , crow, feline, women covered in rags. They stand in alleys exposing one or two of their human looking legs as they cry for help. like vicious sirens luring lost sailors to their deaths, except what's waiting for these concerned citizens is worse than death. They are kidnapped and placed into cages, most used to feed the horde. The few others left that have enough fight in them are altered specifically to be soldiers. Her hound men go out into the streets sniffing out any creatures of the night extending an olive branch to any that will join and death to those that wont .

One of the Hound abominations has tracked down an odd revenant walking into an opium den in a red light district. The revenant looks fairly human if it wasn’t for his ash coloration that fills his skin, irises, and hair. Wearing a dirty black long coat over a military vest, an ascot and grungy white cloth dress gloves.

The revenant sits into a draped off room with tapestries and blankets. Three others lounging piles of pillows and two topless prostitutes prepare their pipes for them. Revenant gestures to one of the ladies of the night. She brings over a long bamboo pipe and lights it for him.

Revenant: I need booze as well, strongest you got.

She leaves through the cave like entrance of blankets and moments later you hear a scream and animal like snapping and chewing of a beast. The hooded hound creeps into the entrance and the Revenant stands up. One of the other patrons stumbles up and attempts to run past and is greater with a slashing four inch claw from the left hand of the beast. The other two

unable to move or be aware of what is happening the beast approaches the revenant.

Hound speaking in a rough growling accent.

Hound: I come to extend an invitation from the Obsidian Witch of Death.

Revenant: Who the fuck? Yer ugly mug just scared or killed off my beverage mate.

Hound: A war is coming. Creatures of death will annihilate the men of this world.

Revenant: Sorry, the only thing I’m buying is alcohol and drugs.

Hound: you refuse?

Revenant: Uh, yeah. Now take a walk leave me be.

The Hound beast stabs him I’m the chest with the same claw from before. The revenant looks down and the hole in his chest.

Revenant: Thanks mate, a big fucking hole in my body. Fuck off.

The revenant pushes the Hound man back. The creature growls and slashes into his neck almost taking his head clean off… almost. The body falls to the ground and a foggy well dressed apparition of the Revenant still standing. The best slashes a couple more times at the ghostly figure just passing right through with each swing.

Revenant: I said FUCK OFF!

With the shout the ghostly figure becomes demonic looking and a burst of energy forces the creature backwards to onto it’s back. Before the creature can get up the floating phantom lifts a broken pane of glass from the far corner of the room, just by gesturing to it. He then gestures his arm over the Hound and a thrust downward. The heavy glass pane acts like a guillotine, taking the creatures head clean off. The Revenant ghostly projection goes back into the body it released from. Stands up with his head lopped to the side barely attached.

Revenant: Well fuck.

He puts his head back into place and wraps his ascot around his gash and over his head in an attempt to keep his head on. He also grabs up the severed head of the hound creature into one of the blankets and heads out the door.

Chapter Ten

An Old Fashioned Ritual

**Chapter Ten: An Old Fashioned Ritual**

B ack in Dodge city the odd combination have acquired each others company. A supernatural hunting 16th century knight, a Native Chief with abilities over life energy, an old knowledgeable last of his pack werewolf, a gunsmith struggling with his recent werewolf undertaking, and a Vampire gunslinger undercover as an undertaker. strategies on how best to handle the imminent danger of the Witches rise. Cassidy reaches out to the order by performing a seance on the Order's summoning amulet that acts like a direct communication line to the headquarters.

Order Seer: We are seeing you Agent Cornelius.

Cassidy: Please, Cassidy works just fine.

Order Seer: Well, Cassidy. What progress do you have of your mission. Any new magics or knowledge to be brought into the fold.

Cassidy: We did it, Raphael has been freed from his curse.

Order Seer: ...sorry it sounded like you said Raphael has been cured? Cassidy: Yeah, but we have bigger problem .

Order Seer: Please hold agent, Director Mage Perkins is requesting a direct line with the both of you..

Ambient music starts to chime in as though played with what sounds like echoes from harps, steel pans, and clinging of brass tubes in an elevator esc manner. After five minutes the music dissolves.

Order Seer: Agent Corne- I correct myself, Agent Cassidy, You are to draw the Orders Seal upon ground with glass shards then with the final piece you are to cut thy hand and bleed into the center. Be warned the summoning will bring a much more life like representation of the Director.

The team goes to work smashing bottles and sprinkling them in the design from the pendant. Cassidy and Raphael hunched on the ground.

Cassidy: So I was thinking about what you said.

Raphael: And?

Cassidy: And, You were awake when they showed you to me? I was so frightened of you back then I never even considered opening the casket again until I found the cure to the curse. But you were awake the whole time and I, I just left you in darkness.

Raphael: you would be surprised how much I can figure out just by listening in on the world from this box, for the past… two hundred years

you say. I seen something grab Drako from the well. We need to consult the Keepers. Or the Order. Or whatever they claim name to now .

Whenever we end the Witch I plan on finding him, he would do the same for me.

Cassidy: My entire training and mission has been, since I can remember , was to find a way to restore the last Blade of Solomon from his curse. I thought that meant getting you free, but now I know there’s still The last Blade of Solomon is still lost somewhere. You can count on my help.

Finally the last shard is to be placed and Cassidy slices his finger and squeezes it into the middle placing the piece into place.

The seal starts to flicker then his blood starts to smoke up into a dark gray cloud and dissipates.

Cassidy: Why didn’t it work?

Raphael: Let me try.

Raphael picks off a shard from the design breaking the seal, he slits his finger and then places the piece back. Squeezing the tip of his finger he drops blood into the center. A slightly brighter flicker of blueish light bounces through each piece of glass and his blood starts to smolder out blueish smoke. The smoke tarts to freckle with sparks of light until it fills the size of the seal and the height of a man. The organic cloud starts to morph into a visible Astral projection of Director Mage Perkins.

Director Mage Perkins: Agent Cornelius Cassidy, it seems that you are no longer human? This is why you were not able to summon me. We will have to have you come in with Raphael to Headquarters to further the course of actions . \* a disturbance can be noticed breaking the clarity of the   
projection \* … one moment Agent, I am receiving… this can’t be right, I am getting an emergency call to arms for all divisions… hold just where you are and keep this portal open.

The Astral projection fades back into a cloud.

**Chapter Eleven: La Danse Macabre**

T he Revenant heads down an ally only marked with a hand print in red paint. About halfway down he stops and grabs a rock next to a   
brick wall. He starts smacking it against a pit in the brick wall that looks like similar damage was done to it. After a minute he gathers up a small pile of the brick dust and starts to lay out a symbol on the ground in front of a blank brick wall. The revenant closes his eyes and calmly says a tome.

“ *quod aperire ianuam , pro tempore vitae tuae et mortis.”*  
He stands up and walks through the brick wall as if it was made of air. On the other side an extravagant gateway leading into a night club atmosphere. A tall gaunt looking man greets him as he walks in.

Tallman: Welcome back Remington. May I take… your bleeding sack or coat for you.

Remington: No thanks mate, I do request a sit down with Papa Ghede . I’ll be at the bar.

Tallman: Like usual Master Stone.

He walks through the room. Devils, possessed humans, djinns, fauns, werewolves, vampires, revenants, skin walkers, pixies, witches,   
abominations, sirens, fairies, harpies, wendigoes fill the club with dance and drink. LA DANSE MACABRE is a sanctuary to the supernatural it is a magically bond club that creates good vibes, the owner of the club and it’s guardian is Papa Ghede a deity of death and ceremonies. Remington sits at the bar where the bar tender already has a glass filled of gin with the bottle sitting next to the glass.

Remington: Have one of the Frankenstiens come out I need a patch up. Now Frankenstein may be slang to most as a monster or something crudely pieced together, however amongst the dead alive underground the novel coined a phrase amongst them that ment a doctor of the dead. Kind of a mechanic to repair a corpse.

Bartender: just take it easy for a moment we have the best there is just upstairs. I’ll send a bar back up to fetch him.

After a few drinks a man in a leather apron and a suitcase plops up next to him. He slams down a black leather suitcase on the bar.

Frankenstein like doctor : so you need some repair? Other than that hole in the chest you look pretty well preserved.

Remington: yeah doc. Let me show you   
Remington peels the ascot off his wound while holding his head in place. A puddle of gin pours out onto his coat, shirt, and chest. The doctor examines him in amazement.

Doctor: how are you still able to move the rest of your body?

Remington: can you reattach my head or not doc?

Doc: yeah yeah I got this.

The doctor stitches him up and repairs his physical damage, aesthetically as possible. Remington tips him and off he goes. Most the way through the bottle a Harpy rest up next to him on the bar. She had mainly hidden away her crow like talons and feathers with flowing black silk robe .

Remington: haven’t seen you around.

Harpy: Just got into town, spent a lot of time up north. Locals caught wind of where I nested and burned my roost.

Remington: well doesn’t look like much disfiguring happened at least. Harpy: lucky for me I was busy eating their kids.

Remington spits a mouth full of gin back into his cup.

Harpy: yeah the goats just had a couple the previous year. Hehe   
Remington: You had me for a moment, I mean I wouldn’t put it past some of the customers that come through here. But I like to think La Danse Macabre lures a more ethical brand of evil to its midst.

Harpy: My name is Olivia   
Remington: Remy   
Olivia: care for a dance? Remy: Sure sweet thing.

Remy chugs the rest of his bottle and presents his arm to the lady. She takes it and they walk down to the dance floor. A devil plays a fiddle , a siren sings, and a witch doctor on a drum. A dance amongst the   
supernatural commences for hours. Eventually Remy convinces Olivia to wait at the bar with him to share another bottle. About halfway through the next bottle of gin Olivia had reached her limit of partaking of the gin. She gives Remy a good night kiss to head home but asks one more question. Olivia: So why does a dead guy find the need to drink so much?

Remy: well you notice how preserved I look. How I’m not a rotting corpse.

Olivia: Yeah   
Remy: How I don’t seem hungry or aggressive.

Olivia: yeah   
Remy: how I move just like anyone on the dance floor not like a walking stiff.

Olivia: Yes yes . So your special.

Remy: well I’m not a revenant, I’m not a ghoul or a zombie.

Olivia: Vampire! I knew it.

Remy: not a Vampire either. You see I’m a ghost.

Olivia: A ghost? But you are physically here. I just kissed you.

Remy: Yeah yeah I know. You see I died from alcoholism.. I technically pickled my body. I died In my sleep was high on opium filled with liquor and didn’t even realize I was dead. I woke on an embalming table all stitched up and ready for a coffin. I guess I just haunt my own pickled corpse. I continue to over use drugs and alcohol to keep my corpse pickled and we’ll preserved. I don’t need to sleep but I rest in a bath of alcohol now and again. Olivia: well that’s a new one. You are definitely something special Remy.

With that Olivia leaves the club and Remy goes back to finishing his bottle.

Another hour goes by and a revenant in a nice suit approaches him at the bar.

Well dressed revenant: Papa Ghede is ready for you. Follow me.

Remy stands and grabs the severed head. From his feet.

Remy: After you.

He follows the revenant up the stairs to a door guarded by a fairly large zombie. The zombie opens the door and let’s the two pass . The office is like an old study filled with ancient relics and symbols of death. A statue of a cat sits on a pillar next to the door. A pick, a hoe, and a spade sit on the wall above a throne. The large throne of black velvet and blood wood. Ghede sits in this throne. Papa Ghede dressed to the nines wearing a black undertaker's coat, a black top hat and stuff cotton in his nose and ears, black circular glasses with the right lens popped out. Dark complexion with a stark whit skull painted on his face. Ghede sits back in his throne with his leg propped up on the other really showing off his sexy black gator skin dress shoes.

Flicking open his zippo, Papa Ghede lights two cigarettes in his mouth and gestures Remington forward.

Remy: I think we might have a problem.

Remy unravels the blanket to drop the mutated man-hound head to the ground.

Papa Ghede : Looks like some ancient black magic shit. You walk your doggy a little too hard Remy?

Remy: He came to me to recruit me in some end of days war. Lead by…what was it… oh yeah the Obsidian Witch of Death.

Papa Ghede : Haha stupid Bitch try to steel such titles. Whore must first respect death before she claims names to it. But this explains why so many of the family has been moving and migrating. I don’t think it is coincidence

it is you bringing me this information my special child. You are special.

Very unique . A drunk and a drug addict but hell of fucking dancer and I love dancers, Haha. I think you may have found your true calling today. I know of an organization that needs to know about the Witch's plans. I want you to represent us, an ambassador of that not so bad, bad guys. Haha. Maybe if we help them we won’t need to hide so much from their hunters. Remy: What do you need me to do Ghede ?

Ghede : I need you to take this skeleton key. The key will fit any lock and once turned and used it will turn the door into a gateway. Just make sure you choose a door you can fit. Haha you pick a drawer and you’ll have to go through limb at a time haha . Whenever you reach the other side   
surrender and say these exact words “I am the raven that watches over” and they will respond “nevermore ” and you repeat “nevermore” if this works they will interrogate you just make sure they know you represent me and our kind and that The Dark Witch of the well has returned and is building an army.

Remy: I am the raven that watches over Ghede : Nevermore Remy: nevermore?

Ghede : see you got it, haha . Easy peasy you pickled bastard. Now get the fuck out of here and grab a bottle of shine to go. Oh and wait till you are out of my place before you use that key!

**Chapter Twelve: Calling Director Perkins**

S tatic flickers out of thin air. A couple of sequenced bursts of light bounce through the blue cloud of smoke, in a pattern similar that to a dial tone. The cluster sharpens until it makes a recognizable version of the Director.

Director Mage Perkins: Gentlemen, The witch is back.

Raphael: Well we could have told you that.

Director Mage Perkins : What, how did you find out?

Raphael: When I was freed from my curse I could feel the others released from theirs.

Director Mage Perkins: Others? There's more than just her?

Raphael: Yes, Drako is still alive.

Director Mage Perkins: This is very surprising, all this happening now. Raphael: We focus on stopping her before she acquires to much power first, then we can find Drako. From what I felt he wasn't going anywhere fast. It felt like he was imprisoned.

Director Mage Perkins: feel?

Raphael: We don't have time to explain now. We need Drako's sword. It was the only weapon that came close to hurting her.

Director Mage Perkins: From what our records show it still is encased in the walls of the old Citadel. Right under the monument of the Blades of Solomon.

Raphael: So happy me and my brothers legacy is so well cherished.

Director Mage Perkins: I'm sorry that the Order had gone through a few changes in the past three, four hundred years.

Raphael: It doesn't matter. We didn't serve to be remembered, we did what we did to rid this world of evil like that of the witch. Whats important now is getting that sword and preparing for an attack.

Director Mage Perkins: Agent Cassidy, I need you to gather the coffin and any supplies you may need. Then you and Raphael to get to Ocracoke. By the time you make it there a ship will be waiting to take you back here. Cassidy: Oh great, just have to travel about 1,800 miles. We will get to the ship in about a week. And then who knows how long to Spain.

Director Mage Perkins: I already have an idea for a team to get the sword from the citadel. Hopefully we will have the sword back before or when

you get in.

\* \* \*   
Four days ago, Madrid, Spain. Deep below the Fallen Angel statue in a secret bunker. A burst of amber light rims the cracks just behind a closet door. Remy turns the handle and steps into a lobby of priests and men in suits. An alarm goes off and the room empties out while being filled with men in Victorian uniforms that look like a combination of military and priest outfits. All carrying engraved shealeighs . He puts his hands in the air and they proceed to close in on him.

Remy: Hey mates, I have very important information from PapBefore he can finish they all start whacking at him. Remy: I.. hey 'oof' I am- Thud A whack to the back of his neck.

Remy: I am thuhA hook across his jaw   
Remy: I am- Thunk   
An uppercut launching the body into the air backwards. Remington lets his body drop to the ground while he stays standing exactly where he was initially his as his spectral form. The guards continue to beat his corpse. Remy: You got to be kidding me. Hello?

The guards notice they are beating a corpse. They eventually look up at Remy's astral self.

Remy: I am the Raven that-  
One guard reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fist full of salt chunks that he flings at Remy. Remy bursts into streams of smoke like ambient light and forms back together on the other side of the room. He goes to hover down the hall and he finds himself unable to move forward. He then   
attempts to go backward and cannot. A lady with a light blue dress comes down the hallway to Remy. He looks up and notices a seal engraved into the marble ceiling.

Remy: A witch, seriously.

Blue Witch: How did you get in here?

Remy: I am the raven that watches over.

Blue Witch: Nevermore   
She pulls a ceramic jar from her robe and speaks in indiscernible Latin. He is sucked into the vessel.

Blue Witch: Sorceress, not Witch.

An hour later Remy is released out of the jar. He escapes out of the vessel only to find himself contained in a bigger one. A large glass box riddled with seals and tomes.

Remy: Are you serious! I'm here with important information! Just check my fucking bag!

Another couple hours pass and the blue sorceress walks up to Remington.

Blue Sorceress: We found your bag, you know the one the embalmed corpse that looks like you had in his hand. Two questions, first how did you get in this facility and two where did you find the mutated head.

Remy: Well dark mysterious and sexy, My name is Remington Stone, you can call me Remy. You honestly think I would just walks into here? I was sent by Papa Ghede . In which I was trying to tell your goons before they so anxiously beat my well preserved body!... I'm warning you now, they better of not messed up the face at all. I just had that head reattached. The head, well that ugly bastard attacked me in the middle of an opium den.

Not before he told me about the master plan to recruit all creatures of the night to join the army of some crazy Obsidian Witch.

Blue Sorceress: I see, I'll make sure your corpse is patched back up.

She starts to walk away and turns back for a moment.

Blue Sorceress: My name is Aurora.

About three hours pass and a group of the guards in same uniforms as before come out. Remington watches them drag out his corpse on a metal slabbed medical cart. A well dressed man enters the room. Most notably other than his blatant rank over everyone was a large broach pin with a glowing clear crystal in the center of a silver spearhead. He approaches the medical cart.

Director Mage Perkins: We have done some further research into your findings Mr. Stone. It checks out. I apologize for how we treated your breach into our facility but what you must understand is that it should not have been possible for you to of gained access. I will have to have a   
conversation with Papa Ghede about this as soon as we are able to find him. Wouldn't suppose you could help us out with that, could you?

Remy: Please just call me Remy, and my information was meant to be a peace treaty from Papa Ghede . No offense but it doesn't seem like you want to take very peaceful actions towards him, but before you dwell too much on his ability to gain access to your facility just think about this. He had the ability to the whole time but decided to use it to warn you, to help prevent a crazy witch and extend a peace treaty.

Director Mage Perkins: Fair enough. I am going to release this chamber and allow you to re-enter your body. Please follow my men here to a waiting room. I have so many more questions for you but first I need to finish up a call in the other room.

Remy is released and jumps back into his body. He jumps off the metal table and starts to walk with the guards. Remy looks over at one of the guards.

Remy: So any booze in this place? I could use a drink after that shite'... So whats with that Aurora bird... I think she was flirting with me a bit earlier... Do you talk? Yeah me neither, I just hate it when blokes wont stop running their mouths.

Remy does a one over on his body and notices several divots, crushed bone and torn skin.

Remy: You guys are reel Bastards you know that? I better get some repairs.

Aurora walks into the waiting room. Remy stands up from his chair. Aurora: The Director would like to talk with us.

She walks up to him and places her hand on his chest, closes her eyes and a fluttering of small blue light flickers and dances from out of her down her arm and into Remington.

Remy: Us?

Aurora: Yes, and that should fix your physical form. Just follow me. Remy: Yeah of coarse . So I see you fixed my body of almost every bit of damage. Only thing I still have is the incision on my chest from. Well you know, I was embalmed .

Aurora: Thought it was a good reminder, and I thought it added character.

They walk into the office with Director Mage Perkins sitting in a large throne at his desk with three chairs in front of the desk. The office is cluttered with relics, obscure taxidermy, and old books.

Director Mage Perkins: Come in, take a seat. As you know The Black Witch has returned. She seems to be tempting other supernatural beings to join forces with her. Lucky for us we have someone that has faced her in the past and not only lived, he and his unit had almost killed her.

Aurora: Faced her? But I thought the last time she was seen was during the 16 th century. The legend of the group called Blades of Solomon all died banishing her.

Director Mage Perkins: Well that would be the Official story released to the Library of the Order. However the classified story goes as such. The Blades of Solomon sacrificed their own lives to channel what was essentially all the ability and power they have gained over their lifetime into Drako's Sword. Drako was the leader of the group and his sword gave name to the unit. The sword was originally King Solomon's. He had started an order to hunt down and contain the supernatural creatures and demons. The   
commanding officer every generation would pass down the sword. The significance of this sword and why I'm talking about it so much you are wondering.

A knock on the door stops the conversation for a moment.

Director Mage Perkins: Who is it?

Gunnr: Tis Gunnr!

Director Mage Perkins: Come in, of coarse come in.

The door slams open. A tall blond woman dressed in ornate viking   
wardrobe, her hair is knot worked up into a Mohawk looking style shaved on the sides. She has two hand axes on her sides and a round shield on her back. Mithril silver bracers and piercing blue eyes.

Director Mage Perkins: Please, close the door and take a seat. Agent Mage Aurora and Remington Stone, this is Agent Paladin Gunnr, our very own Valkyrie.

Gunnr sits in the empty chair.

Director Mage Perkins: Where was I, Oh yeah. I was just talking about the sword of Solomon and its significance with the recent development of Th Black Witches return. You see the sword wielded by Drako himself almost slain the immortal witch. He had struck her heart, an impossible task. However she had protected her heart with a magical shield. This shield, if broken forced every living being within thirty yards into a crystallized cocoon shielded from time. Raphael, the only Templar left other than Drako was affected by this curse. Along with the witch and Drako. And our American Agent had just released Raphael from his curse. Unfortunately it seems that had also unlocked the witch from hers. This brings me to why I have you three in front of me now.

The Sword is encased inside of the wall that memorializes the Blades of Solomon. We need the sword and I want you three to work together to get it.

Remy: woah woah woah ... First off, I'm not one of your agents. Second why not just get it yourself. The memorial is down the hall I presume. Director Mage Perkins: The Memorial is in the original headquarters. Deep underground in London. We have been getting reports that a high activity of undead and other supernatural beings have swarmed to the area. We believe it is the Witch looking for that very same sword. As for you not being an agent, I thought over Papa Ghede's offer and I want you to work with us on this. Really secure that peace treaty. This needs to be done quietly without drawing any attention. A man that can go through walls, cant die, and have friends on that side of the battle field , knows the back allies and sewers of the location. Yes, you will come in handy.

Remy: And if I say no?

Director Mage Perkins: We put you back into that jar and I find a way to find Papa Ghede and tell him the deals off.

Remy: You . Are. A. prick! But it seems I have no choice. ( Remy looks to his right and then to his left) at least I'll have attractive company.

Gunnr looks down at Remy and gives him an intimidating smirk with one brow raised. You can read her face as if it was chiseled in stone. It reads as if she's saying “foolish little man, I would destroy you”. Remington reads the look very clearly, his cheesy smile goes to wide eyed scared puppy. He moves his gaze along with his look towards Aurora. She is giggling and rolling her eyes because of his ridiculous behavior.

DMP: O.K. Enough, time to start taking this war seriously. Because that is exactly what this is. War. You have about fifty-five days to train before the rest of the team arrive. Once they arrive, you all suit up and then your off for another four days till' you arrive in London. So with this time, we will use it very wisely. Gunnr your going to try and train these two in combat training, Aurora quick defensive hand seals, and Mr. Stone will start to go over the lay of the land, strategic place markers, valuable assets, I want you three to have won this battle in your dreams by week two. And Gunnr, you will be happy to know, we found Themeg Skovron. We have brought him in on a special contract to work you guys up some new wardrobe and armor.

Gunnr: Aye, his father Forged the spear I sacrificed to end the life of a rampaging Juggernaut, the very same Juggernaut I had Themeg smith this Helm from.

Gunnr takes her helm off and shows it off to Remington and Aurora. They politely look at it and nod but however have very little knowledge of what they are looking at and why. The new team of three get up and are directed to their new quarters.

Chapter Thirteen High Seas

**Chapter Thirteen: High Seas**

C assidy, Chief, Raphael, Luke, and Mua ditch their two canoes on the inner banks of Ocracoke. Only Cassidy and Raphael are   
expected for the voyage however. They start to walk across the island to the port. Cassidy starts to tell the story of Edward Thatch and the mark he made on this very island.

They arrive to the other side to be greeted by the Orders Navel command units, all dressed in long slick black coats, and sharp angled hats. A Silver emblem of a Trident skewering a serpent on their left chess and right shoulder like a badge. The unit commander approaches with three soldiers with trident bayoneted rifles.

Unit Commander: Woah, “ If we can’t wake up to the fact that deep down inside we are good,   
Cassidy: then we deserve to remain asleep dreaming we are evil.”  
Unit Commander: O.K. So you are our guy, Agent Cornelius Cassidy. The Director said just two of you. What the Hell is this?

Cassidy: First off It's sir to you and Sir Cassidy. You trained you to reveal operatives full names out in the field in front of unfamiliar travelers?

These men have been deputized by me, making them your superiors as well.

Unit Commander: The Director said their may be some preliminary   
proceedings to discuss your placement amongst the Order when we arrive. Cassidy: That's just fine, but until that time I will remain at my earned rank until someone with the proper authority tries to strip that from me to my face, do you understand me soldier?

Unit Commander: Yes Sir, this way to the crafts sir.

\* \* \*   
The Voyage was a treacherous and long voyage. Storms out at sea in the middle of Atlantic Ocean, would have torn most ships in half. Luckily the vessel was bound in runes and protective seals in its hull. Cassidy took the opportunity to spar and share combat techniques with the crew and his new acquired deputies. Raphael had a field day attempting to train the lot in sword combat, almost as much fun they had watching him fire a rifle. Back at the bunker Gunnr jumps out from behind a wall into the mess hall spearing Remington to the ground. His Specter form floats behind them and

he does four quick gestures of geometry with his hands and a flicker of blue sparks causes a brisk wind to strike Gunnr's back frosting it in little Ice Crystals. She Stands up and flexes her back breaking off most of it. He dives back into his corpse and kicks Gunnr in the pelvis. She catches his leg with her thighs and shakes her head at him with a smile. She swings downward at his head stopping her Hatchets edge on his cheek.

Gunnr: We need to find you a weapon.

Aurora phases out of camouflage. And hovers over to the two.

Aurora: Good improvement on your frost sign. Next time focus more on the dampness not just in the air but from her skin.

Gunnr: You make a good training partner Remy, half the time I get to fight a training dummy, haha .

Remy: Laugh it up, maybe I need something with a little distance like a large stick or a lance to fight you at a reasonable distance. How do you leap a rooms length in one stride?

Gunnr: No no no , I have much better idea for you.

\* \* \*   
The Citadels ancient core now riddled with nests and barracks. All the creatures from the initial mutants the Obsidian Witch forged from street children and rats to families of Were-wolves, ghouls, Harpies, Trolls, and Demonic beings, All, are marked with slightest bit of the darkness the Witch still had hidden within her. Her power running low as she depletes her supply of ethereal darkness into her soldiers. She sits in a throne constructed at those who would not join her. Lethargic and weak. With a big gasp of breath she screeches out “GORK!” A stumpy pig faced imp approaches her side.

Gork: Yes my queen?

Witch: I need more children.

Gork: For soldiers? Should I gather Stray dogs too?

Witch: No, I need to eat their hearts. I have grown weak and now I must feed. After I regain my strength we will open a gateway to unlimited power and I shall never grow weak again! So, Children!.. NOW GORK!!

He scurries out of the core of the catacombs of which she made her thrown room. As he scurries past rows of undead, mutant rat children, gremlins, he starts to spread the word for the Dark Queens hunger.

Her armies take to the streets at night abducting any children out after the sun has fallen, killing parents if necessary, breaking into homes. The streets of London have been deemed unsafe after dark due to the mysterious killings and abductions. A strict curfew has been put into place and only police and military are now allowed outside during nightfall.

Back in the catacombs there is a new addition down the cavernous hallway.

A cage filled with about two dozen children crying and screaming, Dark Witch: Another, I need Another heart!

Gork walks up to the cage with a chain and two large guards, a blind werewolf, and an undead troll. A large thorny looking skeleton key hangs right under his pot belly gut on his belt, just out of sight from his own eyes. The troll opens the gate as the werewolf enters the cell scaring the children against the inside walls of the cage.

All the children are frozen in fear. Except for two, brother and sister. The children of a magician street performer that specialized in having his kids do the “ Second-Sight ”. Now this trick is meant to fool the audience into believing in the magicians ability to read their minds, tell the past and future. What it actually is , is the detailed oriented perception and study of the crowd. The Magician has his two children study each individual , listen in on conversations while they wait in a staged waited lines , Bump into them to search their pockets, Get close enough to smell if they've been working in stalls or drinking in pubs. They use advanced perception, deduction, and investigative principles, like little Sherlock Holmes. The Husher twins Made sure they focused on every bit of detail every step of the way, no matter how intense, horrifying, or cruel.

Now that these twins are about to suffer a fate at the will of the Witch, they go to work. Absorbing every last bit of information in order to plan an escape from their eminent death. Louis and Sybil Expected the Werewolf to come in just as he has the past three times now, they expected the   
oblivious undead troll to obey his commands to the word, and they   
expected Gork to come in with his chain and collar. Sybil feigned falling to the ground weak. Knowing Gork would go for the weakest of them he slaps the collar on her as Louis inches to just behind Gork, Sybil slips the key from its ring and it drops to the earthen ground. He drags her out. Louis snatches up the key without notice. He quietly sneaks out from the cage leaving the gate open he gestures to the others to get out and run. He climbs to the top of the outside back section of the cage and whistles. The Were-wolf stops and sniffs the air.

Blind were-wolf: The children are leaving.

Gork: WHAT!?! Go after them, Lump Head, you too. GOOO! Not you little one. The Queen gets your heart. ' he licks his lips' then I get to pick whatever I want before I send your lifeless body to the butcher.

The two grunts pass by Louis on the cage down the catacombs halls. He scales down the bars his shirts off and wrapped with a knot held I his hands. Quiet but steady he gets right up behind Gork.

Sybil: You wish, you ugly monster.

Louis Throws his sister the key and wraps the shirt around Gorks head. The knot lined up perfectly to gag Gork. Sybil gets out of her chains and   
knuckles the jagged skeleton key in-between her index and middle finger. Louis nods to his twin sister and she nods back. Gork starts to overpower Louis as he starts to get dragged from his footing. Sybil leaps right into Gork with a series of rapid jabs to his abdominal and doesn't stop hitting his abdominal from multiple direction until Gork falls to the ground. The gag falls out of his mouth as both Sybil and Louis hover over Gork.

Gork:.. uuuggh ... yoouu ... littllle ... basterdss ...

With his dying words he goes limp. The twins recalling the path they had been dragged in , easily avoid being spotted on their escape. First they have to try and save the other children scattered around the citadel. Tracking the clumsy troll footsteps speed them up their lost time. The troll has thirteen of the kids huddled together in the mouth of a fork in the path. Sybil and Louis have the following conversation in sign language.

Sybil: How are we going to kill it?

Louis: Maybe we don't. He is slow. He acts. He doesn't think.

Sybil: Oh, I see. The wolf will come back with more kids. We wait. Let him do the work. Then.

Louis: Then we trick the Troll into squishing the blind wolf.

Sybil: OK. How to trick. Wolf is fast. Smart. And smells us.

Louis: I run ahead, make him angry. Make him mad.

Sybil: how? He will eat you.

Louis picks up a stone from the ground tosses it in the air and catches it with a smile on his face. They hide out behind a busted pillar and wait for the were-wolf to bring back every last child except one. The were-wolf leaves to go find the last one, second to last in his mind. After The were-wolf is no longer visible the twins give a confident nod back and fourth .

Louis runs ahead and Sybil chucks a rock at the back of the head of the zombie troll. Louis takes no time to get to work. He chucks a rock at the were-wolf from the other end of the room he finds the last child in. swiftly running from corner to corner shelf to pillar to stone sarcophagus, flicking stones and running. Now with the last kid safely with Louis as the blind were-wolf jumps around the room trying to find the cause of the stones. Blind Were-Wolf: Who's doing this!

Louis only replies with a whistle leading back to the fork.

Blind Were-wolf: I'm gunna rip you apart.

The blind were-wolf charges down the hall after the whistle. The troll has put some structural damage against the walls charging after random

directions for the cause of the rocks. Just as Louis runs behind the Troll Sybil slides between its legs and yells out. “Here you frog lickers!” and rolls out of the way as the were-wolf pounces onto that spot. The Troll Spinning around and slamming down his massive fist downward onto the bottom half of the were -wolf, crushing him. Just mush and flaps of fur from his navel down. He violently almost uncontrollably from the   
confusion and pain, he savagely bites and tears at the closest thing. The thing being the Zombie troll. Both the troll and the were-wolf slowly fall limp in their piles of unrecognizable chunks of flesh, fur, and bone. The Twins gather the children and make their escape.

Bringing the children back to the police station. The officers believe the kids were under some kind of forceful need to lie in order to protect the serial killer.

Chapter Fourteen No Time to Waste

**Chapter Fourteen: No Time to Waste**

R emy wakes to noise down the hall. To lazy to get his body out of bed he drifts out of his body phasing through the halls until he   
sees Cassidy, Luke, Chief, Mua, and Raphael lead by a dozen soldiers. A very interesting gang he thought to himself. The lights start to click on and everyone starts to pile into the briefing room. Remy decides to drag his body along to join them.

Director: Alright Agents, and others... We are on the verge of a full invasion non of you have ever seen the likes of, that is with the exception of Sir Raphael. One of the Original Blades of Solomon members. Him along with Cornelius Cassidy and was an American Agent specializing in retrieval of new magics and personal protector of the casket that Raphael was frozen in. You two will be joining Agent Mage Aurora our lead specialist in Fae and light magics. Agent Paladin Gunnr expert in combat. Oh and an actual Valkyrie. Last and least we have Remington Stone local guide, and revenant.

Cassidy: I see you didn't state I am an agent, not was, is. And the rest of my team.

Remy: Yeah, and I'm not a Revenant I'm a-  
Director: ENOUGH! First off Cornelius, The order does not recruit supernatural monsters into its ranks. You are lucky we need you right now but after this mission we are going to detain you with your friends that we will be researching a way to extract the curse from all of you.

Chief: I have already found methods to help Cassidy. He is not like the monsters you know. The Wolf pup maybe unstable but with my help and Mua's lessons of control he wont harm anyone.

Director: Alright, I know your not familiar with how the chain of command works, but what the leader says, goes. And I'm in charge here and it is not up for debate.

Chief: I am very familiar with how leadership and commands work. I guess where I come from you listen to those wiser than yourself no matter how high you sit on the hill.

Director: I had enough, bring these men to their new quarters and start getting the Sword excavation team ready. Skovron get these guys familiar with their new armor.

A short Stocky man with a graying beard comes out from behind Gunnr's hips and moves to the front of the room. You can tell hes been working up until just now as his fingers are blackened and he still has on goggles and an apron made from a large reptile or basilisk. Themeg Skovron: Alright, this way follow me.

Skovron pulls out Remington's body armor and mail.

Themeg Skovron: So you all have been fitted, you two had measurements taken on the ship I worked with so I' sorry if they're not as precise as the measurements I would've taken myself. Now first is your mithril/hydra scale flexible under armor. Minimal engraved Damascus heavy armor plates for your chest, neck, shoulders, pelvis, legs, and arms. All the pieces should lock into each other and stayed sealed unless you command it with your personalized tome. Now come up and grab your new gear. Once you've figured out your word just say the word you've come up with is the secret to my protection and I will protect it. For example if your word was Unicorn. You would say, Unicorn is the secret to my protection and I will protect it.

The newly forged team of misfits walk up and grab their custom armor sets. Cassidy swipes his up and walks up to Director Mage Perkins.

Cassidy: So who's in charge of this mission?

DMP: Agent Mage Aurora, will be taking point.

Aurora: Shouldn't the agent with specialization in recovery missions take point?

DMP: Yes an “agent” should. Unfortunately it looks like we recently lost our specialist to Vampirism of all things. Now MOVE OUT!

Cassidy: If I'm not an agent, why am I on this mission?

DMP: Just like Mr. Stone here. You will get paid your dues when the sword is recovered. As far as the Order is concerned you are just a paid mercenary.

Cassidy: I demand a fair hearing with the council.

DMP: You will demand nothing! We will determine your usefulness after we evaluate your actions of this very urgent mission. Now move!

Outside Ricardo Bellver's Statue of the fall of Lucifer. The Order had Duke of Fernán Núñez Commission this fountain as a secret entrance into the new Order home-base. The team all suited up in their custom armor, split off into two groups and enter armored black carriages. Gunnr, Raphael, and four soldiers in one. Remington, Aurora, Cassidy and three soldiers in the other.

Remy: Wow, you guys take a little travel serious .

Some ways into the ride and Gunnr leans in towards Raphael. She starts to

whisper to him.

Gunnr: Your brothers rejoice in Valhalla.

Raphael: I believe your mistaken , My brothers were not northmen . Maybe they rejoice in Heaven?

Gunnr: Valhalla is the “Heaven” for warriors. In Valhalla they drink from endless casks, eat from ever regrowing roast, and to fight with no concerns of their lives to be in jeopardy.

Raphael: Heh, that does sound nice. So a real Valkyrie? How did they manage to bring you into all this.

Gunnr: I fell in love with a mortal. I had a choice, I chose him. I could no longer serve Odin and was stranded on this world. I had never met such a mortal before and I had collected many warriors for Valhalla. He was a great slayer of beasts. When he passed I expected one of my sisters, as the only time I got to see them was when a warrior destined for Valhalla would perish by my side. So I waited for them to collect him. To my surprise the AllFather himself came for him, he also wanted me to come back. I told him how I've found purpose in hunting the monsters that destroy life on Midgard. So he smiled, kissed my forehead and told me that I could come back when I'm ready. But it was not the full truth. The Demon that killed my lover had still walked the plains of Midgard. My thirst for vengeance had led me to tracking down any possible lead of what could be him . About hundred years later I must have tracked the same lead the Order had got wind of. The lead was to a Vampire nest. I made quick work of the Nosferatues . The Order must have been impressed. Been hunting, tracking and killing with their resources since.

Raphael: Stuck on this world as an immortal.

Scratches his chin.

Raphael: My beard hasn't grown at all in the last couple months since I've been freed from the curse.

In the other carriage traveling behind the one Raphael and Gunnr have their conversation in.

Remy: So after we get this sword, I know this place. It's real nice. Maybe you would want to accompany me to .

Cassidy: Oh shucks, you really fancy little ' ol me like that? Aurora chuckles.

Remy: I, I meant Aurora.

Cassidy: I know who you meant. Let's keep focused on the task at hand. Remy: The Director doesn't seem to be to happy with you.

Cassidy: He's angry because I'm no longer human. The whole Order is obsessed with the idea of eliminating the supernatural they hadn't taken the

time to see the world isn't so black and white. We could benefit so much more from working alongside the supernatural against greater evil.

Remy: I got the feeling he didn't care too much for me either.

Aurora: I agree with you Cassidy. I wouldn't possess the power I have if it was for the fae I leave offerings for. However I can honestly say I did not believe I would see the day that a Vampire and two Were-Wolves would be escorted into the home base peacefully and willingly.

After five days time the carriages stop at private docks at Raphael helps Gunnr out of the carriage, you can almost see her blush through her flawless skin. Cassidy notices and walks up to Raphael.

Cassidy: Well look at you being all chivalrous.

Raphael: I am a knight, and she is a beautiful angel.

Cassidy: Just be careful friend, I'm one hundred percent sure she could take this whole team in a brawl.

The black vessels are crewed with the Orders Poseidon units. The seven men bearing their signature trident emblems. Help load in the Sword of Solomon's recovery team. The ships manifest as it heads to London reads as such.

Down in the makeshift throne room, the weakened Witch starts to throw a tantrum yelling out for all her mutated minions to shiver in terror to. Dark Witch: Where are my hearts Gork!

A demonic creature approaches with the dead body of Gork in his arms. Dark Witch: What is this? Go now!, check the children!

The wretchling comes back shaking his head.

wretchling : All gone, Lump and Wolf dead now too. Childrensss nowhere. Cage open, nothing inside.

The witch howls out a terrifying screech as she slashes downward with a backhand. Decapitating the little demon with a single blow. Her blackened raptor like nails rip through his neck like a sharpened Scythe sliding across a taught piece of parchment paper.

Dark Witch: GUARDS!

Near twenty human adult sized beasts of different supernatural creatures come marching in through the catacombs halls. All wielding crudely forged halberds, they look to be fabricated from old cemetery iron gate fencing.

Dark Witch: You two, start to gather troops, You four, find our best blacksmiths and carpenters, I want a vessel built to take us to Norway. The rest of you stay guard by my side, I can feel the energy of one of the knights... he must be coming to finish his mission.

Chapter Fifteen   
 Dirty Dozen   
T he ship arrives in the Thames at dawn. The Naval Commander Dunbar gets through all the clearances and anchors at the docks. Everyone now outfitted with Poseidon trench-coats and tricorn hats over their armor, with exception of Gunnr who chose not to wear the hat and instead carries her helm under her left arm, and Cassidy who has his personal hat and duster and poncho on over his armor.

**Chapter Fifteen: Dirty Dozen**

Aurora: Gather around, Poseidon Unit continue as with the ship as though we are not even here, Commander Kinsley, you and your unit stay here and prepare the arsenal. As for the rest of you, Our first priorities are to gather information on how we might be able to find a way into the old citadels lower levels. Any information about supernatural activity especially violent activity may be able to lead us to the witch. Raphael and Gunnr ask around the docks about any “monster” activity or anything out of the usual.

Cassidy, what would be your first priority of action.

Cassidy: I always check in to the local sheriffs office.

Aurora: Alright Remy lead the way. The three of us are going to the Sheriffs office.

Remy, Aurora, and Cassidy walk into a very crowded and busy Police station.

Officer at the front desk: Just one moment, any serious crimes to report please wait over against that wall with the rest. Come back tomorrow for any lesser than murder to report, maybe we will have time for you then. This city has gone mad the last couple months.

Cassidy walks over to the crowded wall.

Aurora: Cassidy, what are you doing?

Cassidy: We are not going to get anything from the officers so I'm asking these witnesses if anything they encountered may have supernatural ties. The side wall is packed with injured victims bleeding, crying, and huddled against it's cold brick. Aurora notices a group of about 20 children huddled in a corner. The children are being calmed by two raven haired kids. She walks up to them as an officer is talking with a priest about the children to the Orphanage.

Aurora: Hello, my name is Aurora, may I ask why you are all here?

Some of the children could be heard loudly whispering to each other.

“ She's beautiful” “no more strangers”  
“Is she our new mother?” “ I think shes an angel”“I miss my mommy” “don't eat us”  
The twins sign to each other Sybil: Should we tell her?

Louis: I don't know. What if shes another witch.

Sybil: She looks nice   
Louis: Your just saying that because shes wearing your favorite color. Sybil: No she isn't my favorite color is yellow, your favorite color is blue you silly head.

Louis: Oh yeah   
The Officer finally notices Aurora talking with the children, and directs his attention but for a moment to her.

Officer: Miss, I advise you to keep some distance from the children. We found them in the sewers.

Back at he docks Gunnr and Raphael meet back up at the boat.

Raphael: Anything significant?

Gunnr: A few bragged about big fish they had caught summers ago but nothing “monstrous”. Some did say how bad it is. The Thames have run dry of fish, as though something is scarring away the fish. How about you, any old weathered men spin embellished tales of their youth?

Raphael: I guess I wasn't so lucky, couldn't seem to get much from them. From what I gathered however one swore he has seen black ooze seeping out from the sewer grates.

Gunnr: While we wait for the others to get back, would you like to join me. I'm going to sharpen my axes.

Raphael: I would enjoy honing my blade with yours.

The two sit side by side sliding wet-stone down the edges of their weapons rhythmically together, like a small orchestra. long sliding smooth grind ending with a ting that resonates in the air like a tuning fork, paired by a swiping short grind tinging off with a deeper shorter tone.

*Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting shrrr -tong shrrr -tong*

*Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting shrrr -tong shrrr -tong*

*Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting Shhhhhhheeeerrrr —ting shrrr -tong shrrr -tong* Then in the distance you can hear an American accent yelling   
Cassidy: So now we just pick up children like we would a stray dog?!?

Aurora: They know where the witch is, they know the paths through the sewers to the bowels of the Citadel. They can stay safely on the ship with the Poseidon unit. They were going to an Orphanage that didn't have enough beds for half of them, considering all that you still believe I made the wrong decision to take them under my care?

Cassidy: I ain't no child care service, what do we do with them after the mission. You cant just say your going to care for two children then not care for two children.

Remy: Calm down mate, if ye forgot, shes the one in charge here, not you. Aurora: Gentlemen please, I know what I'm doing, thank you. And I intend on raising these two as my own back in Madrid.

The team plot out their decent into the sewers using the collective intelligence they gathered. The twins information seemed to be the best way in. Their elaborate description of everything, where patrols walked,

nests and barracks to avoid, ignored channels, grates, and trenches. Most importantly, where the Witch spends her time. The Sword of Solomon recovery team consisting of a hodgepodge group of a dozen , gather outside a city sewer grate just near the edge of a cemetery. Ten out of the dozen wearing their long pointed tricorns and slick black coats look like a murder of crows or an unkindness of ravens hovering over a corpse. In this   
instance the corpse being a steel grate supported by a forearms length of stone block.

Field Agent Foster: We have gunpowder back on the ship.

Aurora: Absolutely not. The last thing we need is the attention of the guard, police, and the witch. The twins managed to squeeze in here and was able to get twenty children out from the deepest parts of the citadel without gaining any unwanted attention. The gunpowder goes for your rifles and pistols as well. Unless we absolutely have to by that I mean we are being swarmed. No one is to fire a shot. Quiet as possible.

Commander Kinsley: And how do you imagine we proceed then? Aurora looks back at Cassidy.

Aurora: Any ideas? Specialist adviser.

Cassidy: Use your issued bayonets, dirks, and and daggers. Blades will be the most quiet if we can get the jump on any in our path or if their patrol can risk our discovery.

Aurora: And the grate ?

Cassidy: Beats me, Cant you use some kind of spell?

Remy: Not to interrupt but I could go in, see if the tunnels lead out to a more accessible entrance. In the mean time why not have the giantess pry at the bars. This be a sewer grate in London mates, not the banks vault. I'm sure they don't schedule a masonry check up .

Aurora: Alright gentlemen and Gunnr, you heard the private contractors. Remington come here.

She takes her crystal pendant off and hangs it around his neck. Does three gestures of different geometric signs with her hands and then touches the crystal. Remington's eyes and the crystal simultaneously flare up electric blue for a brief moment .

Aurora: Now as long as your physical body wears this pendant we can communicate over any distance whether you in your body or out. Just touch the crystal and think of me. Talk as though I'm right in front of you. An astral version of the crystal will now travel with you.

Remy smiles at Aurora walks over and sits against the wall. He repositions himself for a good few minutes then leaves his physical form. He hovers over to the grate and looks back at his body to see if its alright. It stays

where he left it right up until the second he turns to phase through the grate and it falls face first to the ground.

Remy: Fucking... Shit!

Aurora: Remington Stone.

Remy: Sorry about the language beautiful .

Aurora: I can give a shit about the cursing. Keep your voice lower.

Commander Kinsley orders the troops to start prying at the bars with Gunnr, two of them help prop Remington's body back up. Cassidy finds a stone bench next to a blossomed rose bush and takes a seat. Fidgeting through his coat pockets and belt pouches he pulls out a circular tin, a couple of matches, a Bowie knife, and a corncob pipe. Placing the pipe in his mouth, he then reaches over and plucks a pedal from a rose. opens his tin full of tobacco and flips the lid over, placing the pedal on the inside of the lid. Then takes his knife and starts to run the blade across the pedal in long parallel strips, cuts three forty five degree cuts across turning the pedal into a the consistency of confetti ribbon. Emptying the lid into his tobacco he shakes it up with the lid on for a minute. Opens the container again and sits it next to him. Pulls the pipe out of his mouth and into the tobacco tin.

The other hand taking pinches of the bouquet of tobacco and herbs he pushes into his pipe with his finger tip . Once its packed tight to the brim he slides two matches across the benches surface. A couple of puffs forcing the flame into the chamber of the pipe. The browns, greens, tans, and pinkish red char up and change to black, grays, with glowing red. A couple of pulls with his thumb choking the oxygen he takes a long drag and puffs it out his nose like a dragon. Wipes his blade on his coat and puts the knife, tobacco tin, and matches back in their eclectic holsters.

Aurora: Enjoying our selves are we?

Cassidy: Just like to smoke my pipe hen theirs nothing better to do.

Aurora: What about helping with the bars. Or dusting off Remy.

Aurora's eyes glint with a blue glow.

Remy: I think I got us something, I'm on my way back.

Cassidy: I know bars, those ain't going to budge, even if you had a couple mares roped to it, and Undertaking is just my cover, now that I'm no longer an agent it seems I've lost the need to keep up with appearances and take care of the dead.

Remy hovers past Cassidy and back into his body. Standing up he wipes his face and pats himself clean of debris.

Remy: Don't worry mate, I got it. Don't want you ta ' have to work overtime now that yourself being a full time gig. You know? now you being dead yourself and all. You remember that right? Filling those lungs

with yer pipe like its actually doing any'ting for yuh.

Cassidy: Like your any better, wonder what the Poseidon unit would think about you demolishing their rum stock.

Remy: I have my reasons Cowboy.

Cassidy: What trying to remember how to be a fool?

Aurora: Gentlemen, Enough ! We are not going to have issue moving forward with the mission are we?

Cassidy: I’m sorry, I’m not mad at Remy, just taking my anger out on him.

Director Perkins is who I’m actually angry at. I can’t believe what he is thinking. You know how much easier this mission would have been with two were-wolves. Me, those wolves and Remy could have walked right in the front door.

Remy: Speaking of which. I found the “front door”. Found a tunnel lead up to a charnel house. Looks like it’s a hefty stone door but we could   
definitely open it. From what I gathered, the other supernatural beings she has recruited where using it to gain access down into the citadel core. Aurora: And you think it’s safe?

Remy: doesn’t look like it’s frequently used. She must have already recruited what she could from London.

Aurora: Alright team we have a new point of entry.

The team except for Gunnr walk away from the grates bars. She shoulders the bar she was working on twice then heaves on it from its base. It loosens enough to wiggle in place. She exhales a heavy snort and leaves to catch up with the others. They make it to the small stone shelter with large stone doors. Gunnr walks up and pulls open one of the stone slabs.

Cassidy: I font think those were ever meant to be accessible doors.

Gunnr: But yet the living did not take into the account of the dead and the undying.

The pile in Cassidy taking point with Raphael and Kinsley running up behind his left and right. Gunnr stays close to Aurora and Remy near by in the middle of the rest of the unit evenly staggered. After back tracking to the path the children had taken they easily navigate deeper into the sewer until finally entering the old citadels lower chambers. Stealthily they stride down dark tunnels avoiding any patrols with ease.

Cassidy: the monument should be just down this hall to the left. Looks like a goblin is hold up on a crate while some deformed creature patrols.

The patrolling mutated dog, arachnid, man twisted together with black slime and tendrils walks up and down the hall to the right of the goblin and up the hall the team hides just shy of. Cassidy falls back to report to Aurora.

Aurora: I think I have an idea. Remy, could you take over any dead body or just yours?

Remy: mine is easier to do but technically I could poses a piece of furniture.

Aurora: We wait for the creature to turn to walk away from us closest to us as possible, Kinsley and Baker take him out while Remy stays in astral form ready to jump into the body as soon as the life flees it. Hopefully it will seem like nothing happened at all. Remy continue the patrol naturally.

As soon as you reach the goblin your going to need to neutralize him swiftly. hopefully with the advantage of surprise Remington can take out the goblin with minimal noise.

Remy: I’m not sure I can.

Aurora: just remember Gunnr’s training.

They wait, stalking the misshapen creature. A few paces in front of them it turns around and starts to walk back towards the goblin. Kinsley and Baker swiftly move into position. Kinsley, dirk in hand thrusts upward into the base of the creatures skull and twists, baker thrust three times. Twice in the right side of its ribs then around and in the center of its chest. The body starts to fall limp and Remy fades through them and into the creatures body. For a moment he just stands there. Aurora opens up a conversation with her crystal link to him.

Aurora: what seems to be the problem?

Remy: not easy to move this thing naturally but I think I got it.

It starts to move just as the goblin looks down the hall curiously then noticing the creatures movement towards him he goes back to picking at a piece of rot under his thumb nail. Remy still having trouble moving the body nervously inches closer to the goblin.

Remy: I can't do it, not enough control over the body.

He continues to just walk past the goblin down the hall where the team has no visual. He only gets a few paces before the body starts to fall apart from where the black ooze seemed the chunks together.

Remy: Oh shit.

The body goes down but Remy continues to drag it forth. The goblin gets up to investigate. Kinsley signals Baker and Silvia to move in. The goblin pokes at the creatures body, the ooze now just puddles under an assortment of body parts. The torso rolls over.

Remy: Got you.

With that Remy's astral form comes out of the torso startling the goblin backwards just as Baker and Silvia round the corner. They quickly strike him down while Remy gets back to his body Cassidy was guarding. Remy

sits up in his body, Cassidy pats his back twice and moves back to take lead . They get into the chamber room that houses the statue memorializing the Blades of Solomon.

Raphael: Well well well , here it is. This forgotten chunk of stone is the last of me and my brothers legacy.

Cassidy: The order treats us like pieces in their game of war, easily forgotten and replaced.

Kinsley and his men seem uneasy talking politics about the Order they serve and choose to guard the hall while Cassidy pulls the stone cylinder from out of the monument containing the sword. He hands it to Raphael. Cassidy: Care to have the honor of breaking this open.

Raphael takes into his gauntlet bound hands, squeezing tightly he twists breaking a third of the tube off. The shiny metallic pommel glints int the minimal light.

Cassidy: Didn't age one bit, that tube magical?

Raphael: No, the sword itself contains every seal of power engraved into our flesh from every major hunt we completed.

Aurora: Good, we got what we came for now lets move out.

Raphael: We could end her, right now. These minions she has, They are nothing like what me and my brothers faced. She must be weak, unable to tap into her full power.

Aurora: We should stick to the missions protocol and double back.

Cassidy : He's right, we have her here. We have the sword here. Why travel all the way back to Spain just to have to come back with more men. Who's to say she will be here. The twins overhead her talking about going back to the well.

Aurora: but the mission... your probably right. What do you think Kinsley?

Kinsley: This is your mission senorita. I wouldn't want to piss off the director but it doesn't make a lot of sense to wast time traveling back and fourth . Going back to get what and t o slay her using this sword we have right here, by who? Raphael. I don't think we will get another opportunity like this.

Raphael: Not to mention my' lady, if that Witch completes the ceremony at the well before we can stop her, she may not be able to be stopped at all. I remember the being she was talking to, it was not of this world. It had a aura of power like nothing I've ever encountered even as far back as I was and it still on the other side of a portal... if she can gain any amount of that kind of magic...

Aurora: Okay. How do we get close enough to her? The twins said that she surrounds herself in a large open chamber at the core of this structure.

Cassidy: We stick to the less patrolled halls, stay stealthy as possible. Aurora: Why do I have the worst feeling I'm going to regret this? …Well, what are you waiting for. Lead the way.

Chapter Sixteen

**Chapter Sixteen: Assault on the Catacombs**

S warms of supernatural beasts construct a large carriage in the middle of the catacombs chamber. The wagon is pieced together   
from stone, iron, bones, the creatures sacrificing one another for building materials. The pale sickly Witch strolls around her minions creation scrapping her talon like nails across its surface dripping bits of obsidian ooze into it. She finally reaches the front of this creation.

Dark Witch: Twenty should do it.

She says to her self . Then eyeballs the crowd of minions. Then starts to pick out twenty fairly large monstrosities and has them line up like in front of the wagon. She walks up to each one and etches in a symbol resembling a hoof print into their foreheads one by one with just a drop of the black ooze seeping into their open forehead wounds.

Dark Witch: from the depths of Hell, arise through these sacrifices, my four steeds of unstoppable power. Rise *Juuug Argh ze naught.*

With that her eyes ignite with fire. Bursts of fiery tendrils burst fourth from the skulls of her marked minions. It would be almost beatific with the dancing flames if it wasn’t for the brutality of heads exploding. The bodies of the monsters start smoldering and embers can be seen glowing from inside them. Before long just glowing orange balls of Hell fire float inside rib cages. Then slowly they merge together forming four separate piles. The Witch falls to the ground weakened by the use of her magic. Random debris, chunks of the wagon, body parts, cages, and weaponry fly across the room ripping and crushing everything in the way to the glowing piles. With every piece, the piles become more and more recognizable. The team hides up in an opening in the wall unnoticed.

Gunnr: Juggernauts.

Cassidy: the witch is down. We should move in.

Aurora nods to them and they start to scale down from their position. The Witches minions have carried her to her wagon in her weakened state. Aurora: Gunnr on your call.

Gunnr nods then looks back at Raphael and the rest of the recovery unit.

Kinsley signals his men to ready their rifles and Cassidy has his already aimed in between the witches eyes. Gunnr stands up and starts to get into a run then yells out as she throws her axe into the back of a demons skull,

cracking it open like an egg. Team gets their cue and the field agents start picking off rows of demonic creatures. Cassidy’s 44-40 bullet drags across the Witches forehead and she burst upright if with nothing more fueling her but rage. Everyone rushes to close in on the witch but the relentless waves of black ethereal enhanced supernatural beasts keep them at a distance.

Gunnr hacking away and a large chunk of them. Raphael not far behind with the Sword of Solomon in hand it vanquishes the creatures to ash with ease. Remington slashing at any that get past them while the Field agents fire off in sequence to help move the line fourth .

Aurora starts to channel as much life energy as she can amongst all the death. She manages to summon a large ball of blue light. Hovering forward with it evaporating all the foul creatures caught in its perimeter. Furiously the Witch stands on the steps into her carriage.

Witch: release the front two Juggernauts from their chains!

Aurora hovering forward still starts to show her struggle and slows to a stop.

Aurora: I can’t hold it much longer.

Gunnr and Raphael charge through the opening created by Aurora’s energy. To their surprise two juggernauts are at full gallop directly at them. Cassidy fires off a round into the ankle of one, slipping it up for a moment as it catches itself loosing ground.

Cassidy: Shoot their legs!

Kinsley orders his men to do just that. The juggernauts rear up and stumble around one gears it’s attention directly at Gunner and seems to move forward regardless of its handicaps.

Gunnr: Come on you beast, I could use another trophy for my wall.

They charge at each other Gunnr lodging her axes into the top of the armored exoskeleton of the Juggernaut, unfortunately the beast pins her down under its massive hooves. The juggernaut rears it’s head up, smoke smoldering out of its nostrils as the glow inside glows brighter and the heat intensifies. It’s mouth gapes open to consume the Valkyrie. Raphael lounges forward throwing the Sword of Solomon like a spear into the open mouth of the Juggernaut. The beast kicks and bucks backwards spewing molten metal and juggernaut flesh speckles of which freckles Gunnr with burns. Luckily she’s able to stand back up with minimal injury. She grabs a Halberd from the ground, Raphael unsheathes his sword and they charge the rampant steed. Flanking each side they hack away at its neck until the head drops to the ground.

Kinsley: Out of munitions. Move fourth men! take these fowl creatures with your silver dipped blades!

The Witch screeches out for the death of one of her juggernauts and flaps into the air with large slick black wings. Remington snaps his sword downward and it unravels into a bladed whip. Attempting to keep the witch from closing in on the weakened Aurora he slashes and whips the blades at her heals. The hordes of monsters along with the other loose juggernaut charge after him. Cassidy unloads his revolver into the front legs of the Juggernaut and the field team create a human wall protecting the Blue Sorceress. The juggernaut turns and twist kicking it’s hind legs directly into the chest of Remington so hard his spirit looses his body half flight and his corpse launches near a hallway. The Witch swings a wing downward like a giant ax head cutting through the field agents like scything hay. Kinsley’s right arm is severed off next to the pile of his men. The Witch's Talon like feet split open into spider like legs, eight slender tibia and metatarsus ending with a large spiked finger on each leg. She scoops up Aurora and flings her into the open hatch of the wagon, the witch ripples in behind her closing the iron door. Cassidy reloaded fires off at the legs of the   
Juggernaut as he attempts to make his way to the wagon. The other two juggernauts still attached to the Wagon rear up and begin to gallop forward. The train like contraption burst fourth plowing through the witches minions and the stone walls ahead until it climbs into the streets of London.

Cassidy:NOOOOOOO !!!

Gunnr and Raphael flank the last Juggernaut but Raphael is caught by a kicking hove knocking him to the ground. Gunnr hacks off a leg with the halberd and the beast falls head first . Cassidy reloading as he runs up its snout standing on top of it's head, he fires off the six rounds into the base of the skull and the fire in its eyes flickers out. Kinsley bleeding out and in shock pulls at his men’s bodies looking for any sign of life. Remington's body lies where it fell in the opening of a hall, his Astral form nowhere to be found.

Cassidy: Fuck!.. Kinsley!

The horde follows behind their master as a large marching caravan, except for a handful of blood thirsty creatures waiting to eat the dead. A couple surround Kinsley and his unit. Cassidy moves with supernatural speed and cuts them down with his Bowie knife. Gunnr and Raphael finish off the rest of the scavengers.

Cassidy: Kinsley, snap out of it.

Kinsley: Their all dead... my soldiers, I hand picked them. Recruited them myself. Most just simple men trying to hunt specters n the woods when I found them.

Cassidy: Your bleeding out, we don't have time for this.

Kinsley: I led them to their deaths, I shown them true hell.

Cassidy bulls a cartridge out and bites down on it pulling and twisting it open with one hand he catches the gunpowder in the other. He does this four times pilling up the gunpowder.

Cassidy: This is going to hurt.

He pulls his flask out and unscrews the lid, sets his matches in front of him. He takes the hand of gunpowder and shoves it into the hole that used to be Kinsley's arm. He strikes the match and sparks up the gunpowder. Kinsley yells out in pain. Cassidy then pushes the flask to Kinsley's mouth and tilts it vertical , after a good moment he takes the flask and pours it into his palm and tosses it on the singed wound. Kinsley yells out again but not as harshly and you can almost make out the cursing he was attempting. Cassidy scoops up a pile of white ash and packs the wound, Kinsley faints. Gunnr: Where is Remy?

Raphael: His body lies over there.

Cassidy: He went after her. In his astral form he tailed the Witch. What about the sword?

Gunnr and Raphael walk over to the first slain Juggernaut. Kick over the top of its exo -skull. They find the sword had smelted in the juggernauts mouth but the seals still managed to stay etched through its powerful magic, even after being fully melted.

Gunnr: This is not good.

Raphael: We have two blacksmiths back at the bunker. Maybe they could forge a new weapon. The power is still very much alive within it.

Cassidy: How do you know that.

Raphael: When I gave part of myself to it, it bonded with me, my   
brothers... Drako. Legend tells that this sword was originally forged from the tip of Michael's sword that broke off in Lucifer. So the metal is special. And more important, can be reforged.

Four Poseidon units enter in through the giant hole in the wall. Led by their commander Dunbar.

Poseidon Naval Commanding Officer Dunbar: What in all that is holy happened here? We came after we heard the chaos from the docks. The city is under full lock down , the military has been sent into the streets. They are detaining everyone they can for questioning. The ships prepped and ready to go, we have to leave now.

Raphael: What about Aurora, Remy, the Witch?

Cassidy: I'll take the sword or rather the metal that used to be the sword back to Spain with Kinsley and Remington's body. Lets hurry back to the docks. You two take two horses and any provisions you need and attempt

to catch up to the witch. Maybe you two can find a way to slow her. She can't cross water in that thing.

Dunbar: the Thames are most likely going to be closed off if we don’t move now.

Chapter Seventeen Recovering From Hell

**Chapter Seventeen: Recovering From Hell**

T hey get to the ship as fast as they could hauling two bodies. As soon as they get to the ship two of the Poseidon crew help load up   
two horses for Gunnr and Raphael.

Gunnr: the Director is not going to be happy with you.

Cassidy: yeah, maybe not. But I have the only thing that can save the is situation. And I’m coming back regardless of Perkins plans for me.

Raphael: Good luck my friend. We must be going.

The two ride off down a side ally behind a fish cleaning building. The crew work fast at getting the ship moving while not trying to draw any unwanted attention.

Inside the ships medical room Kinsley is being cared for while they pack Remington body with ice. Cassidy passes by the room to check in on him. Cassidy: Sorry about the rough job, worked with what I had .

Poseidon Medic Livingston: Well if it wasn't for your crude work, Kinsley would surely of bleed out.

Kinsley: Thank you Cassidy , I owe you my life.

Cassidy: Might be cashing in on that one soon. Not sure how this is all going to play out with the Director. I have a really bad feeling about it though.

Cassidy feels a pull at his coat and a jab to his hip. He turns to see Louis and Sybil with concerned looks. Louis: Where’s the lady   
Sybil: Uhhh . Uh- rolala . Uhrororah Cassidy: Uh\_Roar\_uh … Aurora. Louis: yeah okay. Where is she?

Cassidy: The witch has her.

Sybil: But, bit she said she would…  
Cassidy: I’ll take care of you two, and we are getting her back. But we are going to need to break a lot of rules.

Louis: that’s okay me and Sybil don’t like rules.

Sybil: where are we going?

Cassidy: For now, Spain.

Cassidy puts his hat on Sybil and walks the two to a bunk for them to get some sleep.

In Director Mage Perkins's office Cassidy sits alone with the Director debriefing. The Director it’s irate but can’t even manage to put his anger

into words. He sits back in his large chair and scowls at Cassidy for some time.

Cassidy: Let me start by-  
DMP: All of them! Well at least Kinsley is here or should I day most of him! Aurora captured, Raphael and Gunnr went rouge, Remington body is here but no clue where he Astral projected off to. He might have been a spy for the Witch. This… this chunk of metal is the sword. Oh don’t let me forget you somehow managed to rope two Orphaned children into this mess.

Cassidy: If I may explain.

DMP: YOU MAY NOT!

The Director presses a button on his desk.

DMP: Come and put Cassidy in the holding cell.

Cassidy: We have Blacksmiths here right now that could forge that metal into a new weapon. It may be to late to try but we may still have a chance to stop her.

Two uniformed men with shillelaghs come into the office.

DMP: You are doing nothing to save this situation. I already have a scout team leaving here and reached out to our agents in the north. They should be arriving at the well location soon. A heavy resistance force will be there waiting. I personally head out in three days time . Hopefully those smith’s can make me something with this thing by then.

Perkins grabs the melted sword metal off the desk and the men escort Cassidy to his cell. Cassidy is placed into a cell next to Mua, Chief, and Luke. A Guard takes watch over them.

Mua: I assume that the mission did not go to plan.

Cassidy: No shit.

He turns away from there cell and starts to take an exceptionally long time for his pipe and tobacco. Making sure his tin is open and out along with his small blade, pipe, and lighter. with his boot knife he cleans it out.

Meanwhile he is actually scribbling a note with the blacked pipe scrapping on the inside of the edge of his coat. After he has his pipe packed and ready to go he slices a jagged piece off his coat and grips it in his hand. He lights up his pipe and starts to puff up some smoke. A group of three guards come in.

Guard: hey, you can’t smoke that in here.

Cassidy flips him off. They unlock the cage while he stands up.

Guard: Alright funny guy, tap it out or we forcefully take it.

Cassidy takes a big couple of puffs then a long drag. Blows the smoke directly in his face. The guard goes to grab the pipe out of his mouth and

Cassidy bobs backwards just out of reach then forcefully head buts forward obliterating his corn cob into the guards face. Blood and embers fling into the air as the guard falls backwards. The other two swing at him with their shillelaghs . Easily out maneuvering them he man handles them flinging them to the ground in the cell. Alarms sound and the room fills up with guards.

Cassidy: well what are you waiting for?

They form a line and march in like Roman legions. He’s able to fight off most of them till he makes his way to the front of the other cell as they beat down on him. Cassidy drops down to the ground slipping the piece of leather in the base of the cell. He pits his hands palm up.

Cassidy: okay okay … you win.

They drag him out of the room in silver shackles burning his flesh. Mua waits till they have left and he picks up the piece. Unraveling he see the message.

*D P WANTS TO MAKE WEPN DO AS ASK.*

*MAKE 2 GUNS. 1 FAKE. HYD REAL. PRS BRK SOON. NEED 2 GO NORTH. DSTRY THIS.*

Mua shows it to Luke. Luke nods and Mua shoves the piece in his mouth and starts to chew the leather. After a little time Cassidy gets dragged back to his cell stripped down to nothing more than his under garments and tossed back into his cell. Cassidy looks over at the other cell and they nod to him. He smiles and lays on his cot and closes his eyes with a smile.

**Chapter Eighteen: After the Witch**

I n the cab of the juggernaut driven demonic wagon. The Witch just as drained as the blue sorceress creeks her soulless stare at the terrified Blue Sorceress.

Witch: I noticed your strength young witch, hahaha . You will be the perfect conduit to help me open my gateway. You reek of Fae by the way. Annoying creatures.

Aurora: Why?... Why are you you doing this?

Witch: I will become the goddess of death, the master of chaos, succeeding every mortal from this little world. I will attain enough power to consume whole worlds.

Aurora: Why do you lust destruction so?

A knock on the iron door could be heard over Aurora’s criticism. The witch unlocks the door and opens it with one of her spider legs, another is pinning Aurora to her seat. A mutated hound man holding on the side of the wagon swings into the doorway.

Hound-man: a farming village ahead my queen. I smell children.

Witch: Good, I need to regain my strength. We take the town. destroy everything. Leave the children alive and detain them in the middle of town. Wake me when you done .

Hound-man: Yes my queen.

The Smoldering smoke can be seen over the tree lines. Gunnr and Raphael trail it till they notice it has stopped.

Raphael: Looks like she has stopped up past that wall of oak trees.

Gunnr: Good, we tie off our steeds in the woods and move in closer on foot.

Back in the underground bunker in Madrid, Spain. The twins stand outside Cassidy's Cell. Sybil throws in Cassidy's hat.

Cassidy: Thanks kid. At least I have my hat.

Louis: We could get your other stuff mister, real easy to sneak past these blubbering fools.

Sybil: Yeah, they be walking around in a big hurry. They haven't paid us much mind actually .

Louis: But they haven't fed us none either.

Cassidy: Go to the Doctors room where Kinsley is. Tell him I told him to

fetch you two some food. After yer belly's are full you three come back here to visit me.

They both run out of the room in a hurry. Meanwhile in the workshop Themeg and Luke are working hard at forging a pair of revolvers. The Director walks in unexpectedly.

DMP: How is the weapon coming along? We are set to leave tomorrow night.

Luke: Well if we don't sleep I'm sure we could have it ready.

DMP: May I see your progress.

Themeg covering a chamber and barrel under an oil soaked rag picks up the real chamber and hammer and walks it over to the Director. He picks it up out of Themeg's hand and takes a frustrated pause.

DMP: This doesn't look like a sword.

Luke: That's because I'm a gunsmith.

DMP: Figured it would be a simpler and faster task to bang out a blade. Luke: Maybe. But I couldn't guarantee that it would be any good at killing. With a revolver on the other hand. I can get it down to a perfect geometry to launch a round 200 yards and nail a birds pecker clean off.

DMP: I guess its for the better, haven't swung a sword since my initial training when I was studying to be a field agent. Well that's enough distracting you two with my presence. I'll be by tomorrow evening to collect the revolver.

Down the hall the twins are shoving either side of Kinsley shaking him awake.

Kinsley : Wha- what is it.

Louis: The American man said you would feed us.

Kinsley: Okay okay , just follow me.

Kinsley gets out of bed a glass jar half full of blood hangs from a hook on a wooden hat rack behind him, a rubber hose connected to a large needle in his left arm. He picks up the jar in his left arm and slowly walks the   
children to the cafeteria.

After the twins demolish enough meal rations to feed four soldiers for a day they walk down the hall to the cells. Kinsley gets led into the room   
hunched over cradling a jar of blood connected to him. The twins run past him up to the bars of the cage. Kinsley walks up to the guard stationed at the rooms entrance.

Kinsley: your dismissed soldier. I got this shift.

Guard: Are you sure, the Director said.

Kinsley: That was an Order. What else am I going to do? Need to make myself useful somehow.

The guard hesitates at first but then leaves.

Cassidy: Good, Kinsley. Meet Mua and Chief Waucheesi . Mua and Chief, meet Officer Kinsley. from the chatter in the halls I’ve gathered that the Director and a large group of the occupants of this facility head out of here tomorrow night. I need you to get us out of these cells the instant Perkins has left the bunker.

Kinsley: Didn’t care to ask if I am willing to turn against the order to break you out?

Cassidy: I figured this was cashing in on that favor you owe me for saving yer ass.

Kinsley: you weren’t kidding about it being soon, huh.

Cassidy: I also need to make sure the rest of the team is ready to go, any equipment we can secretly stash in the mean time will save us crucial time. Sybil and Louis if you can help send messages back and fourth between all of us so we can establish a solid plan.

Louis: Erst statbflesh ?

Sybil: Ess- ablish means to make sure.

Louis: Are we going to find uh- roar- uh?

Cassidy: Yeah kid, you said set hi g about getting my stuff back too? Sybil:yeah no problem.

Cassidy: good, bring it to Luke at the workshop when there’s no guards or the director around   
Kinsley:you think it’s wise to get these kids involved.

Cassidy: no, no I don’t. But there in this with us now. We can’t leave them here, and I have my word I’ll look after them till I get them to Aurora. Kinsley notices Cassidy constantly glancing at the jar of blood.

Kinsley: Alright kids, could you go see what uncle Luke and Themeg are up to fur us I got to talk to Uncle Cass alone for a minute.

Louis and Sybil: Okay uncle Kinsy .

Kinsley: it’s Kinsl - the twins already out the door and down the hall before he could correct them.

Kinsley: getting hungry ?

Cassidy: How could you tell.

Kinsley: the way you’ve been eyeballing this Jar.

Kinsley pulls the needle from his arm and holds the jar so the tube hangs into the cell. Cassidy moves so fast from his sitting g position to the side of the cage all Kinsley could see was a blur. He sucks what he can out of the hose. Kinsley propping it up like Cassidy was someone’s pet hamster. Kinsley: Better?

Cassidy: much better now, thanks.

Cassidy: Oh yeah, one more thing... guna need to snag Remy's pickled ass too.

\* \* \*   
Gunnr and Raphael creep through the Birklands, the sounds of people screaming and blazing houses can be heard before they get close enough to see the chaos and destruction.

The Witch steps down from her carriage and walks to the grouping of children.

Gunnr: Something has been bothering me.

Raphael: What is it?

Gunnr: I swear I recognize the nameless witch.

Raphael: How? She has been frozen in time as long as me .

Gunnr: Oh Raphael, How flattering, but I have a few centuries on you, at least ten.

She says like a human woman in her mid forties that gets mistaken for a woman in her late twenties, Tells that person she is in her early thirties. Raphael doesn't even attempt the math and instead just studies how perfect the Valkyrie's beauty. Even with her half healed burn marks speckled across her skin.

Gunnr: That's it. I remember her now. She is Aglæcwif , The mother of Grendel. I had thought her dead by the hands of Beowulf.

Gunnr stops her conversation when she notices the witch approach the children. She points to one and a minion drags the child over to her. She hovers over the frightened crying child just before she tears out the   
innocent boys heart. The other children screams intensify . Her jaw   
unhinges open like a cobra swallowing its prey. Not even done with getting it all the way consumed and she points at another child in the group. Gunnr almost with no control over her own actions starts to charge out of the tree line towards the Witch. A flash of blue skims past her peripherals then an astral projection of Remy hovers in front of her.

Remy: Not yet.

Gunnr stops in her tracks. She looks surprised then happy, but not for long as she looks back over at the Dark Witch eats another Heart form a child.

Her relief to see Remy goes directly back to anger towards the Witch. Remy points over at a grouping of Specters fluttering out of the woods only a stone throw away from where Gunnr is standing. Then he points off in the other direction to the right of them up the tree line and an Aerie of Wyvern soar out. Gunnr frozen for a moment backtracks to the cover of the woods. Gunnr sprints back into the treeline by Raphael's side.

Raphael: What the hell was that?

Remington appears behind them in the woods.

Raphael: Is it good to see you, any hope at getting to Aurora?

Remy: It seems that the presence of the Witch has lured a following of supernatural creatures to her aid. It would be suicide to make ourselves noticed,.

Howling could be heard nearby.

Gunnr: And now were-wolves. That monster is killing children, I need to stop her before their all dead.

Rustling of dead leaves and snapping of branches shuts the conversation. Four undead stumble into view from behind them in the woods.

Remy: And now an army of the undead has gathered... Wait. That actually gives me an idea.

The Witch consumes the last child's heart as the aerie flutter over head . She stretches out her wings and pounces up into the air to join them in a tornado of black wings. Ghostly specters phase through the wagon around Aurora. She turns the tornado into a formation flying north. The   
juggernauts start to pull the wagon in the direction of the wyverns. A pack of werewolves sprinting down the old dirt road catch up to the wagon and in the distance the army of undead follow behind.

\* \* \*   
Entering the workshop Kinsley overhears the two blacksmith discussing the name of the weapon they are forging out of the melted down sword.

Luke: Well it's made from the Sword of Solomon so how about Gun of Solomon?

Themeg : I was thinking more along the lines of a beautiful woman's name but I guess that works too.

Kinsley: Gun of Solomon, I like it.

Themeg rushes over to cover the real gun they are holding while the fake sits out on a presentable stand in the front of the room.

Kinsley: Don't worry none about me. Cassidy sent me, I'm with you guys. Might be best if I go hide that in your buggy now. Wouldn't want the guard to find if if they pat you down for tools before they throw you back into your cell. Luke: How do I know I can trust you?

Kinsley: I owe Cassidy my life, he saved me from bleeding out back north during the mission. Either way the Director was just prepping the team while a few grunts set up a shooting range for him. So you should expect him coming in here any minute. Luke: Themeg , give the man the gun.

Chapter Nineteen Order No More

**Chapter Nineteen: Order No More**

T he demonic caravan stops at a small lighthouse village at the edge of the coast. Dawn is approaching and the mist from the ocean   
floods the area.

Inside the wicked armored wagon the witch grabs Aurora's arm. Yanking it close to her and exposing her palm by twisting her wrist. She slices   
Aurora's palm with her blackened raptor claw like fingernail. Taking the blood on the tip of her nail she marks a symbol on both of their foreheads. Witch: *Og binddu völd okkar til að nota með þessari rödd einn .*

The witch grasping Aurora, climbs out of the carriage door skittering up the side and on to the roof. Easily done with her spider appendages. The witch in deep concentration. Both seals on their foreheads begin to glow. The ground beneath the carriage starts to rip apart as large tree roots start to slither out. The roots form around the entirety of the wagon, extending the back with a platform and six large spiraling roots forming vertically atop the wagon.

Witch: Load the Juggernauts on to the back!

A blue glow pulses from Aurora and then the Witch's hand begins to glow the same color. The glow of her hand starts to smolder with darker blues and purples, then black. The Witch aims this dark aura at the wyverns. Six come down and each grapple an end of the newly formed horn like root structures atop the wagon.

The witch drags Aurora back into the wagon. The horde of Goblins, werewolves, mutated abominations, demons, vampires, amongst other creatures of the night get on every inch of the wagon as it starts to rise into the air slowly. The specters and horde of Zombies hold behind the flying craft as it moves over the ocean. The specters hover across the surface of the water.

The undead walk straight in the direction of the flying wagon. Each row of the undead slowly submerge under water. Finally the last row, except for the three stragglers. Instead they hide against a pile of stacked crates net to a collapsed wooden fence.

Raphael: Well looks like we need to find another way.

Raphael and Gunnr start to pull rotten flesh from their armor and heads. Remy possessing one of the undead stand next to them.

Gunnr: We need a ship.

Remy: We need back up.

Raphael: Agreed, but we can't lose the Witch. We cannot slow our pursuit. Remy: I can follow her, and you can report to Papa Ghede .

Gunnr: Who?

Remy: Part of the reason I'm here. He runs an establishment that acts like a safe haven for the supernatural, a peaceful neutral ground that exist in its own plain of existence.

Raphael: Sorry didn't catch most of that.

Remy: Walk with me.

They walk to the lighthouse.

Remy: You see Papa Ghede is a god of death, he likes it peaceful, for the most part. Coexistence of the supernatural and the humans. He does not like the witch, thinks shes mad and power hungry.

They get to the side of its brick wall. Remy breaks off a chunk of brick with a nearby rock. With the brick dust he forms a seal on the ground.

Remy: Okay so I better get going to not lose the Witch. You two need to find something to sacrifice in this seal, a fish, a bunny, a snake. Doesn't really matter, just needs to be alive earlier this day. Once you've got the dead animal in the circle your going to need to repeat these exact words. Mwen mande ou Papa Ghede tanpri , ban mwen yon odyans , mwen ofri ou nanm sa a.

Again that is, Mwen mande ou Papa Ghede tanpri , ban mwen yon odyans , mwen ofri ou nanm sa a.

got it?

Gunnr: I don't thiRaphael : yes yes I got it.

Remy: Repeat it then.

Raphael: Mwen mande ou Papa Ghede tanpri , ban mwen ... odd hands.

Remy: yon odyans , mwen ofri ou nanm sa a.... again the whole thing is. Mwen mande ou Papa Ghede tanpri , ban mwen yon odyans , mwen ofri ou nanm sa a. got it? I really need to catch up. Sorry about this zombie about to eat you but I really don't feel up to taking an axe to the head. That's yer cue Gunnr.

Remy leaves the zombies body and his astral projection hovers forward in the direction the carriage had went . The Zombie back in full control of it's body attempts to lounge forward at Raphael but before it can do much an axe swings down splitting the skull in half.

Raphael: You catch any of that, at most I got the first half.

Gunnr: I wish Aurora was here, She not only would have already known what to say but would have had a better translation... but yeah I remember

the ending.

Raphael: Okay good, lets go catch lunch. You know for the sacrifice. Gunnr: I like how you think.

\* \* \*

Back at the bunker the Orders special units soldiers march down the halls. Loading guns and men into the backs of horse drawn wagons. The caravan of wagons load one at a time onto the large lift in the hanger garage bay.

Director Mage Perkins: Lets move, lets move, We leave within the hour gentlemen! The Nord sect is already set up a defensive perimeter around the well. We are there only backup people! Move! Move! Move!

Director Mage Perkins could be clearly herd down the hall by the   
Blacksmiths. Luke polishes the fake revolver with a rag while Themeg sets up some targets at the end of the shop. Perkins rounds the corner into the shop. The blacksmiths perk up all wide eyed and bushy tailed for their false commitment. A group of soldiers march in behind him filling the room. Perkins walks up with his hand extended palm up.

DMP: Well, lets have it.

Luke places the gun into the Directors hand.

Perkins: Time to test the weapon.

Themeg : We set up some targets just over there sir.

Perkins: No need Themeg . We need to test this on something truly evil in its veins. Was going to pull the old wolf out of his cell for this but we are really short on time.

Perkins back hands Luke in the face with the handle of the gun. The pistol whip forces Luke to the ground. Luke's eyes glow yellow and a snarling growl rumbles from his chest out his mouth. Four guards jump in with silver chains, binding Luke they pull him to a work table and lock him to it. Luke: WHY! I \*Growl\* Did exactly \*scoff\* What you asked!

Themeg : This is madness!

Directer Mage Perkins: Enough! Now if you made the weapon you promised then the wolf wont have to suffer.

The Director walks three passes back towards the door, turns and fires the hand cannon. The shot echoes through the halls as the shot rips through the right side of Luke. Themeg yells out and runs to Luke. The guards go to detain Themeg . Perkins walks up to the dying gunsmith. Examining the shot he can clearly see a painful infection spreading from the wound rapidly.

DMP: Let Themeg go. Looks like they made what was promised. Move

out, we leave now.

Perkins turns away and walks to the doorway again.

DMP: Now Themeg I trust that you will have this mess cleaned up by the time I get back.

With that the director leaves the shop.

Themeg Grabs a hammer and breaks the bonds holding Luke.

Luke: I knew those silver rounds \*cough\* would fool that idiot, hehe \*cough\* Tell Cassidy I am truly \*AAAHHHGH\* Damn this really hurts, you know. Burns a cold burn. Hehehe tell him, tell him I appreciate showing me this world. Had a hell of a ride this last year. Uuurggghhh Gadam'it Oh one more thing... Tell ' em to put one in that bastards head for me.

Aaaagggghhh I think this is it. I , I it burhhhh ...

The dwarf lays Luke's corpse on the ground and slaps himself to the reality of the situation and the urgency of the plan. Themeg grabs something wrapped in oily rags from under his workbench. He runs down the hall just before the hanger entrance, peeking around the corner he can see the lift rising with the Director briefing soldiers on it. He waits till he cant be seen and walks casually down to the bunker to get Kinsley and the twins. His scowl is something fierce when entering the room, quite the surprise since his round red cheeks plump with smile is usually a display of a more jolly tone.

Themeg : We move now, only five guards in this wing, two are cleaning the hanger, one still on guard at the holding cells and two patrolling the halls.

Kinsley: We shouldn't get any resistance on the way to the cells. As long as your with me. I already managed to load up a wagon with Remington's body and supplies parallel to your buggy. Something wrong? Wheres Luke?

Themeg : That prick Perkins killed ' em . Shot ' em with the very gun we made together. The fake o'course . But clever Luke made special silver rounds for it, like he knew all along that Perkins was guna test it on ' em or the other were-wolf.

Kinsley: He's gone too far. Cassidy is going to want to hunt him down. But we can't let this change our plan. We move now. Once we take out the guard in the room the twins bring Cassidy his gear.

Themeg : Okay but first, try this on.

Themeg tosses Kinsley the object he had wrapped up in rags to Kinsley.

Kinsley unravels the fabrics to see a metal prosthetic limb with working cogs, small pistons, and a pressurized valve. Kinsley straps it onto his nub.

Themeg : Just pull that cable on the side there and make sure the dial is set to the green gem.

Kinsley does as such and a small revving sound purrs out from it and he can feel the braces holding his flesh shift and tighten. Then Kinsley starts to move the arm and move the fingers. Holds it up makes a fist and smiles. Kinsley: Nifty.

\* \* \*   
Themeg driving the buggy with a wagon hitched too the back.. Mua in wolf form running along side . Cassidy sits shotgun atop of the wagon with the newly forged Gun of Solomon. The twins sit in the back seats of the buggy while Chief sits passenger . Kinsley and Remy's body sit in the back of the wagon with stolen supplies from the bunker. The Director has an hour head start, but with the engine powered buggy even taking a round'a'bout path to avoid contact with the Order. They make it to Hirtshals Havn in Denmark within two days, while the horse drawn wagons would be getting to the docks in a about five days at best. Once at the Docks The group attempts to solve the issue of getting a ship. While walking the docks scouting for possibilities the Twins get to work. Every little conversation, gesture, cut of cloth to a limp in a leg. They analyze everyone.

Cassidy: Well, it seems not a damn one of these sons'of guns are in the mood to deal with strangers. Something to do with the outbreak of multiple unexplained animal attacks from the nearby woods.

Louis: That captain over there will take us.

Kinsley: No, sorry kid. Already asked the grumpy ol ' fart. His words exactly. “Get away from me little man, before I tear off yer other arm.”being the man is the size of a bear I suggest we don't push any further. Sybil: He's mad because his cat.

Cassidy: What?

Louis: His cat. I seen him talking to a man at a milk stand.

Sybil: He was looking for an orange haired cat.

Louis: Comes to the name Furry Scurvy.

Sybil: Or Little Asshole.

Louis: We find Furry, we can get on his good side.

Sybil: His boat can easily fit the magic buggy.

Themeg : It ain't magic, its Dwarven engineering.

Kinsley: You Dwarves forge weapons for gods right?

Themeg : Yeah, what about it.

Kinsley: Magical enough isn't it?

Cassidy: Okay okay , so we need to find a cat. Really don't think we have time for that.

Sybil: Oh hes at the pub.

Cassidy: And how do you know this?

Louis: Two deckhands where joking about a redhead. Said they never got so much attention from giving pussy ale before.

Kinsley: Kids, I believe they may have been talking about something else entirely.

Louis: We ain't a couple o' clueless ragamuffins. They also said that “to bad yer date rubbed up against every patron in the pub, and then fell asleep in a crate on the bar.”  
Sybil: Not to mention, three other deckhands and sailors we passed   
groggily stumbling or half awake had red hairs stuck to their damp vests. Louis: Clearly been drinking the night before, wreaked of booze and puke.

Cassidy: Alright, Kinsley stay with the twins, the rest of you start to prepare the buggy and wagon to load up to the docks. I'm going to go see a man about a cat.

Louis: Ah man, I don't get to go to the pub?

Sybil: Whatchu think yuh were guna get there any ways ?

Sybil slaps her brother across the back of his head.

Sybil: A pint? Hahaha.

Louis tackles his sister to the ground and begins to rub his knuckles on top of her head.

Cassidy chuckles and starts to walk in the direction of the pub.

Sybil soaks her index finger in her mouth then twist it in Louis's ear. Kinsley: Thanks for the help Cass.

Cassidy: C'mon you've forged soldiers. A couple of brats should be easy.

\* \* \*   
Gunnr and Raphael lay a rabbit field dressed and ready to eat in the brick powdered seal.

**Chapter Twenty: Massacre At The Well**

Raphael: Mwen mande ou Papa Ghede tanpri , ban mwen Gunnr : yon odyans , mwen ofri ou nanm sa a.

Raphael: Ye think that worked?

Gunnr shrugs then cuts off a back leg from the rabbit and starts to eat it.

Purple fog rises up from under the seal. It puddles out until a column of dense purple clouds stands in front of the two.

Papa Ghede : What are you waiting for, couple of meat heads don't know an entrance when it stands in front of ' em ... no no no , just gunna sit there and eat my offering I guess.

They sit there dumbfounded for an instance.

Raphael: Maybe we should.

Gunnr: Yeah.

They walk through the purple clouds and enter a luxurious room. Papa Ghede's throne room, an office filled with priceless powerful heirlooms.

Raphael accidentally bumps into a statue of a cat atop a pillar while entering the room. He quickly catches the statue and puts it back.

Papa Ghede : Good catch.

They look up at the sharply dressed odd fellow.

Papa Ghede : What brings two goody goody too-shoes to my sanctuary of the supernatural?

Gunnr: Remington Stone sent us. We are in need of help against the Witch I believe to be Aglæcwif . You can trust me, I was once a guide for certain souls of the recent dead.

Papa Ghede : Yes yes my child, good work bringing those warriors to Valhalla, saved me tons of work you Valkyrie. But what of this Human man.

Papa Ghede stands up from his throne, does a back bending stretch and tap dances to Raphael.

Papa Ghede : Oh boy, looks like someone lost their mortality. No more me sitting at your door step it seems.

Raphael: Well mister. Can you help us with the vile witch or shall we take our leave through that poof you made?

Papa Ghede : What poof?

Raphael turns back just to see a large door.

Raphael: What did you do?

Pap Ghede : Relax relax , we got this. Follow me.

Papa Ghede walks past them opening the door into the club.

Papa Ghede : Drink up, dance, party and enjoy yourselves. I'll get back Remy and your friends. Just need to gather some muscle.

Papa Ghede snaps his fingers and a couple of supernatural creatures. A large chested zombie, four well dressed revenants, a harpie , and a ghoul walk up to Papa Ghede .

Papa Ghede : Catch you laters , Alligators.

Chapter Twenty   
 Massacre At The Well   
T he small Norwegian sect of the Order had been camped around the well with a small army of twenty-five soldiers. The preventative   
army from the north consisted of two Dwarves, a pack of five Úlfheðnar , a dozen trained human hunters, an elf, their commanding officer being half elf, three pixie sisters, and a Golem. It seems because of the sects leader having Elven ancestors he had been more lenient with the recruiting. The pixies fly around the tree line watching the ocean waters for any sign of the witch. Only Klyx , one of the pixie sisters takes the time to watch a   
dandelion puff float off into the sky. As she admires the beauty of nature her distraction becomes her purpose as she notices the now flying craft covered with monstrosities hanging from every nook. Klyx hurries to tell her sisters. Her and her sisters bring the information back to her   
commanding officer,   
Colonel Mage Brising . As fast as they can they fly towards their small army   
A large Berserker known as Scarsgard the mad comes approaches from just beyond the tree line. He moves fourth with fifteen soldiers equipped in viking armament. Each with a bear cowl, making them look more monster than human. Scarsgard the mad has lived in exile for hundreds of years managing to convince only the most blood thirsty crazed men to his small army. He like the Witch is obsessed with destruction. To most he is but a myth to scare children from wandering too far into the northern woods of Sweden. The myth tells of a man that is half bear and could eat you whole. The myth unfortunately is also truth.

Klyx informs her commanding officer Colonel Mage Brising .

Klyx : The Witch is coming in a large air ship. It’s filled with hostiles.

CMB: Good work Klyx , you and your sisters sweep the perimeter with the wolf pack.

The wolf pack is a team of five highly skilled soldiers specializing in infiltration. All members of the wolf pack are Úlfheðnar . Decedent’s of the human wolf hybrids Odin had created to be a link to wolves and humans coexistence, there existence is only lore to common people now. TheÚlfheðnar unlike Lychons have a constant link to their wolf senses at will without transforming, as well as being capable of completely transforming into a wolf. Lychons even when completely transformed still display deformities easily separating them from a common wolf. Just to name a couple, monstrously long claws or biped anatomy.

While the pixies and Úlfheðnar , sweep the perimeter the Witches flying vessel closes in. The soldiers start to fire and a collective cluster of deformed creatures start falling off of it from forty feet up, raining bodies.

The bodies hit the ground just ahead thumping and splatting with blood burst and crunching, snapping bones. The ship starts to close in and lowers its elevation.

CMB: Fire! Smorg , ROCKS NOW!

A large rock Golem starts to pick up boulders from a small pile and launch them at the flying wagon. One hits the back corner of the contraption, spinning it into a swirling wheel of chaos. The wyverns scatter off. It now flings the remaining supernatural creatures randomly into the area in all directions as it slams down just in front of the riflemen. The two dwarfs empty their repeating crossbows into the swarming horde then go to their axes, the elf elegantly moves through the closing in horde with a long saber slicing and slashing with grace as tho he is performing a dance for a grand play rather than slaughtering his enemies. The commanding officer Colonel Mage Brising attempts to channel a link of communication with Klyx . CMB: Klyx , here my call. come back we need you. Gather the Úlfheðnar Unit.

Klyx : .. I'm sorry.

Out of the woods Scarsgard and his army flank the backside of the   
Norwegian Order sect. The Úlfheðnar are bound and gagged and pulled in a daisy chain. Scarsgard has the three pixies in one giant bear like hand. Scarsgard : Looks like your finished Brising !

CMB: Oh god, Scarsgard . Is that you? I'm surprised to see you away from your forest. Did you magically grow a pair of bear balls too?

Scarsgard : Funny half-breed, not going to be so funny once I bite your fucking head off.

Klyx yells out and bites down on top of the hand grasping her and her

sisters. His hand opens from more of the surprise of the little sharp pain than anything else. He swings up to grab at them as they start to fly away shooting off little flares and sparks to blind him. He still manages to grab both of her sisters as she gets clear.

Scarsgard : Well here I am playing with my appetizers.

With the statement Scarsgard shoves them into his grizzly bear like mouth and begins to chew.

Klyx : Noooooooo !

Brising : Klyx , get out of here! Inform the director of this. The rest of us we stick to our mission. Stop the witch from using this well at all cost men! An echoey laugh starts to cackle as the Obsidian Witch kicks out the door to her wagon with spider like legs.

Witch: Oh, you think you can stop me?

Scarsgard's men start to chatter amongst themselves.

“ there she is” “He wants her to marry?” “Our future queen”“ shes amazing” “I bet she could tear a bull in half with those”Remington hovers into the clearing were the vessel crashed.

Remy: Hey you ugly foul bitch! Release Aurora!

Witch: HAHAHA, you yell demands at me specter?

Remy flies down and enters an undead host near her. He gets close and grabs at her, She back hands the dead tissue with her razor like claws dropping the dead body to the ground leaving the spectral form of Remy aggressively staring her down face to face. She twists Auroras wrist and aims her palm at Remy. The seal along with the eyes of the Witch and Aurora glow blue. Then a burst of blue light blasts a burning force into Remy knocking him back. Weakened by the light he drifts into the trees to stay out of sight.

Brising : There she is! Attack!

Smorg , the Golem starts to run towards the Witch squashing some minions along the way. Just as he is about to close the gap Scarsgard spears the Golem with his shoulder.

Scarsgard : ÉG RÍF YKKUR Í BITA!

The Berserker wielding two short handled mauls starts to rapidly hammer down on the Golem cracking and breaking apart his rock like skin until chunks of red flesh start to splatter upward. Scarsgard covered in blood looks up at the Witch as she approaches him.

Witch: Well well , looks like I have found my champion.

Scarsgard : I come to destroy by your side my Queen of death.

Witch: Hmm, Finish the rest of these pathetic nuisances that dare to try and stop me from taking what is mine and I will give you power beyond

anything you have ever seen.

With a bloody smile from the Bear headed man he charges one of the Dwarves.

Scarsgard : One stand guard over the wolves, the rest of you slaughter these soldiers!

His vikings yell out simultaneously then proceed to close in on the Norwegian sect. Fighting side by side with the melting pot of fiends the Witch has gathered.

Hours pass and the remaining handful of the Orders Nord group create a barrier around their Colonel. The Witch doesn't even give their existence any thought at this point. She takes Aurora from the wagon and drags her to the well.

Witch: Bring me those Úlfheðnar .

The Standing viking guard prods at the bound Úlfheðnar to start to walk to the well. The Wolf pack share glances back an fourth to each other and take a few steps closer. Scarsgard and the rest of the horde break through the barricade and start to rip apart the remaining nine members of the sect. The two outermost members of the wolf pack jump backwards and ram each side of the guard knocking him to the ground. Then all five rip and tear at each others bonds and flesh, until five wolves stand where five men were.

Before the Witch or any of her minions can do anything about it the wolf pack run into the woods south of the well. The Human viking guard gets up and jogs to the Witch.

Viking: They got away.

Witch: WHAT!?! How! ?!.. Nevermind , you will do. Bear man! Leave four of those men alive and bring them here.

Scarsgard : Only three left... make that two. And it is Scarsgard The Mad, My Queen.

Witch: I see three.

She points at Brising . Scarsgard grabs Brising and pulls him fourth. Then he snaps down onto his face and tears off half his head with a single bite. With his mouth full he responds back to the Witch.

Scarsgard : Noupfgh .. Nopfe , definitely only two.

Witch: So be it, choose two of your human slaves for my sacrifice.

Scarsgard : Any volunteers?

Scarsgard troop: I will, to honor you and the queen of death.

Scarsgard : Good man, anyone else... no? Okay fine you four, fist only. First to drop gets sacrificed.

The four melee brawl until one hits the blood soaked ground, he picks himself up and walks over with the others including the two Norwegian

order's members left alive.

She begins to chant in Sumerian.

Witch: Ia ia ia ia sakkakth iak sakkakh ia sha xul   
The Witch pulls extends one of her talon like finger nails almost doubled in size.

Witch: ia ia ia utukku xul ia ia zixul ia zixul   
As she chants she walks past each one of the five men and slits their throats.

Witch: Ia kingu ia azbul ia azabua la xaztur ia hubbur ia ia ia   
She cuts the last throat and walks to the well. Holding her blood soaked hand over the well she exhausts the last of the chant.

Witch: Baxabaxaxaxaxabaxaxaxaxa KAKHTAKHTAMON IAS!

The Obsidian Queen slits Aurora's hand with the claw. Grabbing her own nail she snaps it off dropping it into the now swirling well.

The well activates and a large rift rips through the sky. Black smoke floods out of the rift then creatures from the beyond. Horrendous monstrosities never before seen in this world. Some look like prehistoric reptiles from the bottom of the sea. Tendrils, rows of teeth, glowing eyes, webbed   
appendages, each of them uniquely more beastly than the next. Sea   
scorpions with with tails made of twenty tentacles each with a needle like pincher claw at the end. Amoebic-like mana rays, with their undersides are just one large mouth equipped with eight rows of teeth. A basilosaurus looking beast with spines as tall as the trees flies in the emptiness of space then in through the rift over head, sixty feet long. The beast similar to that of a prehistoric whale, serpent like body. Large repletion head, reminiscent of a crocodile. A large pyre stuck out from its skull like a large horn.

**-**

**Chapter Twenty-One: Need For Speed**

Need For Speed   
T hree days previous to the Witch's arrival to the well. Just south of the well a large cloud of dirt and rocks trails the wagon hitched to   
the buggy. Rocketing at speeds the machine has never been at before. Louis: How much further?

Sybil: Are we there yet?

Themeg : About half a day at this speed.

Louis: Oh man, this bloody trip is boring as all 'ell.

Chief packs a pipe in the front seat and snaps his fingers to make a small flame as he lights the green herb in the bowl.

Chief: Here children breathe this in, it will sooth your restlessness.

Chief blows a large dense cloud of smoke into the back seats. Themeg does a double take towards the native American.

Themeg : You didn't just do what I think you did, did you?

Chief smiles and takes another hit.

Chief: Still am my short friend.

Sybil: Smells like a skunks butt!

Themeg opens his door to try and exhaust the smoke out of the buggy. A combination being too busy with one hand on the door, the speed he is going, the smoke, and the large rock in the path causes a series of   
unfortunate events. The buggies wheel rams the jagged rock jumping the right side of the buggy into the air. This twisting action unhinges the wagon. The front wagon hitch drives into the ground pole vaulting the wagon into a forward rolling action. Themeg regains control of the drifting buggy only for the front right wheel to crack. Cassidy jumps off and is able to land safely. Kinsley takes the tumble luckily Remy's body helps cushion the impact against the inside of the wagon. The buggy comes to a stop a few yards from the wagon that now sits on its roof. Everyone gets out and gathers behind the buggy.

Cassidy: Everyone okay?

Kinsley: A little banged up, but I'll be fine.

Themeg : Everyone in the buggy is good. But for the buggy herself, not so much. We got a cracked wheel.

Louis and Sybil are giggling up a storm. Pointing at Kinsley.

Kinsley: Whats so funny?

Themeg : Yer just disheveled my friend. Don't put to much thought into it. The group equips armor and weapons out of the the back of the up turned wagon.

Cassidy: Okay, we walk two days hike north. Chief and the Husher twins will set up camp about halfway, where they will stay and wait for are return.

Sybil: Oh drats, we don't get to kick the 'ell out that cranky twat.

Chief: I can prepare some food , how do you children like rabbit?

Louis: I am soooo hungry.

Sybil: Okay.

Chief: Here eat this for now.

The Chief pulls a few pieces of dried fish wrapped in cloth from his vest pocket and hands out pieces to everyone but Cassidy. Themeg opens up a hatch in the back of the buggy and pulls out a loaf of bread and a miniature wooden keg of meade .

Cassidy: Looks like we have travel snacks covered, lets go.

\* \* \*   
Half a days trek from the well, Chief sits at a fire Cassidy had made.

Themeg has Kinsley chop wood with his Dwarven engineered arm so he can tweak any uncomforts or issues with the mechanisms. Cassidy paces the perimeter as he smokes his pipe, he racks his brain for a strategy. Mua smells the air then walks off north into a tree line and dense weeds. The twins watch Chief intensely as he guts and skins the hare. After he gets the belly emptied and opened up he strikes a line with his knife from ass to head. Flipping the rabbit over he pushes it down on a rock to crack its ribs from the spine, the rabbit now lies flat. With little bulbs of wild onions he had plucked on the walk he begins to grind them into a paste with a round river rock, adding just a little whiskey from a flask. Rubbing the rabbit with the paste he sets it on a large, thin, flat stone placing it on the edge of the fire pits stone barrier.

Chief: Now we wait, flip once and wait some more.

Just north of the camp Klyx spots the wolf pack running below her as she flies overhead. She gets ahead of them and yells down.

Klyx : Stop!

The wolves don't do as she says instead run past her one looks at her while running past and snorts downward shaking his head. Klyx gets ahead of them again.

Klyx : Stop running you cowards!

This time they get just past her and stop .

Frekenson : We are not He growls.

Frekenson : We are not cowards.

Klyx : Then why do you run?

Frekenson : We can't fly away like you Klyx .

Klyx : Dammit it Frekenson ! I had orders to inform the reinforcements. You, You just ran.

Frekenson : I can't.

Klyx : Can't what?

Frekenson : I can't be this packs Alpha. Brising was our Alpha.

Klyx : You make me sick Freky ! Just follow me. I could use your teams heightened senses to track down our backup. Wolf up Freky , or I swear to Titania that I will shove a burning flare of pixie sparks up your ass.

Freky : Fine, lets follow Klyx . Got to report to mister dickhead I mean Perkins.

Klyx : About that, you might want to turn back into human form for him. Freky : And what, report to him as naked men? If he can't deal with talking wolves after the day we've had then he can go fuck himself.

Klyx : Whatever, we move south.

Mua: Hello there. Don't be startled, I am against the witch. I am here with a leader in your army, Cornelius Cassidy.

Freky : Who's that? Why do you smell funny.

Klyx : An American agent?

Mua: I am a wolf walker too. Different but the same. Please follow me. We have camp up ahead. Let me go first so not to get shot by the Undertaker.

Mua turns and starts walking but they hesitate to go with. He stops and turns.

Mua: How do you pups not smell that rabbit cooking? Lets go before the children eat it all.

Cassidy raises the elegant angelic metal forged gun to the sound of rustling behind shrubbery ahead.

Cassidy: If your here to cause harm, this just ain't your night.

Mua: Whoa Cassidy! It's Mua, don't be startled I found friends.

The wolves and Klyx come out of the shrubs following Mua.

Cassidy: Whats this?

Klyx : We are from the Norwegian Sect. Run by Colonel Mage Brising . Is Director Mage Perkins here with you? We need to inform him of the situation at once.

Cassidy: Fuck Perkins, I have a team here to deal with the Witch, most of us has faced her already in London.

Freky : Hahaha thats what I said, I like this guy.

Klyx : Shut up Frekenson . So Perkins is not coming?

Cassidy: Hes on his way to the well, but I'm not waiting for him.

Klyx : Good, because we don't have time to wait. The Well was an ambush. One of the other wolves chimes in.

Joshua: The well opened up , many odd creatures are coming through. Just pure chaos and horror.

Klyx : we need to save the colonel. He is more than just a colonel. His blood line is Elven royalty. He is practically the ambassador to your world.

Who knows how the Fae court will react to his dismiss under the direct order from the Order.

Cassidy: Alright I have a plan. Lets get you introduced to the rest of the group on the hike.

\* \* \*

**Chapter Twenty-Two: Gods at Rest**

T he Vessel sails through the depths of space, ripping through gaseous clouds of illuminated purple and obsidian black emptiness. Ardent orange streams scrape the void, and green smoke like forms. A large throne made of rare crystals and skeletons of massive space whales can barely be seen in the distance.

Witch: Approach slowly.

The enormous ancient god sits at his throne asleep. The ship comes to a stop just in front of the ethereal being.

Witch: Must be in a slumber.

She focuses her necromancy power over her ship. Maneuvering the long horn spike off of the front of the ship to cut a seal into the Ancient One's head.

Witch: Wake up! Waaaaake Up! I'M SUMMONING YOU, OH ANCIENT ONE!

The cuts that barely scratched the Lord of Chaos including this tantrum the Witch throws has no effect on the God of destruction. The Witch focuses her energy and spins her beast of a ship. The tail of the ship extends far behind it like a large serpent, at the very end of the tail a large obsidian and bone rudder like fin. This fin slaps the Ancient one across his face as her ship spins a full three-sixty. The Ancient ones six eyes start to blink open sporadically until all reddish orange flare up with a yellow fiery glow and wide eyed.

Ancient One: What do you want from me, little being! How dare you wake me from my slumber!

Witch: I come to you to claim my true power!

Ancient One: I already have my Harold.

Witch: Oh no, you misunderstand me God! I'm taking my power from you. Ancient One: Go away insect. I'm Tired.

The Witch's eyes glow a purple black and the same color starts to glow on the carved seal on the Ancient Ones head.

Ancient One: What is thi -  
His many eyes replicate the glow as well now. The Ancient One just stares blankly forward.

Witch: *Kitab*

Ancient One: *Kitab*   
Witch: *al*   
Ancient One: *al*   
Witch: *Azif*   
Ancient One: *Azif*   
 With that tome the mouth of the Destruction God gapes open and black ethereal ooze puddle out and is absorbed into the Witch. Black slick shell like armor starts ripping through her skin. She grows twice in size with her body covered in the scorpion like armor. Black obsidian jagged edged spikes form all over her. Her elbows, collar bones, ribs, and   
shoulders jut out. Then her cowl forms a large spiked crown. The ooze does not stop as it funnels into the crevices of the ship. Slithering through the corridors it injects itself into every beast and zombie. Working its way to Aurora's cage. She can see its affect on them as they hunch over with slick black bones shaping through their hides. She acts quickly to grab a small hidden pouch. She empties the bag in front of her and a handful of gems and stones fall out of it. First she grabs a large chunk of peacock ore druzy and places it in front of her. She then surrounds that with four pieces of quarts . Aurora places celestite and kyanite in an outer ring. Channeling whatever energy she has left. Weakened from the Witch depleting her like a spare battery. A small portal opens over the stones. The ooze now only a fifty yards away. Hecate floats up from the gateway. A small female   
looking figure covered in a snake scale dress.

Hecate: May I help you human? You seem to be far from home?

Aurora: Yes, yes I am. But more importantly.

Aurora points at the impending doom.

Hecate: Well only Fae can enter here, I can slow things down till we figure something out tho .

Hecate waves her arm over her head and the ooze seems to come to a stop. She then floats up to eye level with Aurora and sizes her up reading her energy levels.

Hecate: You are not fully human are you?

Aurora: As far as I know I am.

Hecate: No, you definitely have Fae blood running in your veins. Wait here, I need to get a second opinion.

Hecate leaves through the small portal. Aurora looks around and   
notices that the ooze and the beast are still moving, just very very slowly.

Moments later and Hecate comes back through the portal with a   
frog looking tiny man with big thick crystal eye-wear and a pointy walking stick.

Little guy: Let me get a closer examinations of this giant .

He throws down a handful of spores from his pocket and   
mushrooms start to grow rapidly. He quickly leaps onto them as they grow. Lifting him to just below her chin. He looks her over with many grumbling noises and then pricks her with the tip of his walking stick.

Aurora: Owe. Hey that hurt.

Little man: File your complaints with Hecate.

Aurora: That's, Theee Hecate.

Hecate: The one and only.

The Frog like man licks the tip of his stick and makes a couple   
interesting gestures of deep thought and discovery. His Eyes widen past his already large spectacles.

Little man: Is this possible?

Hecate: What is it?

Little man: She has fae blood alright, extinct fae blood. You my dear have Unicorn ancestors.

Hecate: It makes sense, Titania herself helped the last of them alter into the form of human females. If just one of them found a human mate the blood line could have stayed alive amongst humans without anyone's notice. Aurora: Your saying I'm part Unicorn?

Little man: Possibly the last.

The ooze now is in arms reach, about to wiggle its way through   
the bars of her cage. The little frog man digs through his pockets and finds a vile of glittery substance.

Little Man: Hurry drink this. We shouldn't even be helping you at all. I'm out of here.

Aurora: What is he talking about?

Hecate: That was one of the deals for hiding you Unicorns from those out to hunt you. We were never to interfere with Unicorn kind again for risk of exposing them from hiding. And a Fairy pact is a bond that should never be broken. So if you don't mind, we need to leave. Good luck and have faith in your abilities. That potion will unlock the potential of your bloodline to its fullest.

Hecate leaves through the portal after the little man and the small portal starts to close and time starts to speed up to normal. Aurora quickly shoots the potion back. She closes her eyes and a bluish glow covers her body. The Ooze twists and wraps around her forcing itself into the corners of her mouth and into her ears. She opens her eyes with a load burst of energy, purples, pinks, blues, and glittery teals start to crystallize her skin. Aurora: AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The ooze passes. Inside her cage a cocoon of ooze and crystal in the shape of her sitting. The shell starts to crack and piercing white light shines through until the shell completely explodes outward denigrating from the light. Unfortunately the bars that bind her still hold her. Aurora's features have slightly extended and angled, longer neck and limbs. The seal on her head has vanished. Her skin glows a pearlescent white, her hair changes color like a amethyst crystal, her eyes look like aquamarine   
crystals, and a small star shaped crystal in her forehead. She feels a sharp pain in her chest and looks down to notice black blotch under her skin, the blotch webs out into her veins. She can feel its dark magic attempting to take control. She focuses the newfound powers she has obtained just to hold back the virus like black ooze from infecting further.

Back to the exterior of the ship The Witch gloats to the barely awoken God.

Witch: I am the Obsidian Queen of Death! You can return back to your slumber, if I need more of your power I know where to find you.

The carved seal starts to heal away and her power over the Ancient one starts to fade. She quickly controls him to shut his eyes and go back into his deep sleep.

Inside The Danse La Macabre. The Twins and run around asking a thousand questions to every supernatural being kind enough or gullible enough to get caught into the trap of questions. Kinsley loosely keeps an eye on them by following behind them to the different areas they run to. Themeg , Chief, Klyx , the Wolfpack, and Gunnr stand awkwardly on one side of the bar. Mua as curious as the children mingles with a revenant.

Raphael, Remington, and Cassidy sit in the office with Papa Ghede .

Papa Ghede : So gentlemen, it seems we have a problem on our hands. Those creatures that came through the gateway are big trouble. But not as bad as organized chaos. The bitch gave powers to a monster and put him in charge. Us supernaturals have had a fairly peaceful existence living in the imagination and shadows. This uprising of monsters in public view is going to change this world. Majority of humans are not prepared to defend themselves against this. We need to organize as many of the supernatural to fight the army she left behind.

Remy: What about Aurora, what about killing the Witch.

Papa Ghede : In due time, we have no way of traveling in the depths of the nothingness nor do we possess the ability to open the gateway. We need to weaken her power over earth first and foremost.

Cassidy: What about the Order, the Gun of Solomon? I have the fake.

Maybe if I had just a moment more-  
Papa Ghede interrupts Cassidy.

Papa Ghede : I know we have a lot of tasks to do, General Scarsgard , Aurora, The Gun of Solomon, The Order, The Witch... I get it, full plate an all. We need an army first.

Raphael: How do you propose to assemble this resistance army.

Papa Ghede : Well I'm going to throw a party.

Raphael : A what ? - \*crashing sound \*   
The Twins by the door wide eyed trying to shuffle a broken cat statue behind them with their feet.

Papa Ghede : Uh oh.

Sybil: Sorry mister Papa   
Louis: Didn't mean to swear.

Gold speckles up like glitter speckling the twins in a small cloud.

Louis and Sybil: \*cough\* \*cough\* \*cough\* Whats happening?

The gold dust forms into two gold band collars around the twins neck. Kinsley Runs into the room. Cassidy, Raphael, and Remington stand from their chairs and Papa Ghede starts to laugh.

Kinsley: Whats so funny?

Papa Ghede : Those two unleashed some old Egyptian magic, they did. A curse and a gift. Those two wont know true death for nine lives. Full human lives too. The ability to transform fully into black sphinx cats.

Heightened senses and agility. But every time you die for the next eight times you will be reborn as a cat with no memory of your past, not until you reach the age of one-year of age. Not able to change at all for that first year as a cat. But after the first year you will be a six year old human. After your first transformation to a human per life you will age like one too. But you will have plenty of time to figure all that out now won't you. Hahaha. Time to get that party started.

Word gets sent out amongst the supernatural creatures of the   
world of Papa Ghede's event. Doesn't take long for creatures to start filling the halls. The Club now packed to the brim with all sorts of supernatural beings. Papa Ghede stands atop a balcony looking over all of them.

Papa Ghede : a supernatural revolution sounds like an amazing time in theory. A few problems however. You see, being a god of death requires life, the balance is an absolute need. I am the mortals god as well. For this so called sacred uprising you must submit to the Witches will. She don’t care none about anyone or anything, her end game is complete nothingness. You can’t eat what is extinct in other words and the hunger will kill most of you with time the others will go made and for the handful left loving amongst the ash, what kind of existence is that. She is no god, she is no savior. She is all of our demise, humans and monsters alike. And she does

not want to stop with this world either. So all you Fae, demons, and gods. She will use your brothers, sisters, and children to gain access to your home world’s and deplete it of its life just like she is planning to do with this one.