

Varian vs Valtherion

The battlefield lies in ruins, embers crackling beneath Varian's feet as he paces. Smoke and Embers float in the air, carried by the screaming of the wind. The ground beneath Varian's feet is cracked and burnt, crackling as he walks around, crumbling from the heat. Varian, clad in Soulplate etched with powerful runes and adorned with shimmering gems, faces the immense Valtherion, whose scales gleam with an unnatural glow, hues of molten gold and abyssal black intertwine like fire and shadow, and veins pulse with the power of the elements. Darkness swirls through his veins, while his eyes gleam like molten gold, casting a blinding light on anyone he looks at. The ground crackles beneath his feet, his body radiating an immense heat, burning anything around him.

Varian tightens his grip on his sword, Solbrand, his greatsword pulsing with energy. The sword hums in response to his will, its edge gleaming with raw light. He steadies his breath. He has trained for this moment, but

nothing could prepare him for the overwhelming presence of the dragon monarch.

Then, Valtherion moves.

An inferno erupts from Valtherion's mouth, turning the air into liquid heat. Varian leaps aside just as the flames engulf where he stood moments before. Rolling to one knee, he slashes Solbrand in a wide arc, sending a crescent of white-hot energy surging toward Valtherion. The dragon blocks the slash with a swipe of his tail, the impact shaking the battlefield. His tail lashes out, before being deflected with a strident clang.

Valtherion snarls, smoke coiling from his maw as he lunges. Varian meets him head-on, blade clashing against scales, their clash shaking the heavens. Solbrand meets scale in a shower of sparks and embers, but the force throws Varian back, skidding along the melting earth. He digs his blade deep into the ground, skidding to a halt.

Valtherion rises, wings blanketing the ground in shadow. Magic crackles in the air, and lightning strikes the ground around him. The runes on Varian's Soulplate brighten, a nova of light surrounded by shadow.

For a heartbeat, everything stills

Then Valtherion speaks, his voice laced with light and shadow. The ground shatters beneath him, the heavens trembling at his words.

“You are brave, little mortal. But even stars burn out.”

He raises a claw, his mouth brimming with crackling voidfire.

Varian lifts Soulbrand, facing him head-on, not flinching.

The world erupts into darkness.