

## **D. Extraction 811**

### Chapter 811 Reunion

"Chad?" Aubrey was stunned as soon as she heard the name of the half-dragon. Chad's appearance does indeed have a semblance to the Chad Bulmung that she knew in the Academy! The student who had disappeared with Lisa!

Nonetheless, as Chad appeared, the Angel that was summoned ignored his warning and raised its sword, light cascading off its blade in waves of holy wrath!

"Hmph!"

Chad responded by spreading his Draconic Aura wide, creating a protective barrier of Dragonfire springing forth to shield the Elementalists and Aubrey.

Boom!

The Angel descended with heavenly might, its sword started cleaving from the sky towards Chad.

But with reflexes honed by draconic instinct, Chad parried with his talon-clad forearm, sparks of holy fire scattering upon impact.

Chad may not have the snout, tail, or wings of the Dragons, but he still possessed their eyes, aura, and some dragon scales!

The two then clashed against each other—Chad's fiery breath was met by the Angel's gale of sacred winds.

"Hmph!"

Each strike from the Angel was met with Chad's calculated counterattacks, his claws raking against Angel's holy armor.

The Angel, swift and ethereal, maneuvered like a figure of light. Then, its wings unfurled to unleash a barrage of light feathers sharp as blades!

"That's enough..." Chad turned to the feather blades and stared at the summoned Angel without blinking...

Thud! Thud! Thud!

His scales deflected the radiant onslaught of the feathers without getting injured! It was as if he was showing how weak the Angel's attacks were!

With a roar that shook almost the whole town, Chad unleashed "Dragon's Maw," a torrent of blue flame that sought to engulf the Angel.

Yet, the Angel ascended, evading the inferno with an elegant arc.

Descending like a bolt of judgment, the Angel aimed to smite Chad with "Heaven's Decree," its sword radiating an aura that aims to kill the half-dragon.

But Chad met the blade with his own weapon—a greatsword forged from a Dimensional Creature and imbued with his essence!

Well, it came from the loot that the Shadow Immortal had obtained after killing numerous Demon Saints.

Boom!

Steel and spirit collided in chaotic form of light and shadow.

The ground beneath them cracked and heaved as their struggle intensified.

Chad's draconic might surged as he invoked "Space Rupture" his sword now cloaked in unusual form of energy that devoured light. T

he Angel countered with "Luminous Barrier," hoping that it could fight against the encroaching void.

Blow for blow they traded—their battle a symphony of destruction that resonated across the battlefield.

Aubrey watched in awe as Chad fought with a ferocity that matched the Angel's grace.

Of course, the others used this as an opportunity.

The Elementalists rallied behind their unexpected ally and didn't stop fighting as they targeted the Untainted Sentinels, who seemed to be incredibly exhausted after summoning an angel at the level of a Half-Immortal!

The two Untainted Sentinels, Clare and Teresa, knew that it would be difficult for them to fight against the Elementalist and immediately retreated!

They miscalculated Chad's arrival, who could match against a Four-Winged Angel!

They had been too confident that no one in this town could match them. They actually believed that even if the whole branch of the Arcanist Guild gathered, they would fail to stop them!

"Chad... Just where did this person come from... Wait... Isn't he the Guard in the Immortal's Castle?!" Teresa muttered after suddenly recalling the silent figure that allowed them to pass through the gates of the castle.

They didn't think too much of that person and forgot about him after several years.

However, they couldn't help but feel curious why Chad was interested to the remnants of the vampire that they've discovered!

"Is it a mission given to him by the Shadow Immortal?" Clare muttered under her breath.

"Not good..." Teresa wanted to curse out loud but the Angel was still there. She decided to keep it to herself and focused on retreating for now.

Anyway, as the duel of the two beings wore on, fatigue began to show in the Angel's movements.

Seizing the moment, Chad executed a series of feints and strikes that culminated in "Serpentine Lash," his sword moved as if it was whipping forward!

Bang!

The Angel faltered, its form marred by a gash that oozed with the mystical essence of light.

With a bellowing cry, Chad pressed on, and his follow-up attack sought to drive back the Angel to where it belonged!

Chad then summoned all his strength into "Dragon's Wrath." This was one of the Spells that he really liked as it could release a devastating blast that even the True Immortals in the Castle had to take seriously!

Boom!

The Dragon's Wrath was released, and it didn't affect the buildings or the surroundings and only hurt its target that has been marked by Dragon's Aura!

Thud!

The Angel reeled from the impact, its form beginning to wane!

This Angel then looked at Chad solemnly and glanced at the two retreating figures who summoned her.

With dignity and sorrow etched upon its appearance, the Angel acknowledged its defeat.

With one last look upon the mortal realm, it ascended skyward—its form dissolving into motes of light that returned to the realm from whence it came.

The battlefield fell silent except for the crackling embers of Dragonfire and Chad's heavy breaths.

'That four-winged angel is stronger than I thought...!' Chad muttered as he looked at where the Angel disappeared.

Chad turned to face Aubrey, his draconic eyes softening with a hint of human emotion.

"It's been a while, Aubrey..." he said, his voice a blend of warmth and solemnity.

Aubrey's heart skipped a beat.

"Is that really you?! Chad Bulmung? I thought your family were Ghost Kings! What happened? How did you become a Half-Dragon?! And Lisa... you disappeared with her, where is she?!" The questions tumbled out in a rush, her mind reeling from the sight before her.

Chad's expression grew pensive, his gaze distant as if recalling painful memories. "It's a long story..."

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"It's a long story, Aubrey... It's really nice to see you after so long." Chad replied.

"I also missed you, Chad... We've been so worried about you. The others even thought that you were already caught by the Sentinels or eaten by the Demons... Anyway, can you at least let me know what happened to Lisa? Is she not with you?" Aubrey replied.

At this time, the Elementarists had already gathered but they decided to distance themselves from the two.

It seemed that Aubrey had used telepathy to inform them not to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Chad sighed as he decided to tell Aubrey about Lisa. In any case, Vale wasn't stopping them from meeting their family and friends. Lisa also didn't mind getting known by her friends as she wasn't hiding her identity in the first place.

"Lisa came across a chance to change her race just like I did. While I became a Half-Dragon, she became a True Vampire..." Chad started and as expected, Aubrey froze as her mind started racing about the implications of this revelation.

After all, she had just heard from the Sentinels that the living flesh was a remnant of a Vampire! Furthermore, she heard the Living Flesh utter the word Lisa!

Nonetheless, she remained silent and waited for Chad to finish.

"She's incredibly strong and even won against many Demonic Creatures and could handle herself against Demonic Saints. However, she fell in a battle against Time Manipulators... I'm actually searching for her remnants. That box you're holding might be the key... My Dragon's True Sight is telling me that it had Lisa's remnant energy..." Chad said as he nodded toward the object in Aubrey's grasp...

"I believe it's the key to bring her back." Chad muttered while looking at the box. It was as if he could see the living flesh that was sealed by Aubrey's Formation Arts.

Aubrey clutched the box tighter, its contents suddenly taking on new significance. She knew what to do now.

"Very well, let's examine this living flesh."

Aubrey said as she thought for a moment before she invited Chad to her office.

"You have an office?"

"Y-yes... I'm now a licensed Paranormal Investigator. The war is already over, and it had been very peaceful after the Demon Invasion..."

Chad was certainly happy for Aubrey and commended her... He also felt a bit intrigued about her office, so he decided to hide his Draconic Form. Soon, his skin and eyes returned to normal as his scales and draconic pupil subsided.

However, as they started walking to get to Aubrey's office, they were stopped by a familiar individual.

Garrick, the Branch Leader, stood on their path, his silver hair cascading over his shoulders.

His eyes, sharp and perceptive, locked onto Chad.

"Chad Bulmung... Welcome to our small town..." Garrick said, his voice carrying the weight of authority. He knew Chad for ties ties to the Shadow Immortal and his unique lineage.

Well, as a Branch Leader of the Arcanist Guild, it wasn't surprising that he had some information related to the Shadow Immortal and his people.

Chad inclined his head respectfully. "Branch Leader Garrick," he replied. "Your reputation precedes you."

Garrick gestured toward the nearby Guild House.

"I know you have important matters to discuss with your friends... Why not settle it in one of our rooms? The Sentinels wouldn't dare to get near this place, so you can rest assured that you will enjoy your stay here. We have a secure chamber for delicate matters."

Chad and Aubrey exchanged glances for a moment before Aubrey nodded.

"We'll take your offer then."

Chad then offered his hands to carry the box and Aubrey didn't mind handing it to him...

Soon, the two of them were able to enter a secured room while Garrick and the Elementalists stayed outside.

The room was dimly lit, its walls adorned with ancient runes. In the center stood a stone pedestal, upon which Aubrey gently placed the box containing Lisa's remnant.

Chad's Dragon's True Sight flared once again, examining the energy within now that it was fully exposed...

"Yes," he murmured, "this is her essence. But it's fragmented, torn."

Aubrey leaned forward, studying the box. "It's a good thing it wasn't hurt during the battle... I really thought I had to give this up." Aubrey weakly replied as she sat comfortably on the chair.

"Do you think that she can recover with this form?" She asked.

Chad clenched his fists as he was also unsure. "We need to unravel its secrets," he said. "To restore Lisa."

Chad then explained what he had originally planned...

"I've heard of a forbidden ritual," he said. "The Arcane Reconstitution. It requires a convergence of elemental forces."

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On the same day, at the northern part of the Milton Kingdom, nestled amidst cobblestone streets and centuries-old architecture, stood the city of Veravale.

Veravale was home to the most remarkable museum in the land—a repository of artifacts that spanned eras... Although Veravale City was almost turned into ruins in the previous war, the Formation Arts arranged in its museum managed to protect it from the Demon Saints that tried to destroy it.

Nonetheless, the museum's prized possession was the Dragon Scale—a relic so revered that it had its own chamber, bathed in soft azure light.

Many powerful people wanted to obtain this scale, but none of them were able to take hold of it.

The scale was colossal, its surface etched with iridescent patterns that seemed to shift like the tides. Visitors marveled at its size, wondering which mighty dragon had shed this irreplaceable treasure.

The curator, an elderly scholar named Rowena, spent her days tending to the scale.

On this fateful night, as the moon hung low and the stars aligned, Rowena sensed a change.

The air thickened, and the scale trembled. She watched in awe as it shimmered, its edges curling inward like parchment in a flame.

"This..." The azure hue intensified until it blazed white-hot, and then—impossibly—the scale disintegrated into ash.

Rowena gasped, her trembling hands reaching for the dissipating remnants.

But from the ashes emerged a figure—a humanoid silhouette with draconic features. His skin bore the texture of weathered scales, and his eyes glowed like molten gold.

"I... Aersus is back!"

### Chapter 813 The Crime Scene

The temperature of the room suddenly dropped as it was suddenly filled with draconic energy from Aersus—the Soul Eater Dragon.

At this time, he fixed his molten gaze upon Rowena, the unsuspecting curator.

His draconic form, now humanoid, bore the weight of countless years, and a mere human could not receive such a gaze.

Rowena's breath hitched.

She had spent her life unraveling mysteries, but this—this was beyond her capabilities.

With a mere glance from Aersus, he ignited her very essence!

The room trembled.

Rowena's scream curdled in her throat, but before it could escape, her skin blistered, her bones turned to cinder.

She crumbled in the blink of an eye, proof of the Soul Eater's hunger, his wrath, and the abyss that churned within him.

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On the next day, the morning sun crept over the rooftops of Veravale, casting long shadows across the cobblestone streets.

The city stirred as the people woke up and started preparing for the long day.

However, at this time, the museum, nestled in the heart of the district, seemed to be very busy even before the sun was up.

Apparently, Rowena's death was immediately known because of the guards who had been looking for her the whole night.

At this time, the investigators that had been called by the first responders arrived promptly...

Each one bore a distinct aura, their expertise etched into their very beings:

One of them was Paranormal Investigator Priscilla Hoffman. Her black hair framed a young face similar to Aubrey's age... Well, she was in the same batch as Vale and the others in the Dark Arts Academy. This time, she was no longer with her twin brother and was working alone as a Paranormal Investigator.

Priscilla's eyes scanned the room, attuned to the subtlest disturbances. She sensed lingering energies—the remnants of Rowena's demise.

"She died without entering her Mystic State..." She muttered. Mystic State was the equivalent of Phantasm State in the Mystic Arts.

"I can agree to that... This is intriguing... Whoever stole that Dragon Scale is definitely dangerous."

Beside her was Arcanist Bureau's Special Agent Thorne Blackwood. His tailored suit belied the arcane tattoos that crawled up his arms. Thorne's gaze swept the room, assessing magical anomalies. His fingers twitched, ready to invoke protective wards or offensive spells.

He couldn't help but sigh as he didn't expect that a powerful criminal was lurking in his city.

In the meantime, Occult Consultant Professor Noah Featherstar, the previous Club President of the Battle Arena Committee, where Vale belonged, agreed to their statement.

"The criminal must be a Master Class Arcanist. I can't find any clues as to how he escaped after killing the curator."

His scholarly demeanor masked a fascination with forbidden knowledge. Noah adjusted his spectacles, examining the ashen remains.

Then, if one looked closely, the book in his was filled with cryptic symbols. It was actually a mysterious Dark Grimoire that helped him in such investigations.

He then nodded at Priscilla since they somehow knew each other in the Academy.

Aside from these three, there were also other experts in various fields who were called to look into this matter.

Artifact Expert Dr. Isolde Stone. Her gloves traced the edges of the Dragon Scale's pedestal.

Isolde's eyes gleamed with reverence. She could tell that the Dragon Scale didn't get taken away so easily. It seemed to have been triggered by some sort of Spell to activate.

"The Scale was taken by hand, at the very least. A spell took it out, or perhaps someone activated it to take it away." She explained.

"That's also my guess... The Sealing Formation Arts surrounding the treasure wasn't forcefully destroyed from the outside but from the inside. The robber... or murderer, seemed to be capable of controlling the Dragon Scale.

Exorcist Sister Miriam spoke up. Her rosary clicked softly as she murmured prayers. She didn't sense evil or malevolence energy, so she was sure that it wasn't done by a devil or demon. Nonetheless, she could tell that the surroundings were filled with the aura of the dragon.

Finally, Police Inspector Victor Hawthorne spoke up after writing all of their findings.

"I noted it all. Is there anything you can find, or can you provide more clues? Perhaps about the identity of the culprit if you have something in mind. It would also be great if you could tell us Rowena turned to ashes." Victor asked.

His trench coat, or perhaps his whole body, smelled coffee, and he seemed to have just woken up as well...

He didn't seem enthusiastic about this case either.

Nonetheless, he knew that he had to get as much information as he had to get a decent report that he could show to his boss.

He listened to their replies once and noted everything down.

Finally, he surveyed the room—the shattered glass, the slightly scorched floor, and other details to ensure that he didn't miss any important detail.

His notebook documented mundane details—the mundane footprints, the clean surroundings, and others.

At this time, Noah, the Occult Consultant, adjusted his spectacles.

"The Dragon Scale," he mused, "held immense power. But why would someone target it? Is it to gain a new weapon or, perhaps, a ritual sacrifice?"

'I don't like where this is going...' Priscilla thought as she considered backing out on this one. Anyway, this doesn't seem to be a paranormal case.

Miriam also didn't speak, and there weren't any Demons or Devils involved, just like they initially thought.

Dr. Isolde Stone, the Artifact Expert, also crossed her arms as she knew that her task here was over.

Victor's pen scratched against the paper.

"And how do we proceed?" he asked, his voice gruff.

They exchanged glances, their collective expertise converging.

But it was Miriam who spoke next. "I suggest that you seek guidance from the Dragon... of the Shadow Immortal," she said.

The room fell silent. The Shadow Immortal—a name whispered in fear and reverence.

"But," Noah hesitated, "they rarely intervene. Well, you can probably try."

Priscilla squared her shoulders. "This crime involves a dragon scale," she said. "We have no choice."

Victor could only agree, but looking at it, he could tell that the investigators he called were no longer interested in this case.

He tried to convince the Bureau's Special Agent, the Paranormal Investigator, and the Occult Consultant to help him with the case, but they all refused!

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Since a Dragon was most likely involved in this case, everyone was hesitant.

After all, it might even be the Dragon of the Shadow Immortal who had claimed the scale for its own benefit.

Several years ago, the Shadow Immortal gathered a lot of people to get various ancient materials, and perhaps that scale was something they needed now.



However, as the investigators started going outside to untie themselves in this murder case, Victor revealed his trump card.

"The one who brings the culprit of Rowena," he announced, "will receive an Airship—a gift from Rowena's wealthy husband."

Their eyes widened.

An Airship—the pinnacle of luxury and freedom. Suddenly, the investigation team felt lively. It was a chance to soar above the mundane! It was something that none of them could afford if they relied on their salary!

And so, with resolve etched into their hearts, they set forth—the investigators, the reluctant allies, and the promise of an Airship that would carry them toward bringing justice!

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Meanwhile, in Aubrey's office, Chad found himself fascinated by his friend's current work.

"Paranormal Investigator... You have a nice office. Do you earn a lot?" He asked.

"Not really... If it's a request from other Arcanists, I get paid higher, but for commissions by ordinary people, it's just enough to pay the rent.

Chad nodded at this as he made some small talks to his friend.

Soon, they got back to business, and his gaze lingered on the living flesh—a fragile vessel that held the remnants of Lisa's essence.

The room hummed with the activation of the Formation Arts, and Chad couldn't help but admire it. Its walls were etched with ancient runes and it seemed that Aubrey had commissioned an expert Runecaster to make them.

On the other hand, Aubrey, stood by his side and tried to look for any changes on the living flesh.

"Lisa," Chad whispered, his voice sounded like it was a prayer. "We'll bring you back."

At this time, he already pretty much confirmed that this was indeed Lisa's final defense from her certain death against the Time Manipulators. She must've done this herself in order to have a chance of surviving in the future.

For the past four years or so, her tiny flesh probably turned into this... Perhaps, if they allowed her just to consume energy or life force, Lisa could return in the next 30 to 50 years.

However, Chad and the others didn't want to wait for that long. That was why, as soon as Vale's Avatar learned about Lisa's possible remnant, he was sent here.

Aubrey gently nodded, her fingers tracing the sigils etched into the stone floor.

"We have the tools," she said. "The ritual begins."

And so, they set to work—their shared knowledge and plan to save Lisa.

Thankfully, Chad didn't come here empty-handed since Vale's Avatar had prepared the things for this matter already. Nonetheless, it still took them a total of five days to gather all the materials they needed to perform the ritual.

They have the Crystal of Vitality that was filled with infused Life Strands that only the Church of the Lord of the Secrets could produce.

It was a flawless crystal—a pulsing gem that shimmered with an inner light.

"This," he explained, "holds the essence of life itself." Chad said.

Aubrey nodded as she knew about this rare item.

"To restore her physical form," she said, "we infuse her with vitality."

Aubrey uncorked a vial—a liquid that swirled with iridescent hues. "This elixir of Arcane Rejuvenation from my family's store..." she revealed, "It rekindles dormant Arcane Energy. It will help her."

Chad smiled seeing the elixir that was probably worth a lot of money.

He then looked at Lisa's pulsing flesh and withdrew a feather—a fiery plume that radiated warmth.

"From a phoenix..." [n/vel/b/jn dot c/om](http://n/vel/b/jn.dot.c/om)

"Ahh... How did you get that?" Aubrey asked in surprise.

"It is from the Shadow Immortal." Chad replied as he knew that it came from the Black Grimoire owned by Vale. The Grimoire had a Phoenix Summon, though it was already an undead.

Aubrey then placed other items that might help Lisa's recovery, including various Arcane Scrolls that contain Arcane Energy and Life Force.

Chad did the same and produced all the items he obtained over the past few days.

Soon, the ritual began as Chad and Aubrey worked together to hasten Lisa's recovery speed!

The room blurred as it was soon filled with Arcane Energy.

Lisa's living flesh quivered, responding to the mixed energy trying to enter the flesh!

Chad traced the flesh's blood vessels and placed the Crystal of Vitality. Soon, it started sinking into her skin.

Aubrey then poured the elixir on the flesh that started producing skin! It didn't take long before the liquid started seeping into her veins.

The other items that could help Lisa recover her life force and energy were soon used up as well!

Soon, the living flesh became larger as it started forming a humanoid figure... Then, bones and veins formed, and human organs also started forming!

The Crystal of Vitality, however, had been used up! Chad could tell that they were lacking life force!

Without any more hesitation, he produced a drop of his Dragon Essence to help with Lisa's recovery!

Thankfully, everything went well as the transformation continued!

It took over four more hours before Lisa's exposed body was formed!

Aubrey immediately covered Lisa's body with a blanket before she glanced at Chad, who was looking out the window.

Anyway, Chad and Aubrey stepped back, their breaths mingling as they noticed Lisa's body quivering as if she were about to wake up!

Soon, Lisa opened her eyes, her gaze shifting between them.

"Chad? Aubrey?" she whispered.

"Lisa! You're really back!" Aubrey exclaimed, almost about to cry. She couldn't believe that she almost lost Lisa! It was truly a blessing that Chad managed to find them in time.

Lisa, on the other hand, immediately recalled the things that had happened before her death...

"Right! The Time Manipulators!"

#### Chapter 815 Visitors

Lisa knew that she wasn't the real target of the Time Manipulators. It just happened that she was sensed by the two while investigating Vale's traces in the Royal Castle of the Ruri Kingdom...

Chad knew what Lisa was thinking, so he immediately explained what had happened over the past few years.

She learned that the Time Manipulators had already been enslaved by Vale and were now working tirelessly every day. This was also thanks to the messenger she had used to relay the message to Vale.

Lisa heaved a sigh of relief after hearing what had happened. She felt weakened once again after her body relaxed.

Chad then swiftly assisted her in lying on the soft bed that Aubrey had prepared.

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Meanwhile, at Vale's castle in the Forbidden Forest, the morning sun painted the treetops in hues of gold and green.

Atop a hill, not too far from the castle, shrouded by ancient oaks, a ritual formation was arranged.

It seemed like it was a mosaic of engravings etched into the earth.

In this area, the atmosphere was filled with thick Arcane Energy due to the various Formation Arts that were arranged.

Within the Formation Arts, an altar stood at the center. It was a slab of obsidian, its surface was filled with Rune Arts that not even Magnus or the Immortals working for Vale knew about.

During this time, two figures moved swiftly around this area—their Arcanist Robes were even billowing with grace as they worked...

One of them was Time Manipulator Gin. His robe, midnight blue, clung to his lean frame. His fingers traced the sigils on the altar as if markings them with his temporal energy.

Beside him stood Darius, another Time Manipulator, and he was about larger than Gin. His robe was a deep crimson this time, and of course, they were made by Magnus himself...

Darius seemed to have worked a lot over the past few years as he grew his beard and mustache. There were many lines of silver in his hair at this point.

Nonetheless, his hands, calloused and steady, arranged the sacrificial materials—an array of rare herbs, a vial of unknown liquid, and a shard of mystical stone.

"Are you certain about this, Gin?" Darius's voice rumbled. "The Golden Key—its power is beyond reckoning. I'm not sure if this Formation will hold once we open that gate."

Gin nodded, his gaze unwavering. "Kyle's Avatar confirmed it... He'll do something about the stability of this realm... I hear he has a connection with the Fortune Goddess... It should be fine." he said.

"The Celestial Prison Realm awaits. I'm sure that there's someone there that could help Kyle's real body." Gin explained.

Darius grunted. "And what of our own fate?"

"True... We don't know what will happen to us if the other Time Manipulators are found using the Golden Key without their permission." Gin admitted.

"But we can just trust Kyle's plan on this matter. In any case, we won't be alone there... Once the Vampire was found... We will be fine roaming the Prison Realm..." He continued.

However, as they spoke, the air shimmered—a distortion in the air occurred and that heralded the arrival of the Airship.

It flew above them and headed straight to the castle.

Soon, it descended to the nearby dockyard...

This Airship was a lot smaller than the ones owned by Kyle's Merchant Group.

Nonetheless, it was a sleek vessel adorned with silver runes. Its hull bore the emblem of the Milton Kingdom's Police Force!

The two Time Manipulators were certainly curious, but seeing that Magnus was already on it, they decided to just look at the passengers of the Airship with their senses before retracting them back.

They realized that the arrival of the Airship had nothing to do with them, so they decided to continue with their work.

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Meanwhile, Magnus wasn't expecting a visitor today, but because of their identity, they had received permission to dock.

Soon, the passengers of the airship alighted.

Their leader, Police Inspector Victor, stepped forth—a man of steel-gray eyes and a no-nonsense demeanor. His uniform bore the insignia of the familiar police force but Magnus also noticed that the others weren't simple.

"I'm honored to be welcomed by the Great Magnus himself..." Victor said, his voice crisp.

"I'm Inspector Victor. These are my team: Agent Thorne, Occult Specialist Noah, and Paranormal Investigator Priscilla..."

Magnus nodded at them and he even recognized Agent Thorne of the Arcane Bureau.

Anyway, Magnus decided to observe the airship that they brought. He was more interested in that airship rather than the matter they had come here for.

"Your airship," Magnus said, "It looked marvelous... It must've been the work of hundreds of craftsmen and dozens of First-Class Runecasters... No, it seemed that the Beast Arts have also assisted in making this masterpiece."

He commented while looking at the small airship...

Although it was small, it was definitely a lot more powerful than that airship they were using as a Merchant Cargo.

Inspector Victor actually liked Magnus' comment since he set up the mood quickly. It seemed that they could get along with this famous, or, perhaps, legendary, Arcanist of the Continent.

Victor then smirked and replied proudly.

"Custom-made," He replied. "Powered by starlight stones, runes, and even beast stones to enhance its durability and ferociousness in battle... It's one of a kind, and you can imagine the amount of resources and money poured into this... I'm feeling honored that you could see its beauty and strength."

"Hahaha... You're right. This airship is one of a kind... You seemed to have forgotten that Demonic Cores and Horns that were used to make the airship... Anyway, why are you here?" Magnus replied.

Victor immediately felt ashamed, but he quickly picked himself up and replied.

"We're here to consult something with the Dragons owned by the Lord Shadow Immortal. There were incidents in the city that needed their attention... We hope to at least clarify a few things with them... I hope that you can help us grant an audience to the mighty beings of the Dragon Realm..."

After hearing this, Magnus felt intrigued as he didn't expect their presence here to be drawn by Vale's Dragons... n/ô/vel/b//jn dot c//om

## Chapter 816 The Mirror

Meanwhile, in the small town in the southern region of the Milton Kingdom, Lisa found herself alone in her room.

She was bathed in soft morning light and had nothing to do for now.

Her newly formed human body lay on the bed. She was still weak physically and had to stay bedridden until she fully recovered.

She flexed her fingers and marveled at the sensation of skin against skin. It was an incredible feeling.

Her eyes then scanned the room—the wooden beams, the lace curtains, and the stack of newspapers on the nightstand.

With nothing to do, she decided to read the newspapers as she might find some interesting articles on them.

Lisa reached for the first paper, curious as to what was going on around her as well.

Soon, she read the kingdom newspaper headline.

"New Royal Mage of the Milton Kingdom Appointed! In a dazzling ceremony at the Crystal Citadel, Archmage Vivian was officially anointed as the new Royal Mage of the Milton Kingdom, replacing Odessa. Her mastery of elemental magic and dedication to the realm of Spirits have earned her this prestigious position. Citizens rejoice as Vivian pledges to safeguard the kingdom against supernatural threats."

"Mhm? Did she do something wrong?" Lisa muttered as she recalled that Odessa was a decent Arcanist. Anyway, she read the rest of the article but it Odessa's current situation was not mentioned. It wasn't said whether she died or not, and it simply highlighted Vivian's powers. Well, she didn't think too much of it and continued with other articles.

"Pallham Empire in Decline.

Aftermath of the Demon Invasion. Once a formidable empire, Pallham now grapples with the aftermath of the demonic onslaught. Cities lie in ruins, and the once-mighty legions are scattered. The Emperor's desperate plea for aid echoes across the land. Can Pallham rise from the ashes, or is its fate sealed?"

The Pallham Empire had too much land before the invasion, and it was certainly difficult to protect so it wasn't that surprising that it took a lot of damage. Some smaller kingdoms might also be involved in their current situation. They probably wanted a piece of their land as well.

"Luminara Kingdom Thrives Post-Demon Invasion. Against all odds, Luminara flourishes. The Demon Invasion, though devastating. It spurred unprecedented unity amongst its people. Queen Rhianna's leadership and the resilience of her people have transformed Luminara into prospering nation. With the talented engineers and magic craftsmen's arrival, the Golden Age dawns as magic and technology intertwine."

After reading the news related to the kingdom and surrounding nations, Lisa took some local newspapers to see what was going on.

"Paranormal Activities on the Rise: Monforte County, Beware! Reports of ghostly apparitions, poltergeists, and eerie phenomena surge across our local towns. From the haunted lighthouse in Hollow's Cove to the spectral carriage on Elm Street, citizens share spine-chilling encounters. Paranormal investigators urge vigilance—what lies beyond the veil?"

Lisa chuckled after reading this. She realized that Aubrey's job as a Paranormal Investigator was actually a lot more interesting than she thought.

'Would I also become someone like her if I continued my study?' Lisa thought, but she quickly shook her head.

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Meanwhile, as the sun cast elongated shadows across the cobblestone streets of Dunwich Town, Aubrey found herself intrigued at the job she had taken.

She adjusted her spectacles and glanced at Chad...

"Chad, this task may not be for me but I will look into it since it was a request from a friend" she said, "Do you still want to join me?"

"Yes... I have nothing else to do anyway..." Chad replied.

Aubrey smiled at this as she led the way.

Soon, they stood before a weathered mansion—the kind that looked like haunted with its sagging eaves and creaking floorboards.

Mrs. Evelyn Fanfoss, a widow with sunken eyes and trembling hands, greeted them at the door.

"Thank you for coming," she said, with a voice that sounded fragile.

It seemed that Evelyn already knew who they were. Of course, Aubrey still introduced herself and Chad as her assistant. Then, she asked about the situation and why Evelyn needed their help.

"It's the mirror, you see. It's haunted."

Aubrey exchanged look with Chad.

They studied this in their third year at the Academy. Mirrors—their reflective surfaces held memories, echoes, and sometimes, trapped souls.

Although she could somehow help in this type of case, it would be very limited and might require the expertise of other Arcane Arts.

Evelyn then stepped into the dimly lit foyer, her boots sinking into the faded carpet. She signaled them to follow.

"The mirror," Mrs. Fanfoss continued, "was my husband's prized possession. He claimed it showed him glimpses of another world—a realm beyond our own."

Chad tilted his head, his eyes scanning the ornate frame. Now, he felt intrigued.

"And what did he see?" He asked.

"Faces," Mrs. Fanfoss whispered. "Faces that weren't ours. They whispered something but we don't understand them. However, they sounded soothing and not eerie... My husband grew obsessed—spent hours staring into the glass. Until one day, he vanished."

Aubrey approached the mirror—a tarnished oval that seemed to hold a thousand reflections. She pressed her palm against the cool surface, feeling the faintest tremor.

"Chad," she said, "observe."

Chad closed his eyes, attuning his senses. The mirror pulsed—a heartbeat of unknown memories. He glimpsed fractured images: a man in a top hat, a woman with silver hair, a child reaching out.

"It's a portal," Chad murmured. "A gateway to another dimension. Interesting... Is this the Spirit Realm?"

Aubrey shrugged. "Probably, but I'm considering that this was simply an illusion..." she said. "We might need Shamans—those who understand mirrors' mysticism more."

As she thought of just calling the Shamans for help, something unexpected happened.

The mirror's surface rippled!

Then, a terrifying force that threatened to pull Aubrey and Chad into its depths surged!

Aubrey's fingers grazed the edge, and she felt the inevitable tug! She looked at the mirror and saw a familiar figure!

"Mennena?!" Aubrey felt concerned as she felt that she was about to get sucked in.

But then, Chad's shadow shifted... It was a subtle ripple that occurred so quickly.

Suddenly, from his shadow, Lotus emerged—a Dark Spirit secretly protecting Chad!

Chapter 817 Real Enemy

Lotus appeared as a silhouette and acted quickly.

With a wave of her hand, the vortex closed, and the mirror returned to normal!

Chad and Aubrey heaved a sigh of relief after seeing this.

'I didn't expect him to have a Dark Spirit like Vale...' Aubrey commented in her mind.

As she thought of asking the Dark Spirit about what she knew about the vortex just now, a pulse of Arcane Energy occurred at the mirror.

Soon, the mirror's surface rippled, and its glass suddenly appeared like a threshold to realms beyond.

Chad squinted after seeing what was going on.

Lotus, the Dark Spirit, had just closed the vortex, but now, it was forcefully opened by the being behind the mirror.

And as it turns out, it was actually Mennena, the ArchFey, who had returned. Her presence was both ethereal and unsettling, and Chad and Aubrey exchanged silent glances.

They suddenly recalled Professor Shirley's lessons where they had to call for Mennena. They also recalled the ritual prayer they used to call for her.

Esteemed ArchFey of the Third Era, the 13th Warden of the Spirit World, the current Spirit of the Pristine Mirror, grant me your audience... In accordance with the vow, a practitioner of the Darkness Path will find the light within the darkness, and it'll outshine even the darkest of shades."

They still memorized this prayer, and Mennena was considered to be a very useful and knowledgeable spirit who could give any advice on any subject matter there was.

'It this really Mennena? Why does it feel different?' Chad muttered. Mennena still looked the same.

Her face was veiled—a dark gossamer that obscured her eyes. Her mouth curved, showing her lips painted the color of darkness... Her skin held the translucence of moonlight, and her hair cascaded like silver water.

Nonetheless, they both knew that Mennena's eyes were special as this was taught to them by the Professors.

Though hidden, her eyes were called Concealing Eyes which contained ancient knowledge. They held the weight of many oaths and vows where she had become mediator...



Aside from this, they only knew that Mennena was bound to mirrors... It was as if her existence was intertwined into every pane of glass, every polished surface in the world.

Chad's calmed himself for a few seconds before he finally spoke...

"Is that you, Mennena?"

"Yes," She replied softly.

"I'm sorry for surprising the two of you. I just thought of inviting the two of you to my realm..."

Aubrey's mind raced. She had no idea why they would even go to her realm.

Mennena, the Spirit of the Pristine Mirror, was no ordinary Fey. She held dominion over reflections, illusions, and the fragile balance between light and shadow. She knew more about her than Chad as her existence was further studied in their eighth year in the Academy.

"Why do you want us there?" Aubrey asked. "And what happened to Mrs. Evelyn's husband?"

Mennena's gaze shifted for a moment as if she was in thought.

"The mirror," she said, "was a prison. It was used in a previous ritual and it still had remnant energy... I believe that a Demon Saint used this to summon Evil Spirits. Your husband, Mrs. Hawthorne, glimpsed them. He sought answers, but the remnant Evil Force of the mirror ensnared him..."

Chad stepped forward. "And now?"

Mennena's veil fluttered. "He wanders," she said. "Between worlds. Lost. I offer a choice—to find him, to unravel the mirror's secrets. But the Spirit World is treacherous. It demands a price."

Aubrey's mind raced. She felt that something was off from this.

"We didn't call for you or used our Ritual Prayer" she said. "Why appear now?"

Mennena's mouth curved—a half-smile.

"Perhaps, the mirror sensed your need, and I noticed your familiar aura..." she replied. "And your prayer—it lingers. Even if the prayer was done ten years or even fifty years ago..."

Chad and Aubrey shuddered after realizing this... They knew that praying on Mysterious Entities was dangerous but they didn't expect that Mennena, the one their Professors encouraged to call, would be such a terrifying figure!

Chad's shadow shifted—an acknowledgment from Lotus. The Dark Spirit stood guard, its tendrils intertwining with the mirror's frame.

"Will you help us?" Aubrey asked.

Mennena's eyes—those veiled pools of secrets—held their fate. "Bring me the Golden Key of the Shadow Immortal... Allow me to borrow it for a day," she said. "And I'll help her husband find his way home."

Aubrey was confused as soon as she heard the Mennena words.

However, Chad was stunned.

His mind raced. He heard about it from the Time Manipulators. It was mentioned to him while they were training in the castle grounds.

It was an item that Shane had obtained in the Remnant of Celestial Realm. It was needed by the Time Manipulators in order to open the Celestial Prison Realm!

The Golden Key was a precious relic from the Celestial Realm.

There was no way that Mennena would request for it so casually as if it was just a common artifact.

"Mennena, the ArchFey, sought the key. But why? To free someone imprisoned in the Celestial Prison Realm?" Chad's mind raced through the legend he heard from the Time Manipulators and his Dragon teachers—the tales of celestial beings of the higher realm.

Nonetheless, the Golden Key was an important item, so he knew that Vale's Avatar would not hand it over. Even the Time Manipulators in his command wouldn't do so as well.

Chad squinted at Mennena.

"Are you in the Prison Realm?" he asked.

He just thought that Mennena's real body was somehow imprisoned and needed the Golden Key to free herself!

However, her reply was unexpected.

Mennena's eyes—veiled, half-seen—lit up.

"Ohhh," she said, "so it's true that he has the Golden Key. As expected."

Her voice held a hint of amusement. "My information is still reliable, though I can't enter the Immortal's castle."

She chuckled. It seemed that she was only confirming a piece of information from Chad! One of the Vale's trusted aides!

He certainly fell into a simple trap, but he didn't care about it anymore. At the very least, he also confirmed that Mennena could not do anything inside the castle's protection.

"Why do you need the key?" He asked again. "And who are you trying to free?"

Chapter 818 Lurking Danger

After some time, Mennena disappeared from the Mirror. Of course, Chad refused to provide the Golden Key as it was something precious.

Nonetheless, he had to report this to Vale's Avatars and the Time Manipulators who had their eyes on this Golden Key. They might have an idea of what Mennena wanted.

Because of that, however, Mrs. Evelyn's husband would probably no longer return to the physical world unless Mennena changed her mind. n/o/vel/b//in dot c//om

"I will ask the other experts if they have a way to look into this." Aubrey said that since she was originally planning to ask other Arcanists.

Shamans should be a good option since they have many rituals that require mirrors as a medium.

After this was settled, Aubrey returned the payment to the old woman since she wasn't able to help her.

In the end, Aubrey could only continue with other tasks before ending the day...

"I hope Lisa can recover quickly..." Aubrey muttered.

In any case, she was still waiting for the medicines that she requested from her father to give to Lisa, but she was hoping that Lisa would have a quicker recovery so she could bring her to various places... Lisa was her friend, and she wanted to spend some leisure time with her in various places.

"I hope so... I'm sure she'll love going to various places... Ever since she had become a Vampire, she was mostly practicing to get stronger to fight against the Demons. Now that it's kind of peaceful, it would be a nice break for her." Chad added...

However, his mind was still on the matter regarding the Golden Key... It seemed that he had to join the expedition this time.

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Meanwhile, within the well-lit reception hall of Vale's castle, Inspector Victor stood alongside his team—a motley crew of investigators were waiting to grace them with the presence of the Shadow Immortal's Dragon.

Magnus just promised them that he would inform the Dragon and told them to wait here. Soon, the light flickered for a while, casting moving shadows on the stone walls.

And then, Orden—the purple Dragon—appeared.

His human form was that of an old man; his eyes were dragon-like and quite nerve-wracking for the team.

His cloak, woven from unknown materials, trailed behind him. The room seemed to shrink as he stepped forth, his presence both majestic and unsettling.

Victor's heart raced as he observed the Dragon...

He just actually learned today the names of the Dragons who lives in this castle. They were Orden and Ryzoir according to Magnus.

Magnus mentioned that he would call for Orden—the Dragon who seemed to be more interested in meeting humans.

In any case, this was important for them so any Dragon that could enlighten them would be beneficial for them. He was even willing to make payments for this.

Victor wanted to greet the Dragon who was disguised as an old man but Orden's words sent shivers through the room...

"I have other things to do," he said, "and I don't normally meet humans nowadays. However, I'm curious why you called for me. If you don't satisfy me, you may not leave this castle with your lives. So, you have to make it worth my time."

The team exchanged nervous glances. Victor, however, felt a surge of confidence.

The Dragon Scale's information was definitely enticing... Furthermore, there were other things he could offer as a reward as well.

Soon, Orden listened as Victor recounted the tale—the mysterious dragon scale, the museum, and the inexplicable demise of the curator.

His frown deepened, and he asked about the scale's appearance.

Victor described it—the iridescence, the shifting patterns and the known history about it.

And then, Orden muttered, "Does it belong to Aersus?"

The name hung in the air—an enigma. The team exchanged puzzled looks. However, they could tell that it was probably the name of the Dragon Scale's owner.

"Aersus—the Soul Eater." Orden repeated with a low voice. He knew that Aersus had a conflict with Vale, so he immediately felt on guard. Vale mentioned Aersus before since he had also previously asked about this mysterious Dragon.

"Who is Aersus?" Victor finally asked.

Unfortunately, none of them had heard of this notorious Dragon.

Orden's eyes bore into theirs.

"A guardian turned devourer," he said. "Once a protector, now a creature of darkness..."

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Meanwhile, as this was happening, as this was all happening, they had no idea that a huge trouble was approaching them...

Mennena, a mystical being known as the ArchFey, possessed the extraordinary ability to traverse vast distances by harnessing the enigmatic power of mirrors.

At this time, after confirming her information from Chad, her heart was set on acquiring a coveted artifact, the Golden Key, nestled within the ancient walls of Vale's Castle.

"This will be tough... I needed some help for this but that useless deity got trashed by the Shadow Immortal already. Even the Death God is now useless. Tsk..." Mennena muttered.

Unfortunately, the formidable defenses of the castle, woven with intricate Formations Arts and guarded by the mystical prowess of Dragon Arts, presented a daunting obstacle that seemed insurmountable when faced alone. So, she really needed some help from a deity-level individual.

As she glanced at the castle's periphery through a broken mirror, her keen eyes scanned the imposing structure for any signs of vulnerability... Then, a tingling sensation crept up her spine.

"This..."

A well-hidden fluctuation of aura in the wind alerted her to the presence of a formidable entity nearby—a Dragon of immense power, shrouded in human guise, prowling the streets of a town nearby...

"I can't be wrong!" Mennena's eyes lit up. It was definitely a powerful dragon, and she had an idea of who this was!

Nonetheless, she had no idea what this Dragon wanted.

"This Dragon doesn't have any mark from the Shadow Immortal. He's alone... Is he targeting the Shadow Immortal's castle as well?" She mused.

This might be a good opportunity for her! Since she could only steal the Golden Key if the barrier was destroyed, this Dragon might be the best assistant she needed!

## Chapter 819 Steal

In the meantime, amidst the bustle of the town's activities, the Dragon in the human form was savoring a meal that was served to him.

He was indeed Aersus, who had just recently arrived in the Human Realm. After learning more about the castle where the Shadow Immortal was, he realized that it would be very difficult for him to fulfill his vengeance.

There were four True Immortals and even Demon Saints in the castle. Lastly, he heard about the two Dragons there...

"It's impossible to fight the Shadow Immortal. I should just enjoy this world." Aersus muttered as he knew when to advance or retreat.

He doesn't plan to kill or injure his soul after arriving in this place with difficulty.

'Well, he probably forgot about me already... It should be fine if we all forgot about that matter in the Mystic Soul Tower.' Aersus thought as he continued to eat...

"Mhmm... Human delicacy isn't too bad..."

As he thought of this, a frown crossed his features, prompting him to rise from his seat.

He paid for his meal, a money he had stolen somewhere, and calmly followed the aura that was guiding him. It led him to a shadowed alley, where a broken mirror awaited.

Its fractured surface reflected a distorted image of the enigmatic figure that had captured his attention.

'Interesting... I didn't think someone could see through my disguise.' He thought.

In a voice tinged with curiosity and suspicion, the Aersus confronted the mirrored apparition.

"Who are you? Why are you following me?" The echo of his query lingered in the alley, setting the stage for a convergence of destinies intertwined by threads of fate and intrigue in the mystical realm surrounding Vale's Castle. [n/o/v/el/b//in dot c//om](http://n/o/v/el/b//in dot c//om)

"I am Mennena, an ArchFey," she declared with an air of mystique around her. Her ethereal presence, however, seemed to have weakened a lot in front of this powerful dragon...

"Are you harboring intentions towards the Shadow Immortal's Castle?" Mennena's voice resonated with a subtle curiosity, prompting Aersus, the Dragon cloaked in human guise, to pause in contemplation.

"Mhmm? And why, pray tell, do you inquire of my intentions?" Aersus responded, his gaze meeting hers with a glint of amusement dancing in his eyes.

With a knowing smile gracing her lips, Mennena extended another offer veiled in intrigue, "I possess the means to aid you in your infiltration. Within the depths of the castle lies an object of great significance to me, yet the arrangements of Dragon Arts and Formation Arts encircling the fortress stops my entry."

Aersus chuckled softly, a rumble of amusement reverberating through the alley.

"Attacking the Shadow Immortal's stronghold would be an exercise in futility," he remarked, his tone tinged with a hint of respect for the formidable defenders within.

"The castle harbors not only the enigmatic Shadow Immortal but also four True Immortals, four Demon Saints, and two elusive Dragons. It is a world of insanity to dare to confront such a stronghold of strength."

Simultaneously, as their conversation unfolded, Aersus invoked the keen insight of his Dragon's True Sight, peering beyond the mystical veil to discern the true nature of the enigmatic presence conversing with him through the fractured mirror.

"Indeed, a formidable lineup," Mennena acknowledged, but her gaze remained calm.

"What if our roles were to intertwine harmoniously? You can help me break barriers, and I, the adept infiltrator will take something from the Immortal's domain. Does this arrangement pique your interest?"

Aersus, intrigued by the proposition, raised an eyebrow in silent contemplation.

"An intriguing proposal, but what incentive do I have to participate in this risky venture?" he inquired, his eyes betraying a glint of interest in the promise of a reward.

With a graceful gesture, Mennena unveiled a tantalizing offer, "Should you aid me in breaching the castle's defenses, the Golden Key, a medium used to enter the Prison Realm, shall be yours to wield once my purpose is fulfilled."

The mention of the Golden Key, a mystical artifact shrouded in ancient power, piqued Aersus's interest, kindling a spark of ambition within him.

"I trust you can deliver on this promise," he mused, his gaze meeting hers with a newfound sense of partnership.

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After two days of meticulous planning and preparation, the fateful moment arrived for Mennena and Aersus to embark on their daring mission.

As the moon cast its silvery glow over the landscape owned by the Shadow Immortal, the duo were ready.

Mennena was still in her mirror, but this time, there were already hundreds of broken mirrors in the forest. They were going to challenge the formidable defenses of the Shadow Immortal's Castle.

"I will start now..." Aersus said.

Soon, his form started shimmering with draconic power and underwent a breathtaking transformation, shedding his human guise to reveal the majestic visage of a blue dragon!

Roaaarr~

With a resounding roar that echoed through the night, he unleashed the primal essence of his draconic aura, channeling ancient energies to invoke a devastating Dragon Spell!

The atmosphere was soon filled with Fire and Wind Elemental Force as Aersus unleashed a torrent of searing flames and a tornado imbued with the might of a true Dragon!

He aimed at the first of the seven-layered barrier that shielded the castle's inner sanctum.

Boom!

However, instead of just hitting the first layer of Formation Arts or Barrier, something unexpected happened.

Each layer of the protective shield had started quivering and buckling under the powerful assault!

It seemed that the castle's defenses were no match for the sheer force of the Dragon's wrath.

This attack lasted for five more minutes, and as the final layer of the barrier shattered in a dazzling display of light and sound, Mennena seized the opportunity to weave her own enchantments, cloaking herself in a veil of invisibility that rendered her unseen by mortal eyes.

With each activation of her spell, she crossed through all the mirrors and entered the castle in the blink of an eye!

Within the hallowed halls of the castle, Mennena's Spiritual Sense was activated, and soon, she was guided by an unseen force and created a spiritual form!

Mennena's Spiritual Form then navigated the corridors with the deftness of a seasoned thief, and it didn't take that long before he finally found the location of the Golden Key!

"You're mine!"

Chapter 820 Against the Dragon

Meanwhile, as Mennena was trying to steal the Golden Key somewhere in the castle, Aersus didn't immediately escape from the scene.

His draconic form silhouetted against the moonlit sky, and he maintained a vigilant watch over the castle's perimeter. His keen senses, however, were carefully monitoring any signs of impending danger. As the night wore on, a sense of foreboding gripped his heart, a whisper of unease that hinted at the shadows lurking within the fortress's depths.

"She's in danger..." Aersus muttered as he suddenly realized that he could no longer sense Mennena's presence.

He was right; entering the castle was just plain stupid, and it was simply a suicide.

Then, as Aersus sought to establish contact with Mennena, a subtle shift in the night's air caught his attention.

With a keen sense honed by centuries of existence, he detected the unmistakable presence of another dragon drawing near.

"So it's really him..." Aersus muttered.

He only had unconfirmed information before, but now, he was able to confirm that one of the Dragons living in the Shadow Immortal's castle was an entity known as Orden. This time, Orden assumed a human guise, much like Aersus himself.

Silent as a phantom, Orden materialized behind Aersus, his presence a strong fluctuation of draconic aura. Orden wasn't hiding the fact that he was a Dragon in human guise.

"Aersus... I had not anticipated your arrival," Orden's voice resonated with a tone of both surprise and suspicion, his gaze fixed amusedly upon Aersus.

Aersus, meeting Orden's gaze with a calm demeanor, acknowledged the looming tension between them.

They were not friends, although they were both dragons.

Nonetheless, he didn't immediately answer as Aersus decided to turn himself back to his human form. He swiftly underwent a transformation, assuming a human form that mirrored the Dragon's imposing presence. Indeed, he wasn't hiding his Draconic Aura as well, unlike when he first met Mennena.

"I am but a hired agent of the Fey Spirit. I'm just commissioned to breach the castle's formidable barriers. My quarrel lies not with you, Orden," Aersus spoke with a measured tone, seeking to diffuse the mounting animosity between them.

However, Orden, his draconic pride, wouldn't let this matter go just like that. He refused to accept Aersus's explanation.

"The act of shattering the protective veil that cloaked the castle was an act of defiance, a challenge that cannot go unanswered. The Shadow Immortal demands retribution, and you shall face me in battle," Orden declared, his voice tinged with a steely resolve that allowed no opposition.

As the tension between the two dragons reached its peak, the patch of land became a stage for their duel. \*\*\*

Meanwhile, Magnus watched the battle of the two Dragon's from a distance while repairing the Formation Arts that were destroyed.

He immediately gathered a few Recording Crystals as he knew that this battle would be epic. It had to be archived and let everyone in the future know about it.

"I heard that Vale wanted to establish an academy... It would be great if he could add this in the library or archives." Magnus muttered as he looked into the distance.

Orden, the Rune Dragon known as the purple Dragon, faced off against Aersus, the Soul Eater who had a blue and white scale a while ago before it transformed back to his human form. Nôv(el)B\\jnn

Soon, dark clouds gathered above them as the moonlight was instantly blocked, making the surrounding place truly dark...

Magnus could only see them through his Arcane Vision that allowed him to see arcane energies...

Soon, the battle started.

Orden unleashed a torrent of Dragon Runic Spells. Each Rune was different as they targeted Aersus without any pause.



However, with a swift wave of his hand, Aersus countered with a barrage of energy-draining techniques. The runes shattered as they lost their energy...

He didn't stop there. He continued his counterattack as he released a pulsating orb of energy with an otherworldly glow that sought to enclose Orden within their dark embrace!

As the battle continued, the patch of land barely lasted for a minute before it was destroyed and created a crater amidst the two special entities.

Each Dragon spell colliding would create a powerful shockwave, and if not for Aersus's energy-draining techniques, the damage to the surroundings would be even greater!

Orden's runes clashed against Aersus's soul-stealing magic, creating an intricate clash of Draconic Spells!

In their human forms, the two combatants moved like a blur, and they certainly defied mortal understanding at this point.

"Haha! This is getting more and more interesting... However, I think that's enough for a warm-up..." Aersus said.

"That's true... We should start fighting seriously. I noticed that you're not in your perfect state yet, but I hope that you won't use it as a reason once you've lost." Orden said.

"Since I can't use my strongest spells yet... Let's switch..." Aersus replied.

As the clash of Dragon Spells proved to be a futile exchange, Aersus and Orden seamlessly transitioned into a fierce melee of physical combat.

With every strike and parry, the forest resonated with the thunderous impact of their titanic confrontation.

The surrounding towns had even thought that they were hearing thunderstrikes at this point! However, the truth was even more terrifying: it was the clash of the two Dragons!

Orden launched a series of lightning-fast strikes aimed at Aersus... While Aersus met each blow with calculated move, his defenses were truly incredible against the Rune Dragon's relentless assault.

The forest was soon filled with the sound of colliding forces as Aersus countered with a swift kick that grazed Orden's flank, eliciting a low growl of defiance from the formidable dragon.

"Tsk... You have trained well with your human form..."

In response, Orden retaliated with a series of rapid punches that sought to breach Aersus's defenses, each strike a testament to the Rune Dragon's mastery of close-quarters combat. It seemed that he had trained a lot with his human body as well!

With a deft movement, Aersus executed a lightning-quick dodge, narrowly evading Orden's onslaught before launching a powerful counterattack of his own.

His fists blurred with blinding speed as he unleashed another series of strikes that tested the limits of Orden's endurance!

"Haha! This is fun!" Aersus laughed as he seemed to forget where he really was.

He was still in the territory of the enemy!