

## The Vampire 128

### Chapter 128 128: Execution

In Ashlynn's arms, Heila's eyes fluttered open as the oppressive cold that trapped her in dreamless sleep faded away like mist dispersed on the wind. What she saw, however, left her uncertain whether or not she'd truly woken.

"Lady Nyrielle?" Heila whispered, staring wide eyed at the winged figure hovering before the icy monstrosity and radiating a dark aura of menace.

"She came for us," Ashlynn said, relieved that Heila seemed to be recovering. "Hauke," Ashlynn called. "It's not safe there, come here."

Not far from where Nyrielle had launched herself into the air, the young Frost Walker stood with his mouth agape in a horrified daze.

"Ancestors," he murmured, looking at the abomination his revered ancestors had become. Was it true? Was he like them? Was this the fate that awaited anyone with an iridescent horn? His heart shook as he wondered if the horn he'd taken as a blessing all these years was actually a curse.

"Hauke!" Ashlynn shouted. "Whatever they once were, they've become something else. Get out of the way before you get hurt!"

"You, you're right," he said, slowly backing away as the swirling purple energy began to crackle against Nyrielle's shadows. Whether he was looking at a vision of his future or not, standing here was clearly a bad idea.

Hauke's movement seemed like a signal and the abomination struck first, hurling dozens of icy spears at the hovering vampire. On the ground around the monstrosity, chains of ice glowing with dark purple energy began to circle around the creature, whipping through the air as if to entangle anyone who dared approach.

Nyrielle's ax danced in her hands, spinning like a baton, smashing through the icy spears as she dove toward the beast. Her lips curled in a silent snarl as she hurled herself along with all of her pent up emotions at the creature who sought to prey on her and her beloved Ashlynn.

Magic clashed and the cavern shook when Nyrielle's ax cleaved into the blade-like arms of the gruesome creature. All five mouths roared in frustration as the icy blade was hewn from the limb, falling to the ground and shattering on the cavern floor.

Chains of ice whipped at Nyrielle forcing her to dodge away instead of continuing her dive, but the beast's reprieve only lasted for a moment.

"Blood Corruption. Agony," Nyrielle said, her voice rolling through the cavern like a dark whisper from the grave. Slicing the tip of her small finger with a sharpened nail, she flung a drop of blood shrouded in darkness at the creature's icy body.

Rather than splattering or freezing on the surface of the ice, Nyrielle's dark blood sank into the creature, spreading along the half formed veins and arteries as it raced toward the pulsing heart.

Three of the five crimson Frost Walkers howled in pain and the one atop the beast nearly dropped his trident. On the beast's chest, the childish figure attached to the creature's heart began to chant, summoning pale green healing energy in a desperate attempt to purge the cursed blood from its body.

The final crimson figure let loose a banshee like wail, her piercing scream carrying with it a blinding flurry of snowflakes and a bitter, freezing wind.

"The dead do not fear the cold," Nyrielle said, diving toward the feminine figure half encased in the creature. "And blood cannot hide from vampires." The blade of her ax whistled through the air, severing the crimson Frost Walker's head at the neck and sending it crashing to the ground.

The remainder of her body twisted and flowed, sinking into the creature where it became fully formed crimson lungs wrapped in a crimson ribcage of hardened ice.

"NOOOOOO!" The remaining heads wailed, each one directing a murderous glare at Nyrielle. "Always together. Never apart," they cried. More ice spears formed around the beast, flying through the air in a desperate attempt to pin down the agile vampire. The cavern walls trembled with the force of the blows, shaking loose giant blocks of ice and stone that tumbled to the ground.

"Hauke," Ashlynn said, tugging on the young Frost Walker's fur. "We need to go, or we'll get hurt."

"But," he began to say, but he couldn't finish the words. After serving as a vessel for their spirits, it was impossible that there was no trace of the ancient Frost Walkers left within him. These five had once been the greatest champions of their generation, selfless heroes who vowed to serve their people beyond death.

Now, he felt like he was watching the true death not only of the greatest Frost Walkers who had ever lived, but five heroes who had each shared with him a sliver of their vast experience. Eugen the Greenwind Healer, Ines the Unending Blizzard, Ansgar the Lord of Seven Peaks... he knew them all. Not as the monstrosities they'd become but as champions who protected their people for centuries after their deaths.

"If you can't go," Ashlynn said, sensing his hesitation. "Then form a barrier to protect us. If you're too drained to do that then I'm sorry but we can only flee."

"I, I can make a barrier," he said, unwilling to look away as he formed an icy shield around them.

Nyrielle's ax hadn't been idle and the head of the aged, stooped Frost Walker had joined the head of of the first to fall victim to her ax, falling into the ground and shattering while the body of the beast absorbed the remainder of her crimson ice.

With the death of the crone, the ice spears fell to the ground as the three remaining Frost Walkers put all of their energy into fighting with the giant body and the whipping chains. At the center of its chest, the young Frost Walker continued to chant, healing the cracks on the monstrous body and restoring the lost arm blade to deadly sharpness.

"Enough," Nyrielle said, pulling back from the creature and hovering in the air before it. "Curse of Blood Destruction. Boil," she said, slicing the tips of three fingers before flinging a drop of dark crimson blood at each of the remaining Frost Walkers.

This time, when the drops fell on the ice creatures, the effect was immediate and explosive. Cracks shot along the ice seconds before each of the creatures exploded in a cloud of red steam and ice fragments.

Hundreds of pounds of ice crashed into the cavern floor as the clear icy body that remained collapsed under its own weight, unable to sustain itself without the reinforcement of the ancient Frost Walker's magic.

Shards the size of fists pelted Hauke's barrier sending spiderwebs of cracks across its surface before the wave of icy debris passed harmlessly by, leaving a shimmering red crystalline mist in the air beneath Nyrielle's slowly beating wings.

"Nyrielle," Ashlynn said softly, picking her way over the broken pieces of ice and stone as she made her way to the descending vampire.

"My Ashlynn," Nyrielle whispered, gently wrapping her arms around her wounded lover and allowing her dark, shadowy magic to dissipate.

"You're safe now," she whispered, wrapping her dark feathered wings around them and pulling Ashlynn close enough to tuck her lover's head beneath her chin.

On the ice below, two teardrops fell, one clear and the other pink, blending together before freezing in place while both women held each other in a silent stillness that belonged to them alone.