

Jake Long finally awoke, slowly opening his eyes upon three men standing above him.

"Mr. Long," The first voice said, "I suppose you're wondering why you're here."

"Yeah dawg, what kinda Hunt Clan stuff is this?" Jake responded, struggling against the other two guards holding him in place.

"Silence," The voice demanded, "All you need to do is complete a simple task and you may be granted freedom... eventually."

Jake once again tried to struggle against the guards, but quickly realised that as a human, he had no chance of getting out of their grasp. "Don't worry mate," one of the guards told him, "Just gotta beat up this wanking hot blond chick"

"Yeah mate," The second began to say, "I'd put my money on ya to, we saw you turn into a dragon!"

"Yeah a bloomin' sick dragon!"

Their words of perversion and compliments did little to ease Jake, but he figured if all he had to do was beat someone he could do it easy-peezy. He had beaten up plenty of other people so why would this be any different? Jake was then thrown into an unremarkable, almost perfectly 50x50 meter room. Standing at the other end was a blond woman jumping with anticipation for the fight.

"Turn into the dragon mate!" The guards cheered on as they brought chairs to watch the fight. Jake needed little more motivation than this as he gave a nod to the two spectators and yelled, "DRAGON UP!"

"Kind of a dumb catchphrase innit?" Guard number one whispered to his partner.

"Shut up mate watch the fight," The other retorted with a finger over his lips.

The woman at the other end of the room didn't seem phased by this, which confused Jake. Normally when he turns into a dragon people get scared, so he knew he had to turn up his intimidation factor. Puffing out his chest, and walking over to Yang slowly before shouting out, "Yo dawg, all my homies on the streets and shiz got all theys glacks and if you ain't stepping off, you ain't crimpin' on out ya dig?"

Yang looked confused at all the mediocre 2000's wannabe cool-guy lingo coming out of Jake. If it weren't for the absolutely horrible words he had just uttered, she might be scared. But alas, Jake's monologue only served to make everything about him seem worse than before, "Ummm... could you say that again, but like in english?" Yang asked.

Jake let out a small sigh, "Let's just fight okay?" Wasting no time at that cue, Yang fired off two shots straight at Jake's chest, the loud boom echoing throughout the room. Jake however managed to dodge both of those, flying into the air, where he tried to let out a quick remark, but was cut off via two more slugs being fired at them. Luckily for Jake he managed to get out of the way.

Jake quickly attempted to mount a retaliation firing a ball of flames towards his foe, the roaring sphere came down upon Yang, who was only barely hit by the fire that had erupted from Jake's mouth. Now with singed clothes and hair, Yang kicked it up a notch. Firing at the ground, Yang soared through the air, colliding with and hanging onto Jake's body.

"Hey girl," Jake began to say, "Watch the deets man." Jake continued to speak in a horrible mix of inner city dialect and actual english words as Yang laid fist after fist into his side, until Jake decided to take a nose dive and body slam Yang into the ground. The two made contact with the concrete floor, as both their bodies made a dull thud and they fell off of each other. Yang had only barely gotten off the ground, when a smolderingly hot beam of fire covered her body. Jake continued this until the guards had come and stopped him.

"Mate, dear lord," Guard number one uttered, concerned for the woman's health, "Look you can't just burn an ass like that out of existence!"

"Stop, stop she's already dead," The second guard pleaded with Jake.

"Oh right sorry I got carried away hehe," Jake nervously laughed out, before turning human as the guards once again grabbed him and took him into another room.