

Don't Stop Believin'

With Rem already on the defense for his holy rays, the slayer would grin as a few of his beams made it past those defenses, leaving the white dragon ready for anything that came his way! But as his attack was successful, it also was a failure, as the dream catcher spell took his attack and sent it right back at him; as if it was mirrored.

“Oh shi—!”

The Slayer stated aloud, but he didn't falter, leaning forward, Sting would still grin and launch himself head first into his reflected attack, taking on the beams that did hit him with noticeable winces of pain, scratches made here and there yet he was so fast in movement that the major damage was already long gone past him. Instead, he opted to close the distance between him and Rem, holy light illuminated in his fist as he thrust forward.

“White Dragon's Steel Fist!”

He shouted aloud, throwing that fist right for Rem's chest to initiate a hard impact to send the opposing mage flying back towards the wall. Cheeks puffed out, wherever Rem was, whether the fist connected or not, Sting's face pointed towards his opponent and unleashed a consolidated vortex which was normally known as a Dragon's Roar, only this was his own specialized roar! One in which if his opponent attempted to avoid in any way, Sting would turn his head towards that path and have the roar follow to deal some heavy damage!

“Come on! Let's amp it up! You say you're a dreamer? Well don't stop believin'!”

Cheesy grin, teeth sparkle.