



Stick Page Record

wRHG 03: Fighters in the Sky, Decagon Arise Percius Farukon vs. Azarel Stavros By FalconX578

Blades the Falcon, Explosive Feathers, Feather-like Weapons, Wings

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Aerokinesis, Blades of the Gods, High IQ, Keen Sense of Smell

Fighters in the Sky, Decagon Arise

Monday, August 28 2017 at 11:51 p.m. The Human Realm. Cloudfell City.

Azarel Castor Stavros looked up at the large hotel building, his black bandana concealing the fury written all over his face, a fiery rage all built up for a man dubbed the Sage of the East. The Bladeslinger however, found the man a fool for not only attempting to kill him, but do such cruel things to the people around him. Last week's assault was the last straw for him. He never knew why he would try to cross the skilled assassin, but he didn't care. Azarel was only here to get his revenge, and hopefully find some answers on his quest along the way. He had no time to screw around. He had to move.

In his left hand, Violet held a small letter, challenging the man to a duel, one Azarel was certain he could win. He had done his research, and the odds seemed to be in his favor. This Falconer, this Guardian of the Skies they called him, had powers that couldn't hold a candle to the combined wrath of the legendary Blades of the Gods and the warrior who wields them. He was no match for the trained killer known as Violet.

"He won't see it coming, heh, he'll have no idea what will hit him when the time comes," he muttered under his breath, all before he vanished into the pitch darkness.

Tuesday, August 29, 2017 at 05:52 a.m. The Human Realm.
Cloudfell City.

“Hold on Blades, I’ll get you your food pronto,” Percy said as he walked over to his nightstand, reaching for a blue metallic ball laying there, vibrating intensely. He picked up the ball with care, and took the time to observe the ancient markings all over it, at least before the ball jumped out of Farukon’s hand and unraveled itself to reveal the majestic turquoise-blue bird. In fraction of a second, the large and very deadly being started to fly around the room, squawking violently as it went. “Okay, calm down, you’ll get your food soon. Now quiet, you’ll wake everyone else up!” The bird almost immediately stopped, but was still extremely eager to chow down and eat.

Percy gave a chuckle as he tossed a large chunk of bird meat into the air, which was consumed in an instant. Percy began to repeat this process until his companion was fully satiated and gave a satisfactory squawk. Finally seeing as how the bird was no longer hungry, the Sage decided to go on his computer to check his email, something routine to Percy, especially in the early morning. He just felt the need to be on top of things. He told himself he wasn’t looking for anything in particular, but deep down, he was searching for a response from a dear friend of his.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Percius just stared blankly at his screen, dismayed that he still had not heard back from his dear friend Mathias Goodmin, who had disappeared a few weeks prior to his arrival in Cloudfell City. In fact, the only reason for his visit to the strange island other than to see his cousin was to look for his good friend. He had been doing all he could to look, his friends too. Raphi Taka, his only relative that he knew about, had been doing all he could as a part of the wRHG Regulation Force, a powerful group of fighters who made sure that peace could be kept throughout the land in a world full of powerful warriors. Joshua Higgins, owner of the JazzBerry Café and a close friend of Percy, had been putting up flyers all around the city. Even the mighty Bulwark had gotten nowhere. All of these people had been doing everything they could, but still came to no avail. Farukon knew that they were doing all that they could, but he couldn’t help but wonder what it would take to find his missing friend.

Squawk! Percy’s bird had snapped him back to reality. He looked at the falcon, and right in front of it was a small white envelope. Confused, the Sky Guardian opened it, and out came a small handwritten note. His eyes carefully read every word.

“A battle... It’s challenging me to a battle... Well then Blades, seems like you and I have been challenged to a fight! I’ve never backed down from one, and I definitely won’t start now.” Percy attempted a grin. “Let’s start training then! I mean, what can go wrong, right?” Percius stroked his pet’s head. He tried to sound cheery about it, but on the inside, fear and worry took over his mind. The note talked about an “awaited revenge,” and mentioned that “death and destruction would come upon him and his foul bird.” If he didn’t show, a “terrible occurrence

would strike.” What it meant was a mystery, and no signature was left. A true enigma to Percy indeed. Blades could see the fear in Percy’s eyes, and hopped over to his owner, rubbing his head against his friend’s stomach. The Sage had thought about this whole thing being another set up like the one with Bulwark, but Percy didn’t want to not show up, especially since the note didn’t seem like an empty threat. Farukon felt conflicted, but he felt that he should go in the end. After all, this person may hold some answers. *Ring!* Farukon’s dark red phone rang. It was his cousin, Raphi Taka.

“Heya, Percy, I was wondering if you were willing to take a walk with me to some ancient ruins. Seems like something that would interest you wouldn’t it?” Percy pondered over his cousin’s words for a moment, wondering if he should show up. He made up his mind and gave his response.

“Sorry Raphi... I have more urgent matters to tend to at the moment. How about tomorrow? If circumstances allow it, I should be able to make it. You game?”

“Yeah sure, it’s fine really. Just call me when you’re ready. I look forward to seeing you tomorrow.”

“Goodbye Raphi, hope to catch you around tomorrow,” he said as he hung up on his close relative.

Already, the Sky Guardian had yet another battle on his hands. To think such a lifestyle was what Percy had wanted for himself beforehand had really boggled Farukon’s mind at this point. He thought of all those people from before who had warned him of the dangers of such a reckless way of life, that it might not be worth it, and that it might prove to be less of a worthwhile sport and competition and more of a cruel game of life or death. Kwara, Mathias, Serif, maybe they were all right. With all this fighting, all the hostages being kept, all the innocent deaths, Percy was beginning to realize how right they were, and how terribly wrong he had been.

Farukon gestured for Blades to follow him out the door as he grabbed his gray jacket and left to get a cup of tea. There was just way too much crap to think about at 6:00 in the morning.

As he walked down the street, he thought over this whole thing again. Maybe he should just call off the meeting tomorrow with Raph, tell him to get together today and just ignore the threats. But Farukon decided he shouldn’t. Besides, this person may hold some answers that he needs. After he is to relax with some nice green tea, Percy decided that he is to sharpen his fighting skills for the remainder of the day. Unlike his encounter with Bulwark, he has no idea with whom he is dealing with, and if he had a challenging time keeping up with Bulwark, who knows what might happen with this one.

Tuesday, August 29, 2017 at 07:20 p.m. The Human Realm.
Cloudfell City's Kahrai Village Ruins.

Rundown building after rundown building the Sky Guardian passed, wondering what it all looked like in its former glory. He wondered what the people were like, and he wondered how the whole village ended up becoming these ominous ruins that they are today. His gray suit was keeping him warm from the cool breeze, which would constantly mess up Percy's hair, making him regret his decision to avoid putting gel in. Percy took out the small metallic ball from his pocket and let it unravel on its own. He gave a quiet whistle and nodded his head to a small tree on his right, asking the bird to wait there. He cared deeply about Blades, and treated it like his own child. Using his bird's assistance was usually a last-minute thing, depending on his foe. Still, one thing was on Percy's mind, something that bothered him greatly. He wondered who this person that wanted to meet him here was, and why he wanted a fight. It's not like it was any ordinary fight, since the way the letter was worded made it seem like the author held some sort of grudge against Percy, and if Farukon was right about that, he still couldn't find a reason why anyone would hate him. With these thoughts in his mind, Percy decided to take a seat on a nearby rock, deep in thought.

"So, you and your little bird decided to show up no didn't you." Farukon turned his head to his left, and there stood his challenger. It was a young teenager with black hair and cold indigo eyes. His clothing was simple, a black hoodie with neon-blue streaks and black leather pants. On his waist were three sword scabbards, two on one side and one on the other. From what Percy could see, they were about the size of a longsword, which could prove very troublesome to him. The boy wore a hood and black bandana too, which concealed most of his face. He also had black gloves on, which he clenched into tight fists and took a few steps forward. Birds near him began to fly away.

"Well, I would be too much of a *chicken* if I didn't show you *bird-brain*," Percy joked as he got up and started walking towards the young boy nonchalantly. Not expecting the pun, it took him a second to focus back on the Falconer's movements. He took his right hand and created a ball of wind, which he quickly threw at Percy, but he dodged this with ease.

"Not another step from you!" The boy exclaimed, eyes alert for any sudden movement. "You... You're one of them! Don't you think this will be an easy battle to win, after all, there's no way I'll let you out alive. It's time you get what you deserve!"

"And what exactly do I deserve now? Because I don't recall committing any wrongdoing against you kid. Heck, I don't even know you," the Sage replied.

"Oh, don't act like you didn't do anything to me. And what you deserve? Heh, well, you'll find out soon enough." Almost immediately, he pulled out one of his swords from his right. It was of greenish coloration, and wrapped around the hilt was a green cloth. He drew it back behind him, and focused a mysterious wind-like energy to swirl around the blade, which

began to glow. Percy unveiled his elegant white wings and formed his chakram, quickly bracing himself for a speedy dash towards him, but his foe had other ideas.

With a slight smirk, Azarel threw the blade at Percy, who had moved to his left, not expecting the unorthodox use of the sword. In a flash, the sword-wielding boy sprinted up to the blade, which laid embedded in a nearby tree. He pulled it out quickly and jumped at Percy. He would have landed an overhead strike on his foe's head had it not been for the indent in Farukon's chakram and the Falconer's great strength. The boy jumped back on impact and landed on both feet, ready to strike again.

"You know, I never got your name by the way, what was it again?" the Sage asked.

"Me? I'm the last thing you'll ever see. And Hades over here will make sure of it." The boy withdrew another sword, this sword black with a red-tinted blade and a cloth of similar color wrapped around the hilt. Percy looked down at his chakram. There was no way he could fight back with such weaponry against someone who wielded longswords in such an unusual way, at least to him. That was, until he realised that he had more of an advantage than he thought.

Seizing his opponent's moment of weakness, the boy in black charged up his green sword with the wind again, and shot a beam of wind at him, to which he responded by folding his wings to cover his chest, completely shielding him from the attack.

Without a moment to waste, Farukon flew up the sky, beginning to hover as his assailant seemed ready to do something about his airborne foe. The Sage quickly began to fire his explosive feathers at the small-looking human. His enemy didn't think much of it first, until they began to explode without warning. One knocked him into the trunk of a large tree, the one that Blades just so happened to be perched on. Percy groaned.

"And why am I always the one being called a liar left and right nowadays?" Farukon muttered under his breath as he then gave a rather loud whistle, and without hesitation, the bird flew up to his master, dropping yet another explosive feather on their foe in the process. *Bang!* Yet another explosion rang like it was the Fourth of July. It took a short while for the teen to recover from these series of explosions, but after a short bit of time, he got back up on his feet, ready to fight again.

Percy looked at the young lad, surprised he was able to recover that quickly. He just couldn't exactly tell who this was, but he knew that this was clearly a trained killer. Though, Farukon didn't want to waste any more time trying to figure out the young minor's identity. Every second was valuable, at least in this fight. Percy knew that it would be no easy bout, seeing as how he possessed weapons and powers that would prove troublesome to the Sky Guardian.

Again, Percy fired his feathers at the gladiator, hoping to keep tactic this up. Though, the boy had other ideas in mind. He quickly forced the air around him to create this swirling dome-like shield that covered his body from the raining feathers. The wind swirled around so fast that it sent the feathers flying away from him, keeping him safe from any harm. The Bird-man, seeing how repeating this strategy would be futile, swooped down, reverting his

chakram back into a kunai feather, and threw it down at the young teen, who blocked effortlessly with his aerokinesis.

Sick of the Sky Guardian's dive-bombing tactics, Farukon's assailant launched himself into the air after creating a blast of wind that made him soar, his aim fixed on the Guardian in the Skies. He shot high above the thirty year old man, but managed to bring his sword down on his opponent.

Unfortunately for him, his foe flew out of his way, throwing his feather kunai from his wings as he went. One missed, but the other pierced his left arm just in time. As he fell, the boy quickly fired a slash of wind from one of his swords at the Sage, who took the hit to his left foot, which made Farukon wince at the pain.

With a fiery determination, Percius' enemy tried this tactic again, launching himself in the air, propelling himself at the Winged Hero with great speed. Farukon was quick to fly away as soon as he saw the teenager fly off the ground, but as the boy began to fall yet again, he created a strong gust of wind powerful enough to bring the Sage closer to him. Unable to resist, Percy's wings were dragged into the boy's two swords. Farukon howled in pain as the two fell, Percy first to hit the ground. Farukon controlled his wings to disappear into his back as he rolled around the ground in agony. There was something about that green blade that gave Percy a scarring experience. It felt terrible, and Percy just about couldn't stand it any longer.

"That's why, you never mess with Violet you scoundrel," the boy said, his voice cold. He pointed his green sword at the Falconer and walked forward. Percy attempted to get up, but the man named Violet slashed his chest with the air from his blade. Farukon crawled backwards, until he felt it. It was the edge of the floating island, and Percy couldn't help but smile.

"Heh, you're good kid, I'll admit it. Not many guys your age can fight me and manage to bring me this close to death," Farukon managed to speak. He gave a slight grin as his left eye turned a dark green and began to glow. "But you're luck runs out right here bud." To his surprise, Violet felt something fuzzy rub against his neck. By the time this thing reached his back, he knew what it was.

Bang! The explosion from the feather Blades dropped caused Violet to lurch forward a bit, but he made a quick gust of wind to keep him from fall off the edge. Farukon took advantage of this and rose from the ground, ready to punch the mysterious "Violet." The boy saw this sudden action, and grabbed his fist. Though, to his surprise, this is what Percy had wanted. He then stepped forward and wrapped his arm around his waist. Without time to waste, Farukon gave a whistle, signalling his pet to drill his metal talons into the teenager's back. Violet yelped in pain, a second before Percy threw them both off the edge of the island as Blades willingly followed. Immediately after, Percius used an ability he hadn't needed to use for a long time. He created a portal that led to the mystical Stickfigure Dimension.

Tuesday, August 29, 2017 at 07:42 p.m. The Stick Realm. The Desert of the Lost.

To Percius, it seemed the whole world had changed from what he was used to, to a world that could just couldn't be described by words. Though, the familiarity of the Desert of the Lost warmed Farukon's heart. He loved the heat, and being back had warmed his heart so to speak. However, he still had that assassin to deal with.

Quickly, Farukon rose to his crimson-red feet, conjuring up a chakram as he took a large jump back. Violet got up startled, his hand rubbing against his dodger blue forehead. He looked around, and was met with an environment completely new to him. Sand was blowing, making it hard to see, but he was in a desert. It was quite hot, but it was nothing he couldn't handle. Cacti scattered the area, producing a tasty-looking red fruit. Strange stone structures could be seen in the distance, but it was all a blur to the boy, for he could not make out what they were. It was getting dark out too, so that wouldn't help him see at all. Though, without a heads up, his time for admiring the scenery was up, for his foe had thrown his chakram, cutting his left cheek. But instead of getting lost in the sand, it came right back to its owner, cutting his face again in the process. Violet wiped the blood from his cheek and stared at his hand. The red blood was smeared over his blue hand, which had a sort of purple border. He had never seen anything like this in person. He'd heard stories of a mystical land of stickfigures, but he had always dismissed the thought, for it sounded too childish to him.

"So, I suppose I ought to welcome you to the Stick Realm my friend!" Percy shouted, chakram in hand.

"Friend? If I were your friend, you wouldn't have try to kill me in the first place! Not to mention when you nearly destroyed *his* house," the boy said, ready to strike.

"Hey now, I never tried to kill you. Heck, you were the one who gave me that letter in the first place."

"Yeah, after what *you* did to me and my only friends!"

"What *I* did to you? Look, I don't know what you're talking about here, but maybe we can talk this all out. We don't have to fight."

"Oh... But we do... You see, we Stavros' don't let go of things easily, and I, Azarel, am no different." The boy named Azarel put the sword dubbed Hades back in its scabbard and pulled out a new sword in its place. This one had a blue metallic blade with a blue cloth. Azarel jumped up super high, controlling the air to give him a large boost. He quickly threw the longsword at Percy, which made quick work of his left hand as he tried to dodge. The impact had left Percy in extreme pain, and he was crying out in profound agony. But, the Falconer still had a battle on his hands, and he could do nothing but grit his teeth and bear it. Percy decided to create a miniature tornado, and one that should have arrived at where Azarel was to land and was to explode right on time. Though, Farukon had forgotten one important factor.

Azarel saw the tornado coming, and with his aerokinesis dispelled the attack. As Violet dropped to the ground, he broke into a roll and went over to his sword, which he picked up quickly, preparing to attack again.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Farukon inquired, gripping his left hand.

“Just shut up already.” Azarel quickly manipulated the wind to shoot sand in Farukon’s eyes, which blinded him, stinging his eyes badly. Percy tried to bring an end to the discomfort, rubbing his eyes desperately trying to see what Violet was planning to do, but came to no avail. Seizing the chance to strike, Violet dashed and prepared to make a clear strike to the Falconer’s heart.

Squawk! Azarel had been tricked somehow. The bird and its master had switched places! Blades had seemed to give a small grin before turning into ash, and became one with the sand now. Percy had felt a great deal of pain in his heart, and remorse too at this point in time. He didn’t want to do it, but both the Blades and Percius knew in that split second that it was their only option. Blades would come back to life eventually, but if Percy died, it would be the end of both of them. Tired of all of this madness, Percy created his chakram in an instant, and dashed right towards Violet.

Azarel was trying to get the blasted bird off of his sword when he felt something pierce his back and something cold slash his leg. *Bang!* The feather that Percy planted in the boy’s back after he slid between his legs had exploded, sending him upwards, with his three swords now scattered among the desert. After landing, the Falconer walked up to him and put a foot to his chest.

“Azarel, right? Look kid, I don’t have any more time for this fighting. So tell me, why did you decide to leave that blasted note at my door huh?”

“Hmph, did you expect me to leave you alone after assaulting me before?”

“But why would I assault you if I don’t even know you? You’re just a kid, so what reason would I have to hunt you down?”

“Well, I suppose there are a number of reasons, but why don’t you tell me? Why would you hunt down an innocent teenager like me?”

“You’re far from innocent kid. And for the record, I never attacked you. You’re probably mixing up people.”

“Well, you’re the same guy looking for some petty friend of yours aren’t you? An engineer, was it?” Farukon gawked at the boy with his eyes opened wide upon hearing this. He knew about him and what he was here for, but how? Seeing his reaction, Violet knew he hit a mark, and his sources had come through. Percy put more weight on the teenager as he stared him down.

“How did you know? Tell me kid, who told you?”

“I still don’t know why you would go out of your way to find him, he’s such a terrible person. He probably never cared about you at a—” A sharp pain rang through Azarel’s body midway into his sentence. He looked at his shoulder, and saw how Farukon had driven a kunai of

his right through it. Violet yelped from the immense pain and quickly brought his hand there. He had felt his share of hurt throughout his life as an assassin, but this battle had been his most challenging to his astonishment. He mistakenly underestimated his opponent, and now he was paying the price.

“Kid, don’t you dare talk about him like that... It’ll do ya some good if you did.” The Bird-man paused. “I think I’ve had enough. Good luck finding your way home.” Rising up from the ground, the Falconer gave a death stare to the wind-controlling juvenile, resisting the urge to spit on his despicable face. He turned away, leaving the kunai in the boy’s shoulder and ready to leave the desert via portal. Azarel got up silently and pulled the weapon from his shoulder and dropped it. He prepared to send a powerful blast of wind to the Sky Guardian. Energy began to surge throughout his body as the air began to form a ball in his hand. He was almost ready to send it flying towards his foe. *Almost*. But something happened. His vision turned to black and the event was followed by a loud sound, and in less than a minute, his vision was restored, and the first thing he noticed was Percius R. Farukon on the ground, along with three other mysterious men huddling around the two gladiators. Azarel had no idea what was going on, and he didn’t like that one bit. Though, something was off about them. Though, this “something” escaped Azarel entirely.

Tuesday, August 29, 2017 at 08:32 p.m. The Human Realm.
Cloudfell City’s Kahrai Village Ruins.

It was quite strange, at least to Percius, over what had happened a few minutes ago. He was walking away from his assailant, leaving him to die from the many giant sandsnakes that roamed the desert, or the occasional desert crawler, or any other magic creature that roamed the enchanted desert, but it felt like something sucked him into the ground after he lost his sight. A loud and unusual bang had sounded, and his vision had returned to normal. As soon as it did, someone had socked him square in the nose, causing him to fall down and hit his head on one of the many stone buildings that lay in ruin on the floating island of Cloudfell. Rubbing his head, Percy looked up and saw three men in black suits and red ties, all with a green fedora, and the man in the middle, who was rather tall, had a dark red feather that faded to black on the stylish hat. The man to his left was of a gargantuan height but seemed incredibly fit, while the one on his right was small and skinny. All three men seemed to have brown skin, brown eyes, and black hair. Percy looked up in confusion, and just couldn’t grasp what was playing out before him. But the man in the center spoke, disrupting Farukon’s thinking, and he hoped that he would find the many answers to the questions he was asking himself.

“I see you two have finally met now. Shame the encounter’s over, right Albin?” The nine foot tall human nodded. “You know, I was again expecting a death for at least one of you, most

preferably Percius over here, but I suppose we will have to do it ourselves eh? I suppose the world just never is fair..." After realizing that these people weren't his friends, the Sky Guardian began to speak up.

"Who are you three, and what do you all want?" he asked, eyeing them very carefully as he did. Azarel also awaited a response, for he too was curious of what business the three had with them.

"What we want? Well, I suppose you could say that we want your death Percy. You are *far* more important than you think. After all, why would someone set you up for a fight with a gladiator you had no ties with? We've been watching, and our master deems you a big threat to his plans, so we've been *trying* to eliminate you from the picture, but you've just made things *soo* difficult for us," he explained, still moving forward in his small posse. Though, Percy didn't like how he completely ignored his first question.

"Well, I suppose I ought to explain some things. You're going to die today anyways, so I suppose it won't matter too much. Though, don't expect the whole story. Even if you were going to die, certain things are just best to be left anonymous. So, let's start with our mission. We were created simply to see that our master's plans were to be fulfilled, and to wipe out anyone who were to stand in his way. You Percy, have been our master's number one priority for months. You are the one sole person that needed to be eliminated as quickly as possible, but while you were our number one concern, there were still others who would oppose our master. So, we've decided that we should try to be as effective as we could be without making ourselves known. So, let's go back to your revisit to the Fujiku Mountains. Who was it who pushed you off that cliff you might ask? Well, that was my doing.

"Though, I hadn't expected you to gain new powers from that experience, let alone survive it, but it was okay, since our powers could still overpower yours with ease. In our minds, we would just strike again. Now, moving onwards, who would have guessed that when you would audition for the title of a Rock Hard Gladiator, your final opponent would be none other than Jackius? A man who joined the Stick Legends out of a hatred for you was to be your opponent! He wouldn't mind killing you, but since it was an audition, the best he could do was to incapacitate you, which would do, but you surpassed everyone's expectations. We were beginning to see why our master thought it best to wipe you out as soon as possible." The man paused for a moment.

"But, things don't always go as planned I suppose, so we took on other forms and tried to toy around with others to eradicate you. Yet here you are, lying down before us." It was when he said those words, when everything started to make sense. This man was a *shapeshifter*. The picture of Percy killing a man with his bloodied kunai, Azarel claiming how Percy had assaulted him in a place he had never gone to, and more importantly, Jericho's photo of him with *Mathias*. That meant, that these three had answers, and some that Percy felt that he desperately needed. They had to tell him where *he* was somehow. He wanted to ask them more, but before he could do anything, Azarel made the first move.

Like a flash of lightning, Azarel dashed right up to the trio of strange men. By the looks of it, he was aiming to strike the one in the middle with a blast of wind to his chest, but was cut off by the large man named Albin, who used his arm to protect the center-most one. He didn't even flinch as Azarel dug his palm into his forearm, the giant made no remark at all.

"Oh, I see now, so you want to play it that game eh? Well, I suppose we should get this over with then. Albin, Cordero, take care of this for me please, will you?"

"As you wish Agoston," spoke a new voice, coming from the one they called Cordero. Without further discussion, Albin and Cordero jumped forward, preparing themselves for a fight. Cordero quickly leapt high into the air and summoned two swords of a black coloration, and swiftly brought them down into his enemy's shoulders.

Azarel filled the air with a loud screech at the pain. He felt weak in his knees after receiving the devastating blow. Time seemed to stop as the pain in his shoulders seemed to worsen after the nimble swordsman brought them deeper into his flesh. Quickly afterwards however, the sword-wielding foe backflipped behind his colossal comrade, giving the giant room to move forwards and seize Azarel by the arm, only to hold him high over his head and launch him into against a cracked stone wall. In mere seconds, Azarel broke through the stone, and as the dust cleared, Farukon saw him lying in the rubble, still as the rock laying around him. In unison, all eyes turned to the Falconer.

"Look, I just want to talk things out. Could we just do that?" Percy anticipated for them to let him talk it all out with them, and he hoped that they would oblige, but the gargantuan one known as Albin jumped forwards without a warning, fists above his head. With Blades temporarily dead and any chance of teaming up with Violet out of the window, Percius' options seemed limited, but he had a plan. It would risky, and required for the Sky Guardian to be extremely focused, but it was all he had. He just prayed that it would work, especially since talking to them seemed futile.

In a graceful motion, Farukon sprouted his wings and slid underneath his towering foe in the nick of time, slashing at his left leg with a newly created kunai. He had drawn blood already, and Albin wasn't too fond of the fact that it was his. His hands met the ground with a violent roar which scared the nearby birds. Percy jumped up in the air and swiftly brought his weapon down into the enemy's back. Albin had roared and flailed around, trying to get the pesty Falconer off of him. Percy then quickly launched himself off of the beast's back and into the starry sky. Without hesitation, the Sage shot three feathers than implanted themselves onto the giant being. It had all passed by so fast, and in a matter of seconds, they exploded. But as the smoke cleared, something caught his eye. The beast's left shoulder was tattooed with a very familiar symbol. It was a dark purple rain cloud with an eye in the center of it. He recognized it from somewhere, but where?

Though, his time for looking was cut short. Farukon had absolutely demolished his gargantuan foe, who eventually began to collapse with a loud moan and vanished into thin air,

interrupting Farukon's train of thought. Even so, there were still two more enemies nearby. Cordero and Agoston still remained.

"You sent the big guy back to where he came from. Good job my friend, I must admit, that is no easy feat, but defeating me will be a whole lot harder Falconer. Let's see how you handle the Three Brothers of Endless Sorrow!" Without a time to look his way, Cordero shot up into the air and attacked with his two swords, slicing at Farukon until he fell to the ground. "Hidden Art: Horror!" Combining his swords into a claymore, Cordero gave no opportunity for Percy to recover from his fall and slashed at the air in front of him, and out of the sword came one beam of dark red energy shooting straight for Farukon. The Sky Guardian tried to roll out of the way, but the missile dove right towards him and hit its target. Farukon began to feel afraid and shocked. He felt like he was too stunned to move a muscle anymore. It was a fear that welled up inside of him that he couldn't even hope to control. It was no surprise that even the strongest heroes had fallen to these beasts.

"Ahh, not so tough now huh? Hmph, pathetic, you haven't seen anything yet. Hidden Art: Agony!" As the warlock slashed the air in front of him yet again, beams of green light shot forward towards Cordero's enemy. It wasn't long before the spells hit him, but with all of the hurt he was feeling, it felt like eternity. Time seemed to stop, but the pain didn't, and once these attacks hit him, the pain continued to grow throughout his body, but Percy began to feel like his energy was being sapped away. It wasn't long before he felt like he wanted to hurl. The pain still didn't cease, it seemed to only grow stronger. Farukon began screaming, for the immense pain he was feeling throughout his whole body refused to stop, and the gladiator could do nothing but yell, and yell, and yell. He hoped someone would come along and rescue him from these men, but no one came. He prayed that some miracle would end his suffering, but nothing came. He didn't know how he would survive. These *things*, these *monsters* were just too powerful. He screamed and didn't stop screaming. He couldn't help himself, the pain he was feeling was the worst thing he felt in his entire life for some gladiator with mystical powers.

Farukon managed to look up at Cordero, and observed that his eyes were now as red as the blood spilled on the ground. He flashed an evil smirk and revealed his sharp teeth to the Falconer. There was no way that these things were human. So what on Earth were they? Percy couldn't think at this point, the pain building up within him was too great. He cried out once more, but still, no one came to his aid. Percy had coughed up blood, but still managed to speak.

"Ju-just wh-what are you?" he said quietly, all his strength gone. The pain was still as present as ever, but he could do nothing but lie down and wait for a response.

"Who am I? Hah! Who am I?! I am your demise you fool! I will be the humiliating end to your pathetic life! I am Cordero of the Four Demons of the Apocalypse! The four dead souls who will end all life on this miserable rock! And we will start by wiping out weaklings who stand in our way! Weaklings like you!!!"

There's another one of these three beasts? Farukon wondered. He had so many questions, so many concerns, but he wasn't sure if he'd live to have them all answered.

“And behold, the last of the Three Kin of Sorrow, the technique that will send you to the depths of the underworld where you will rot in a little cell, forced to see all the pain we will bring on all of your despicable friends and family, and all the turmoil we will cause to your family of fellow portal hoppers and falcon tamers. All those pitiful souls will be eradicated, and Master Magus Tenebris will lead us into a new great society. Speak your last prayers Falconer, for you will meet the eldest brother to those who brought you such intense suffering.” The demon held his claymore high above his head and let it extend and radiate an intense aura of pure darkness. “Forbidden Art: Death!!!” Percy closed his eyes, ready to meet the end. He had failed his friends, Mathias most of all. Now, there was nothing to do but wait for his time to be cut short. Soon, a devilish laugh was all that could be heard.

Yet, seconds after, he was still breathing. He could hear that evil laugh turn into a scream. Farukon opened his eyes, and was met with brown boots. Dark blue streaks of raw demonic energy flashed past Percy. A mysterious figure had arrived and picked up the Sky Guardian and bolted. Shouts could be heard from behind. He wanted to stay awake, but he couldn’t help but pass out in the stranger’s arms as they ran past explosion after explosion. All he could remember of this person was their brown boots and their long navy cloak.

Saturday, September 02, 2017 at 12:58 a.m. The Human Realm.
Decagon Outpost in Southern Rush.

“Wake up you thick skulled idiot! This isn’t a time to doze off right now, so wake up! Wake up!”

Farukon awoke with a start. Someone had been shaking him, trying to get him to get up. He looked over to see who this man was. It was a hooded man wearing navy blue attire. He had silver pauldrons donned on his shoulders, and the a familiar symbol in black color. The Decagon insignia, a decagon embedded into an ordinary kite-shield. The man himself was rather tall and very fit. He had a slight stubble beard, and even though his face was covered in shadows, Percy could tell that the man was smiling as Farukon emerged from his slumber.

“Well well, if it isn’t the fabled Navy Blue Assassin,” Percy said.

“Long time no see Percius Farukon. Glad to see you’ve awoken.”

“Heh, and thanks, by the way, for saving my hide back there. I definitely owe you one Greg, I owe you big time.”

“Call it even. And also, ‘back there’ was technically four days ago.”

“Oh, well, what do ya know. So I guess that means that we’ve got a lot of things to discuss now don’t we?”

“Yeah, a *lot* of things to discuss.”