

Melkior stalks after the poacher. Crowden keeps their focus on the river in front of them. Waiting for salmon to pass by lazily. Melkior approaches slowly as the dragon's back is turned. The dragon's long, sinewy tail flicks back and forth in anticipation as Melkior inches closer. Beng as quiet as a celestial feline on the prowl. The poacher was oblivious to the danger lurking behind him. With a sudden burst of speed, Melkior lunges at the poacher. The unexpected ambush startles the poacher, causing him to stumble and drop his freshly caught fish in the river. Melkior charges at Crowden, using the full force of their body to collide with the poacher. Crowden is unable to remain standing under the full body weight of Melkior, his legs quickly buckle under the weight.

Crowden roars as the two dragons go tumbling into the river. The water erupts into a magnificent cascade as the two mighty dragons collide with its surface. The water churns and foams as huge creatures thrash and snarl in the strong current. Melkior latches onto Crowden's arm, biting down with great force, causing the sapiere to let out a roar of pain. Crowden makes a swift and powerful slash towards the half blood's nose. Melkior's maw loosens its grip due to the stinging pain, just enough for Crowden to wrench himself free. Crowden seizes the chance to push himself away from the half-blood. Jumping onto the riverbank and narrowly escaping a swipe from the injured dragon. He quickly tucks and rolls, getting back up as he sees Melkior recovering and getting ready to charge once more.

The two dragons size each other up, circling like sharks. Looking for weakness or opportunity to attack their opponent. Melkior let out a deafening roar, sending vibrations through the ground. Its Crowden flinched, but quickly composed itself, ready to respond with equal ferocity. The tension in the air was palpable as they continued their tense standoff. With their horns dipped down, Melkior readies to charge. The half blood rakes his paw across the ground, similar to a bull.

Before Melkior can charge, Crowden retaliates by releasing a scorching blast of fire upon Melkior. Melkior dodges the fire breath. As he flees from the fiery blaze, he dashes through the water, splashing and kicking up waves in his wake. With his flames exhausted, Crowden closes his maw, and the flame ceases. He is panting to catch his breath. Melkior takes the opportunity and leaps out of the water at the dragon. Clawing and grappling with the beast, Melkior manages to pin the dragon's neck to the ground. Crowden thrashes and tries to break free. Melkior grits his teeth and holds on with all his might, refusing to let go as the dragon roars and thrashes beneath him.

Melkior grabs a large nearby rock with his free paw. He then raises the free fist into the air, and slams it onto Crowden's head.

THWACK!

The sound of the impact echoes through the valley. The rock shatters instantly upon striking the thick skull of the sapiere. Distant birds spooked by the noise take flight. Crowden is rendered unconscious and lies motionless beneath Melkior's paw. Melkior grabs Crowden by the tail and begins hauling him into the river. With an unceremonious shove, Crowden goes tumbling into the river. The rushing water quickly carries Crowden downstream, his body twisting and turning as it is swept away. Melkior watches silently, his eyes glinting with a mix of triumph and satisfaction. As Crowden disappears from sight, Melkior turns to return to the cavern with Shadhavar. He can't help but feel a sense of satisfaction and relief at finally ridding himself of Crowden.