OSAS STAGE 2: Nothing is Untouchable

Starters being cleansed: ER2-0070: STERLING + ER1-0067: APOLLO

Word Count: 1345

SB-1385: LANCE
Skills: Hoarder, Life of the Party
Completed Trials: Morality
Pets: Harvest Wolf
Items: Empyrean Book

SB-1441: "AL"
Skills: Hoarder,
Completed Trials: N/A
Pets: Harvest Wolf
Items: Empyrean Book

CE: Lance
Added Dragon + 2
Added Dragon #2 + 2
Background + 4
Personal bonus + 1
Event + 2
1345 words + 13
Total = 24

CE: Al
Added Dragon + 2
Added Dragon #2 + 2
Background + 4
Event + 2
1345 words + 13
Total = 23

EE:
Entry rolls gain points. + 0
Events + 15
Extra Dragon (1) + 2
Extra Dragon (2) + 2
Extra Dragon (3) + 2
150 Extra Words (1) + 1
150 Extra Words (2) + 1
Complex Background + 5
Total = 28

There was always something rather… exhilarating, about hunting. Lance could hear his blood racing through his ears, he could feel the way that his breath quickened and that adrenaline rushed through his veins. How long has it been, since he had been on such a thrilling hunt? His claws ached to sink into something but he kept himself still. He kept himself hidden within the shadows of the cave and he made no signs that he was there- with of course one blaring exception.

Beside him was an emperor, a very large pink creature with perhaps some of the softest fur that Lance had ever come across. Al was perfect, but he wasn't as interested in keeping hidden as his large form lumbered up beside him. "Are ya that happy bout this Lance?" He asked, his voice loud and cheerful. It boomed throughout the entire cave system and some of the rocks further up ahead seemed to shake from the power of it all. In some cases, Lance might have asked for Al to tone it down but it just proceeded to send a shiver of excitement down his back.

"I am~" Leathery wings flapped once and the Ravager finally broke his stillness, turning his head over to brush it up against the oversized emperor. "This cave is a dead end, did you watch the way that they had scrambled? Sooooo sure that they managed to find an escape. So sure that they will escape from our grasps, only to have been trapped by their own decisions~" Lance's grin widened as a low, pleased rumble came from his throat. "It's exhilarating."

Al stared at him for a moment, and grinned with far too many teeth. "Well I'm glad ya are havin' fun, but remember! Ben ain't wanting to hurt em, we just want to grab em so we can help em' with that lil corruption fun them has got goin' on!"

Lance's excitement died just a little at those words. That was right, somewhere in this cave system Apollo and Sterling were just a pair of sitting ducks, a pair of corrupted beasts who perhaps for the first time since being corrupted had felt fear, and he couldn't hurt them. Clicking his tongue Lanca

pulled his head out of Al's fur to stare at Al. The emperor seemed oblivious to the mood killer he was being, but even if he killed the mood Lanca still loved him.

"Yeah yeah… I won't hurt em." Lanca said with a heavy sigh. "Now you stay here for a moment, if they try to run past ya, ya know what to do."

Al nodded his head and rather dutifully the emperor sat down in the entrance. Perhaps most emperor's might be too small to truly 'block' off an exit, but Al was no ordinary emperor. His size was capable of rivalling even a Sapiere so as his body curled up there was no hole that the pair of gryphons might be able to go through. "Sure thing, boss!"

With the exit fully taken care of Lanca gazed forward into the darkness and soon his form began to melt down into the shadows. The solid corporeal appearance the ravager had but moments ago faded into oblivion as he became one with the shadow. Creatures that usually hid within his own wings and in his own shadow lurched forward, racing along the cave walls and exploring it.

This whole system was quite convoluted, but with so many small summons running through it lanca was able to map it out within seconds. Every small crystal that hung out of the walls, begging to be mined was noted down. Every rat and rodent that hid within the crevasses was accounted for, and every unstable path was blocked off. While in most cases Lanca would happily run his prey into such an area to watch as the ceiling caved in around them, he figured Al wouldn't like that so he blocked them off in advance.

Then there were the gryphons. They were at the very back, squawking incessantly to one another. Apollo and Sterling were in a frenzy, fear lingering in their eyes alongside the insanity and their talons clawed at the rocks. They were trying to find an escape where there was none, and Lanca reveled in this fact.

His body moved silently through the shadows of the cave that he'd melded into, secretly coming into the room with the two gryphons and he positioned himself behind them. Silver teeth gleamed in the darkness as he rose from the shadows like a nightmare to the two birds. "Boo~" He whispered out and the two gryphons quickly turned around to face him. Their eyes were wide, and Apollo wasted no time in running. The bronze gryphon was running away for their life, fleeing at top speeds while Lanca cackled at the sight.

Sterling on the other hand snarled and swiped out at him. The claws that should have connected with him seemed to slide through Lanca's skin as if he was a ghost. Smoke formed where they touched and chills ran up the gryphons spine as horrible nightmares plagued their mind. Lance's body seemed to twist and turn, existing yet not existing at the same time and wherever he tried to attack simply turned into smoke before reforming once more. Every swipe merely furthered the panicked fear that they felt, as was Lance's magic at work until eventually even the great, brave sterling could handle it no more.

The cherubian bird turned around and ran, dashing away and Lance's laughter grew as he watched them go. The hunt had begun anew and Lanca merged back within the shadows to chase them down. Every time they thought they might have lost him, he popped back up until there was no safety left to feel.

Al in the meantime, sat patiently at the entrance to the cavern. A smile was plastered on his face and idly he hummed while digging through his bags. He could hear the screeches of the gryphons from all the way at the start of the cave, and it made him glad to see that Lance was having so much fun. He trusted the ravager fully to not go against Ben's orders, and so as he waited he rifled

through his bag. Somewhere in there would be two small blue vials, well. A couple more than two. Al had come prepared and there were almost twelve of these vials hanging out in his bag, all there just on the off-chance that maybe the first two broke.

Soon the two vials were in his clutches and he looked up to where the screams were coming from. They were certainly getting louder, that much was for sure and so Al just waited patiently. Sooner or later Lanca would herd them towards him, and when they were close enough he'd be able to grab them and make them drink the cleansers. It would free both Apollo and Sterling from the insanity that clung to their mind, theoretically that is. There was one part that he hadn't considered yet, but as he heard the panicked gryphons screeching it slowly resurfaced in his mind. Lance's own magic was known to be able to cause insanity within the minds of others, the fear that he would cause being so intense that it's effects would linger for years afterwards. Sure he wasn't technically injuring them, but there was some damage there and as Al stared at the cleansers he wondered if maybe these wouldn't be strong enough.

Well, either way that would be a problem not for him, but for future Al. If he needed to later come back with a potion to maybe wipe away the memories of Apollo and Sterling then that just meant he needed to come back later with a potion to do so. He knew that trying to develop a total cure to Lance's magic would upset the ravager dearly, but maybe something to merely lessen the effects afterwards would be okay.