

## ARENA

SB-1390: Benjamin vs. ER1-0056: Imisseil

**Words: 613**

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Benjamin sent the stalker flying. He could hear how she crashed into the walls and he could hear how they shook at the actions. The tunnels were small, and they were fragile. This place hadn't been built to be sturdy, it was built to be cheap and efficient and so even with just this one action he could hear the few wooden pillars groaning as they threatened to snap. They held up endless amounts of loose rocks that had been mined long past what could reasonably be considered safe. Would he accidentally collapse this tunnel? Benjamin didn't know but if he was to be completely honest, he didn't care. A collapsed tunnel wouldn't be able to kill him, and eventually the other workers might dig him out- as long as he would get that collar it would all be worth it and he began to approach.

"Are ya sure ya are wanting to fight me like this, Imi?" Benjamin asked and his voice was low and rough. While the stalker had been protected by the enchanted shield around her she was shaking. To actually have one of the workers down here attack her was the last thing she had expected- and especially from Benjamin. He was noted to be rather pathetic all things considered, he wasn't a great worker and was the blind exiled fool from the Quill family. He was tossed out partially because he was worthless- but when he had come at her and smashed his himself against the shield she knew that it was on the verge of breaking. His claws had been dangerous and had she not gone flying they would have pierced through to threaten her. That wasn't something someone who was weak nor worthless could do. Not to mention he had been able to identify exactly which adornment she wore was the one that purified the air within these accursed tunnels.

The magic down here was corrupted and toxic to anyone who stayed around it for too long, it was something that helped to keep the dragon that worked here weaker and sedated- it should have done the same to Benjamin but somehow he was almost looking stronger. It was dangerous. Taking a deep breath she pushed herself up to stand up straight. "You don't really want to do this." She warned towards him. "The others will be on their way here soon Ben. You've already broken the cart and it's only going to get worse from here." In his attack he had smashed his cart to pieces and that would upset quite a number of their superiors. Ben didn't care for any of this.

Still she was rambling and her words were blurring in an out of existence for him. His head was pounding too much for him to properly grasp the words but he did at least understand one thing. She had no intentions of giving him the collar. Hah- Magic began to grow deep within his chest. It was a warm feeling to him and rose within his throat before it spilled out in front of him. Imisseil had tried to use magic against him once before- but it had been a pathetic display and Benjamin's show would cement that sentiment. Blue flames shot out from him and filled the entirety of the small tunnel. Scorching the walls back and the wooden beams that previously tried to keep these pathways from collapsing burned away into ash. It would be a terrible sound to hear how the tunnel would break apart upon his breath but there was a worse sound that filled the air. Imisseil was screaming, the shields that had protected her shattered from the heat.