

My sword slashes at the air.
That mage avoids every attack I throw at her.
Perhaps she is a true challenge,
Only one way to really find out.

She teleports around,
Her spells bouncing off me,
Never doing anything.
She has lost her touch.

Now is my chance.

Her next spell whizzes past my head,
And my blade slashes in her direction.
She teleports away,
But my next strike finds its mark.

I slash behind me.
The blade making contact with her staff,
The same staff that bless and cursed me,
Is split in two.

She falls backward,
A look of fear cross her eyes.
Now she feels as helpless as a mortal,
And I have killed plenty of mortals.

"Now Eburneum,
Your time has come."
I will have vengeance,
I will have *silence*.

I move close to her,
My blade coming to my side.
I look down to her,
And prepare to end this all.

But something is wrong

A light flickers above me,
It is not her light,
No star she placed in the skies,
No, one that has been long gone.

And it's getting closer...

Caedes

"I am but an unholy copy of life. A mockery of its freedoms. Born in the cruel betrayal of the noble ideals I would've served." -

Caedes

Slight explaining of events and lore

Caedes takes the bodies of his victims and can take the corpse of the others he kills, enhancing his body, allowing more attachments to it (IE wings and stronger limbs). People that pick up his sword are taken over or possessed by him, so he can transfer his mind from the sword to the new body, allowing him to wield the sword that he was trapped in. Mount Caelum means mount heaven just FYI, so when Caedes says he is cast from heaven, he means Mount Caelum

The mage he is facing is more arrogant than him (and that's saying something). The staff is made of ivory and gold, which in Latin is Eburneum (Ivory) and Aurum (Gold). The staff is symbolic of the holiness of her and its contrast with Caedes dark black and red. It also is a reminder of what Caedes once was, something holy and bejeweled as a God. Eburneum is everything he once was but she is not alone. She basically created half of the world, with another individual that you will see in the next poem...