

OSAS STAGE 3 : Battle the Giants

Starters being battled: PRI-0013: KRONOS

Word Count: 1030

SB-1459: BARRY FEATHERBUST

Skills: Hoarder,
Completed Trials: N/A
Pets: Harvest Wolf + Basilisk, Albino
Dire Wolf
Items: Empyrean Book, Backpack

SB-1403: HELLAR

Skills: Hoarder, Frenzy, Serrated Teeth,
Armored Hide
Completed Trials: Morality
Pets: Harvest Wolf + Albino Dire Wolf +
Basilisk
Items: Empyrean Book

SB-1390: BENJAMIN BUFFALO QUILL

Skills: Hoarder, Serrated Teeth,
Frenzy, Steadfast
Completed Trials: Morality
Pets: Harvest Wolf + Newt + Basilisk +
Shadow Dire Wolf
Items: Empyrean Book, Backpack

CE: Barry, Hellar, Benjamin

Added Dragon + 2
Added Dragon #2 + 2
Background + 4
Personal bonus + 1
Event + 2
Celestial Feline +10
Guidance of the Sun +2
1030 words + 10
Total = 33

EE:

Entry rolls gain points + 0
Events + 15
Extra Dragon (1) + 2
Extra Dragon (2) + 2
Extra Dragon (3) + 2
Complex Background + 5
Total = 26

“Legends say, that there was a culture many years ago where a god named Chronos lived. I right here, right now, am on the hunt for that very god with my new-found party of adventurers.. We have travelled long and far, from the highest peaks of the mountains into the sweltering deserts where sand tried to bury me alive- but we are hot on the tail of this god! The dune peaks are on every side of ua and the sun is illuminating us. Time is normal for now, but apparently that will change. The closer that we get to Chronos the slower time should move until the sun itself is stagnant in the sky! The clouds won't move anymore and a wind won't breeze. Won't that be nice?? I can't even begin to explain how much sand has gotten in my eyes, or my mouth, or my ears-- It tastes awful..

Not quite as bad as the cactus fruit I tried to eat though, although Hellar, one of my party members said that it wasn't a fruit at all but rather a desert bug.. They seem very plentiful around here, they sit on the cactus's and they simply resemble the fruits! Master of camouflages. ”

Barry Featherbust was riding on the back of a large sapiere, their long fur served as his bedding for the time being as he furiously scribbled into his notebook and Hellar couldn't help the concerned stare down at the writing. There was a small celestial feline between her paws but it was curled up asleep in her shadow. “Listen, kid- ya ain't... Ya ain't comin with us to find Kronos, at the next town ya gotta get off. And it's Kronos, an elder- not some... old god.” She said, her low voice raspy but the small emperor just looked up at her with big eyes. Eyes that were hard to say no to and she already could feel her will breaking. A slow loss of will that was noticed by their current ride through the desert- Benjamin.

“Hellar, ya said that four villages ago. Just face it, ya can't let go of him no more. You're stuck with em, you adopted him. Just like you adopted that cat of yours”

“Ey now... I 'aven't done such a thing. I already got too many kiddo's, I can't go pickin' up random stray's who can't tell reality from fiction. The cat don't count either, a pet ain't a kid.”

Benjamin just rolled his eyes, but his heavy footsteps through the sand were come to a slow halt. Time was still the same as it always was, a given considering how the figure Barry was describing wasn't the gryphon they were after, but there was something else in the air that felt heavy. The golden dragon was sensitive to the magic of the surrounding areas and while he couldn't see much, he could feel it. The aberrant corruption that had been driving the different elders of the lands insane was thick in the air and his lips slowly curled up.

"Hellar."

"I mean, just lookit him. He'd never survive with me! He'd come home and get eaten alive by em all! He'd also stick out like a sore thumb with that purple fur of his an' all.."

"Hellar! Grab Barry and run."

The words were barely out of his mouth before the heat of the desert sky-rocketed into boiling temperatures. It was a wave of magic that threatened to melt all three of them and he could feel how Barry was melting into his fur ontop of him. Hellar didn't miss a beat to pick up the small, limp purple form and quickly slide down off of the Sapiere's back. While so far Barry had usually protested against being carried by his scruff, as most hatchlings did, the heat was overwhelming and he was just limp in her hold.

"Come on kid, see? This ain't feelin like no god of time to me now does it." She said through the thick fur as she tried to carry them backwards. There wasn't much shelter to be found, but it was less so shelter that she needed as much as a solid surface. Behind them the sweltering heat only continued to get worse and Benjamin, whose elemental flames had been kept under wraps for Barry's protections burst into life, roaring into existence as a black and gold gryphon crashed down from the sky like a meteor.

Ben snarled as he felt them coming closer, their scent was pungent and he could feel how the world itself seemed to reject them now. "I thought you weren't supposed to have any real magic, guess the corruption went and fucked with that aye?" He asked. Normally he would be a king of flames and fire- but this intensive weather was Kronos and as the gryphon landed the sand beneath their feet began to melt, turning into a twisting concoction of molten glass that was quickly spreading towards Benjamin.

Hellar took a quick glance behind her and she gave a low whistle at the sight of the steadily melting desert. "See that? That's what I'm talkin bout. Now you just stay here next to this rock." Slowly she set Barry down beside the first solid thing she could find. The celestial feline had run to join them and deftly her claws worked to try and engrave some runes onto it before the melting heat would reach them. Soon, a golden shield appeared around them. "If you leave this, the elder's comin' fer what remains of your tail."

With Barry safe and sound, protected by the enchanted barrier Hellar turned to run back towards the fray. Benjamin and Kronos were at eachother's throats already, snarling at one another and trying to overpower the other. The empty desert was now a hellish, molten landscape with rolling lava and she could see how Kronos was trying to push the larger sapiere down into it. His body was half submerged but yet his fur remained unburnt. He was at home there, and soon Hellar would join him as this was the environment where they both would thrive.