

Days Of Yore "Against Fire Part II"

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A prey, that's the way Arbo was feeling at this very moment:

the harmless lamb awaiting to please the wolf's appetite.

As his heart beat wildly, a sinister symphony orchestrated in his storming mind, contrasting with the calm of the cavern.

In fact, it was this intangible, unbearable silence that was driving the brave warrior nuts.

The stillness that beguiles the naive victim before the unnameable

Death strikes in the most underhand manner.

The lord dragon finally revealed its imposing self, rising from darkness, unfolding a terrifying sight. Drawing nearer the king reptile wore a defying glare. Challenging the intruder, staring at him with delight.

Arbo charged the beast, longing for a brief fight, but the old aged dragon did not seem really impressed.

Unleashing a tremendous exhalation of fire, it compelled the brave warrior to retrace his steps.

A cold chill ran through the young prince's spine as the deadly flames

licked his face before repelling down the rocks.

Having as allied his only courage, the warrior rushed in renewed assaults, parrying the lethal fire with his saving sword and stirring up the blaze of wrath

that was consuming the beast.

A ferocious battle was raging, a battle that was taking place into the lungs of hell.

Harder to repel became the attacks of the warrior and this one's fierceness soon harrassed the dragonlord.

Its sadistic pleasure then turned to a blind, mad fury, plunging itself in a state near insanity.

The king of the cavern was losing its head,
making itself a more vulnerable target.
Arbo charged again, until this fateful moment,
when he plunged his sword into the reptile's heart.

Unable to regain his breath,
Arbo contemplated the defeated creature for a long
time,
as if he feared it could rise suddenly from its lifeless
state.

He dared, at last, to take a scale from its massive
corpse as a proof of his victory and,
as he left the dragon's grave,
he wondered if the hords of evil had invaded Syrakia
unto this day.

For the first time since the start of his journey,
the lone prince could feel the twinge of solitude.
feel the twinge of solitude.

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