

Chronicles of Asadore: Quest to the Emberlands - Excerpt

"Looks like Dragon Stone doesn't suit you," taking a drink, pointing to Blade's hand. It had burn marks all over.

"Occupational hazard."

"Where might someone acquire a ring like that?"

"Just picked it up someplace, can't recall."

"You can tell me, Blade, this is just a drink between friends"

"You've been away too long, things are changing."

"And what might those changes be?"

"Right to the point as always, so predictable."

"Order versus chaos, always, Blade, you should know that."

"That's the point, my friend, there has been too much order and not enough chaos for far too long."

"We know what Edwin is doing, and we know he can't be doing it on his own. Someone is helping him, a woman."

Blade tried not to flinch, but George saw it anyway.

"You have no idea the gravity of what you are doing."

"Why don't you enlighten me."

"I've already said too much. He got up, one more piece of advice, friend to friend, Blade said moving closer to George. We know what you're after, you won't get it, so you might as well just come to us. It would be much easier."

With that, he attempted to touch the Dragonstone to George's head. George anticipated him, grabbed his hand, and touched Blade's eye with the stone.

"AHHH!" Blade grabbed at his face and threw a fireball in George's direction. George deflected, with a gust of air pushing the fireball over Blade and landed behind the bar, glass crashing everywhere. George lifted some glass and threw them in Blade's direction. Another fireball, larger than the first, came hurling at George's feet, causing him to lose his footing and fall. Blade stood over George, who was stunned for a second, created a white-hot flame dagger, and went to stab him. George plunged a piece of broken glass into Blade's leg, flame dropping straight down on George's leg, burning through his pants, going deeper, then disappearing.

Somehow, he got himself up, Blade was gone. Everyone was still playing their games, seeming to not care about what just transpired. George squinched at the pain in his leg, grabbed his tapestry, and landed with a hard thud, right at Elizabeth's feet.