

The mighty wolf bounded towards the two pirates in an unstoppable fury. Shade tugged on Scarbeth to get him to move quicker, but the Blackfire had done its damage. He was too weak to move with any kind of speed. He had tried to shout for her to go on without him, but Shade wasn't listening anymore. Especially since the wolf had now leapt into the air to tackle them both.

As if on cue, a stone wall burst forth between them. They heard the deafening thud as Malocchio hit the obstruction. Shade and Scarbeth were both frozen in shock before Talis finally snapped them out of it.

"MOVE IT!"

Before the wolf could recover, another wall erupted from behind him, followed by two more on either side. It slammed against the stone, hoping it would give way. Talis knew that he would not be contained for very long, but he at least bought time to deal with the other Draco Disciples as well as Alice.

The monster was strong and Talis felt the foundations of his makeshift prison cracking. He quickly turned back hoping to fortify it, but each attack was a strain on his mind. Falling to one knee, Talis focused as hard as he could. Though the stone was becoming stronger, it left Talis incredibly vulnerable.

He heard the distinct click of a flintlock behind his head and felt the cold iron on the back of his neck.

But the explosion never came. Instead, a spray of blood rained down on his back and the iron barrel fell away as quickly as it came.

"How long can you keep him like that?" Shade asked, stepping over the slain Disciple to stand back to back with the mage.

"Not long," he strained to call over his shoulder. Secondary actions were proving to be a trial as he kept the stone walls intact. "Where's Scarbeth?"

"He went to help the others."

"We can't let it reach the pool. If he does-"

"You don't need to tell me."

"We must get rid of them all before we can deal with this thing!" Talis concluded. "Go and help them! I'll hold him in for as long as I can!"

Suddenly, Talis no longer felt Shade's back against his own. He heard swords clanging loudly behind him before she returned. "Can you keep pirates off your back *and* hold that thing in at the same time?"

It was uncertain whether his silence was due to his concentration or his lack of rebuttal. Either way, as Talis kept Malocchio contained, Shade kept near him, warding off any attackers.

Gwen and Thomas, however, never stopped fighting. Despite the interruption of Malocchio's roar, both of them knew that if one of them ceased, the other would gain an advantage. Gwen had hoped that Thomas' snapped wrist would be enough of a handicap to gain a leg up on him. But nothing about the way he fought seemed to indicate that he was inhibited. His attacks were still just as powerful as ever and even began to overpower her at some points. It didn't help that her shoulder was still in excruciating pain from the silver bullet.

Suddenly, Thomas fainted to the left and with a quickness that rivaled hers, he slashed upon her sword arm. Gwen nearly dropped her blade from the sheer agony that followed it. The

familiar burning sensation on her arm caused her to recoil.

*Damnit*, she silently cursed. It was another reason to be wary of his blade. Briefly, the three-day-old wound on her abdomen reminded her of the consequences of being skewered by his blade. She was lucky last time to have it healed quickly. This time, her healer was currently busy empowering her strongest crewmember while using him as a meat shield. She tightened her grip on her cutlass, forcing her way through the pain through gritted teeth as she thrust the blade forth.

As the two of them clashed against each other within the Font, the rest of the *Fenris* crew now focused on trying to dispatch the rest of Malocchio's men. It was easier to take care of those who were caught off guard by the surprise attack, but now that the men had adapted, their competence was starting to show.

Ryder was still carrying a gimp-legged Crow, fending off whatever men came near to the best of his ability. The two of them were considered easy targets since they were both considered incapacitated in some fashion, and finding Skylana to heal him in this brawl was proving to be a more difficult task than he had anticipated. His injured companion tried to alleviate some of the strain by walking on his own, but the injury proved too much to have him use it for very long. He would nearly crumple in pain had Ryder not been there to pick him back up.

One of the *Deimos* crew bounded towards them with his blade drawn. Crow threw himself off of Ryder so that he could intercept the attacker. Ryder's swiftness was slowly starting to ebb away and his actions were starting to become sluggish. It soon became a struggle to keep his enemy's blades from slicing him to ribbons. Nevertheless, he kept engaging him until their blades crossed each other.

With one giant heave, Ryder shoved the man backwards. He quickly regained his footing, but soon let out a howl of pain and dropped to the ground, clutching his heel. Crow crawled towards Ryder, hanging tightly onto his freshly blood-stained dagger. The ranger knelt down and threw Crow's arm back over his shoulder, who let out a subdued groan as he tried to stand on his bad leg.

"Hang in there," Ryder panted. "You'll be back on your feet in no time."

But before a response could be uttered, he felt Crow shove him sideways, nearly hitting his head on a stalagmite. When he turned around, he saw that a hulk of a man had charged between the two of them, hoping to cut off a limb or two. Immediately after he passed them, Crow lunged towards him, burying his dagger into the man's back with all his might.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment. When his eyes met with Ryder's he let out a knowing smirk. His lips seemed to form words, but Ryder couldn't make them out in time. The attacker let out a scream and slammed Crow hard into the cavern wall.

Ryder could hear bones crunching as he collided with the stone. A dark spray erupted past his lips before he fell. His body lay limp on the stone floor as Ryder saw the light fade from his eyes.

He couldn't let this moment stop him. There were still other enemies that had to be dispatched as well as an angry werewolf and a partially incapacitated witch. He couldn't let this get to him. He couldn't allow this to affect him. But still, Ryder froze.

Crow's attacker reeled upon Ryder, taking advantage of his stunned state and charged back at him. He barely managed to dodge out of the way in time, but narrowly missed the blade

that flew back around aiming where his neck might have been.

A cold metal slice ran across Ryder's cheek. He recovered quickly enough to regain his stance, but he felt hot blood rushing down the side of his face. The blade that caused it rushed forth and he barely blocked it in time. But he missed the dagger that hit him square in the side.

Ryder winced at the pain, but tried to keep standing. This man was powerful. He knew that he would not be able to withstand another hit from him. He held the blade into Ryder's side, twisting it deeper into his body. Ryder fell to his knee and failed to see the blade raise high above his head.

But he caught the flaming arrow that erupted out of his foe's neck.

His attacker's head soon became engulfed in an orange blaze. The blood accumulating in his throat prevented him from screaming out and he fell face first before Ryder.

Still in shock, the ranger finally looked up and saw Zachary running towards him with his bow and quiver in hand.

"Can you move?" he barely heard him ask. Nevertheless, he gave a slow nod. In turn, Zachary handed him his bow and quiver. "This'll probably suit you better, then. We'll get you to your lady friend. You cover me and I got your back."

Ryder sheathed his twin blades and grasped his hand to be pulled upright. He winced at the pain in his side, but was still fit to nock and loose a few arrows. Zachary turned and headed back into the fray with Ryder following closely behind, firing elemental arrows from his bow.

Deep within the battle, Dracos were being flung about to and fro after meeting up with Hands. With Bull Strength, he was able to plow through any crowd of enemies with relative ease. He led the way to his allies while Skylana quickly followed behind him. She had to rely on him to keep the Dracos focused upon him while she focused on healing. There was little else that she could do. With a limited amount of mana left in reserve, she had to choose her spells wisely and couldn't afford to use offensive spells if it meant sacrificing restorative power.

Their first stop was with Seamus, who had cracked his skull against the cavern wall. She knelt down beside him and repaired the damage that he was dealt while Hands fended off his attackers. Skylana remained until Seamus was lucid enough to keep fighting.

Ecks followed soon after. He suffered a massive gunshot wound that barely missed his heart. To his credit, he tried with all his might to keep fighting, but once the two arrived, he collapsed in a pool of his own blood. Skylana had to roll him over and concentrate harder on him than the others. While not completely fatal, it had hit a major artery and he had almost bled out. She had to take her time with him to ensure that he would be fully regenerated. Hands had a couple of Dracos trying to get past him, but he was the perfect wall for Skylana. They would not be getting through to her any time soon.

After she had finished healing the next crewmember, Hands threw one of the Dracos clear across the cavern with his augmented strength. As the enemy fell on the other side, he looked over towards the pool where Nemo was fighting against the quartermaster. He saw that he was staggering and remembered that he had touched the Blackfire. Quickly, he turned back towards Skylana.

"We've gotta get to Nemo! I dunno 'ow much longer 'e'll last!"

Skylana turned to see what Hands saw. Both of them were seriously wounded; blood was streaming down Bastian's face while Nemo wheezed with every parry and stab. She knew

that he was running out of stamina. Worse still, she knew that his enemy would outlast him.

“Right,” she confirmed as she finished patching up Nicholas’ wounds. “Lead the way!”

Before any Dracos could return to attack them, Hands and Skylana were already bolting towards Nemo. Thankfully, their progress was barely impeded.

Hands saw the half-blinded quartermaster slicing his blade through Nemo’s defenses. He huffed and charged at full speed, knocking the Disciple backwards into the pool. Before he could resurface for air, Hands wrapped his massive namesakes around Bastian’s skinny throat and held him underneath. Despite his struggle, the quartermaster would not last long under his weight and the water.

Skylana rushed over to Nemo, catching him and laying him down gently into a kneeling position. She was able to heal the wound on his side, but paused when it came to the entropic effects. Something was wrong. Despite being able to heal even the most grievous wounds, the entropy that Nemo suffered from still remained.

“Hands!” she shouted from behind Nemo.

“Hold on, dove!”

She rolled her eyes and threw Nemo’s arm around her while Hands waited for the bubbles to stop.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, ignoring the concern upon Skylana’s face.

“I can’t heal the Blackfire.”

Strangely enough, Nemo started laughing. “S’what I get for being rash, I guess.”

“We need to get you out of here.”

“You know you’re not gonna do that, right?” he replied smugly.

“And you know that you can’t protect your captain as efficiently like this, right?” she retorted. Nemo turned to her, still with that Cheshire grin.

“It won’t stop me from trying.”

Out of nowhere, Skylana heard a charging scream from behind her. Acting purely out of reflex, she extended her staff in the voice’s direction, hoping to get off a Windblast before he got near.

The squishing sound and the added weight upon her staff, however, told her that her target was much closer than she anticipated.

The attacker had impaled himself upon the edge of Skylana’s crystal-tipped staff. Her eyes widened in shock and awe of the grisly scene. Even the Draco seemed taken aback by the outcome. He tried leaning forward to cut at her arms, but she had backed up far out of his reach.

Meanwhile, Nemo casually strolled up to the Draco. When he tried to attack him, Nemo simply caught his lazy swing in his hand and sliced his throat with the other. He pulled him off of Skylana’s staff as the man bled out of both wounds into the Font.

The elven maiden was shaking. Without thinking, she let her staff soak in the waters to wash off the blood, but her breathing became heavy and deep. She had never killed someone that close to her before. She had never seen death within arms reach of her, at least not in a human. As the blood dispersed into the water, she waited for it to become clear again, but a massive arm pulled her up and forced her to look at Hands.

“Ye all right?” he asked.

“I...” Words eluded her.

“We gotta keep goin’,” he encouraged. “Can’ stop now.”

Skylana absently nodded, which seemed like enough for Hands. He turned over towards Nemo, who held his stance towards the rest of the battle. “Ow ya doin’?” he asked.

“Peachy,” the first mate replied dryly. “How many of them are left?”

“I know I killed a couple o’ them, but it looks like they got more men this time around.”

Nemo looked around the cavern, trying to assess the situation. Gwen was still holding her own against Thomas and the tide of battle seemed to favor neither side. It was difficult to determine who would come out victorious.

In the center of the cave, Talis was pressing even his physical limits in containing Malocchio. He had to sustain the spell in order for it to hold, but Malocchio’s strength was overwhelming. With each attempt to break the stone barriers, Talis felt as if it were slamming directly into him. His endurance was running short. Shade was doing her best to fend off any attackers who tried to break his concentration, but Malocchio was doing a far better job than they could.

It was almost too much for him.

“Shade... I can’t...”

“Not now,” she interrupted as she pushed another Draco off of her. “Come on. Don’t give in now.”

But she felt Talis’ body beginning to swoon behind her. The stone cracked further and she could see signs of the beast bursting through the spaces between. Looking down, Talis was breathing heavily, exhausted from the trial. He kept his arms raised towards the stone walls, but the look on his face confirmed all of her worry.

Shade turned back towards the battle and placed her fingers in her mouth. Using all of her breath, she whistled hard enough to ring throughout the chamber and snap everyone out of their fights. As soon as each of the crewmen got the chance, they fled from their opponent and rushed towards the stone cage.

The *Deimos* crew quickly pursued them, but all of the *Fenris* soon surrounded Talis and Shade. They once again engaged with their respective opponents, but each of them were prepared for the worst.

Even Gwen snapped out of the haze of the duel with Thomas for a split second. It became difficult for her to disengage Thomas while he still matched her blow-for-blow. He was even able to predict her feints. The beast would not be deterred by her crew for long, she knew, but until her foe was incapacitated, they would be hard-pressed to stop it.

Their blades clashed again and Thomas pushed all of his weight upon her. The wounds she sustained upon her arms and shoulder had weakened her and she was close to taking a knee. Upon his sinister face, that serpentine smile spread across, relishing in her anguish.

Just then, her eyes flared and a newfound strength invigorated her. She growled as she pushed back against the assassin, seeing the shock and surprise in his eyes. She took advantage of this and shoved back into him. The sheer power was enough to lift Thomas off his feet and send him flying over to the other side of the font. He landed in the water with a mighty splash. Gwen didn’t allow herself the time to wonder precisely what had happened. Instead, she turned back towards where the stone cage was and helped keep other Disciples away from her crew.

Talis, on the other hand, was faring less well. The look upon his face was one of pure exhaustion. His determination kept his hand raised, but he knew that at any moment, it would no longer matter. The best he could do was at least give the crew a chance to finish their fights so they could focus on the main threat.

But even that was cut short. Out of nowhere, he was tackled to the side and his concentration snapped. When he stopped rolling, he saw that Shade had hit him from his left, but before he could scold her, he saw the icicles that had embedded themselves in the stone floor where he was before.

And three others that had found their way into Shade's leg.

Panicking, Talis instantly sat up. His mind raced in several different directions ranging from his concern for Shade to the state of the prison to Alice's whereabouts.

Shade let out grunts of agony as she tried to push herself off Talis.

"Don't move," he said. "Hang on. I'm... I'm sure I still have a potion in here some-"

And then, the stone walls exploded in a terrible fury.

The Malocchio wolf let out a blood-curdling roar that echoed throughout the cavern as it looked around towards its new prey. All present stopped in their tracks in awe and terror; Even Gwen was forced to give pause.

Fortunately, the closest man to it was another Draco. The great beast pounced on the man with a bone-crunching force as it began to feast upon his entrails.

No one had time to gape in shock. In a few short gulps, the wolf finished its meal and hungrily looked for another hapless creature to gorge itself on. The crew of the *Fenris* became torn in which to divert their attention to. They had to watch for the massive wolf, but they now had the sickening feeling that given the chance, any one of the *Deimos* would sneak up behind them and deliver a fatal blow.

All of a sudden, a shot fired out from the end of the cavern. The beast's gaze went off into the distance and slowly started turning towards the pool. Its eyes were fixated upon the ragged form of Thomas Wisseau, who had just fired a shot at it with that sinister grin of his. With blood dripping from its jaws, the wolf slowly crept towards its attacker.

"Ain't he on his side?" Ecks asked. "Why is he trying to kill him?"

"Stop it!" Talis shouted. "Don't let it enter the water!"

Talis' cries only allowed a brief moment of confusion before it had finally clicked.

Thomas wasn't trying to kill it.

He was drawing its attention.

The crew snapped out of their gaze, but only half of them could break away from the Dracos to deter the wolf. They hoped that the silver on their blades would be enough to stop or at least hinder it. Gwen was the first to lead the charge, standing directly in front of the beast. She sliced her blade at it, hoping that it would focus upon her despite its lack of silver. The first slash across its chest, however barely seemed to phase it. She called one of her crew to toss her one of their swords hoping it might work better, but before it could even reach her hand, the great wolf tackled her. Desperately, she tried to ground herself with her feet, but the wolf was more than three times her size and knocked her several feet away. She tumbled back into the pool.

All of a sudden, Nicholas charged in and leapt onto the beast's back, driving his sword into its shoulder. It let out a massive howl and began thrashing about. He held on wildly while his

other crewmen screamed at him.

“Let go, you bleedin’ idiot!” they cried, hoping that their words would convince him to allow himself to be thrown backwards, away from it.

But his leg fell to the side and into the reach of the beast’s jaws. It clamped down hard and pulled with such a force that the entire leg tore off. Nicholas barely had time to notice what happened before the shock overtook him. His limp body finally released the beast’s fur and slid down its body onto the ground.

Faces turned white as a sheet after the savage display. Nicholas’ bloody corpse lay sprawled out on the ground, organs and bodily fluids leaking into the water. In her mind, Gwen wondered if this was how savage she had been... The scent of blood was thick in the air and it saturated her nostrils. It almost made her sick.

Barely recognizing its kill, the wolf continued towards the pool.

At the same time, Talis cradled Shade into his arms as he rummaged through his pack. But the potion bottle was nowhere to be found in his pack. He cursed the gods for not having another bottle. In desperation, he pulled at his cloak and tore off some fabric to use as a makeshift bandage.

“Stay with me, Shade.”

However, her eyes widened as they gazed behind him. Talis turned to see a Draco raising his sword up behind him. Talis raised his hand for a spell, but an arrow sliced through the man’s skull. He collapsed in front of them, and soon, Zachary and Ryder ran towards the two.

“Are you all right?!” Ryder asked.

“I’m fine.” Talis’ reply was a mere afterthought as he hurriedly wrapped the bandages around her leg and the icicle.

“What about her?” Zachary’s eyes were focused upon Shade.

“Healing magic would be better, but this should work for now, provided she stays off her leg.”

“You gotta stop it,” Shade uttered weakly. “If it get into the pool, then he wins.” Ryder looked towards the pool where the wolf was slowly making progress. The crewmen did their best to kite the beast, distracting it to keep it from progressing, but Thomas would soon draw its attention back to him by intentionally wounding it (though he was careful not to make it mortal). Ryder set down his arrows and pulled out a small pouch.

“We need to find that witch,” Talis suggested. “She could take out others while they’re focused on Malocchio.”

“The ice came from that way,” Shade weakly pointed, directing their attention towards the icicle trail.

Talis looked around the cavern as his eyes glowed almost violet. He scanned the cavern looking for magical essences that were not limited towards the pool.

He found it almost instantly.

“Zachary, please tell me you can do that thing that she does to mages,” Talis wished.

“I don’t need to. Just tell me where she is.” he answered. Talis reached forth and grabbed his arm. Along the northern wall, he saw nothing but rock, but slowly, a figure began to make itself clearer.

“Right there,” Talis stated.

Softly but swiftly, Zachary lived up to his family name as he skulked about the cavern. Alice's figure was now crystal clear and her concentration was focused purely on the battle. A small orb of blazing orange fire engulfed her hand as she prepared to attack.

However, her ears perked as she heard the soft clattering of a small rock behind her, disturbed by Zachary's single false step.

Her hand turned towards her back and the fireball hit its mark. A wicked smile drew across her face as the boy was engulfed within the flames.

But the smile quickly vanished once he charged out of the small inferno with his sword drawn.

Though his clothing was singed, his skin remained wholly unblemished. Alice had no time to question the possibility of this and projected a shield in front of her to block his sword. Zachary's lips curled into a defiant grin as he pushed back against her. Though her magical power was great, her physical strength was nowhere near a match for his and she tumbled backwards down the rock. He gave chase, thanking the iron coin that lay snug in his pocket. As long as the flame was not black, he would be fine.

The look on Alice's face was that of pure shock and despair. Before Zachary could advance towards her, she caught a brief glimpse of the battle near the Font. Though the crew of the *Fenris* was nowhere close to defeating Malocchio, they were drawing his aggravation towards them, leading him away from the waters. The rest of her own crew was either struggling to fight or strewn about the cavern in pieces.

Only one option was left. One last desperate measure.

Wildly, she swiped her hand towards the crowd and a flickering projectile of darkness shot forth from her fingertips. The Blackfire orb flew into the air, flying towards the crowd at the pool. Before Alice could even turn back, Zachary had recovered quickly and before she knew it, his silver blade was embedded into her abdomen. He felt the resistance of her flesh and organs... but the sorceress only let out a sly smirk before melting back into the shadows once again.

Before he could let out a curse, The Blackfire landed between the crew and the wolf and exploded into a giant wall of entropic flame. The crew gave pause, knowing their coins would not save them from its effects.

Another shot rang out behind the fire. Gwen snapped along with the sound and made for the flames, but froze when a massive wave extinguished half of the fire wall.

The wolf was nowhere to be seen, but the chaotic surface of the pool dashed all their hopes.

Silence echoed as the waters began to still. Ripples were still dancing upon the surface as the creature remained underwater. A sinking feeling filled the whole crew. At any moment, the blinding light would return and they would see Malocchio dominating the wolf within him.

But it never did. The cavern remained dark. In fact it was darker than before. Only the flames from the battle kept the cavern lit. They even illuminated the bubbles that came up as the wolf tried to surface.

"What's happening?" Thomas spat across the Font. "Why isn't it working?!"

The cavern remained quiet without an answer to come forth. Soon enough, it was broken by Skylana's laughter.



“Because you’re too late,” her voice rang out. The Dracos and crewmen turned towards her only to see a large satisfied smile that stretched across her face. “This place uses the power of the moon only when at its apex.” She pointed above and everyone’s gaze followed. The Dracos’ faces fell as they saw that the opening in the roof of the cave was no longer present. “That time has passed.”

“And you’re not getting another chance at this,” Gwen declared with renewed vigor, her cutlass pointing towards the assassin.

Thomas was seething red with rage.

His plans had failed once again; The greatest Draco Admiral was now a mindless beast and half of their crew was now dead. Even with the *Fenris*’ own depleted crew, they now outnumbered them.

He looked down in defeat until his shoulders began to shake. The smile growing on his face betrayed his acceptance of defeat. He reached into his vest and pulled out a small rod of wood. Behind him, a shadow rose from the waters, embracing him like a lost lover, glaring at Gwen with feline eyes. Despite not knowing what it meant, Gwen knew that it was nothing good. Instantly, she charged towards him.

“Neither will you.” The twig snapped in his hands.

A massive explosion came from the back of the cavern, briefly illuminating the cavern. The crew of the *Fenris* shielded their eyes and covered themselves from the debris that flew around the cavern. The rumble of rocks and earth soon followed after. Gwen wasted little time and ran around the edge of the pool, hoping to reach Thomas. However, he and the shadow gave a terrible smile before disappearing into the dark. She splashed down where they both stood, angry at their escape. Worse still would be the knowledge that once the smoke cleared, it would confirm that everyone was trapped within the Font Garoux with an agitated werewolf.

The water bubbled briefly before the massive wolf surfaced, his roar substituting for a gasp of air. As soon as it had caught its breath, it charged towards the *Fenris* crew.

Leaping into the air, men scattered from beneath it, but as soon as it hit the ground it bounded after Hands, the largest threat. The boatswain stood his ground and drew his blade. He side-stepped and sliced at the beast’s nose. It yowled out in pain, but kept charging forward, barreling into Hands and pinning him underneath its weight. Ecks ran in, taking advantage of its toppled state and stuck its sword into its side where its heart would be. Another terrible howl of agonizing pain rang throughout the chamber, but its pale eye fixated on its most recent attacker.

Releasing Hands from beneath him, the wolf tackled Ecks into the pool and chomped down into his shoulder. He tried not to scream, but the sensation of his arm being torn from its socket caused a cry of anguish to echo. Its jaws closed around Ecks’ throat, silencing him and relishing in the hot blood that spilled into its mouth.

On the other side of the pool, Gwen watched on in utter horror. Her men were struggling to keep this beast at bay. Without the assistance of the chains, they would be hard-pressed to keep it subdued. Even so, the wolf was of a greater size and stronger than she was- enough so to butcher her men piecemeal. Worse still, Talis, Ryder, and Skylana were almost completely exhausted, beyond the point of helping, or even defending themselves. While the ranger wound something to his arrows, Skylana also looked on with sheer terror on her face. Her magic was most likely almost depleted after all the healing she had to do to keep everyone alive. Talis was

preoccupied with Shade, trying to keep her from bleeding out while also attempting to stop the icicles from melting too quickly.

Sooner or later, she would be the only one left.

As the wolf finished ripping Ecks apart, another shot rang out, hitting it in the side. The wolf let out a mighty howl of pain and sought its assailant. Gwen followed the sound as well.

She saw the smoking pistol from Nemo's hand. Instantly, the wolf charged him.

*No*, she screamed in her mind. Memories raced in her mind of all the people she had lost. Her family. Previous crew members. Countless innocent lives. She would not lose any more to this curse, hers or anyone else's. There had been enough suffering already.

*I'm done wishing farewells.*

Gwen ripped the runestone from her neck and ran. The light that glimmered from the Isa rune faded as it sank below the waters.