

The room was dark. Only one lit candle was in the room. The only other thing in the room was a comfy looking chair in the middle. It was covered in dust and cobwebs, but the room looked recently refurbished. Magical tendons reached across the room of the place.

In through the door flew a dragon, blue and small. It was the length of a paper and 1 half and was a bit thicker than an arrow shaft.

“Master,” it hissed. It was hard for the dragon to form words from the English language. “I am here to report back to you.”

“Continue” replied a voice from the chair, dark and ominous.

“Our spies have noticed that Druscilla has come back. Ryder and Skylana are also back. Gage has been see teleporting in and out of Bristol. Gwen has started on the path back. The call for heroes has been sounded. Loki, once again, after thousands of years, has started to stir up chaos. And, as always, the Dracos have managed to evade our spies” reported the dragon.

“Outwitted by humans again?” smirked the voice. The dragon looked offended at this comment but said nothing. “I’ll be leaving now. To Bristol I go. Alert Aron that I am coming.” The voice seemed to hesitate then said “make sure to feed Drake the family who lives here.”

The shadow-covered figure rose from the chair and stepped out from the shade. Out came Nanus, light dancing upon his face. “Make sure you burn down the house. We can’t have any evidence of me ever existing.”

“Yes, my lord,” hissed the dragon. “It shall be done, Blood God.”

Nanus smiled at the comment, leaned over and blew out the candles, and the room went dark.

Nanus walked into the room. The room was filled with torture devices of all shapes and kinds. There was a fireplace in the corner with hot branders ready. Chained to the chair was a man dressed in red and black.

“Hello,” said Nanus. “How are we today?”

The man looked up. His eyes were tired and insane. Lumps of skin had been ripped from his flesh and fed to him. His feet had been dissolved in acid. His hands had been nailed and had hot wax dripped onto them. His back had been burned into the shape of a ‘D’. His hair was ripped out. The only spot left unharmed was his chest.

“Why don’t you just give up? All I want to know is where the Dracos reside. I want to give them a present.” The man spat in Nanus’ face. “Okay,” snarled Nanus, wiping off the spit. He turned around and called to the door, “Bring them in!”

“The problem with people nowadays is they tend to dehumanize their enemies, but in truth their enemies are everywhere. They have lives, jobs, families...just like you.”

In came a woman and a baby. "Sit down" ordered Nanus. The woman and the baby were seated in different chairs. "So, I've been dying to play this game..." explained Nanus.

"Okay," said the Draco, giving up. "I'll write it down."

"No, how about you just tell me in my ear" replied Nanus. Nanus leaned in close, and the Draco told him the location. "Okay," said Nanus. "Now that I've been so rudely interrupted, I feel in the mood to play a game. Let's see how long it takes you to die if I rip out your intestines."

Nanus said playfully.

Putting his hand on the woman's stomach area, he inserted his hand into the woman. Both the Draco's and the woman's screams could be heard from the forest.

"Two minutes, seventeen seconds. That's a new record," laughed Nanus. "But truthfully, that's the only record."

The woman's blood was everywhere splattered against the wooden walls. The only thing left untouched was Nanus.

Nanus pulled a gun. The Draco was crying and moaning. The child was busy looking at all the red. "Well, I just got this new toy, and I've been waiting to test it out." The Draco looked up and stared at Nanus. He lowered the gun at the baby and pulled the trigger. The Draco slumped back and a glazed look came over him.

"Well now, I guess I'll end your torture." Nanus pulled a knife and cut open his chest. He pulled a box out of the drawer and inserted it into the man's open wound. He sewed the chest up and carved into the body a message: Open up the chest and see what I put to rest. Cross my friends again and all you will see will be red.