

# Daunt's Fire

Book One of the Daunt Adventure Short Story Series

*New Mexico*

Daunt was beginning to wonder if this was all some sort of elaborate trick as he prepared for another night of searching the forest. He had carefully combed areas of the dense stands of pinyon and juniper trees for several nights. He deliberately gathered his gear, packing it in the exact manner of which he always did. It was important to know precisely where each item was when he needed it. Stumbling through the pack looking for an item he needed urgently wasn't an option. Seconds were critical when he was on a job. The backpack had numerous tools to assist in both the mission and the cleanup.

He had been hired by the elders of the Navajo Nation to clear a sacred burial ground of what they referred to as 'bad spirits'. These weren't ordinary creatures and the Navajos took them extremely seriously. They had hired Daunt to eradicate them so the spirits of their brothers and sisters at the sacred burial ground could rest in peace. This wasn't the kind of job you googled and found numerous options, and checked Yelp for reviews. His was a very specialized field. Very few people would even believe Daunt if he tried to explain his work, which would never happen. It was clandestine. Under the radar. Ordinary people weren't privy to an explanation. If they asked him what he did, he simply changed the subject.

These 'bad spirits' were said to only appear during the hours of darkness. He hoped this was the last night of the several he spent searching for them. It was frustrating, and as far as he was concerned, failure was not an option.

The burial ground was unremarkable in size. It was a clearing of sorts in the middle of a stand of pinyon and juniper trees that were part of their land. Sagebrush was

prominent in this area too. There was no fencing or any type of signage. He considered how many bodies might have been ceremoniously put to rest in this sacred area. His first thought was somewhere between 25 and 40. Although it was hard to see clearly in the dead of night. If it was appropriate, he might ask the elders when he had finished the job.

The thick stand of pinyon and juniper trees that stood close together made it a difficult area to navigate quietly in the dark of night. Other than the sound of his breath, and each boot he carefully placed forward with each step he took, all was eerily silent.

Daunt looked up and was grateful to see a full silvery moon peeking through the cloud cover. It was framed by the branches above him. Earlier it had been completely obscured by clouds. Luckily now the moonlight was strong enough to help illuminate the burial ground. Instantly he found navigating the darkness much easier. He paused taking in the newly visible terrain around him.

That was when he saw them.

Two shapes, otherworldly, darker than the night, were hunched over. They almost looked like a void, an eerie emptiness, even in the darkness. They were standing on two feet, and as they moved about it appeared they were on all fours. It was hard to see, even with the bonus of the extra moonlight but he was certain he had found what he was looking for. It was looking like he might be able to finish the job tonight after all. The elders of the Navajo Nation would be happy and he would get paid for a job very few people could accomplish for them. To say it was a highly specialized field would be a gross understatement.

The strange dark creatures had a medium coat of fur. He wouldn't have expected different since they represented a Dark World. Their bodies were svelte, yet they appeared powerful. They moved quickly and easily.

The 'dark spirits' as the Navajo called them were about fifty feet away in a small clearing just outside of the dense junipers and sagebrush. Daunt felt heat in his body. He felt the significance of the land. He felt the already buried Navajos reaching out to him for assistance. At moments like these he knew the powers he had were unique and exceptional. Daunt was still baffled by the power and ability to fight dark forces, but was

grateful nonetheless. His work was important, invaluable for people being tormented by the Dark Side.

Daunt could feel his heart racing, it was all he could hear. He took a quiet, deep breath to compose himself. He had to be careful of his composure, after all, he wasn't... normal. He walked carefully towards them, soundlessly picking his way through the trees. As he got closer, he glimpsed the blue fiery eyes that confirmed he was looking at some variety of shadow demons. They were strongly built and this was the first time Daunt had seen these types. They were similar to dogs in their body type, but instead of paws, they had hands. All four of them, front and back legs, had hands instead of feet. It was game time. High alert. No option for failure.

The two creatures were scrambling on the forest floor on all fours. They were so intent on whatever they were searching for that they didn't notice him. They were digging holes, examining stones and tossing them aside. It seemed apparent they were on a mission. They were so focused his approach went unnoticed.

He was only ten feet away.

Daunt folded back the sleeves of his long coat to make sure he was ready for them. His next step snapped a twig and suddenly there were four eyes upon him. Their burning eyes sparked off a token of sorts gripped in one of the demon's long, clawed fingers. In the brief moment Daunt saw it, all he could discern was that it appeared metallic, and it also seemed to glow. It could fit in the palm of your hand. Daunt was still looking at it when the second demon unleashed a bone-chilling shriek. They both stared at him, almost seeming like they were as shocked as Daunt was. They shook their heads and quickly snapped out of it. The second one leaped at him with frightening speed.

Simply from reaction and without intent, Daunt's arms snapped out straight in front of him. Like when you fall and put your arms out to stop you. It was instinct. The streaks of flame that shot from his hands caught the demon in mid-air. The demon dropped the strange token before it crashed through the branches of a smaller tree and struck the ground. Daunt could see it writhing in agony as it burned. The screams it was making echoed through his head like nothing he had ever heard. Daunt worried that more would

come to it's aid. The flames from the body provided more light for him to assess the situation. He saw the token a few feet away and quickly snapped it up.

Daunt was lost in thought for several seconds as he held the strange token. It seemed to be calling him. Time seemed to stop. It felt strangely comforting in his hand. The token was glowing and warm. It had engravings that almost looked as if they were moving. He thought for a second he could read the markings. Like they were talking to him. The center had an emblem that felt...familiar in some strange way. Whether it was warm from the fire or just part of the strange token he wasn't sure. Snapping out of his trance-like state, he felt as if waking from a dream, immediately forgetting the dream like it was ripped right out of his memory. He pocketed the token. He watched the demon burn and looked around for the second demon. He was just in time to see a flash of its eyes as it looked back at Daunt. And perhaps for the token, before it decided it was better to leave than risk incineration.

Daunt had a clean line of sight, he felt a warm, powerful presence grow inside himself. He reached out one hand and before he had a chance to think about it, a blast of blue flame launched out from his palm and connected with the second demon. The blast started small from his palm but it grew so large, so quick, that by the time it had gotten to the beast, the blast had been more like a lightning bolt of fire. It blasted the second demon in its tracks. This was a new development, he thought nervously. Usually he had a bit more control and his flames had always been red or orange before. Never blue.

Again it burned and wiggled about on the high desert floor, screeching in agony. These two demons seemed to die much quicker from the power of his flames than other types he'd faced.

He returned his attention to the downed first demon. It had stopped moving and its body was still smoldering with few flames still visible. The shadow demon was nothing more than a smoking corpse. The second one was well on its way to being charcoal too. As tempting as it was to walk away, he knew that wasn't an option. He had to finish the job.

His pack had numerous items that were instrumental and mandatory for his job. It was carefully packed and he never left to do a job without it. The pack contained a shovel which he now used to start digging a grave. Daunt had chosen a place far away from the sacred burial ground out of respect.

He couldn't afford to waste any time on this undesirable task. Most of the world didn't believe that such creatures existed. They had no clue. The Navajos were far more attuned to spirits and the earth than the average joe.

Daunt felt it best if it stayed that way.

He kept digging.

After the grave was deep enough Daunt dragged the bodies of the charred shadow demons and pushed them into the hole. Their long claws almost looked unscathed. Very strange. He rapidly covered it up. Daunt brought some twigs and leaves over for camouflage, made the ground as level as the rest, and hoped no one would question the disturbed area.

With his mission accomplished Daunt took a moment to repack his gear and started making his way back to his car. He hadn't seen another person or shadow demon so his work here was done.

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The next day Daunt headed over to the office of John Red Crow. He was the leader of the Navajo Nation in this part of New Mexico.

Daunt got out of his car mentally preparing himself for his meeting with the Tribal council.

As soon as he opened his car door a stranger approached him. He was barely looking at Daunt. By the look on his face he was completely enamored with Daunt's car. It definitely made Daunt smile on the inside but he kept his demeanor calm, cool and collected.

"Hey man, how's it goin'?" Nice Fastback. Is it a '67?" The man asked.

“Sixty-eight, actually,” replied Daunt.

“Cool! Does it have a 302 or a Cleveland under the hood?”

Daunt took great pleasure in the guy’s question about the motor, and couldn’t wait to tell him what made his baby run.

“Neither. It has a 428 Cobra Jet.”

The stranger’s mouth fell agape as if he was almost going to tip over.

“Wow! That’s amazing!”

“Been working on this car for a long time now. It’s taken a few years as a matter of fact.” He was thoroughly enjoying this guy fawning over his car, his baby.

“Man, that’s a lot of work. Very cool. I mean, I’ve worked on cars before but I’ve never rebuilt a car from scratch. I bow to you,” said the man while making a gesture of bowing to Daunt.

Daunt and this man who was impressed with the car chatted some more about the complexities of rebuilding a car. This guy had more knowledge than most and Daunt had enjoyed the conversation. But it was time for him to go into his meeting.

He was standing outside the office of John Red Crow and was anxious to get inside and close the contract which included him getting paid.

Daunt glanced at the office. Inside, Red Crow and several other local elders were visible. They were all smiling, happy, and relieved that Daunt was able to provide the services they needed so they could return to their sacred burial ground. Daunt was waiting to talk to Red Crow and finalize his payment.

“These damned Indians,” the stranger piped up, changing the subject to something distasteful. “They get all the breaks these days.”

“Aren’t they called Native Americans now?” Daunt questioned.

“I call them Indians,” said the man. He pointed at his chest. “We’re the ones who made America. They needed us to civilize them.”

“I’ve got a meeting I’ve got to go to. Nice talking shop with you.”

Daunt enjoyed the car talk, but this conversation was rapidly going south. He didn’t like this guy or his views. He was stunned by the man’s over the top racism and

ignorance. He had to remind himself to stay calm. When he got angry, he lost control. And it was very dangerous for him and everyone around him if he became enraged. He had to stay cool. Not to mention he wanted to collect his payment. Putting up with someone that stupid would have to be tolerated regardless of this guy's knowledge of cars. Racism left a bad taste in his mouth. His fleeting thought was he hoped that someone that ignorant hadn't reproduced any offspring.

Daunt locked his car, and walked into the lobby of Red Crow's office. Right as he walked into the reception area his phone rang. He didn't recognize the number, but in his line of work, he rarely did. He went back outside to take the call in private.

"Mr. Daunter?"

"Yep, that's me. Who's calling?"

"I understand that you have a certain talent for finding things," said the man who still hadn't identified himself.

"I guess that's true," Daunt replied casually.

The male caller had a smooth, deep voice with a foreign accent that Daunt couldn't quite place.

"And my understanding is that you're not afraid of ... shall we call it the supernatural?"

"Also true," Daunt replied, his curiosity piqued.

"Are you currently available?" The man inquired pleasantly.

"Actually," Daunt replied, "I've just finished another job so your timing is perfect. What's this about?"

"Very good," the man replied without answering Daunt's question. "The location for this position is in Greece. I'll need you to start right away. Would ten thousand dollars a week secure your services?"

"It would. As long as you also fly my car over. I won't go anywhere without it."

"You have yourself a deal," replied the mystery man.

Daunt paused after the call ended. Not a lot of information. That was for sure. He wasn't quite sure what to think about it but apparently he was heading to Greece. There were worse places to spend time.

Although his work was extremely specialized and difficult, packing for the trip wasn't going to take much time. After all, he was a professional and this wasn't his first rodeo.

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Three days later, Daunt found himself driving to Profitis Ilias. It was a postcard worthy trek through a mountainous area in southern Greece. There was nothing not to like about his day and the smile on his face never faltered.

The journey from the States had been smooth. Both he and his Mustang arrived without a scratch. Every day instructions had arrived via text from his mysterious new employer's phone number. The information was basic, and beyond the initial conversation, he still didn't have any idea what he was doing there. Not exactly his preference, but that wasn't going to stop him from enjoying the beautiful countryside.

It was summertime in the Mediterranean and there was nothing to complain about when you were in the cooler mountainous area. Driving with the windows down he gazed at the pretty olive groves and herds of sheep while he felt at one with his car. It was an exhilarating journey on the picturesque, sweeping, narrow country roads. The text he had received that morning had directed him to a small hotel called Taverna Krasadis. He arrived in a good mood just before midday after his pleasant drive.

The hotel was rather ordinary looking but the location was spectacular. It was situated on the slopes of Mount Profitis Ilias. The mountain was very broad and composed of gray rock. The lower areas were covered by grass and hardy shrubs.

As he got out of the car in the hotel's parking area, Daunt noticed two vehicles on the other side of the road. One was a jeep and one a minibus. The occupants of the

minibus appeared to have just arrived. They exited the vehicles quickly and were soon carrying equipment up a path towards an area surrounded by fencing.

Curious, Daunt crossed the road. He noticed writing on the side of the van. Not surprisingly, it was in Greek. As luck would have it, Greek was one of several languages he spoke well.

**Τμήμα Αρχαιολογίας, Πανεπιστήμιο Αθηνών**

Department of Archeology, University of Athens.

Interesting, Daunt thought. They probably weren't here for a destination wedding. Intrigued, he started walking over to the woman who was left behind at the van.

She was a middle-aged woman with curly, black, shoulder-length hair leaning against the van, reading from a tablet. She appeared to be the one in charge.

"Morning," said Daunt in Greek, removing his shades. Eye contact was always preferable if you were trying to get information from a stranger.

"Good morning," she replied. Her voice and demeanor were quite pleasant. She was focused on her task but willing to be courteous.

"Can I ask what you're doing here? I'm just curious. I just got here and saw you all get out of the van with a lot of equipment."

"We've uncovered an underground temple used by the ancients." She bubbled as her smile reached ear to ear.

"It's very exciting. Though we have had several strange animal issues. The site has been visited by wolves or something at night. We have noticed scratch marks and holes dug. Nothing like a domestic dog would do. Much deeper marks. Very strange. It looks as if some of the artifacts are missing too."

"A newly discovered temple seems to be quite a rarity."

"It is. Do you have a professional interest in archeology?"

"No, no," said Daunt, determined to not divulge any information about himself.

"I'm just a tourist visiting this stunningly beautiful countryside."

“Well, enjoy your time here. It is quite lovely, isn’t it?”

With that Daunt meandered back to the hotel to formulate a game plan.

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From what the clerk told Daunt upon checking in, the owners of the Taverna only had four other guests. He didn’t expect any of the archeologists would be staying there for budgetary reasons. That was good. Less people at the hotel would make it easier for Daunt to slip away unnoticed.

A three-quarter moon illuminated the great mountain as he made his way up to the archeological site. Unsure what he was going to find, he took his backpack, which contained a number of items he’d found useful over the years. He never left without it when he was working. His powers enabled him to fight off demons but they were usually found in remote, difficult areas, and often underground. He had no idea what he was going to find but wanted to explore nonetheless.

There had been no new message from his mysterious employer. Daunt was very interested to find out what he was dealing with. He wasn’t good at sitting around doing nothing so he went to see what he could find.

He was relieved when he found no security on site. There was only a fence, which he easily climbed over. Despite his curiosity, he didn’t want to affect the archeologists’ work and would be extremely careful wherever he went.

Keeping his flashlight on a low setting, Daunt quickly picked his way through numerous taped-off areas. The work was quite advanced. The archeologists had dug down several yards in places, exposing foundation stones and a mosaic that showed faint images of strange creatures. Not human. Very interesting. Taking in the surroundings he could see the strange, deep, dig marks the woman had mentioned. They certainly didn’t come from a dog, or even a large wolf. He continued slowly assessing the area while moving forward.

He spied one small area that was surrounded by a square of fencing. It looked like it could only be accessed through a narrow gap.

Daunt carefully squeezed through it and walked down a metal ramp. He aimed his flashlight downward and saw a dusty stone staircase.

“I knew you’d come here tonight.”

At the sound of the stranger’s seemingly familiar voice, he spun around and raised one hand.

“Steady now,” said the man as Daunt turned towards him. “I have no desire to be incinerated.”

The man was wearing brown leather boots, blue jeans and a gray jacket. He wore a ball cap with a flat brim, in a way that accentuated his angular, handsome face.

“You know me, don’t you?” Daunt asked.

“I know you and I know what you do. I’d be a fool to hire someone without proper research.”

“You’re the man that hired me.”

“Correct. You can call me C.”

“Why not just be honest with me from the start? Why all the cloak and dagger stuff?”

“I have good reasons to retain my anonymity. I do hope this surprise hasn’t put you off. I am still paying you, after all.”

Daunt found all this deceit rather unnecessary but he was still intrigued. And he was already halfway around the world to one of the most desirable locations on the planet. The added bonus was he had already enjoyed having the opportunity to practice speaking his Greek again. He didn’t run into people on a regular basis that spoke Greek in the United States.

“Recognize this?”

C held out one hand and opened his palm. Inside it was a wide token that sparkled with a familiar unearthly glow. It appeared to be the same kind of token he picked up in the Navajos’ sacred burial ground.

“I think I saw one like it in New Mexico.” Daunt said, not willing to disclose that he had one in his pocket at that moment.

“That’s entirely possible. They’ve found several here, which is what drew me to this site. I believe the shadow demons you fought may have emanated from here. There are many others now loose on Earth. They seem to have quite an interest in these tokens.”

“Is there a portal here?”

“That’s why you’re here. I hoped that you would help me investigate.”

“What’s your interest in this?”

“Again, I have my reasons for not divulging more information. I hope you’re ok with that,” said C.

“You understand it could be dangerous,” replied Daunt.

“Don’t worry, I can take care of myself.” He gestured to the steps. “Shall we?”

Daunt took the lead. He put his flashlight on maximum power and followed the steps down. The stairs went a long way down, multiple floors deep if Daunt was to guess. The staircase eventually led into a dark cavern down below. The archeologists had clearly been here but it didn’t appear that they had done much work yet.

Daunt checked the walls, where he found a number of smooth, recessed cavities. With his experience, it wasn’t difficult to locate the right one. The stone was marked and worn. Before he went to work opening the wall he touched the token in his pocket. He liked the way it felt in his hand. Like he had more power. Just a feeling.

He reached inside, twisted his arm into a second smaller hole and found a lever. Pulling it, he heard the hidden, seemingly heavy weights move and saw a narrow section of the wall nearby start climbing upward.

By the time he extricated himself, C was already looking along the narrow passageway.

“Well, well. That didn’t take long.”

Without replying, or mentioning the token in his pocket, Daunt entered the passageway, which soon sloped downward and widened out into a rocky ramp. As they descended, he detected a notable increase in temperature.

“Strange,” Daunt said. “It should be getting colder.”

C didn't reply but Daunt could tell he knew more about all of this than he was letting on. They continued their journey deeper into the abyss. Daunt guessed that they must have been underground for more than an hour. They finally came to a dead end. In front of them was a sheer wall of smooth rock.

“That could be a problem,” Daunt mumbled, almost under his breath.

“May I take the flashlight?” C asked.

Daunt handed it to him. C moved the beam across the wall until he found two small indents. He banged on them a few times with his hand prepared to retrieve a tool from his pack if he needed to. A thin layer of stone or a calcium type element broke away revealing two holes, side by side, about three feet off the ground. C definitely knows more than he's sharing, Daunt noted.

“More recessed openings. Same access?” Asked Daunt, certain C already knew the answer.

“Not quite,” replied C confidently. “This lock needs a different kind of key. Put one of your hands in each hole.”

Daunt felt like he was being manipulated. He wasn't pleased with being kept in the dark but they had spent a significant amount of time getting there.

”Why do I get the impression that you know a lot more than I do?”

“You'll just have to trust me. Put your hands in.”

“Why should I?”

“Two reasons. First off, we both want to go further. The second reason is that I want to help you learn to control your power. That is what you want, correct?”

Daunt didn't attempt to deny that. Instead, he stepped forward and placed his hands inside the holes. The air inside felt cool.

“Ignite the flame.”

“I ...I don't know how,” he stammered. “Usually, it just comes when I need it,” he said feeling embarrassed.

“I understand. Breathe deeply young man. Calm yourself.”

Daunt was confused when C called him a young man. And it wasn't in a condescending way. But as far as Daunt could tell they seemed to be almost the same age. C couldn't have been older than his mid 30s.

Daunt did as he was told.

"Now imagine the first flickers of the flame," C said in his soft, yet persuasive voice.

"Just a trace of heat inside you. And it does come from you. It begins in your core and it grows from the center out. Can you feel it?"

Daunt nodded.

"That first spark begins to grow warmer and progresses until it's hot."

Daunt felt as if red hot coals were ablaze in his chest.

"You and the flame are one," said C. "Now let the heat flow into your arms."

Suddenly it was happening, like a river of fire was within his body.

"Now let the heat, your power, flow into your hands."

The flames ignited with a whoosh, causing the holes to glow red. As always, Daunt felt the heat yet he remained unharmed. This time he did not unleash a fire-streak. He was in control and enjoying the feeling when he heard a rumble from above.

"Get back!" Yelled C.

As Daunt's concentration faltered, the flames disappeared. He retreated and stood beside C, stunned. Dust fell from above and a great vertical, gaping hole was slowly starting to appear between the two holes. The two parts of the wall gradually slid apart. When they stopped, there agape, was a ten-foot-wide entrance right in front of them.

"What the hell?" Said Daunt.

"Close. It's almost Hell," replied C with a grin. "Actually, it's Tarturus."

"Tarturus? The abyss where the wicked are punished by the gods for their misdeeds?"

"You shouldn't believe everything you read. Shall we see for ourselves?"

With that, C led the way through the newly-made entrance. Daunt followed, shaking his head in disbelief. This was just one more thing in a long list of crazy stuff he had seen in his life.

He now found himself in a vast, high-roofed chamber supported by dozens of circular columns. The air in this cavernous room was oddly warm.

“What’s that?” Daunt asked. At the far end of the chamber was a distant but bright purple glow.

“You’ll see,” said C, returning Daunt his flashlight.

As they entered the grand chamber, Daunt moved the beam around trying to get a feel for their surroundings. With the light he was able to pick out the great slabs of stone that made up the floor. Written inscriptions were visible on the columns. They seemed to almost wiggle around similar to the token. Daunt planned to examine them later. But right now the task at hand was to find out what the strange light ahead was about.

As he and C neared the intriguing purple glow the temperature continued to rise. The heat seemed to fill the entire cavern while sucking out all the air at the same time.

“Look out!” Cried C suddenly. “There!”

C quickly pointed up and to his right and Daunt swung the flashlight in the same direction.

Clinging to the top of a column were four shadow demons, eyes a glow. Soon every other part of them was blazing as Daunt unleashed a stream of fire from his spare hand.

One of the demons managed to escape the inferno and jumped down onto the floor. A human wouldn’t be able to jump that far down without sustaining severe injuries. As it scrambled towards them on all fours, Daunt was caught off guard, lost his balance and dropped the flashlight. He also lost sight of the demon but he could hear the alarming sound of it’s long claws scraping on the stone. It was getting frighteningly close. Alarmed, he held his breath in fear.

In an instant the demon shrieked and everything went quiet. Reaching down, Daunt got the flashlight back in his hand, and saw the creature that now lay at his feet. Its

furry, lean, dark body was crumpled and still. Claws that looked as strong as steel were unmoving.

“Did you do that?”

“Must have been a lucky hit,” said C with a grin.

“He lies.”

The new voice was deep and powerful yet unmistakably a woman’s voice.

As Daunt and C turned to the left, a dark figure emerged from behind a column.

She wore a flowing black dress that reached the floor. It was elegant, and had slits that revealed white skin underneath. Her face was beautiful with smooth, perfect looking skin. Her long, shiny black hair was stunning and had a single streak of purple framing one side of her face. She looked as if she could be preparing to walk down a runway.

“He often lies,” she told Daunt, before turning towards C.

“Why have you returned, Coeus? And why did you bring the child?”

C gazed back at the woman but said nothing.

Despite his shock, Daunt was concerned by both questions. What was she talking about? Coeus? Returning? And with ‘the child’? He wanted answers and fast.

“Say something!” Daunt snapped.

C simply stared, eyes wide and unblinking.

The elegant woman clad in black returned her gaze to Daunt. Her gaze sent chills down his spine. He felt frozen in place, he couldn't move.

“It is a pleasure. But if Coeus won’t answer me, there is nothing left to say.”

Coeus, thought Daunt. The Greek Titan. The God of Questioning. Well that was some new information. This just kept getting more intriguing, not to mention confusing.

“Who are you?” he asked the woman. “And what is this place?” He added. “And what is that?” He asked, looking towards the purple glow.

She gently pointed a slender, pale finger at C while not averting her eyes from Daunt.

“He has many questions but can also provide you with many answers. I suggest you ask him.”

As Daunt looked between the woman and C, or Coeus, she lowered her finger from pointing at C. She still had her eyes on Daunt.

“It was a pleasure to finally meet you Daunter.”

“Who the hell are you?!” Demanded Daunt. He realized how explosive his question was but it took all of his energy to manage to keep his cool. He wasn’t happy with this meeting where they both seemed to have a history of some sorts.

“My name is Nyx. I'm sure we will meet again, and soon, knowing how annoyingly persistent Coeus can be”. She said with a slow, rumbling and obviously annoyed tone. Locking eyes with Daunt, her tone changed to something, somewhat sincere. “Take care of yourself.”

As soon as her last words were spoken, her eyes lit up bright purple and a black cloud engulfed he and C rendering them helpless. When they came to, they had landed on a floor. They were no longer in the chamber. They were back at the stone wall that Daunt had the otherworldly power to open.

Daunt looked around, dazed and trying to get his bearings. They had been cast back to earth. When he scanned the wall he knew exactly where they were. They were at the place where he had used his fire ability to open the smooth stone wall, yet the holes he had used to open the door were gone.

Vanished...