

Spyro: Dragon Spirit

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Spyro meets a powerful young Dragoness, called Cyra, who has a prophecy foretold about her being linked to the Dragon Gods themselves and the evil Raku wants to seduce her and turn her to Darkness to take the universe under his rule...

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1 - Prologue

Chapter 1: Prologue

Two years after year of the dragon, on a dark, bleak night in a thunderstorm, with the thunder and lightning clashing overhead and the rain coming down in sheets, two dragons are seen running in the storm, cradling a baby, female dragon, blue in colour with a distinct red mane running down her head, back and tail. The two dragons then stop at a portal with Cosmos standing beside it. The female dragon nuzzles the baby dragon with her snout sadly whilst shielding her from the howling, biting wind. The female dragon then breaks into sobs and the male dragon then hugs her to comfort her.

"I'm afraid we have to, Sakira; it's way too dangerous to keep her here especially when Raku's still at large" said the male dragon as he soothed his upset wife

"I know it's just...it's so hard to part with her. She is our daughter after all." Replied the female dragon in a shaky voice.

"I know but she'll be a lot safer where she's going than here, out of Raku's reach; and don't worry, she'll be back one day, when she's old enough" he said in a reassuring voice. Sakira nodded and Kiron and Sakira then share a kiss and walk over to the portal.

"Hi Cosmos. Well, here she is" Kiron called out the green magic crafter dragon standing beside the portal.

"Ah Kiron, Sakira you're here. Very well, now the spell will commence. Quickly now, will time is still in our favour"

Sakira then handed her daughter over to Cosmos and he then put a plain golden amulet around the baby dragon's neck, the baby dragon then glowed so brightly that they had to shield their eyes and when the glowing stopped the baby dragon's image was replaced by a human baby and the golden amulet now bared a ruby dragon.

"The spell is now complete now you have to go through this portal into the Human World to stop Raku from getting his hands on your child or disaster will fill these worlds if he is able to awaken and use the powers of Rekuma within her"

Kiron and Sakira then go through the portal with their daughter and end up in an old, abandoned, crumbling castle ruin atop a low hill in the dead of night, with the wind blowing through the cracks in the old, damp, rotting walls and two Humans stood before them: One tall male with short, dark hair and dark eyes and one female, slightly shorter with blonde hair, which was tied back to keep it from blowing in the wind, and blue eyes. "You must be Kiron and Sakira I take it?" asked the tall man. Kiron nods once

"And you must be David and Mira then? You know why we came, don't you?"

“Yeah...”David answered

“Is that the dragon with the prophecy?” asked Mira

“Yeah...that’s her” Sakira answered in a sad way. Sakira looks at Kiron and he nods. Sakira then handed her daughter to Mira.

“What’s her name?” asks Mira as she holds the sleeping, baby in her arms

“Her name’s Cyra. Please take good care of her” Sakira bade in sad, desperate way

“Don’t worry she’ll be fine.” Mira reassured Sakira. Kiron and Sakira then bid their farewells and return home to the Dragon Worlds, leaving David and Mira with their only daughter to bring up as their own and most importantly of all, out of harms way of Raku the supreme ruler of darkness.

When Kiron and Sakira arrived back in the dark, stormy Dragon Worlds, three evil looking, dragons with cold, grey eyes surrounded them and the portal and before Kiron knew what was happened, he felt a sharp pain in the back of his head and knew no more.

A picture began to merge out of the darkness. As Kiron came round, he realised that he was lying on the floor of a dull, bleak fortress, with many instruments of torture and weaponry scattered throughout with many evil, staring statues of dark Dragons and dark thoughts hanging from the dark, crumbling walls and ceilings. Kiron then sat up and cringed at the sharp pain nagging at the back of his head. Kiron then noticed the same three dragons standing, staring at him with the evil, cold, grey eyes and one large, hooded, cloaked figure with a medallion bearing a black hand surrounded by a dark aura

“Raku!” Kiron gasped as he got quickly to his feet.

Raku then began to step towards Kiron and began to survey Kiron through his unseen eyes hidden by his dark hood. “Where’s Sakira?” Kiron questioned Raku in a warning tone but Raku turned his back and began to walk away from Kiron. “I said where’s Sakira you...!” Kiron yelled with a growl and then made a step towards Raku and the three Dragons lunged towards him and restrained him. Raku then held up one clawed, hand

“Stop!” Raku ordered with a hiss “That won’t be necessary.” The Dragons then release Kiron from the grip. “You have a lot of Spirit, Dragon!” Raku boomed out with his hissing voice “You would make an excellent Shadow Dragon, but first bring me your daughter!”. Kiron then stared at Raku in disbelief. “Yes, Dragon. I know you’re the father of the Dragon with the prophecy. A power so great that it could destroy all darkness including me!” Kiron then kept on watching Raku with fear showing through “Bring her to me, Dragon! If you don’t...” Raku held a long blade up to Kiron’s chest “Your daughter will never know her own parents till the day she dies and wonder why her parents, who loved her so much, sent her away and forgot. And if you do...” Raku lowered the blade and opened a wooden chest to reveal a mixture of gems, glimmering in brilliant colours, showering light among the dark walls “The rewards will

be great.”. Raku then closed the box and placed it on a termite eaten table “Choose, Dragon! Bring your daughter to and join my army of Shadow Dragons or you and your loved one will die and your beloved daughter will never know her own parents!”. Kiron then looked around and saw the three Shadow Dragons bring in Sakira with force

“Sakira!” Kiron then rushed forward and did his best to throw the Shadow Dragons off his wife they then embrace “Oh. Sakira. You’re alive! I thought I lost you!” He then kisses her.

“Yes, I’m alive. But Kiron we must decide on the future of the Dragon Worlds.” Sakira answered as they embrace each other. Kiron then came back to the reality of the situation

“You’re right. But what do we do? I can’t lose you.” Kiron said as he held his beloved wife “And Cyra will never know us” he added as he gazed into Sakira’s eyes.

“I know Kiron, but if we do then millions will die and we can’t let that happen.”. Kiron then straightened up

“You’re right!” Kiron then face Raku “ I’ve made my decision and the answer is no! She’s our daughter and I won’t ever let you get your grimy paws on her!”.

“Very well!” Raku said in a brisk, rough, hissing voice “Kill the female!” Raku ordered and the Shadow Dragons then unsheathed a blade and slipped it into Sakira’s Stomach. Sakira then fell to the ground

“Sakira! No!” Kiron then breath a mass of fire on Raku only to find that he was unaffected and Raku grabbed Kiron’s throat with one clawed hand.

“You think that mere flame can harm me, Dragon!” Raku yelled, hissing in Kiron’s face. Kiron then felt the cold metal of Raku’s blade slip into his stomach and he fell to the floor. Kiron then crawled up to his wife, and held Sakira’s cold, limp paw

“Don’t worry, Sakira. I’ll be joining you soon!” Darkness then flooded around Kiron and life left his body and became as lifeless and the cold, crumbling, dark walls of Raku’s fortress.

2 - The Mysterious Portal

Chapter Two: The Mysterious Portal

One bright sunny afternoon, in the green, heather-topped hills of the highlands of Scotland and a group of pupils lead by a middle-aged looking man, are seen following a crumbly path of gravel up to an old fortress at the top of the hill. Then a young, girl, with long blonde hair tied in a ponytail, about preteen spoke up to from the crowd of youngsters,

“Mr Mitchell, isn’t that an Osprey just over there?” the girl asked as she points to a large bird, flying over the distant hills.

“Uh-huh, that’s an Osprey all right” Replied Mr Mitchell. Mr Mitchell then stops at the fortress,

“Ok class, we can all have our lunch here and we’ll all move back down the other side in about half an hour, ok?”

The class then sit down on the grass and begin to eat their lunch. After some people finished eating, two boys went to take a look at the small castle,

“Hey, let’s go take a look in here! Cyra, you comin’?” Called a young boy with blonde hair at the opening where the door threshold used to be.

“Oh, ok. But mind we have to go back in fifteen minutes” replied the young girl with blonde hair. Cyra then followed the boys into the small castle to find a large, empty, damp, dark room with damp, crumbling walls, sprays of sunlight hit the ground, coming from the many cracks in the walls. The boys’ faces fell,

“ What a dump. C’mon let’s go.” Spoke up the second boy with brown hair. The boys then begin to move back outside, when Cyra noticed a strange archway beside the floor of the castle. Cyra move closer to the archway, which had a dragon on each side, breathing fire, looking up the blue gemstone at the top.

“Hey, guys, C’mere! Look at this!” Cyra called to the boys. Cyra and the boys then gather around the strange archway

“Wow! What is it?” Called the first boy,

“I don’t know, just some kind of strange arch. I’ve never seen anything like it.” Replied Cyra as she examined the arch “Hey! Look! There’s writing on the back!” Cyra called out.

“Cool! What does it say?” replied the boys as they came closer,

"I don't know. It's in a different language but it's the same kinda writing that's on the back of my amulet. Look." Cyra held up a little golden, circular amulet, with a ruby dragon in the middle and revealed some writing on the back that was remarkably similar to the writing on the archway.

"Weird..." Whispered second boy, but as Cyra touched the writing on the arch, the archway came to life and void, with a scenery of rolling hills, of greenery and blue skies shimmered in the middle of the archway.

"What the he--!?" Cried the first boy,

"What in the world is that thing?" cried the second boy. Cyra and the boys were absolutely astonished,

"Guys this is not just an archway...it's a portal" said Cyra in awe. The first boy then noticed that Cyra's golden amulet, bearing a ruby dragon was floating towards the portal,

"Cyra, you're amulet!" Called the first boy. Cyra then looked down and saw her amulet float towards the portal, Cyra then tried to move away from the portal, but she was frozen to the spot,

"Guys, I can't move!" Panicked Cyra

"What do you mean you can't move?" asked the second boy

"I mean I can't move, I'm frozen to the spot!" Yelled Cyra. Then Cyra suddenly started to get pulled towards the portal "Guys help me!" Yelled Cyra as she panicked. The boys then did their best to hold onto Cyra but then the force of the portal pulled her from their grip and pulled in head first through the void "Help me...aaaahh!!!" Cyra screamed as she disappeared into the portal,

"Cyra!" Yelled the two boys the boys then look at each other "Uh-oh".

Meanwhile, in the Artisan Home World of the Dragon Worlds, Spyro is seen sleeping on his back, bathing in the warm sun, beside the waterfall. Spyro was sleeping quite soundly, until a portal suddenly sprouted out the ground right in front of him.

"Whoa! What the! A portal!?" is surprise "Jeeze! Why can't they things just sprout up somewhere else instead of blocking my sun!?" Spyro added. As Spyro began to get up, the portal shimmered to life and a little, blue dragon just exploded out the portal and landed right on top of Spyro.

"Ow!" the little dragon groaned, the little Dragon then realised that it had landed on top of Spyro and got itself up "Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." the little dragon added apologetically.

"That's ok" Spyro reassured the dragon. As Spyro got up and took a better look at the dragon, he noticed that the little dragon was in fact a little, female dragon, with royal blue scales, a nice, neat, blazing-red crest, four neat, slightly-curved horns and nice, light-blue eyes. The dragon then looked at Spyro in awe. "What?" Spyro questioned her expression,

“A-are you...a dragon?” She asked with a puzzled quizzical expression on her face.

“Umm...yeah...” Spyro said “And uh...so are you in case you hadn’t noticed” Spyro added.

“Hmm? Me? Nah...” she replied, she then noticed Spyro’s unsure expression “What? I’m not actually a Dragon, am I?” She added. The little dragon then got up and tottered on two legs and collapsed onto four legs, she looked puzzled and then walked across to the pool and looked at her reflection.

“Whaaa! What the he--! I am a dragon but...how!!!” the dragon yelped in fright as she looked at her reflection. She then backed away from the pool, clearly shaken up.

“ Uh...you know, you’re beginning to scare me now...” Spyro said

“Oh! Yeah? Well if you were a human and suddenly somehow, magically turned into a dragon, wouldn’t you at least be a wee bit startled?” She replied, a little peeved by Spyro’s arrogance

“ Well...yeah...if you put it that way...” Spyro replied back, Spyro then stopped to think, “Wait. You were a Human?” Spyro asked.

“Yeah. First I was in a school fieldtrip in the Scottish highlands, then that thing there just sorta pulled me in like there was no tomorrow and the next thing I’m here and what’s more? I’m a dragon. Huh! What a life, eh?” She rattled off.

”Weird...” Spyro added

“Heh. Tell me about it! God. This is gonna take some getting used to...” she replied

“Hm. Anyway...I’m Spyro by the way. And you?” Spyro asked,

“Oh! I’m Cyra” Cyra replied.

“Huh? Really?” Spyro asked,

“ Yeah. Why?” Cyra questioned Spyro.

“Oh. Nothing. It’s just that you’re named after a Dragon goddess.” Said Spyro

“Wow! Really?” Cyra said

“Yeah Goddess of ice and Ki” Spyro replied.

”Oh. Wow! I never knew that. Cool!

” Spyro and Cyra then continued to chat to each other, contently as the afternoon wore on.

Meanwhile, In Raku's fortress of dark, damp, crumbling walls, little with statues of Dark Dragons and dark thoughts, Raku is seen sitting on his throne with many dark memories carved onto the termite-bitten woodwork. Suddenly, a tall door at the other end of the gloomy hall burst open and a Shadow Dragon bursts in about to give some alarming news to Raku.

"Lord Raku. Forgive me for intruding but I have some entreating news for you. It's about the rift, sir" Raku's unseen eyes then swiftly look up

"What? What about it?" Asked Raku who was now interested

"The rift that supposed to have closed the Dragon with the prophecy from us has been reopened, sir but I don't know where" answered the Shadow Dragon. Raku then got up from his throne and rubbed his clawed hands together in a scheming way "Excellent! And don't bother with that portal..." Raku then walks over to an inactive portal "All I have to do is manipulate the energy of the rift into this one" Raku then took his left clawed hand and touched the gemstone at the top and the portal came to life "Like so" Raku added "You go and get ready with Lt. Grimtooth and do what you can to bring the dragon with the prophecy to me! Now go!" Raku ordered,

"Yes sir!" The Shadow Dragon responded

"Looks like everything is working in our favour after all" Raku ended, who then laughed an evil laugh that shook the crumble walls of Raku's fortress.

3 - The Legend of Rekuma and Meisaka

Chapter Three: The Legend of Rekuma and Meisaka

Later that afternoon, Spyro and Cyra are seen still chatting to each other beside the waterfall, with the nice, warm sun beating down on them.

“Yeah...Karate was really good. I really enjoyed doing it. Too bad I can't do that anymore...” Cyra sighed, “I also used to play the trumpet but obviously I cannae do that anymore” Cyra said with a chuckle,

“Ha. Yeah. You'd be like setting your music on fire like every two seconds” Spyro laughed, Cyra burst out laughing

“Yeah! Oh! I can just imagine the conductor's face...” She tails of laughing along with Spyro. As Spyro and Cyra laughed, a shadow then fell over both of them. Cyra then looked up and saw that the shadow came from this large, green, adult dragon. “Uh...Spyro...” Cyra whispered to Spyro. Spyro then looked up

“Nestor...” Spyro said with a groan, “Aw no. I completely forgot about his damn lecture class...” Spyro groaned.

“Spyro. So this is where you've been all this time. You missed your afternoon lecture class again, young Dragon,” said Nestor

“Yeah...I kinda got a little sidetrapped here...” Spyro answered

“So. I will expect you to spend two hours tomorrow right after lunch”, Nestor continued

“What!?” Spyro yelled in disbelief

“No exceptions” Nestor added, “Anyway, who's the little dragon here?” asked Nestor

“Oh! Um...this is Cyra. She came through this weird portal here” Spyro explained, pointing to the portal Cyra came through, which was still shimmering away. Nestor then looked at the portal with an expression of awe

“Right...” Nestor said quietly to himself “And tell me, have you ever owned a little amulet, which would bear a little, red dragon?” Nestor asked Cyra

“What? Oh! Yeah. I've got it right here, in fact.” Cyra then noticed something odd about the amulet “Hey! What happened to the Dragon?” Cyra added “I swear there was a little dragon on it before I entered that portal” Cyra said, puzzled “It's still got the writing on the back. I can't read it though,” Cyra added.

“Hmm. The writing you speak of is the ancient language of the Dragon race. May I...” Nestor asked. Cyra then took off her amulet and handed it over to Nestor. “It says ‘ If darkness shalt conquer thou, then darkness shalt conquer all’... interesting...” Nestor read out “It seems that you, Cyra, are the Dragon of the prophecy after all...” Nestor said.

“Prophecy? What prophecy?” Asked Cyra.

“Oh! A story of legends” Continued Nestor “Come, with me” Nestor said as he gestured towards a little stump beside the waterfall. Nestor then sat down on the stump and Spyro and Cyra sat down on the grass around Nestor.

“Now. This story is a story that Spyro may well have heard many times before and first takes place well before the Dragons we know today even existed” Nestor explained,

“Oh. Wait this is the one about Rekuma, isn’t it?” Spyro asked,

“Yes, Spyro. Now. Around about two thousand years ago, there were four elemental Dragon gods; Cyra- Goddess of Ice, Elctador- God of electricity, Fyrenz - God of fire and terranna - Goddess of Earth” Nestor started off “And Cyra and Fyrenz had a son, named Rekuma, who inherited both the ice and fire powers from Cyra and Fyrenz, but something terrible happened one day. An evil being, Raku the Lord of Darkness, had managed to break free from the demon realm and caught the Dragon gods by surprise and sabotaged their home in the Dragon heaven, Alafrenor. However, Rekuma managed to escape the destroyed home of the gods and retreated to this world until he and Raku got locked in a battle that would decide the fate of the entire universe. Rekuma became victorious as he wielded the sword of Daiakaryuu and plunged it right into Raku’s heart. Thus Raku was absorbed into the sword and had been trapped for nearly two thousand years, until now...” told Nestor. “Now before Rekuma parted from this world, a prophecy was made. A prophecy which told us of how Rekuma’s direct descendant would come forth and gain the powers of the gods themselves, which have been lying dormant throughout the generations. This descendant was described as a female dragon, with scales of a brilliant shade of royal blue and is also believed to be the reincarnation of Goddess Cyra herself.” Nestor finished off.

Cyra was putting one and one together when she realised what Nestor was trying to say,

“Wait...Are you saying that I’m the descendant of this Rekuma and that I’m the reincarnation of a Goddess!?” Cyra said in disbelief,

“ Yes. And not only that, you are also the one destined to take your place in protecting the Dragon realms along with Meisaka’s descendant” Nestor added

“Meisaka? Never heard of him before” said Spyro,

“Well, that’s what you get for missing an hour of lecture class. Anyway. There was another goddess, called Zephra. Unlike the other gods, she didn’t possess the control of any particular element however

she excelled greatly in magic and Ki and she had a son named Meisaka. Now Meisaka was a friend of Rekuma and aided him in the fight against Raku and also used his powerful, magical powers to forge the sword of Daiakaryuu to help seal away Raku. There was a second part of the prophecy, where Meisaka's descendant would also step forth at the same time as Rekuma's and aid her with his superb fighting skills and powerful magic. This descendant has been described as a male dragon, with scales of a brilliant shade of purple." Nestor finished off.

Spyro then thought had until,

"Now hold on a sec. I'm a descendant this Meisaka!? Oh! My God!" Spyro said in disbelief.

"Yes. Now you know your background. I will now tell what is happening at the present. Now you know I said Rekuma and Meisaka sealed Raku in the sword of Daiakaryuu? Well, the sword had a flaw. There is a way you can reverse the spell of being trapped in the sword by placing the darkness orbs in their rightful positions on the sword (Which are little elemental orbs about the size of your fist). And unfortunately, one of Raku's followers, Grimtooth knew about this and freed Raku from his prison. Now your parents were smart, Cyra. Your parents knew that Raku would try to reach you as soon as he could to try and seduce your mind to his ways and get you to use your powers against the universe (That's where the saying 'If Darkness shalt conquer thou, then Darkness shalt conquer all' comes from). So, your parents had a spell to be cast on you, in which your Dragon Spirit would be sealed in that amulet and gave you to two loving Humans until it was time for your return to the Dragon Worlds." Nestor finished off.

Spyro and Cyra were just absorbing what they just heard. They were descendants of the Dragon gods!?

"Nestor..."Cyra spoke up

"hmm?" Nestor replied,

"A-are my real parents still alive?" Cyra said with a plea. Nestor then fell silent,

"No. I'm afraid after they sent you away, their plan was discovered and...Raku murdered them, mercilessly" Nestor said in a saddened tone.

"What?" He murdered my parents?" Cyra said, saddened by the thought. Spyro then noticed that she was fairly saddened by the news and he stroked her arm,

"Hey. You ok?" Spyro asked, with a hint of sympathy.

"Yeah. I just need time to think..." Cyra replied briskly. As soon as Cyra spoke, the sky suddenly darkened in the south and the wind picked up. "What's going on?" cried Cyra. A voice then came out of the thin air,

"Nestor? Nestor? Are you there?" called the voice,

“Yes, Cosmos. I’m here.” Replied Nestor, “Do you have an idea what’s going on here?” Asked Nestor.

“It’s Raku. Raku’s making his move into the human realm! He’s found out about the portal, Nestor! Cyra’s in danger! We’re in danger!” yelled Cosmos,

” Don’t worry cosmos, Cyra’s here with me” Nestor reassured Cosmos

“She is!? Oh! Joyous!” Cosmos yelled, “I just heard some news! There have been some deaths,” he gasped “Including David and Mira!” Cosmos cried. Cyra couldn't believe what she just heard. David and Mira, her parents.

“That’s my parents! NO! I-it can’t be. I refuse to believe that they’re dead!” Cyra cried. Cyra then bolted towards the portal, determined to see her parents, “MUM! DAD!” she cried, whilst she ran to the portal.

“No! Wait! Cyra!” Spyro yelled, Spyro then ran after Cyra

“No! Wait! It’s too dangerous!” Nestor yelled after them, but it was too late. Spyro and Cyra had disappeared through the portal and a sense of hopelessness washed over him.

4 - A Painful Loss

Chapter four: A Painful Loss

Cyra jumped out the portal and skidded to a halt on the crumbly floor of the same dreary castle she was in before. Filled with determination to see her parents, Cyra made a move towards the ruin threshold. As Cyra started to run towards the door, Spyro then too, flew out the portal and glided to land in front of Cyra.

“Cyra! What do you think you’re doing? Nestor said it was too dangerous to come back here!” Spyro shouted

“I don’t care!” Cyra yelled, “I’m gonna see my parents for myself and no one’s gonna stop me! Not you, not him...not anyone!” Cyra screamed desperately. Cyra then ran past Spyro and out the threshold. Spyro then followed Cyra as they bolted down the crumbly pathway, leading back down to her village, with the sun beginning to disappear behind the mountains afar.

“Cyra! Wait!” Spyro yelled, but it was no use. Cyra’s mind was set on only one thing; getting to her parents as fast as she could. As Cyra entered the village gate and began to run down her street, she caught a glimpse of columns of smoke bellowing out a house on the far end of the street.

“No...I-it can’t be...”Cyra gasped, Cyra then ran as fast as she could to the end of the street with Spyro close behind. As soon as she reached the end of the street, it was too late. Cyra was now standing looking at an empty blackened shell of a flaming house that she once called home.

“No, No...! How could they do this...?” Cyra sobbed

Cyra then notice two figures lying obscurely beside a burning shrub in what used to be their garden. As soon as Cyra noticed this, she ran across to them as fast as she could, regardless of the blazing flames around her. When Cyra reached them, she saw that the two figures where two dead, adult humans; a beautiful woman, with her blonde hair covered in her blood and a man with short brown hair and a large, deep wound in his stomach.

“Mum...? Dad...?” Cyra sobbed as the situation began to sink in, “ MUM!! DAD!! NO! Please! No...! You can’t be dead...!” Cyra sobbed “ Noooo...!” Cyra yelled as she mourned over her parents’ dead bodies.

“Cyra...I-I’m so sorry...” Spyro said as he placed his paw on her shoulder, feeling a huge weight of pity for her. Spyro then noticed two daffodils under the in the flowerbed that somehow managed to survive the fire. Spyro then picked these and handed them to Cyra

“Here...” Spyro said as he handed over the daffodils. Spyro and Cyra’s gaze then met and Cyra new what Spyro meant, she nodded, then laid her parents side-by-side and placed the daffodils on her parents’ bodies.

Cyra then got up and took a few, deep shuddering gasps but this time she was beginning to fill with rage and she jerked her head away from the blazing house and back at the village gate.

“Cyra?” as Spyro questioned her sudden reaction but Cyra didn’t answer.

She couldn’t believe what had just happened. Raku had killed her parents; the only people she ever truly knew and loved and now they were gone forever, all because of him. How could he do this!? Cyra thought to herself. The thought sickened her and this made even more furious. Burning with fury, Cyra then suddenly started charging back down the street.

“Cyra! Wait!” Spyro yelled after Cyra as she ran out the village and back up the gravelly path.

The ruined castle then came back into view and Spyro and Cyra ran through the threshold. Spyro then followed Cyra back through the portal and they both landed back on the green, lush grass beside the waterfall. Nestor then ran over to them, relieved to see them again.

“Spyro, Cyra. Thank goodness. I told you not to...” Nestor then realised that Cyra was in absolutely no mood for listening and cut himself short. Cyra then ran off by herself down the path.

“Raku!” Cyra breathed “You...MURDERER!!! AM GONNA KILL YE! YE HEAR ME!?!? WHEN WE FINALLY MEET, I’M GONNA TEAR YE TAE PIECES!!!!” Cyra screamed; burning with fury and Cyra then disappeared through a portal reading ‘Stone Hill’.

“Cyra...” Spyro said whilst making a move after her but Nestor held him back.

“No. Spyro. I think she wants to be on her own for a bit.” Nestor said, saddened by her reaction.

At night in Stone Hill, Cyra sat alone on a small cliff, gazing out at the calm sea, allowing the cold, night air to sting her wet, tear-stricken face. As a tear trickled down her cheek and dripped onto the soft grass, Spyro found Cyra and had felt a deep sorrow for Cyra and rested his paw on her shoulder.

“Hey...are you ok?” Spyro asked, sympathetically

“I-I just can’t believe they’re dead...” Cyra sobbed, “How could he just kill them like that...?” she asked in a shaky voice. Cyra then broke into sobs and more tears began to cascade down her cheeks. Spyro then put his arm around her to comfort her “I just wish...this had...never happened” she added, whilst hiccupping. Spyro then hugged to comfort her and Cyra cried hard over his shoulder.

“I know, I know. It’s alright” Spyro hushed her as Cyra sobbed

“It’s not alright” Cyra said in a shaky voice, “My parents are dead, Spyro. They’re all I had left... and now it’s just...me on my own,” Cyra added

“No, no. You’re not alone. You have me.” Spyro said in a comforting way. Cyra then gazed into Spyro’s eyes for she had never met such a caring person before. “And I promise I won’t leave you.”

Spyro added.

“Y-you promise?” Cyra asked

“Yeah, I promise” Spyro confirmed. She and Spyro then hugged each other, Cyra had never felt this happy before in ages and nice, warm feeling aroused in her heart.

5 - To Be a Dragon

Chapter five: To be a Dragon

The birds started to twitter their little songs proudly as the sun began to peek from over the hills afar. Spyro and Cyra are both seen snuggled up next to each other under a piece of land that stretched over stony path in the Artisan home. As the sun reached them, they then begin to stir.

“Hey Cyra.” Spyro said as he woke up

“What? Oh. Hi Spyro. Morning all ready?” Cyra replied with a yawn.

“Yup. So, sleep well?” Spyro asked

“Yeah. I did actually. So, what’re we doing today?” Cyra asked as she stretched her wings.

“Dunno. I still have that stupid two-hour-long lecture class after lunch” Spyro said with a groan as he got up and stretched out his legs.

“Oh. Right. Forgot about that.” Cyra replied, standing up stretching out her limbs. As Cyra noticed the portal gem glinting in the sun, which was now inactive, she remembered how her parents died after Raku’s forces had mercilessly slaughtered her parents and burnt down her home. She began to fill up with a mixture of sadness and anger once more. Spyro then noticed that Cyra’s expression had saddened slightly as she noticed the grim reminder standing next to the waterfall.

“Cyra...?” Spyro said as he rested his arm across her back “You alright?” he asked.

“Yeah...I just...I was just kinda...hoping...that this never really happened...” Cyra said with a hint of sadness

“Yeah...I know...” Spyro replied as he stroked her smooth, leathery wings

“I dunno...I just...just feel empty without them and I just feel like I just wanna...” she broke off with a slight growl as she clinched her paw

“I know, I know...” Spyro said whilst hugging Cyra “But you can fight later. You can’t fight them just now. You’ve still got like loads to learn and stuff. For starters, you’ve not even breathed fire before, have you?” Spyro added

“Well, no... but do you just like...breathe and poof! Roasty bums?” Cyra asked

“Nah!” Spyro laughed, “There’s a bit more to it than that. Well, you probably could, but you hafta control it first.” Spyro added

“Hm. Thought so.” Cyra smiled slightly as her and Spyro’s eyes met.

“Yeah...so... you can fight them later, yeah? And I’ll be here for you and I promise I’ll never leave you. Ok?” Spyro said, “Just like I promised last night” Spyro added. Cyra then gazed in Spyro’s eyes, with a warm smile and she hugged him. As Spyro stroked Cyra’s head, she felt that same warm, soothing feeling in her heart that she felt when Spyro held her in his arms last night...

Later that afternoon, after lunch, Spyro walked into an empty classroom of about twenty wooden desks and chairs and a Nestor sitting at the large desk at the far left corner reading through some papers.

“Nestor?” Spyro started

“Ah. Spyro. There you are. I was hoping you didn’t forget like the last time. Choose a seat.” Nestor asked Spyro. Spyro then sat down at a desk full of graffiti. Spyro sniggered to himself as he saw ‘Nestor has a like most GINORMOUS NOSE IN THE ENTIRE DRAGON KINGDOM!!!!!’ carved carelessly on one of the table-legs. “Problem?” Nestor questioned Spyro as he noticed him laugh.

“Uh...no. Nothing...” Spyro replied quickly

“Hm... anyway, you missed your lecture class yesterday, didn’t you?” Nestor started. Spyro grunted slightly meaning a yes. “Uh-huh. However, given the circumstances, I think it’s probably better off to postpone the classes, for now at least.” Nestor added

“Huh!?” Spyro suddenly replied in disbelief “For real?” Spyro asked.

“Yes... I think it’s probably wiser to turn our attentions towards what is happening at this present. Now Spyro, listen carefully. I want you to teach Cyra what you know. She has never been taught what it means to be a Dragon yet and to take on Raku’s forces, we need all the help we can get” Nestor told Spyro

“What me, teach Cyra?” Spyro asked

“Yes. I want you to just teach her the basics like how to breath fire, charge, glide and even some combat and agility that you know. After you done that, I’ll tell you what top do next, but in the meantime, just teach her what you know” Nestor finished off.

“Right. I’ll see what I can do. How long should it take” Spyro replied.

“Well, I’d say about a week or two, or more if she needs it but just take it at a step at a time so she has a chance to take in the stuff she’s learning and don’t rush things too much. Ok?” Nestor answered

“Ok.” Spyro replied. Spyro then walked out of the classroom and out into the brilliant sunshine, both happy about missing two hours of lecture time but still unsure how to go about his given task.

Cyra was lying on her back, on the cool green grass next to the waterfall, listening to the water spraying on the rocks below. Cyra then got up as she heard someone coming up from behind her and she was surprised to see Spyro back so early.

“Spyro? I thought you had that lecture thing with Nestor” Cyra asked

“Hey Cyra. Yeah, I did but Nestor decided to just leave it.” Spyro replied

“Really? Cool! No’ bad for some” Cyra said “Why?” she asked

“Well, Nestor wants me to uh...teach you a few things” Spyro answered

“Eh? Like what?” Cyra asked

“Well, the basics like breathing fire and stuff” Spyro said, Spyro then thought for a bit “C’mon I think I know where to start” Spyro added and Cyra followed Spyro through a gap into another little area, with a large dragon head at the far end.

“Ok. Right. To start off with I’m gonna teach you how to breath fire.” Spyro started

“First, I just want to see what you can do. So I want you to just breathe when you’re ready just now. K?” Spyro told Cyra

“Right.” Cyra answered. Cyra then took in a deep breath and blew as hard as she could but all that came out was a little puff of flame.

“Huh? What gives?” Cyra asked.

“Yeah...see what you’re doing wrong is you’re only like breathing from your chest. You’ve gotta use your diaphragm more. Think it as if you’re breathing from your stomach and really force it up.” Spyro explained

“Ok. Ok. Let’s see.” Cyra then once again filled her lungs up with air but this time she made sure she forced it up from her stomach as hard as she could and as soon as she did this, fire suddenly erupted out her mouth and flame sprayed everywhere.

“YOUCHE!!!” Spyro suddenly yelped as a stray flame singed the tip of Spyro’s tail. Spyro groaned as he finally managed to pat his flaming tail out.

“Oh! My God! I’m sorry! I just lost control and...” Cyra said

“Nah. It’s ok. I’ve done that before too and lemme tell ya, Lindar was NOT happy” Spyro laughed as he recovered “Right. Let’s try that again but this time, try and control it more and aim” Spyro added

“Ok. Right. I can do this” Cyra said to her self. Cyra then filled her lungs up once more and breathed out the air with her stomach as before but as she focussed, a nice line of flame rushed out her mouth.

“Yeah! That’s it! Ya got it!” Spyro yelled clearly pleased with the result.

“Ya beauty!” Cyra yelled in delight “Now you can called me the Pyro queen!” Cyra added. She and Spyro laughed

“Right, ‘Pyro Queen’, this time I just want you to do what you did before on these dummies,” Spyro laughed as he pointed towards six human sized, straw dummies next to the wall.

“Ok. Right! Let’s burn ‘em tae a crisp!” Cyra said. Cyra then lined up with the first dummy, Cyra the focussed on her breathing like before and when she breathed out, a straight line of flame shot out her mouth and dummy burst into flames. Cyra then continued to breath fire on the next dummy, and the next until all the dummies caught fire and became a heap of ash. Cyra then smiled at the heap of ash, satisfied with the result.

“Oh! Yeah! Yer cooking with gas now!” Yelled Spyro again pleased with what Cyra had achieved.

Then out of the ash, sprouted up six new straw dummies.

“Eh!? How did that happen?” Cyra said as she notice the new dummies

“Oh! Um...new ones sprout up in about five minutes or so if they’re destroyed” Spyro told Cyra
“Anyway, this time I’m gonna teach you how to charge” Spyro added, “Ok. Body position. To charge, your head has to be lowered low enough so your back and neck are exactly line with each other” Spyro started

“Uh...like this?” Cyra asked as she tried to copy what Spyro suggested by lowering her head.

“Uh...almost but your head need to come up just a little bit higher just so you can see where you’re going” Spyro answered as positioned Cyra’s head slightly, “See, now that’s perfect. Now I just want you to charge that dummy there but keep that body position the best you can,” Spyro added

“Right. Ok.” Cyra answered. Cyra then began to charge across to the dummies as fast as her legs could go, focussing on keeping her body position in tact but before Cyra knew it she was seeing stars as she missed the dummy and went charging smack, bang right into the wall, “Ow! My head...” Cyra groaned as she sat up and recovered from her massive headache

“Oh! You ok?” Spyro asked Cyra

“Yeah...I think so...” Cyra answered whilst rubbing her head

“Yeah. I’ve done that plenty times before.” Spyro said, “Well, apart from that, I’d say you were doing pretty well. You just lost you’re concentration for a sec there, didn’t you?” Spyro added

“Yeah. It’s just all happens so fast, one second flinch and it’s night-night,” Cyra explained

“Yeah, I know” Spyro laughed slightly “So. You ready to try again?” Spyro asked

“Yeah...my head’s more or less better so...yeah. Let’s bring ‘em on” Cyra replied. Cyra then got up and got into her body position and sure she lined her body up with the first dummy. She then began to charge, making sure she didn’t lose her concentration this time and she then charged right into the dummy and it shattered into pieces.

“All right, Cyra! Nice one!” Spyro yelled, clearly pleased with her.

“Oh! Yeah!” Cyra yelled happily

“Ok! Yeah, that dummy never stood a chance against that!” Spyro said, “Right now I just want to see if you can do what you just did on these dummies, K? Just when ever you’re ready.” Spyro added

“Ok!” Cyra said as she psyched herself up and she then lined herself up with the first dummy as before and charged at full speed towards it and when she rammed it, square on, it again fell to pieces like the last time, then she did the same with the next dummy and then the next, until all that was left, was a heap straw and wooden arms and legs.

“Yeah! Right on! Wow! You’re a super-fast learner! I reckon a couple more days of flaming and charging and they’ll be perfect! I might throw in a couple more horn techniques too.” Spyro cheered

“Cool! So is that it for today or what?” Cyra asked

“Yeah. That’s it for today. Well, just be practising this stuff for a few more days and then I’ll start teaching you how to glide.” Spyro answered.

“Cool! I’ve always wanted to do that!” Cyra replied, “So what’re you up to now?” Cyra asked

“Well, I’m just gonna grab some tea. Wanna come?” Spyro asked Cyra

“Sure.” Cyra replied and as she and Spyro’s met again, she felt a slight blush creep up on her...

Meanwhile, in Raku’s fortress of dark creatures and dark thoughts carved on the damp walls, Raku was pacing up and down, briskly in front of two Shadow Dragons.

“You worthless FOOLS!” Raku boomed “I told you two to bring her back to me what ever the cost AND YOU FAILED ME! AGAIN!” Raku yelled in their faces.

“But sir...” The larger Shadow Dragon started, “The Dragon with that prophecy couldn’t be found anywhere, we couldn’t even smell her anywhere! The freshest scent we could pick up was at a small castle in the hills, next to the portal, sir. We traced the scent back down to a small village, but the scent diminished my then” explained the Shadow Dragon, “We also traced down the keepers of the Dragon and we tried to force it out of them about her whereabouts but they refused and they were punished.” Finished of the Shadow Dragon.

“Hm. knowing you, Grimtooth, by punishing, you meant killing, don’t you?” replied Raku

“Yes, sir” replied Grimtooth

“Fool! You should have brought them back to me as I have much more effective ways of forcing information!” Yelled Raku

“Forgive me sir. I didn’t think... though I think she may have arrived in the Dragon Kingdom...” Grimtooth whispered

“You didn’t think!” Boomed Raku, “Oh! Forget it! I have a better plan. Grimtooth, you go and build up my army! We’re going to war!” Raku yelled

“Yes sir. But what about Cyra?” Grimtooth asked

“Leave her too me. My Shadow Crystal should be able to locate her mind when the magical boundary would happen very soon indeed and then we may have a little guest in our army...” Raku explained with a smirk

“Yes sir” Grimtooth answered and he walked briskly out the throne-room and Raku once again laughed an evil, shuddering laugh as his plan began to unravel in his foul mind.

6 - A Dragon's Heart

Chapter six: A Dragon's Heart

Three days later, in the little field with the large Dragon head at the other end, with the warm sun beating down on them, Spyro and Cyra are seen training with the dummies once again.

"Whoa! Nice one there!" Spyro said to Cyra, as she swiped it with her horns twice, jumped up to the side and breathed fire on it. While she was still in mid-air, she then rammed her horns straight into the next one and breathed fire on the one behind it and before she knew it, all the dummies were but ash and limbs.

"Yeah! Brilliant, Cyra!" Spyro said cheerfully as he walked up to her "Right, I think that's probably it for the combat stuff. I don't think I've ever met a quicker learner than you" Spyro added

"Thanks" Cyra said whilst catching her breath, "Wow. I'm starving." Cyra added

"Yeah, me too" Spyro said, "I'm just gonna get some lunch. You coming?" Spyro asked

"Yeah ok" Cyra replied and the two walk together out the little field and disappear through the portal into Stone Hill.

A little later on, Spyro and Cyra had just had their lunch and are seen on top of a little tower in a large, open, grassy field.

"So, then. Now that we've done all the combat stuff I know, I think it's high time I started to teach you how to glide." Spyro started

"Cool." Cyra replied

"Ok. First of all, to glide straight, you spread your wings out like this, parallel to the ground" Spyro started off as he spread his wings out to show Cyra, "Also to have just a normal straight glide, you have to keep your balance out your body weight so that it's fairly even throughout" Spyro explained, "Watch" Spyro added. Spyro then spread out his wings, launched himself into the air and glided down to the field.

"Ok. Now you try." Spyro said

"Right. Ok..." Cyra said to herself

Cyra then stood at the edge of the tower psyching herself up. She then spread out her wings, making sure that they were parallel and she then launched herself into the air. As she did this, she immediately felt a cushion of air holding her up, just under her wings and she felt the cool, refreshing air rush over her body at the same time. However, as she got close to the ground, she began to lose control over her

weight balance and she fell right on top of Spyro. As their eyes met for a moment, Cyra then blushed brightly and quickly got up off Spyro.

“Sorry...” Cyra said quickly as she recovered

“That’s ok” Spyro reassured, “You know you were actually doing pretty well until that last blip. You just need to sort out some weight issues and you’ll be fine.” Spyro added

“Weight issues!?” Cyra frowned

“What? Oh! Sorry! I didn’t mean it like that. I meant the balance of your weight when you were gliding needed to be more even. That’s all” Spyro explained quickly

“Oh! Right. I wondered. I thought you were trying to say I was fat like” Cyra laughed

“No! No! Nothing like that! Jeez! I wouldn’t say something like that to ya!” Spyro laughed, “Anyway, C’mon we’ll try that again,” Spyro added as he and Cyra went back up to the top of the tower. “Ok. This time I’m going to glide with you so I can talk you through it when you gliding. Ok?” Spyro said

“Yeah. Ok.” Cyra replied

Spyro and Cyra then walked to the edge of the tower again and they spread out their wings.

“Ready?” Asked Spyro

“Yup!” Cyra replied

“Ok! Let’s go!” Spyro yelled and Spyro and Cyra leapt up into the air and began to glide

“Ok. You need to just level out your weight just a tad. Just try and raise your head just a little...That’s it...also try and spread your fore legs out a bit more so it’s easier to land...yeah, that’s perfect just keep that body position and you should be fine.” Spyro said as he corrected Cyra.

Spyro and Cyra then began to get close to the ground but following Spyro’s instructions, Cyra tried her best to keep the same body position and this time, Cyra managed to land neatly on all fours.

“Oh! Yeah!” Cyra yelled as she raised herself on her hind legs in delight

“Wa-hey! Nice one!” Spyro cheered, “That was great! Right now what I want you to do is do the same again but I want you to try it on your own this time. You think you could do that?” Spyro added

“I’ll try” Cyra replied

Cyra then went back up to the tower and readied herself for the glide.

“Ok! Just whenever you’re ready!” Spyro called up to Cyra

Cyra then spread out her wings and launched herself into the air. Cyra then felt that cushion of air under her wings and remembering what Spyro told her, she maintained the body position and again managed land neatly on the ground.

“Yeah! That was brilliant! Nice one!” Spyro cheered, clearly please with Cyra’s glide.

“Ha, Ha! Whoo!” Cyra yelled as she hugged Spyro in delight.

“Well, I’d say a couple more days of this and you’ll be a pro!” Spyro said

“Hm...so what’re we gonna do now...” Cyra asked

“Dunno, I’d say we should just call it a day and tomorrow we’re just gonna practise some more gliding and I’m gonna show you how to add a couple of manoeuvres.” Spyro replied

“Cool! Can’t wait.” Cyra replied and she and Spyro exchange smiles.

Later in the evening, Cyra is seen bathing in a little lake of water, letting her mind wander. Spyro then came up to her and lay down on the bank.

“Hey, Cyra. Ok?” Spyro asked

“Hey, Spyro. Yeah, I’m fine, just taking a little bath.” Cyra replied, “Want to join me?” Cyra asked

“Me? Nah, I’m fine” Spyro replied

“You sure? The sun’s warmed it up a little.” Cyra said, “Come on Spyro” Cyra added

“Hm...Oh, All right. If you insist,” Spyro laughed. Spyro then dived in beside Cyra and wiped the water from his eyes.

Spyro and Cyra then settled themselves beside the lake bank, with them cuddling into each other.

“Spyro?” Cyra said, whilst resting her head on Spyro’s shoulder

“Hm?” Spyro replied, who had his arm around her back

“I...I want to...um... thank you...” Cyra replied as she turned around to face Spyro

“Hm? For what?” Spyro questioned her

“For everything. I mean, I never really thanked you properly for what you’ve done and no one’s ever cared for me like you have before. So... thank you...” Cyra replied, who rested her paws on Spyro’s shoulders

“Sure” Spyro replied back with a smile

Cyra then edged forward slightly and she kissed Spyro on the lips. When Cyra pulled back, she then

noticed Spyro's bewildered expression and realised what she had just done.

"Spyro...I'm sorry...I wasn't thinking straight..." Cyra said quickly as she looked away

"Hey. It's ok..." Spyro replied quickly, he then stroked her chin gently with his claw and their eyes met

"It's ok." Spyro reassured her with a warm smile

Cyra then smiled back,

"Oh, I love you...so much..." Cyra said, whilst blushing brightly

"I love you too." Spyro replied, who was blushing too

Cyra then closed her eyes and she felt Spyro's lips press against her own. When they pulled back, they smiled brightly, their arms slid into an embrace and they kissed again whilst the sun sank into the horizon...

7 - The Upcoming Battle

Chapter Seven: The Upcoming Battle

Two days later and Nestor was in his study just reading through some papers with complicated runes inscribed on them, when a voice came out of the thin-air like before.

“Nestor, Nestor” Cried the voice

“I’m here, Cosmos” Nestor replied to the voice, “Any news about Raku?” Nestor asked

“That’s the reason why I’m calling you. I’ve come across part of Raku’s plan.” Cosmos started

“Go on” Nestor said, interested

“He’s planning a war, Nestor. He’s building up his army as we speak. This is going to take every Dragon and Dragoness in the entire Dragon Kingdom to take down. If we don’t begin building up our armies soon, then we may not stand a chance!” Cosmos added with a hint of fear in his voice

“A war? Do you have any idea when and where the war will take place?” asked Nestor, who was now fairly alarmed

“I believe it may take place roughly in about a two to three weeks from now at least and it’ll be held in the valley between the Peacekeepers and Magic Crafters realms. I know he’s also planning something else but his realm is protected by a barrier and my powers cannot penetrate any further” Explained Cosmos

“Right. Don’t worry about that. And two to three weeks is cutting it a bit fine but we could still manage to form a fairly resistant force if we work at it enough. Tell the other Dragon Worlds to start building their armies as soon as possible.” Nestor ordered

“That I will do. And Nestor there is something else you should know...” Cosmos replied

“What? What is it?” Nestor asked

“The barrier, Nestor. I honestly don’t think it’s going to hold back the evil much longer. It may diminish any time soon and when it diminishes, we’ll all be in danger, especially Cyra!” Cosmos warned with a hint of anxiety in his voice

“I-I understand...” Nestor said quietly, “But I’m afraid there’s nothing much more we can do. Right now all we can do is focus on what lies ahead and build our armies. I’ll also try and protect Cyra the best I can in the meantime.” Nestor added

“Understood. Best of luck” Cosmos finished off

“Likewise” Nestor replied with a grim tone to his voice

Spyro and Cyra were at Stone Hill again, practising their gliding.

“Yeah! That good, Cyra, now try a hover...that’s it.” Spyro called to Cyra as she landed after her hover.

“We’ll I’d say you were pretty much done with the training. I think you’ve gotten a bit stronger too.”
Spyro added

“You think so?” Cyra asked

“Yeah. Definitely” Spyro replied, “All though, there’s just one more little thing...” Spyro started with a smile

“Hm? What’s that?” Cyra asked

“You...gotta catch me!” Spyro shouted quickly and started run.

“Wha-? Hey!” Cyra said quickly and started to chase Spyro, “Spyro...! What’re you--?” Cyra yelled after Spyro, whilst trying to catch up with him

“C’mon Cyra! Catch me and you’re done.”, Spyro yelled back and the two dragons went tearing across the grassy fields, laughing and cat-calling each other.

“C’mon, slowpoke! Whaddaya call that?”, Spyro laughed as he dodged one of Cyra’s pounces Blimey! She nearly got me that time. I gotta be more careful. Spyro thought to himself

“Grr...Ok! Right! Yer gonna get it, ye cheeky, wee...!” Cyra laughed as she recovered. Cyra then began to build up speed and Spyro hadn’t realised that Cyra climbed up onto the raised land.

Spyro then entered the tunnel; Spyro then found it was odd that he couldn’t hear the clicking of Cyra’s claws on the stone floor when he was in halfway and turned around to look.

“Cyra?” Spyro called as he looked back to find Cyra wasn’t behind him Where did she run off to?
Spyro thought to himself.

“Boo!” shouted a voice from behind him, Spyro then wheeled around and there was Cyra, who had snuck in behind him

“Whoa!” Spyro yelled and Cyra then pounced right on Spyro, knocking him back onto the field.

Spyro and Cyra then rolled about the field, laughing until Cyra had landed on top of Spyro and managed to pin him down.

“Gotcha.” Cyra laughed

“Cyra!? How did you!? I mean you were right behind me!” Spyro started

“Ah-hah but I climbed up that upland there and snuck in through the other end,” Cyra laughed

“What? That’s cheating!” Spyro laughed

“Well, All you said was to catch you and I caught you, didn’t I?” Cyra said

She and Spyro laughed.

“So...um...you gonna let me up?” Spyro asked

“Hmmm... Oh...I don’t know about that...” Cyra Teased, “You planned this, didn’t you?” Cyra asked with a smile

“Maaaaaybe...” Spyro replied, with a smile. Cyra giggled slightly and she bent down until their snouts were but an inch away.

“I love you” Cyra whispered

“I love you too” Spyro replied

Cyra then kissed Spyro on the lips. She pulled back and smiled warmly at each other, rubbed they’re snouts and kissed again...

About half an hour later, Spyro and Cyra were both laying on their backs, bathing in the warm sun, cuddling to each other.

“Spyro! Cyra!” a voice called from the other field

“Spyro...”Cyra said as she raised her head off Spyro’s shoulder but Spyro was still sleeping, “Spyro! Wake up!” Cyra said louder, as she nudged Spyro awake

“Huh? What’s up?” Spyro yawned, as he opened an eye

“I think someone’s looking for us.” Cyra replied

“Who?” Spyro asked

“Dunno. I’m just gonna go check” Cyra said as she got up

“K. You do that.” Spyro replied

Cyra then walked through the tunnel and took a peek and saw Nestor looking around, with a worried look on his face. Cyra then ran back to Spyro.

“Spyro!” Cyra yelled as she nudged him awake again

“What...?” Spyro groaned

“It’s Nestor, Spyro! He’s looking for us now.” Cyra told Spyro

“What does he want now?” Spyro asked

“I dunno, but I don’t like it. He looks really worried for some reason. What if it’s about Raku?” Cyra suggest with a hint of anxiety in her voice.

“Raku? Ok. Let’s go see what he wants,” Spyro said as he got up and stretched him wings and limbs.

Spyro and Cyra the walked through the tunnel, into the other field and met up with Nestor

“Spyro! Cyra! There you are. How has the training been going?” Nestor asked

“She’s been doing really well. In fact, we just finished just now” Spyro replied

“Good. Because we have less time left as we thought...” Nestor tailed off, looking very anxious indeed

“Huh? How come?” Cyra asked, startled by Nestor’s anxiety

“Raku...” Nestor started

“Raku? What about him?” Spyro asked

“He’s planning a war...” Nestor replied

“A war!?” Cyra yelled, “When?” Cyra asked, with a hint of fear in her voice

“About two to three weeks from now. So from now until then it’ll be nothing but training and building up the army.”

“D-do we have to fight too!?” Cyra asked

“Yes...I’m afraid so. We need every strong Dragon and Dragoness we can muster if we are to even think of pulling through this war... I’m sorry you have to see such difficult times but that’s how life goes sometimes I’m afraid... So I will expect you in the Artisan Home at eight O’ clock, tomorrow morning. And Cyra... I want you to be especially careful from now on and I never want you to leave either of us unless you are told to do so. You got that?” Nestor finished off

“Y-yes...” Cyra replied quietly

Nestor then went through one of the other tunnels and returned back to the home world. Spyro and Cyra were left to let it sink in that they were about to enter a full-blown war.

“Spyro...I’m scared...” Cyra spoke in a small voice as the situation began to sink in

“Yeah, me too” Spyro replied with a hint of anxiety and the two dragons hold each other in their arms, wallowing in their worry about the upcoming battle.

Meanwhile, Raku was sitting on his rotten, termite-bitten throne, pondering, with his clawed, grimy hand, outstretched over a large crystal ball, with dark, evil energy residing within it.

“That’s it...just like I foreseen...the barrier diminishes and she wakes...” Raku hissed as he searched

Within the black mass of the crystal ball, little, bright balls of energy that represents peoples minds appear on the surface until he hit on one little orb shining brighter than the others just under his index.

“There you are...” Raku hissed as an evil smile appeared on his rotten face...

8 - Weakening

Cyra was standing alone in a deserted dark, damp room, with a wooden, termite-bitten throne, surrounded by walls rotten with decay and statues that reflected many dark beings and dark thoughts.

"Hello?" Cyra called out, "Anyone here?" but all that answered was the soft moaning of the wind, entering through the crack in the large door on the other side of the room.

As Cyra began to walk ever so slightly forwards, she noticed a large crystal ball, with dark energy residing within it. As Cyra walked towards the crystal ball, a little voice then called out from the thin air.

"Cyra..." the voice started

"Who's there?" Cyra cried as she wheeled around to find the source of the voice but when she looked around, there was no one there.

"You are the one destined to join us," the voice continued

"Huh!?" Cyra cried. Cyra then realised who the voice must belong to.

"Wait...you're Raku, aren't you?!" Cyra gasped

"Yes...and you are the one who is destined to come over to the shadow and help us take the rest of the world down with us" Raku continued

"No. I would never join you!" Cyra answered

"But I could make you all powerful beyond your wildest dreams! Just think! You could gain even more power beyond that of the gods themselves..."

"I don't care about power or any of that crap! I've got all I'll ever need here and besides you killed my parents, you murderer!" Cyra yelled at the voice

"Hm...and very foolish they were to...if they had just handed you over like I asked of them, then perhaps they're lives could have been spared... however, if you join me then we may be able to bring your parents back from they're graves..." Raku answered

As he mentioned that, Cyra then felt a slight hesitation. Cyra had wanted to be with her real parents for sometime since she learned of her heritage, yet if she gave in, millions of lives would be at stake.

"No! My parents died to protect me from the likes of you and I won't dishonour them by giving in to my selfishness and besides, if I give in, then millions of lives will be in danger!" Cyra yelled back as her decision became solid in her mind

"Very well!" Raku said in a rough, brisk voice. As soon as Raku said this, a purple figure then appeared

next to the throne, Cyra then realised it was Spyro.

“Spyro?” Cyra questioned Spyro’s sudden appearance. Spyro then turned around, with a quizzical look on his face. Cyra then began to walk towards Spyro see him; but she then realised she couldn’t move and was completely frozen to the spot.

“What!?” Cyra panicked as she tried to move. As soon as she spoke, Spyro then was thrown back violently with a powerful force.

“Spyro!” Cyra yelled in fright, shocked my Spyro’s sudden movement.

“If you don’t join me, then your loved one will feel the consequences” Raku yelled

“Spyro! No!” Cyra screamed as Spyro began to get hit by more invisible strikes. Cyra tried to move in to help Spyro but Cyra was still frozen to the spot and the force holding onto her didn’t seem to want to give in.

“No...Spyro...” Cyra sobbed, “Please... stop it...” Cyra pleaded as tears began to stream from her eyes. Raku didn’t listen and Spyro continued to be struck violently by Raku’s invisible strikes. When Spyro landed violently on his back, Spyro and Cyra’s gaze met at that point.

“Cyra...I’m sorry... I love you...” Spyro managed to breathe, as he continued to get hit violently by the strikes.

“Spyro...! No...please...!” Cyra sobbed as she helplessly watched Spyro slowly get beaten to death.

“Spyro...no...” Cyra sobbed as the scenery began to disintegrate away until there was all but darkness.

“Cyra! Wake up!” Cried a familiar, worried voice. Cyra then jerked herself awake. She then found herself in a large grassy field, with the dark, velvety sky, showered with many stars. Cyra then saw that the voice belonged to Spyro, who had a worried look on his face.

“Hey. Are you ok?” Spyro asked

“Oh. Spyro...I love you so much...” Cyra sobbed as she collapsed into Spyro’s arms. Cyra then cried hard over Spyro’s shoulder.

“Hey, hey... I love you too...what happened anyway?” Spyro asked

“It was horrible! It was Raku... he was trying to get me to join him...but I didn’t want to and he killed you and...” Cyra sobbed

“Ok. Ok. Shh... It’s ok...it was just a dream...” Spyro hushed Cyra

“Spyro...” Cyra started as she raised her head up “I don’t think that was just a dream...” Cyra added

"Huh? What do you mean?" Spyro questioned her

"I think... Raku is trying to get to me..." Cyra started, "Haven't you noticed how anxious Nestor's been around me lately?" Cyra asked

"Well, yeah. He's probably just worried about that war thing that's coming up" Spyro said

"Well, That too, but do you remember when Nestor asked me to be especially careful? Now why would he single me out like that?" Cyra asked

"Hmm...yeah, that's kinda weird how he said that...but maybe that's because he knows you've not had a lot of experience yet..." Spyro answered

"Yeah..." Cyra said quietly as she lay back down on the cool grass, still unsure

"Well, we better get back to sleep" Spyro yawned as he lay don beside Cyra, "I'll be here if you need me. Ok?" Spyro added

"Ok...thanks" Cyra replied with a smile

"Sure." Spyro replied back

Spyro and Cyra then shared a kiss and they then dozed off to sleep, holding onto each other.

Meanwhile, in back in Raku's fortress, with instruments of torture littered throughout the room, Raku was seen still with his grimy, clawed hand hovering over the Crystal ball. A smile then formed across Raku's rotten face as he removed his hand from the orb.

"Hm...this one's strong..." Raku hissed, "But believe me, Cyra. This is only the beginning..." Raku finished off, as he bared his rotten fangs with an evil toothy grin...

9 - A Broken mind

Two days later, the sun began to rise up over the hills afar and two little Dragons began to stir. Spyro was the first to stand up and stretch his limbs and wings, with a yawn. Spyro then realised the Cyra was still fast asleep and tried to wake her up.

“Cyra?” Spyro said, but there was still no answer “Hey! Cyra!” Spyro said slightly loud and managed to nudge her awake.

“What...?” Cyra groaned as she opened an eye

“It’s time to get up. C’mon.” Spyro replied

“Fine, fine...” Cyra moaned as she got up slowly, uninterested in Spyro’s presence. Cyra then Spyro then noticed something was not quite right about her.

“Cyra...?” Spyro started as Cyra began to walk away from Spyro, “Are you...all right?” Spyro asked

“...I’m fine...I...I’m just tired...that’s all.” Cyra answered as she forced a smile, but deep down she was beginning to feel a hit of annoyance. Spyro, however was not so sure...

“Hm...c’mon then...we’d better get back to training then. Nestor says to keep our training going.” Spyro replied

“Fine...” Cyra groaned a little.

Spyro and Cyra were then seen practicing sparring with each other. Spyro had swiped his horns at Cyra gently so as not to hurt her.

“C’mon Cyra!” Spyro moaned “At least try” Spyro added

“Grr...quit yer moaning! I AM trying” Cyra yelled

“Huh?” Spyro questioned Cyra sudden reaction

“S-sorry...I dunno why I said that...” Cyra said quickly, looking away.

“Hey...are you ok?” Spyro asked sympathetically and rest his paw on her shoulder. Cyra didn’t answer and Spyro knew what was on her mind.

“You’ve been having those dreams again, haven’t you?” Spyro asked

“Hmm...” Cyra grunted, who was actually beginning to feel somewhat annoyed at Spyro, but she

couldn't figure out why

"Look..." Spyro continued, "I know what you're going through..." Spyro added

Cyra then processed that sentence in her mind, 'Know what I'm going through?' Cyra thought to herself 'How could he have a single inkling to what I'm going through?' Cyra began to feel ever so slightly annoyed as the sentence began to unravel in her mind. 'He's never had any of the hardships that I've had to endure, like how she lost both her real parents and her foster parents or having some demon trying to take over my mind' Cyra thought and she then began to feel the annoyance slowly be turned into rage.

"Cyra...?" Spyro said quietly, "Hello, anyone there? At least talk to me, Cyra!" Spyro, who was beginning to get annoyed with Cyra ignoring him,

"You don't know what it feels like." Cyra suddenly said quietly

"What?" Spyro questioned her, surprised by her reply

Cyra's rage then began to show through and as her mind began to get clouded by her sudden anger upsurge, she then let everything loose.

"You don't have A CLUE WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH!!!!!" Cyra suddenly screamed, "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO LOSE SOMEONE AND WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE A GOD FORSAKEN DEMON INVADING YER MIND EVERY NIGHT!!!!!!!!!!!" Cyra yelled at Spyro with such rage and frustration but Spyro's sorrow was quickly replaced by anger and took his paw off her shoulder rather abruptly.

"YES, I DO" Spyro yelled back, "I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH!" Spyro started, who was now feeling a build up of rage

"FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I LOST MY PARENTS TO HIM TOO!" Spyro yelled back and he looked away in disgust. There was now an uncomfortable silence between them.

"Oh! Spyro...I didn't know..." Cyra finally said quietly as she realised what she had just done.

"Yeah? Well, now you do!" Spyro butted in. Spyro then began to walk away from Cyra, who was now feeling very hurt and angry with Cyra.

"Spyro...! Wait...! I'm sor--" Cyra started while she began to run after Spyro, but Spyro suddenly turned around sharply with a hurt look on his face

"Don't you come anywhere near me!" Spyro yelled at Cyra, "I've done nothing but try to help you and this is the thanks I get! No! I've had it with you! From now on you're on your own!" Spyro yelled. Spyro then walked off, leaving Cyra. Cyra then began to run after Spyro

"No! Spyro! Please! wait! I'm sorry!" Cyra cried. But it was no use, Spyro was gone and now Cyra was on her own and now she felt scared and angry with herself

“Grrraah!” Cyra yelled in frustration and threw a punch onto a nearby tree. A crack then appeared on the tree trunk, the tree then collapsed with a loud thud and left Cyra with a very sore paw. Cyra then broke into sobs and cried quietly to herself.

“Oh...Spyro...I’m so sorry...” Cyra sobbed

At night, Cyra was sitting by her own leaning against the inactive portal that brought her to the Dragon Worlds in the first place. Staring at the water that sparkled in the moonlight, she let the cold night air sting her tear-stricken face. She couldn’t sleep with the mixture of emotions swirling around in her mind after her bout with Spyro earlier on and those dreams were getting more violent by the minute...Cyra was terrified and she was weakening...

It was then, Spyro noticed Cyra sitting on her own by the waterfall, with her back propped up against the inactive portal and he stopped for a moment,

“Cyra...” Spyro said quietly to himself, still feeling slightly insulted at what happened earlier. As he watched her sobbing to herself and her body shiver in the cold night air, he then began to soften-up and he began to feel pity towards her. Spyro still had feelings for her and he eventually gave into the pity that was building up in his heart and he went over to see her.

Cyra was just trying to get her thoughts and emotions together, when she heard a familiar voice behind her,

“Cyra...?” the voice said quietly. Cyra then wheeled around and saw that the voice belonged to Spyro.

“Spyro!” Cyra gasped, Cyra then broke into more sobs, “Oh! Spyro...I’m so sorry...” Cyra blurted out as more tears trickled down her cheeks.

Spyro then looked into Cyra’s eye’s eyes, which were all red and puffy with crying so much. Spyro now felt a huge weight of pity for her and he got then close to her and put his arms around her.

“It’s ok. It’s ok. Shh...” Spyro hushed Cyra, who was sobbing over his shoulder.

“Spyro...?” Cyra said, raising her head off Spyro’s shoulder

“Hmm?” Spyro replied

“I’m really sorry about earlier. I honestly have no idea where all that rage came from...” Cyra said with a hint of sadness

“No, no, no...It’s ok...I can understand the amount of pressure your under right now...” Spyro replied

“But...it was almost as if I was being possessed or something...” Cyra added

“You think Raku had something to do with that?” Spyro asked

“Possibly...” Cyra answered, “Because it felt like that rage didn’t belong to me...you know...” Cyra added

“Why don’t you talk to Nestor about it then if you’re so worried about it” Spyro suggested

“No!” Cyra yelled, as she jerked out of Spyro’s arms, “I mean...err...not yet. H-he’s got enough on his mind as it is...” Cyra added quickly

“Ok...just a suggestion...” Spyro replied, who was startled by Cyra’s sudden reaction

“Sorry...dunno why I freaked out like that...” Cyra said apologetically. Spyro noticed that Cyra was extremely uncomfortable for some reason.

“Cyra...?” Spyro started, “Are you all right?” Spyro asked

“Y-yeah... I- I’m just feeling a bit funny...” Cyra replied. As soon as Cyra spoke, she then felt a sharp pain form in her forehead. “Ah...” Cyra groaned as she rubbed her forehead where the pain was.

“Cyra? What’s wrong?” Spyro asked, who was worried about Cyra’s sudden reaction

“This headache just came outa nowhere...Blimey! It hurts!” Cyra said as she winced at the pain

“That’s funny how it just came on like that...” Spyro said, feeling uneasy about the situation

“Yeah... Oh! Jeeze...! Gah!” Cyra cried as the pain began to spread through her whole head, “Aaah...grrah” Cyra grunted as she held her head in her paws as the pain accumulated to the point where it was almost unbearable

“Cyra!” Spyro yelled, as a feeling of helplessness wash over him

As Cyra battled with the pain in her head, she then heard a familiar voice in her head.

“You’re mine now!” Hiss the voice

“No...I can’t...I won’t join you...!” Cyra screamed as the pain worsened

“Huh!?” Spyro said and he then realised what was happening, “Oh no...!”, Spyro added as he realised that this was Raku, trying to take her over. Spyro then rushed over to Cyra and held onto her.

“Cyra! Snap out of it! Stay with me!” Spyro yelled to get her attention. Cyra then managed to look into Spyro’s eyes with pain in her eyes.

Nestor then rushed to the scene, wondering what was going on,

“What’s all the commotion out here?” Nestor asked, but he then realised what was going on when he saw Spyro holding onto Cyra, who was cringing in pain, “No... It can’t be...!” Nestor gasped, “Spyro! Get away from her!” Nestor shouted but Spyro didn’t listen and continued to try and win her over

“Spyro...I’m sorry...I can’t...he’s too strong...” Cyra replied weakly

“Yes you can! Just stay with me!” Spyro yelled back, “I love you!” Spyro added

“I...love you too...” Cyra managed to breath out. The pain just built up in Cyra’s head so much, she was just blinded by the pain. Cyra then raised herself onto her hind-legs and held her head in agony and a dark aura of pure evil energy erupted around her,

“NOOOOOOOOOO... ..AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!” Cyra screamed as the pain was pumped to the max

Spyro was then thrown back with the force of the energy up-surge and Cyra was then blocked from view by the pure black/purple aura and began to float upwards.

“CYRA!!!” Spyro yelled as he sat up after been thrown back by Cyra’s energy,

Spyro’s voice rang in Cyra’s mind. The sound of Spyro’s voice and the crackling of the energy rushing over her body soon diminished and Cyra knew no more. Soon, all she could hear out of the shadow that surrounded her was one voice.

“Cyra...you will come and fight amongst us in our army of Shadow Dragons. Join us and gain powers beyond your wildest dreams. What say you?” Raku asked with a hiss

Cyra then answered in a low, whispery tone.

“Y-yes...My lord...”

10 - Gone

All was lost. Spyro watched in horror as the orb of violent, pure evil energy, with Cyra contained within, continued to float suspended in the air a good 10-15 feet from the ground.

“CYRA!” Spyro yelled, hoping that the mass power-surge would cease and that he would get his loved one back but this was not the case. Spyro knew deep down that he had lost her and the wretched Raku had won her over and she was gone, but Spyro still hoped...

A good ten minutes later, the orb of energy then began to lower back down to the ground. Spyro then made a move forward,

“No! Spyro, don’t! It’s too dangerous! There’s nothing you can do!” Yelled Nestor, who too was watching in horror as the scene unravelled in front of his very eyes.

“I can try!” Spyro yelled back and began to ran towards where Cyra was

As the orb of energy lowered to about half the height it was before, the aura then began to diminish and Spyro could now make out a small figure amongst the many leaping flames of the aura.

“CYRA!” Spyro yelled once again, “Hang on!” Spyro added whilst running towards her. As Cyra slowly landed back on the ground and her aura had completely diminished to a minimum, with her back turned, Spyro had finally reached her but he stopped in his tracks as he notice something strange about Cyra. Spyro noticed that had not even turned around when he called her name and that her royal blue scales and her bright red crest and spines now had a much darker more foreboding tone to them. Spyro then made a move towards her, with his paw outstretched to touch her shoulder

“Cyra?” Spyro started, “Are you O- WHOA!” Spyro yelled as the wind was taken right out of him and was soon knocked flying into the air as Cyra suddenly swiped her tail right into Spyro’s solar plexus. Spyro then landed hard on his back and he looked up at Cyra in horror; who was slowly walking towards him.

“Cyra...!” Spyro managed to say whilst gasping for breath, “What the heck was that for?” Spyro gasped. Cyra didn’t say anything and she then stood over Spyro’s body. Cyra then grabbed Spyro by the throat, “Grr...Cyra...let go ... what are you...?” Spyro gasped as he tried to breathe through Cyra grasp. As Spyro looked at Cyra properly, he then noticed that Cyra’s warm, light-blue eyes were now a staring, orangey-yellow with cat-like slits for pupils and also that Cyra’s forehead now bared a mark, which consisted of a triangle with no base and a diagonal dash either side. She was gone. Cyra then spoke in a low growl as an evil smirk crept upon her face

“You taught me well...” Cyra laughed in an evil cackle as she watched Spyro cringe under her grip,

“You know...” Cyra continued, “I could kill you right now...” Cyra added as she tightened her grip

“Grr...why don't you just...get on with it...then?” Spyro dared as he struggled against her grip

“You know, that wouldn't be such a bad idea...” Cyra teased as she took her index and pressed her claw against Spyro's neck. Spyro winced as he felt Cyra's claw dug under Spyro's scales but before she could break the soft tissue underneath, a voice then sounded out of the thin-air, Spyro could hear it too this time.

“Cyra! Stop wasting your time with him and take your place amongst us. You can fight him when the time comes but for the time being you must train with our elite army forces to ready yourself for the battle that lies ahead!” boomed the voice with a hiss

“Ugh...As you wish, my Lord!” Cyra called out to the voice, as she stepped away from Spyro. “You got lucky this time but perhaps you'll be more of a challenge when the time comes.” Cyra said to Spyro with a hiss. Cyra then moved to a spot a few feet from where Spyro was

“I'm ready, my Lord!” Cyra called. A black aura then wrapped itself around Cyra's body and with a final, evil smirk; her image began to fade into the unknown

“CYRA!” Spyro yelled. Spyro then leaped up, unscathed by his broken rib and ran after her, but it was too late. When he pounced onto her, he went straight through her image and she was gone. Spyro then realised what had just happened and the situation began to sink in.

“No! She...she's gone!” Spyro said, with sadness in his voice. Emotions of a mixture of rage, sadness and hopelessness then began to build up within him, until he let it loose

“Grrr...! CYRA!!!” Spyro yelled into the uncanny silence. Spyro gritted his teeth trying to hold his emotions at bay but when he thought about never being able to look into those warm, light-blue eyes or never to hear her to utter those words, “I love you” ever again, Spyro soon gave into his emotions and a tear trickled down his cheek and dripped onto the soft grass and then his breathing started shudder every so often as he began to sob silently...

“Come now, Spyro. There's nothing much more you could have done.” Nestor spoke up from behind Spyro, who was also saddened by the situation.

“B-but...I loved her...” Spyro replied quietly, with a slight shudder in his voice

“I know you did, Spyro...” Nestor started, “Sometimes things don't turn out in the way we wish them to and in return we must find ways to work our way around those situations and keep going shall we say” Nestor added

“D-do you think...I can ever get her back...?” Spyro asked

“I don't know...I wouldn't put my hopes on it if I were you, Spyro...” Nestor replied in a sad tone, “If I were you, I would focus on the war that lies ahead. That is our main priority now.” Nestor added

“The war...will I have to...fight her?” Spyro hesitated

"Most likely..."Nestor replied.

There was now a long uncomfortable silence that hummed in the air. Raku had got what he was after. He took her from him. This reminded Spyro of the incident with Raku 10 years ago when he took his parents lives...

It had just been a nice, normal night, that night; Spyro had just gone to sleep whilst his parents were still up going about their business. It was about an hour or so later into the night that it happened. Spyro was awoken by what sounded like thunder outside and he could then hear his parents rushing about frantically

"No! What are we going to do? It's Raku! He's here!" Screamed Spyro's mother

"I know! I know!" started his father, "He knows we knew about Kiron and Sakira's kid...and he probably knows about Meisaka's side of the prophecy too," he added

"But what about Spyro? He'll be killed!" Shrieked his mother in worry

"Ok. I want you to take him and get out of here while you still can..." Said his father

"Sarek! You're not going to take Raku on by yourself are you?" Gaspd Spyro's mother

"Look, Sira! I'd rather if he got me alone than both you and Spyro too. Now please just take him and save yourselves!" Sarek ordered

"Sarek..." Sira started, "Oh...please be careful..." Sira added in a tearful way

Sira then went into Spyro's room and found Spyro on his little mattress, wide awake

"C'mon Spyro. Let's go..." Sira said as she picked Spyro up in her arms

"Mum? What's going on?" Spyro asked, confused by the whole situation

"No time to explain..." Sira started, "Lets go!" she added

Sira then took Spyro out into the lobby but they were then blocked by a tall figure that hovered in the air, clocked in a dark robe that swayed in the wind.

"Raku!" Sira gasped, "Where's Sarek!?" She asked

"That simpleton?" Raku laughed, "That fool was all too easy to take! That weakling was no match against my Shadow strike!" Raku laughed an evil, guttural laugh that shook the room.

"You monster!" gasped Sira, "YOU MONSTER!" Sira shrieked

"And now...you'll pay for keeping the dragon of the prophecy a secret from me...now DIE!" Raku shouted as he shoved his long, steel blade into Sira's stomach and she collapsed to the ground. He then laughed a laugh that shook the whole area and with a flash, he was gone. Spyro then climbed out

from under his mother's body and nuzzled her snout. Tears then began to trickle down Spyro's cheek as Sira's blood began to seep from the deep gash in her stomach

"Mum...? No...Please don't die..." Spyro pleaded as he sobbed, watching his mother slowly bleed to death.

"Now, now Spyro. You stay strong... Ok? I want you to be a good boy and stay strong...I love you, my son...and we'll always be here when you feel lonely..."She said as she pointed to Spyro's chest. It was then that Sira, Spyro's mother breathed her last breath and died before Spyro's very eyes.

"Mum...?" Spyro said, with tears cascading down his cheeks. The situation then sank in, his only parents were dead and he was on his own

"MUM! DAD! NO...!" Spyro sobbed as he mourned over his mother's body...

This flashback that flickered in flashes across Spyro's mind caused Spyro to fill up with a mixture of anger and rage; and then, as more pieces of his memory came back in flashes, determination also slowly began to build up in his heart

"That monster!" Spyro started, "It's like my parents all over again!" He growled

"Spyro..." Nestor started with a hint of anxiety, but Spyro butted in

"Well, he's not gonna get away with it this time!" Spyro started, "This time I'm gonna be ready and this time I'm gonna kill him!" Spyro yelled with a growl

11 - Training

As the sun began to peep of the distant, rolling hills of lush, green grass, the birds began to twitter their little songs proudly and a young, purple dragon, snoring loudly beside the waterfall, began to stir.

“Morning.” Spyro yawned, “Hey Cyra are you...” Spyro then cut himself short. Spyro looked around and found him by himself next to the waterfall, which was spraying cool water as it collided with the rocks below. He then remembered. Spyro’s heart sank as the memories of how Cyra was corrupted by evil by Raku flooded into Spyro’s mind. The way she looked at him, with those eyes... they were just so...empty... and the fact that she tried to kill him last night more or less concluded that she was corrupt.

Spyro just sat on his own, lost in thought about the events of the previous night when a shadow befell onto Spyro. Spyro half-heartedly looked around to see who it was and found that it belonged to Nestor.

“Good. I see that you’re awake Spyro.” Nestor started, Nestor then noticed that Spyro was quite his normal, happy-go-luck self, “You still miss her, don’t you” Nestor added

“Yeah...” Spyro started, “I just wish... I could’ve helped her...” Spyro added

“Spyro...there’s nothing you could have done to help her...” Nestor replied
“Raku is a powerful foe that has many powers that very few creatures can overpower...”

“But what about the prophecy...”Spyro asked

“I’m afraid, Raku has more or less broken the prophecy...right now all we should be focussing on is surviving through this war that’s to come...”

“But...isn’t there anyway that Cyra can break out of that spell she’s under?” Spyro asked with a hint of desperation

“Well...the only way I can think off is the mind shift, when a dragon reaches a certain age, its mind strengthens so much that it’s almost completely blocked off to any form of mental attack. If Cyra achieves the mind shift before Raku’s spell is complete...” Nestor started

“Then she can break the spell!” Spyro butted in as his heart began to fill with a feeling of hope

“Yes...but I’m afraid there is an extremely slim chance of that happening and I wouldn’t put my hopes on it if I were you, Spyro...” Nestor added, “Anyway... Time is pressing.” Nestor continued, “ So I want you to go and find Gavin in Stone Hill. He has agreed to help you train for the battle that’s to come.”

“Right. I’ll do what I can.” Spyro replied. Spyro ran down the stony path and disappeared through a portal to the right of the path.

Meanwhile, in a large, gloomy room, lit by a rusty, candle-chandelier hanging from the roof. Cyra was seen standing before a tall, cloaked figure, sitting in a termite-bitten throne.

“Well, Cyra.” Started Raku, “Now that you’re here amongst us, I want you to follow Grimtooth here and begin your training amongst the elite force of our Army of Shadow Dragons” Raku continued

“Yes, My Lord” Cyra replied

“But first” Raku replied, “I want to see just how powerful you are” Raku continued, “Fight Gnarlshaw here and show us those O mighty powers of your heritage that the prophecy foretold” Raku added

“Gladly, my Lord” Cyra replied with a smirk. As Cyra spoke, a large, well-built, Grey/blue Shadow Dragon then stepped forwards, he had cold, grey eyes, with a scar on his left eye.

“You wanna fight me, do ya?” Laughed Gnarlshaw, “Well, excuse me if I break yer scrawny little neck” Gnarlshaw added

“Hah! Just try it.” Cyra dared.

The two dragons then began circling each other, then without warning; Gnarlshaw then swiped at Cyra with one of his paws and caught the corner of Cyra’s mouth. As Cyra wiped the blood away with the back of her paw, a smirk then appeared on her face

“Not bad...” Cyra started,

“Hah! I’m only just getting started,” laughed Gnarlshaw

“So am I” Cyra replied

The two then begin circling each other again. Gnarlshaw then launched his paw forwards again, but this time Cyra dodged it by jumping to the side and when Gnarlshaw’s body was at a good distance, Cyra then let a powerful punch right his solar plexus. Gnarlshaw then crumpled away as the wind was taken right out of him.

“C’mon! Is that the best you got?” Cyra teased

“Grr...I’ll get you for that, you little brat!” Growled Gnarlshaw. Gnarlshaw then redeemed himself, got back up and the two got into their fighting positions again. Cyra then leapt back a few yards and then started charging forwards. Gnarlshaw then swung his tail to hit her, but his tail went right through her as if it faded away.

“Huh?” Gnarlshaw said as he looked around for Cyra

“Up here!” Called a voice from above him. As Gnarlshaw looked up to the source of the voice, he saw Cyra in the air and as soon as he found her, she then somersaulted in the mid air and struck him with her tail on the back of his head. The impact of the tail strike then sent Gnarlshaw flying across the room right into the wall, which knocked him out cold.

Cyra stood looking at the large Dragon's body lying on the floor, unconscious when Raku spoke up.

"Excellent!" Raku boomed, "You would do very well indeed in our army and once you have surpassed your training, you should be almost invincible and become even more powerful than your present state! Now follow Grimtooth as I instructed to start your training for the battle!" Raku ordered

"Yes, my Lord" Cyra replied. Cyra then follow another large Shadow Dragon through the large, double door...

Meanwhile, Spyro was seen training with the dummies but this time they were alive and came after Spyro until they were destroyed. Gavin; a large, quadruped, blue Dragon, standing at the side, was watching his every move. Spyro swiped his horns at one of the dummies ran towards him and knocked it into another, but another one behind smack the back of Spyro's head.

"C'mon Spyro! Focus!" Gavin yelled from the side, "You would never survive the war with these kinda tactics!" Gavin continued. Spyro then growled slightly as he was beginning to get annoyed with him, but he understood what he was saying. Spyro's head was just a mess at the moment. With everything that happened recently...he just couldn't focus on anything... When Gavin saw Spyro half-heartedly swing his tail at a dummy and miss, he then held up his paw and all the dummies then froze on the spot.

"Look...Spyro..." Gavin started, "I know it's hard for you to forget and cope with everything that's happened but you're one of the strongest fighters we have and we need you to focus and fight in this war." Gavin continued

"But...you don't know what it feels like to lose someone like that..." Spyro replied, "I still feel like I should've done something to help her..." Spyro continued

"Spyro...what happened wasn't your fault." Gavin replied, "The only person you can really blame is the one who caused this to happen in the first place." Gavin added

'He's right' Spyro thought to himself. 'Raku's the real culprit, he's the one who put the spell on Cyra and the one that killed her's and my parents.' Spyro continued to think. As he continued to think about what Gavin said, he began to fill with rage.

"Raku!" Spyro breathed

"Yes, Raku..." Gavin stared

"I hate him for what he did to her and what he did to my parents!" Spyro growled

"Then used that hatred in the battle and in your training." Gavin started, "Focus on the thing you hate most and imagine that you're fighting Raku and his army because I know you. When you're focussed enough, you have the potential to become more powerful than the strongest fighters in the Dragon Kingdom...now try again" Gavin added.

As Gavin raised his paw again, the dummies came out of their suspended animation and started to run

towards Spyro again. Spyro was now full of burning rage as he remembered what Raku did to Cyra and his parents and was soon releasing a flurry of tail strikes, horn swipes and breath attacks. At one time a dummy was running up from behind Spyro, but Spyro then used the tip of his tail like a spear and rammed it right through the dummy. He then leapt up into the air and did a somersault, which caused the dummy to get thrown off Spyro's tail and he sent it careering right into a group of three dummies and pretty soon all the dummies were bush ash and limbs.

"Excellent, Spyro!" Called Gavin from the side, "I think that was the most focus state I've ever seen you in! Yes, with that kind of attitude, we should hold a fair chance!"

"Thanks" Spyro said whilst catching his breath

"Now, we're going to call it a day there and tomorrow we'll begin some weaponry training and next week. We'll get some armour made for you." Gavin said. Spyro nodded and ran off through a portal to the home world. As Spyro settled himself next to inactive portal next to the waterfall for the night, he then thought with determination

'Don't worry, Mum, Dad and you too, Cyra; I'll get him back for what he's done to you. I promise'

12 - The Battle of Ages

It was the last night that they will spend in the Artisan worlds. Everyone had received their armour and added the finishing touches in readying their weaponry. Spyro looked at himself in his armour of strong silver and gold braiding glinting in the moonlight and thought about her. He would have to fight her tomorrow in the battle. He remembered those eyes, seeing how corrupted they were pained him. Yet even though things seemed grim, he felt hope. Spyro hadn't forgot what Nestor said about the mind shift and even though there was an extremely slim chance of her achieving it, Spyro still felt a strange, tiny, bit of hope, floating around his vast mixture of emotions...

"Spyro...!", Called a Dragon from the front of the crowd. Spyro then turned around and saw that the voice came from Nestor, who was trying to manoeuvre his way through the crowd, "You got a minute?"

Spyro nodded and followed Nestor out the crowd and further into a quieter part of the field. "So are you prepared?" Nestor asked

"Yeah. Pretty much" Spyro answered

"That's good" Nestor replied, "Now Spyro I have something here that will be of use for you" Nestor continued. Nestor then took out an object, which he realised was a sword in a purple sheath, with a symbol that consisted of a small, red dragon, breathing fire. "Gavin and I both agreed that you should have this sword," Nestor added. As Spyro took the sword, unsheathed it and took a closer look at the sword, he then noted that the sword was crafted with a silver blade, a gold Dragon's head on the tip of the handle and a red bar that had four purple semi-transparent orbs placed two on either side.

"This is a very special sword that has magical properties and we feel as though you have the right to wield it and we also trust that you will use it valiantly in the battle that is to come." Nestor said as Spyro looked at the sword

"Uh...thanks..." Spyro said, a little lost for words as he looked at the sword. Spyro then began to walk away, leaving himself to his own thoughts

"And Spyro..." Nestor called, "I trust that you will keep that sword by you at all times and...use it wisely." Nestor added

"Don't worry, I will" Spyro replied with a hint of determination. He then slipped the sword in its sheath and walked off through the portal into Stone Hill. Spyro then lay down on the cliff, where he and Cyra usually sat and talked and thought to himself...

"Cyra..." Spyro said to himself and then slowly dosed off to sleep...

It was a nice sunny day, with the clear, blue sky overhead Spyro and Cyra were seen lying next to each other on the lake bank

“So you got anything planned today?” Cyra asked

“Nah. Not really” Spyro answered

Cyra then sat up, gazing the Sparkling blue water. Spyro then sat up and wrapped his arms around her.

“Hm...it’s just so nice here...” Cyra said

“Yeah...” Spyro replied

Spyro then smirked a little as he held onto Cyra at the waters edge

“Oh! And just one thing...” Spyro said

“Hm? What’s that?” Cyra asked

“In ya go!” Spyro said as Spyro “Eek!” Cyra squealed as Spyro suddenly pushed her into the water with a terrific Splash! Spyro then burst out laughing as Cyra came up to the surface with a look of pure shock

“Spyro!” Cyra laughed, “Oh! My God! I cannae believe you just did that!” Cyra added whilst Spyro laughed

“Sorry. Couldn’t resist” Spyro laughed, “You shoulda seen the look on your face...!” Spyro laughed

“Pffft. Yer gonna get it one o’ these days!” Cyra laughed as she splashed some water in Spyro’s face.

As Cyra settled herself beside the bank where Spyro was lying. Still laughing slightly, she looked at him. Cyra then wrapped her arms around Spyro’s neck and shoulders and Spyro place his arms around her body.

“You’re some machine...” Cyra said, “Good job for you, I love you.” Cyra added

“Yeah...” Spyro replied with a slight chuckle

Spyro and Cyra then bent their heads towards each other. Spyro then closed his eyes, expecting a kiss, but he, however, suddenly felt a bit of pressure around his shoulders and before he knew it he was completely submerged in water. Spyro then came up, wondering what had just happened.

“W-what?”, Spyro spluttered, as he wiped the water from his eyes with a look of shock

“Hah! Gotcha!” Cyra laughed

“Cyra!” Spyro said in disbelief, “Oh! My God! You’re evil!” Spyro laughed

“Hee, hee! That’s what you get for shovin’ me in the first place!” Cyra said, laughing at Spyro

Cyra then swim across to Spyro and placed her arms around his shoulders, whilst Spyro wrapped his arms around her body. Spyro then looked at the beaming smile on Cyra's face and her eyes, sparkling like blue, lake water around them. This made him realise just how much he loved her. Spyro then place his paw on her cheek.

"I love you..." Spyro sighed

"I love you too" Cyra replied

Spyro and Cyra then bent forwards and kissed each other on the lips...

As they savoured the moment, Spyro's vision then began to blur. The picture of that nice sunny day of him and Cyra began to disintegrate into darkness before his very eyes and then he felt the cold, night air sweep across his body. As the starry sky overhead began to come into focus, Spyro's heart then sank as he realised it was all just a dream and Cyra was someplace else, consumed by Raku's spell. He missed her, but he wouldn't have to wait long to meet her again, for it was nearly dawn and they would soon have make off to the valley between the two Dragon Realms and he would meet and possibly have to fight her in the battle.

The day had finally come. All of the armies of the Dragon Kingdom had arrived in the long, wide valley, with many cliffs and crags between the Peace Keepers and Magic Crafters realms. As the Artisan Dragons arrived at the valley, a green Magic Crafter Dragon then stood before and greeted them.

"Nestor. It's good to see that you and the Artisan inhabitants have made it her ok" Cosmos called

"Likewise. So, is everyone more or less here?" Nestor asked

"Yes, as far as I know." Cosmos answered

"That's good. Has there been any news about Raku's army?" Nestor asked

"We some of the Dragons on look out, but there has been no reported movement so far." Cosmos answered

"Hm..." Nestor replied, Nestor. Nestor them walked over to Gavin

"Gavin. Would you mind in helping to keep look out on that cliff on the western side, just there?" Nestor asked, indicating a bare cliff not far from where they were.

"Will do." Gavin replied and he flew up to the cliff and began scanning over the valley floor for any signs of movement.

Spyro sat alone on a small cliff deep in thought about the battle that was to take place today, whilst gazing at the sword he held in his paw. As the sword shone brilliantly along with his armour, from the sun's rays, he started to feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins along with determination, anger and fury as he was constantly reminded of what Raku had done to his parents and the look in Cyra's eyes after he had managed to corrupt her.

“Any sign of them yet?” Nestor asked Gavin, who was standing on a high cliff, keeping lookout

“Nah, not yet”, Gavin answered as he continued to scan over the valley floor.

When Nestor looked away for a few minutes, Gavin then suddenly spotted a dark mass on the other side of the valley. When the dark mass slowly began to creep closer, Gavin then saw that the mass was hundreds of dragons in pure black armour wielding swords, spears and shields.

“Nestor! They’re here!” Gavin yelled,

“Right! Get everyone into position!” Nestor ordered

“Alright! You heard! Get into your positions, now!” Gavin called from a high cliff overhead, “Come on! Get a move on!” Gavin continued to yell from the cliff as he glided down into his own position.

The atmosphere was deafening with the clanking of the armour as everyone hurried past and banging into each other as they began to move into position and with the images of Cyra and his parents fixed permanently in his mind, Spyro then slipped his sword back into its sheath on his back, glided down from the cliff and moved into his position in between Gavin and some other dark blue Dragon.

“Alright there, Spyro?”, Gavin asked as Spyro gave a shuddering sigh

“Yeah...” Spyro replied,

“You scared?” Gavin asked

“A bit...” Spyro replied

“Ah, don’t worry about it. Just remember what and whom you’re fighting for. Remember your training.” Gavin assured Spyro.

“But they’re like at a totally different league from those dummies...” Spyro added

“No they’re not, Spyro. The only difference between them and the dummies is the dummies are made of wood and straw. Now you just use you instincts and the techniques you were taught.” Gavin replied, “You’ll be fine, Spyro. I know you will. Once you get past the first hurdle, you’ll get into a routine and you’ll be fine.”

Spyro took his words on board and then once again along with the adrenaline came determination...

An uncanny silence then hummed in the air, only broken by the odd clank from the armoury. The black mass of shadow Dragon then began to come closer. The swords, shields and spears were now coming clear and pretty soon the distant sound of the clanking and banging of their armoury came into range and the tension was rising.

The shadow Dragons with in sea of black were advancing gradually, until each and every dragon could

be recognised. Each Dragon of cold grey eyes and dirty, grey scales, covered in many ugly scars, had pure-black, steel armour, rough swords and black shields with Raku's symbol carved onto each and every one. The more you looked at them, the more you began to detest their existence. Spyro's eyes scanned over the sea of black. 'Where was she?' Spyro thought to him self as he couldn't find Cyra amongst the sea of Black, but he knew she was there, waiting to slay her first victim. It was then that he saw a tall, cloaked figure, armed with a blade in one hand and a staff in the other float a few feet above the army.

"Raku..." Spyro muttered under his breath. The more Spyro looked at Raku, floating in the air like that, the more he remembered how he murdered his parents that night. As Spyro looked at that dark, monstrous figure, he then began growl under his breath as he began to fill up with pure hatred...

The sea of Shadow Dragons then came to a halt and an uncanny silence, once again, hung in the air. The tension had now risen to the max as the armies of the Dragon Kingdom and Shadow Dragons watched and waited for either side to make the move, the move that would begin one of the most spectacular battles in history, The Battle of Ages.

13 - Light against Dark

The tension was immense. The long, uncanny silence continued to hang about the air, as the armies of both the Dragon Kingdom and the Demon Realm waited until one of the opposing sides made the move first, the move that would kick-start one of the grandest battles of the Dragon Age, the Battle of Ages. Spyro continued to search over the many shadow Dragons, with their thick, pure-black armour, rough swords, spears and black shields. 'I still can't see her. Where is she?' Spyro thought as he scanned over the sea of black. Gavin noticed this.

"Spyro. Searching for her is only going to distract you from your battle." Gavin said.

"I know..." Spyro sighed, "I just...need to find her..." Spyro added

"Look, Spyro. We need you to focus on your main priority. You can find her later but first you should focus on battle." Gavin told Spyro

'He's right. I shouldn't be so selfish. There's more to this battle than just Cyra alone.' Spyro thought, 'There's a whole army full of full-grown Dragons that are just as if not more powerful than her.' Spyro continued to think

"You're right...I'm sorry, I just miss her..." Spyro replied

"It's alright, Spyro. Just...keep your focus, ok?" Gavin replied

"Yeah, I will" Spyro replied

There was once again a long uncomfortable silence. The two armies still stood still, waiting for either side to move to make the Battle of Ages commence. The tension in the atmosphere was torturing and tempers were also beginning to flare

"Oh! Come on! This is meant to be a battle not a stupid staring contest!" One of the Peace Keeper Dragons moaned.

"We know, Enzo! We're all in the same boat!" replied another Peace Keeper

"I know! I'm just saying all this waiting's doing my head in...!" Enzo replied.

"Hm. Well I don't think we'll have to wait any longer! Look!" another Dragon in front of him yelled as after a good fifteen minutes of torturing silence, Raku then suddenly began to float higher above the sea of Shadow Dragons and as raised his staff overhead, with his cloak flowing in the wind, revealing his black armour underneath, he then spoke out,

"Let us finally show that puny army of weak spirits just how powerful us beings of the shadow are!" Raku yelled with a hiss, "And let us have these worlds under our rule and have the universe draped in

shadow for all eternity!" Raku boomed, and as he did so, his army of Shadow Dragons then started to charge down the valley floor

"Not if I can help it..." Spyro said under his breath as he continued to watch Raku, still raw with hatred for him.

"Ok! Everyone in your fighting positions! You know what to do!" Gavin yelled, as he unsheathed his sword. Spyro then too, lowered his head and reached up to unsheathe his sword. With his sword drawn and in his fighting stance, all he could do was watch and wait as the sea of Shadow Dragons continued to stampede down the valley. Spyro watched as the army continued to get closer and closer and the clanking and banging of their armour got louder and louder.

It was finally happening. Spyro then fixed on one quadruped Shadow Dragon that was charging right towards him and their eyes met. Spyro peered into its eyes of cold grey and its eyes stared right into Spyro's. The army was now only a few feet away and as Spyro fixed on his target; he gripped his sword, ready for his first strike. The Shadow Dragon was now only a few inches away from Spyro and it began to lunge its rough, pure-black sword towards him. Spyro then made a split-second decision. As the sword came up to Spyro, he lowered his right shoulder slightly and the sword slid off Spyro's shoulder-plate. Spyro then swiped his horns upwards and caught the Shadow Dragon's jaw. This then forced the Shadow Dragon's head upwards and Spyro then took his sword and drove it into its stomach, where the armour didn't meet. He made his first strike. He watched as the Shadow Dragon gasped for its breath and writhed as Spyro's sword was firmly stuck in its stomach. Spyro then pulled his sword out swiftly and the Shadow Dragon then fell to the ground and slowly bled to death. Spyro then examined his bloodstained sword. He made his first strike and this was the first of many.

Spyro then came back to the reality of the situation and readied his sword again. Spyro then dodged to the right as another Shadow Dragon swung its sword at him. Spyro then took his sword and drove it up and threw its jaw. Spyro then yanked his sword out and drove it into the stomach of another Shadow Dragon that was behind him before it got a chance to strike.

Spyro then continued to strike down more Shadow Dragons with his sword, with each strike just as powerful as the last, as the images of his parents and Cyra were firmly fixed in his mind, fuelling his flow of strength and courage that continued to radiate through out his body. It was like he just knew what to do and that the strength and knowledge of battle was inside of him and now it was coming up to the surface. There was a feeling that this sudden power and knowledge that he felt within him was someone else's else, yet; at the same time it felt as though it was a part of him. Could this be one of the traits of his ancestor, Meisaka? As he continued to slice his sword through many Shadow Dragons that appeared to come one after another, his sword then struck another bloodstained, silver sword. It was Gavin.

"Hey. All right there, Spyro?" Gavin asked, who was gasping for breath slightly

"Yeah. I'm fine." Spyro replied, Spyro then noticed a deep gash in Gavin's right shoulder, "Gavin! You're hurt!" Spyro gasped

"Yeah...that's what happens in battles..." Gavin replied as he winched at his wound

"A-are you...going to be all right...?" Spyro asked, unsure about Gavin's wound

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Believe me, I've had worse." Gavin replied, wincing at his wound slightly, "Now just you focus on your battle and don't worry about me, Ok?" Gavin told Spyro as he struck a Shadow Dragon with his sword. Spyro nodded as he watched Gavin slice three other Shadow Dragons. Spyro then noticed that a Shadow Dragon had come up behind Gavin that he hadn't noticed.

"Gavin! Look out!" Spyro yelled. Gavin then turned around but it was too late. Before they realised it, the Shadow Dragon drove its sword right into Gavin's stomach.

"GAVIN! NO!" Spyro yelled in shock as his mentor fell to the ground, "YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!" Spyro yelled as ran towards the Shadow Dragon and sliced his head off. Spyro then looked down at Gavin, who was still gasping for breath with a deep gash in his stomach.

"Gavin...I'm sorry...I couldn't save you..." Spyro said as his eyes began to fill up with tears

"Spyro...don't be sorry. This was not your fault...this is how wars go, some people die and some people live. We have to be prepared for the worst when it come to wars..." Gavin managed to breath out. As Spyro noticed the pool of blood slowly seep from Gavin wound, a tear then trickled down his cheek, "Now, now...Spyro, don't cry... That sword you wield...is a very special sword that Nestor and I entrusted upon you...now you just focus on your battle...use it valiantly...use it wisely...and do the rest of the Dragon Kingdom proud..." Gavin added. As Gavin said those words, he then breathed his last breath and died before Spyro's very eyes.

"GAVIN!!!" Spyro yelled and soon more tears began to trickle down his cheeks as gritted his teeth. He was gone. Spyro and Gavin had developed a good teacher-pupil relationship over the past few week and now his mentor was gone. Then from deep within him, an unspeakable rage began to surface.

"Monsters..." Spyro breathed, "They're all monsters..." Spyro continued to say to himself as the rage began to build up in his heart. As Spyro began to breathe deeply with the fury and rage burning within him, it surfaced

"You MONSTERS!!!" Spyro yelled, burning with rage "I'LL KILL YOU ALL!!!" Spyro continued to yell as the rage consumed him. Spyro then burning with rage then began slicing as many Shadow Dragons as he could. At one point Spyro leaped up, somersaulted in the air and smacked a Shadow Dragon's jaw with his tail and he then did a horn dive right in the Shadow Dragon's stomach, which sent him careering right into a bunch of other Shadow Dragons and finished him off with a sword strike to the throat. Spyro watched as the shadow Dragons writhed and died as the sword was driven into their throats. He then looked at his sword, crimson with blood.

"Don't worry, Mum, Dad, Gavin...and Cyra...I won't let you down, I promise" Spyro said and with them in mind, along with the rest of the Dragon Kingdom, he continued to valiantly fight and strike down as many Shadow Dragons with his sword as he could

"Spyro?" Called a voice behind him, Spyro then looked behind him and saw that it was Nestor, who now had a few cuts on his scales and was busy striking down a group of Shadow Dragons with his blade

“Are you holding on all right?” Nestor asked, whilst in the midst of battle

“Yeah...” Spyro replied as he struck another Shadow Dragon

“That’s good...Tell me, have you seen Gavin anywhere? He needs to be advancing up ahead with the rest.” Nestor asked

“Gavin...” Spyro started as he struck down two more Shadow Dragons, “Gavin’s dead...” Spyro added grimly

“I see...” Nestor said sadly

“They monsters struck him down!” Spyro growled, “And they’re not gonna get away with it, GRAAAH!!!!” Spyro yelled, as he drove his sword through a Shadow Dragon’s neck out of pure hatred and as he yanked the sword out its throat, he sliced another Shadow Dragon’s head off.

Spyro then stuck his sword into a large Shadow Dragon and as it fell and died on the ground, he then saw a small figure with pure-black armour and its sword stuck firmly in a Beast Maker Dragon’s stomach. It was Cyra.

“Cyra...” Spyro said quietly

As she ripped her sword, violently out the Beast Maker’s stomach, she then turned around with a smirk.

“Spyro...” She started, “We meet again...hopefully you’ll be more of a challenge than the rest of these weaklings...” she teased

“Look, Cyra...You don’t have to do this...” Spyro started

“Hah! Listen to yourself! You know what I see? Fear...” Cyra teased, “You stink of it...and I saw you, crying your eyes out over that Dragon, what a pity...” Cyra added

“Hey! You leave him out of it!” Spyro warned, who was still uptight about Gavin’s death

“Or what? You gonna kill me? I’d like to see you try” Cyra sneered at Spyro, “You wanna know why he died? Because he’s weak! He was a weakling and he was rank with fear...” Cyra added

“Grrr...SHUT IT!” Spyro yelled, who was still raw with rage. Cyra then laughed evilly and Spyro, who had just had enough, then swiped his claws at her out of sheer frustration and three, deep cuts were now etched across her left cheek.

“Ah...!” Cyra winced as his claws sliced her face, “Heh. Looks like I struck a nerve...” Cyra added, “Come on then! Fight me! If you dare...” Cyra teased.

Spyro and Cyra then got into their fighting stance and began to circle each other, with Cyra’s orangey-yellow eyes with cat-like slits for pupils firmly fixed on Spyro’s. The real battle had only just begun.

14 - The Sacrifice

Chapter Fourteen: Sacrifice

The real battle was about to begin. The two Dragons continued to circle around each other. Spyro watched Cyra with her black armour, darkened scales and crest and those corrupted, piercing orange eyes, with cat-like slits for pupils. It pained Spyro to see her like this when before she was such a fun-loving, bubbly character but he had to fight her, he had to try and put a stop to this,

“So. You wanna fight me, do ya?” Cyra sneered, “Hah! Well, excuse me if my blade slips into that weak, pitiful heart of yours” Cyra added, with she grinned evilly

“Yeah? Why don’t you get on with it then or are you just gonna talk me to death?” Spyro dared

“Alright. Seeing as you’re so eager to die...” Cyra sneered.

She continued to stare into Spyro’s eyes and then began to growl in long, low growl. Cyra then lowered her front half and then launched herself towards Spyro. Spyro then, having quick reflexes managed to roll to the right out of the way and she skidded to a halt on the ground. Cyra then, as soon as she landed, unsheathed her sword and swung it at Spyro. Spyro then blocked her strike with his own sword and he then swung his sword but she then managed to jump out the way. Cyra then swiped her free paw at Spyro and three deep cuts were drawn onto his right cheek.

“Grah...!” Spyro growled as he felt the searing pain of her claws slicing his scales.

“There. Now we’re even...” Cyra said as blood dripped from Spyro’s newly cut cheek, “But not for long, GRAAAAH!” Cyra yelled as she lunged her sword forwards. Spyro then lowered his left shoulder and the sword slid off his shoulder plate and he then rammed his body into Cyra’s and managed knock her onto her back and pin her down. Cyra then broke Spyro’s grip with her forelegs, slipped out from under him and kicked her back legs right into Spyro’s stomach.

“Ugh...” Spyro gasped as he crumple away as the wind was taken out of him. Cyra then held Spyro’s chin up with her claw as he gasped for breath and laughed in his face

“Is that the best you can do...?” Cyra laughed, “I can’t believe your parents died for you...what a waste...” Cyra added

“You leave them out of it!” Spyro growled as he recovered his breath but Cyra continued

“Lord Raku told me of how your miserable parents shrieked and cried after they confronted the him...all for the piece low life trash like you...” Cyra sneered. Spyro then started to growl as she continued to laugh and joke about his parents’ deaths. It all just got too much for Spyro and all hell broke loose.

“SHUP UP, WILL YA!?!?” Spyro yelled as he suddenly swung an uppercut at Cyra and caught her on

the chin. This forced her head backwards and he then punched her in the stomach, knocking the wind right out of her.

“Ow...” Cyra groaned as she gasped for breath, “Ok, now we’re talking. I’m done toying with you, now prepare yourself for a real fight...” Cyra said

Spyro and Cyra then once again recovered and with swords drawn, they got back into their fighting stances. They then both lowered their bodies and all of a sudden, they then sprung forwards and got locked into combat. Spyro and Cyra unleashed a flurry of fast and powerful sword strikes and all you could hear were the two blades striking each other and clashing with their armour. And even though they were in the midst of a battle and Cyra was letting off a furious flurry of attacks at Spyro, he sensed something different about her. Cyra hadn’t even tried to kill him yet, even when she had managed to break Spyro’s guard numerous of times. Was she just toying with him for her own cruel enjoyment or was it something else? Spyro thought about this, because Cyra had knocked Spyro down many times and had never struck once, yet any other Shadow Dragon would have by now...

As Spyro thought about this, Cyra then swung a fast, powerful sword strike but Spyro managed to block with his sword just in time and he then counter-attacked by thrusting his sword at her, which she moved her head out the way of. Cyra then slid her body forwards and dug her elbow into his stomach. Spyro, however, managed to edge back far enough so it didn’t hurt so much and he then leapt at Cyra and did an overhead sword blow, which Cyra managed to dodge. Cyra then managed to pounce on Spyro and held him down. She laughed wildly as she watched him struggle under her grip. Spyro then managed to roll away from her and struck his tail in her ribs. This then threw Cyra back and she managed to do a somersault and when she landed, charged right at Spyro. She caught Spyro unawares and managed to ram her horns into Spyro’s side.

“Ah...” Spyro groaned as he lay on his side, wincing at his broken ribs. Cyra then cruelly, walked over to Spyro, placed her paw on his side and laughed as she pressed against Spyro’s broken ribs

“Aah! Grah!” Spyro groaned as the pain of Cyra pressing against his ribs like that became unbearable

“Hah! Listen to ya, Screaming like the weakling that you are!” Cyra laughed cruelly, “You’re no match for me! I haven’t even begun to show you what I’m truly capable of!” Cyra added with an evil cackle

“Grrr...Cyra...!” Spyro growled, trying breath under the unbearable pain in his ribs, “Why don’t you just kill me all ready? If you ask me, you’re just putting it off.” Spyro added

“What do you mean putting it off!?” Cyra demanded, with a sudden upsurge of anger.

Spyro then smiled because that sudden change in her mood made it obvious. She hadn’t killed him yet and any other Shadow Dragon would have struck him down by now. Spyro knew it would happen somehow and now it was time to attack her conscience...

“You don’t want to kill me, do you?” Spyro asked, “There’s something inside you that’s preventing you from doing it...” Spyro added

“That’s a lie!” Cyra yelled as she increased the pressure on Spyro’s ribs

“Ugh! Is it?” Spyro chuckled slightly, “I can see it, you know. You had so many chances to kill me, yet you let me off every time. Why is that?” Spyro asked, digging deeper into her and after a struggle, managed to get back up, wincing at his broken ribs

“You shut up! Or I will kill you!” Cyra warned Spyro

“Hey. Why are you getting so uptight?” Spyro asked, “You’re scared...you don’t know why don’t want to kill me...but I do... You don’t want to kill me because...” Spyro added

“SHUT UP! I’M A SHADOW DRAGON UNDER RAKU, THE MIGHTY LORD OF DARKNESS AND I WILL KILL YOU!!!” Cyra butted in, screaming in rage as her orange eyes glared into Spyro’s

“But will you?” Spyro replied, “I can sense it... You’re not gonna be Raku’s loyal servant for much longer...” Spyro added with a smile

“SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!” Cyra screamed with her eyes glaring at Spyro. Cyra showed rage and fury but deep down, she was scared. She was a servant of Raku, a Shadow Dragon, yet she hadn’t even killed him yet. Shadow Dragons normally kill at first sight without remorse, yet Cyra hadn’t. Then a thought appeared in her head. Did she...love him...? ‘No!’ Cyra screamed in her head and banished that thought from her head as soon as she could.

“What’s wrong? You’re awfully quiet” Spyro said, smiling as he watched Cyra go into deep thought, “And...do you remember this?” Spyro asked. Cyra then looked at Spyro and noticed that he was holding a little golden amulet, hanging on a gold chain.

“Where did you get that!?” Cyra gasped, as she looked at that little amulet remarkably like the one featured in her dreams...

“The chain broke during the transformation.” Spyro replied, “Here.” Spyro added as he gestured the amulet towards Cyra

“Get that thing away from me!” Cyra yelled as she backed away

“Why you so scared? It’s just an amulet.” Spyro asked, “I know why. You’re breaking...you’re mind is shifting...” Spyro added

“SHUT UP...GRAAAAHH!” Cyra screamed as she pounced onto Spyro, knocking him onto his back and pinned him down, which also aggravated his broken ribs, “SO! YOU WANNA DIE, DO YA!!??” Cyra screamed, with her eyes glaring at Spyro insanely, whilst grabbing Spyro by the throat.

“Grah...Cyra...” Spyro choked under Cyra’s grip

“FINE!!!” Cyra screamed insanely in Spyro’s face. Cyra then place her other paw over Spyro’s chest and a dark purple aura wrapped itself around Cyra. Spyro then felt as though his limbs were become increasingly heavy and tired as a strange, green light suddenly started flowing from Spyro’s chest to Cyra’s paw

“With yours and my energy contained within me I shall become MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER AND YOU WILL DIE!!” Cyra yelled as she laughed insanely

Cyra continued to absorb Spyro’s energy for as good minute five minutes until he reached the point where he couldn’t even lift his head. Cyra then reached over and took Spyro’s sword, looked at it’s blood-stained, silver blade and smirked

“Actually, I think I’ll let you suffer...and I’ll make your death nice and slow...and painful...” Cyra grinned, baring her fangs, “Oh! What a shame that you should die from your own blade!” Cyra added as she let out a wild and insane laugh

“S-strike me...then...” Dared Spyro, who was now extremely weak from Cyra’s attack

“Fine! If that’s what you want!” Cyra replied. Cyra then poised the sword high and pointed it towards Spyro, ready for the strike. Cyra, however, stalled for a moment and began to hesitate...

Meanwhile, Raku was seen floating up high over the battle scene, launching powerful blasts from his staff at defenceless Dragons.

“Is that all that your army can muster?” Raku laughed, “Pathetic!” he yelled as he continued to launch blasts of energy. Then it was when he blasted a Peace Keeper out of the sky, he sensed a change.

“What? What is this?” Raku pondered as he sensed a change in one of his followers, “One of the Shadow Dragons. Its mind is fluctuating!” Raku gasped, “But that’s impossible they are above the mind shift age to fluctuate!” Raku added, “Wait! Cyra! What age is she!? If she’s entering the mind shift then...” Raku then realised that it was Cyra then he sensed and he scanned the area until he spotted two little Dragons: one on top of the other poisoning a sword.

“W-what’s...wrong...Cyra? Why are...you...stalling...?” Spyro asked

“Shut up! I will kill ya!” Cyra yelled and repositioned the sword but she hesitated again. Why was she doing that? She’s a Shadow Dragon! She should’ve killed him ages ago but she couldn’t...why?

“CYRA!” boomed a voice familiar voice. Cyra then looked up and saw Raku, floating in the air, with his cloak swaying in the wind.

“M-my lord!” Cyra gasped

“Stop toying with him and kill him now!” Raku yelled,

“Y-yes, my Lord!” Cyra replied. Cyra then turned back to Spyro and poised the sword again. She was ready to strike but it never came... What was wrong with her? Why all this bother just to kill a Dragon? But Spyro was more than just a Dragon, he was her lo-- ‘NO! HE’S NOT!’ Cyra screamed in her head but then there was a distant vision of him and her sharing a kiss in a lake of water under the setting sun...was that a memory...? ‘NO! IT’S NOT!’ Cyra screamed in her mind again. Cyra continued to battle with her mind and as a whole bunch of foreign thoughts began to pour into her head

“CYRA! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!? KILL HIM NOW OR I’LL KILL HIM FOR YOU!!” Raku bellowed, who then pointed his staff down towards Spyro and Cyra

“NO!!” Cyra suddenly yelled, “I-I’ll kill him myself!” Cyra added as she swiftly turned back to Spyro and repositioned the sword again. As she looked at Spyro’s battered and bruised body, she began to hesitate again. Something was happening to her.

“CYRA!” Raku yelled, “KILL HIM!” he boomed

“There’s nothing you can do” Spoke up a green Dragon; with many wounds etched on his scales. It was Nestor.

“What do you mean, Dragon?” Raku asked, “SPEAK!” He demanded

“Cyra is entering the mind shift, one of the many miracles of life and there is nothing you can do to change that.” He replied, “She is reverting to who she was before and you will lose a valuable asset from your army.” He added and as soon as he did so, it was beginning to happen as Cyra suddenly gripped her head in pain as a searing headache developed and threw off her helmet. It was then revealed that the mark given to her by Raku was burning furiously on her forehead.

“GRAAAAH! I WILL KILL YOU!” Cyra yelled as she lunged the sword down towards Spyro regardless of the pain, but then, “WHOA!” Cyra suddenly screamed as she dropped the sword as the pain suddenly became too unbearable for her to cope with. “GRAAAH...AAAAH!” Cyra screamed in agony, as she held her head in pain

“GRAAAAAH...NOOOOO!! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO MEEEE---AAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Cyra screamed as her head became so painful she felt it was going to explode and then a black aura burst suddenly burst around her body. She knew no more.

A picture began to out of the shadow that draped around her. The sound of swords clashing and armour banging were beginning to become clearer. As she opened her eyes, the blurry picture of a Dragon green in colour began to focus with each blink.

“Nestor?” she said weakly but when she gave it more thought, she then realised where she was, “The war!” she suddenly yelled as she sat bolt upright. And yes, she looked around herself and saw many dark Dragons of the shadow realm in the midst of combat with the Dragons of the Dragon Kingdom; this was the war that Nestor warned them of.

“It’s all right, child.” Nestor reassured, “The spell has been broken and you will never be controlled by him again” he added

“You mean he won me over? That’s funny; I don’t remember much of anything. The only thing I remember was the great thumping headache that night back in Artisans and that’s it.” Cyra explained, the Cyra though for a bit. Where was Spyro? “Wait! Spyro!” she gasped, “Where is he?” she asked

“Cyra?” called a weak voice from behind her, Cyra turned around and saw Spyro badly bruised, with

three, bleeding cuts on his face, lying motionless on the ground

“Spyro!” Cyra gasped, as she crawled over to him, “Oh! My God! What happened to you!?” Cyra cried as she looked at Spyro’s wounds and bruises etched all over Spyro’s body

“Cyra...?” Spyro looked at her and yes, it was true. He looked into her eyes and he saw the light of the sun reflected on those dazzling blue eyes that he missed so much.

“Cyra listen, what happened...wasn’t your fault...” Spyro added

“What!?” Cyra replied, Cyra then realised what had happened “You mean, I did this to you!?” Cyra gasped, “Oh! My God! Spyro! I’m so sorry...!” Cyra cried with a slight sob

“No...Cyra. Don’t be sorry...this wasn’t your fault. Raku’s the real culprit...he’s the one...who did this to you...” Spyro replied. Spyro then looked back into Cyra’s light blue eyes again and smiled, “You don’t know how much I missed you...” Spyro sighed with a weak smile and Cyra then half smiled back, “I love you, Cyra” Spyro added,

“Oh. Spyro...I love you too” Cyra replied with a smile, with tears forming in her eyes.

“Oh. And I think this is yours” Spyro said as he held up her amulet. Cyra then smiled, took the amulet and put it on, she then bent down towards Spyro and she kissed him. To feel her lips touch his again was the happiest moment of his life. As she continued to kiss him, he then began to use the energy he had left and he stroked her arms. Just to touch and to kiss her again was all he ever wanted. He savoured the moment...

“Hey! Nestor! We could use a little help here...” started a Beast Maker that was completely covered in cuts and bruises, “Hey... wasn’t she trying to kill him a minute ago?” he asked, a little confused when he saw the Spyro and Cyra locked in embrace

Spyro and Cyra then pulled back and Spyro smiled as he saw the beaming Smile on Cyra’s face. They then hugged each other but something then caught Spyro’s eye. As he looked up properly, he saw a dark energy form overhead. It was Raku. Spyro then knew what was happening and just as he predicted, Raku launched a beam of energy from his staff at Spyro and Cyra. Spyro then made a split-second decision.

“Cyra! Look out!” Spyro yelled,

“What?” Cyra replied and before she knew what was happening, Spyro suddenly brushed her out the way with the last of his strength and Cyra watched in horror as a beam of dark energy suddenly shot Spyro through the stomach.

“GAH...!” Spyro gasped as the shock of the beam shot through his whole body

“SPYRO! NO!” Cyra screamed in shock. Cyra then rushed over to Spyro and lifted him up into her arms.

Everyone was shocked. Nestor looked on in horror as what was a happy moment of relief soon turned into a terrible feeling of shock, sadness and despair as the beam shot through Spyro's stomach.

"Oh Spyro...I'm so sorry..." Cyra sobbed as she looked at the deep wound in Spyro's stomach from Raku's attack "It's all my fault..." Cyra sobbed, hiccupping with tears streaming down her face

"No...Cyra...This wasn't your fault...ok?" Spyro managed to breath out, "None of this...was your fault...Raku's the one you should blame...not yourself..." Spyro added as he inhaled deeply

"No...Spyro...please don't die..."Cyra sobbed

"I'm afraid I can't...stop that now...please don't cry...Cyra?" Spyro coughed, Spyro winced as he tried to keep his focus, " And I have and always will...love you..." Spyro forced out, "please...don't forget that..." Spyro added

"Oh! Spyro...I love you too..." Cyra wept as she hugged Spyro's body and with the last ounce of his energy he then wrapped his arms around her. Spyro's arms then began to slip from her shoulders, the beating of Spyro's heart, drumming against Cyra's chest began to subside and his breathing began to shallow.

"Spyro! No!" Cyra gasped, but it was too late. Spyro breathed out his last breath and he was no more.

"Spyro?" Cyra called, as she nuzzled his snout but there was no response, "Spyro...?" Cyra called again with tears cascading down her cheeks. Her body then shook as she began to sob over Spyro's limp, lifeless body.

"Nestor?" asked another Peace Keeper Dragon, who too was covered in cuts and bruises with a slash on his eye "What happened? What's all the commotion?"

"I-it's Spyro..." Nestor gasped

"What about him?" the Peace Keeper asked

"H-he's dead..." Nestor said in a saddened, shocked tone. The Peace Keeper's expression then changed from shock to sadness

"Spyro...dead..." He said quietly in disbelief

As Cyra continued to sob over his body, the thoughts of never being able to hold or kiss him ever again played in her mind and the situation began to sink in...

"SPYRO...!!!!!" Cyra screamed, "NOOO...!!! PLEASE...!!! NOOOOO...!!! YOU CAN'T BE DEAD...!!!" Cyra wailed, "NOOOOO....." Cyra cried as she mourned over Spyro's body.

She couldn't believe it. Spyro was...dead! He killed him! Raku killed Spyro!! NO! Cyra then thought of that monstrous murderer. He had already killed both her real and her foster parents and now Spyro too! That thing had taken away everything from her! A sudden rage then began to build up within her and

Cyra then ceased crying... She looked up and saw that...monster hovering in the air. She watched that monstrous being that had done nothing but destroyed everything she ever knew and loved... He wasn't gonna get away with it this time! She then began to growl and bare her fangs as the rage began to surface... Something awoke... Something that would knock that rotten, smirk off his rotten face...

15 - Awakening

Chapter fifteen: Awakening

Everyone was shocked at Spyro's death. Many of the Dragons of the Dragon Kingdom fell in yells and gasps of disbelief as the news of Spyro's death was spread throughout the survivors of the war.

"I can't believe...he's dead." said a Peace Keeper quietly, "I mean, he was only fourteen years old," he added with a hint of sadness

"I know..." Nestor replied, "His sacrifice was a sad loss..." Nestor added sadly

Cyra listened to many of the grieving Dragons. He was gone. Spyro was dead. Cyra, bearing her teeth, continued growling as she watched that monstrous figure floating in mid air. Raku had done nothing but take away and destroy everything she ever knew and loved. The rage then continued to build up in her heart and she then began to growl even louder.

"You MONSTER!!!" Cyra yelled up at Raku

"Cyra..." Nestor said quietly

"HE WAS DEFENCELESS! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO STRIKE DOWN WITH THAT FINAL STRIKE!!!" Cyra butted in, seething at the monstrous figure.

"Well, I did say that if you didn't kill him, I would kill him for you, didn't I?" Raku laughed.

"SHUT UP!!!" Cyra yelled but Raku continued to laugh, this then got a bit too much for Cyra to handle and the rage began to accumulate in her heart. Then something awoke. As the rage continued to rise, a new, foreign yet; somehow, familiar energy began to slowly build up deep within her. The energy then began to spread throughout her body. As the warm and satisfying energy began to distribute to her limbs, Cyra's amulet then began to glow brightly as a white aura began to wrap itself around it.

When the energy was fully distributed throughout her whole body, the energy then began to intensify and a white aura around Cyra began to become visible. What was happening to her? Nestor's expression then changed from an expression of sadness and grief to awe as the white aura began to wrap itself around her.

"Hey! What's up with Cyra? Why is she glowing?" Asked a Beast Maker, noting Cyra's white aura.

"There is a lot more to Cyra than most people know ...", Nestor replied silently in awe, "If I'm not mistaking...Raku may turn out to be in some very serious trouble..." Nestor added. Raku then stopped laughed in the smirk upon his rotten face then quickly vanished as the noticed the aura.

"Wait! That energy!" Raku yelled, "It can't be..." Raku said quietly in disbelief

Cyra then looked at Raku again and as she thought of all the horrible, unforgivable things he had done; killed her foster and real parents, killed Spyro... Cyra's amulet then began to float up on its own accord and it began to glow as brightly as the sun itself. As Cyra's rage was pumped to the max, the energy then intensified even further and Cyra's amulet then suddenly exploded into many little fragments and as soon as it did so, Cyra then became totally consumed within a bright ball of pure-white energy, even brighter than the sun, that erupted from Cyra's amulet. Raku watched in horror as the white ball of energy floated in the air, almost level with him.

"NO!" Raku yelled, "You can't be!" Raku yelled in disbelief

"RAKU!!!!!!!!!!!" Cyra yelled from the ball of energy, "YOU WILL PAY FOR ALL THOSE INNOCENT LIVES YOU HAVE SLAUGHTERED AND BOW DOWN TO THE GODS AND GODDESSES OF ALAFRENOR!!!" Cyra yelled from within the ball of energy.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!" Cyra screamed as the energy enlarged around her and became more violent and Raku shielded his eyes as the brightness intensified. But then, the brightness began to subside. As the white ball of energy began to slowly become more transparent, a figure could then be spotted, floating in the middle of the sphere. As the ball of energy completely disintegrated and Cyra returned to the ground, her white aura then began to dim until Cyra was easily recognised when her aura was turned down to a minimum but Cyra was different. Cyra still had her normal royal blue scales but her eyes had a sharper, more pronounced look to them, her blazing-red crest now had gold around the edges and etched around her eyes, forehead, face and body, were elegant, crimson-red markings that had a slight shine to them.

"Nestor!" Cyra called to Nestor, who was watching her in awe, "Move Spyro's body out of the way!" Cyra told him

"Right away" Nestor called back. Why she asked that when she knew he was dead, he didn't know but he did as she requested and walked over, lifted Spyro's cold, limp, lifeless body into his arms and carried his body to safety.

"Impossible! How could you have survived!?" Raku yelled in disbelief, as he looked at Cyra in horror, "I killed you with my own hands!" Raku added

Cosmos looked at Cyra in awe as he noticed her new appearance

"Nestor! Is that...!?" Cosmos started

"Yes, Cosmos. That is Goddess Cyra, not the Goddess Cyra that lived two-thousand years ago but her reincarnation." Nestor replied

"The Goddess Cyra that you slaughter mercilessly two-thousand years ago may have died physically but her energy lived on throughout the generations." Cyra answered Raku, who had a slight airy, echo to her voice, "Her energy was passed on to her son, Rekuma and then to his son...and so on. Also before Goddess Cyra's energy left her body when you struck her, she foresaw the danger that would happen at this present and placed an enchantment on her son, Rekuma, locking all of her spirit within

him that would be unleashed two-thousand years later...”

“I knew it...” Raku growled, “I should have killed him while I had the chance!” Raku added. “But no matter. I can kill you again just as easily as I did before!” Raku continued

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” Cyra replied

“What do you mean by that?” Raku demanded

“I’m not just Goddess Cyra’s reincarnation with her powers of ice...I am also combined with God Fyrenz’s powers of fire” Cyra replied, “And on top of that, my level of energy is twice as high as either of them.” Cyra added.

Cyra watched as horror swept across Raku’s body

“Your plan backfired, Raku! You knew that I’d gain powers from the Dragon Gods and wanted to turn me to darkness, which you achieved for a time, but the prophecy didn’t tell you that the powers were set to reawaken at the time of my Mind Shift or that the reawakening of her powers would make me her reincarnated form...” Cyra continued, “And make me even more powerful than you!” Cyra added

“What!?” Raku yelled, “How dare you! You don’t know what you’re meddling with!” Raku added clearly angered by Cyra’s remark

“It’s true though.” Cyra continued, “My powers are matched with, if not more powerful than yours and I will make you pay for all those innocent lives you have murdered and you will bow before the gods and goddess of Alafrenor!” Cyra added

“I BOW DOWN TO NO GOD...RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!” Raku yelled with fury, as he lunged his staff forwards and launched a ball of energy at Cyra. The ball of energy hit Cyra full on but as the energy disappeared, Cyra appeared to be completely unscathed by the attack and had not even moved an inch.

“What!?” Raku yelled in disbelief, “Impossible! That was the attack that killed her!” Raku added with a hint of fear

“I told you, I’m twice as powerful as Goddess Cyra and God Fyrenz combined.” Cyra spoke in a calm, collective tone.

“Hm. That maybe so but I am at a completely different league to those false Gods!” Raku replied, “LET’S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE THIS...RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!” Rake yelled at he unleashed a beam of energy towards Cyra. Cyra then raised herself upon her hind legs and a bright ball of light-blue energy began to develop in her paws. Cyra then launched a beam at Raku and the two beams of energy met in the middle. As Cyra and Raku continued to feed their energy into the beams, Cyra’s beam then began to push back Raku’s. As Cyra’s beam began to enclose Raku, he felt the temperature begin to drop rapidly. Cyra’s beam was in fact an ice beam.

“NO!!” Raku yelled, “Have...mercy!” He yelled, as the beam got closer still

“MERCY!?” Cyra yelled back, disgusted by Raku’s remark, “You don’t know the meaning of the word! What about my parents and Spyro! DID YA SHOW THEM MERCY!?” Cyra screamed with fury “YOU’RE GETTING JUST WHAT YOU DESERVE...WHOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!” Cyra screamed and her ice beam then managed to overtake Raku’s beam and Raku himself. When Cyra stopped, it was revealed that Raku was now completely trapped inside a huge shard of ice and was now plummeting towards the ground at a high speed. However, before it made impact, an invisible force then halted the process and the shard of ice, with Raku contained, stopped, floating a few inches from the ground. Cyra then began to calmly walk towards the shard of ice she then stopped and raised her paw as though she was beckoning someone towards her. As she did so the shard of ice then started to float towards her, it was revealed that Cyra was controlling it with some sort of telekinetic force. When the ice shard was a few feet away from Cyra, she then held her paw up again and it stopped.

“You know, “ Cyra started, “I think I’ll teach you a wee bit o’ science. Ya see when objects get cold, they contract and when they get hot, they expand. Although, if a super hot object suddenly turns super cold over a really quick period of time, or vice versa, then this can actually weaken the bonds between atoms...” Cyra continued, “Or in your case...oh let’s just find out, shall we...?” Cyra added, as a bright-red ball of energy began to develop in her paws.

“GrrrrRRRR...THIS IS FOR ALL THE LIVES YOU DESTROYED!!!!” Cyra yelled as she launched the beam of energy. Then as the hot beam of energy met the cold ice shard around Raku, a loud whistling noise came the shard. Many large cracks then began to slither down the shard and before long, the shard of ice then exploded along with Raku, who was contained within. She did it. Raku was dead.

A stunned silence then hung over the many survivors of the Dragon Kingdom, which was then broken they erupted with cheering.

“She did it!” Screamed a white, female Artisan with delight, “Oh! My God! I can’t believe she did it!!” she squealed, as she hugged another Artisan, nearly choking him

“Gah! Serina...gerroff...” the Dragon choked under her hug

Cyra then turned away from the area, where Raku exploded into many fragments and walked towards the scene of cheering and happiness. Many Dragon greeted Cyra as she walked into the crowd.

“Cyra, that was like totally wicked, cool! Raku like totally exploded, Man!” Cheered a Peace Keeper Dragon

“Heh. Thanks, Trondo.” Cyra replied with a smile, “Have you seen Nestor anywhere?” She asked

“Uh...yeah, he’s just over there next to Bruno and Cosmos” He replied, pointing through a gap in the crowd to a green Artisan Dragon, talking to a green Magic Crafter and a brown Beast Maker. Cyra then squeezed her way through the crowd and met up with Nestor.

“Cyra!” Nestor said in delight, “Well, you certainly lived up to the prophecy. Very good work!” Nestor said with a smile

“Yes! Very good indeed” Cosmos cheered

“Yeah! You should be proud of yourself after that!” Bruno added

“Thank you” Cyra grinned, with a slight blush. She then remembered what she must do and came back what or whom she came for. “Nestor? Where’s Spyro?” Cyra asked. The Dragons’ smiles then broadened slightly.

“He’s right here...” Nestor said sadly, as he carried Spyro’s lifeless body over in his arms and placed him down in front of Cyra. Cyra then crouched down, stroked Spyro’s cold cheek and then felt his body and looked at the deep gash that was carved by Raku’s strike.

“I’m afraid there’s nothing you can do.” Nestor said quietly, with a hint of sadness, “He too...” Nestor started

“Oh. But there is.” Cyra started, “You see, Goddess Cyra had an extra power that she kept as a secret between her, Rekuma and the other Gods. Which you will all witness for the first time in two-thousand years.” Cyra explained

“Huh? What power?” Asked a Peace Keeper nearby

“A power to rejuvenate and recreate the cells of a dead body to their former glory by the passing of my own energy to the body...” Cyra replied, “In other words bringing people back to life. Watch...” Cyra added

The Dragons then fell silent as they strained to see what Cyra was going to do with Spyro. Cyra then lifted Spyro’s head up and placed her right paw over Spyro’s wound and she then began to concentrate. Then, pretty soon, a river of Cyra’s pure-white energy began to flow from Cyra to Spyro. The thread of energy then began to circle around Spyro’s wound and as it continued to continually circle around Spyro’s wound, the wound then began to slowly close up. When Spyro’s wound was completely closed up, Cyra’s energy then began to distribute across Spyro’s body. As it did so, the energy started to heal all the other cuts and bruises until Spyro’s body had reached its peak fitness.

“But Cyra...he’s still dead.” Acknowledged a Beast Maker Dragon behind her.

“I know.” She replied, who didn’t seem to be worried at all, “I’m not quite finished yet...” Cyra added as she took her right paw from above Spyro’s body and moved it underneath him for support. She then gazed at his face, bent down towards him and locked her lips onto his into a kiss. With this, a last jolt of energy was sent from Cyra to Spyro and his heart suddenly sprang to life, drumming madly against Cyra’s chest and Spyro then took a sudden deep shuddering breath. Spyro then opened his eyes, and a picture of a blue Dragoness with a beaming smile began to focus with each blink.

“Cyra?” Spyro spoke up, as he stroked her cheek.

“Hey Spyro.” Cyra said, with a huge beaming smile etched across her face, “Welcome back.” She added. As his vision became more focussed, Spyro then noticed the difference in appearance as he noticed that her eyes were much sharper and fuller and that she now bared elegant, crimson-red markings, etched around her eyes, forehead, face and body, which were almost exactly like that

illustration of Goddess Cyra he saw a few years back.

“Cyra! Y-your markings! They look just like...” Spyro yelled as he suddenly sat straight up. He then looked down at his stomach and saw that the wound he received had completely vanished; he then looked at Cyra in awe, “No...way...” Spyro said in astonishment, “You...you’re Goddess Cyra!” Spyro added

“Well, I’m not the Goddess Cyra that lived two-thousand years ago, I’m her reincarnation.” Cyra explained

“Wow...” Spyro said in astonishment, he then remembered what happened and who the culprit was...”What about Raku...” Spyro asked grimly

“It’s ok. He’s gone, for good” Cyra replied

“Yeah! You shoulda seen it, Spyro!” Trondo spoke up, “She like totally annihilated him! She like trapped him in ice or something and then did something else and then he totally went KASPLODE and now he’s gone! Awesome!” Trondo cheered. Spyro then looked at Cyra in total astonishment

“Cyra, you are one amazing Dragon, you know that. “ Spyro sighed as he looked into Cyra’s sparkly blue eyes. Cyra then sort of giggled and blushed. Spyro then wrapped his arms around her body and she rested her arms on his shoulders. “I love you” Spyro added

“I love you too” Cyra replied, whilst blushing under her crimson markings. Spyro and Cyra then bent towards each other and they kissed. As they pulled back, the tears then began to build up in Cyra’s eyes as she looked into Spyro’s

“Oh! Spyro...I missed you so much...” Cyra sobbed slightly as she then hugged into Spyro’s body.

“Ok. It’s ok. It’s over now...” Spyro hushed Cyra as he stroked her smooth scales. As they savoured this happy moment of relief, Spyro suddenly felt a slight chill down his spine, as a dark shadow began to accumulate over them. Spyro then looked up and saw a dark figure forming overhead.

“Cyra! Look!” Spyro yelled

“What?” Cyra asked and when she looked when Spyro was looking, she too saw the figure overhead. She then knew what this was.

“Oh no...” Cyra said with a hint of fear, “I can’t believe it! I-it’s Raku!” Cyra added

“Raku? I thought you destroyed him?” Spyro asked

“So did I...” Cyra replied, as she watched the dark mass slowly formed itself into a recognisable humanoid shape. Raku had survived even though he literally exploded. How could he have survived that? Spyro and Cyra wondered as they watched the monstrous figure form overhead. All they knew was that the battle was far from over...

16 - The True Lord of Darkness

Chapter sixteen: The true Lord of Darkness

Spyro and Cyra watched in horror as the black mass overhead started to slowly form into a recognisable humanoid shape. Even though Raku had literally exploded under Cyra's attack, he had somehow managed to survive the attack and he was forming right before their very eyes. Spyro and Cyra held onto each other out of pure fear as they watched Raku's limbs starting to reach the end of their formation and before they knew it, he was back, with his black armour glinting in the sun under with swaying black cloak.

As Raku watched their expressions of sheer horror, he then let out an evil laugh that echoed off the valley walls

"You thought that was the end of me, did you?" Raku laughed, "Has it escaped your mind that I, Raku, the Lord of the Darkness, am immune to such petty attacks as the Dark Essence from the very heart of the demon realm continually pumps through my veins?"

Cyra's eyes then widened and she then looked away grimly and swore under her breath.

"Eh? What's that about Dark Essence?" Spyro added

"Raku has this type of energy called Dark Essence, which only creatures from the demon Realm have and is at least ten times stronger than our Chi or Ki energy. This energy also coats each and every cell in Raku's body, which acts as a natural barrier against even the strongest of Ki or Chi based attacks and also if even one cell is left behind then it can multiply and multiply until he regains his form once more..." Cyra explained

"But Cyra...how are we gonna even think about killing him if he keeps coming back to life and has this barrier thing?" Spyro asked

"I don't know..." Cyra said quietly. Spyro looked at the forlorn look on her face and he looked away in disbelief, "Although. There's one thing I do remember... If I remember rightly, every time he rebuilds his body like that, he uses up his energy ..." She added

"Oh. So if we can get Raku to do it enough times then we can weaken his energy barrier...?" Spyro replied

"And Kill him, yes. Well, that's the theory, anyway. He's probably a lot smarter than that though..."

"Yeah...it's better than nothing though." Spyro replied.

"Hm. Although, an even better alternative would be to reseal him inside the sword of

Daiakaryuu...if we even had the sword, that is..." Cyra said

"I suppose it would." Spyro replied, "Anyway" Spyro said whilst picking up his sword, lying beside a rock. "You ready" Spyro asked while getting into his fighting stance

"Yeah, I'm ready" Cyra replied whilst getting into her fighting stance, "And Spyro, just so you know, the only types of weapons that are effective towards Raku are one's with magical properties" Cyra added

"Oh..." Spyro said. Spyro then thought for a little bit and had just remembered something. "Hey. Wait. Nestor said that my sword was supposed to be magical." Spyro remembered

"Your sword?" Cyra replied, "Can I see it?" Cyra asked

"Yeah, sure." Spyro said as he handed it over. Cyra's eyes then widened as she looked at the silver blade, glinting in the sun, the red cross-bar, with four transparent, dark purple orbs, a black handle with a golden dragon head with it's jaw ajar.

"That sword..." Cyra gasped as she ran her paw across the blade, "Where did you get it?" Cyra asked, with a slight hint of awe

"Nestor gave it to me before the battle. Why? Is it special?" Spyro asked

"You don't know what this is?" Cyra replied, "Spyro...this is the Sword of Daiakaryuu!" Cyra said whilst handing back the sword

"What? You mean this is that sword you and Nestor were on about?" Spyro said in disbelief. Cyra nodded once, "So...that means we can seal him up again" Spyro asked

"Yes but we'll have to weaken him first..." Cyra replied, "Ok. This is what we'll do. I'll start attacking him with some energy attacks to distract him and you can nip behind him while he's distracted and attack him with your sword to weaken him first. Then when he's finally weak enough..." Cyra started, but then a dark mass began to accumulate overhead. As Spyro and Cyra looked up, they saw Raku, holding his blade and his staff overhead, with a large ball of dark, foreboding energy developing at the tip of his staff and before they knew it, the ball of energy was soon sent hurtling towards them at high speed. With a split second decision Spyro and Cyra then both managed jump out of they way in the nick of time and as the ball of energy hit the ground, it exploded and left a large, deep hole in the ground between them.

"Jeeze!" Spyro said staring at the large, bottomless pit left by Raku's attack. "Ok! He means business. I think we should quit chatting and get on with the plan." Spyro

"Agreed!" Cyra replied, "Ok. You remember what to do?" Cyra asked

"Yeah. Let's do it." Spyro answered, reading his sword by his side and Cyra too got into her fighting stance.

As they stood with their heads lowered, watching Raku with his cloak swaying in the wind,

revealing his black armour, glinting in the sun, a smirk then appeared on Raku's rotten face.

“So. You two foolish mortals wish to fight I, Raku, the might Lord of Darkness, do you?” Raku laughed, “Very well! I will make sure that you will both die of a slow and painful death, just like those weaklings, that you call parents that slowly bled under my blade...” Raku ended with an evil guffaw.

“Shut up!” Cyra growled, as she began to get frustrated with Raku's taunts about her parents. As Raku continued to taunt and joke at Cyra about her parents, her frustration then surfaced even more.

“I SAID SHUT UP!!” Cyra yelled, who then launched a ball of energy at Raku from her right paw, which Raku managed to block with his staff just in time. Following the ball of energy, Cyra then began to rapid-fire lots of other balls of energy. Raku had managed to block a few with his staff and cancel out others with his own energy but a few managed to get through Raku's defences. With Raku covered in gashes and burns from the energy that managed to hit Raku, Cyra then ceased firing, paused and then fired an exceptionally large ball of energy. Caught unawares, Raku could do nothing but try and block it with his staff. As Raku tried to block the energy with his staff, he managed to hold some of the energy back but most of it got through his block and he then felt the burning, hot energy as it hit his skin. This was Spyro's cue. Seeing how Raku was damaged slightly and began to rejuvenate his damaged cells, Spyro then began to run towards him. When Spyro was more or less underneath Raku, he then leaped up and used his wing to bring himself higher until he was at Raku's height. Then with his sword poised high above his head, Spyro then swung his sword towards Raku but things quite didn't go to plan as Raku suddenly turned around and managed to block Spyro's sword strike with his own. As he watched the smirk appear on his rotten face, Spyro then remembered his parents and his mentor, Gavin and what Raku and his army did to them. As Spyro thought about his parents and Gavin, then familiar feelings of anger, fury and determination began to flow into his body again, refuelling the desire to rid the world of Raku once and for all at all costs. Filled with these emotions once more, Spyro then swiped his sword out of Raku's block and swung it at Raku again but Raku had managed to dodge. Raku then swung this sword at Spyro, which Spyro managed to block with an overhead sword block.

As she watched Spyro beating his wings to stay in the air and unleash a flurry of sword strikes and blocks, Cyra then used her time wisely and raised herself onto her hind legs. Cyra then brought her paws to her side and a small ball of bright red energy began to develop in her paws. As the Spyro and Raku continued to fight, Cyra's ball of energy continued to grow. A few minutes in and Cyra's ball of energy was now a large, bright, solid looking sphere. As Spyro's sword struck Raku's sword, a glint of red light then caught his eye. As he looked properly, he saw Cyra standing with what looked like a massive, powerful, bright red, ball of energy. A voice then sounded in his head,

“Spyro, I need you to make it look as though you've fallen from one of Raku's attacks so I can get a clear shot at him with the attack I've prepared.” Said the voice. Spyro then, realising that this was Cyra using some sort of telepathy, did what he was asked and as Raku swung his sword at Spyro, he then let his body plummet to the ground below. As Spyro's body fell onto the ground, hard on his back, he cringed as he felt two of his ribs snap under the impact. Raku then

laughed mercilessly as Spyro lay motionlessly on the ground.

“You think you can kill me, Dragon?” Raku teased, “You are going to die again by my own hands!” Raku laughed

“Heh! You’re the one who’s dead this time!” Spyro yelled, with a weak laugh, “Eh, Cyra?”
Spyro yelled across to Cyra who was busy building

“What!?” Raku said and as Raku looked around he saw Cyra standing with a very large ball of bright red energy, she then grinned.

“Yup! You’re dead all right!” Cyra yelled, “LET’S SEE YOU TAKE THIS ONE...GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Cyra screamed as she thrust her forelegs forwards and let a massive, beam of energy travel at a very high speed towards Raku.

“Aaaahh...” Raku said in fear as this enormous beam of energy hurtling towards him.
“NOOOOOOOOO...AAAAAH!” Raku yelled as the energy finally reached and completely engulfed Raku. Satisfied with the result, Cyra then stopped putting energy into the beam and let it disintegrate. As the dust settled, it was revealed that the area Raku was floating was now just empty space. She smiled. Cyra then fell back onto four legs and walked over to Spyro.

“Hey Spyro” Cyra said, grinning

“Hey...” Spyro replied, “Aaaah...” Spyro winced as he held his sides in pain

“Here. Let me see that...” Cyra said as she placed her paw on Spyro chest. Spyro then felt the soothing warmth of her energy flow into his body and in an instant; he felt the pain from the impact lift as though it never happened. Spyro then, feeling renewed, sprang to his feet.

“Thanks!” Spyro said, Spyro looked around and found his sword lying a few yards from where he landed and put it in his sheathe. “So, do you think that’s Raku, pretty much dead?” Spyro asked, “He should be after that! I mean you just like totally blew him to bits! I’m never getting on your bad side that’s for sure!” Spyro laughed

“I’m not sure...” Cyra replied with a slight chuckle, “I’m hoping that the attack was powerful enough but it’s more that likely that he’ll come back...” Cyra added

“Hm...hey Cyra, He’s rejuvenated quite a lot now. Do you think I can try and reseal him in my sword yet?” Spyro asked

“No...I wouldn’t try that just yet...” Cyra replied, “He’ll still have way too much energy for that if he rejuvenates again...”

“Oh. But Cyra, how are you gonna keep this up?” Spyro asked, “I mean you must’ve used up a heck of a lot of energy all ready.” Spyro acknowledged

“Oh. Don’t worry about me. There’s plenty more to come yet.” Cyra answered, and it was then

that the sky began to darken once more. “Yep...he’s still alive...” Cyra sighed. She then reluctantly looked up and watched the dark mass in the sky; slowly reform into a familiar, humanoid figure like before and before they knew it, Raku had once again regained his form and laughed in an evil laugh that shook the area.

“Let’s face it!” Raku boomed, “You cannot kill me! But I have to hand it to, I didn’t think I’d have to show my true form...” yelled

“Huh? True form?” Spyro said, “What does he mean, Cyra?” Spyro asked

“I don’t know, I’ve never known Raku to have another form and I don’t like the sound of it...” Cyra answered

“Me neither...” Spyro replied

It was then that Raku began to descend to the ground. As soon as Raku landed on the ground, he began to tense up and an evil, black aura began to wrap itself around Raku’s body.

“You should be honoured!” Raku yelled, “Only the most worthy of opponents has ever seen this form!”

Then as the aura began to intensify, a surge of dark energy suddenly erupted from his body

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...!!!!” Raku yelled as the energy rushed violently over his body. As the black energy thickened and blocked Raku from view and became nothing but a Dark mass, the energy then began to accumulate in size. As the dark mass began to get bigger and bigger, until it towered over Spyro, Cyra and the survivors of the army, who were watching in horror, the Dark Mass then began to form into a shape.

“H-his...energy...” Cyra gasped in horror “I-it’s...maddening...!”

The mass began to form what looked like limbs, which were slowly. It was then when Raku’s formation was complete that his true nature was unleashed. When Raku had completed his transformation, his true form was finally revealed as, now, a enormous, evil looking, pure black, terrifying-looking Dragon with many ugly scars etched on his dirty, roughly spiked scale, evil-looking eyes, with piercing slits for pupils and large black wings with many ugly tears along the membrane of filthy leather. Raku then with his form complete, then let out a deep, loud roar that shook the Earth underfoot.

Cyra watched in horror as the nightmare unfolded before her very eyes. This was Raku’s true form!? This means that what the goddess and Gods of Alafrenor possibly haven’t even seen half of Raku’s full power! What was she going to do!?

17 - No More

Chapter Seventeen: No more

Spyro and Cyra watched in horror as this humungous, black Dragon towered over them, with ugly looking scars and tears etched on his dirty, scales and wings, peering at them with his piercing slits for pupils. He then let out a large guttural roar that vibrated in every area of their bodies. Once his transformation was complete, Raku then looked at the two small Dragons in front of him, horror sweeping over them as they observed the nightmare that was unfolding before their very eyes. A wicked grin then etched across his face, baring his large, evil fangs.

“So, Cyra, mighty Goddess of Alafrenor, how do like the true Lord of Darkness?” Raku boomed. Cyra, however, couldn’t say a thing as she was completely lost for words, as the horror of Raku’s transformation was still raw in her veins. Raku then laughed as the fear radiated off Cyra’s body, “What’s wrong, Cyra? Is the mighty Lord of Darkness too much for the legendry Alafrenorian Goddess?” Raku teased. The energy radiating of Raku’s body was maddening. Cyra was scared now. She couldn’t even begin to imagine the destruction that he could create under this form. She shuddered under the very thought of the idea.

“Cyra...just how the heck are we meant to fight that thing!?” Spyro asked

“I-I don’t know...I don’t think we can...” Cyra stuttered, “He’s more powerful than an all the gods in Alafrenor combined in this form...it’ll take a miracle to take him...” She added

“Oh...God...” Spyro said quietly, a thought then began to nag the back of his mind, “Cyra? If he’s as powerful as you say he is, then why did he even need go into all that bother to turn you into a Shadow Dragon and all?”

“Oh...that’s a good question, actually...” Cyra replied as she thought about it. It was puzzling though, Raku had gone into all that bother to create an army and turn her into a Shadow Dragon, yet he could equally have just wiped out everything on his own with all that power inside him.

“So!” Raku boomed out, “Any last words from the legendary Goddess Cyra, before the universe meets its fate?” Raku sneered through his ugly, Draconian fangs

“Actually...we have a question...” Cyra started, “If you had this power all this time, then why did you even need to turn me into a Shadow Dragon in the first place? I couldn’t have done you much good in that form and you could’ve just as equally have done everything on your own.” Cyra pointed out

“Well, if you must know, I wanted control over everything and drape everything in shadow, including Alafrenor, and become the supreme ruler of all worlds of the living and the dead!” Raku answered
“All of the worlds? You don’t mean the three created by Zeikora, do you?” Cyra asked

“Yes! And with the energy of Alafrenor, the demon realm and this world all under my control and draped

in shadow, I would become the ultimate eternal ruler of all that is. I would become the ultimate King of Shadow!" Raku boomed

"Wait, what's that about this Zeikora dude?" Spyro asked

"Ok...to start with, this world was nothing but a dead lump of rock in space right?" Cyra said, "Then out of nowhere, the ultimate Dragon God, Zeikora descended upon this dead planet of rock and breathe life up on it and created the Dragon Worlds. Then before Zeikora parted from this world, he created two other worlds, Alafrenor born off his light and the Demon Realm born of his darkness and also created six deities: the four gods of Alafrenor and Zephra of this world (Born of his courage, loyalty, love and wisdom) and Raku (Born of his upmost hatred, rage and fury). Zeikora then created a marble seal quite near here, called Zeikora's Seal." Cyra explained

"Oh. Right. But why did he still need you in the first place though?" Spyro asked

"I don't know... some of the real Goddess Cyra's memories haven't surfaced yet..." Cyra said. Cyra then looked at the monstrous black dragon in front of them, "Ok. That's all fine about Zeikora's Seal but again, why did you need me to begin with? I mean, you could just blast the seal open if you wanted to" Cyra asked Raku

"Isn't it obvious yet?" He said, "Only a being of the realm can open its path. That means that even if I, the mighty Lord of Darkness, use an attack strong enough to blow the sun to oblivion, Alafrenor would still stand, untouched." Raku explained

"Wait. If that's true then how did you get into Alafrenor two thousand years ago?" Cyra asked

"I had a little help, when Terranna's daughter accidentally opened the seal to the Dragon Worlds." Raku replied

"Shakra..." Cyra said quietly, "If she had followed Fyrenz' advice then Alafrenor wouldn't have suffered such a fate." Cyra muttered

"Yes...it's daunting how a curious child can cause such a calamity" Raku sneered

"Yeah...but lucky for us, both Rekuma and Shakra managed to escape and Rekuma managed to stop you before you gained full control over the powers of the Alafrenorian Gods." Cyra replied

"YES!" Raku boomed, "Those meddling fools! But I will not let these mistakes happen again and I will kill you!" Raku yelled

"Wait! But if you kill Cyra, you can't open Alafrenor!" Spyro pointed out

"Yes, I can! Seeing as her Goddess form has surfaced, I can use her remaining light essence when she is dead to open the seal and gain entry to the status of King of Shadow!" Raku boomed, "Enough talk! Let us decide the fate of the universe in this final bout between, I, Raku, the mighty Lord of Darkness against Cyra, the legendary Goddess of Alafrenor!" Raku yelled. It was then that Raku started to let a long, low growl, baring his ugly, yellow fangs. Spyro and Cyra then got into their fighting stances and as

Raku raised his head, he then suddenly opened his mouth and out shot a dark ball of evil energy and sent it hurtling down towards them. Spyro and Cyra then barely managed to jump out of the way with the ball of energy leaving an even bigger hole in the ground than before.

“Jeez-O!” Spyro yelled, “We’re gonna get blown to bits if we’re not careful!”

Raku then began firing balls of energy, one after the other, with Spyro and Cyra trying their best to dodge them. One however managed to catch Cyra’s left shoulder.

“Ah!” Cyra cried as she crippled away from the shock of the attack.

“Cyra, are you ok?” Spyro asked. It was then revealed that the attack from Raku had left a large, deep, wound, carved into her shoulder, with crimson blood trickling down her foreleg, “Cyra! You’re hurt!” Spyro acknowledged as he saw the deep gash in her shoulder

“Yeah... don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine...SPYRO! LOOK OUT!” Cyra yelled as she saw what looked like a giant ball of Dark Energy hurtling down towards Spyro. The before he knew what was happening, Cyra suddenly pulled him away, so that she was between Raku and Spyro. Then all too soon, with Cyra acting as a shield, the ball of energy descended and struck Cyra right on the back. Cyra then crippled away from the force of the attack and a searing pain travelled across her back as her scales were ripped violently off, along with a very unpleasant burning sensation.

“Cyra!” Spyro yelled with freight as she collapsed into Spyro’s arms in pain. Spyro then noticed that Cyra’s back was pretty badly burnt, that it bled in some places and her right wing was broken. And then all too soon, Raku suddenly fired another large ball of energy. Spyro then, not really knowing what the outcome will be, unsheathed his sword. Instinctively, he then raised his sword in front of himself and before he knew it, the ball of energy befell upon him, when a miracle happened. As the ball of energy touched the tip of Spyro’s sword, to his surprise, the ball of energy began to disintegrate and as a matter of fact, the sword had actually begun to absorb the energy from Raku’s attack. Spyro just stood, dumbfounded at what his sword had just achieved, as the ball of energy continued to get absorbed.

“What!?” Raku said in disbelief as Spyro still stood there with his sword poised, unscathed by his attack. “How did that little runt manage to survive that?” He yelled. When the ball of energy had eventually disappeared into his sword, Spyro then withdrew his sword and looked at it in disbelief as he began to absorb what just happened. It was then that Raku recognised the black handle, red cross-bar, golden Dragon head and the silver blade.

“That sword...” Raku gasped, “It can’t be! That little brat has the Sword of Daiakaryuu!” Raku yelled. He then remembered that battle with Rekuma, when he managed to plunge the sword, deep into Raku’s black heart and trapped him inside for two-thousand years. “Well, I won’t let that same mistake happen again!” Raku yelled as his goal to become King of the Universe of Shadow came clearer into his mind. “GrrrrRRRRRRRAAAH!!!!!!” Raku boomed. Raku then took a deep breath and let out a loud roar that shook the Earth underfoot and along with his roar, a wave of energy rippled out from his body. The wave of energy caught Spyro unawares and the force of the energy smacked into Spyro and sent him flying backwards. Spyro then landed hard on his back, knocking the wind out of him.

“Ah...!” Spyro groaned as his body ached as the shock of Raku’s energy travelled throughout his body. Raku then walked towards Spyro and before he knew it, Raku pinned Spyro to the ground with his left paw, just as Spyro was about to reach for his sword. Spyro then squirmed helplessly, trying to get out of

Raku's grip, but it was no use. Raku laughed as he watched Spyro squirm under his grip.

"It's no use, Spyro, wielder of the mighty Sword. My power is no match for a petty weakling like you!" Raku sneered at Spyro through his ugly, yellow fangs, "Now any last words before I shatter your body to pieces?" Raku teased as he tightened his grip

"Ah!" Spyro groaned as Raku began to grip Spyro's aching body. Raku then began to grip tighter still. "Ah! Ugh...! AH! Spyro cried as the pressure on Spyro's bones began to intensify. Raku laughed as Spyro cried out as he continued to tighten his grip, putting immense pressure on Spyro's body.

"What's wrong, Spyro? Feeling a little uncomfortable are we?" Raku sneered, "Well, let me put you out of your misery...DIE, DRAGON!!!" Raku yelled and as he increased the grip even more, the pain in Spyro's body became almost unbearable.

"AAAAAAH! GRAAAAAH!" Spyro cried as he became blinded by pain. Then as Raku watched Spyro scream under his now very tight grip, an unexpected bright ball of energy suddenly smacked Raku right in the face and forced him backwards, releasing Spyro from his grip. Paralysed from Raku's grip, Spyro lay immobilised on the ground. Spyro then turned his head very slowly to see where the ball of energy came from and he was surprised to see Cyra standing before him.

"Cyra...?" Spyro said weakly

"Leave him alone, you monster!" Cyra yelled, wincing at her aching wounds.

"So, Cyra, I see you still have a little fight in you after all?" Raku said as he recovered from her attack, "However, your persistence with that petty power of yours won't save you or the universe from my reign!"

"Well, if I die then I'm taking you down with me, either way I'm not standing by just so you can torment those innocent lives!" Cyra yelled back at Raku

"Oh but aren't you forgetting that I am immortal?" Raku laughed evilly

"Heh...you won't be for long..." Cyra said

"What is that supposed to mean!?" Raku demanded, clearly angered by her remark

"Just how much energy are you using in that form?" Cyra asked, "I've been watching your progress and all ready your energy has depleted by quite a bit. If you keep this up, you won't have any energy left for another rejuvenation and you will die!" Cyra explained

"GrrrRRR! You will be long dead before my energy depletes that far!" Raku bellowed angrily, as his slits for pupils narrowed

"You sure about that?" Cyra replied coolly. Rage was now building up within Raku and was now bellowing out columns of smoke.

"Why you arrogant, little brat!" Raku growled, "I will kill you long before my energy expires AND YOU

WILL DIE!!!” Raku roared with fury. Raku then raised himself onto his hind legs, so that he was now almost as tall as a mountain and he then suddenly thrust his forelegs forwards and launched a black beam of evil energy at Cyra. With a split second decision, Cyra then too, raised herself up, managed to create a beam of bright white energy to catch Raku’s high-speed energy beam just in time. Raku and Cyra were once again locked in combat as their beams of energy duelled against each other.

The atmosphere around the spectators was static as they watch the two titans duel as anything could happen as it could go either way. The future now rested on Cyra’s shoulders, one slip too early and all could fail and Raku would ultimately drape the whole universe in darkness. But there was still hope as Nestor eyed Spyro, beginning to slip away from the battle scene. Spyro then, a good bit away from Raku and Cyra, looked around. It was then that Spyro spotted a slither of silver glinting in the now setting sun, walked over to it and picked up his sword. Spyro then, grasping his sword, snuck around behind Raku who hadn’t noticed him as he had his mind set on his battle with Cyra, and waited for the moment.

“Very good, Spyro...wait until the moment is right, now...” Nestor said to himself as he watched Spyro

After a good half an hour of duelling, Cyra and Raku were still in the midst of feeding their energy into their beams. Sweat was now starting to trickle down Cyra’s face as she was now beginning to tire considerably as her energy began to deplete, her wounds nagging away in her back and her shoulder didn’t help either.

“What’s wrong Cyra? Weakening all ready? Is my power too much for the legendary Alafrenorian Goddess” Raku sneered, as he let an extra wave of energy pulse down his beam.

“Grah...! I’ve still got...plenty to come yet!” Cyra yelled back as she struggled to stabilise Raku’s pulse of energy. Just as Cyra said that, she also felt Raku’s energy beginning to fade slightly...
“Heh...You’re energy...seems to be going down...a bit itself...” Cyra acknowledged as she continued to battle against Raku’s beam of evil, black energy.

“GrrrRRRR!! Your energy will deplete long before mine ever will!! DIE!!!!” Raku yelled with fury. Cyra had done it now. As Raku’s fury surfaced, he then suddenly began to feed a whole load of energy into his beam and had started to push back Cyra’s. Wincing at her stinging, bleeding wounds Cyra continued to battle valiantly with Raku’s beam as she continued to feed her energy into her beam to try and stabilise it, but there was no way that was going to happen. Cyra’s energy was reaching a critical level now as she was beginning tire greatly as she now had less than half of her energy left. Raku’s beam continued to slowly creep towards Cyra. After about ten minutes of painstaking duelling with their energy, Raku’s beam was now very dangerously close to Cyra, any more would spell disaster. Sweat pouring from her face, Cyra closed her eyes tightly as she cringed under the pressure of the beam.

“No! I can’t give in!” Cyra said to herself, “I won’t let these people suffer under his wrath!”

As Cyra’s word left her, she then used her iron will and began feeding a whole load of energy into her beam and managed to stabilise it and pushed Raku’s beam back slightly.

Raku was now beginning to wince as his energy too, began to deplete slightly. Waiting for the right moment to strike, Spyro stood with his sword by his side.

‘C’mon, Cyra. You can do it...just a little more...’ Spyro thought to himself. Spyro watched in agony, as the beam of energy started to move back down towards Cyra again. Cyra struggled as Raku forced

another wave of energy down the interlocking beams.

“Grraaaaah...!” Cyra cried as her energy began to weaken more as she tried to fight against the extra pulse of energy. But that was when she sensed it. As soon as Raku let out that extra wave of energy, she knew his energy had reached a low enough level. It was time, time for the final strike.

“IT’S NOW OR NEVER, SPYRO!” Cyra screamed as she was pushed to the limit.

“RIGHT!” Spyro called back from behind Raku.

“What!?” Raku yelled and as Raku let go off the beam and wheeled around to the source of Spyro’s voice, it happened. As soon as he turned around, Spyro suddenly leapt up and struck his sword right into Raku’s chest.

“WHAT!? NO! THE SWORD!!” Raku yelled, with Spyro’s sword stuck in his chest, GRAAAAH! NO! I WON’T BE TRAPPED A SECOND TIME! NO! HAVE MERCY!!!”

“MERCY!?” Spyro yelled with spite, “You dare to ask me for mercy? NOT A CHANCE! WHAT ABOUT MY PARENTS AND CYRA’S!? HUH!?” Spyro yelled as he dug the sword deeper into Raku’s chest

“GrraaAAAAH!” Raku cringed under the pain

“I’ll never forgive you for what you did to my parents that night and for what you did to Cyra...!” Spyro growled, “And I’m gonna GET RID OF EVERY SINGLE, STINKING PARTICLE OF YOU AND YOUR LOT ONCE AND FOR ALL!” Spyro yelled. Spyro then with, the sword still firmly stuck in Raku’s chest, somehow knew what to do as his paw the move up the handle, over the golden Dragon head and squeezed so that the Dragon’s jaw shut. It was then that Raku’s body started to change.

“NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?” Raku yelled, trying to get away from the sword, but it was too late. As Raku tried to trash Spyro off him, his body started to change consistency and mould out of place. “NO! NO! I WON’T LET THIS HAPPEN AGAIN!!!” Raku roared, as his body started turn into a blob of black mass. Raku was now just basically a giant mass of black, evil energy and was now beginning to deplete in size as Raku’s energy began to be absorbed by the sword. Spyro was now more or less standing on Raku’s energy, whilst keeping the Golden Dragon’s jaw shut on his sword. Raku’s energy was depleting more and more as the sword continued to absorb him. Raku’s energy was now even smaller than Spyro.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...!” Raku yelled frantically. And then, his energy was finally completely absorbed into the sword. Spyro then let go of the golden Dragon head and the jaw opened. He did it. Raku was finally resealed inside the sword of Daiakaryuu and he was no more.

18 - The Promise

Chapter Eighteen: The Promise

Raku was finally gone for good. Still suspended in the air and with the force of gravity acting on him, Spyro then started falling towards the ground. Spyro, however, managed to save himself as he caught the air with his wings and glided down beside Cyra, who was sitting, panting with exhaustion on the ground.

As the scene unravelled before their very eyes, the crowd of spectators burst with cheering.

“Oh! My God! They did it! Raku’s finally gone for good! Hee! Hee! Hee!” screamed a female dragon who then kissed another male Dragon.

“MhHH! Freya! What the heck?!” spluttered the Dragon. Spyro then walked up to Cyra, she then weakly looked up into Spyro’s eyes and a beaming grin crept up on her face and she then hugged him.

“Oh! Spyro...you did it!” she cheered with a laugh of joy

“No. We did it.” Spyro replied. She and Spyro then shared a warm smile and they embraced.

“Oh. Spyro... I love you so much.” Cyra said

“I love you too.” Spyro replied. Spyro and Cyra then came out of the hug and looked deep into each other’s eyes. As Spyro stroked Cyra’s cheek gently with his claw, they shared a warm smile and they then bent forwards and shared a long, passionate kiss. Spyro and Cyra then stood up, Cyra, however, limped badly on her left leg as her shoulder wound still stung away.

“Ach! Ma leg’s still...” Cyra winced under her sore leg

“Here, let me help.” Spyro replied. Spyro then came up to Cyra’s left side and let Cyra use his shoulder as a support.

“Thanks” Cyra replied with a smile. As Spyro and Cyra shared a warm smile, something then caught her eye. Cyra noticed that the sword still hung suspended in the air and that started to glow as a blue aura wrapped around it. Then the four elemental darkness orbs started to fly out of the hollows on its cross-bar, one by one. The Darkness orbs then suddenly stopped suspended in the air and started to float down towards Cyra as the sword fell to the ground.

“The Darkness orbs...” Cyra said when the darkness orbs were more or less floating in front of Cyra. Cyra then raised her paw slightly and four, small beams of energy shot out her index and the orbs shattered into many little purple shards. “Now he can never come back.”

Spyro and Cyra then looked back at each other and shared another kiss and walked (Or hobbled, rather) across to the cheering crowd of Dragons singing, dancing and making a joyful, well-organised racket.

“Spyro! Cyra!” Yelled a Peace Keeper Dragon from the crowd, it was Trondo again, “Oh! My God (No pun intended)! That was so flippin’ awesome! Man! That was like so cool how you did that big huge beamy thingy and then you like did that swordy thing! I mean...Aaaaaaaah!! I think my brain’s gonna pop!!” Trondo cheered

“I think his brain all ready has popped...” Spyro muttered in Cyra’s ear. Cyra then snorted with laughter

“Aye an’ the rest...” Cyra added and both Spyro and Cyra then burst out laughing. As Spyro and Cyra laughed and chatted with the other Dragon’s, something then happened. As Cyra was talking to another Artisan, the cheering and excitable chatter then began quieten and become more muffled and an airy, male voice then called in her head.

“Cyra...Goddess of Alafrenor...the gate of light awaits...” called the voice

“What?” Cyra questioned the voice but the voice didn’t answer and the chatter and cheerful atmosphere came back to the normal volume, “Gate of light...?” Cyra questioned herself, then it hit her “Zeikora’s Seal!” Cyra yelled. Cyra then limped away from Spyro slightly but here leg prevented her from going very far, Spyro then saw this and supported her again.

“Hey Cyra, what’s up?” Spyro asked

“Spyro, I need you to take me over there” Cyra said as she pointed in the direction of an open area of sand.

“Ok...why?” Spyro asked

“You’ll see...” Cyra replied

Spyro and Cyra then walked over to the open area Cyra pointed out, it was then that Cyra felt a hard surface underneath the dry sand.

“Spyro, you feel that?” Cyra asked

“Yeah...it’s like there’s something underneath...what is it?” Spyro asked

“You’ll see...stand back.” Cyra told Spyro. Spyro then did what he was told and stepped back a couple of feet

“Reveal to me the Seal of grandest deity and creator of these worlds, Zeikora!” Cyra yelled and as soon as she did so, the sand then began to move. A large, disk-shaped, marble structure then slowly poked through the sand and when the marble structure stopped moving, everyone just looked at Cyra in both awe and confusion.

“Cyra...what in the...?!” Spyro started, both confused and awed

“This...is Zeikora’s Seal.” Cyra answered Spyro’s expression

“You mean that’s the gate thing that takes you to Alafrenor?” Spyro asked.

“Yes...” Cyra said, and as she moved towards the Seal, her left leg began to play up again, “Damn leg...” Cyra winced.

“Here...” Spyro said as he supported her again.

“Thanks, now I need to in the middle of the seal...” Cyra replied

“Ok” Spyro replied back. Spyro and Cyra then walked over, stepped onto the seal and then walked over to a large dragon, carved onto the marble.

“Open Alafrenor, the gate of light unto me!” Cyra spoke in a very clear voice and as so as she spoke, the runes on the circular marble floor around then started to glow. Rays of white light then suddenly shot up from the many runes, etched on the seal around them. The light’s rays then wrapped around them and blocked everything from view. As the light intensified, so that they had to shield their eyes, the gasps and chatter from the crowd of Dragon’s began to disappear and now the only thing they could hear was their breathing and the shimmering of the mystical light around them. Then after what seemed like an eternity, the light around them began to dim. The light around them then began to unwind and split into separate rays of light and finally the light had fully dimmed.

“Spyro...” Cyra said limping with Spyro off the seal, “Welcome to Alafrenor.” Cyra added and what Spyro saw next just made him gasp with sheer awe...

All around them was a wide open area with walls of towering, white, puffy clouds and five large, pure-white, marble castles with elegant architecture; four on a distant island and one exceptionally large one on an island just behind them, all linked to the main island that Spyro and Cyra were on by five elegant, beautifully-crafted bridges . In front of them was a large, spacious, pool of crystal-clear, blue water, which reflected the beautiful, orange, setting sky. The whole area seemed to have a mystical, white, misty aura around it, which added to its beauty. No words could express what Spyro just saw.

“So, Spyro. What do you think?” Cyra asked, grinning at his stunned silence as he just stood there with his jaw ajar, trying to take everything in.

“Cyra...” Spyro started, “T-this...this is...this is just incredible!” Spyro stammered as he was just overwhelmed by everything around him. As Spyro stared at his surroundings in awe, three large shadows then befell upon them and as they looked behind them, they saw three large Dragons standing behind them. One had red scales, gold markings around his amber eyes, face and body; one had yellow scales with blue marking around his brown eyes, face and body and one Dragoness had green scales with lighter green marking around her hazel eyes, face and body.

“Cyra, welcome to Alafrenor. I see you have bared my wife’s light essence well and that you have also brought a companion with you?” spoke the red Dragon

“Yes, this is Spyro, descendant of Goddess Zephra. Spyro, this is God Fyrenz, God Electrador and Goddess Terranna.” Cyra replied

“Ah! Greetings, young Spyro.” Greeted God Fyrenz

“Oh! Um...pleased to meet you.” Spyro replied, who was in complete awe.

‘This is just crazy! Two months ago, I was just chasing sheep about the place and now I’m in Alafrenor, talking to the Dragon Gods!!!’ Spyro thought to himself

“Cyra...mind if I go and faint?” Spyro said and Cyra just laughed. Then as they shared a smile another shadow befell upon them, they then turned to see who it was and saw another red, younger-looking Dragon with Golden markings around his light-blue eyes (Which were exactly like Cyra’s), face and body.

“Ah! Rekuma. You got here just in time. I think Cyra and her companion may need your assistance on those wounds of theirs.” Fyrenz spoke to the Dragon

“Right away, Father!” Rekuma replied. Rekuma then walked over and sat down in front of Spyro and Cyra, he then placed his left paw over Cyra and his right paw over Spyro. As soon as he did this, he then closed his eyes and began to concentrate and white energy began to flow from his body, down his arms and out his paws to Spyro and Cyra. Immediately, the white energy wrapped around them and their wounds began to slowly close up and Cyra began to fill up with rejuvenating, warm energy. Then soon after, energy stopped flowing from Rekuma and he took his paws away from Spyro and Cyra and feeling renewed, they stood up, feeling the warm energy flow through their bodies.

“Wow! Thanks!” Spyro said as he walked around feeling his rejuvenated body

“You’re welcome and Cyra, I’m afraid I was unable to recover some of your lost energy...my apologies.” Rekuma replied

“Oh. That’s ok. No need to worry about it.” Cyra replied; Rekuma, however, looked slightly unsure...

As Spyro stretched his rejuvenated bones, he then felt a presence and then two shadows befell upon him from behind.

“Spyro...?” a male voice called from behind. Spyro then turned around and he then gasped as he saw a large, bipedal, male Dragon, purple in colour with a dark purple crest and brown eyes.

“D-Dad...?” Spyro gasped as he just could not believe what he was seeing, as his long dead Father was just standing there, right before his very eyes.

“Sarek, what’s wrong, dear?” asked a female, quadruped Dragoness, with light blue scales, yellow crest and navy blue eyes, who came up behind his Father and when she saw Spyro she clasped her paws to her mouth with a gasp of surprise “Spyro...!” she gasped

“Mum...? Dad...?” Spyro said, as he started to realise just how much he missed them. Tears then started to fill up in his eyes and his breathing started shudder. As his emotions finally got the better of him, with not seeing his parents for ten whole years, he then started running towards them.

“Mum! Dad!” Spyro yelled, as he ran towards them, hoping that this was not just some cruel hoax but it

was true. He then ran right into his Mother and Father's arms who he had not seen for ten years.

"Mum! Dad! Oh! God...! I missed you so much...!" Spyro sobbed as tears started flowing down his cheeks as his long dead parents hugged and caressed him. As his mother's scent flowed into his nostrils, so many wonderful memories came flooding back...

"Hush. Hush now... it's ok, my son...we're here..." soothed his mother, as she kissed Spyro's forehead, who was sobbing over her shoulder. The scene was just so full of emotion as both Spyro's long dead parents, hugged, kissed and caressed him.

"Oh. My boy...my son..." sobbed his Father hugged his Son

Cyra too began to fill up with tears as she watched the sad yet happy scene of Spyro and his parents unravel before her eyes.

"Oh! God...! He's setting me of too..." Cyra said as a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Don't worry you're not the only one..." said Terranna, with a sniff as she watched the happy/sad scene.

"Wait..." Cyra said, "A-are my parents here too, if Spyro's made it, I mean?" Cyra asked in a desperate way

"I-I'm afraid since that their spirits died deep within the darkness of Raku's fortress...they were trapped and were not able to enter Alafrenor..." Fyrenz explained, sadly

"Oh..." Cyra replied, feeling slightly let down. She then looked away from the scene sadly. She wished she could have seen her parents at least once...

About twenty minutes later, Spyro, after his emotional reunion with his parents, is seen standing at a railing, lining the large island they were on, looking out at the large lake of water over on the other island. Cyra then came up and joined him.

"Hey, Spyro. You all right?" Cyra asked, as she placed her right paw on his left paw.

"Oh. Hey, Cyra... Yeah...I'm all right..." Spyro replied. Spyro and Cyra then both gazed out into the setting sun, letting their minds wander.

"Cyra..." Spyro started

"Hm?" Cyra replied

"I just want to say...thanks..." Spyro said, as he turned around to face Cyra "Really Cyra, thank you so much for this. I...really appreciated it..." Spyro added. Cyra then looked into Spyro's dewy eyes and saw the honesty and genuine appreciation. She then smiled, squeezed his paw and came closer to him. Their bodies then touch and they wrapped their arms around each other into a hug.

As the two Dragon's hugged into each other, while the sunset, Fyrenz walks over to Rekuma who just flew over from the nearest island with the largest, white, marble castle.

“Rekuma, is it ready yet?” Called Fyrenz

“Almost...” Rekuma replied, “You do know that she will not be able to survive...” Rekuma added

“I know...but we don’t have a choice, she has to follow her promise.” Fyrenz replied. Rekuma nodded and sighed sadly as he saw the two Dragons cuddled into each other. He then flew off back to the island.

As she rested her head on his shoulder and he nuzzled her forehead with his snout, whilst watching the sunset, they felt as though all their troubles with Raku had just washed away. She then raised her head off Spyro’s shoulder, let her lips follow Spyro’s warm breath and lock onto his. It seemed like ages passed when they last shared a proper kiss like this and they savoured the moment... Five minutes later, as Spyro and Cyra shared another passionate kiss, a shadow befell upon them. Cyra came out of the kiss and turned around to find Rekuma standing behind them.

“Cyra, apologies for the interruption but the Altar of Alafrenor is ready for use and must be seen to at once...” Rekuma said with hint of anxiety

“Altar?” Cyra questioned him but then it hit her, “Goddess Cyra’s promise...” Cyra said as another memory flickered across her mind

“Yes...I’m afraid it cannot be postponed for much longer as there is still a lot of darkness shrouding the Dragon Worlds from Raku’s period of reign...” Rekuma said with a hint of sadness

“I see...and with quite a lot of my energy still unrecovered...” Cyra started

“Yes...although you’ll have enough to drive the darkness away...there’s really no chance that you’ll...” Rekuma replied. Cyra then nodded grimly and walked off and glided down towards the nearest and largest castle.

“Wait...what was that about an altar?” Spyro asked

“I-it’s a special altar that we use as a last resort to drive back or neutralise evil and to recreate destroyed worlds or rebuild broken lives. We can’t rejuvenate a being after a certain time though...” Rekuma explained

“Oh. So it’s like Cyra’s healing power except on a massive scale?” Spyro asked

“Yes...however, this act is very demanding on input of light essence and normally requires the being to be in peak condition...” Rekuma replied

“Oh...” Spyro said, but then he remembered what he said about not being able to recover some of Cyra’s lost energy. He looked up at Rekuma, who looked slightly saddened. A horrible thought then flickered into his mind, “She is going to be ok, isn’t she...?” Spyro asked but Rekuma remained silent, “Please tell me she’s gonna be ok?” Spyro bade desperately.

“She will have enough light essence for the given task, but I’m afraid that because a lot of her light essence remained uncovered... she will not have enough left for her own use and...She will die...”
Rekuma explained sadly

Spyro’s eyes then widened. Spyro then began to back away from Rekuma, towards the castle, shaking his head in disbelief of what he just heard.

“No...” Spyro said quietly,

“I’m sorry but it...” Rekuma started

“No!” Spyro butted, “I can’t...I won’t let her...!”

“Look, Spyro! I’m sorry but it has to be done, my Mother made a promise two-thousand years...”
Rekuma said

“NO!” Spyro yelled, “I won’t let this happen!” Spyro then started to run towards the castle, building up speed as he went

“Spyro! No! Wait!” Rekuma yelled after him but Spyro had only one thing set on his mind and that was to save his only loved one from certain death.

Cyra stood in a hallway of pure-white, marble walls, with six stained-glass windows (Each bearing one of the six deities of Zeikora), three either side of the hall and in the middle of the hall, was a large, raised marble tablet. Cyra then got on top of the structure which had lots of complicated runes etched on its surface, surrounding a large, circular pool of shallow water and she gave a shuddering sigh as her memories of her times with Spyro played around her head non-stop. Cyra was, however, forced out of her thoughts as the double doors flew open and slammed off the walls

“Cyra!” Called a familiar voice, Cyra then reluctantly turned around and saw Spyro running up to her, with his claws clicking on the marble floor. He then got onto the tablet in front of Cyra and their eyes met.
“Cyra...please don’t do this...” Spyro pleaded her with a slight sob

“I’m sorry, Spyro...I have to...” Cyra replied

“But Cyra, this just isn’t fair. You just don’t have a say in what you want in your life. You’ve always had to go by what other people tell you to do. Instead you have to let them take your life away, literally”
Spyro replied back

“Spyro...you just don’t understand. I can’t turn this down because two-thousand-years ago, just before Goddess Cyra died, she made a promise that, with the darkness that she predicted that will return, she’ll use her powers to drive back the evil and rebuild lost lives with this altar even if it meant death and when a God or Goddess turns down a promise like that, he or she’ll will die anyway.” Cyra explained

“But Cyra...” Spyro started and he went deep into thought. A thought then occurred to him. “Cyra...”
Spyro started, again, “Do you have to do the whole thing on your own?” Spyro asked

“Well, I’m the only one that can use the altar, so...” Cyra replied, she added

“Oh...but what if you were to do it with someone?” Spyro asked

“Well, that would be a big help but the thing is, the other gods have to put their energy into keeping the rift between the living world and Alafrenor open so I can purify it, so they wouldn’t be able to help me” Cyra asked

“Ok...what if someone else was to lend their energy to you, just enough so that both are able to survive...” Spyro replied. Cyra then looked into Spyro’s eyes and she had a good idea what he had in mind

“What do you have in mind...?” Cyra asked

“Well, I was thinking that maybe you and I could do the thing together where you can borrow my energy as well as your own. I mean, if we both do it then there may be a chance that we’ll both survive...” Spyro replied

“I-I don’t know...” Cyra said, “It’s too risky...” Cyra hesitated

“C’mon Cyra if we do this together then there may be a good chance that we’ll both make it...” Spyro replied

“But Spyro...what if this doesn’t work out...what if one of us or we both die...” Cyra hinted

“But what if we do make it?” Spyro replied. Cyra then looked away; still unsure about Spyro’s plan.

“But Spyro...you’ve all ready died for me...I can’t just let you die again...” Cyra replied back

“Look, Cyra. If you do this alone, then you’ll die for certain but if we do this together then there’s a chance that we’ll both make it. It’s risky, yeah, but it’s an opportunity we can’t miss and besides I made a promise I’d never leave you and I’m not about to break it anytime soon.” Spyro said. Spyro then got closer to her and their eyes met once more, “C’mon Cyra...I want to do this with you...” Spyro added as he stroked her forelegs. Cyra then sort of half smiled

“God! You’re so stubborn...” Cyra sighed. Spyro then sort of chuckled

“So...are we gonna do this...” Spyro asked

“Yeah...ok...” Cyra answered, but then just as Cyra began to move into the shallow pool of water with Spyro, the door swung open

“No! Spyro! Wait! What are you doing!?” Yelled a male voice from outside. When Spyro and Cyra looked to see who it was, they saw it was Rekuma.

“Rekuma, it’s all right...” Cyra called back to him, “Spyro’s going to help by offering some his energy to me during the purification.” Cyra explained

“But you are aware of the risk that you both may die from this, are you not?” Rekuma hinted

“Yes...I’ve mention the risks but Spyro still insisted.” Cyra replied.

“Look...Spyro...you don’t have to do this...if you both die of this then you’ll just die in vain...” Rekuma said

“No I won’t.” Spyro replied, “I’d die knowing that I helped her...I promised I’d never leave her and there’s no way I’m gonna break it now!” Spyro added. Rekuma then looked at the young Dragon, full of respect for him for he had never seen this much devotion in anyone before.

“Very well, I will inform the other gods to open the rift to the world of the living...best of luck to the both of you.” He replied, “And Spyro, whenever it comes to your passing, Alafrenor’s gates will always welcome you.” Rekuma added. It was then that Spyro’s parents came running up from behind Rekuma.

“Spyro!” called his Father, “Please! Think about what you are doing!” he cried as they came up to the tablet where Spyro and Cyra were.

“I have thought about it and I’m going through with it” Spyro replied

“But Spyro, you needn’t put yourself under a very risky procedure! You may be putting yourself into another early grave!” Sarek replied

“But I want to do this!” Spyro yelled in frustration, “Please, Dad...!” Spyro added

“But Son...” Sarek started

“Now Sarek...I know you don’t like the idea of Spyro risking so much but can’t you see how much he cares about her?” Sira said, “He loves her and if he doesn’t go through with it then he’ll have to live with the scars for the rest of his life.” Sira added

“Y-you’re right...” Sarek added quietly, he then turned back to his Son, “Ok...Spyro...you just do what you need to do...” Sarek said, “And Spyro...I want you to know that I’m very proud of you, my Son...” he added

“Thanks...” Spyro replied as he hugged his parents for what could be for the very last time. It was then after their final farewells, that his parents and Rekuma walked out of the castle and the door slammed shut. Spyro then turned back to Cyra and their eyes met; it was time...