

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING ABOUT *OMEGA DRAGON*

Similar to Merlin's final riddle, we know an author's true talent by the conclusion of the story he writes. Mr. Davis's thrilling saga has come to an end. *Omega Dragon* marks the last of a 12-book story that has captivated fans for the past 10 years. Dragons in our Midst, Oracles of Fire, and Children of the Bard have blessed more people than Bryan will ever know. In *Omega Dragon*, Bryan's ensemble cast of characters comes together for one final epic conclusion. A mysterious and captivating beginning grabs the reader till the last tear-stained page. Mr. Davis, congratulations, you have made your mark on the fantasy genre. Bryan Davis is one of the greats. When someone says C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien, I say Bryan Davis. *Omega Dragon* is one of your finest works. Congratulations on creating a classic.

Alex Randazzo, Director and Actor of *Raising Dragons*,
a fan-made movie (Age 17)

Bryan Davis has concluded ten years of heart-pounding adventure with one fantastic novel!! Just when you thought our heroes had experienced it all, *Omega Dragon* unleashes one more faith-wrenching battle that drives them on a path of courage and sacrifice once again! But which of our heroes will end up sacrificing their all, even to the point of death? *Omega Dragon* is full of unexpected twists and turns, yet ends in a way that will leave you brimming with satisfaction! Bryan Davis has truly touched my heart throughout these three extraordinary series, and I am forever thankful for the ride he has bestowed on us all!

Ariel Johnson (Age 23)

Bryan Davis's writing never ceases to amaze me. *Omega Dragon* is no exception. This book took me on an emotional roller coaster, as his books always do. The relationships within the story are so complex, and I, as a reader, loved watching them develop and continue to grow. The journeys that the characters of *Omega Dragon* go on are very intense and keep you wanting more. The way this book ends the series was better than I could have hoped for. It does a beautiful job wrapping it up and even puts a bow on top. I loved this book, and I know you will too.

Megan Soucie (Age 13)

Trust. If I had to sum up the entire Dragons in our Midst story in one word I would say trust. Trust in God, trust in crazy statements, dragons, friends, family. It all required trust. Maybe that's what immersed me in this series. It conveyed trust that seemed supernatural, because a lot of times it was. However, it was also extremely human. In addition, Bryan Davis weaves a tale brand new in *Omega Dragon*. This book will have you grinning on one page, leave you in tears on the next, and cracking a joke in the first sentence of the following. Packed with action, humor, scripture, and amazing character development, *Omega Dragon* is truly a masterpiece and a fitting end to this fantastic series.

Josh Ryner (Age 15)

"We hope that what we have done will spark faith, hope, courage, and love in their hearts." A tale of faith, sacrifice and love, *Omega Dragon* is the spectacular conclusion to a world I have been blessed to be a part of for 10 years! Mr. Davis has once again captivated me with inspirational characters that display what it means to truly love the Lord and to love others.

Jessica Jones (Age 24)

This is it. Everything ends here. We've all spent countless hours poring over *Dragons in our Midst*, *Oracles of Fire*, and *Children of the Bard* for this final moment. Bryan Davis has built everything up for a spellbinding conclusion. Who will die? Who will live? I can't tell you how many times I cried out to the characters in the book, warning them of their coming challenges. Pardon the cliché, but I honestly had so much trouble putting this book down. This series is brilliant, and I am very satisfied with its closing installment.

Lana Aredhel Williams (Age 20)

All throughout the *Dragons in our Midst*, *Oracles of Fire*, and *Children of the Bard* series, I was taken on a journey of faith, hope, trust, and sacrificial love. I laughed and cried with the characters and even felt their pain. Mr. Davis has written a brilliant story that will not soon be forgotten. *Omega Dragon* is full of action, life, and adventure. It brings this wonderful journey to a conclusion, and I was very satisfied. Mr. Davis tied up all the loose ends quite beautifully. It is by far the best book I have read!

Amelia McClew (Age 16)

The final installment of the *Children of the Bard* series and the *Dragons In Our Midst* saga has climaxed in the most exhilarating book yet! The trials and victories of each character ignite a greater love for the Savior in the hearts of those who read it. This book has encouraged my faith in new ways by the tales of love, courage, sacrifice, humility, and tremendous faith of each beautifully written character. The ending of this story is one you will never forget! Thank you, Mr. Davis!

Emmaline Kempf (Age 22)

Omega Dragon is a great finale to a great series! Full of twists and turns, one moment you're laughing at Walter's sarcastic puns and next you're crying as Matt and Lauren face all manner of danger, both on Earth and in Second Eden. And all throughout the journey, you never forget that the Father of Lights has a plan to save the faithful from Satan.

Alahna Harrison (Age 15)

Thrilling! Jaw-dropping! Beautiful! These are the main words I would use to describe Mr. Davis's book *Omega Dragon*. It shows real truths without sugar coating them, and shows everything as it really is. It shows what can be accomplished with true sacrifice, true courage, and true love. Once this book starts and you have entered its magical performance, it is hard to put down (my family will attest to this). I wholeheartedly recommend that you add this book your reading lists. I also commend Mr. Davis on his wonderful books and the journey they have taken me on.

Micha-el Esslinger (Age 17)

Mr. Davis is a tremendous storyteller who knocks it out of the park in the amazing conclusion to the Children of the Bard series. I was torn between wanting to read to the end of the book and saying good-bye my friends—those characters who really have become like friends to me as we journeyed together over these last several years. My mom said anything that makes me excited to read the Bible and memorize verses is okay by her. Thank you for the cherished memories, Mr. Davis. Write more please!

Ian Primrose-Raines (Age 11)

I have one word: Wow. As someone who has been reading this story since I was 10 years old, I can truly say that this was a perfect

ending to the journey Mr. Davis took us on. This was a finale that was needed, including wonderful character development, story pacing, and vivid images. *Omega Dragon* brought many emotions and ended with hope and curiosity. I can't wait to start my younger sister on these books!

Jessie Morrison (Age 18)

Omega Dragon was an amazing ending to a life-altering story. As this final chapter closes, you can't help but reminisce about past adventures, old friends, and the deep faith that runs throughout the pages. With both tragedy and love around each corner, it couldn't be more perfect.

Benjamin Steward (Age 16)

Mr. Davis has graced the Children of the Bard series with a truly spectacular conclusion that will leave readers content and thankful for the remarkable journey they have experienced.

Matthew Ammerman (Age 15)

From start to finish, I couldn't put the book down. Fiery battles, sacrifice, and a cast of returning characters doubled with plot twists around every corner kept me riveted until the final words.

Logan Farrington (Age 14)

Mr. Davis has done it again! *Omega Dragon* combines characters you know and love, nonstop action, and good vs. evil into one fast-paced adventure! You will stay up late at night reading this. (I did!) I think *Omega Dragon* is the best book in the series, bringing it to a satisfying and exhilarating conclusion. If I could rate this more than five stars, I would!

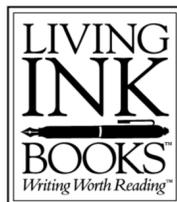
William Monin (Age 13)

Children
of the Bard



Omega Dragon

Bryan Davis



Omega Dragon

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“Behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to render to every man according to what he has done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.” Blessed are those who wash their robes, so that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter by the gates into the city. (Revelation 22:12-14 NASB)





AUTHOR'S NOTE

When *The Bones of Makaidos* came out, I thought the Dragons in our *Midst* story world had come to an end. After eight books, more than a million words, and a final chapter that provided a satisfying end, it seemed appropriate to wrap up the tales. Then a new idea developed, and it birthed a third four-book series that gave life to new characters and ignited fresh adventures. *Children of the Bard* proved to be more than a worthwhile addition.

When you read *Omega Dragon*, you will see that the tale has reached a conclusion. Of course, it is always possible to add more tales, and I might do so in short-story format, but I trust that this is the last novel that will feature Billy, Bonnie, Walter, Ashley, and the rest of gang.

I hope that these twelve novels have been a blessing to you. They certainly have been to me. I thank God for the opportunity to reach so many readers with themes that have touched their hearts in a lasting way.



It would be impossible to thank every person who provided help as these stories came to life, so please accept this blanket message of gratitude to all of you who offered a helpful hand. I would, however, like to single out a couple of people. First, I am thankful for my wife, Susie, who has been a tireless champion of my stories and me as a writer. Without her, I could never have persevered through this long writing journey.

Second, I am grateful for the late Dan Penwell of AMG Publishers who opened the door for these adventures. His foresight allowed many thousands of readers an opportunity to obtain a viewing portal into Heaven's glory.

May God bless each one of you with heavenly vision so that you may perceive the heart of God. Speak the truth, live the truth, and be the truth. Never let the faithless ones change any of those three principles. They are the means by which even the blind will be able to see the Light.





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MERLIN'S ANSWER



I spoke a riddle long ago
Of dragons and their flight.
Are dragons vile or tame? I asked.
Are tricks concealed from sight?

And now at final eventide
I ask to those who've learned,
Did dragons set your hearts afire?
Or did your soul get burned?

The flame's design is not to harm,
To burn, to sear, to scorch;
A lantern shines, a candle glows.
The fire is a torch.

The pages turn; the words seep in.
The flame reveals our fears.
The puzzle pieces interlock
When minds explore frontiers.

We know why heroes charge to war
While cowards flee in haste;
A hero grasps for Heaven's flames
And asks for just a taste.

Then like a flood, infernos blaze;
A hero's heart is born.
He draws his sword, the light of truth,
And night melts into morn.



From tale to tale we felt the flames
Of dragons, girls, and kings.
They burned the chaff; they polished hearts;
They helped us spread our wings.

So reader friends, I tell you how
To solve the riddle's quest.
Entrust your heart to flames of those
Who pass this simple test.

They tear none down; their words uplift;
They set our wings to flight;
They blaze a trail, a holy path.
The shadows flee their light.

The greatest test of all is love
In sacrificial death.
We know a dragon's virtue by
A dragon's dying breath.



**1**

CHAPTER

THE LIFE RESERVOIR

Frozen faces, pale and grim, lay sealed under a sheet of ice—
lost ... forlorn ... without purpose.

Or so they seemed.

Standing at the edge of the reservoir, Merlin kept his stare on the nebulous faces, soulless phantasms that held no thoughts as they drifted in misty swirls under the icy surface. Mindless or not, they were a bit more animated than usual. Perhaps a newly slain martyr had recently infused a surge of energy into this sacred pool.

He pushed the bottom end of his walking staff into the thick ice. Radiance surrounded the smooth acacia wood and rode upward until it reached a candlestone wedged within a triple fork at the top. The candlestone, a crystalline gem about the size of his thumb, absorbed the light, made it spin around its dark core, and sent it out again in a dim yellow beam parallel to the floor.

He eyed the beam—still not white and far from bright enough. Even with the recent martyr's added life energy, the reservoir had



not yet collected a sufficient amount. The energy streams trapped below would need a significant injection as well as a resurrection to stir the frozen cauldron in order to keep the streams active. Until that time, the forlorn faces would have to stay in this frigid crucible. Releasing the energy prematurely would be a tragic waste, and it would be too late to fill the reservoir again since the time to deploy the energy might soon be at hand.

Merlin inhaled stinging cold air and let it out in a stream of white vapor. Troubling. Heartbreaking. More saints would die to bring about life. Yet wasn't that always the case? Without suffering, there is no sacrifice. Without sacrifice, there is no love. Without love, there is no purpose to life.

At the opposite side of the reservoir, a circle of red light glimmered about three feet from the ground. Merlin pulled the staff from the ice. What could it be? No red light existed anywhere else in this unworldly chamber. If only another source of illumination were available, something stronger than the weak radiance emitted by hundreds of glowbats hanging from the rocky ceiling or perched on the waist-high stalagmites that dotted the floor.

He set a foot on the ice. It seemed solid ... so far. As he shifted his weight, a crackling sound rose. He leaned back and lifted his foot. A network of tiny white cracks appeared, as if his boot had imprinted a sparkling spiderweb. Strange. The ice was thick. Perhaps a thin top layer had grown weak.

He gazed at the red light again. Might the weakness in the ice be a sign of trouble on Earth or Second Eden and perhaps the reason for the appearance of the hovering beacon? Being charged with guarding this sanctuary meant that he had to investigate.

He stepped again on the ice. Although the crackling noise returned, it didn't seem as loud as before. He shifted forward and set his other boot ahead of the first. Then, sliding along, he glided



toward the red light. Every move raised more cracks. Below the ice, the misty phantoms congregated. The usual ghostly faces appeared within the swirls as well as appendages brushing at his boots.

Shivering, Merlin slid a bit faster. Although only life energy abided below, the forlorn expressions never failed to raise an extra chill. For some reason, when people died at the hands of evil, death imprinted their faces within the energy, as if the souls inhabited the animated streams. Yet, of course, the souls themselves had moved on to a safe place, free at last from their tormentors.

Ahead, the red light grew clearer—a sphere that floated behind an icy, transparent boundary wall that reflected an image of himself drawing closer, his arms spread and jittery, like a feeble old man walking on a tightrope.

After several minutes, his foot reached the far edge of the frozen pool. Ahead, his reflection appeared to be cradling the red orb at waist level, now looking more egg-shaped than spherical. His face wore a smile, certainly out of place considering the gloom in this frigid chamber.

Merlin raised a hand and touched the wall of ice—cold and clear as crystal. His reflection's hand, however, stayed down. How odd! Surely his squinting examination should etch a deep furrow in his reflection's brow, yet the brow remained slack. Not only that, his hair was too neatly trimmed, and—

He touched his beard, full and scraggily from too many years guarding this chamber, but the man in the reflection was the picture of his freshly shaven self. How could this be?

The reflection's lips moved, and a muffled voice penetrated the curtain. "Merlin, you seem consternated. I assume you are surprised to see me."

Merlin drew his head back. "Charles Hamilton?"



“The very same.” Charles ran a hand across his tunic, a perfect match to Merlin’s, including a belt that slung low at the front of the dark leather material. “An angel suggested that I wear this in order to keep from startling you with the glory of heavenly attire.” He tugged on a pant leg. “The trousers are a bit baggy, but they will do.”

“The angel spoke wisely.” Merlin eyed the red orb in Charles’s hand. It appeared to be an ovulum, but why would he carry it to this realm? “What brings you here, my friend?”

“I bear this ovulum.” Charles lifted it to chest level. “It is a communications device that should be quite useful, but I cannot enter where you are, so I will have to transport it through the barrier. Kindly be ready to catch it.” He pushed the ovulum against the wall. A hole began to form in the ice, though no water dripped. Merlin propped his staff against the wall and set his hands just below the hole. Inch by inch, the ovulum appeared on his side and illuminated the area with red light.

After several seconds, the ovulum popped through, and the hole sealed behind it. Merlin caught the ovulum and ran a thumb across its smooth, glassy surface. A core of red light pulsed deep inside. A bitter wind swirled, forcing him to draw his cloak closer. For a moment, he lost his balance and stepped back to regain it. The ovulum jostled in his grasp. A brighter light seeped out along a jagged crack around the perimeter.

“Are you all right, old chap?” Charles asked.

“Fine. Fine.” Merlin peered at the ovulum closely. This had to be the one that fractured back in the days when Elam and Hannah lived in Scotland and narrowly escaped Devin.

Charles pointed at the ovulum. “With this you will be able to monitor events as they unfold on Earth. We had a recent martyr incident, and prophecies are culminating at a rapid pace, so it will be essential that you stay informed.”



“I thought that might be the case. I noticed an infusion that stirred the pot a bit, but we need a new resurrection to activate the energy further. Or even better, the final surge that will deploy this reservoir to its prophesied use. Then I can finally leave this Siberian cell and go to Heaven. Having this creaking body restored reminded me of how old I am.”

Charles folded his hands at his waist. “Well, I don’t know if the newest martyr will meet that need. The young lady Karen Banner, also known as Lauren, died in order to slay the foul demon Tamiel. She is still dead, but her brother, Charles, also known as Matt, will soon attempt to resurrect her in Abaddon’s Lair. If he succeeds, at the very least, the reservoir will be stirred.”

“Good. Good.” Merlin probed the ovulum’s depths. The red core slowly faded to white, revealing a tiny window. It wouldn’t take long to become accustomed to this viewing screen. “Do you know if these new events signal that my time in this icebox is nearing an end?”

“That depends on how people respond. A flood of evil has reached Earth’s shores, and it seems that it is overwhelming our remnant forces. Yet, we can hope for the best outcome.”

Merlin let his shoulders sag. “The best outcome might be to let the final curtain fall. This generation cries out for judgment to come upon their heads. Perhaps we should rescue our remnant and open the fiery gates of retribution.” He raised and lowered his feet in turn. “Let the grapes be trampled. Let the blood run high.”

Charles cringed. “Well, yes, that is an option that is being considered, but our remnant loved ones are still on Earth. Forces are at work to guide them through the plan you and I discussed before you came here.”

Merlin looked back at the frozen reservoir. “Will our plan really work? Arramos’s strategy is a two-edged sword. If he is allowed to get to the reservoir ...”



“I understand your point all too well.” Charles’s lips thinned out. “A sword can cut deeply and cares not which neck it severs, whether good or evil. My main concern is with those whom I have guided over the years—William, Bonnie, Walter, and their friends and families. For years they have overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles, so they have come to expect victory in every battle and resurrection after death, which can make one take more risks than one ought. They have never experienced the finality of tragedy, of utter failure in the physical realm.”

“I assume by your countenance that such failure is likely.”

Charles looked down briefly, then met Merlin’s gaze again, his voice low and somber. “In order for these final days to bring forth the necessary fruit, God has removed the usual protections from his remnant.”

Merlin stroked his beard. “To put it succinctly, precious blood will spill, and resurrections to Earth will soon come to an end. Members of our remnant will die.”

“True on all counts.” Charles heaved a sigh. “Pray for their perseverance. Nothing will be more important than for William, Bonnie, and their loved ones to sustain their faith.”

“To be sure.” Merlin again caressed the ovulum. Its warm glow soothed his frigid fingers. “May God guide them all.”

“Indeed.” Charles clapped his hands as if to elevate the mood. “In any case, we expect that someone will soon make an attempt to join you there as a helper to release the energy.”

Merlin straightened. “Excellent. Who is this person who has the wisdom to navigate Jade’s puzzling path?”

“My sources are limited. I suspected that perhaps Joran and Selah would come, but then I saw them in Heaven and learned that their tasks on Earth have been completed, so that idea was dashed. I then heard that someone might come from Abaddon’s Lair. We just have to hope for a quick learner.”



“Ah! A dead person.” Merlin shook his head. “With no physical body, how will he be able to accomplish the task?”

“Or she, perhaps. As you know, Heaven holds countless female warriors.” Charles laid a hand over his heart. “Whether male or female, a resurrected person usually has bold faith and a sense of purpose.”

“I wouldn’t know from personal experience. The restored body I have now is not a truly resurrected one. I was supposed to go to Heaven with my wife, but when we faced the gates of Heaven, my wife entered, and I was turned away. Apparently I am not dead enough to qualify.”

Charles laughed. “Merlin, even if you were dead enough to enter Heaven, you would have volunteered for this quest. You are too much of an adventurer to miss the opportunity.”

Merlin allowed himself a smile. “Perhaps you’re right. I’ve done something as insane as this before.”

“Indeed. Your days in the candlestone numbered many more than those you have spent in this chamber.”

Merlin glanced at one of the glowing bats hanging from the ceiling. “And the lighting is better here, though the food leaves much to be desired. Have you ever tasted a glowbat?”

“That is one delicacy that I have missed, thankfully.” As Charles backed away, his body faded. “It is time for me to go. I don’t know when your potential helper will try to solve Jade’s puzzle, but I pray that it will be soon.”

Merlin waved a hand. “Farewell, my friend. It seems that a full reunion is nearly at hand.”

Charles disappeared, replaced by Merlin’s real reflection. As expected, his hair had grown wild, and his beard was a matted mess. Such was one of the drawbacks of still being alive.

Cradling the ovulum, he retrieved his staff and slid his foot over the ice again. In the distance, a wavering light pierced the



dimness, drawing closer. He squinted at the tiny glow. It appeared to be a bobbing flame, as if someone walked with a candle in hand, the flickering wick disturbed by the constant frigid breezes. Perhaps the ally from Abaddon's Lair had already arrived.

Merlin hurried his pace, keeping his stare on the approaching light. If he could reach the opposite shore in time, this helper wouldn't have to risk the danger of traveling over the slippery surface.

When he arrived at the edge, he halted. A glowbat took shape in the approaching light, flying in a haphazard line.

Merlin sat on the frozen floor and sighed. It was all right. He could wait. As Charles had indicated, his time in this place had been a blink of an eye compared to the centuries in the candlestone. And the glorious events that would take place once the helper arrived to release the energy in the reservoir ... Ah! That would be worth the wait.

8



Arramos flew through a gap in the cocoon covering the church, then through a hole in the roof. After slowing his speed by orbiting the dim sanctuary, he landed on the stage at the front. Everything stood where it had been before—the pulpit, the piano, the clothing still strewn down the center aisle, and the pews, though the padded seats were now empty of the congregants who recently pledged their loyalty to him.

Arramos let out a throaty chuckle. Such a fitting monument to the fools' willingness to shed their trappings and reveal their dark hearts. By this time, every soul knew what reward their choices had earned, and they likely wept in darkness and gnashed their teeth without hope of rescue.

He extended his neck and searched the vaulted ceiling. "Vacule, are you here?"

“In the corner, Excellency.” The huge spider skittered along a beam and lowered himself by a silk thread. When he descended to a level even with Arramos’s snout, he blinked his humanoid eyes, his body the size of a grapefruit. “Has the time come to execute the plan?”

Arramos snorted a blast of hot breath, making the spider sway. “Is the trap in place?”

“Yes. It took a lot of doing, but our agents penetrated Jade’s first barrier and planted the device. They were unable to pass to the second or third realm, so we will have to count on our Trojan Horse, if you will.”

“That is an apt label. Tamiel was wise to make sure the man was removed from the house before the explosion.” Arramos tried to focus on Vacule, but one eye kept wandering to the side, making the spider’s humanlike face split into two. Arramos blinked to force the eye back to center. “I have taken care of penetrating the second realm, but the barrier to the third is impossible to breach. Yet, based on our enemy’s previous actions, I think the plan will work.”

Vacule squinted. “Are you in pain, Excellency? Is something wrong with your eye?”

“That wench, Darcy, shot me, and a pellet lodged in my eye. It has since come out, but the damage has not healed.”

“Then you are vulnerable. What of your plan to strengthen your body? Did it fail?”

“My scales have been fortified and coated with the protective agent, so I am practically invulnerable, but I lack the ability to protect my eyes. They have no scales to toughen.”

“Even with this handicap, I am confident that you will carry out your plan with stunning brilliance.”

“I hope so. The vermin I bribed into service are a stupid lot. Their anger will make them anxious to kill, which is helpful to a



point since I need them to slaughter children without flinching, but if they violate my wishes and kill either Sapphira or Bonnie, then all will be lost.”

“Yes. Such curses are deadly.” Vacule drew in some line and rose a few inches to Arramos’s eye level. “Do you consider your portal-entry strategy as the primary plan, or is Tamiel’s plan the primary one? Or should I even refer to it as Tamiel’s since he is no longer with us?”

Arramos growled. “It is still Tamiel’s plan even in his absence. His strategy once again relies on fragile stealth and the actions of our enemies while mine relies on brute strength. Perhaps both plans will work. Since I cannot allow failure, we will pursue both with relentless force. Clefspeare must be destroyed at all costs.”

“One way or another, he will die.” Vacule rose a few more inches. “While you are mustering your forces, I will monitor the progress of my agents and see if I can personally occupy our Trojan Horse. Your idea worked well to send my agents to the first pool.”

“Yes, our attack against Heaven’s portal provided that benefit.”

“How so, Excellency? I was not in your service then, so I am unaware.”

“While the fools defended Heaven, thinking that we actually believed we could win such a battle, we learned more about the substance of the portal and how it can be penetrated. The passage beetle experiment worked wonders, though, of course, the spy who passed into Heaven died immediately since he was not considered holy. The realm of the first pool has no such barriers to our kind.”

“I have one beetle left, so it should be sufficient. I am ready to carry out the plan.”

Arramos shifted his body under Vacule. “Then let us fly. We have no more use for this den of fools.”



Vacule lowered himself to Arramos's back. When he had tied a silky thread around a spine and held on, Arramos vaulted into the air and began another orbit around the sanctuary. He blew a stream of flames at the discarded clothing, then at the pews. Soon, a blazing fire erupted and spread throughout the spacious room.

Arramos lifted through the hole in the ceiling and flew in a circle high above the church. Flames shot into the air and began melting the cocoon. Within seconds, an inferno engulfed the entire structure. The front portico collapsed, the roof caved in, and the building shrank into a fiery heap of rubble.

After a final orbit, Arramos flew away, laughing under his breath. Another conquest complete, another oasis transformed into a mirage. Soon this world would become a spiritual wasteland and Elohim's name a distant memory.



