

“Hah! Gotcha!” Wren snickered as he gracefully landed on the ground.

He looked at his left arm, seeing the green snake he just caught starting to coil around it. The firm grip around the serpent's head caused it to hiss at him, bearing its small but sharp fangs at Wren. He pushed the mouth of the snake shut and brought it up to his own, barely fitting the head inside.

“Oh, shtop schquirming,” he grumbled with his mouth full of snake before biting its head off.

He spit the head out immediately, watching it bounce against a small rock. The grip around his arm loosened as the headless snake thrashed about before it finally went limp in his grip and the three feet long snake was dangling from his hand like a rope.

Nibbling on the snake like a twizzler, he looked up to take in his surroundings.

An old stone archway was before him, completely overtaken by the vegetation. Further in he could see more structures.

Wren walked in amongst the ruins, they seemed very old, but he could imagine the beauty this place once had when it was new. He could see the details in the craftsmanship in the decorations now almost completely withered away.

He snapped his fingers. A cool breeze swirled around his body cooling him off a little, a pleasant feeling as opposed to this hot and humid weather. It was also starting to get dark, though thanks to the dense jungle it looked like it was almost in the middle of the night. Not that it mattered to him, he could see perfectly well in this darkness.

Wren entered one of the few buildings that still had a roof. He held up his hand and summoned a blue orb from it. Throwing the orb down, a bright flash of light covered the entire room, instantly drying the otherwise damp floor up and creating a thin, barely visible barrier over a corner in the room. It was enough for Wren to sit in and be kept dry while finishing his meal.

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“...what was that?” Adron looked up, reacting to the flash of light he just saw in the corner of his eyes. “Thunder maybe?”

There wasn't a single cloud in the sky.

“Scratch that...” he thought to himself. Clearly he wasn't alone in these ruins. He had planned on getting a good night's rest in this terribly humid place, but if there was someone else here, then it would be best to take care of them beforehand.

He adjusted his dark glasses a bit, looking over them as he scanned the area. Swinging his war hammer up on his shoulder, he wiped the sweat off his brow with his hand as steam started rising from his body, drying him up.

“If I have to be stealthy, I might as well be dry... somewhat,” he figured as he set off to find the source of the mysterious light.

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“Hm... maybe I shouldn’t have used all that stuff to help Grey...” Wren pondered while examining what was left of the first-aid kit his sister had given him.

The soft melodies from his music player silenced all noise from the jungle, leaving only room for his own thoughts. Taking another bite from the snake, he carefully closed the lid on the small black box and returned it to his backpack. At the bottom he found the flashlight and batteries that Jesse had handed him.

*“What if you die?! What if you never return?!”*

The words of his friend echoed in his mind as he put the batteries in and turned the flashlight on, lighting up the room he was in.

“I won’t die. And I bet you already slobbered down my pillows too,” he said to himself, a smile on his lips.

Turning the flashlight off, Wren leaned back against the wall continuing to eat as he closed his eyes. He hadn’t slept for a few days, and he was pretty tired. Odd, Wren thought as he normally could go on for months without rest. Probably another effect of this stupid island.

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“Wren! Wake up!”

Wren opened his eyes. Before him in the dark and empty room was Sunnie. She was standing in her trademark yellow short dress, arms folded under her chest. She didn’t look happy at all.

“...This is so a dream,” Wren mumbled as he rubbed his eyes.

“Damn right it is! Because apparently it’s the only way I can see you. You have any idea how long I’ve been waiting for you?” she huffed, placing her hands on her hips.

He frowned. “I’m sorry Sun. I’m doing the best I can, I promise.”

“Well you’re doing a stellar job at it, sleeping!”

Before she could react Wren had gotten up and slammed her up against the wall. Holding a tight grip around her throat he lifted the short girl off the ground bringing her up to his eye-level. Wren snarled in her face. “I killed you once and I can do it again!”

She looked at him with remarkable calm and rolled her eyes. “Oh please Wren... You’re not fooling anyone. You could never do it,” she sighed, her speech unaffected by his hold.

“You’re not even real! I could snap your neck like a twig.”

She lifted her hand, giving his head a light bonk. “Crazy person is crazy. Wren, I was just kidding. I know you’re doing everything you can. But you need to take better care of yourself. Look at you, you’re exhausted.”

He sighed, letting her throat go as he leaned in to her embrace. “I... I’m sorry. I just want to find you so bad.”

“You won’t find anything if you die,” she replied, cupping his face in her gentle hands. “Don’t be so serious about it. I know that you will come for me. I will wait patiently, just like I always have.”

He nodded as he leaned down to kiss her neck, inhaling her scent. “I miss you...” Wren pulled back a bit, looking in to her emerald green eyes that seemed to shimmer in the darkness.

She smiled at him, that warm tender smile that he missed so much. “I miss you too Wren... Remember. Take care of yourself. I’m safe where I am. You don’t have to worry, just concentrate on winning.”

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Wren opened his eyes slowly, with a sigh he concluded he was once again awake.

“Mmh, woke up before the good part,” he mumbled to himself as he let off a heavy sigh, closing his eyes again.

The wall next to him suddenly exploded, rocks and bricks flying across the room and scattered like thrown dice. One of them landed on his music player, which caused the gentle tunes to stop abruptly. Wren’s eyes flung wide open as he glared up at the man on the other side of the now ruined wall.

It took a second or so for the debris to settle. The man before him was pretty tall, dressed in a more ‘modern’ way than his previous opponent. He had spiky, long and unruly hair which Wren wondered if was due to odd taste or bad hygiene. The eyes were hidden behind a dark pair of...sunglasses? Even though it was dark? That was also strange, Wren thought.

Adron looked back down at Wren. He was a little surprised that the man hadn’t moved from his spot even now that the remains of the wall lay scattered around him. He took his hammer again in both hands and swung it with incredible force. Wren swiftly leaped aside, causing the weapon to strike the ground with an ear-deafening thud and kicking up more dust as the shockwave rattled the remaining standing walls.

Wren looked at the snapped headphone wires, and he didn’t look happy. As Adron pulled his war hammer back, Wren saw the sad remains of the device that just recently had calmed his mind with its melodies. “You realize I’m gonna have to kill you for that,” Wren said, looking back at Adron, but got no reply except a snort.

Dragging the huge hammer behind him, Adron swung it in a wide sideways arch at Wren who ducked under it. He quickly pulled himself up and grabbed the weapon with his one right

hand, pulling Adron in closer to him, looking down at him while staring in to his dark eyes. “Introductions perhaps? I would like to know the name of my future victim.”

“Adron,” he replied shortly before shoving Wren backwards, forcing him to let go of his weapon.

Wren jumped to the side. Barely dodging another heavy blow from the hammer he made his way out of the building. He nearly tripped over a few rocks as he turned to face Adron. “I’m, oops... Wren,” he actually almost laughed before rounding the corner and disappearing from view.

Adron adjusted his glasses, his brow furrowed with annoyance. Why did the man laugh? Was this a game to him? Cautiously he went outside, expecting to be jumped at any second. To his surprise, he didn’t see anyone or anything as he stood outside the partly wrecked building.

“Are you coming soon or is that hammer dragging you down?!” a voice was heard from around the next corner.

Adron jumped around the corner, ready to strike down anyone before him. To his surprise though, Wren was standing in the middle of an overgrown square a bit further down the street. He beckoned for Adron to come closer.

Adron moved forward slowly, his senses tensed, looking out for any traps laid by the blonde-ish man before him. Adron’s slow advancement caused Wren to sigh folding his arms across his chest. “Must be related to a fucking sloth...” he mumbled for himself.

Eventually Adron arrived at the small square, stopping a few yards away from Wren. Maybe the trap was here? Why else would he want him to come here? It wouldn’t matter though, Adron thought. He would overcome any obstacle thrown in his way.

“About freakin’ time! Before we start this, I might as well ask; what are you fighting for? What have they taken from you?”

“None of your business,” Adron replied.

“And people tell me that *I’m* the one with bad social skills,” he shook his head, putting his hands on his hips.

Adron squeezed his grip around the war hammer’s shaft tightly, his knuckles turning white. Wren had no visible weapons, didn’t look much like a fighter either. He was casually dressed, not really prepared for battle. There was also the way he acted... he seemed, unusually relaxed. The more reason to be cautious.

“...but he’s not gonna go down by me just staring at him either,” Adron thought as he lunged forward towards Wren, swinging the hammer over his head.

“Oh please! That’s the most obv---“ Wren didn’t have time to finish his sentence as Adron hit him in his left side. He had changed the path of his weapon, mid-swing, but the blow was

still incredibly strong. Wren was sent flying like a ragdoll right across the square and in to one of the ruins. The walls collapsed around him, burying him in debris.

Shocked and a little confused by the blocks of stone over him and the pain on his left side, Wren stared up at the sky, trying to figure out what the hell happened. “M-maybe he’s not as dumb as he looks...?”

He failed to take note of the shadow that quickly descended upon him.

Screaming, Adron slammed his war hammer down with full force right on Wren’s chest.

The rock beneath Wren shattered from the impact and the shockwave sent everything around them in a six yard radius flying. Wren screamed out in pain as Adron stood above him, raising his weapon once again for a second blow.

Wren got his hand out of the rubble and grabbed Adron’s leg. As he touched it though, Adron’s foot ignited, causing Wren to grimace he quickly threw the man away, back across the square.

Coughing up blood, Wren rolled over and slowly stood up. His chest ached terribly; a couple of ribs were definitely broken. Wiping his mouth clean he looked at the blood on his hand. “I can’t... believe he hurt me with a fucking mallet,” he grunted as he turned towards Adron, leaning forward a bit to catch his breath.

At the other side of the square, Adron was back up on his feet. His one leg was hurting a little, probably due to the tug when he was thrown. At least he hadn’t hit any buildings while flying through the air. With a slight limp he moved towards Wren who came running towards him. Adron twirled the war hammer in his grip a few times before releasing a well-aimed blow against his opponent. The hammer grazed Wren’s shoulder as he averted from his path, kicking up dust from the ground as he slid past a surprised Adron who reacted instantly with a rough backhand blow.

By putting his right arm up to shield himself from the blow, Wren managed to parry it. It hurt. He could feel the bone in his forearm give in, but he held his position this time. Wren grabbed a hold of the shaft just under the head and the hammer’s head. His sharp fingernails dug in to the metal, the weapon screeched as the metal buckled and twisted underneath the pressure.

Adron pulled at the hammer with all his might but he couldn’t budge it. Once again, flames engulfed his legs and feet as he put one foot up against Wren’s chest, trying to push him away. Wren growled as the flames burned him. He let go of the now misshaped hammer and Adron flipped backwards, landing a few yards away.

Patting down the fire, Wren looked down at himself. A big unattractive hole in his shirt glared back at him, caused by Adron’s flames.

“What the fuck?!” he yelled. “You ruined my shirt you flame-retarded shit! Do you have any idea what it cost?!”

Adron frowned, looking at his disfigured weapon. Feeling it in his hands, the balance was completely off. It wouldn't be suitable as a weapon anymore. "You ruined my war hammer," he stated matter-of-factly.

"Well what the fuck did you expect?! You attacked me with it!" Wren grunted as he pulled the shirt off his body wrapping the remains over his right fist, his bare chest showed no marks of the flames whatsoever.

"...Touché..." Adron mumbled, adjusting his glasses. "Perhaps now you'll start to take our battle more seriously."

"You are a fucking serious-face, what the hell is wrong with you?" Wren asked, his eyes narrowing as he examined Adron.

"None of your business," Adron replied once again, dropping his war hammer down on the ground with a thud.

A string of profanities escaped Wren's lips followed by a sigh. "Does the humidity bother you?"

Adron stared at Wren. Was this a trick to reveal his weakness? Should he reply to the question asked, or would it be better just to attack?

As he was thinking of what to say, Wren held up his finger to Adron. "One moment please."

Taking a deep breath, Wren held out both hands before him. Two bright blue orbs appeared, one in each hand. Adron took a cautious step back, readying himself for any attack Wren might throw at him. The orbs started growing until they were about the size of basketballs. Then they shot straight up in to the sky and collided with each other. The explosion sent out a bright light that bathed the entire area in its warmth. A harsh wind swept past them, rustling the vegetation, creating miniature dust-devils that cleaned out the entire square. The light dissipated shortly afterwards, returning the surroundings to their normal dusky self. Adron quickly scanned the area, trying not to lose focus of his target. The place was cleaner now, but more astonishingly, the humidity was gone as well. A thin blue shimmering barrier could be seen in the sky.

"Let's kick it up a notch, with an area this large, it won't stay away forever," Wren said with a grin as he crouched down, almost like a cat ready to pounce at his prey.

Adron was a bit confused at first, but quickly regained his composure. With the humidity gone, he would have an easier time fighting. Both his hands and feet lit up with flames as he dashed forward. Skidding over the cobbled stone the flames seemed to propel him forward.

Bearing his fangs with a hiss, Wren sprinted forward dragging his nails down against the ground. Sending sparks flying they screeched against the stoned surface. Stomping off from the ground he cocked back his right fist aiming at his target.

Adron reacted with an upwards roundhouse kick, planting his foot right into Wren's abdomen. His opponent had the advantage in reach and Wren missed his target, the padded fist just touching lightly on the side of Adron's face.

The blow however was enough to knock the dark glasses off Adron. Wren grimaced as the kick was placed in the same place as that harsh hammer-blow earlier. Grabbing a hold of Adron's leg mid-air, Wren flipped over, wrapping his own legs around Adron's body. He received a few kicks in the face before pinning him down properly as they fell down to the ground again.

They crashed down. Adron's body taking most of the impact. Giggling like a little schoolgirl, Wren let go of Adron and moved away from him, waiting for the other man to get up.

"I don't see the fun in this," Adron groaned as he got back up on his feet.

"You have no pulse," Wren smirked, biting his lower lip in an attempt to hide his excitement. "Are you undead? You can't be! You're much too warm."

Adron sighed. He might as well set the man straight. "I have no heart. And I do have a pulse... just a very slight one."

"Really?!" Wren's eyes almost glowed with excitement. He clapped his hands together, laughing out as he waved for Adron to come at him. "That is so cool! You are so much more fun than I anticipated."

Adron quirked a brow, rubbing his eyes a bit as his vision was a little blurry due to the loss of his glasses. "After I subdue you, I have some medicinal herbs that might ease your... insanity."

Throwing off a flurry of blazing kicks and punches, Adron pushed Wren backwards. Wren blocked most of them, receiving a few rough blows to his already battered body.

He failed to notice that Adron had picked up his disfigured weapon.

Adron jumped up on Wren's back. Wrapping his legs around Wren's waist, he put the shaft of the hammer up against the large man's throat. Adron's muscles flexed, wringing the shaft around Wren's neck strangling him as his entire body erupted in flames.

Wren roared like an animal, baring his fangs at the sky feeling his own skin starting to cook. Grabbing hold of Adron's thigh with his left hand he squeezed hard. The feeling of the bone giving in under the pressure sent shivers of delight throughout Wren's body. Jerking his hand forward he actually managed to pull Adron off him. Desperately trying to cling on, Adron left a pair of deep scratch marks along Wren's back.

Undoing his metal collar, Wren glanced down at his singed hair. He smelled like fried pork and burnt hair, something he wasn't happy about at all. Not to mention, the burns hurt like hell.

Adron quickly scrambled to his feet. His left leg was badly broken and his flames had gone out. Panting heavily he almost fell over as he accidentally put too much weight on his broken leg. Looking up, he was met with a solid right fist to the face, blood cascading out in an arch as his nose shattered.

He fell backwards, seeing stars. Adron felt a heavy weight press him down and his vision somewhat returned to him, he saw that Wren had straddled him and was about to give him another punch in the face with his shirt-padded fist. Adron closed his eyes, tensing up as he prepared for the blow.

But the punch never came. Instead he felt Wren grabbing a hold of his lower arms. Adron opened his eyes, staring right in to Wren's. Wren's eyes shimmered in the dusky light, switching from a bright purple to a deep red. A huge grin spread over Wren's face as his grip tightened around his victim's arms.

"Pop, pop," he chuckled as the bones snapped with a wet, sickening sound. Wren squealed in delight at the sound. At the same time, the thin barrier put up around them flickered and disappeared and they were both washed over by a misty rain as the air thickened around them, the place returning to normal.

The pain was excruciating, Adron grit his teeth as he tried focusing on his enemy. The blood on his face started to pool together, forming multiple small and sharp needles pointed at Wren. Wren wasn't late to notice and quickly jammed two of his fingers straight in to Adron's chest, penetrating the ribcage. The shock of the pain caused Adron to scream, losing his concentration and the small needles returned to fluid form.

Wren wedged his legs in under Adron's body, squeezing it together firmly so his new toy wouldn't escape. He could feel Adron still struggling and he was rather impressed by it. Grabbing both of Adron's broken arms he tucked them in under his body as well. He was completely pinned down now. Wren knew the fight was over, but he wasn't done.

Looking down at Adron with a sadistic grin. Wren took a hold of the man's chin as he smelled Adron's blood on his fingers, wrinkling his nose as he did so.

"Your blood smells like shit," he commented. "I wouldn't mind tasting it, but I honestly fear it would make my stomach churn."

"You've won! What else do you want from me?!" Adron lashed out, a bit surprised at the heat in his own voice.

"I'm going to kill you, eventually. To be honest, I do think it's a bit of a waste, seeing what a special creature you are... but, a promise is a promise."

"A promise? Who did you promise?"

Wren smirked as he trailed his fingers down over Adron's chest, poking the two finger-sized wounds he made earlier. "I told you when you smashed my music player that I would have to kill you for it."

"You would kill me for your trinkets? Were you serious?!" Adron was actually shocked.

"I don't break my promises," Wren shrugged as he removed his tattered shirt from his right hand. "You also ruined my shirt that cost six-hundred bucks, little prick. My nail-polish is flaked, my hair is singed and now stinks. You burned my back that would leave fucking

permanent scars on it if I was a normal person. You also broke several of my ribs, and you cracked my right arm. Although I'll give you some kudos for those last ones."

Still fidgeting, Adron tried to find the strength to move to get away, but he just couldn't. The man was too heavy, and the pain surging throughout his entire body was just too much.

"Now... oh, I've been waiting for this!" Wren laughed as he buried his hands right in to Adron's chest. The screams of his victim echoed throughout the jungle as Wren burst the ribcage open revealing his lungs and the empty void that would have been his heart. In place now, was just a mess of veins and arteries.

"You really don't have a heart. That is so cool," Wren mused as he let his fingers caress the still heaving lungs. "I wonder if there are more secrets in this amazing body of yours."

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"What do you think Wren is doing right now?" Gale asked as he was sipping some tea, sitting in the large dining hall of Lucifer's castle.

"Knowing him, he's probably mutilating some poor dude," Jesse yawned. "I'm bored. Gonna go sleep."

"Admit it. You're just sleeping in his bed to piss him off."

Jesse grinned. "Of course I am."

"I bet you even lick his pillows on purpose!"

"Dude! That's disgusting! What do you think of me?"

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It was almost noon as Wren woke up in the midst of the ruins. He yawned loudly and stretched out his body. He hadn't slept this well since he arrived on this island, even though his mattress today just had been coarse cobbled stones. Running his fingers through his hair, he was reminded that most of it had been badly burnt last night. Even though all his injuries had healed and his hair had grown back, the smell of singed hair still lingered in his nostrils.

Wren got up, taking his rag of a shirt with him and walked back to the ruined building Adron had found him in. After gathering his supplies he put the remains of his music player and shirt down on the ground. He held his hand over them both and they slowly started to float upwards, the two objects filling with light repairing themselves. The spell completed and the two objects fell down towards the ground again, though Wren caught the player mid-air. He put his shirt back on, sniffing it a bit before doing so.

"Hm... strawberries," he said with a smile as the scent reminded him of Sunnie.

Remembering the dream he had about her, Wren turned on the music player, putting the ear-pieces in to once again wash his mind clean of depressing thoughts.

As he reached the outskirts of the ruins, he stumbled upon a small camp. A backpack leaning against a fallen pillar caught his interest. Walking over to it, he kneeled down and sniffed it. He recognized the scent of Adron.

“I guess he won’t need this anymore,” Wren thought as he examined the contents.

There wasn’t much, just food and those ‘medicinal herbs’ Adron himself had mentioned. That, and a throwing knife.

“...What kind of idiot has just one throwing knife?” Wren shook his head, as he filled his own backpack with the food and herbs.

He picked the knife up and looked at it. It was pretty ordinary, nothing fancy, but perhaps important to Adron. “...Perhaps I should return it to him. It’s not that far away after all.”

A few minutes later he stood before the newly dug grave that he had made last night. He put the knife down by the completely restored war hammer that was resting against the head of the grave.

“Rest in peace. You were pretty fun after all,” Wren said with a smile before walking off.