

The man stood in the alleyway, leaning against the crumbling brick wall, attempting to catch his breath. He looked to the right of him, and his heart sunk lower than before, if possible. Nothing except a big apartment building and a dumpster. In spite of himself, he couldn't help but smirk. What a stereotypical alleyway, with the dark corridor, dumpster and everything. Unfortunately, unlike the heroic movies and books, he couldn't do a spectacular run and jump over all of the obstacles, escaping from the hands of danger. No, those hands had tired the very last breath out of him, and that fire archer bloke wouldn't do him any good in this situation. The vile shadow, tentacle like arms began to slowly creep around the corner. This was death in its most barbaric form, torture to the highest degree. The color of his vision was beginning to gray, and his last breaths began to puff out of him.

The tentacles were huge now, taking up nearly all of the width of the alleyway. At last, the person behind it came into view. This was the Barron, no doubt about it, with his smile that looked like it was chipped from a block of stone, and hollow eyes, as if there was nothing worthy for him to hold on to in this world. The Barron began to cackle an absurd cackle, a laugh like no other, throwing away the only thread of sanity that the Barron once might've held on to.

Meanwhile, the man's vision had become completely gray, and he found it difficult to process his thoughts. He slowly croaked out the incantation, with whatever tiny bit of might possessed his body.

*"Gryphus Isorpia Kai' Irini! May the evil perish, or thoust words be in vain."*

The man at last let out one mighty wail, and then dropped onto the cold stone ground, with his eyes rolling upward. Then his vision suddenly became extremely clear, and he rose. Yet his soul was with him no more, and his heart and mind were controlled by the Duchess now.