**Chapter Four**

The Head Mistress had already finalised the paperwork for Eric and Azrael’s transfer before they had even confirmed that they were going to Ferris. According to Kaida, once she had passed along the message to the Head Mistress, she just softly smiled and said that everything was already taken care of.

Azrael had had an easy time explaining his transfer to his parents who, for the most part, weren’t annoyed at their child; rather, as it was something that Azrael wanted to do, they accepted it, believing that if it made him happy then it was okay. Eric had spent four hours trying to contact his parents, only to have to leave voice mails on their mobiles. This morning, the morning of their first trip to Ferris, his father had called him and told him that both he and his mother were okay with it as long as Eric was.

Eric hadn’t hesitated to tell them that it was fine for him.

Kaida and Azrael had met Eric at the Ferris train station on the south side of the city just before nine in the morning. Kaida, Azrael and Eric were all dressed in casual clothes, as Ferris academy did not have a uniform code. They believed that it was best to let the students wear what they were comfortable with and, if they could, what they would be wearing when they were fighting. The train pulled into the station and the three friends climbed on. They went into the nearest carriage and sat down, only for Spike, the necromancer who had attacked them, to sitting opposite them. Eric had tried to get up and attack Spike but Kaida had held him down by his hand, telling him that he shouldn’t.

The train to Ferris was blinding.

The shine from the chairs, the windows, the poles and even the floor was blinding. It was made of strong steel that was polished every single day right before the trains opened for the day. They were state of the art, featuring powerful engines that could reach speeds of 450kmph, but they never went that fast. When the train had first been activated, it went so fast that it destroyed the electric generators that powered it. It was completely eco-friendly however.

Eric had never liked trains. They were too loud, too fast and just generally impossible for people to relax on. Azrael didn’t care. He was just lying across two seats, eyes closed, and smirking. Kaida was sat beside Eric, humming quietly to herself and playing with a long strand of her silky hair. Spike was resting on the other side of the carriage; his legs were up on the seats and he was staring out of the window.

“Can I ask why he’s here with us?” Eric questioned.

 Azrael opened one of his eyes. “Didn’t she tell you?”

“He didn’t ask, and I couldn’t be bothered to tell,” Kaida said. She sunk further into her seat and turned her head slightly to face Spike. “Care to explain why you’re here, Dickhead?”

Spike deeply sighed and sat up right. “My boss asked me to look after you guys while you’re here at Ferris,” He explained. “I’m here to make sure that no one attacks you guys and tries to kill you.”

“So, like what you did?” Azrael asked back.

Spike shrugged. “More or less.”

“How long are you going to be here for?”

“Five years, kid.” He yawned, displaying his yellow teeth. “It’ll be fun.”

 “How does this school system even work?” Azrael questioned.

“Well,” Kaida began. She cleared her throat. “Ferris is pretty similar to most schools in the country to be honest. We still have exams and a general education, but we also have specialist lessons where the students are able to master their combat arts. It’s also a boarding school where the students live in their teams in houses in this huge living district.”

“How many students are there anyhow?”

“I’m not sure on the total number myself, but there are sixty four teams in each year that typically have nine members per team.”

“What do you mean by ‘typically’?” Eric asked.

“Some people can go in larger or smaller teams than that,” Kaida replied. “Some people go as lone wolves; others go in teams twice the size. It generally depends on how skilled the members of the team are. If you’re super strong alone, then you probably won’t be teamed up with anyone.”

“What an unusual school,” Eric mumbled.

“That’s not all there is, though.”

“Of course.”

Kaida lightly giggled and continued her explanation. “They teach mech combat and maintenance, arcane arts, sword fighting, archery, staff wielding-“

“Dragoning?” Azrael chipped in.

“Yeah, and some God armour stuff, too.”

“They really do have everything here, huh?”

“Except shops.”

“Huh?” Eric blurted out.

“There aren’t any shops on campus, but there are things like leisure areas,” Kaida said. “We have a pool.”

“You know what would be more useful than a pool in a place surrounded by water? Shops.” Azrael mocked.

The pathetic frown Kaida retaliated with made the boys laugh.

 “You kids are in for a treat,” Spike interjected. He snapped one of his knuckles. “This is the only Guardian training facility in the world, so be grateful that you even got in.”

“Did you go to this school?” Eric inquired.

“Of course, kid. Every mage worth a cent went to this school. Heck, even my master went here. Not that he needed to.”

“Who is your master exactly?”

“Maybe when you’re more powerful, kid, I’ll tell you.”

The train came to a sudden stop and the doors were flown wide open.

*Welcome to Ferris Academy,* The voice on the intercom said. *Please, watch your step and have a nice day.*

Eric, Kaida and Azrael climbed out of the train first, Spike followed shortly behind them, and they saw the breath taking sight that was Ferris Academy.

Great steel structures dotted the landscape, brightly shinning on the rest of the academy, trees hung over the pathways and their flowers dropped sweetly onto the path, creating an enchanting musk. A great lake shimmered before them, birds flew over it and hooked their prey tightly, insects bounded along its surface and woodland creatures sat at its bank to drink.

It truly was a magical place.

Ferris academy sat on a man-made island not too far from the city of Imperial. There were only two ways to get from the mainland to the academy: the bridge and the train. The bridge was limited to Guardian personnel and visitors only; the train for exclusively for students and faculty members.

*It’s so peaceful,* Eric thought, smiling.

Kaida gasped in awe, her smile slowly stretching across her face. “Wow, it’s so pretty. Can we go swimming in that lake? I really want to! It looks so refreshing, doesn’t it?”

“Somewhat,” Azrael mumbled.

“Oh don’t be so miserable.”

“What? I was just-”

“Not properly admiring this place.”

“Jeez, we haven’t been here two minutes and your siding with the lake over me.”

“Eric, don’t you think it looks refreshing?”

“Yeah, it looks great,” Eric said, his voice shaking with excitement. “A place where I can rest in peace without someone like Azrael ruining it.”

“You know I’m going here as well, right?” Azrael asked with a smirk. Eric sighed sadly and trudged off to the school gym. “Not to mention there being a few thousand students as well.”

Kaida hit him. “Don’t be mean.”

“What? I was just telling him how it is,” Azrael protested.

“Kids, you better get to the gym,” Spike said over their shoulders. “The initiation ceremony is about to begin.”

“Where’s that?”

Spike pointed to a white building in the distance. “That building there,” He said. “Good luck, kids. Don’t let those powers go to waste.”

“Aren’t you coming with?” Kaida questioned.

“Hmm, guess I better had, huh girly.”

“My name’s Kaida, you know.”

“I know. I just don’t care.”

She frowned at him as he marched off.

“Try not to kill him,” Azrael whispered, brushing past her shoulder.

They caught up to Eric and they entered the grand gym.

It was massive. There was more than a sufficient amount of space that could fit five thousand people comfortably. The floors and walls were incredibly strong. There were trained instructors in mech suits for the students to test their metal against. Mechs could come in all shapes and sizes, but these ones stood fifteen feet tall, allowing them to tower over the students with ease. Despite the different combat styles that the instructors used, they were all dressed in bulky, mouldy green mech suits that had been altered ever so slightly to fit their fighting styles.

One by one, the students gathered into the designated fighting areas to square off against the instructors with the rest of their year watching. Those who failed were shunned and ashamed of themselves. They still gained entrance, but they had lost something very important to their school life; the respect of their fellow students.

“Next up!” One of the instructors cried. A girl walked up in front of him with her phone in her hand. “And who are you meant to be?”

The girl didn’t reply. She simply swiped her pink hair over her head and kept tapping away at her pink phone, not even venturing a glance up at the instructor. She brushed her free hand down her freshly cleaned white shirt, over the clockwork ornaments decorating her body, and down to her ebony skirt. A stray piece of her long hair fell down across her violet eyes and she quickly pushed it behind her ear.

 “I said; who are you?” The man bellowed.

The girl briefly glanced up from her phone, before quickly returning her gaze to her screen. Angered, the man lashed out and took the phone roughly out of her hands.

“Who are you?” The man yelled once more.

The girl sighed and slowly looked up at the man. “Let me tell you two things,” The girl began. “Firstly, don’t ever think you can take my phone and live.”

The gauntlets on her arms clicked, the gears shifted, and two pistols fell into her hands. The girl raised her arms and fired a series of shots that echoed throughout the room, deafening the ears of many students. The instructor’s mech fell into several pieces. The arms, the legs and the torso all fell away from one another, landing with a terrifying crash onto the ground. The girl twitched her hands and the pistols retreated back into her gauntlets.

“Secondly, I don’t take that kind of attitude from anyone,” She shouted.

She marched over to the destroyed mech suit, forced her phone out of the instructors mech’s bulky fingers, and she huffed, pushing her chest out. She returned to the crowd and those around her slowly began to move away, fearful of her and her power.

“That was-” Eric stumbled.

“Impressive?” Azrael interrupted.

“Amazing.”

“I wonder who can top that show, other than us I mean.”

“The shows only just started, kids,” Spike commented.

A clean-up team moved in, brushing the instructor and his destroyed mech suit to one side, and a new instructor moved forward. A small girl stepped forward and stood ten metres in front of the instructor, both of them inspecting the other. The instructor’s mech suit was identical to the last, except this one had steel plating over its joints. The girl was simply clad in dark leather armour, a black hood swiped over her long, black hair that was tied in pig tails. Her eyes were white, completely devoid of all life and emotion, a scarf sat around her neck and it covered her mouth and the tip of her nose.

“What is your name?” The female instructor elegantly inquired with a flick of her hair.

“Laila,” The girl replied.

“Well, Laila, show me what you’ve got.”

The instructor flexed her mech’s arms and charged, she swung her fist at Laila’s chest and it smashed into the ground, cracking the floor. The instructor lifted her fist off of the broken ground and stared at the ground; Laila wasn’t there. Laila jumped up from behind the instructor and slashed a dagger at the nape of her mech’s neck, slicing through the metal and wiring. The instructor’s mech lunged forward and she lost her balance. Laila landed gracefully behind the instructor, crouched and close to the ground, her eyes watching the instructor like a hawk.

The instructor hissed, spun on her heel and threw her fist at Laila once more. The girl, however, vanished the second that the fist was about to land. Laila appeared beneath the instructor’s legs and she sliced through the knee joints, rendering the mech’s legs useless. Laila then climbed up the instructor’s back and stabbed her deep in her lower back, taking out the mech’s power supply. The instructor’s mech stopped moving and Laila pounced back onto the ground, before curtsying and returning to the crowd.

“Hmm, interesting,” Spike mused.

“What is?” Eric asked.

“You didn’t see it, did you, kid?” Eric shook his head. “That girl is a necromancer.”

“She’s a necromancer?”

“In a way. She used the shadows to move around her opponent and then she struck at the mech’s weak points; she teleported through the shadows to avoid attacks and to launch her own with her dagger.”

“That’s incredible.”

“I’ll say kid. However, I doubt she can do that for very long.”

“How do you figure?”

“Well, doing that sort of magic uses up a lot of spirit energy and stamina. Put simply, she might not have been able to do that anymore times, unless she’s stronger than she looks.”

The female instructor was cleared aside and a male instructor stepped in, adorned in a plain green mech suit and he had a large metal coloured sword in his right hand.

 “Wow, you guys are certainly something, aren’t you?” The instructor mused. “Still, I doubt that any of you will be able to best me.” Someone snorted and the instructor snapped at them. “Who was that?”

“Yo!” A boy cried out. He stepped into the arena and stood proudly in front of the instructor.

Wavy, long brown hair stretched from the top of his head down to the bottom of his spine, a handful of strands of hair were flicked over his emerald eyes. His clothing was rather simplistic, blue jeans and a blue shirt, both of which were torn and stained in places, particularly his jeans. A silver bracelet was wrapped around his left arm, a green gem stone sat on the top centre of it surrounded by an exquisite pattern.

“And who might you be?” The instructor asked.

“Name’s Ajax,” The boy proudly announced. “Learn it; you’ll be hearing it a lot.”

“Hmm, will I now, first year?”

“Oh, sick burns. Anyone got some water? He’ll need it when I’m done with him.”

“And what can you do? Beat me with your stains?”

A few students in the crowd laughed, but they did little to waver Ajax’s confidence.

He raised his left arm and shook the bracelet. “This is all I need,” He taunted; a sly smile spread across his lips.

Ajax threw his hand to his side and a suit of silver armour appeared over his body, leaving not a single inch of his skin visible, a helmet with glowing green eyes sat over his head. The armour was about the same size as Ajax was normally, although it was a bit bigger so that he could fit inside it, and it had been designed to look identical to a Greek hoplite.

“Bring it!” Ajax challenged, beckoning the man towards him.

The instructor ran at Ajax, his sword wound back behind him. He swung it at Ajax’s head but the boy dodge beneath the blade, lowering his knees and dropping his back. Ajax stood up and a spear appeared in his right hand, he thrust it deep into the mech’s arm and it split the metal and wire apart. The instructor cried out and swung his blade back at Ajax. Ajax raised his other arm and a short sword materialised in his hand, blocking the blade and bouncing it back.

Ajax then brought himself closer to the instructor, swiping his blade across his chest and slicing through the armour. He released his grip on his weapons and jumped up into the air, his arm pulled back behind him, and he threw his fist into the mech’s head, crumpling it. The mech twitched in response and then it stopped moving, its arms lowered down to its sides and the instructor yelled out in protest.

Ajax jumped down off of the mech, reclaimed his weapons and transformed out of his mech suit. He smirked, flicking his hair towards the instructor, before proudly strolling off into the crowd.

“I like that kid. He’s got sass,” Spike admired.

“Is that what you look for in people?” Kaida mused. “Their sassiness?”

A group of instructors moved over to their group and Azrael laughed.

“Finally learnt, huh?” Azrael mocked.

“Next!” One of them shouted, a gigantic assault rifle in his hands.

A girl stepped into the arena and shot a sly look at the instructor.

“Hello, I’m Evony!” She chirped, with a wave.

The girl was dressed in very smart attire, a freshly cleaned and ironed white shirt on her chest and a black skirt draped over her legs down to just above her knees. A quiver filled with arrows with all manners of different fletchings contained within it, a red and blue bow was held in her left hand. The girl had short teal hair and light red eyes, a very unusual appearance that Eric had never seen before.

“Well, Evony, shall we begin?” The instructor suggested.

Evony nodded. Her hand went to her quiver and she whipped out an arrow, knocking it against the bow and firing in a few brief moments. The arrow head implanted into the shoulder of the mech and a ball of fire emerged over the entirety of the mech suit, reducing the metal to dust. The instructor, however, was left unscathed. Evony curtsied and her bow collapsed into a smaller size. She placed it in a holster on her lower back, and skipped back into the crowd, smiling gleefully.

“What-What the-?” Azrael stumbled.

“She’s a tech archer,” Spike explained. “She uses various pieces of technology and scientific discovery to increase her own archery skills. What we just saw, is most likely a compound that is easy to spread and that catches fire incredible fast. Not to mention the fact that it went through reinforced steel and not skin. Very sophisticated.”

“Sounds made up to me,” Eric commented.

“And God armours, magic and dragons don’t?” Spike shot back.

 “Next student!” The new instructor ordered.

“How much does this cost them?” Eric pondered.

Azrael shrugged. “Don’t know, don’t care.”

A girl slowly walked into the arena, a black fabric umbrella in her right hand and the beam was resting against her shoulder, only covering her head. She lifted her face up at the instructor and giggled playfully. She was dressed in an outfit that Eric could only describe as a witch’s costume, hat and all, that was completely black, say for a few splashes of purple in some places. Her long locks of ebony hair fell down onto her shoulders, draping down to her breasts, and she had blood red eyes, her skin was as pale as snow. Three black balls of magical energy floated around her hand, circling endlessly around her fingertips.

 “Hoho,” Spike quietly said. “Things really are becoming more and more interesting, aren’t they?”

The girl smirked and the instructor quivered in fear. “What’s wrong?” She innocently asked. “Did the beauty of Kiara Morrigan leave you speechless?”

Kiara Morrigan, the girl dressed up as a witch, was a vampire.

The strengths of vampires greatly varied, however. The strongest were the Ancient vampires, some of the first to have ever walked on the Earth, and the weakest were the Deprived, vampires who had little to no magical power. Vampires had enhanced senses, stamina, and strength, making them deadly opponents; however, their magical powers could only be unlocked and maintained by consuming human blood.

Vampires weren’t destroyed by the sun like most folk tales lead people to believe. In fact, they could walk in the sun, but it was extremely painful for them to do so. Though, if they had a sufficient supply of human blood to drink, then they could lessen the pain so that it was nothing more than an annoyance, and, potentially, remove it entirely. Vampires also had two different forms that they could take: a human form and their true form which was substantially more powerful but it was also harder for them to control their vampirific urges in their real form.

Kiara threw her arm towards the instructor and the three balls of energy flew at him, smashing into his chest piece and caving in his armour. The instructor screamed wildly in pain as two of his ribs, and the mech suit, broke into pieces. He and his suit fell with a mighty crash onto the floor and they both stopped moving.

Kiara giggled, tapping the tip of her hat, before strolling back into the crowd, humming a little song to herself all the while. The defeated instructor was removed and a new one entered the arena.

“So, um, who’s next?” The woman asked.

A small blonde girl walked forward and stood far away from the instructor. The girl was dressed in a short jade dress that was cut off above her elbows and just above her knees. A silver tiara engraved with diamonds sat on top of her head, sapphire like eyes sparkled beneath it. Her skin was decorated in beautifully crafted and woven black tattoos in the shapes of various plants and wildlife.

“I’m-I’m-Elthia. Elthia Soparta,” The girl nervously said.

“Okay Elthia, let’s get started,” The woman replied.

The woman unclenched her hands from fists and two pillars of fire appeared in her palms, burning high towards the ceiling. The instructor pushed her palms out towards Elthia and the fire flew at Elthia, relentlessly charging towards the girl. Elthia shrieked and raised her hands in front of her, a green barrier appeared before her and the fire was forced to curl around it. The fire ceased and Elthia relaxed, allowing her barrier to dissipate.

The instructor held her palms apart from one another with her hands facing each other and an inferno began to grow in the space between them. The instructor bent her knee, moved her hands behind her and then threw the ball of fire at Elthia. Elthia raised another barrier but the fire broke through it, the pressure of the impact had broken her left arm and burnt the skin around it. Elthia cried out wildly in pain and fell onto her knees, blood and tears pouring onto the ground.

She feebly moved her right hand onto her left arm and the tattoos on her body began to glow a bright green. The bones and flesh in her arm healed themselves, the skin shifted from its burnt crisp state back to its normal colour. She lifted herself back onto her feet slowly; she steadied herself and strongly stared at the instructor, refusing to give into the pain flaring in her arm.

“So, you’re a defence mage?” The instructor asked. Elthia slowly nodded and the instructor nodded back. “Very well, you’re dismissed.”

Elthia scurried off back behind the crowd, trying her best to fight the intense pain in her arm.

“Next!” The next instructor shouted.

Kaida stepped forward. Eric had little doubt that she would pass flawlessly. After all, she had brought one of the strongest Necromancers in the world to a draw and forced him to retreat, a feat that not many could claim.

Kaida relaxed her shoulders and let out a long, slow and satisfying exhale. She closed her eyes for a few moments, her aura began to glow, and she reopened her eyes, her fiery dragon spawned behind her. The dragon hovered above the ground, its wings beating gently against the air. It let out a loud roar and a few students screamed, a handful moved further away from Kaida. Although Dragon users weren’t uncommon they were still impressive and forbidding to behold.

The dragon flew quickly towards the instructor, its teeth bared, and it sliced its huge claws through the suit, ripping it to pieces and scratching at the instructor’s flesh beneath it. The mech collapsed onto its back, cracking a few floorboards under its weight, and the instructor yelled madly in pain.

The clean-up team swooped in and took care of the instructor and her mech. A new instructor took their place, a doubled bladed battle axe in his hands, his mech suit was much taller and bulkier than the rest, dyed a deep shade of grey. The instructor swiped his axe before him, slicing through the air before him, and then slammed the end of the axe into the ground, sending a ringing sound echoing through the gym.

“Next,” He politely said.

Spike rammed his elbow into Azrael’s back, sending the boy stumbling into the area. He was shaking so much that he had almost lost his balance, earning a few laughs from his fellow students that made him shake even more violently. The instructor didn’t even give Azrael the time to ready himself for the fight. The instructor pounced at him, his axe swung at his neck and Azrael raised his arm in defence. To the surprise of everyone in the gym, Azrael himself included, the blade snapped into two pieces, one slumped onto the ground and the other went flying through the air before landing firmly into a far wall.

Black magic began to overflow out of Azrael’s body, forming his aura around his armour for the first time. His armour, the Waste Walker, was fairly simplistic in design. It was ebony plate armour that draped over all of his skin, making him appear to be more well-built than he really was, brown eyes glowed on his full face helmet. Azrael took the time to examine the armour himself. He looked down at his gauntlets, turning them over to fully appreciate it, then at his greaves and torso.

“Cool,” He mused.

The instructor threw his fist at Azrael, it cracked against the shoulder plate and the arm crumpled beneath the pressure, trapping a piece of the instructor’s arm as well. The instructor cried wildly, stumbling away. He fell over his own feet and he landed on his back, he hit his arm hard against the ground and he howled louder.

Azrael transformed out of his armour and ran over to the instructor, just as the clean-up team and medics moved in. They forced Azrael to return to the crowd while they took the mech to one side in order to safely extract the instructor’s arm without causing any further damage. Guilt ridden, Azrael returned to Eric’s side just in time for the next mech to enter the arena. This one was a small grey mech about seven feet tall, large machine guns attached to the top of the shoulders. A variety of explosives and launchers sat across her body and back, chains of missiles sat along her forearms.

“Who’s up?” The next instructor challenged.

Kaida was the one who nudged Eric into the arena, catching him off guard. Eric kept his balance, wiped the sweat beads from his brow and walked towards the instructor. His throat had closed up and his right hand was shaking; he was terrified. Normally, Eric wasn’t scared of appearing before a crowd, it was just a pain at the worst of times. Yet, here he was, shaking like a primary school student during a school play.

 “What’s the matter, boy? Scared?” The woman taunted.

Eric looked up at her face and he could see a smug grin stuck to her face, a similar grin he often saw from Azrael.

“No, just overflowing with excitement,” Eric arrogantly replied. The instructor narrowed her eyes and Eric knew that he had angered her, but he needed to keep a straight face, no matter what she said, or how true it was.

The shoulder mounted machine guns set their sights on Eric and a barrage of hot lead flew at him. He tried to move but he felt his body lock up; he was paralysed by fear. Not only that, he didn’t have anywhere near enough time to avoid bullets, especially so many at once. They slammed into his flesh and the ground around him, filling the air with a thick smoke and the horrible smell of used gun shells.

 “Eric!” Kaida screamed at the top of her lungs.

The guns stopped firing, the smoke slowly began to settle, the smell of gunfire and the cracking sound it had made still lingered in the gym for quite some time afterwards. The smoke began to become easier to see through and there they saw it, the black aura that had begun to grow right where the instructor had shot.

Eric was still standing.

He was wearing black, rock-like armour that appeared to be extremely sharp in many different places, deep crimson eyes appeared on his helmet and horns that pointed upwards ran along the sides of his skull. The aura around him began to calm and Eric slowly checked out the armour himself.

“Im-Impossible,” The instructor rasped. She bit her lip hard and her guns began to turn once more. “Impossible!”

She relentlessly fired at Eric, launching all kinds of explosive attacks at the boy but not a single one of them damaged him, let alone scratched his armour. The instructor’s guns kept spinning for quite some time, firing nothing except air.

“You-You can’t-“ She disbelievingly cried.

“Oh, but he does,” A graceful voice called.

All eyes turned to the back of the gym where a young woman was stood, she was wearing a Byzantium purple dress that reached to just above the top of her heels, her eyes sparkled a soft red colour. Her long purple locks were tied up in a single strand that rested comfortably down her front, reaching to just in line with her breasts. The woman was beautiful, very beautiful, a small silver tiara and other steel ornaments sat in her hair, elegantly placed.

“That boy has the Diablo armour,” The woman continued.

“Head Mistress Kasmine!” The instructor yelled.

“Now then, Devil Boy, show us what you’re made of,” The Head Mistress ordered.

Eric slowly walked towards the instructor, unsure of himself and his power, his body felt strange and heavier. The instructor, however, did not give him the time to consider all of that. She jumped at Eric with both fists swinging madly, she was desperately trying to hit him with all that she was worth. The fists broke against the armour and the woman fell onto her knees, her mech suit’s hands had been destroyed. Eric didn’t even bother finish her off; she had already lost.

The Head Mistress slowly applauded him before turning on her heel and walking off out of the gym, her steps were the only things that made a sound in the gym for a few moments. The second that she was gone, the students cheered in surprise and awe at Eric. All of them knew exactly what it meant to have that God armour and they were all excited to have been able to see it. Not only was it powerful, but Eric was the first person to have ever have the armour.

The armour vanished from his body and, embarrassed, he walked back over to Kaida, Azrael and Spike. Spike slapped him on the back, Kaida praised him and Azrael put his arm around his shoulder, telling him that he made him proud.

The initiation continued and more and more students defeated the instructors. One Hispanic boy had the power to manipulate another’s will and he made the instructor take themselves out. An Indian girl used her telekinetic powers to simply rip the mech suit off the instructor’s flesh. Two Asian twin sisters took down five instructors in a row with their illusion magic.

An Asian boy had a powerful armour as well: The Khan Armour that was said to have been wielded by Genghis Khan himself. Not only was he skilled with it, but he was able to beat one of the instructors in a few seconds, a feat that had earned him a lot of respect and praise with his fellows. An American boy had entered the fray, with no weapons visible, yet the instructor’s armour was demolished before their eyes. No one knew how he had done it.

Spike was more than impressed. He hadn’t seen a display of power this great since his time at the academy. Once the initiation had ended, Spike roughly grabbed Eric by the arm and dragged him off to one side.

“Eric, I need you to come with me,” Spike commanded.

“How comes?” Eric responded.

“I think it’s about time that you and Kas had a good, long talk.”

“About?”

“Your future, and your armour.”