

Chapter 002 - Frozen Shadows

As Witte and Thir sparred , and Jack and the rest watched on, there was a mysterious figure watching in the shadows. No one could sense it.

Thir's hammer started to cry back to the ground with a hollowing hum. Witte heard it far before Thir could, so she had to act quickly and pin Thir to the ground and have him tap out. Witte swung her sharded scythe and wrapped it around Thir. She began to spin around quickly to make Thir dizzy. The Warhammer was moments from hitting the ground and Witte threw Thir at it. Thir got caught in his own hammer's pathway to the ground.

Jack was about to call the match when a flashing blur, followed by a freezing wind, grabbed Thir right before he hit the ground and threw him at Witte. The two crashed into several trees, splintering them.

Jack quickly took action. "Volt, get Witte and Thir and make sure they are okay. Plurva, Shadow, Sara, make sure there aren't any other threats. I'll take care of this thing." Jack jumped high into the sky, green fire in his hands and eyes. He threw a fireball at the ghostly, frozen entity. It hit directly and steamy explosion quickly spewed from the formation filling the forest around them.

Sara looked back when she heard the explosion and saw a massive cloud of frost that began to surround everything. Sara was worried and felt something strange.

Jack floated down to the ground. With this thick fog, he was in his opponent's territory, now. He looked around and saw only fog. Suddenly, a quick chill came from behind. Jack dodged a barrage of ice spears and came face to face with the specter. It was three feet in front of him, perfect distance for a sparring tap. Jack stood to see what the icy figure would do.

The fog was thick and eventually caught up to Plurva and Shadow. They were separated and Shadow couldn't use rift magic to escape. Shadow can only use rift magic where sun rays are present and the fog blocked the sun out. Plurva on the other hand, could easily fight in fog. They both confronted by a frozen figure. A figure that was of their own.

Shadow had no choice but to use his fists and powerful legs. The Frost Shadow reach into the fog and pulled out a sword and shield made from enchanted ice. "Oh, of course you can use your own magic." Shadow complained. "Alright, let's do this." Shadow assumed a fighting stance. The clone took a stance and jumped at Shadow and took one big swing. Shadow was unaffected. "Ha! You can't hit a shadow!" Shadow cackled and taunted. The Icy form turned around and shook itself into an icy mist.

Plurva was out of breath. The frozen rabbit before her was quicker, stronger, and had more stamina. Plurva was about to be run through by her icy clone when a quick mechanical whirring could be heard coming close. The frozen entity stopped in its tracks. Plurva jumped up and sliced the frozen arms and legs off its torso and kicked the rest to ice cubes. Sara just got to Plurva as this happened. Plurva fell to her knees panting. "Plurva!" Sara exclaimed. "Are you alright?" Plurva looked at Sara like she was crazy. "Do I look okay?" She yelled.

"Well, no."

"Then there's your answer."

"C'mon, we need to get you out of here."

"Yeah, let's go."

"Hang on." Sara turned to the ice shards and melted them with her eye's laser module. "Alright, now let's go." Sara helped Plurva up and they ran into the fog.

Jack stood in front of his foe. A perfect clone of him, but it looked slightly different. There were different clothes and head gear, but still resembled a fank. The frozen fox grabbed its weapon of choice from the air. A Kritana made of enchanted ice. Jack unsheathed his Fank-Steel Kritana. The altered clone reached its blade and Jack did the same to courtesy each other. They tapped blades and strength tested each other with a swift blade swing. They locked blades for a few seconds before jack flung two-hundred feet, his opponent only a few feet. He knew this was going to be tough, he was testing its strength by only swinging with twenty-five percent of his strength. If he had gone to full strength with that swing, they would have equaled their own distances to fifty feet from center.

Jack had to win this fight or he would die. Even if he lived, he would be a laughing stock to his family line. Jack always gives his opponent the first move, and did just that. The frozen fank lunged at jack with a full strength swing. Jack blocked, their blades emitting a shrieking sound that could be heard from miles away. The ground underneath Jack's feet began to crack and crumble and began to leave a dent where he was standing.

Jack pushed back at his opponent and flung them away. He needed to outpace and outlast his opponent if he wanted to win. The thick fog made it hard to breathe and Jack had to preserve his stamina. Jack's opponent was showing no signs of weariness or exhaustion and wasn't backing down. Jack got himself together and sheathed his blade and began to breathe deeply.

His opponent launched forwards and cut Jack across his stomach... or so the frozen fank thought. Jack became a cloud of smoke and appeared right in front of the ice fox and kicked it with a flame-coated leg launch. The icy coat of the entity immediately shattered and melted in the air. The Fank flew across the forest and crashed into several trees and rocks, eventually being dug into the ground. They were out of the fog now and Jack was in his element.

Jack appeared before the entity, which turned out to be a female fank. Jack was in shock and dispelled his casts. She looked up at Jack and tried to move, but was paralyzed. Her vision began to fade and passed out, Jack as her last view.