

THE HORDE COMES HOME



The Pegasus carried the fugitives and the stolen chronicle back toward Clifford and Angora's academy.



The Dragonborn Horde remained behind them through every mile of sky.



The heroes landed among the warriors they had trained.



The enemy descended before anyone could celebrate the mission's success.



Clifford had once shown the world's rulers mistaken visions of their kingdoms burning.

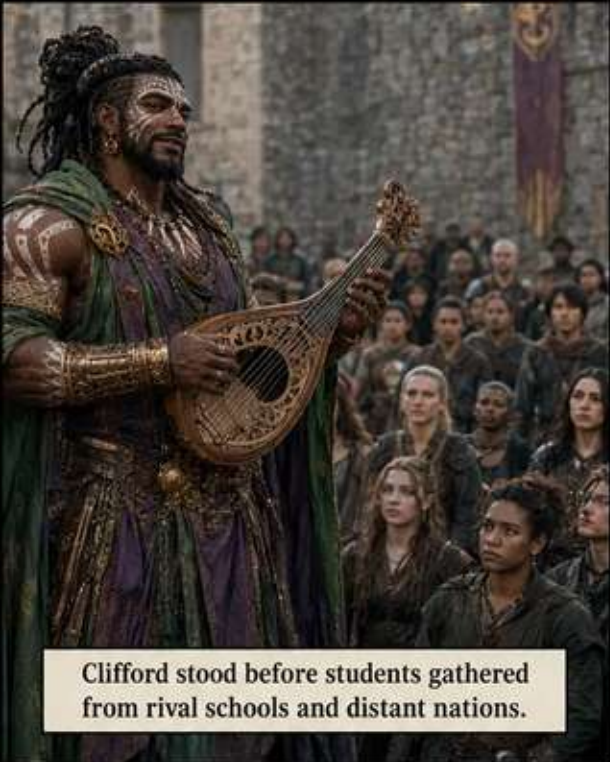


The Rival Headmaster later warned that an ancient flying swarm would conquer through speed and confusion.



By seeking the knowledge needed to stop that future, Clifford and Angora had led the prophecy directly to their own gates.





Clifford stood before students gathered from rival schools and distant nations.



He reminded them that cooperation was the reason their academy existed.



This was their chance to defend every kingdom represented within its walls.



Inspired warriors raised their weapons and charged together.



Dragonborn dived from the sky breathing fire.



Surviving machines attacked beside them while the Rival Artificer cast powerful spells.



The academy's fighters were brave, trained, and united.



They were still overwhelmed.

When hope nearly vanished,
the Tiefling Artificer returned to
the battlefield they had feared.



Their enormous cannon struck
the Dragonborn rival and
stunned them.



This time the inventor
did not run.



They summoned an army of flying robot
cauldrons to defend their students
and friends.





Golden-winged cauldrons collided with the Rival Artificer's sentries above the academy.



Blue fire and brass fragments filled the air.



For one moment, the former coward's courage seemed capable of turning the battle.



Then the Dragonborn stood again and laughed.

The Dragonborn admitted that the Tiefling had grown powerful.



There was a reason the inventor understood machines, magic, and the enemy's every design.



The Rival Artificer had once been their master - the teacher who taught them everything.

