

“We're almost there,” Cale said into the microphone of the cockpit. “Attention passengers, we will soon be approaching the Egyptian desert. Please return to your seats and fasten up as we-”

The door to the cockpit burst open as a little orange fluff ball ran and smacked against the window, his maw wide with a smile as it plastered over most of it. The roo laughed at Zenny's antics, never getting tired of his friend's toony characteristics.

“To the rest of the passengers not Zenny,” Cale continued as normal “Please do not come to the cockpit like Zenny and cover the majority of the window.” Cale could hear snickering coming from the backroom. He put the jet on autopilot and got up from his seat. He folded his arms and tsked playfully as Zenny's body changed and flattened out to take the shape of the entire window. “Come on Zenny, ya can't block my entire view. How am I gonna see where to land the jet?”

“Auuueeuu teurrrr eaull!” Zenny said, his un-flattened tail wagging as he watched the land disappear under the jet's speed and saw the sand from the distance coming into view.

“What?” Cale laughed and tugged on Zenny's back. Zenny eeped as his fur and shirt ripped from the window like scotch tape from a table. Piece by piece, parts of Zenny's body peeled off until a final tug released him.

Cale fell to the floor with a paper thin Zenny covering his entire body. He flailed playfully and pushed at the fox, making Zenny laugh from the paws tickling him. While the fox made no attempt to transform himself back to normal, he also increased a bit of his density and mass, becoming more dough-like in nature, instead of soft and fluffy like a blanket. Feeling Zenny's body magically shift textures, Cale yelped, managing to get his head free from Zenny's trap.

“Zenny! Lemme up!” The roo laughed.

“Captain, it isn't wise to be playing around,” said another voice.

Cale looked up, seeing another orange kitsune but with two tails compared to Zenny's one, stand in front of him with his arms folded and look down with a playful grin.

“But headmaster Shiro,” Cale said, flailing harder. Shiro saw Cale's arms and legs stretch out along Zenny's body before he sprawled out. “I can't move, our magi is being silly again.”

Cale snickered as Shiro shook his head, trying not to chuckle. “Magi, get off flatfoot so he can land the ship for us.”

“Aye!” With the command of the leader of the K.O.T.M group, Zenny popped back to normal in mid air and landed next to Cale. He helped Cale up and the roo returned to his seat and stretched after wrapping an arm around Zenny to noogie him. Zenny flicked his ears with a playful pout and puffed up cheeks. Shiro poked one cheek and comically sent Zenny flying to the other side of the room like a balloon letting out air. Shiro couldn't help but laugh and take a seat next to Shiro, watching the beautiful landscape and the approaching temple Zenny wanted to visit.

Out in the sitting area a white furred corgi and a black and white furred wolf sat facing each other with a built in table between them. The plane was like a lounging area with two machines, two sets of chairs, and two tables, each on opposing sides of the jet.

“So, Sol, can you inform me why Zenny wanted to come here?” The wolf asked, leaning forward in his chair as he sipped his root beer float, created by Zenny's magical ice cream and drink maker. “I was kinda pulled into this last minute so I don't know what's going on.”

“Sure,” the corgi replied. “If I understand correctly, each Zen pays a visit to Egypt to pay their respect to the Sun god Ra, and to get in tune with their phoenix half every once in a while. Haven't you come here before, Fel?”

“We went into the desert once,” Fel responded, the wolf burping into his arm then cleared his throat. “I told you about that right? How we came to get Zenny back because we all upset him? Then had to go through some shadow clones created by that snake, Zarvon?”

“Yeah you told me. He sounds like a world of trouble,” Sol replied.

“You're telling me. Zenny still shudders at the mention of that name... Don't tell him I said it,” Fel said, whispering that last part.

“No problem. My lips are sealed,” Sol smiled.

“But anyways, why here exactly? This isn't the temple of Ra or any temple I recognize when Shiro and I looked over the map,” Fel asked.

“I think Zenny told me this place was very special to him. He said it had something to do with the connection to his past,” Sol said.

“Oh?” Fel asked, his ears perking up with interest.

“Yeah, I don't know the full story though. Zenith does, but he won't tell me,” Sol nodded.

“Wait, Zenith's involved with this too?” Fel asked wide eyed, making Sol draw back a bit from the surprising interest.

“Yeah, at least, I think so,” Sol replied.

Fel smiled a bit and nodded, going quiet. Sol, feeling a bit awkward, took his coconut drink with him and stared out the window away from his seat.

“I can finally know a little bit more about you,” Fel said to himself, looking into his drink with thoughts of the gray fox in his head. The thought of learning something about the man he calls father made the wolf smile and look towards the cockpit, ready to land and explore.

The ship landed in front of the pyramid with Cale landing it gently along the sand bank. Zenny ran out the door first, jumping into the sand before the stairs were properly put in place. Sol came out, followed by Fel, Shiro, and Cale. The members of K.O.T.M followed Zenny, who stood uncharacteristically quiet in front of the door. When the four boys walked up the stairs to catch up, they saw Zenny with his back to them, facing the door with his hands folded together and his head down.

“Uh... Zenny,” Shiro asked. “Are you okay?”

“Mhmm,” was the fox’s only reply. The four looked at each other then waited. It took a few minutes but Zenny prepared himself and opened the doors with both hands pushing in. While he managed to open a small enough gap to fit through, he used his magic to push the doors father apart, opening them wide to bring fresh sunlight into the needed space. Stretching down the long hallway to the back of the pyramid were several stone pillars keeping the upper levels stable. The walls on either side were decorated with more coffins than patterns on a checkerboard, stretched from the door all the way towards the end.

The white corgi smiled a bit as the light illuminated the room but felt bad for entering into what felt like a pyramid graveyard instead of a place for actual worship.

“Wow,” Cale said. “Are all pyramids like this?”

“No... This is the only one,” Zenny replied as he slowly walked forward with his arms still folded in the prayer position.

“Why are there so many coffins?” The leader asked, staying in line with Zenny as he kept his two tails close to him.

“Many centuries ago the people in this pyramid suffered at the hands of someone very evil... This is to remind me to pray for those in the afterlife...” Zenny said solemnly.

“How were you involved with any of this?” Fel asked.

“I failed them and couldn't do anything to stop what was happening at the time... With all the powers I had, I... It was just a bad time.”Zenny shook his head sadly.

As the group closed the distance to the back of the pyramid, which seemed like a mile walk, they came upon a few statues. One was the Sun god Ra, sitting on his pedestal in the middle of the others. His statue was the tallest and he looked at an angle down to a platform in front of them. In front of Ra was a feral Benu bird with its wings opened majestically at the sun god's feet. His gaze also cast over the platform. The statue to the right was Anubis and to the right was an oddly placed humanoid with a lamp in his hand. That statue had an Arabian hat carved into his head, showing no resemblance to Egyptian culture. Fel, having studied under Zenith for so long, picked up this development but said nothing; he was more concerned with his quiet fox friend

walking.

“Zenny... What happened?” Cale asked; his ears flattened a bit.

Zenny stood on the platform the statues faced. Each corner of the platform had a lamp which Zenny lit after creating a small living fire bird to fly to each one. He looked at the statues and sighed.

“Years ago... I decided to come to Egypt on my own. I wanted to go to Helios to the temple of Ra and the Benu Bird to gain the blessings from my heritage. I was side tracked in Saudi Arabia helping to stop a children slave trade. Long story short I ended up making a deal with their leader to go into the desert to find a temple holding a lot of treasure... It was there that I found the first ever and only genie in the world... Zarvon.”

The four boys gasped. “That snake?!” Sol asked.

“Zarvon's the guy who almost killed us! You're telling me he's lived that long?” Shiro asked.

“Zenny?” Spoke the wolf. “Zeldric told us that when you saw Zarvon after so long, you froze. He really frightens you doesn't he?”

Zenny held his head down, choosing silence.

A hidden presence lurked outside and saw the doors wide open to greet him. When he looked over to see the black plane, bearing the white Infinitium Family emblem created by Zenny, he grinned and approached the stairs.

“Zenny...” Fel said, trying to stir a reaction from the silent orange kitsune.

Zenny bowed his head to the statues.

“Zarvon was a monster... He tricked me and I took his place. While he sealed me deep into the sand, he reinstated the child slave trade I had wished away and took over Egypt. Zenith found me some months later and we managed to seal away Zarvon... by luck. I built this secret temple to pray for all the lives he took and to thank the genie counsel for restoring me back to myself. Because of them, I don't have to live by the genie rule.”

The fox smiled and stood up. “They decided to leave me with a few gifts though, and I'm happy they did. Here I can always remind myself what I can do with my powers and why I was given them in the first place... It's also nice to come here and tell everyone about the adventures I've had; fighting against the Pentagon, exploring the world with my brother and family... and my adventures in K.O.T.M.”

“We're glad you're on our team Zenny,” the white Corgi said with a smile. “I'm proud to be a part of it and it'd never be the same without you.” The four boys cheered in agreement, making Zenny

smile. When he turned around to face them, his teary expression of joy turned pale and sickly.

“Talking about me behind my back? I'm ssssspeechless,” spoke a voice at the door.

The four boys turned quickly to see, far down the hallway, a figure dressed in a large white flat hat and a brown rugged robe.

“Who are you?” Sol asked with one hand over his whip. He felt a shudder go up his white fur while staring at the sudden intruder.

“If you have sssomething to say, it is best ssssaid to my face.” The figure, with his face hidden under a white mask attached to the long white hat he wore came towards the children. They listened but could only hear the sound of a broom sweeping across the floor instead of footsteps. The wind from outside did not enter through the doors. “If you want the full story, allow me to sssssate your curiosity.”

“We're not interested in what you have to say!” Fel said as he made his hands glow purple, ready to use his powers.

The figure reached for his head and took off his hat. His slit eyes met Zenny's and the young kit froze in place. Zarvon's height increased and he threw off the rags he wore, revealing four arms attached to his muscular body. His large tail slithered across the floor as he grinned at his play toys.

“We need a plan,” Sol said quietly to the others. “I don't think we can take him.”

“I'm thinking,” Shiro said, feeling the pressure of their enemy grow the closer he got.

Zarvon didn't take his eyes off Zenny, who remained frozen on the upper platform. His eyes were slightly bloodshot, his lips quivering, and his hands shook like a man having a seizure. “Once upon a time there was a genie,” he started. “A genie trapped forever in a lamp forced to serve everyone else's bidding.”

“Zenny,” Shiro turned his head to look at his friend. “We need you too...” The horror on Zenny's face quieted the young fox. “Zenny? Zenny?! Come on, Zenny we need you.”

“Then one ssspecial day, a sssmall, innocent, lively, sssscared little kit, released me from my prison.” Zarvon vanished from their sights, turning his body into dust before everyone's eyes. Shiro saw Zarvon reappear behind Zenny, causing the fox to yelp quietly. “He sssset me free to do as I please. And...” He put a hand on Zenny's left shoulder. “I was never happier in my life.”

“Get away from him!” Shiro screamed as the other three turned around. Zarvon loomed over Zenny from behind like the statues over their worshipers. As the four took a step forward Zarvon raised his hand up. Each of them except Zenny fell to their knees and their breathing fluctuated.

“What... I...I can't... move...” Sol horsed.

Fel struggled to lift his head, every part of the wolf's body crushing under the weight of something pulling them down. Zenny's pulse slowed along with his breathing.

“S...s...sto-” Zenny said weakly.

“Now, as I was saying,” Zarvon continued. The mix of green and yellow glow covering his raised right hand faded and he slithered towards the four kneeling before him. “The kit was granted three wishes but only made two, to release the children enslaved in Saudi Arabia, and to help me experience what it was like to leave my prison and be free from my loneliness.” He grinned as he slithered behind the corgi and the children. “I granted him his wishes, choosing to be free by exchanging my prison...” he turned his head to Zenny whose panicked face and frozen body pleased the monster. “For his freedom.”

Fel bared his teeth and slowly moved his fingers in a circle trying to channel enough magic to escape.

“H...how could... you...” Sol uttered.

“It was ssssimple, I granted the wishes and they came true.” He slithered down to face the corgi eye to eye then smacked him in the face. Sol grunted hard and his face tilted slightly. His body caved with the unexpected pain and he laid flat on his chest sprawled out. He bared his teeth and squirmed slightly. Cale fell to the pressure pulling him down while Shiro fell to his knees staying strong.

“I wanted to experience my new freedom and show everyone what it was like to serve others with no respect for the caster, no care for his wants, needs, desires. So I went to Saudi Arabia and overthrew the ruler, claiming it as my own.” He laughed and looked up at the three statues. “It was a glorious time. I ruled with an iron fist, I was triumphant over anyone who stood in my way. I could do it again but... I've found a better calling.”

“D...demon!” Shiro screamed, his head turned to the left but he leaned it up to see the naga. The kitsune's fists curled up tightly and he shakily tried to push himself off the ground. “You did all that... and for what?!” He looked over at his friend, though unaffected by the magic, Zenny stood with his body shaking more violently than he'd ever seen before. “You had your freedom so why?!”

“Because I could you worthlesssss creatures! I had all the power in the world and ruled greater than any creature until this brat and his brother showed up at my doorstep!” He hissed darkly.

Fel's eyes widened and he stopped moving his fingers. While on one knee, forcing himself against the gravity magic cast by Zarvon, he looked up at the naga who raised an eyebrow at the wolf's resilience. “Zenith...? It was Zenith wasn't it? What did... what did you do to them?”

Zarvon slithered over to Fel and roughly lifted his chin up, meeting his glare. "HMMMM..." he sniffed the wolf before Fel pulled his head away. "That scent... I remember that scent... it'sssss the same as that fox... Yessss it's all coming back to me now."

"What are you talking about?" Fel growled, baring his fangs as his hands balled into fists.

"You've been around thisss fox. The one from long ago," Zarvon looked over at the frozen orange kit and grinned. "The one whom I feasted on for many nights."

Zenny eyes trembled at the memories of Zarvon's cruelty. Beads of sweat and long vaulted tears resurfaced.

"F...feasted...?" The wolf asked and his eyes widened. "What did you..."

Zarvon turned around towards the black and gray furred wolf and watched as the child rose to both feet once again. He gritted his teeth as he fought against the gravitation spell on the outside. Within however, he tried to imagine Zenith could never be harmed, never.

"It is exactly as I sssaid. That gray fox... with cold green eyes... I feasted on his flesh one life after another," Zarvon smiled.

Fel froze in place and Zenny fell to his knees looking down. Gavin, Shiro, and Cale stood in disbelief.

"Stop... stop lying..." Muttered the wolf under his breath.

"I remember all too well," Zarvon turned and slithered slowly over to Zenny. "I feasted on that fox's immortal body. Night after night, I watched him come back to life for my enjoyment. Day after day, I lavished in the power he possessed."

"Shut up..." Fel said a little louder. The ground under the young wolf cracked slowly, the anger in his body building as the magic he possessed ruptured around him, shattering the walls of other dimensions like glass on a fragile window.

Zarvon reached Zenny and lifted his head up to meet the naga. Zarvon slithered his tongue out and glared with a horrendous grin. The fear and despair on Zenny's face pleased him greatly. "And I'll make sure this time, you suffer the same. Just... like... Zenith."

"Shut up!" With his claws extended and his eyes fueled by rage, the wolf slashed forward hastily. A small gateway into the void, a mix of darkness with purple hue seeping from within, granted his escape. He jumped inside and vanished. When Zarvon felt the rip and turned to see the disappearance of the young wolf, he grinned. Fel appeared in the blink of an eye, a claw inches away from the slit eyes of his opponent as his body pieced through the void and back into reality. The gravity spell subsided and the others breathed heavily, while Fel struggled for air, coiled up to his neck in the serpentine tail.

“Sssstrange little devil aren't you,” hissed the naga. Fel spread his arms, summoning void shards, small magic blades created from the void, ready to launch them forward. When Zarvon choked him harder, the wolf gasped for air and stopped mid attack. He pried at the tail for air, his face changing colors slightly.

“Let's move!” Shiro yelled.

Sol got into a running stance and in a flash of white light he ran towards the naga. He jumped and used both feet to kick the beast in the chest, the force just enough to send him back a few feet and drop the young wolf into his arms.

“I'll swallow all of you whole,” Zarvon hissed. “Do you really think you can take me on?” The naga raised his arms and hissed loudly until the temple rumbled. Shiro and Cale stepped back, seeing the four armed beast raise himself up and loom over the team with venomous yellow eyes. Before the team could move, Zarvon's eyes widened and his gaze turned hypnotic. Their bodies shut down, paralyzed by the natural fear this creature gave off.

“I... I can't move...” Shiro said as he failed to throw his body where he wanted.

The young roo bared his teeth to mask the fear and beading sweat rolled down his cheeks. Sol held Fel in his arms who struggled to move but showed the greatest resistance to Zarvon's magic than the others. Zarvon hissed at them. “I'm tired of this long winded intro. Time to die!”

Zarvon stretched his top right arm. The kids watched as his muscles inflated, his skin rippled in length, and the claws at the ends of his fingers sharpened into razors. Sol was able to turn his head slightly, catching the sight of dripping green acid falling off Zarvon's fingers. His heart raced and he tried to move again.

Cale whimpered and looked back towards Zenny, who had disappeared from the platform he was on. Zarvon brought his arm back and swung it, shattering the stone pillars keeping half the temple stable as his five blades reached the white corgi's fur. Sol closed his eyes tightly; praying for help under his breath then flicked his ears up when he heard a loud clash. His yellow eyes opened to see Zenny standing in front of him, one of his arm's inflated and transformed into titanium that had stopped the blow.

“What th-” Zarvon stood shocked.

Zenny roared as his right arm inflated like a balloon, sand from the ground rushed around his fist and hardened his knuckles before it impacted against Zarvon's cheek. The naga roared while he was sent flying, smashing into the three statues at the end of the hallway. The members of K.O.T.M. broke free of Zarvon's stone gaze and breathed heavily. Fel got up and stood next to Zenny, happy to see his friend out of his trance. His smile faded when he saw the anger in the red eyed kitsunix.

“You guys gotta get out of here,” Zenny said, the atmosphere around him uncanny. “I’ll keep Zarvon busy. Get in the jet, call Zenith, then get far away from here.”

“What are you talking about?!” Fel said as he looked at Zenny. “We’re not going to leave you here!”

The dust cloud around the naga settled and Zarvon's size grew almost twice as tall as the statues behind him. He lifted himself up, crashing the stone heads of Anubis and the human man. Zarvon listened as the kids fought amongst themselves and hissed with a grin. With each of his four hands on a statue he transferred some of his magic into them secretly and watched.

“You guys need to leave right now,” Zenny said. “Go!”

“Zenny... what's wrong with you? This isn't like you at all. We're all leaving, toge-” Fel argued.

“I SAID GO!” Yelled the red eyed kitsune as the temple ruptured with the sound of his authoritative voice.

Bewildered, dumbfounded, and completely shocked, the members of K.O.T.M looked at Zenny. Zenny turned his head from his team to look at Zarvon. His eyes widened and he turned to face his team again. Taking advantage of their stunned silence, Zenny swept his hand across the air. Fel, Shiro, Cale, and Gavin flew out of the temple with a mighty gust of wind, flying down into the sand below. Fel, the closest to Zenny, reached for his friend as he flew.

Once the four landed on sand, the roof of the temple collapsed. 3 tall moving statues, two of them headless, raised their fists to slam down on the rest of the temple. Amidst the confusion a large black bird flew from outside the temple and circled overhead. The members of K.O.T.M. looked up, seeing the sky turn red with thunder and lightning flashing across the circling clouds. The wind increased exponentially, blinding those who rose to their feet. Fel tried to run back up the stairs to get to Zenny.

Zenny, having shielded himself once the roof collapsed, opened his eyes to see the headless Anubis, the headless human, and the sun god Ra, getting ready to send him six feet under. The world around Zenny slowed as he saw Zarvon, floating up into the sky with his four arms raised.

He can't... The kitsune thought. He can't do this again... Not again... Zenith... Elena... Soto... Everyone... Tears rolled down his face and his body pulsed. The pupils in Zenny's eyes slit, his stomach tightened, and his fur felt sharp and piercing. He blinked again and as the stone fist bared down on him, the last thought in his head were his new friends he sent flying for their protection.

I won't let him... I won't let him... I won't let him!

“ZARVON!” Zenny snapped and he raised his hands to the side. The stone statues turned to

dark sand almost instantly, Ra the only one screaming as he tried to step back. Zenny looked at his god's likeness and clutched his fingers into his palm. Ra's body shattered slowly with a soft crack, then a loud one. Ra looked to the sky before his body and face shattered to nothing.

"There's the little devil I ssssee in you," Zarvon hissed as he stood on the platform. Their eyes locked together as the rubble from the ceiling caved down slowly while the temple shook. "Now that this long winded intro is over, I will end you here and now!"

"We have to go help him!" Cale said as he helped Shiro up to his feet.

"No way, Zarvon's way too dangerous," Shiro looked up at the temple stairs, the doors still intact for the moment but closed tight. "We have to fall back and think up a plan."

"But we can't just leave magi all alone! We have to do something!" Cale called out.

"I know we do Cale just... just give me a minute alright?!" Shiro replied.

"I'm with Shiro," Sol said as he walked towards them.

"What're you talking about Sol?" The wolf asked, Fel's fist balled up.

"This isn't a fight we can win and Zarvon's not gonna let us off the hook easy. We should get back to the jet and get backup." Sol explained.

"Alright," Fel said. "You go to the ship and contact Zeno and Zenith. I'm gonna go help Zenny. He shouldn't be by himself facing off against that monster."

"Fel, that's not a good idea." Sol looked up as well, watching the clouds circle above them like the eyes of the heavens watching a bloodbath below. "We all need to get out of here and get help. I know Zenny, he can handle himself."

"You can't be serious! Zenny's our friend! You can't expect me to turn my back and not help him." Fel complained.

"You can help him by getting help, Fel!" Sol shouted. The desert sand picked up speed and circled the area. The members of K.O.T.M. shielded their faces, trying to see what was going on. Shiro felt the sand fly between his fur and he turned around, watching their black jet rise with the sand into a vortex. Thunder and lightning ruptured through the sky as balls of light formed out of nowhere.

"Our ship!" Shiro cried, losing his footing as he started to lift with the sand. Sol ran over to him quickly and grabbed him. Using his whip, the corgi lassoed the end around a small statue near the foot of the stairs.

"Grab on, everyone!" Sol shouted. Cale came over and grabbed the rope along with Fel. Fel

looked up at the temple again seeing two large balls of light fly straight up into the eye of the storm. Fel reached for the sky, calling Zenny's name. The four slowly lifted from the ground, the sand storm catching them along with the buried statue. Fel looked towards the jet with a plan.

Up in the skies, past the thick layer of clouds and inches away from the unpredictable lightning shocking through the air, Zenny stood on his orb and looked around. The ocean in the sky blurred his vision to the surface.

"You are mine now," Zarvon's voice echoed through the clouds.

"Leave my friends alone Zarvon!" Zenny said trying to get a lock on the naga.

"I did away with your friends before, this is no exception." The naga hissed. "Everything you love, everything you know, and all you hold dear. I will take it from you."

The rush of the wind increased and Zenny wobbled to keep his balance. The surface of the clouds gathered together, creating a spinning cone headed up higher into the sky. Parts of the clouds took on a shape, forming the eyes of a dark predator, ever waiting to strike his prey. Zenny froze again when their eyes met.

"You remember, don't you?" Zarvon's cloudy eyes sparked green and the eyes of Zenny trembled.

The world grew silent as Zenny sunk into the past, the friends he made, the people he freed from enslavement, were as clear as a picture. Fond memories flooded his thoughts and a part of him smiled. When his dreams showed a pair of snake eyes looming over him, his heart sunk. The images of his friends and the people he saved began to burn and the black world around him lit up in flames. Zenny stood in the same room, right next to his orange orb and Zarvon's bed, where for days he was forced to watch Zarvon torture the ones he wished free.

"All those lives you set free," Zarvon whispered from reality. The clouds formed four sets of arms and took on the face of Zarvon. The soft texture of the clouds changed to silk scaled skin as the giant of a naga folded his arms, looking down on the frozen kit lost in thought. "Your wishes wasted on creatures as low as them. They were meant to serve me! It's your fault they died. It's your fault they are gone!"

Tears flooded from Zenny's unmoving body. His orb descended into the clouds, bringing him down on top of a platform made from enough clouds strong enough to hold him in the sky.

"Yes, had you not interfered with my rule, I would have let them live. It was you and your brother that caused their demise. Only you are to blame for all their deaths, and the endless suffering of your brother!" Zarvon hissed.

A flash appeared in the kit's mind. The image of his brother strung from the ceiling and stretched

from all fours, the image of Zarvon's gory mouth inching closer to his brother's heart. Zenny closed his eyes and screamed, trying to block the sounds from his mind as Zarvon laughed.

“What I did to your brother. I will do again, over, and over and over.” He lifted his top right fist and brought it down. “After I ssssend you to hell!”

Zenny looked up at the fist but saw the blood running down his brother's cheeks. When that Zenith looked at Zenny, with his green eyes, cold gaze, and subtle gentleness, Zenny blinked and closed his eyes.

Zarvon slammed into the cloud platform, shattering a gap to reveal the temple and the kids below. He leaned forward and widened the hole with his fingers. “They will not get out sssso easily.” Zarvon raised his hand over the hole, his palm glowing with a sphere of purple energy. He released it seconds before his hand slid off his arm, causing him to jerk back and hold his wrist. “What?!”

“I won't let you.” Zenny said throwing the large pair of conjured scissors into the clouds next to him. “You can do whatever you want to me but I'm not going to let you harm anymore of my friends.”

Zarvon hissed at the young kit and closed the passageway down. “Your friendsssss will sssssuffer. But I'm going to enjoy tearing you to piecesssss first!”

The naga lifted up his arm and clouds dispersed from his severed wrist. In seconds a fully regenerated hand appeared and converted from clouds to scales. He sprawled his fingers out, clutched his fist tight, and opened his palm with a bubbly pink aura floating in the center. “Play time issss over!”

He faced his palm to the ground and the pink aura descended. When it touched the surface of the clouds, feral snakes of every size slithered out from the light. Zenny watched for a moment then took a deep breath with his eyes closed.

I will not be afraid of him anymore, Zenny thought to himself. With that reassurance, the image of his brother nodded at him. The kit opened his eyes and changed his attire in an instant. Zarvon raised an eyebrow before a small smirk cracked on his face.

Zenny stood on his floating orb, wearing nothing but black pants, two shoulder blades with the family emblem on each, and an open, short sleeve, brown jacket, exposing his light colored chest fur against the rest of his orange fur. Black ashes circled him and with a quick glare at his opponent, Zenny's slit red eyes glowed brightly as he charged for Zarvon.

The snakes on the ground looked up, hissed, and jumped into the air like a wave rising with the sea. Zenny angled the bottom of his giant orb at them and touched the top.

“Anybody hungry for snake kebabs?” Black sand circled the bottom of the orb and needles flew

by the thousands. Magically created from the kit's abilities, each needle struck the heads of the serpents. Impaled to the ground but still wiggling to get free, the snakes only hissed loudly as some began to regenerate. Zenny conjured and threw a fireball as fast as a baseball. That ball grew and changed its flames to take on the shape of a bird. It flew at the snakes, burning them to a crisp. Zarvon bared his fangs, his entire army reduced to snakes on a stick.

Zarvon's arms glowed bright blue and two of his arms lunged at Zenny, his palms swinging inward. Zenny floated above the palms in a split second but cried in pain as he flew back. Zarvon's hands ruptured, a powerful thunder clap sounded, enough to shake the clouds of their arena back for a moment. Zenny rubbed his ears then stuck some corks in them, sighing contently from the muted sounds. When he looked at Zarvon again, he marfed and ducked under the giant left fist that swung at him.

"You cannot escape me brat!" Zarvon roared.

"What? Can't hear ya!" Zenny said, traveling along the arm to reach the shoulder. Zarvon hissed and clutched his fist. His arm shot out spikes leading from his wrist up to his shoulder. Zenny maneuvered around the spikes appearing before him. "Left, right, right, right, left, another left, right, left..." Zenny muttered as he focused.

Zarvon raised his right arm to pat the left one. Zenny saw that and replicated. His body duplicated itself exponentially, turning Zarvon's green arm orange with the number of Zenny's filling over it.

"You're worse than flees!" Zarvon hissed, smashing a large number of them. He roared when the Zenny's formed around his other arm. Each Zenny used their orbs to suck in some of the clouds as they traveled and multiplied. Zarvon screamed as he watched two of his four arms get devoured in seconds, all the way up to his shoulder. "How annoying you are!"

The real Zenny floated in front of the naga's face and stuck his tongue out. "Solar Flare!" Zenny jumped off his orb and shrunk it into his hand. With his weapon glowing brightly, the fox engulfed himself in fire, shining brightly in an instant. Zarvon grunted and closed his eyes, the heat from the light burning his eyes for a moment. He used his two lower arms to cover his face while his severed arms tried to regenerate.

Using that moment of surprise, Zenny grinned and flew above Zarvon's head. His bright body took on the aura of a giant kitsune, complete with nine glowing tails, a transparent body, and an orange silhouette with red eyes, Zenny spun like a flying saucer back down at Zarvon.

The snake opened his eyes again after recoiling. "Persissstent little inssec-"

His head took multiple hits at once. With Zenny spinning vertically, each of his nine tails came down in rapid succession, delivering 81 hits before Zarvon's giant body crashed into the ground. Zenny jumped back and stood on all fours like a feral, his tails sprawled out as he stood ready for the next attack.

“Ahhh yeahhh, I got plenty more where that came from!” The kit cooed for a moment, his aura self wiping cloud dust from his shoulders in its moment of victory. Unaware of the clouds bubbling underneath him, Zenny fell for the surprise attack, a giant hand grabbing his kitsune form from below. Zarvon raised his hand and stood up, revealing his extended bottom left arm.

“Enough of this game!” Zarvon squeezed Zenny tightly in his grasp before his hand morphed into a tentacle, coiling the fox from heel to neck. Zenny was pushed from the center of the kitsune to the head then out of the ear. Without him inside, the aura kitsune screeched in pain before dispersing completely. Zenny fell to the ground but his orange orb caught him before he landed.

“Phew... Almost came out like toothpaste.” Zenny shook his head.

A vein appeared on Zarvon's head as his glare grew more intense. “You think this is a game!”

With his top left arm completely recovered he extended it over the sky, above his enemy. Zenny looked up, seeing the rain fall of a million spears coming down on him. Each spear head a living snake with two poisonous fangs opened wide.

Zenny's pupil's shrunk for a moment and he opened a gap in his orb and jumped in. The orb turned transparent, allowing Zenny to see outside his protective sphere. When the rain hit his orb, he fell to the ground again. Each spear bounced off his orb and landed on the ground. Zenny ran forward inside the sphere with his arms out to keep balance. The orb kept him protected as the spears failed.

Annoyed greatly by his show, Zarvon lifted his tail up and swung it horizontally along the ground. Puffs of clouds lifted up with his sweep, along with the mile long view of the snakes on a stick from earlier. Zenny saw the tail coming and howled when it hit his orb, sending him flying to across the arena. Zarvon smirked for a moment before Zenny bounced off the clouded wall and smacked him in the air.

“Ahhhh!” Screamed the naga as Zenny bounced back to the ground. He snickered as Zarvon held his eye with one hand while his others clenched the air aimlessly.

“You got no game Zarvon, you ever play with those rubber balls? Or played pinball? You suck at this.” Zenny mused to his opponent.

Zarvon's eyes healed but when he looked at the kitsune's head poking out of the orb, his eyes turned bloodshot. “I will end you!”

Raising his arms out, black clouds spewed from Zarvon's finger tips. The light pink clouds around them both turned dark and ominous. Zenny jumped out of his orb and used it to levitate him up above the ground.

Within this black void appeared small white dots, millions of them, surrounding Zarvon and Zenny. Zenny looked around, both fascinated and terrified. Zarvon grinned at Zenny's caution. He kept his two lower arms out while he folded his top two arms. With a gentle nudge of his left fingers, shooting stars raced from the left side of the arena to the right. Zenny flattened his ears as he watched the stars race towards him and his body disappeared into the light.

“Guys, I see the plane over there!” Cale announced, pointing a few miles away. The members of K.O.T.M turned around, seeing past the desert bank towards the black jet slowly getting buried in the sand.

“We need to call for help,” Shiro said. “We just need Zenny to hold off a little longer. The moment we make contact with Zeno and the others, we'll turn around and come right back to help Zenny with Zarvon. We can't even get up there right now.”

Shiro and the others looked up. Amidst the swirling thunder clouds hovering over them, a massive box made of clouds floated in the middle. Each side had the face of a serpent with chains covering the majority of it. Fel could sense a magic field around it, preventing him from feeling what was going on inside.

“Alright,” Fel agreed. “Let's get going then.”

“That's also not going to be easy...” Sol said.

“Why?” Cale asked.

From the sky dropped a purple sphere, landing between the members of K.O.T.M and the jet.

“Oh no...” Fel muttered.

The sphere cracked along the surface before part of it open. From inside slithered a few snakes. That few increased to hundreds, and then thousands as the four kids gulped, watching a sea of snakes slowly circling the jet.

“We need to move fast!” Shiro said. “Fel, can get to the ship in an instant. Get inside and contact Zeno. Sol, you make a gap leading into the snakes and cover Fel's back. Keep the snakes off the plane at any cost. Cale, you're with me.”

Fel nodded and quickly opened a gap in space, leading into the void as he jumped in. Sol placed a hand on his whip. He closed his eyes and focused. The black whip slowly took on a white glow. When Sol flicked it on the sand the length increased from 17 feet to over 100. After getting into a runner's pose, with the black jet in sight, the corgi took off into the den of snakes. He flailed his whip around his body, creating a path in seconds as he raced to the jet.

Shiro raised his hands in the air and grunted. He closed his eyes and clutched his hands, pulling

the liquid from the air to form an ice platform. He panted when he got done and stood on top of it. Cale joined and Shiro raised them up to the sky, making their way to the others.

A rip appeared inside the Jet as Fel landed in the driver's seat. He pressed a few buttons and a screen appeared with a picture of Zeno on it.

“Come on, come on,” Fel waited.

“Hello? This is K.O.T.M HQ, everything alright Cale?” A large brown fox appeared on the monitor, sitting in a chair with a headset on. “Fel?”

“Zeno! We need help urgently! This creature called Zarvon! He followed us here and is attacking Zenny. We gotta-”

The plane rumbled and slid down a slope of sand. The entire left side of its wing sunk into the sand, slowly getting buried.

“Fel... Fel.... What.... On... are you...” Zeno called.

“Zeno!” Fel got back in his seat after falling off. “Can you hear me? Zeno!” With the screen cracked and the magic interference the box turned off. “Oh no...”

Fel looked out the window after seeing some flashing lights. Sol ran around at high speed in a circle, slashing as the snakes encircling the plane. The wolf opened the window and jumped out.

“Sol, we have a problem! The radio's down, the screen is cracked and I don't know if Zeno got our message.” Fel explained.

“What're we going to do? There's too many of them!” Sol cried.

Fel looked into the distance, seeing nothing but moving black snakes among the endless brown sand. Shiro and Cale hovered over the snakes looking down.

“Zenny's busy and these snakes will devour the plane. There's too many to take out.” With one hand keeping the ice raft afloat Shiro used his other hand to spew fire.

Cale looked around and pointed, “Look, headmaster, that sphere from before.”

Shiro turned to see the sphere still glowing. “Cale you're a genius! If we can destroy that, maybe the snakes will disappear!” Shiro carried them close to the purple sphere. When they were close enough, the snakes piled on top of each other, each one helping to form part of a hand reaching to bring the two down. Cale screamed and Shiro pulled up out of reach. While the hand failed to get them, three snakes managed to land on the platform.

They hissed at the boys before Cale kicked them off the platform, though not before one

managed to bite him in the ankle. Cale yelped and Shiro kicked that one off while Cale curled up. "Cale, Cale, hang in there..." Shiro used the rest of his strength to fly them back to where they started; leaving Fel and Sol cornered and pushed back. "I'll get the poison out."

Zeno ran from the K.O.T.M cave towards the monastery. The hulk of fur made his way up the stairs, down the hall, and towards the library. Inside a gray furred fox walked around watering some of the plants in the general lobby. Courtesy of their florist, he had filled the room with a few of them specially made from the gardens outside. Afterward he placed the water pitcher down and sat down to finish the rest of his tea.

"Zenith!" Zeno called, coming in just as his brother took a sip.

"Something wrong Zeno?" Zenith asked, setting his cup down slowly.

"K.O.T.M has a problem. I just received a distress call from Fel aboard the jet. Something about danger and attacking Zenny. They need help!"

"Have they not taught you how to use the teleporter? The Jet has a transportation pad, as well as their base. You can transfer yourself over to them." Zenith replied.

"That's not the issue. I lost communication with them and I tried to use that pad but their Jet seems down. They need you!" Zeno explained.

"You volunteered to oversee any minor threats K.O.T.M may face. If it's urgent you need to give me the coordinates to their last location. I can send you a portal towards them if I've been to that area bef-"

"Fel said Zarvon is attacking Zenny!" Zeno yelled.

Zenith froze for a moment then stood up from his chair. "Where are they?"

"I'm not good with computers but Zenny said something about visiting his pas-"

"All I need to know."

With that, Zenith raised his palm out towards the wall. A large indigo colored portal opened and he jumped through it. Zeno tried to follow but it shrunk after he took a step closer. He clutched his fists together and went off to warn everyone else in the monastery.

Moments later Zenith appeared above the clouds in the desert. He looked down and scowled, seeing the snake box Zarvon created. He stopped levitating close to it after seeing the snake eyes along the wall look at him. He levitated high above the cloud box and placed his hands together.

"I just need a little time..." Zenith said to himself. Below his feet the image of the Infinitium Emblem appeared, spinning slowly while a glow around both his arms changed colors

repeatedly. Zenith closed his eyes to focus while glyphs floated around him, each glyph forming one circle after another, aimed towards the top of the box.

Zarvon laughed softly to himself, watching Zenny get bounced around by shooting stars coming at him from every angle. Controlled by the gentle nudge of his finger tips, Zarvon manipulated the flow of the shooting stars; forcing them to rain down, up, left, and right. The stars shooting behind Zarvon's back phased through him like a bullet through mist, unseen but still moving.

Zenny grunted with each hit of the star, having evaded a lot of them before, he grew exhausted from using too much magic already. The orange orb circling him continued to divert a majority of the stars away.

“Gotta think... gotta think...” Zenny said to himself, panting hard.

“I will sssee your demissse very ssoon,” Zarvon hissed.

“That all... you got... Zarvon” Zenny said, concealing himself in a sphere of fire. The outside circled with two fire birds and the orb to keep the shield stable. “If you wanted a fancy light show I would have put on my white suit.”

“Keep up thiss charade of being the confident toon. Zarvon moved his arms and fingers swiftly, closing his fists up. The speed of the shooting stars matched the speed of light, instantly breaking through Zenny's barrier. The kit howled in pain then dropped to his knees when the dust settled.

“Thiss game hasss had some amusementsss, but I grow bored with you.” Zarvon glared.

As Zenny tried to stand again one of Zarvon's fists grabbed him. Zarvon lifted his nemesis to the sky, meeting him eye to eye. Zenny screamed as he was squeezed. “No more antics.”

The naga's hand glowed a blackish green hue, neutralizing Zenny's self created toony characteristics. Zenny choked hard and his eyes turned bloodshot. Zarvon eased his grip and raised his other hands around Zenny, each glowing a fiery red hue. “Thiss isss the end.”

Zenny looked up at the glowing palms of death each one forming a red beam to burn him to ash. He panted slowly then turned his gaze to Zarvon, whose eyes expressed joy in being rid of him. The kits thoughts turned to his team, his family, and the friends he once had who died to Zarvon, so many years ago.

The naga's eyes widened as the look of contentment on the child's face broke him. Seeing his foe happy, in the face of everything, ruptured his soul. Zarvon's veins poked out of his hands, his teeth rubbed against each other as his tongue hissed through his lips. His eyes strained their focus on annihilating this brat and his knuckles cracked.

“DIE YOU CUR!” The roof to their arena collapsed as Zenny and Zarvon looked up. The rock-like cloud smacked against his wrist, letting Zenny fall. Zarvon eyes widened as it descended on

him. "No..." He raised his arms to block it but the size overpowered him. The sky turned black above him as its shadow expanded for miles. "NO..."

"What is that?!" Sol yelled, pointing towards the eye of the storm. Fel looked up and his eyes widened.

"My god..." Fel said dumbfounded.

"Are they okay?" Shiro asked, looking towards Sol and Fel. Shiro turned behind him and his maw dropped.

The giant naga came crashing down from the sky, forced by a fist ten times his size following. The clouds dispersed around the giant arm, giving Fel a clear view of the details. The gray arm was surrounded by portal traveling up the arm. Between each portal was a smaller arm leading high up into the sky, passed the point he could see.

Zenny fell towards the ground away from Zarvon and opened his eyes. With his magic unblocked he started regenerating. His weak smile returned, seeing his brother bring down the fist of god on the naga.

Zarvon screamed all the way down, pinned to the fist from the force of the wind opposing him. He crashed into the broken temple, uplifting sand in all directions. The force pushed Zenny farther away, flying at Shiro and Cale. Shiro jumped up and caught him, falling back to the ground with a heavy thump. The snakes encircling the jet hissed loudly and vanished into black mist, scattered in the wind.

Everyone shielded their eyes as the sand picked up from that attack. In the aftermath, the children gazed at the hole Zenith created. Zenny fell unconscious and the fist from before vanished in a large puff of fire.

Zenith, in the stratosphere, brought his right arm out of the hundreds of portals he summoned. Each portal he brought his arm through shrunk until the last one reverted it back to its normal size. He looked down, seeing the hole through the clouds into the pit he created on the earth. The cloud box he punched through vanished, and the sky cleared up slowly. He sunk into a portal under him and reappeared next to Fel and Shiro with his hands in his pocket.

Sol yipped and jumped back, falling to his butt in surprise as Fel jumped but stood defensively, coming out of his shock. When he saw his idol, he eased his stance. "That was you... wasn't it?" Fel questioned but Zenith didn't respond. "But... but how did you... what was that... when did?"

"I think K.O.T.M's mission is done here," Zenith said as he gestured to the unconscious Zenny and Cale. "Go make sure they're alright. We're heading home."