



The sound of the blades cutting the air sent chills down Aliana's spine. Dagg leaped from her shoulder, his gray wings carrying him soundlessly through the air as her warriors took up their attack positions. She was scared. Not only of what was out there, but because the forest

surrounding them didn't leave much room to move if this turned into a battle.

“Whatever you do, do not leave our side,” Arthur cautioned.

Six towering creatures melted out from the shadows of the forest. They surrounded the trio on two sides, their long, sharp swords held in front of them. Their black armor was dented and scratched as if they had seen too many battles, too much death. Hatred and evil rolled off them in waves, making the air thick. But what terrified Aliana the most was the total darkness behind the helmets where there should have been eyes.

The black knights were even more terrifying in person than they had been in her dream. The one standing in front of Arthur took a step forward. A horrific red glow lit its helmet from within. Aliana's blood halted as the black knight's choppy, metallic voice rang out. “So the Destined One has finally come forth.” Its hellish, red gaze fixed on her. Her hands trembled worse than they had when she'd been trapped in that forgotten room, but she took a deep breath, trying to think past the fear.

“Mordrid,” Galahad snarled, his eyes furious as he studied the enemies surrounding them.

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