previous flames had done though it lacked the fuel to naturally do so. The blue, which just missed Runeswurth's torso, blazed right through the wall of the palace. The palace had otherwise seemed unharmed by the infernos. Lastly, the green, which missed Runeswurth by about a yard, did not touch anything but the seemingly fire-proof floor. However, a rat which sat no less than five feet away from the blaze immediately collapsed after inhaling the green smoke, though that rat was not touched by a spark of the actual flame. After the green flame snuffed out, Inflamnoir hesitantly began to raise his staff to the black gem, but Runeswurth hurriedly hurled himself upon the old man knocking both staff and crown to the ground. The young king held his sword threateningly close to the Fire Emperor's throat, but Inflamnoir sniggered amusedly.

"Kill me now boy, yet you will never discover my secret!"

"I already have," Runeswurth countered, "In defending your invention, you have given it all away!" Inflamnoir's Runeswurth continued, "The orange flame is normal, for it acts the same as any other fire I have ever seen. The purple flame is powerful but instantaneous, for when you launched it at me, it hit with great magnitude and precision but vanished in the next second. The red flame is long-lasting, for though the other flames have all long disappeared, the red flame still burns before us, though you feed it no fuel. Ah, yes, I know your palace is fire-proof, fool! Well, proved strong enough to tear through even that! The blue flame is powerful enough to pierce fire-proof, at least to most fires, the blue flame