

"what do we do?!" Johann's voice wavered

Derin didn't respond, simply grunting as he swung his massive hammer at the door again.

Qura fidgeted – the water was only ankle high at the moment but seemed to be speeding up.

She reached a decision and pulled at the barbarian's belt "let me try!"

She laid both hands on the escutcheon and took a deep breath, letting the magic flow and heat up the panel.

The water was rapidly reaching her knees as the magic caught and the plate began to sizzle.

Gritting her teeth she leant against the panel and poured more power into it, trying to ignore the pain from the heat.

She closed her eyes as the water hit reached her chin, her tears mixing with the water, trying her best to put all her power into heating up the lock.

She tilted her head back and took a deep breath, briefly hearing the water bubble and boil in contact with the door's metal and her hands before she was fully submerged

She held onto her breath as long as she could, feeling as if her lungs were about to burst when she felt herself pulled physically away from the door and upwards her eyes flickered open and through the flickering black and purple spots she saw Derin square his shoulders and lift his hammer clear of the water to swing at the door

She felt so heavy and as she sunk into the depth everything faded to black...

She was cold and wet, led on the stone floor. Her eyes flickered open and through the heaviness she could see Johann's hands on her chest, his eyes closed as he chanted in that mystic language the cleric used.

Qura weakly lifted her arm and looked at her hand – the burns and torn skin seeming to flow as the cleric's prayers healed the wounds

As worth began to fill her she turned her head and saw Derin's large figure swinging his hammer wildly at a pack of orcs approaching them

"like an avenging angel" Qura muttered, idly drawing a pair of wings off his form with a pointing finger

she blinked as the orcs shrunk back away from the barbarian, framed by glowing light in the shape of her drawn wings.

She sat upright, Johann shuffling back in surprise "He needs our help!" Qura exclaimed, standing and drawing her wand in one movement

thrusting it toward the orcs, she felt the warmth filling her swell and a torrent of flame engulfed the nearest monsters, Derin taking the opportunity to step backwards and empty a potion bottle into his mouth

He threw the glass bottle awkwardly at the nearest orc and when it ducked took opportunity to swing his hammer into it's face

Qura stepped alongside the barbarian and begun summoning another flame – while they could still fight they would!