Venturing: A Point

It had been years since I had once left my hometown city for life outside. Going into business and among other stuff; greeting new friends and coworkers in my workplace. Celebrating birthdays and holidays, although from where I had lived. That place had different holidays than my hometown. Oh. Did I ramble on and beat around the bush? Sorry about that, just memories always come to me at the worst times and all. I had always forgotten my surroundings whenever something surfaced in my brain. By the way, my name is Ling. A stupid generic name, I know. I was disgusted by my dead parents naming me that. Like, name me something else, please! But no. It was stuck with me for the rest of my twenty seven year life. As it turns out, I am used to it. Yeah…

Regardless of myself loathing, I am a male. Blue scales and transparent white wings. Long narrowed bluish horns that looked like pyramids or that one game that I could not recall at all… Anyway, I came back to my hometown village which is named 'Vaster'. Not a good name also, I know. Why I came here and why am I asking myself so many questions lately? I shook my head, deleting the huge amounts of unanswered questions in my head. Then I raised it facing the entrance that stood before me. The entrance was brown and dirty since it was excessively old! If I were to look closely upon it, perhaps I could see some moles or air exposure upon it. I laughed chuckling to myself, before shifting my eyes over to the left spotting a white sign. Black words were upon it and it reads 'Welcome to Vaster! Enjoy your stay.' 'I sure hope so…' I thought to myself, a wave of memories washed over my head as my heart leaped. I was excited yet nervous. But pushed myself forward through the entrance gates and looked out onto the vast environment that laid out before me. The city was small… Just as anticipated. What? You expected it to be big like that other story? Jokes on you sucker.

There were at least five or six houses running about. All clustered upon one another; that no one could even get into the alleyways between them! The houses were, of course, brown with red or blue rooftops. Only a few of those houses have glassless windows. Yeah. That is right. Vaster city cannot create glass for it could cut someone shallowly. I think everyone here living inside the city was afraid of blood which was odd since they run through our veins right? Amongst the houses were street roads. But they are not ordinary roads, however. Powered through the technology that we dragons possessed, we can make things light up. Lightening up our city even during the coldest of nights. Also, we do have the intendancy of dancing through them roads for some reason. There were rumors that a series of music boxes were scattered underneath those roads and if someone were to walk along with it; it started playing. I do not even know. I may have to ask some of my old friends about this.

Have I ever told you that I do have friends here? No? Great. I will get to it as soon as I encounter them. In later parts of the story perhaps. For now… I inhaled a breath that entered into my nose. It was a sharp inhale that nearly left me coughing and blowing any air that got caught up deep in there… That was disgusting. I started off and walked to the first of the many crossroads. Stopping once and glanced my attention to both sides; looking out onto the horizons hoping that no cars or anything be driving about before taking a step forward to the center; turned myself to the left and resumed. I walked down the road; taking a look over to my right and staring onto the other houses that were there. These houses were painted darkest of brown shaded coloring. Their rooftops were also roughing black. Often times I walked down this road, I see several teenagers landing onto the roofs laughing amongst themselves. They were carefree. Seeing the houses now in the current time, however, how I wished to see a new generation of dragons heading up them frustrating the inhabitants that lived in there. Remembering that earned me a chuckle that escaped from my throat. I stopped shortly after and just smiled, looking around my surroundings a second time while I continued walking down the road heading forth towards the house that I now lived in. Given by the monks.

The house before me was ruined and broken. Uninhabitable by many declarations. Its walls were peeled off like mango or orange. It also smells and if I were to squint my eyes just enough, I could see green fainted smoke that rises from its rooftops and chimney. Indeed, it smells like an old home. But to others, it does not. Why? Well, when I was young like seven or so. I used to live in this very house. Along with a dragoness named Yang whom I grew to like to. We always played hatchling games and run around the house naked at times much to our guardian's frustration. But alas, we did not care at all. Many memories of my childhood days had come to my head like a tidal wave washing over my brain. My heart grew cold and beaten less as if calmed down or sad. But felt relief about remembering them days. Snapping my thoughts into reality, I shoved my claw onto my red ruined jacket. I always forget to describe what I looked like besides my scales and wings. Pulling out an old lonely golden key and held it to my claw as I started walking straight for the door before me.

The door was also gold but was faint and loss its glow over the years. For currently, it looked fainted and scratched that I could see a bit of whitish silver on it. Though without hesitation, I shoved the key into the knob and tilted it to the right. I heard a click then something muttering on the other side. Blinking and narrowing my eyes, I pushed the door and it opened allowing me inside. I pulled back the key and closed the door. That was when I started hearing someone shouting. Looking ahead onto the horizon, there I saw her. My childhood friend, Yang. She was a beautiful dragoness than I had remembered her in the past twenty years. Lightest purple scales; silver belly and wings. Her horns were narrowed like mine but curved backward like a crescent moon. She was wearing a blue clean jacket. A sparkly badge emerged on her chest. On top of her head was a blue cap; a yellow badge shines at the center of it. I smiled brightly and so did she as we stepped forth closer to one another; we hugged tightly. I had recalled that her grip was far stronger than mine that I had feared I might get strangled again and lose consciousness. Like that earlier time…

Then she parted from me, her claws still upon the back of my neck as she draws her head back and stared with her eyes. Her lips separated while she spoke, starting the conversation. "Long time, no see Yang. How was the other city doing for you? Terrible, as you predicted?" She smirked, I suppressed a laugh before shaking my head answering, "Was not terrible. At least for the moment." "So what makes you come back here in Vaster? You do know the-" But I interrupted her waving my claw out while she shut up. "I came back for two things," I responded after a pause of silence and her eyes looked at me in interest, wondering what were they. I spoke in a confident tone, "One, I am looking for a job. The last one in the other city did not work well for me." "Everyone hated you predicting correctly, Ling?" Yang answered, a smug smile appeared after she spoke, I nodded. "Boss fired me for being too arrogant and prideful in my ability." "Figures." She laughed and turned around walking into the room disappear. Silence fell over my ears as I turned my attention towards my surroundings, looking and gazing onto the white walls that stand before me. I noticed the different number of familiar pictures hanged on the walls. Many of them were family portraits of me, yang and the monks as we grew over the years.

From our childhood when we were young and free of the responsibilities we have now to our teenage years. The monks in every picture, however, did not change at all. Did I ever mention that our monks were our guardians when we were hatchlings? The monks were very old dragons that lived past their prime. Like fifty years and higher old. Their scales would turn to either pale or white. They now have mustaches and brown Japanese hats to which I never understood why they were wearing them when they were indoors or even outside. Was it to protect themselves from the sun? Do they get easily sunburn or something? Many questions entered and exited from my mind that it was making my headache suddenly. Releasing the thoughts in my head, I turned my attention to the room she was in. Entering, I chimed. "So… How was everything here since I left twenty years ago?"

Then she smiled at me and responded explaining the timeline from the start of my departure to the time I had arrived. In summary; Argon and Xenon had retired from police work, giving the job to Yang, Natty and among the others. Lento had already passed away which I was saddened about. He was a cool criminal; wanted by the officers and manages to get away in every way possible. He was also friends with Argon and Xenon, however, their relationship with one another is strained due to them being on the opposing side of justice. Not that I called criminals justice anyway. But what was surprising for me and to Yang when she had first heard it was that, Natty got married and has a hatchling. Often, I asked Yang about the husband of Natty. But she does not know it either adding in that she had just declared it.

Frowning but curiously wondering on who was the mate, I turned my attention to the brown table and two chairs sitting opposite of one another. Both were pushed in it seems. The table had a cloth on it; a series of red and white heart shaped pattern that runs across the tablecloth. I walked to the table, grabbing the top end of the chair and pulled back. Settling myself onto the surface, I folded my claws and asked her "What about you, Yang? "What about me?" She asked, a smile off upon the corner of her lips as her eyes darted to me. I hesitated and gulped quite nervously; surprised even on myself that I was too nervous to speak to female dragoness. All she did was giggled and turned herself to the stove replying to my question. "Doing fine. Many of the officers had asked me to be theirs but had politely refused them all. " My heart leaps a bit as she further spoke, "In addition to; the chief had just been promoted just a week before your arrival." "Who is it?" I asked her curiously, "Xenon." "Him? But… I thought-" "he retired? Yeah… about that…" She trailed interrupting me before finally looking my way.

"He never wanted to in the first place." She answered to the silence, I cracked a smile and laughed. "That so Xenon." "Yeah," Yang replied with a laugh on her own, smiling while she could before the silence fell over us again. "Ling?" She started. I blinked and tilted my head answering "What is it?" "You are looking for a job yes? Come over to the police station. Maybe something can spark your interest. At the same time…" She hid her smirk and she turned to me again, "We can catch up on the others." "Great." I remarked, getting up onto my feet adding "When can I start?" "Right about now." She replied turning herself around facing me, narrowing her eyes as she winked. "Maybe you can have some use with that prediction of yours." "Sure." I nodded hastily before she started for the door.

The door remained opened by the time I stared onto it for a moment. Then I turned my head to the table again and sighed, closing my eyes and opened them again. I raised onto my feet then turned to the door walking to it. Reaching for the knob, the door suddenly opened on its own and I was shocked that I stepped back away to not be hit by it for from the other side stood Yang whose head was tilted to the side blinking at me while I raised my claw to her and smiled, waving a bit and she understood replying with a nod in response. The door remained wide opened, I stepped out from the door. Feeling in the fresh cold air that washes past my scales, I smiled faintly catching up to her while she waits a few feet from where I was. Once we were together again, we resumed our walk down onto the police station. To which according to Yang, is to the west closest to where her… I mean, our former home was.

Eventually, we reached her workplace. As I stared onto the building before me, I had noticed that she already had headed in. Leaving me alone isolated outside of her work, I kept my eye upon the building. It was taller than before; then again I do not remember how tall was it when Argon and Xenon first tried to capture Lento. The building was also different in color and unique than the other homes that surrounded it. Shaking my head, I said nothing to myself as the door finally opened after three whole minutes and I looked; meeting the eyes of an old green dragon scaled body. His wins were torn and broken; there were many holes in the interior of his wings. His scales were brighter than normal; growing white the more he ages. But I remember who he was. With a bright smile upon my face, I parted my lips and shouted. "Argon!" "So you do remember me then, Ling?" He replied with a chuckle as I nodded. We embraced at least for a short moment until we had to part. As he asked me, "You must be visiting for the first time? Great job at your new town?" Then he smirked, "Got some mates." "Shut up, Argon." I laughed and he cracked a smile afterward before opening the door, allowing me inside.

Argon is a former officer of an unknown police force. By the time that we were young and underneath the monk's guidance, we always see him with his partner chasing after Lento. We did not know why; considering that he and Xenon never said anything related to their work. But whenever they were not working and just on patrol and all. They always come over to our home to visit; playing some games and talking about until evening where they would have to return to their workplace and report on whatever had come up. From what I know when speaking to them in the past, they always lie to their chief at points. He or she never found out, in the long run, allowing them both to keep their jobs. It was funny!

Remembering that event, I found myself smiling unknowingly as I walked along with Argon down the narrowed hallway to its end. Finding myself together with the old cast such as Xenon, Natty and Yang. I grinned and waves of memories filled my mind while I stepped forward towards Xenon and Natty having not seen them in the past twenty years. Xenon is Argon's partner in crime. The two always find themselves in predicaments. Trouble always finds their way to impact their lives. Whether it be 'chasing down a criminal', 'doing patrol but think of it as their free time' and among other stuff. Xenon is an old dragon, however. He lived past and eventually retired. His scales are pinkish red which I was surprised to see. When I was young, his scales were pure black. His wings were like Argon's except for the coloring. I turned my attention towards the pink asshole that we always had to put up with during my youth. Yes, that is right. The stupid showoff dragoness prick, Natty. She is a pink scaled dragoness. Her horns are pulled back like Yang; but were curvy. Her wings were large.

She smiled awkwardly to me, knowing our past relationship with one another. I growled, narrowing my eyes to her squinting. I had never wanted to see her. But maybe I was too blind by my memories to even acknowledge that she was different than her past self. I could see it in her eased up face. With the silence looming over our heads, Yang coughed to get my attention as I turned over to her and blinked. Tilting my head to one side, I raised myself and spoke. Yang beat me to it. "So everyone. This is Ling; the young dragon from before. I am sure you all have wonderful and sorrowful memories of one another. However…" She trailed, giving a glance over to Xenon and Argon. Both of which turned their heads to one another before looking to Yang. They both stood up onto their feet and walked away leaving the rest of us inside the room. With another silence, I took the chance to look around.

I was not sure what the interior of the building had looked like because I did not go to one. If I had remembered correctly; there was not one police building established in Vaster when I and Yang were young. The walls were pale on the bottom. White paint was overtopped of it. A lamp hangs above us, mainly above Natty's head. It was not turned on, however. The room all three of us were in was small; only two doors appeared before me. One to my right; and the other ahead of me. The door in front was where Xenon and Argon had headed in. To get what? I was not sure of myself. But I was eager to find out eventually. As Natty and Yang turned to each other having a conversation with themselves, I swing my legs about and waited as my eyes stared ahead towards the door before me awaiting what surprise that they had in store for me.

It did not take long however for them to emerge out from the door; silencing the conversation and allowing myself to get up from the chair that I was sitting on for a long time. I looked while Xenon and Argon held up a blue cap and uniform in front of my eyes. I blinked and turned to Yang who then offered to me. "How would you like… To join my forces then?" "Sure." I barked, agreeing with her as Argon and Xenon gave me the uniform for me to wear.