Venturing: Awaitor

We landed in front of the station as snow was melting upon our faces. Folding our wings, Yang reached out to grab the knob. And twisted it before pulling back as we heard a click emerged upon our ears. With the door opened, we walked inside. Our mouths were tight due to the cold washing over our scales. The body temperature we had dropped significantly that we were shivering. And non fire breathing dragons are not suppose to be like that! Our scales shuffled and ruffled amongst themselves as we stood adjacent to the door. Silence were between us and even beyond us as we had not heard a single reply from our teammates. Confused, I darted my eyes away from Yang and back upon the lit environment that stands before us as I raised my claws out and cupped it onto my lips before uttering a sound.

“Kyro? Natty? Zander?” I shouted, the voice carried out into the void fading as it was farther away from us until nothing more than a faint in the distance. With no answer to my call, I shift nervously to Yang who shrugged in silence before taking the lead. I followed after her. And went through the short hallway before entering into the large room, we stopped. Planted our feet and glanced about. We were like security guards looking for a culprit or a thief that somehow broke into someone’s home. But from my initial gaze into the room, nothing was about. And at the result, I was nervous. My scales were vibrating. My wings spread about as my tail swings behind me. I walked branching off from Yang whom had gone off another way. I walked along the path towards a distance door that was Yang’s main office. And where Xenao and Argon were gathered to talk to her. I had decided that this was the place I would find out where the other three had went. Although I second guessed myself at times…

Despite the thoughts circulating my head, I crept forth. One heel touching the grounds beneath me than the other. Until I find myself acting like a thief in the night. Moving forward closing in onto the door, I extended my claw outward to its knob. Then I grabbed it and slowly turned to one side. But just before I could opened the door, I heard a sudden scream. I jumped in surprise and turned around. My face was white pale. Eyes were shrinking as sweat beads fell down my face. I quickly scrambled for a flashlight upon my waist and clicked on its button before realizing that the room was lit. Nothing was behind me. But a question entered my mind. Regarding to the noise I just heard, ‘was that Yang just now?’ I frowned, my heart pounded against my chest as I turned facing the door behind me again. Repeating the same cycle once again, I opened the door and looked inside.

A small room welcomed me in. Darkness loomed over my eyes as if they were shielding me from the sunlight. The white desk was there. On it were a broken lamp, computer, keyboard and a bunch of toys. I blinked at the last one. ‘A bunch of toys?’ I pondered and stretched the door more, hitting the wall on the other side of the door as I stepped closer towards the desk. Hoping to get a strong look upon what I was seeing. And hopefully it was not what I was thinking at all… Closing in onto the desk, my ears flattened against my head as my eyes lowered upon the surface of the desk and raised my flashlight upward just below my head. Shining on the objects before me, I noticed. A brown circle tightrope. A black pistol. Dildo. And some jars full of white liquid. I paused mentally upon the last two objects I had seen. ‘A dildo and a jar…’ I repeated in my head as I now heard rapid footsteps behind me.

I quickly turned around and spotted Yang at the front door. Her face was pale also. Her mouth opened into an oval shape. With her ears hanged back behind her head and horns, she screamed at me in panicked. “Ling! Something is wrong with Zander!” I looked upon the black dragon in silence. His face was red and rosy. Never cold. Sweat were forming upon his armpits, scales and underbelly. I looked back to Yang and asked her, “Did Zander took a sauna or something?” “We do not have one in the station, Ling.” I pouted, guess that was out of the question. So I walked forth towards Zander and Yang. Hoping to find a closer look upon him. On a closer examination, I had noticed that Zander was in lust. His face had said it all. Eyes were half opened half close, his forked tongue was sticking out from his mouth. “He looked like he was in heat or something…” I commented, Yang nodded as her fear had settled down in her stomach.

“Did something happened to him?” Yang asked, “Perhaps…” I answered her, quickly darting my eyes back upon the desk behind me where I presumed the items were to be. To my luck, they were still there. All lined up amongst themselves. Organized and in linear order. I spoke to Yang, “Lets get him upon the mansion. This place is starting to smell…” I ordered, Yang nodded quickly before departing away from me. With silence falling back upon my ears again just as the door had opened, I looked back upon the desk. And with a frown on my face, I scowled and hardened my face while tightly gripping my claw before following where Yang had gone through. Exiting out from the station, a cold shiver had ran through Zander. He jolted and clenches his fangs and claws, closing his eyes while wiggling his way out from Yang’s claws whom had kept a tight hold upon him. Rejoining them, I exchange the information that I had found.

“I spotted a dildo and a jar of white liquid upon the desk. On an empty small room leftward from where the entrance of the station was.” I said, Yang looked at me with widened eyes as if she could not believed what I was saying. “A dildo and a jar?” I nodded, “What are our culprit going to do with those items?” “Perhaps to silence whoever had gone through here.” I suggested, pointing back onto the doors behind me. The edges of her mouth sagged as her eyes pointed daggers at me. I retreated a step, closest to the doors as I looked at her with a surprise expression upon my face. Silence fell between us. And with a moaning voice from Zander that caught both our attention, I gave a sigh and shook my head. “Look. We need to bring him back to the mansion where he would be able to tend to his wounds. And perhaps lower his lust look in his eyes.” “I still cannot believed that these fiends would do this to us.” Yang angrily objected never listening to what I had said as we spread our wings out and flew towards the northern part of the town.

As the snow raged on and our body temperature dropping, there were thoughts that nagged my brain. Thoughts about the jar and the dildo I saw earlier upon the desk. And Zander being captured after Natty’s order to withdraw from the station and set up camp at her mansion. But I had wondered if these two events leads into the massacre that happened at school, months ago. Concurrently, there is no school for months now. Due to the fear that more deaths will happened upon that school. Teachers and faculty were happy as a result. Same with the students and kids. But with all those events tied up in my brain, I could not connect them with one another. ‘Just more evidence…’ I thought to myself as my cold fragile wings desperately flapped to keep warm upon the ranging cold surrounding us.

Eventually, we reached the mansioned. Both me and Yang landed upon the grounds. Then without hesitation walked up to the door and I raised my claw, knocking. No answer. I tried again desperately a second time and heard a voice that came from the other side. Me and Yang pulled back a few steps to give the door some distance to open. And when the door opened, Kyro and Natty were the first to greet us. We both smiled at them in response to their excited warm smiles. As they stepped away allowing us in, Yang spoke to them while extended her claws outward from herself. “We found Zander inside the station.” “What happened to him?” Natty asked, a bit surprise while Kyro looked at Zander for a moment before answering her, “He got captured. Someone had managed to drive up his pent up lust. How? I sometimes wonder…” I stepped into their conversation, answering the red dragon. “A dildo and a jar was found on top of the desk. Inside the small room.”

“You mean the small room where Xenao and Argon reside in?” Kyro asked, I nodded in answer to him. “Someone must had milked him dry…” Natty muttered, mostly to herself. “Just to keep him shut and his breeding drive up until he cannot talk anymore. Or remember anything that happened after…” She shut her lips and turned away. “He should be fine after some hours…” She said instead, with a smile brightened on her face. Me and Yang nodded our heads as Natty stepped closer to Yang. Snatched Zander off from her claws and carried him away towards another place. Leaving the three of us behind, we had decided to gather at the living room. Just to discuss what we had found.

Have I ever told you how big Natty’s mansion was? It was four stories high! Equipped with an antenna and satellite dish upon the rooftop. Each of the mansion’s floors were unique and different from one another. The first floor was a regular old floor. Kinda like a guest floor where the invited guest would reside in. In the first was a living and kitchen room. Three bedrooms on the outskirts of these two rooms. As much as I liked to go into the full details of what each room was, I do not think we had enough time and resources to do so. So go with your imagination as to what the rooms looked like! The floor above the first is a childrens and game room. This is where the nurseries happened. When hatchlings have hatched out of their eggs, of course. But to those babies that had not hatched, their eggs are kept in a secret place. Warm and moist it was. No no, silly. It is not the oven. Its… its… its kinda hard to explain what it was.

Basically, it looked like a dome where the egg lives inside it. An invisible like narrowed tube is attached to the top of that dome where light comes from it. No, we do not use the sun’s energy as rain might fall down and ruin the eggs. That light is electricity! Or something along of those lines. I would not know. And around the egg are hay straws. Perhaps we had stolen them from a barn nearby. Oops! This is where the egg lives for a couple of months… maybe years. Before it can finally hatch into the real world we live in!

Okay. I am derailing myself upon the actual story plot we are doing. So let us get back onto it. And you will probably get the general idea of what the other floors are anyway…

We exchanged clues and information about what we had found out during our short time away from one another. But me and Yang were shocked to hear that our culprit list was expending more and more. As Yang facepalmed herself and her face becoming rosy red at the same time, she started raising up her voice to Kyro. Ranting on and on about nonsense at a fast pace voice as me and Kyro looked at her with annoyed. Half eye closed expressions, all the while nodding to her with hope that she does not catch onto us being distracted by other things. Overtime, her voice got raspy and she coughed in response. Thus she closed her mouth yet her angered eyes stabbed Kyro while I scoot over to her and laid a wing upon her backside calming her down. The heated argument died down and past as my lips opened and spoke to Kyro. “So why are our list expended now? I thought we had narrowed our suspects thanks to a list of clues?” “Sure yeah.” Kyro resorted to us, his eyes turned to me as he spoke. Then his lips parted, adding into his sentence, “But you are forgetting one more thing.”

“These culprits have a history against Natty.” “When they were children?” I asked, intrigued and Kyro nodded in answer with a smile slapped upon his face. I reeled back my head, my wing had laid itself upon Ling as I stare at Kyro and raised my head towards the ceiling. Daydreaming in the silence that followed our conversation, I faintly smiled before lowering my head and faced Kyro again, asking him another question “Who are our culprits? And I mean all of them.” “Well…” Kyro started and raised his pupils up into the ceiling above him. As he pondered, he began mentioning those names. “ Sen, Lope and Sentra.” “Who is Sentra?” Yang asked, Kyro shrugged shaking his head. “Not sure. Its best to ask Natty about it.” I frowned. I had wondered about the history behind Natty’s new friend, Sentra. And judging by the name, it sounded like a dragoness. Spanish? Perhaps. I could be wrong however. But exhaling and throwing my head back, I had now received a headache that kept pounding in my head. With gritted fangs showing from my parted lips, I had not noticed that Natty had came into the room with the following silence after her.

“What is going on here? What are we talking about now?” Natty asked, so Kyro decided to fill her in onto the conversation we had previously. And as the dragons conversed, I lifted my head up and stared upon Natty, studying her expression upon the culprit’s names. For so far, it was normal. A giggle expression from Sen and Lope. But mentioning the spanish dragon, her face hardened. I blinked then shifted my eyes to her spread out wings. Her body jerked backwards. ‘So there was something about the name.’ I thought to myself and decided to press into it. “Natty. Who is Sentra? And why are you flinching?” At my voice, she turned to me in silence, her expression remained the same. But in her eyes, remained sorrow or sadness. Perhaps depression? With her face averting my eyes, she decided to stare at the ground. Silence had suddenly loomed over us, so quickly I dropped the subject. Never wanting to persist into delving into her history past with many dragons during her time. However, my mind instead persisted.

Despite getting nowhere in our investigation and having been moved away from our station and into a mansion as a temporarily base, I exhaled and threw my claws behind me. Folded my wings and kept my lips sealed. Yang and Natty kept their backs straight. Yet their eyes met with one another. Their wings still spread and their tails swinging as if they were chatting mentally. Kyro looked the most bored. His face scowled in anger and harden. His eyes narrowed and his pupils were pointed upward to the ceiling above us. Perhaps he was lost in space somehow. With the wrench upon our progress of finding out the culprit, our walkies suddenly turned on. The following static emerged from its speakers which perked our attention and lowered our heads down to it. It spoke to us. Boasting and inflating its ego all the while telling us, ‘they are always one step ahead.’ As I growled upon that taunt, I shifted my pupils over to Yang who seems to be reaching for her walkie before pressing her button.

“How did you reach our frequency?” She had demanded, “Did you take one of our fellow’s as you milked him in order to seal up whatever you were planning?” There was a pause. A short one before the walkie sparked with life replying “I stole one of your walkies from the white storage room on the opposite side of the larger room inside your station. It was quite easy due to no other officer enemy lurking around.” A second pause of silence before it spoke again, “And to answer your second question; yes we did.” Natty’s ears perked up at the word ‘we’. I looked to her. And so did Kyro and Yang. As we watched her stand upright with her back straightened, her mouth started to curve upward and beamed at Yang. It had seemed that a spark had inflated in her mind. A jog of memory that caused her to jolt upright. Was it the mention of ‘we’? Could it be…? But before I could voice my opinion, I noticed Natty jerked her head towards Yang who nodded after her asking the question, “Was this for the vengeance against Natty? Confront her here then!” Yang dared.

A long silence fell from the other line. We all waited for the opposition’s response. But we all could tell that Yang and Natty were excited and bold about their responses. It was as if our culprits were caught red handed and cornered like a rat. Checkmate. But before I could celebrate upon our victory, my mind snapped upon the mention of the ‘confrontation’ against Natty. For as I turned to Kyro with a nod, it had seems that he had the right idea after all. And we both raised to our feets, ran out from the room and into the kitchen to prepare for a ‘homecoming’. We started digging into cabinets and drawers, taking out things that we could use for this grand celebration. But all the while, my brain began working. Electricity circulated around my brain and into my veins as I work thought after thought piecing together the mental puzzle set before me. Our first clue was the white powder that Yang had picked up from the ground when we entered into the auditorium seconds after the panic settled into the faculty and students. In addition, all the dead bodies found inside the auditorium had no imprints of any real bullet holes. They were all fake. Just scratched tapped and white paper with a photoshop of a bullet hole. They used Natty’s pistol because she was the only one inside the room. Trying to frame her for the deed she had done. Most of the teachers agreed as a result. But the rest were not convinced.

When the rest was not convinced. They resorted to bribing an owner that owns the factory building nearby the police station to distract us. So while the owner was firing raw fish onto the stadium adjacent to where the factory was, the culprits prepared to unleashed this cold and blizzard like condition upon the town. Which would resulted in a school closing. And with no one on the road or street or anyone trying to stop them by calling the police, they were free to do as they please. And their main target was Natty.

Kyro’s voice called out to me. My mental thoughts were snapped as I returned back into reality. Shifting my head and meeting the eyes of my partner, the red dragon gave an assuring smile to me. His eyes beamed before lowering them onto another object that had required his attention. I too lowered my head down and glanced upon the end result of our… I mean Kyro’s recreation. A huge black thin net. It was larger than both of us combined and was double in length compared to our arms. As Kyro finished, our ears erected upon hearing the running storm of footsteps from the entrance door behind me. And we both turned our attention towards Yang who too smile back upon us as her lips parted with excitement, “Our culprits will be here soon. Let us get them with Natty being the bait!” Me and Kyro nodded before we spread our wings. Flying high into the four floor above the living room where Natty planted herself upon the center of the room, we landed upon some railings and poised ourselves for the inevitable.

For because the door had opened, and the lights had all shut off. Leaving Natty face to face with her two opposers as the culprits came into view. ‘Sen and Lope.’ Kyro whispered to me as I nodded. Of course it would be these two. They had a hatred towards the pink dragoness for years. Even more grudge than Zander, me and Yang put together. And as I waited, I pondered why the two had a hated towards her. Guess we would find out, huh?