Venturing: Duo Phoso

It had happened all way too fast for us. One after the other, in each night. We were overwhelmed by almost everything. The lizard that had captured all ten pages, but lost them all due to a hiccup which we had believed it to be the Hunter’s pack. Sixteen of our combine forces disappeared; eight on each side. We have no other clue where they had gone into or their destination at once. We were left with little information and a lot of problems. I was found flying overhead one afternoon, together with Zander and Kyro. Natty had stayed behind with Yang to fix the issues. Meanwhile, Ozkun and Takaki made their patrols around the blocks in silence. It was the only functional we all got in response to the crisis we had on their claws. But looking to the two dragons tailing me, I had known that they were a bit nervous and quiet about the breaking news that washed across our city.

Flapping out wings, we headed out north. Towards the place where eight of our dragons were wiped from existence. We landed upon the ground hard. The vibrations beneath us shook the ground and surrounding buildings, none of which had fallen upon the impacted we had created together. I looked about upon the surroundings, searching for anything that had a relation towards our disappearing guys. The streets held nothing. The sidewalk was empty too. Even the allies there had nothing for us. I growled as result, raising my claw high and motioned for the two dragons behind me. Both Zander and Kyro nodded their heads, splitting up from me and each headed their own direction. Zander headed north, towards a few buildings ahead. He crossed the empty street and sidewalk, walking forth at the entrance of some alleyway ahead of him. Kyro was headed opposite of Zander; he disappeared immediately from my sight. But I just ignored him, knowing that he already knew his way forward.

Both dragons immediately left me alone, conducting their own investigation. Silence rings in my ears as I listened to the quietness surrounding me from where I stand at the center of the road. My head was still, pointing north towards the horizon and staring at some building that was in front of me. I walked north a few steps, reaching upon the sidewalk a little way ahead of me. Climbing up towards the pale block beneath while raising my head high towards the building in front. A brown door was in front of me. Reaching out towards it; I grabbed onto its knob. Pulled it towards the side and opened the door; shortly after entering inside while the fresh breath of air washes over my scales. I found myself at the main lobby; a help desk was to my side. But no one was sitting there. Instead, a white piece of paper sat at the chair where the receptionist would be. Immediately and perhaps unconsciously, I turned towards the help desk. Split opened my mouth and started to speak. But words were held back after realizing that no one was at the chair. Paper was there instead. It was turned over; words were written overtop of it as I leaned into the help desk and stared. Reading what the contents said upon the paper.

But before reading it outloud, I heard my walkie woke up with static filling the empty room. For out came Zander whose voice was intertwine with the static somehow; making it hard to hear what he had to say at times however. Grabbing the walkie, I rose it high towards my snout. Pressed onto the button before speaking back in response, “Zander? What is it?” “There are some information that I got to tell you guys.” He responded, his voice was a bit higher than usual. ‘Was he excited or nervous about something?’ I wondered in silence, but shook my head afterwards. Listening to what Zander had to say as he spoke it out, “There are rumors that are spread across the northern potion of Vaster.” “What were the rumors?” Yang questioned, I was a bit surprise that Yang had taken interest into this rumors that had ties with the case we were handling currently. “Some dragons are claiming that the lizard had eight of those dragons missing in photos somehow.” “Photos?” I asked with a tilt of my head. Though this does bring up a bit good points however and this answer did relieved some of our hardened questions that were stuck inside our minds for a while, shortly before this story began.

“Is this some kind of joke?” Commented Kyro which Zander blurted out “No! No! It is not. This is true.” “Got to listen Kyro.” Responded Natty as giggling faded in the background static which perhaps was her and Yang at the same time however. I just rolled my eyes and shook my head; pretending to ignore the rest of the conversation while I peered upon the main room that I had stand in for a long time it seems. Returning my attention towards the piece of paper again, I walked around the help desk and grabbed it from the chair. Raised it leveled towards my head and stretched it out so I would be able to see its contents inside. “A machine located Southward, in between two realms.” I tilted my head to one side, pondering what it had meant by that quote. But I turned around, set that to the side and searched about upon the room I was in.

For so far, I had saw nothing here. The entire room was covered in emptiness. Not a single thing was out of touch which had disturbed me greatly. For as I walked forth, setting some space in between myself and the desk behind me, I walked towards the other end of the room where a silver door stands in front of me. A white sign hanged overtop the gray pale peg in front. Grayish rope hanged around the peg with a sign below it. ‘Closed’. I ignored the sign and grabbed the knob. But the door would not opened somehow. I was a bit surprise. But my eyes narrowed upon the door. Curiosity lingered upon my scales as I raced with thoughts inside my head, pondering what the other side of the door hid from us. I stepped back from the door; and charged forth towards it again. Bang! The door opened forcefully on its own. Yet it breaks from its stem at my right side; falling upon the ground as if it was murdered. I set my eyes to the horizon, gazing down onto what was in front of me. It was nothing. Just a staircase leading higher in elevation however.

Another sign was station adjacent to the stairs, a red arrow was painted upon the sign along with some black words hovering above it. What it said never concerned me while my eyes were raised towards the skies, or rather the ceiling above me. Flapping my wings a couple of times, I readjusted them and shook my head afterwards and in response, knowing full well that perhaps this might be the wrong place after all. So returning myself back towards the front door, I raised my walkie and pressed the button. Speaking forth towards Zander, asking him to repeat whatever was said. He claimed, ‘eight dragons were rumored to be missing in photos which were now posted all over town.’ “Eight missing dragons in photos?” I clarified which prompted Zander to agreed with me, adding “Yang had sent Natty, Ozkun and Takaki to go deal with it. See what they can find in the meanwhile.” “And the rest of us?” “We are to repositioned ourselves in front of the station, facing southward.” I groaned. This indeed might be a long day.

But instead of complaining, I applied the tactic. So together with Kyro and Zander, we flew southward. Returning back towards the station where Yang was waiting for us up front of it. We regrouped together with her as she welcomed us back inside. Led inside, one by one, we entered through the warmth blast of fresh air coursing through our scales after we entered into the main lobby upon our station. For so far, nothing remains changed upon our main. The chairs were clean of dust; desks were written in black. The photos and pictures were hang upon our pale walls. I breathed an exhaled sigh, forcing Zander and Kyro to chuckle afterwards while Yang just stared at us in response. For the first few seconds or minutes had became silent with the ringing lingering in our ears for the duration of the time being. We walked across the main lobby, I held my claws behind my back while questioning Yang about the events that had conspired. For we put together a list of things in terms of priority.

“First and foremost, is the eight missing dragons. I had sent Ozkun and Takaki there to check upon all the photos and pictures scattered across the town, just in case we get to see any familiar dragons being inside the paper.” “Guess they had made it to the front page.” Commented Zander despite the red dragon nudging him with a growl. Yang turned to face the two troublemakers, narrowing her eyes at them before turned back around and resumed forward. I just exhaled, a chuckle mixed in with the exhale forcing me to cough a bit. But remained professional as Yang glance at me for a moment before resuming again. “We needed to know if what these rumors were spread were true.” “If not then…” “It would spell disaster for our reputation as officers.” I finished for her, Yang silently nodded at that, smiling a bit perhaps pleased or worried for me. But I just shook my head, continuing for her however “This is rather important. As so you claimed, Yang.” “Indeed it is, Ling.” She commented back, side glancing me again as we paused in our steps.

We were already in front of her officer. ‘How surprising.’ I thought with a small smile, glancing to Zander and Kyro as the two positioned themselves a bit ahead of me. Their eyes met with mine. But neither of them wanted to pitched into the conversation at once. As they had remained silent, I turned to them just as the door behind us opened and closed afterwards. Leaving us behind upon the silence of the room and the grand return of the ringing that entered into our ears afterwards. Time had ticked by. Zander yawned. Kyro kept looking at the leftmost wall for some strange reason. I was position to the side of the door that Yang had entered through. All of us were standing tall, claws behind our backs. Eyes forth to the door on the other side of the room. By as the minutes go by, soon the three of us were growing a bit bored of the situation that we had found ourselves in. For as Zander kept on yawning from time after time, we constant heard from our walkies statics and flashes of sounds as the faded voices appeared. Speaking straight towards us with a calm voice.

Till one minute this had happened. “We found eight wires stretched southward of Vaster. They each head and attached themselves to the machine. Another eight were also found coming from Canine realm.” “So it is true.” Commented Zander, as his eyes turned to both of us. I gave a slight nod to the black dragon. Kyro remained silent as his fear was written across his face however. The comment continued through the walkie, “-The machines are humming. Glowing a bit red however. There are also numbers at the side of the machines too and the wires that they were attached to too.” “What were the numbers?” We heard Yang spoke twice; one from the walkie and the other behind the door. “Its in perfect eights. Starting from Sixteen and cutting itself into half till it reaches one.” “sixteen, eight, four, two and one.” Zander comment, “But what did those numbers meant? Why were they painted at the side of the machine and the wire?” I questioned out of the blue while Zander shrugged, frowning while looking at Kyro.

We each remained silent. None of us talked for the duration of the conversation. Yet we were worried for the red dragon somehow who seems to be agitated by the second this conversation continues on. His yellow wings unfurled and spread; then closed itself afterwards. His claws opened and closed. Foot tapping upon the ground in nervous rhythms. “Kyro.” I breathed, wanting to pop the question while he turned towards me. We were shocked by his pale face too; having noticed that his eyes were blinking out of synced if that was even the term. He kept moving his head from side to side as he glances often upon the front door at the other side of the room. “Kyro.” Zander commented, having known that he could not hear me at all. I stepped back and allowed Zander to walk forth towards the dragon. Zander hunched himself upon the shoulders of the red dragon just as he lowered his eyes, meeting the dragon’s glances as the room surrounding us became softly quiet.

“What is wrong?” He repeated again, “Those machines…” Kyro sputtered, his lips split just to say those words. But shortly after became silent again as just his eyes stared to him. He closed them following afterwards forcing Zander to blinked a bit, tilting his head towards the side as I walked closer towards Kyro in response. “What of those machines?” The door opened behind us; the three of us turned towards Yang who looked a bit confused upon the mayhem that was conducted. But shook her head afterwards and narrowed her eyes; stabbing her claw pointing at each of us. “I need you all to regroup with the second.” She faces me, “Ling, you take charge.” “Sure ma’am.” I nodded my head, motioning my claw towards Kyro and Zander as we raced straight to the front door across the room. Out upon the outside realm where we had noticed that the entire scenery changed before our eyes.

A red sky was painted. Buildings remained in the darkness. Lights from the lamps frequently turned at a silent rhythm however. The streets’ broken yellow dashes faded upon the oncoming darkness that was welcomed. Pushing away the light of the afternoon time while Zander questioned me, “Is a storm coming to kill us all?” “The weather did say that we are suppose to have party cloudy to mostly cloudy however.” Kyro commented, answering for the dragon as he turned towards Kyro again and growled, “And the winds?” “Calm?” “Guys shut up and head southward.” I growled at the two behind me, my yells reached their ears and they nodded in the following silence. Neither of them talking while we spread our wings and heed southward, hopefully to join in with the rest of the dragons whom we were worried about since the ever changing events that spread across our realm.

“I had wandered if this was happening to Canine as well.” Questioned Zander despite the face slapped by Kyro who growled at him in turn. Their infighting had cause the silence to fled away. But I myself had ignored them at once while we reached the gates of Vaster. Beyond it were the machines that Natty was talking about. All three said dragons positioned themselves in front of the machines but were set at a distance from them. All eyes were pointed to them however as we dived down and landed behind me. As the rush of the winds, Natty turned around and smiled upon me. I mirrored her after folding my wings. But changed expression afterwards as I raised my claw high, pointing forth towards the machine that was in front of us however. For upon this, Natty nodded her head and explained everything as she could.

“These machines powered up the lamppost. Some of them however.” “Would we know which ones?” I questioned her, Natty nodded responding “Yes. Those that have posters upon them are the ones connected to this machine.” “Any way to break them? Or cut off the power?” Kyro questioned, Natty shook her head again and frowned “Nope. Me, Ozkun and Takaki have tried everything. Nothing work.” “These must be powerfully tight if your tactics never work, Natty.” I commented lowering my eyes upon the ground where the black wires stretched and connect to the machine in front of us. Natty gave a silent nod, frowning as her wings spread again “I wonder if, those posters had anything to do with this machine. I mean there are indeed eight of them, right?” We all agree with her, “We should perhaps ripped them from their posts surely that would stop it.” “But aren’t the post stick to them?” Ask Takaki as he joined the group, everyone turned towards him. Silence loomed over our heads, no one talked while I pondered.

“Let just try it then.” Said Ozkun also rejoining the conversation while Takaki nodded his head with a smile upon his face. I nodded after Takaki and spoke, “Kyro, take Natty and Ozkun with you and head West.” “near the border of the Canine realm?” Questioned Kyro. I nodded as they departed following afterwards, I turned my attention to Zander. Ordering him to take the rest of the unit Eastward. Zander nodded in response, motioning the remaining dragons in my unit as they fled eastward. For in the meanwhile, I shift my attention back towards the machine behind me and stared at it for a moment. Rethinking back towards an earlier time, I had remembered that someone had spoken about the perfect eights being there. Gradually I walked forth towards the machine. Kept my eyes pointing to it while darting towards the corners of my eyes, staring down onto the ropes that connect with the machine at once. At closer inspection, I had noticed that numbers were indeed ingrained above the wires. Starting from sixteen, counting down by halves down towards one where the eighth wire was connected into.

I pondered over this perfect eights. Wondering if there is any some sort of significance upon them or were they just regular numbers fooling anyone that tries to half their progress. ‘...And what is their progress anyway?’ I added in my mind, pondering over it critically as my eyes leveled upon the ingrained numbers again in the silence that follows. I frowned. Tilted my head to one side while moving around the perimeter of the machine before me. Searching for anything that could relate towards disabling the machine at once. But having no clue, I heard my walkie spoke up again. “The posts at the lamppost are missing a strip of paper.” I was shocked. A bit surprise that someone would do such a thing. That I immediately grabbed onto my walkie and pressed hard upon the button again, raising my voice as I growled into the walkie “Missing a strip?” “The top potion of the paper is missing.” ‘How did that happened?’ I wondered, ‘How can anyone create a perfect strip of clean cut piece just from that? Without any sort of scissors or anything?’ But my line of thinking was cut when more reported the same thing.

For at the end; all eight of our pages from the lamposts were all cut by eighths. Once again, we are overwhelmed by this that I started to grind my fangs together and narrowed my eyes. My mind rushing to ponder over the things happening; trying its best to sort things out. But instead, I pressed onto the button again and immediately spoken out towards each of them, “Rip off the pages from the lampposts.” “You cannot do that, Ling!” Yang screamed into the speaker immediately following me releasing the button from my walkie. “Our entire realm will be covered by a red sky. Things wills surface-” “What choice do we have, Yang?” I questioned, my voice was almost yelling upon this point. But yet I had never cared one bit evermore. For while I was breathing heavily from the screaming created from my own lungs, at the corner of my eye; I had noticed someone was there. A strange figure. Masked by his face making it hard to see what he was upon the inside. Upon me noticing him, he flinched and deserted into the shadows. I growled and went after him. Pressing again the button again as I spoke, “Everyone! I think I found the perpetrator.” “Ling, fall back now. This machine had gotten you obsessed now!” I pause in my tracks; halfway through the space where the machine was behind me. Yet my eyes set forth to the entrance of the alleyway in front of me.

A slow breath escaped my lips; I spread my wings hesitatingly. Unable to comply with the order that my mate had give straight towards me. But how can I when, I thought of the culprit that created this machine. Slamming my foot upon the ground, I calmed down and raised my walkie again. Pressed for the third time it seems as I muttered the words. Then immediately fell back just as the machine hummed louder in my ears no matter the distance set between us however.