Venturing: Packer’s Pack

“Look who decided to show up.” My ears perked upon the familiar voice as I blinked. Shifting my eyes over towards the source of that sound where I had spotted Zander, staring back onto me with that stupid grin on his face and his claws stationed upon his hips. “Long time no see Ling, how have you been?” “Took you long enough, Ling.” Kyro responded, his eyes meeting mine. “How long had it been?” I questioned him, the red dragon chuckled in the following silence before shaking his head from side to side before responding to me, “Not long enough. Now. Yang is waiting for you in the office. She is together with the chief right now.” “She in an important meeting?” I asked curiously and he shook his head again before leaning in and dropped his voice to a whisper against my ear, “Not a meeting. Rather an important job to do.” “Does that mean we have to-” I questioned Kyro but again he shook his head, inwardly sighed before closing opening his eyes and shifted elsewhere.

We were in the long narrowed hallway. Surrounding us were the walls and closed doors with voices coming in from the inside somehow. Silence loomed over our heads, my eyes were to the door on the other end of the door. My head tilted to one side before questioning Kyro again, but he ignored me. Sighing, I kept my eyes towards the door while the conversations continued behind my back. It felt hours of silence and boredom until I had noticed that the door was already opened. My ears perked up and stared, so did the others as they cheerfully shouted across the halls like children waiting for their parents. Out from the door came Yang and the chief. The two had a splendid well time spent with one another which made me wonder if the two were dating. They held onto their serious faces as their eyes interlock with one another. But by the time they turned their heads out front was when Yang widened her eyes in surprise, a curve smile drifted from her face as she ran across the halls. Suddenly hugging me.

My cheeks flair red watching in embarrassment as the other officers snickered in response behind my back. I said nothing but to scowl at them in response before wrapping my arms around her. That was when the chief spoke up, “Ling, if that is your name.” My head nodded slowly, unsure of what to do as I watched the chief’s expression lightened before staring at me without that intense look on his face, “Welcome back, Yang had told me so much about you.” “During our time together, sir?” I remarked, embarrassed and nervous while the chief nodded “Yes. Regardless of your status with her-: “We are not dating.” I remarked suddenly, a staining my shattered heart as my brain quickly tried to counteract the instincts I held within. The chief said nothing back but a stare before turning around, huffing as a puff of smoke emerged from his nostrils. He returned to the room, closed the door behind himself and left us to ourselves. At this moment was peace and tranquility which was halted immediately when a slap of a claw hits against my face.

“Ow!” I exclaimed, glaring at Yang who return an amusing smirk upon her lips as her eyes stared onto mine, she whispered which filled the silence surrounding us. “How was your other unit?” “Boring.” I rolled my eyes, “They would do what I wanted them to do; but their personality is stale and boring. The author even would not write that story anymore.” “And all over the place too.” Zander added feeling the need to pitch his own two cents in, I turned to him and growled with narrowed eyes staring to him in response for his remark. All he did was shrugged and turned away which Kyro followed him. But not before waving at us, “Good luck you two. Cya around Yang.” “Be here for the next meeting, Kyro.” Yang snarled, he just waved in response. Now with everyone gone, it just left the two of us in turn.

“We need to catch up a bit.” Yang remarked after a pause in silence, I blinked after her and frowned protesting her suggestion and questioned about the mission that we had to do. “The mission?” She tilted her head to one side and I nodded. She chuckled and shook her head, muttering something underneath her breath before responding, “Alright. We are told by the chief to warn Chaos of the impending threat that is heading their way.” “‘Impending threat?’” I asked and she rose her claw tapping against my nose as she says, “Yeah.” “What is the threat?” She shrugged before snatching my claws with her own and ran us out the door. My thoughts pondered even theorizing about the threats that the chief and Yang were talking about. Eventually leading me into a strange headache to which I held my free claw up towards my forehead and flattened it. I was led down the white sidewalk then turned left upon the first traffic sign we had seen. The city of Vaster was busy but peaceful. Citizens were out and about; yelling or screaming against one another while stuck in traffic. Hatchlings running across the sidewalks, screaming and laughing amongst themselves. I smiled remembering the good old days of our youth. But my daydreaming was yanked away when Yang started singing, “We are here!”

“Where are we? How long had I been day dreaming?” I spoke out loud gazing my attention to the mansion before my eyes. “Natty’s Mansion?!” I remarked startled but awestruck by it having remembered that we had once held meeting here before when we had a chief after all. The mansion was four stories high and almost reaching the skies above. The walls were pure dark red; windows were white and all around the front side of the mansion. A pair of railings were to the front side of the house followed by a black chair and two front doors. One of the two had a lock upon them. As I stared at the house, I was suddenly yanked by Yang who ran towards the mansion. Up the small flight of stairs that I never saw before and towards the front porch of the home. Upon the front door we grounded ourselves in as Yang grabbed onto the knob. Tilted it and pushed allowing the door to opened suddenly, we entered in. A fresh breeze washed over our scales and I shivered while our eyes held up to the horizon before us. A short hallway then a long flight of stairs awaits reaching towards the first floor. I was nearly surprise to see the improvements made upon the mansion, prior to my disappearance outside of Vaster.

We headed up the stairs. Upon the first floor we entered through whereas a certain pink dragoness was sitting alone upon the chair, drinking her tea as she hanged back and a small smile drifted from her face. “Is she practicing becoming a grand dragoness or something?” I whispered in response, glancing to Yang who giggled before shaking her head, “No. She just like the peace and quiet. Hey Natty!” She screamed and startled the poor dragon who threw her claws above her head, spilling the tear onto her head and the ceiling above. She grumbled but calmly rose herself up to her feet and her eyes sent daggers down the our spines. I shivered, but Yang maintained her grin and Natty stepped towards us with anger seeping from her voice and mouth, “What do you guys want? I am trying to relax.” “Sounds like you are just drinking tea like a grand dragon or something. What? Your hatchling and hatchlings of their own or something?” A pause of silence answered my question, I shivered feeling the heat in the back of my neck as I nervously kept quiet letting the females talk amongst their own.

Or so I had thought when Yang talked about the mission at hand.

“The entrance to Chaos.” I heard Yang whispered mostly to herself as our eyes looked up towards the tall buildings standing before us. I was a bit nervous, having been to the Chaos realm for a while and lived through the foxes that lived inside there. So I had known what and who we are facing at the time. “And speaking of the time…” I muttered to myself, lowering my eyes towards my wrist staring upon an invisible watch that I used to have before it was stolen by some fox. We were silent and all eyes were to Yang who grinned reflecting our worries and anxieties back upon us before she turned around and marched through the line towards the chaos realm. We followed right behind her. Darkness was all we see at the time. The moon hangs high above us. Ringing echoed our ears and mine flattened against my head.

We straightened our wings and flew up into the air. Yet I remained on the ground, I wanted to call out towards them. Warning them about the foxes that might lurk in the shadows and alleyways and awaiting for an ambush that might happened. I kept my mouth shut; spread my blue wings and flew off alongside of them as Yang’s unit had pulled a bit ahead of me. We flew over the buildings, kept our eyes to the horizon. Silence loomed around us and I was a bit nervous about this for my scales vibrated; my claws shook as if they were cold. Despite my tail pulled inward towards my body, we were a few feet from the line behind us. So far nothing had happened which made me doubt my actions a bit. As my thoughts filled my brain, I lifted my eyes to the horizon and gaze down upon the horizon. I shifted away from Yang and instead looked over to the sides; towards the buildings right below us.

‘The groups of Chaos forgot about me?’ I frowned, heart leaping off with a small smile upon my lips. Though I was still nervous, a little part of me knew that the foxes would let us go alongside my own statues of the Chaos realm. Then again, the foxes also perhaps forgotten about me and even that I existed upon their realm while looking for them at one time. I exhaled and shook my head; allowing the thought to drift away upon the sea of thoughts. Never to be heard of again. As my mind returned towards the reality of things, I had noticed that we were flying for quite some time now. I also had noticed how cold the winds were at the time of day and lifting my eyes to the horizon again, I realized that the moon was already out and stars shone shimmerly against the night skies. I said nothing while Zander ran wingtip against mine and I shivered while craning my neck to look the opposite side towards him. His face was neutral; I did not know how else to describe it at all. His eyes interlocked with mine as he flapped his wings once before looking away. “A good view, what do you think?” Zander whispered, trying to get things started as I nodded carelessly and frowned, making a hard face and looking on with confusion towards the black dragon. But he laughed afterwards, “Calm yourself, Ling. I do not think we would hurt you. After all, you are a member of the unit before abandoning us for the country road.” “Now hold on!” I exclaimed sharply glaring at him while raising my voice onto him. He smirked and my eyes widened while we heard something below us.

We were forced to ground ourself to the ceiling of one building by the time we heard shouting voices below us. And as we landed, Yang glared at Zander while Kyro said nothing but tapped my shoulder with his claw, I looked to him. He smiled in response before nudging me and his wings spread once again as mine folded, I shook my head. Yang and Zander started arguing one another, their voices were raised which were heard by the silence of the atmosphere around us and drew more responsive sounds towards us. As I slapped my claw across the mouth of Yang and Zander, I quickly turned to Kyro who stepped forth towards me. Grabbed onto the white note from Yang and handed it to me. I was startled and wanted to protest however the red dragon shook his head; replace me with him and shooed me off. Reminding me about the mission at hand. Thus he and two other dragons flee from my sights; retreating to the horizon where they disappeared and left me alone. As approaching voices echoed from my ears and rapid running were stomping upon the grounds, I spread my wings and closed opened my eyes before lifting myself up from the grounds and flew off into the direction of where the central building was.

I flew, flapping my wings as I hide alongside the building walls and creeks that I could find. My eyes stared upon the grounds below me, looking upon the foxes therein. They scrambled amongst themselves, confusion and worry was at an all time high as I pondered ‘what current events had I missed during my absence?’ I frowned before shaking my head, ‘Maybe it is time for me to swipe that phone from the author to find out. But that would be later… now is the mission.’ Declawing myself from the building walls after having latched onto them for quite some time, I kicked myself off from the walls and continued flying. Flapping my wings rapidly and in quick succession while I try to fly off into the night skies again hoping that I would not be caught. It had been a long trip since our departure from the line’s entrance to the Chaos realm.

I flew on. My eyes worriedly scanned upon the grounds, staring upon the foxes and other canines that dispersed from my sights. Up until the streets were empty was when I let off an exhaled sigh. I have not realized that I held my breath for so long. Maybe it was because of the canine enemies underneath me. Their hearing were outstanding after all. I shook my head off that topic and kept focusing onto what I had to do. Luckily for me, the destination building was coming up to view. But yet I had wondered if I had to land upon the grounds or rooftops in order to entered in. Despite the thought lingering onto my brain, I made the quick decision and just landed upon the rooftop. For by the time my feet heavily hit against the ground and created earthquakes that vibrated underneath me was when I turned my attention to the silver door in front of me. A key between us. With the silence, I walked to the key and grabbed it before forcefully shoving it against the hole of the silver door. I unlocked the door and thus headed inside.

A short staircase was settled in my eyes. After which was a short path towards the first door. I descended the stairs and reached level ground; ignoring the creaks and groans created from the staircase itself as I reached level grounds. Raising my eyes to the door ahead of me, I reached for it and opened the door. Entering inside while I shifted my eyes about. It was a single room. A sofa off to the side; in front of it was a brown table with a rose lying across upon it. Two other doors were adjacent to the sofa and table. I walked across the room, avoiding the sofa and table and making it to the two doors. I grabbed both knobs and tilted them to the sides; unlocking both which they creak and groan the same as the staircases. I looked beyond the two doors; both lead to the same place however so I decided to take the left door instead.

A metal leveled pathway stands before my wake. The heat of the room was outstanding; however for a dragon like me, it would be bearable. Ignoring the cliche joke, I walked across the pathway and towards another door. But no door was in front of me so instead, I entered in and found myself inside a small room; surrounded by sand all around. I had noticed how the rooms I entered and exit from and to were silent; but were also tense at the same time. It was as if something might happened; maybe to me or someone else I would not know. But remembering that heavy tension lurking in the air no matter where I go, I kept my eyes peeled for any sort of door that I could find; maybe an entrance if no door exist however. As my eyes shifted around and gaze upon the surrounding, I had noticed several things. A vase with a red rose stuck upon one of the corners of the room. A sand computer that never works. Several palm trees that were clustered together with coconuts lying upon the ground. Two doors; one left and the other in front of me. I walked to the front door;

I opened it and looked inside. But all I found was the staircase leading back to the rooftop above me. I had tried the other door on my left and it was another staircase descending to the next floor below. I had decided to try this door but instead of heading down the stairs, I glided myself to the second floor; landing upon the grounds and glanced around. The room was completely empty. I was standing on top of a red rug that ran across the room, surrounded by three other doors that were painted red. This room I was in was most complex and detailed. On the floor was a rug with a mixture pattern of red and pale written or drawn upon it. It had also the more complicated design there is and I was not able to interpret it at most. Though ignoring the rug for a moment there; I shifted my eyes to the walls while staring once again towards the doors. And as I tried each one, I saw the walls were the same color as the rug. But instead of having a complicated design of them, it was strips of red and pale pattern. “Not very original.” I thought to myself, chuckling silently as I went towards the second door.

Other than the complicated rug and the walls with red and pale designed upon them, four palm trees were upon the corners of the room. A fifth one was adjacent to the staircase that I had descended from. I entered into the room of the second door where I found myself inside of an office room. More importantly, the boss’s room. I was shocked and wanted to head out the door. But the door behind me opened and on the other side was him. I meant her. Whitria. The latest vixen I believe who had became the new leader of the next generation of foxes. What was her team name does not matter at all while I stood there frozen, unsure what to do before my mind remembered. I reached for my pocket of my police suit and grabbed the neatly square folded note before quickly handing it towards her. Thus afterwards, I fled the scene. Embrassassed and afraid as I reversed every action I did; safely returning to Order again where I was met up with the rest of my unit.

What was written in that note, I would never knew. But if I had to guess, it perhaps had something to do with the foreshadowing invasion that would come later.