Venturing: Rovotic

I walked down the road. Taking in the surroundings around me as the day turned into night. With the moon hanging barely above the horizontal skies, I turned my attention towards the parallel lines of buildings that were to my sides. I stared onto them, taking in their interesting and unique features that make themselves stand out. Afterwhich, I rose my eyes and stared onto their signs; rapidly having noticed that their letters were sometimes flickering or gone dark the entire time. A tilt of my head was my only answer as I continued the road. You must be wondering what I am doing however. As always, I am on patrol on a midnight hour. Since of course, none of the officers in my unit are able to take this shift due to their uncontrollable scheduling, it had only ended up upon the claws of me and Yang to which I had taken it without hesitation. As it had given me two advantages upon this point.

Continuing down the road, I continued to see the vast variety of buildings before me. All in a range from smallest to tallest however. Setting my eyes upon them had made me think about the old Vastertown with the other older dragons that we were not able to see today. A settling question was upon my mind. But I shook it off when I had noticed someone familiar upon the horizon. At the distance from where I stand, I spotted a vixen running perpendicular to the road and heed upon the other side. She later disappeared upon the alleyway where I resumed my walk and towards where she had ended up upon. My heart was beating in my chest as I had anticipated an ambush or something upon that alleyway. But arriving such, I saw nothing there. Just an empty alleyway which greatly concerns me at most.

Deciding to report this, I raised my walkie high into my snout and pressed the black button. A click then a loud beep sound followed afterwards to which I was able to speak through the speakers and relay the information I had witness with my own two eyes. Thus, I lowered my paw and instead rose my other claw that was holding the pistol. With my other claw gripping the base of the pistol, I had felt nervous and shaking for some odd reason as if the cold had swept passed my scales, brushing against it lightly and causing all sorts of shiverness and chatter amongst my own warm body. But I paid no attention to it as I entered the alleyway.

Narrowed and tight. But warm as the temperature suddenly rose high in rapid speed. I walked down the alleyway, shifting my attention towards the walls on either side of me. My claws shook with the coldness and sweat falling down from my palms, pooling wake right behind me as I advance forth. Halfway there, I spotted a brown door. It was cracked opened a little. Pushing through the door’s surface, I stared onto a new founding path ahead of me. However, to my surprise, after switching the light adjacent to me, I had noticed that it was not a path. Rather, it was a small room. The place was empty. Nothing was there apparently as my eyes scanned around the area. Before settling forth towards the pale wall ahead of me. There I spotted a white note tapped upon the wall, blood words were written that leaks to the other side of the paper. Words that formed sentences.

To my knowledge, the paper points to the edge of Vastertown where a sudden bridge lies in awaiting. I had pondered about such a bridge as I had remembered that there was not one anymore after Chaos was jousted out of their realm due to some unfortunate events that had befell upon them however. My head shook, I was tempted to grab the walkie and relay the information back to quarters. But fearing that someone might ambush me from behind, I quickly remove myself from the doorspot and heed out the rest of the way through the alleyway. Till I was upon the other side. Thus I was free to do as I wished and I attempted the same as I had when I was upon the doorsteps. Pressing the button again and splitting my mouth, I relay information back to Yang hoping that she would response afterwards. By the time my mouth stopped speaking was the long silence that followed. I was nervous that I found my wings flapping and shuffling behind me, eagerness warmed my body in an attempt to head westward where the edge of the town was where the bridge would be held.

No response came from her yet. I had anticipated that she might be sleeping around this time. So with a exhaled relief sigh, I spread my wings and took off rather quickly. Heading westward where I perceived the information to be pointing towards. Upon arrival towards the edge of the town, already spotting the bridge. Here I landed and closed myself upon the bridge. My wings folded behind me as I walked, eyes already pointing daggers. But the bridge was broken. Shattered into two with a large crack at the center of it all. Surprise, I frowned but curiously stepped forth closer towards the bridge. Then lean forward as my eyes lowered, gazing down onto the pit below me. Except it was not a pit. But rather a brown path leading west and east direction. Towards a destination that I never knew about however.

My head was tilted to the side as I followed the brown path, to the far sides of the path where faintness meets up with the horizon. I stepped forward. Dropped myself upon the path’s ground and turned around so I was now facing the bridge before me. Something shiny sparkled in my eyes as I stared upon it in the silence that follows. Thus walking a few steps forward, I spotted a golden key upon the ground. It was never washed. Specks of dirt linger upon its surface as I crouched down to grabbed it. Rose to my feet, I inspected the key in my claw and turned it over. A small white note was tapped upon the midsection of the key. Upon the note was a drawing; or a clue I guess. An red arrow points northward towards a small broken house at the center of the woods.

I dug myself out from the path and returned to the broken bridge. It had seemed that Kyro and Zander were here too as I had spotted them just after I landed upon soft grass and rose my eyes staring down onto the red and black dragons who smiled faintly upon my sights. “You guys are the reinforcements?” I questioned, tilting my head to one side curious. Yet Kyro and Zander shook their heads responding to me, “We are your allies for the time being.” Kyro replied, answering my question “Yang had asked anyone within the unit to come and help out Ling with the newfounding investigation.” “Alright.” I replied before handing them the golden key, “There is a house, westward from where we are. It is rather impossible to head over there, if you are not a dragon or reptile however.” They smiled after as I additionally spoke to them, “Head over there and see what that house had in store. I bet you it had something inside it that relates to the earlier crime I had witness before.” “What earlier crime?” Zander question, but I shook my head reminding him to question me later.

The three of us split. Zander and Kyro headed westward as intended which left me alone to myself. As I stared at the broken bridge in silence then rose my eyes towards Zander and Kyro whom already flying above me, I departed from the broken bridge. Heeding back towards the streets where I returned back towards the stores that had been robbed. However, it had seemed that someone there had already beaten to me first as I had spotted Natty and Ozkun together having a conversation with the clerk. The clerk seemed a bit desperate yet frustrated with the recent steals. As sweat falls from the side of his face and warmth heats upon his neck, he spoke vividly and full of action as if he was an actor for some theater that we had walked ourselves into. Seeing that they already have it done, I proceeded back upon the alleyway where I last saw that vixen running into that particular door.

Arriving back upon the door, I reopened it again and looked inside. Surprise to see that the room was different this time around than before. A bed, sofa and a television were all group together in one corner of the room. Adjacent to the clock that was hanging above all three. Across the room stood another bed; but three silver springs hang from the surface of the bed. Pointing upward to the ceiling above me which I rose my head taking noticed already. A drawn map hangs above me. It shows the entire Vastertown, that bridge that connects our town to the woods and that small house at the center of the woods. I stared at the map in silence, before averting my eyes away from the ceiling. Glancing down onto the other interesting parts of the small room before me, I unconsciously headed in which allowed the door behind me to close and click, preventing me from even exiting outside. It does not surprise me however as I had ignored the sound and kept my eyes upon the surroundings.

With the door closed behind me, pitch darkness welcomed me and started to embrace me from all sides. I ignored the darkness and kept walking, my claws already reaching for the flashlight which was already turned on. Shining the light everywhere, I gaze upon the one corner with the clock and walked up towards it. The Clock was very old it seemed. Brown was its wooden color. But something was odd about it however. The clock was shaped like a bird’s nest with a rooftop overtop of the nest however. The nest and the roof were painted the same color. The bird that was sitting overtop of the nest was motionless yet kept its eyes upon me. I shivered upon meeting the eyes of the bird then pulled away and glanced elsewhere upon the room, hoping to find something interesting other than the bird; nest and amongst other stuff that was piled through here.

The walkie started spitting static. I lowered the volume down a bit hoping that never attracted any unwanted attention around the place. I listened very carefully and closely as the information listed might be useful in the long run. But shortly before the information was leaked, I recognized the voice. Deep and confident, I realized that it was Kyro speaking. He started talking about the house at the center of the woods. Howls scattered everywhere that it was disorienting for Zander however. Upon arrival into the house, they were surprise into seeing the place empty. All the furnitures were pulled to one side. A clock hangs above them. Opposite of them was a rotating door with red words hanging above it. They were not clear words however. “Wait a second.” I blurted out, having not realized that the button was pressed already. “You just describe the room I was in!” “The room that you are in?” Kyro questioned, his voice concerning. “Are you sure you are not within the proximity of the for-” “No,” I growled interrupting him, he shut up afterwards.

“I am in an alleyway. In the path where a particular store got its goods stolen.” “So back upon the town, huh?” “Indeed.” “So the place that you are in is equal to the same as we are in.” “Basically.” “How does that work?” I paused and frowned in response as the question had strike against my curiosity. ‘Indeed how does that work…’ I thought to myself, shifting my attention everywhere upon the room. I stared at the walls. The clock in front of me. The furniture between us. Until something strikes me, “Kyro.” I breathed into the walkie, “Yes?” “Turn the clock hands to this particular time.” “Sure, what time?” I heard Kyro said as footsteps approaches. “Start of Morning.” “6am, Zander.” Kyro called. A pause of silence came afterwards. Then something rumbled and also vibrated the grounds underneath me. I blinked in surprise shocked as I attempted to run out the door. Having tripped over some pebbles and rocks that fallen from the ceiling above me during my escaped. But I exited the room and returned to the alleyway. Turning around to face the door again, My mouth hanged opened upon seeing a hole opened up upon the grounds.

“Kyro… Zander…” I breathed again after holding up the walkie, “You two are seeing that hole right?” “Indeed.” Responded Kyro, “Hold on, I am going to see where this leads.” “Hopefully to here however.” “I guess this is how…” And it cuts off from there as I had entered into the hole. Pitch darkness welcomed me in as I stared upon the narrowed walls before me. The walls looked realistics with the lanterns shining dimly adjacent to them. Yet I perhaps knew they were wallpapers however as I ventured forth through the tunnel. It was a tight fit and hard to manuever around without injuring something like a tail or a wing. But eventually I had made it through.

I reached the other side of the tunnel and popped my head out from the hole. I gaze upon the newfounding surroundings; already spotting the place being pitch dark and impossible to see without a flashlight involved. I climbed out from the hole, dusting myself of the dirty that had cling onto my scales and uniform as I shifted my attention towards Kyro and Zander. Both of which were spotted upon one corner of the room. Their eyes staring at the clock before them. I called out to both; they turned their heads over and faintly smiled as we regrouped. “Have you found anything here?” I questioned them, curious to see what they would find. “Stolen goods. That is about it.” “ ‘ Stolen goods’? That is perfect! It is what Natty and Ozkun reported to Yang earlier before I heeded into the room again.” I smiled brightly in response towards their report. But shortly afterwards frowned again as I questioned them, “However. Was the goods already put into the project that they were doing?” Another pause of silence which tells me that it was half way done.

I growled but fell to silent afterwards as my eyes shift around the room. Then back towards Kyro and Zander asking them, “Then where is the project?” “Beyond that door.” Kyro replied raising his claw pointing leftward towards the wall. I turned to where he was pointing at; then back towards him. With understanding silence, I acknowledged it and walked to the wall where Kyro said and raised my claw. Pressing against it. At first nothing had happened and I blinked in surprise before turning around, looking over to Kyro and Zander while the dragon stepped forth towards my line. Silently shaking his head, he reached up above his head, waving upon something. The wall before us parted instantly which greatly shocked me as I turned my attention towards Zander who just smiled faintly. A tip of his hat afterwards allowed him to return to Kyro’s side as I turned face front towards the impending darkness ahead of me. I stepped inward. The wall returned and blocked me from Kyro and Zander.

Right in front of me was the project. A messy object with stuff shoved into it. Different colored gum was attached to the stolen store goods. But I could not make heads or tails with this thing in front of me. As I found myself staring upon the question at hand, I walked cautiously forward and closed in onto the object before me. Thus I stopped right in front of me, my eyes lowered and gaze at it for a moment. I crouched, positioning my claws underneath the said object and lifting it high towards my eyes where I could see it a lot better. Static popped from the walkie as Yang’s voice echoed through the speaker. But I paid no attention to what she was saying. Settling the object upon a nearby blue table where the light shines above it, I circled the table and kept my eyes upon the object.

Thoughts circulated my mind as I pondered about the object. Making faces all the while as I attempted to figure out and anticipate the object and its functions of what it suppose to serve. But after several seconds of silence, I rose my claw to my forehead and growled in silence. My eyes closed then opened, finding out that I was staring upon the flooring underneath me. Lifting my eyes back upon the table, I stared back onto the object at hand. Static from the walkie continued. This time, conversations between Yang and Kyro and Zander. Often times, Ozkun or Natty would pitch in with their thoughts too. All of their information and logic had sounded true. It had did make sense considering about the object which I am staring at.

TIll my eyes hurt from the dry air that circulated in my eyes and head, I blinked and backed for a moment. Rubbing my eyes with my claws as my wings spread and folded in sequence before opening my eyes again and stared back onto the table. “Ling. I think you should get out of there.” I heard Kyro’s voice speak through the walkie. I grounded my fangs and narrowed, but abide to the order as I turned around and heed back through the wall. Finally returning to the empty room, Kyro and Zander were waiting for me there. They got up from the couch and sofas behind them, meeting my eyes with them as I silently nodded back. “So nothing huh?” “I could not figure out what that object does. It so foreign and interesting…” I reported, “Foreign?” I heard Kyro tilted his head questioning me. I blinked before shaking my head, taking my mind off from the object at hand I returned myself towards the reality of things and explained further what I meant.

Upon the understanding of the red dragon was the only time that we heed out from the door. But my thoughts were upon that object at hand. Pondering and anticipating what it does and its effect towards the entire Order realm. I remained silent with thoughts filling my mind as the cool air washed over the warmth contained in my body. Unknowingly, my wings were spread. Kyro and Zander were the same way as all three of us took to the skies once again, returning our sights back towards the Headquarters where we would report our finding to Chief Yang.

But when it had became my turn to speak for the crowd, I found out that Yang was narrowing her eyes throwing daggers upon me as if she was frustrated with me. I blinked in response and rubbed my eyes, having returned to the dragoness whose eyes stared at me in wonder. Her mouth was opened; she had wanted to speak about something. But remained voiceless as I heard footsteps behind me. And arms around my neck with the snout breathing down my ear. “I think you need a rest.” “ I do not. Not until we figure that object we found!” I growled at him. Turned rapidly around, later finding out that the voice was gone. My eyes opened in surprise, I blinked several times and circled the room a bit. But I found myself inside that same familiar room; with Kyro and Zander looking at me with worry.