Venturing: Sequentially Bagged

Landing upon the grounds, we folded our wings and raised our heads high glancing to the horizon. Our eyes widened, shocks expressed upon our faces as Natty shouted out to the two running over immaturely as if she was the mate of them. “What… What happened to them?” I heard Kyro committed while a snuff emerged from Zander as his arms crossed; his eyes narrowed directly to the two bodies “Both of them are dead and covered in some sort of black goo.” “Black goo?” Me and Yang echoed Zander who nodded, dropping his arms and rejoining Natty’s side. Faint sobbing was heard in our ears, Yang frowned and turned her attention to Kyro and me who said not a thing while we walked to both Natty and Zander. We got a closer look at the victims and were surprised to see that Zander was right. Both bodies were covered in black goo. Their unique color scales disappeared. All that was left was just an outline of a dragon body. I was disgusted.

But I kept my thoughts to myself as I listened to Yang pipping up a conversation, “So why Sen and Lope? From what we know, they were victims of Natty’s bullying twenty years past.” “There must be another status. Something that the principal and the owner are using.” Spoke Kyro as Zander added in, “Something from the database that we had seen from the computer inside of the principal’s room.” Yang nodded in agreeance before shifting her eyes back to the bodies again, “We might need to look into that computer once again. To double-check on both dragons. Perhaps that will tell us why.” Everyone else nodded except for Natty who rose herself to her feet and turned around slowly nodding to the rest of us. As our faces brighten to mirror Natty, Yang remarked a low tone growl getting our attention before she spoke, “Zander, Kyro and Natty. Head back into the school.” “What about me then?” I asked her. But all she did was smile faintly as the mentioned dragons departed from us.

As we heard spread wings and loud flapping of their wings, not to mention the shouts escaping from both Natty and Zander, Yang then started “First. We got to know if this is real goo or not. You know how Zander is.” I nodded seconds after in answer before shifting our eyes to the bodies before us. We walked closer to them. Then kneeled so one of our legs touches the grounds below. It felt rough against my leg and sometimes it hurts that often I find myself raising it and squatting down instead. Yang, on the other claw, extended her claw outward after she kneeled and touch the black scales of the dead dragon. Then she scooped it up and raised it midair. I leaned to Yang, hoping to get a closer look. The goo was pure black yet it was liquid and dripping from her tip. We looked to one another then I got up onto my feet and looked down onto the goo. To my surprise, it was shining. A white glow of a light emerged on the surface of it. I leaned forward to get a closer look at the light. But I could not make out what it was. “What you find, Ling?” I heard Yang called out to me. I was startled as result, but kept my composer and spoke answering her question.

“Not sure. I saw a light shimmering on the goo. And sometimes of a white glow. I thought about getting a look. Hoping to see that it was what I thought it was…” I explained realizing that Yang was nodding the whole way through, “And well?” She asked, wanting me to continue on. “It was a bulb. Or that what I thought it was. It was circle shape. Crisscross lines were surrounding it. Tiny dots surrounded those lines that I thought it was-” “Wait.” Yang interrupted me as I looked at her, “You said ‘crisscross lines’ and ‘tiny dots’?” I nodded wondering what she was getting to. As she shook clean of the goo attached to her claw, she rose to her feet. A frightened look upon her face as she exclaimed, “Natty Kyro and Zander are heading to school right now. Do you think the goo was there and attacked these two?” “Perhaps.” I started, tilting my head in confusion while darting my eyes straight for the two dragons on my side. They were still motionless. But I wonder sometimes if they are faking it…

With a sudden kick, I threw my foot against the soft underbelly of Sen. What I got was a groan, a sharp hiss of air escaped into my ear as I lowered my eyes to them. “Figures…” I responded after a while, noticing that Sen was moving. Clutching the side of his body where it hurts. “They… they were faking it?” Yang exclaimed in surprise as I grabbed onto Sen’s claws. Hoisting him into midair as I growled, showing my fangs to him. “Who attacked you?” ”Some black monster…” Sen replied, his voice calm and his eyes relaxed staring at us. “Goolike?” A nod, “At school?” A shaken head then an answer, “Upon the streets. Just beyond that corner of the line’s end there.” Sen started, pointing eastward towards the edge of the building. I followed his pointer. Spotting a stop sign impaling the sidewalk and several traffic lights just beyond it. The line’s end was a small building. Closed. And dark inside. As I dropped Sen, he scrambled to his feet before running off. Disappearing to the opposite side of the line, I turned to Yang “Should we recall them again and investigate this together?” “Let them be,” Yang answered, shaking her head as a drifted smile emerged upon her face. “This is between you and me.” “Then let go,” I commanded, taking her claw as I lead her to the building.

It was a short walk later that we had arrived. As our feet were planted upon the grounds, throwing our eyes up ahead of us. We gazed at the emptiness of the horizon. Many buildings were here; the majority of them were tall that they reached the blue skies above. Only a few of those tall buildings had a thing rod stabbed at the center of them. But looking up to them hurts my neck. So instead, we decided to find something useful upon this street full of alleyways on every side of us. We started our walk ahead. And a few steps later, we came across the first alleyway towards our right. Short. Narrowed and empty. Trashcans were standing up. Nothing was surrounding them. Beyond the alleyway, we saw a faint light in the distance. Yang started to go, but I grabbed her arm shaking my head when our eyes met. We decided to abandon the alleyway and head further, hoping to find other stuff. But as we walked further and deeper into the street, we saw nothing else. No other alternative alleyway and pathway. We reached the end of the street. And we looked to one another in silence, our expressions remained the same. We turned around and looked to the alleyway we saw at the very beginning of the street before we started backtracking to it. Once upon our old standing position, we turned around and faced the only alleyway.

The light in the distance shimmered in our eyes. I felt Yang’s warm claw reached to mine. I smiled in reaction but never looked her way as we walked in. Darkness entered our visions. A fog rolled in. Blocking the light ahead of us. We were silent. Our mouths still. Only the footsteps echoed in our footsteps as we advance forward. It did not take long, much to our surprise. Upon reaching the end of the short hallway, we appeared into an opened huge empty square room. Four lanterns were upon the edges of the square, all of which were not lit up. Ignoring the lanterns, we turned our heads to the shimmer of the light we had seen earlier. Adjacent to it was a brown door. We walked to the door; grabbing onto its knob. Opening it up. We drew our pistols and poised it to the horizon as we entered. It was pitch dark. No light source was upon us. So we brought our own light source, flashlights. And shined it before us, looking about.

Another small square was set before us. A brown table at the center of the room. Surrounding it were ovens and other kitchen appliances. On top of the ovens were two pans. Dried old sticky things outline the pan. Yang tried the refrigerator closest to her while I walked to the ends of the room. Spotting a stairway leading to the second floor above. I shouted for Yang, she replied sharply in answer “Nothing in here!” I said nothing as I heard her footsteps move closer to me. Raising my claw towards the horizon before us, she nodded and went first. Following me behind. We made short work of the stairs and reached the top step. A hallway sits before us. Pictures were upon the walls; Although we were not sure what they were. As my eyes settled upon the walls and studying the pictures, Yang’s voice echoed into my ear. I turned to her, she pointed towards the horizon. I stared. Spotting an opened door. We nodded, acknowledging one another before slowly heading to the door. We turned off our flashlight to gain an advantage.

Approaching the opened door, Yang barges right in and aimed her pistol around the room. I calmly walked in and searched the room too with my eyes. The room was also empty. Two beds sit on either side of the pink decorated wall. Posters of various sinkers were scattered around the walls, sloppy as white thicky thing started forming underneath them. At the center of the room, right in front of us, was a red chair. Underneath the chair was a two-color pattern rug. Although it was hard to say what colors were they. Upon the chair was another dragon. Aqua was its scales were. Silver underbelly. Sharp horns. His wingspan was five feet long. Also, some glasses were ridged upon his nose. We were shocked to see another dead dragon initially. However, remembering that we had kicked Sen because he too played dead. We decided to kick the aqua dragon too. I rose my foot and lightly tapped upon the dragon’s leg. A flinched in reaction before its eyes were opened. Shocked and looking around the room in a panic as his pupils shrunk inside of his eyes. Yang stepped to the dragon; held her claws up high and discarded her pistol while whispering to the dragon. Slowly calming him down.

The dragon stopped fidgeting and calmly relaxed. With its arms onto its side, the dragon opened its mouth asking us. “How did I get here? Where am I? Why-” “Enough questions.” Yang sharply interrupted him silencing the conversation in the room as the dragon nodded, looking up to her as she questioned. “What was the last thing you remembered? Where were you before arriving into this place?” Another pause of silence came between the dragon and Yang before the dragon answered back, “I was at school. Doing an after school project by myself since everyone else had to do something else.” “A school project?” I asked suddenly, stealing a glance at Yang who completely ignored me. “Yeah. A school project.” The dragon commented, hardening its face looking at me with those straight eyes. I said nothing as he continued on. “Then I heard someone walked in. On the corner of my eye, I spotted a shadow that looked to be six feet tall. Its wingspan was about seven…” “We do not know anyone that has a wingspan like that, Yang.” I started, looking at her as she slightly nodded but kept her eyes to him.

“I then turned around when my name was called and noticed that he was holding a brownish-yellow booklet. He showed me the booklet and started opening it. Flipping through the pages until he stopped. Then turned over the booklet and showed me, myself. Every personal information was there. My name. Year I had attended. Everything! But what struck me odd was when he spoke of the status.” “What was your status then?” Yang asked, pressuring the dragon as he answered “He started calling me the ‘Trouble maker.’” “Trouble maker?” Yang asked, intrigued as she kept her eyes on him. The aqua dragon responded with a nod back to her before darting his eyes back and forth between us explaining. “I do not know the details of this status however since I was captured late afternoon. But apparently, the goal was to eradicate all ‘trouble makers’ within Vaster town. Starting from the year the principal had started in and worked his way towards the recent.” “That could mean that Natty is in trouble also.” I commented, interrupting the dragon’s explanation while Yang nodded, worriedly. “After all. She was a trouble maker too back then.” “We got to warn her through the walkie.” Yang started, turning her head to me. I said nothing to her but reached down to my waist. Grabbing hold onto the walkie by my side, I snapped it opened from its placeholder and rose it to my mouth. Pressing the button, I warned the other officers.

“Natty? Kyro? Zander?” I started, my voice rising a bit in tone as I released the button waiting to hear a response. But a few minutes later within the silence and we heard nothing. Our eyes widened and pupils shrink as the dragon answered us, “She, perhaps with the others, had probably got captured and stuffed inside the latex suit.” “That also raises another question…” Yang trailed, shifting her eyes to the dragon whose legs were held up to the seat of the chair he was sitting on. As Yang spoke to the worried dragon, I kept pressing and talking in higher tones, Anxiety washes over my body and face. Slightly warming myself up while I continued. My claws shivered and shook; sweat fell from my head. Horns becoming wet while my wings flapped anxiously while waiting for a call. The time pause in between calls were shorten until I found myself pressing the button often. Until the next press, I snapped. And turned my attention to Yang, shouting at her “We got to move. We need to know if the three are alive and well. And why are they not answering us.” “Maybe they are on a snack break. Or perhaps they are so focus on their assigned work, Ling.” Yang suggested as she had not looked to me. It did calm me down a bit and I nodded to her, a small smile drifted from the corners of my mouth. Before I knew it, I nodded slightly and turned towards the dragon who was now panicking.

“Well? Answer the question.” Yang demanded, grabbing onto the shoulders of the dragon as his mouth opened and a loud voice came from his mouth. We were startled to hear this but we remained still, keeping our eyes to him while he stuttered. Trying to find the right words to defend himself from Yang’s question. “Well… I… I am special. Alright?” “So specials that you were not stuffed inside a latex suit and suffocated or ‘play dead’?” Yang asked, raising an eye at him while he leaned back and darted his eyes to the side of the room. I followed his eyesight and glance upon one of the four walls. Adjacent to it was a bed, neatly cleaned. The covers of space and astronauts were the designs of the blanket. “How cute.” I started, walking to the bed. Smiling so innocently. I heard a panicked yelp from the dragon, shouting to me while I closed in onto it. “Stop! Do not uncovered that!” But I did anyway. Grabbing onto the edges of the bed blanket, I pulled it to the side and uncovered whatever was hidden inside. I smug confidently. Knowing that we had caught him red handed. But upon looking at the sheets, I was surprise by another thing.

A latex body and thousands of used condoms filled with white liquid inside of them. I blinked and said no words while the room fell to normal quiet grounds. It was shattered quickly and shortly when Yang spoke out to me, “Well Ling? What was underneath it?” “A latex body and used condoms…” I answered, trailing after I answered her. Slowly, I covered the bed and glanced over to the dragon. Ripping him off from the chair underneath him and rose him in midair with my claws tightly gripping onto his shoulders, I snarled at him bearing my fangs. “You were using the body as a breeding toy, were you not?” I questioned him. “Y… Yes.” The dragon answered, hanging his head. I scowled at him, eyes narrowed “Where did you find the body?” “On the street. It looked dead at first impression.” The dragon started, answering me “But when I grabbed it, intended to take it home with me it squirmed and started shouting.” “Intended rape…” Yang muttered, whispering underneath her breath as she and me exchanged looked then turned to the dragon.

“You are under arrest for attempted rape and dragon napping. Anything you say will be held against you.” I started, turning him over so his back was facing me. I snapped his claws together and binded them with rope before nodding silently to Yang. Thus handing it over to her, she took the dragon out of the room. Silence fell once again with me isolated upon the room. My eyes to the bed blanket. The latex body and used condoms lying all over the bed. With an answered exhaled of a sign, I turned around and sealed my lips while I grabbed my walkie again and started speaking, hoping to hear the three once again. During that time, I had decided to regroup with Yang and our prisoner.

Once back outside where the moon hangs lower and upon our visible eyes, I turned to Yang and spoke “Take care of our prisoner, Yang. I am going to find out what happened to the three. I just hope they did not get themselves caught in latex like all others.” “We should be most worried about Natty, Ling.” Yang interjected, a soft smile emerged from her face as I answer with a nod. “Right. Right. First Natty then the other two.” I started compromising and Yang chuckled playfully. With our conversation ended, we splitted up. Yang withdrawing back to the quarters to jail our prisoner while I headed to the school. My wings spread out, eyes looking out front to the night skies as the cold fresh air brushes down onto my scales. Closing and opening my eyes again once, I jumped and flew off northward to the school with false hope that Natty was alright. I just hope she is.