Venturing: Tricker Droppings

Landing upon the gray streets below our feet, we rose our eyes to the horizon and glanced upon the broken box ahead of us. Empty was the street surrounding us. The houses were dark, perhaps everyone was sleeping upon the time. A gentle wind blew past me, vibrating my scales as I turned to Natty who said nothing in response. But stepped forth towards the box ahead of us and stopped. Planting her feet as she kneeled touching the gray street below her, her eyes snapped to the interior of the box and went right to work. Silence had fallen between us as wires snapped and yellow orange sparks flew off in every direction. Some hitting against Natty’s arms and scales; never damaging her in any way as her voice perked my ears. I turned to her while she spoke, “Red wires were damaged. Chewed off.” “A clean one?” I asked her suddenly, her head shook in answer. “No. Many. Dry blood was upon the tips of the wires. Seems like someone had used their fangs.” I winched at that statement and my mind started imagining what it felt like to chew through live wires with only your fangs. “It must have hurt…” I trailed, commenting after the pause as Natty nodded in agreeance before diving her head back into the box.

After pause of silence before Natty’s voice came upon my ears again. “How was Yang? Did you take her out on a second date yet? Gave some kisses and love before ending it up upon the-” “Alright enough.” I growled at her playful teasing voice as I thought I saw a grin spread upon her face when her eyes darted to me. “Not yet.” I muttered, crossing my arms and looking to the main room. Staring upon the starry horizon while the stars started dimming. Another silence before Natty commented, “I had always wondered how you two will hit it off.” “How so?” I asked, glancing to her again as she had started grinning once more. “Like the dating, the marriages, the sex…” “And eventually the egg.” I finished, Natty nodded. “Why are you so obsessed with me and Yang? We have not said anything to one another since our call into the investigation?” “It is just not me, you know.” Natty dodged, looking to me again as her claws paused and remained motionless in their spots. My eyes narrowed at her, urging her to say more. But she answered differently, changing the topic once again to the wires.

“The blue ones yanked from their slots…” She trailed, motioning her claw to me as I walked to her. Dropping to the gray streets with my knees touching them, I stared eye level with the opened box and looked inside with a neutral gaze. The interior of the box was painted green on all sides. Two wires were missing. Red and blue as confirmed by the dragoness adjacent to me. As I looked into the remained two wires still intact upon the box, I ripped my eyes from them and turned to Natty. Commenting on this topic at hand, “Why were two wires ripped off? What was the plan that the culprits were doing?” “Not sure.” Natty answered me shaking her head as she and I removed ourselves from the box. Out onto fresh air, I exhaled and crossed my arms. Raising my eyes towards the skies above, I pondered. However that was short lived when we got a radio call from Yang.

“Everyone must withdraw into the station. I have something interesting for you guys.”

“I wonder what is the ‘interest’.” Natty joked, I rolled my eyes but snickered as our wings unknowingly spread and we jumped from the streets into the air above us. The cold refreshing air surrounded our warm wings, sending shivers down our bones. As my fangs clattered inside my mouth, we flew off southward towards the station. Where we were gathered in one spot in front of the mansion. Darting my eyes to the side, I spotted Kyro and Zander chatting amongst themselves. They were laughing and snickering like teenagers or high schoolers. I walked up to them. Natty followed behind me. And the conversation was shut as their mouths were sealed; eyes pointed to us. Silence was the end result. But that did not stop either of us from returning to the topic. “What have you guys found?” I asked them. “Red and blue wires were chewed or yanked. Shutting the vancity down.” Kyro answered me. “No way!” Screamed Natty as my ears ringed by her loud voice, “Same with the box we were assigned to.” “Was it the same with every box?” Zander pitched into the conversation while me Kyro and Natty raised our shoulder blades grunting as if having no answer towards her question. “Regardless…” I said, changing the topic to Yang as I point my claw towards the door. “We should see what Yang is up to.” “She did call us all in. I wonder what ‘interest’ she got us.” Zander wondered as I nodded.

As Natty and Kyro started snickering to themselves and their voices echoed into me and Zander’s ears, we all walked in a line. Going forth to the front door where Kyro grabbed the doorknob and pulled back, the door opened as result and we all entered into the living room where Yang was waiting for us. The room was different compared to the previous experience we had when we had moved. All the furnitures were gone. The television was moved one floor up. And the pathway leading to the kitchen was closed off as indicated by the yellow black tapes crossing from one wall to the other. I spoke towards Yang who turned her attention to us, her face break into a grin and excitedly waving her claw, motioning us towards her. Returning to her computer which sits upon the glassed shape table in front of her. I tilted my head to one side and narrowed my eyes. Saying nothing as I walked to her, the others looked upon one another before walking to her side. For once we were all gathered in, our eyes raised to the computer screen before us and stared.

Reflecting our eyes were four square screens, all equal in size and shape. Inside all were different dragons. In the first screen were three dragons. Two of the three were equal in height. Their wings were large and at the stipend was a sharp fang or horn. The three dragons were different in color. However due to the black and white settings that was default to these screens, we only saw a darker shade scales upon them. The second screen was two dragons. Both were equal in height. Their wingspan was like a normal dragon’s wingspan. Perhaps six or seven, hard to tell. Their horns hang back, imitating a bull like horns. Upon seeing these two dragons, I heard Natty yelled while jamming her claw against the screen. “Sen and Lope! What are they doing at the junkyard?” “Were they not in jail?” Zander asked curiosity shifting his glance over to me and Yang as the dragoness shook her head, “Not anymore. The being released them remember?” Zander’s face brightened and his eyes popped out. As his mouth shaped into an O, Yang nodded before returning her attention on screen.

“These two squares were taken right when we were withdrawing from the school yard.” Yang informed us, “That would explain the sudden sounds we kept on hearing at night.” Kyro confirmed with me and Natty nodded our heads as Yang kept her eyes upon the screen. Suddenly pressing a button upon the keyboard, the two squares started rewinding. But in that duration, the dragons still remained motionless and still as if they were statues. There were a couple of times that they moved. But it was sudden and quick that it would perhaps take a couple retries for us to recognize it. Not for Yang however. We kept watching them until other dragons suddenly showed up on the squares. And the five dragons turned their heads to them in response. Yang paused the video here and turned to us. Watching our surprise faces as we stared upon what we were watching. At this moment, Yang decided to take advantage of our expressions to inform us, “These dragons join in to the schemes of our culprits. They were high schoolers before being dropouts.” “Yet are they responsible for the two wires being yanked from the boxes?” I asked Yang who nodded her head, “Yeah, the dragons that were paid to do this work were technicians and electricals. Three plus years after their dropouts.” A pause of silence before Natty asked Yang, “Where’s the proof?” “Here.” Yang answered her, throwing her right claw towards the wall where the book was. We turned our attention to it. But it was Natty who break away from us and walked straight for the opened book.

She flipped several pages and stopped. Her claws lowered underneath it gripping the book while rising herself from the grounds. She leaned the book back and flipped herself around, stabbing the targeted page with her claw before informing us. “She is right. Here are the dragons’ names of who dropped out years ago.” We kept our eyes upon the book, squinting as we scrolled mentally down one column then ran across; staring at the other column. There were three columns. The first was the list of names. Adjacent to it was the year they dropped out. And the third were notes. The second column remained consistent with their ‘drop out’ status as it scrolled onto the bottom of the page. Filling up the square as it goes. The column right of the second column was different and unique. Not one square was the same as the other however which was surprising for us. Each square had a different reason as to why the dragon student had left. It talked about students ‘failing classes’, ‘bringing guns or alcohol to schools’ and ‘rape’. There was even talks that some dragoness were ‘pregnant with an egg’ and ‘violent behaviors resulting in pregnancy.’ I shivered and pulled my eyes away from the book as Natty firmly closed it. Set it down and rejoined us while Yang order…

“Now that we know where the dropouts were. We need to gather them and ask information as to the whereabouts of the initial meeting spots.” “We do not need to Yang.” I countered, earning a look from Yang as I grounded myself “These cameras is all we need. We can perhaps ask them about the identifies of the culprit dragons that they were talking to.” “Without informing them that we were spying on them.” Natty noted, shouting at us as Yang nodded in agreeance. Zander pitched his voice asking a question while looking at Yang, “Do you know where they are right now?” she shook her head, her expression sorrowed. “Drat.” Zander concluded shifting his attention to me while I departed from everyone to head out the door. And back outside once again as I breathed in the fresh cold air inhaled inside my lungs, I breathed out and flapped my wings once to snap my thoughts casting them to the side. With the silence fallen upon me while I rose my head to the night skies, I pondered to myself. Questions popped in my brain. But before I could answer them, the door opened behind me and shifting my eyes to whomever was at the door. I was surprise to see Yang.

“Zander, Kyro and Natty had already departed.” Yang informed me as I gave a nod smiling faintly at her in the following silence before answering her, “Not yet for me.” “Why?” Yang asked, her head tilted to one side. I met her eyes before saying “There was something on my mind lately.” “About the scheme?” “no. About us.” She stopped cold. Her body jerked backward and her face frozen upon surprise. With her eyes widened, I turned to her again discussing my case. “The other three dragons were obsessed with us about getting together.” I chuckled afterwards adding, “And even Natty was talking about ‘marriage’ all of the sudden.” I heard a laugh and raised my head to her again noticing that she was giggling. I formed a smile in response as she answered me, “Do not worry about them. They like to tease. Especially close friends and rivals.” She winked playfully at me. I nodded but a red faint blush emerged upon my cheeks as I gazed away.

Having been startled suddenly when Yang’s tail was wrapped around me, she pulled me close. Her mouth opened up and whispered into my ear as I was forced to listen to her. “But… they are right.” she whispered and I blinked at her in surprise while she winked again and releasing me from her grip of her tail. For upon this time, I spread my blue wings and flew off with Yang towing behind me. Silence had settled between us. The winds blew against our faces as our wings flapped in union to steady ourselves in mid flight. We flew over the buildings and houses below us as all of the lights were shut off. Darkness had invaded every single one of them. But silence remained in our ears. As we enjoyed ourselves upon the quiet of the night, Yang flew to my wing and spoke over the calm winds. “There.” She started, her claw extended outward from her body pointing up ahead. I turned my head to follow her gaze. Spotting a silver gate before us, I blinked in surprise as we dived down. Tucking in our wings. And landed upon the warm grounds.

A gate presented itself to us. It was taller than we had expected. As we stared at it, Yang walked to the entrance of the gates and passed through. She ended up upon the other side as she turned to me, I followed behind. Mirroring what she had done and ending up next to her. I rose my eyes to the horizon and took in the surroundings. The penhouse was smaller than either of us expected it to be. Thousands of trash and plastics were scattered that it looked like a sea of trash and not water. A small house was to our left. A single light bulb flashes adjacent to it. I whispered to Yang, mentioning about the house. Even pointing to it to clarify my point. She nodded in response and we went to the front door of the house. Raising my claw and hitting against the surface. It suddenly opened. But no one was on the other side. I frowned. My heart pounded in my chest as my other free claw reach to my waist grabbing the flashlight. I turned it on before scanning around.

The interior was small. A cash register was to our side, leaning against the white moldy wall. I broke away from Yang, heading to the register before raising my claw upward. Shining the light directly down onto the cash register, I noticed that its compartments were opened and empty. Someone perhaps had taken all the cash inside. But I said nothing as the silence continued looming over us. I turned around looking at the front door. Surprise to see Yang gone. I panicked. Sweat started falling from my head, moistening my shoulder scales as my mouth split opened, shouting out into the void before me. “Yang?” I called, “Yang. Where are you?” And silence was the one who answered me instead. My face hardened and my eyes lit up. As I walked to the nearest wall that was adjacent to the cash register, I skimmed through the entrance of the shelves. Rapidly looking for Yang. But in the end, I had not found her. All the shelves were full of opened cans. No labels were upon them. The cans ranged in different sizes. The majority of them were small. The rotten smell infiltrated my nose and filled my lungs, resulting me having a coughing fit when inhaling them. As I hacked, my ears opened up upon Yang’s voice calling for me in worry. Rapid footsteps echoed seconds after as I turned, meeting up with the dragons who looked at me in turn.

“What had you been eating?” Yang asked, initiating the conversation as I shook my head still coughing. “Nothing. It is the smell of these rotten food and beans inside the cans.” I commented, pointing to the cans upon the shelves. Yang looked at the cans for a moment. Silence passed by us while she shifted her head back to me and shook her head, I swore I saw a small smile upon her face as she grabbed my claw and ran me through one of the shelves. Ending up upon the other side in record time. I was surprise. The shelves were small in length. White rotten coloring were upon them. Some of the shelves were peeling off their paint which was disgusting for me. Just about to mentally vomit, I turned my head away from them and glanced upon a white door. I blinked and turned to Yang asking her, “How come there is a backdoor to this house?” “That is because this is not a house.” Yang answered without looking to me, “This is a store. I take it dragons come here to buy stuff. But since all the cans were opened and you having that cough that would not go away. This place is closed down. A perfect hideout for the culprits we are after.” “Could be…” I trailed, saying nothing after as Yang reached for the knob of the door. Gripped it tight before tilting to one side and the door opened in response. A click came in our ears as Yang pulled the door wide revealing what was on the other side.

Surprise, nothing. Except for a dragon whose legs were tied to the flooring. He looked naked and beaten up. Scars and cuts were implemented upon the body of the dragon as both me and Yang gasped in shocked before running in. Quickly, we untied the dragon as it land upon the grounds beneath him. His breathing rapid as his chest heaved vibrating the ground. The dragon was an adult. His wings broken and looked torned up as if hatchlings had came up to him pulling on his wings. There were cuts also upon those wings too. The body of the dragon was white, gray underbelly. Horns were missing. His eyes looking sorrow and about to tear up. His wings large perhaps bigger than ours combined together. Painted white as the same as his scale color. With the silence, Yang and I had the dragon onto his feet. Dragging him out from his prison, Yang asked him. “Who attacked you?” “Two dragons. One was green. The other was black. They looked twins due to their same height. Their wings-” “We do not care about their wings, dragon.” I interrupted him and he nodded slowly, “They just came up to the junkyard and started stuffing me into that door behind me. Locking it preventing me from calling anyone. Even the police.” “Who were they again?” Yang asked, having not heard it the first time. As the dragon glared scowling at the dragoness, he repeated himself.

“Two dragons. One was green and the other black. Horns were hanged back. Wings large. They looked to be the same as you two.” “Sen and Lope.” I muttered angrily, knowing who those two are. Why were they a bothersome to us officials? Could they have let go of the bullying twenty years ago by Natty? I shook my mental thoughts away as Yang and I unknowingly dragged him outside of the store into the night skies. The moon hang high above him while we settled him down. “They were not looking for anything inside the store. Just recruits.” “They already gotten recruits and caused havoc upon the town, dragon.” Yang remarked, her voice pitch dropping as her wings folded behind her. The dragon nodded in response to her as silence fell between the three of us, then Yang asked another. “What is your name?” The dragon smiled faintly at her before telling.