Venturing: A plan pulled Together

Setting aside my brush, I stepped back from the pink dragoness before us whose eyes were closed. We stared at it in silence before our mouths curved and crack making grins as results of our handiwork around us. And turned our attention to the surroundings, looking into any last-minute checkup. The entire room was messy. Thousands of unwanted documents, files, desks, and computers were everywhere. The majority of them had been ripped or torn apart. Lights flickered above us at times, setting the mood that we were trying to recreate in this abandoned room. When all was settled, I unknowingly nodded my head and was satisfied with our work before grabbing Zander who was still looking about with my tail, dragging him out from the large room behind us. A pair of doors await by the time I pushed them. Splitting them opened and allowed us outside into the dark. Zander growled at me, his eyes narrowed pointing daggers. His body tensed. I just laughed it off waving my claw in his face before reaching for the walkie with my other.

The black dragon huffed and crossed his arms, gazing away as I pressed the side button of the walkie ready to give our report. “All done here, Yang. The old station looked abandoned and ruined.” “Good. Is Natty still place there?” Yang asked through the speaker in question of my report. I answered her back. “Yup. Tied to the chair, bleeding out. She will die quite soon.” “Great.” Answered Yang then added her report after, “The owner’s daughter has agreed with us to use her father’s products as a means to find his whereabouts. Including this being that was unleashed on the streets.” “When will it be sent?” I asked, a bit curious while darting my eyes over to Zander. He just glances at me in silence, his black wings spread poising himself to fly to the revenue point. “After Sen and Lope discovers the bait. Shall we meet at the point?” Yang finished, asking a question as I answered ‘Yes’ before spreading my wings and nodding to Zander. He jumped a second before me, his wings flapping rapidly into the midair as I joined him seconds after. We flew up, scaling along one of the buildings until we reach the apex. And from there, we slowly descended landing upon the rooftops below our feet as our wings folded, Zander breathed a sigh of relief and closed his eyes.

My heart was pounding in my chest. The adrenaline coursing through my veins as I waited patiently. My eyes scanned the dark horizon, sometimes staring at the full moon towards my right as the sea of stars twinkled in my eyes. My wings spread and folded, to keep myself busy in the short time we have as I constantly looking over to Zander. He was leaning forward against the half wall, his head lowered and his eyes cast to the streets below us. I decided to pull my eyes away and kept looking in the opposite direction until I hear a thump behind me. We both turned our heads spotting Yang standing before us. Her eyes stared onto ours as we grouped with her. A smile emerged from her bright face and a moon cast it lights onto it. We were silent upon our gathering. No one made a sound or even voice an appeal. We just kept our heads still, eyes still maintaining contact with one another. Then we nodded our heads in acknowledgment as Yang brought up her walkie to explain the next phase.

“Argon and Xenon, it is your turn to mark our runaway culprits.” Yang started. A second later, two unidentified shadows pulled themselves out from their hiding spots and raised their mark pistols onto their foreheads. They were poised and silent. Ready for action as the three of us stepped back from the edges of the rooftops and allowed nature to take its course. We had waited for at least some minutes before my ears perked up hearing the loud ringing bell below us. In response, I ran forth towards the edges of the rooftop immediately in ponderance of who exited from the station. I had hoped that it was the two. Sen and Lope. As I grabbed onto the rooftop edges with my claws and leaned forward, my tail wagged anxiously as my breathing heaven against my chest. Eyes looking worried, darting about upon the streets that splits apart the station and the building we were on. Did not take long for me to spot them both, walking along the sidewalks. SIlence were on their mouths as the other dragon’s claws were tunk into its pockets. The other was phoning someone. I predict that it might be the guy we are looking for.

As they turned the corner and headed off into the cloaks of darkness, I heard two silent gunfires. Resulting in two blinking light buttons landing onto the backs of the dragons we were targeting. I grinned from ear to ear and looked back to Yang and Zander. Yang had her claw above her head, signaling Argon and Xenon as they both withdrew into the shadows. Disappearing seconds after from our eyes as I returned to Yang’s side. Her claw lowered to her side. Her smile returned, projected to me, and Zander as he growled asking her “Well Yang. We tagged them. Shall we advance on them secret to see where they are going?” “Not yet,” Yang answered Zander as she grabbed her walkie radioing Kyro who stayed back at the mansion. The two talked for minutes, detailing the route that the two had taken. At the mention of the directions taken, I and Zander turned our heads to Yang whose eyes was widened in surprise. As she responded to Kyro’s reported answer, Kyro gave a confident nod before releasing the button. Yang mirrored him and turned to us.

Then she spoke to us, “At Kyro’s report. The route that these two had taken is complex.” “How complex is it?” Zander asked an eye raised in curiosity while I found myself nodding hoping to pressure Yang more. She gave a sigh, her eyes closed. Before opening them again and answered, “Many lefts and rights that it seems their routes seem to make ‘figure eights’ or ‘squares’ around the blocks.” “That does sound complex,” Zander muttered commenting on what he thought about the information. But I kept silent, pondering over it for a moment before answering her, “Is it some sort of code? Are their headquarters or base underground?” “That could be the reason why the owner claims ‘foreign dragons’ meeting up with him.” “Then why did he deserted his business?” I countered with a frown, folding my wings as my head reeled back adding “It is not like him to do so… Especially when his tower was destroyed.” “Let us forget about the owner for a bit.” Yang interrupted us as we turned our heads to him. “We are running out of precious time and Kyro says they are almost returning to their base. We nodded before spreading out wings. Taking flight into the warm night air surrounded us as we flapped our wings in union, departing north where we presumed their base to be.

Continuing our flight northward, my thoughts continued to pop in my head filling it up with theories and questions that my head had started to ache. As my fangs grounded together and the mouth parting to show them, I squinted my eyes and kept looking forward. Staring into the pitch darkness in front of us as buildings departing rapidly from our visions. Flying deeper into the darkness surrounding us while the air starts howling in our ears, we flapped our wings quickly and in a hurry as we advanced deeper hoping to catch up to our culprits. It was a long flight to catch up to them in the end. However, when we do, we landed on nearby buildings and hid underneath the edges of the rooftops as our eyes were cast to the streets below us. In this part of Vaster, no street lamps were on. The traffic light on our left was busted. Only showing yellow lights. Or nothing at all. The buildings here were dark and empty. No one was living in this part of the town actually.

Our ears heard fainted footsteps below us. Chattered was beyond minimum that sometimes it was faded in the winds. Still, we kept our ears erected and alert as we watched Sen and Lope walked along the street heading somewhere that we did not know where. We watched them until they turned the corner and then another one. We followed them, tracked them down like hunters looking for animals. All the way down to an isolated house. Nearby of the buildings in front of it. A mailbox was between them. No street was there. The trees that surrounded the house had lost their leaves. Small clouds hang from the chimney. The house itself was small. Looking to be two floors high. The rooftop pale or orange in reflection to the pale moon above it. The house looked wore out. Broken woods were everywhere. A frown cast upon my face as my ears fell. I turned to Yang and her narrowed dangerous eyes. As a smirk came across her face, she jumped to her feet and nodded to the rest of us. For suddenly her wings were spread out and she glided landing to the brownish grass below her. Me and Zander gaze at one another for a moment before descending joining up with her.

So there we stand. In front of a wore outhouse that is perfect for Halloween. We were motionless, but I still hear clacking about. And our heads shifted over to Zander who was shivering. His fangs tightened as his head vibrated. Wings tuck in behind his back as his tail was between his legs. I rolled my eyes and slapped his back with my claw. Pushing him a bit forward as Zander glared at me. We both hear loud voices and turned our attention to Yang who was calling backup. A quick second later; Kyro, Argon, and Xenon rejoined us and landed adjacent from where we stood. All looking to Yang as she breathed a sigh, excitement was perhaps coursing through her body before she ordered. “Argon and Xenon take the two white doors on either side of the house. Kyro shut the lights. Zander Ling, you two are with me.” Everyone nodded, no hesitation of a shaken head as we departed from one another quickly heading into our respective positions.

On cue, The lights inside the house were suddenly shut off. Argon and Xenao and barricaded the door which left me, Yang, and Zander to crossed through a crack open window leading us inside and into the kitchen. It was a mess. Dried blood was sprayed everywhere. Onto the cabinets, faucets, drawers… Everywhere. It looked like a slaughterhouse, like that violent video game for nes! Regardless, Yang nodded to us both and drew our pistols before walking like a unit. Down the short length of the kitchen before we split up from one another. Zander went upstairs, me and Yang went opposite ways. Ending myself up in the living room, and I believed that Yang had entered into the family room. We both continued forth, crossing through the current rooms that we were in. Ending into a white door that stands before us. I blinked, a bit off guard. Yang was still tensed, her claws tightly gripped against the handle and trigger of the pistol while I reached out and grabbed the doorknob. And pulled it opened.

Before me were rapid footsteps becoming louder seconds later. As I retained my tighten gripped upon my pistol ready to shoot, I spotted the two emerging from the corner and stopped suddenly. Their eyes widened and face pale. Mouths were opened that we could see their tongues. They shivered as if they were cold as Sen stuttered, “H.. How did you… find us?” “Easy.” Yang spat but never revealed it at all as someone else came behind them. We raised our pistol further in elevation, position it towards the newcomer that came from the corner. But we relaxed after when Zander emerged, poking his pistol at the dragons’ backs as they stepped forward in shock. Zander forced Sen and Lope to climb the steps. And me and Yang stepped to the side, allowing them through. As our three pistols were trained onto their faces, Yang started questioning them.

“Who released you?”

“It was some dragon,” Sen complained, but the pistol was trained onto his forehead. His eyes closed, panic and sweat ran across his face. And he panicked detailing it for us, “A white dragon with a silver underbelly. His wings are black. Horns are pointed upward. This dragon is about eight feet tall. Perhaps ten.”

“Is this the being who released you from prison?” Yang growled, a nod came afterward. I smiled beaming my attention to the dragoness. But she ignored me for her eyes were lowered, glaring at Sen and Lope for a moment before questioning them. “Why do you want to kill Natty? It is wrong for vengeance. Learn to let go of it. It is already eating you both up from the inside.” There was silence from Sen and Lope, their heads hang and eyes staring at the flooring as we put away our pistols, and Yang sighed. “You are free to go.”

Their heads perk up and glanced at the dragoness, shock was written on their face as Yang nodded silently before raising her eyes to me. I said nothing except for a smile in answer as we released the two. As they departed, we returned to the kitchen and climbed out of the window. Kyro, Argon, and Xenon were waiting for us outside. Still retaining their positions until Yang gave them the signal. Of which they released the doors and allowed Sen and Lope out. As the two started to run away from the small abandoned house, one of them dropped a square shape thing onto the ground which caught my attention. I walked to it slowly, my claw upon the handle of my pistol. Then stopped lowering my eyes to my feet before crouching down and grabbed the thing. And pulled it up onto my eyesight, I called over Yang and the others as their heads looked at me. I turned around facing them before raising the thing for them to see.

Up in the moonlight hanging above my head, the square shape thing was a cd player. A small black button emerged at the corner of the square It looked smooth to my claws as I gripped it tightly and returned to their sides. As Yang looked to it, she exhaled and nodded as our wings flapped in union before spreading them. Readying ourselves to depart from the house and find out what this cd player was all about.

And as we had returned back into the station, we landed onto the grounds. Cold air started breezing through our scales as Kyro shivered. We walked forth to the door and Yang gripped the knob. Opening the door wide, we were presented with Natty as her arms crossed over her chest. Her eyes narrowed to us and her mouth puffed. As some of us laughed remembering how she had to stay behind for this plan to work, Kyro felt embarrassed as his cheeks grew red and rosy. But despite the awkward moment between us, Natty dropped her arms and laid them to the side. Exhaling, she asked us. “Was it a mission success? The two will not bother me ever again?” “Never ever,” I answered for Yang as she chuckled and snake her tail around mine while I smiled, my cheeks pink as Natty asked me. “What are you holding?” “Some kind of cd player. Sen dropped it when he and Lope ran away.” I started, holding it up.

“A cd player?” Natty questioned, tilting her head to the side in interest. “Vaster town does not have one of those since it was sold out twenty years ago.” “Yeah.” Yang finished, snatching the player away from my claw as I looked at her in surprise. “Regardless… We should head upstairs and find out what this player meant for the two.” “Are we looking into private songs, Yang?” Zander complained, exhaling with his eyes closed as Yang chuckled shaking her head, “No.” and she walked upstairs with me tugging behind her as she had forgotten to untangled us. The other dragons laughing at my predicament as I huffed pouting at them like some hatchling. It took not long for us to reach the second floor. And as we stopped, I felt Yang’s tail unwrapping from mine as she started for the door before us. Zander and Kyro reached down with their claws as I extended mine and clapped against theirs. Pulling myself up to my feet, our trio of males had followed the others. Just in time for Yang to pop the disk into our own player.

The player accepted it and draws the disk inward. Disappearing seconds later as a loud humming filled the room. And during the humming, we raised our eyes to the screen above us where static emerged for a few seconds more. Then all that departed, showing us a tall building.