Venturing: Against Me

“What we need to do is split up. Head into the offices for anything. If it is small, it is got to be important.” I responded, crossing my arms as I looked to the other dragons staring back onto me with a silent nod. Just as they had separated into pairs, Yang added into my sentence, “In addition to… White substance. Never black or gray powder. Try questioning that to anyone. I do believe someone had a fetish and…” She trailed off, never wanting to keep talking as the rest of us got silent. Already, I had seen Natty together with Kyro and Zander by himself. Leaving both me and Yang to be together. Saying nothing in response, I turned my attention towards Yang as she spoke out “Once everyone is in their teams or going solo; head off into a direction you desire. Both-” But the three dragons were already gone. As both me and Yang turned to one another in silence, frowning afterward in response before turning ourselves onto our way. Zander had turned right, Kyro and Natty went straight. That left us heading left. However, I was not sure of the new hallway that presented itself to us.

As I gazed inward into the hallway, I had noticed that it was quiet. The sounds of ringing echoed into my ears while we walked forth. White walls covered our eyes. No doors about. No restrooms too. A straight-ahead road towards its end. It was a long walk. Despite the unfavorable odds that the halls were too long for us to continue, we walked anyway and kept our silence around as our eyes looked to the horizon. Brighten lights showered our eyes as we squinted them, sometimes I could hear Yang growling and held her claw high above her head. Overshadowing her eyes to shield them away from the brightening light. Walking further into the halls, both me and Yang had notice the end of the halls. A brown door awaits us. Many questions tickled my brain as I pondered. Wondering if any of them were true if we had reached the door, I picked up the pace. Never wanting to lag behind the murder plot and headed towards the door. Speeding past Yang who hurried up behind me.

We reached the door. I grabbed the doorknob. Tilting it to the side, I opened the door. Yang had already caught up to me. I swayed my eyes rightward until our eyes met. Her face was pale and lightheaded as if she had dreaded at whatever was inside. I said nothing and pushed. The door opened with a squeak and a moan as it pulled away from the door frame that kept it locked. Revealing to us a dark large room, both me and Yang entered in without hesitation. I peered inside, squinting my eyes hoping to see better. But nothing change. It took an additional three seconds or more for Yang to find the switch in the darkness. And it was not adjacent to the door, however. Once we had found the light, the room lit up and allowed our pupils to shrink in normal size as we gazed about looking around. The place we were in was a large room. A row of lockers stands before us. All after one another. They were straight. Never crooked. The lockers were pale gray. Sometimes black. I stepped forth towards a random locker that was closest to me; grabbing onto its silver knob and pulled. It was opened. But nothing was inside. Me and Yang spent the next twenty seconds or so continuing to open lockers and peering inside. It resulted in nothing.

“This room is empty, Yang,” I responded, piping my voice as it filled the room. Yang nodded in response but also in silence as her eyes stared to me then away towards something else that I had not seen, however. I walked to her, regrouping at once, and followed her gaze staring at an isolated desk that was upon the other end of the large room. It was long and fat. Black it was. Yang and I looked to one another, stepping forward closer to the desk to get a closer look. There was something on top of it. It looked to be a pistol. Bloody claws gripped its handle as both me and Yang stared at it before gasping in response. Both at the same time, we realized that this was not a regular old pistol that citizens use, however. It was a police thing. Pure black coloring. Silver finish metal laid at the other parts of the pistol. I frowned, my heart speeds up fast. Fear gripped against my neck as realization had kicked in.

“Who would have done it?” I asked, my voice still shaking.

“Not sure…” Responded Yang as her claws were filled with blue latex gloves. She stepped forward and gripped the pistol on the desk in her claw. Tightly squeezing its handle before raising it, then spoke to me “Yang. You have the bag right?” I nodded without hesitation and reached into the pockets of my pants, pulling out a clear plastic bag. Unzipping it, I opened its mouth and pull apart the lips as far as I could do as Yang place the pistol inside the bag and I zipped it up. “That all we have to do?” I asked, glancing around the room again for anything interesting that might catch my eye and something we may have missed. However, Yang shook her head and smiled only faintly. As she turned around and headed to the door, she spoke to me “Nope. We have everything we need from here.”

“We should regroup with the others then.” I answered in suggestion and she nodded again, “Yeah. They may have something interesting to tell us once we regroup. Do you know where we are regrouping, however?” “I thought the same place?” Yang answered without looking to me just as we headed forth towards the door. And retrace our steps we did until we were out of that hall and back onto the old familiar hallway that we both had loved. In addition to, looking up from our conversation together. We had started to see that the other three had already regrouped, chatting amongst themselves. Rejoining them, they fell silent and turned their eyes over to us while Kyor asked. “Found anything yet over there?” “We found just one,” I answered, Yang, held it up for all to see. They gasped in shock upon what we had revealed.

“A pistol? A pistol!” Shrieked Natty, her heartbeat pounding faster in her chest. “Who in the right mind brought a pistol here? But neither of us answered that question. As silence fell a short while later, I responded to them explaining “We found this in the hallway behind us. At a big room, end of this and the other hallway. The other hallway was unique also. Having sported grayish walls. No doors or bathrooms within those halls.” “The place was empty?” Natty asked, We both nod. “But that does not make sense. Why is a pistol inside that room? And why is it bloody?” “Was it a police pistol, Yang and Ling?” Zander asked, a bit curious as I answered him watching and studying his face. “Yes. It is a police pistol.” “So two things could occur in this scenario.” Yang added, “One: One of us must have returned to the auditorium from an alternate pathway onto a door entering in. Shooting everyone inside. From the previous when these events were unfolding. Only you three had left us. As I had quote, ‘Kyro and Zander should walk the perimeter of the schoolyard. Including upstairs’” “So what about Natty then?” Kyro asked, suddenly. Yang glanced over to him responding “She is innocent. She only walked as she had desired. Although this does not rule out she may have done it too. But we are keeping the possibility alive. Regardless…” Yang closed her eyes and crossed her arms, scowling at them while changing the topic. “What about you three? What have you found?”

“Several teachers.” Kyro piped up. “Each of them saying similar things towards my mate, Natty here.” ‘Each of them?’ I asked, looking a bit interested. Kyro nodded, “Yeah…” He trailed afterward to sigh before resuming, “One of them said ‘Natty is a demon. She was the bully and caused this to happen again. Twenty years later. She was the one responsible for the deaths of many inside of that auditorium! Arrest her instead.’ Another quote, ‘Natty was the one who cause all this mess. She was the bully and the one responsible for the murder of many. A butterfly effect, I tell you! She should have been kicked from this school. I blame the teachers of the past for this!’ “A lot of them seem to string hate towards our pink friend.” Yang commented, leaving me and Zander to express a different view on the topic of Natty. And in the meanwhile, the pink dragoness was looking a bit nervous and afraid. As if guilty of something from the lost past that came to haunt her present as an officer right now. But both me and Yang, even Kyro and Zander knows that she is innocent. Even if she was the cause of the bully-victims twenty years ago. She could not be the one murdering everyone. All the teachers here had a grudge against her. Like we do… Twenty years ago.

I shook my head and frowned; rethinking back onto the topic of Natty and the massacre that had happened inside the auditorium. As I pondered, I filtered out the potential voices that were around me and kept looking upon the grounds beneath my feet upon the silence which as I try to make sense of the situation at hand. But it did not make sense. With little information we had squeezed out of during our times away, I could not connect anything. The police gun to the suspects at hand who continued blaming Natty, aka the pink demon as they called it, for everything that she had done in the past. As my increase of a headache continues, I let myself go and sighed in silence. With my eyes closed and my face relaxed, I returned myself into the reality of things. Lifting my face from the ground and stared back towards the familiar faces around me, I spoke out loud towards them “Nothing. I cannot come up with anything that connects.” “Both right?” Natty questioned, I gave a nod as Yang replied to me. “Well… That is alright, however. Kyro did gave one last information to us to make sense of…”

I blinked at them, “One last?”

Yang nodded with a smile, nudging Kyro who coughs before responding, “Yeah. I will just repeat myself then for you to hear.” “Well… sure then,” I responded without hesitation or thinking as our eyes met with one another and silence fell all around us except for whispers emerging from Natty, Zander, and Yang. Kyro repeated the quote. “This is from one of the dragons. Old comer. Been living here for twenty years. He is forty plus currently. Hoping to retire soon… Anyway, when we questioned him about the massacre, he said this….”

‘I say, despite what the others were pinning the blame of poor old natty here, she was not it. Innocent soul, she was. And yes she bullies other hatchlings before. And did stuff that they never wanting to do. However, she is not it. Perhaps it was one of the teachers? Who pinned the blame on her. I did recall that one of the dragons was ill and had to leave the school indefinitely when the old characters had left elementary to head to Middle school. I wonder if he was still around? Or had he left when the news of the massacre had appeared on television?’ "So the guy you are quoting is British?" I asked, surpassing a chuckle while Kyro laughed smiling at me, shaking his head. "No. I just like British dragons all of a sudden." "Yeah... sure," I answered, rolling my eyes. Returning my head towards the quote, I questioned him. “An old character or new?” Kyro frowned in response and lifted his eyes to the ceiling above us responding seconds after, “No idea. But he did say, silver, however.” “Silver?” I repeated, blinking in shock or surprise. I did not know any dragon that was silver. “Silver underbelly or Silver scales?” I asked, “Silver scaled…” Kyro answered. I blinked in response and frowned. “That information did not help at all,” I answered him, Kyro laughed. “Not for you maybe. But the dragonesses think they have the right guy.” Pointing to the dragonesses.