Venturing: Bitroz

Peace. These were the words we were told to protect by the time we were assigned to the school’s first graduation party outside its doors. All the students’ parents and guardians were here; some of them were chatting amongst themselves hoping to get to know one another. The students were once again horsing around and getting called on by their former teachers they were assigned to for homeroom. And us? Where do we fit in all this? We were just the party’s organizers and security, hoping to get the best out of the day safely for the students and the special day. A couple of times we had to call the parents to get a firm grip upon their students. But over time, we had seen them let loose and forget the rules thought inside of their own private homes. Rendering me curious as I wonder why. But shaking that thought, I scanned the area once again and slightly remembered about that dragoness we met inside of the cafeteria at one point. That particular dragoness was poised at the far end of the party area, cooking as her smoke rises from her golden pot. Often that dragoness would hum or sing quietly towards herself, never minding whoever was there listening to her. All she cares about was her food which she called fox stew.

The party area was a bit smaller compared to the past few party areas that the school had thrown for in the past. There was a bowl of fruit punch sitting on one of the three tables that were covered by a pink blanket underneath it. A large spoon sitting inside the bowl of a punch, leaning onto the edge as it stares at the dragoness beside it. Adjacent to the bowl was smaller bowls and cups; all aligned perfectly in a row of three. Each of the bowls and cups was unique in design but had the same fixed height throughout. It was a bit hard to understand which cup belongs to what person. Behind the first table was another table, but all this one had were a bunch of papers stuck together and stuffed inside an envelope. Nothing was interesting within the second table, so I chose to ignore it and kept looking beyond. Another table was sitting behind the second table; this too had nothing on it because all the students of the class had taken everything from it, leaving none remaining for anyone else that took interest in the things. They were flags and sparkles of fireworks that could be used to fire onto the evening skies above.

The dragoness was still cooking; her soft voice vibrated to keep herself occupied as her eyes lowered towards the surface of the pot while she kept stirring it in one circular motion. The rest of us had noticed that no matter the interval, she always kept stirring and in one direction. We wanted to know what she was cooking and I was about to go over to her, but Zander stopped me suddenly and shook his head. Raising a claw, he grumbled muttering something underneath his breath but loud enough for me to hear. “Do not bother. I doubt any of her cooking was of any good.” “How rude of you, Zander.” Kyro growled whispering in answer to the black dragon who turned facing him, growling “Hey! Do not look at me, question the students. They were the ones who asked me to tell you guys.” “For what? Mocking the dragoness’ cooking? Because she is making fox stew-” Kyro questioned him but before he could say anymore, I coughed gaining both of them my attention as I turned to the questioning. “That is not important right now. We can argue that all we know is when this celebration is over and done with. What is important is ‘where did she get this endless supply of foxes for her stew?’” “She is right.” Abavina replied, shifting her attention back and forth from Kyro and Zander, “And for that question, there is an answer.” “What do you think then, Abavina?” Kyro asked, “It is not that simple, however. And this is a theory after all but… Do you think she got it from Chaos?” We all fell silent after a second from her talking.

Zander snuffed, throwing his head back, and smirked confidently “That is impossible.” The dragon started with his high-rising voice of sarcasm. “Chaos and Order realms are in a treaty. We dragons and foxes would not hurt one or invade, and vise versa.” Then he angrily glared at her before stabbing her chest with his claw growling, “You did forget about the treaty did you?” “No.” Abavian lied, shaking her head as her eyes settled to him. The two dragons held stress as if they were playing some sort of staring contest. While the remaining dragons of our unit exhaled a tensed breath and threw their claws into the air before going off in a direction, my ears perked up. The atmosphere was a bit tensed. Ripped for the picking somehow and quickly turned my attention behind me, looking back upon the dragoness still stirring the pot. At first, I thought nothing was there. That I was just imagining it and it was all in my head. But somehow, in the distance, I knew I was not crazy at the time. For a pink fox was coming in our way. Its eyes were angrily narrowed; he seemed focused upon a goal. His paw upon a pistol’s trigger just as it was pulled out worries me physically but excites me mentally. As I stare at the fox approaching the dragoness, I noticed that the dragoness had stopped somehow. She released her claws from the spoon and turned her attention towards the fox. A smile emerged upon her face which worries me to no end at all. As I watched the event unfolding before me, I strained my ears hoping to hear better at the coming conversation. However, they were too far from where I was sitting and I frowned before turning my attention towards Zander.

“Psst, Zander,” I whispered to the black dragon who suddenly turned his attention to me. His head tilted to one side as his face relaxed, his eyes blinked as he asked me “What is up, Yang?” “Go over there and pretend that you are looking for a drink, relay every information from them while staying nearby. Do not let any of them escape, you hear me.” The dragon nodded and rose his claw to his face before lowering it down, he turned his head towards the conversation and casually walked up to them. Grabbing a drink before drowning it into his throat as he looked another way. I exhaled a breath and closed my eyes, pulling my ears back I tried to release the tensions inside my body and kept focus upon the impending party that we were having. However before the party could resume again, the argument broke out and turning my attention towards the source of it. I was rather surprised that it was the pink fox and the dragoness. The fox already training his pistol upon the chest of the dragoness who smirked confidently at him in response as if she knew that he would not hit her or even fire the weapon at all. It was also the first time I heard her speak normally which meant she was just toying around with us and kept a secret of her identity until she was assured that a fox would come here. ‘Was this her ploy to get even with the foxes of Chaos?’ I thought to myself with a frown that Zander interpreted for he pushed himself from the table he was leaning at and walked over to me. He shrugged afterward and relay everything that he had learned.

Zander told me that the dragoness was using foxes from Chaos to make the stew. It's either she loves burning them alive or killing them before throwing them into her pot which disturbs me greatly. I shook that uneasiness away from my thoughts as I rapidly nodded my head at him before raising my eyes to the conversation at hand. The two continued to bicker to no end. Their voices rose and sink at random intervals times that it was a bit harder to understand all that they were saying. Regardless, we got our answer and I smiled faintly to myself before tapping Zander’s shoulder who nodded in silence’s answer before departing from me, heading back towards his usual spot. As he disappears from my view, I turned my eyes to the two again and watched. The pink fox was slowly getting desperate and angry that his voice rose in a higher pitch. I could even hear him from where I was standing right now, which was adjacent to one of the three tables. His pistol was still trained on the dragoness who continues to bricker and mocked him; edging him on to take the shot as she loves to call it. But going back onto the treaty that both Order and Chaos had made, I knew and even he knows this as well, he cannot because it will invoke the treaty and force another tension between our realms. And the dragoness wants this somehow.

I had to say. It was pretty ingenious after all. The fact of using the treaty as a bargaining chip just to get what you had wanted. It was surprising yet devilish. But before my mind could praise the dragoness anymore of her selfless strategy of putting the fox into the corner early on into their game, I was rather surprised that the dragoness was holding some sort of small blackish-blue orb in her claw which she breaks and blew towards the face of the fox who grew tired and sleepy; his entire body shut down in an instant and fell. My mouth hanged opened as the dragoness’ voice cracks momentarily. There was even a hint of a deep male voice that was covered by the high pitch dragoness voice. On that note, it kinda surprises me that we are dealing with a transgender dragoness here. But I could not be sure about that. With thoughts swirling in my mind and bouncing against the walls of my head, I rose my walkie and pressed the button. “Ling?” I questioned hoping he would be picked up. “Yes? Something a matter with your assignment?” Ling asked, his voice calm and tranquil as I slowly chuckled and turned around with my back facing them. I was blushing faintly but kept myself together as I responded, “There is a problem. A pink fox has entered into Order and has marched right up to the chief of the school. They are currently MIA from this position as we speak. I believe they are at the forest from where we had resided in.” “That place again?” Ling groaned, exhaling afterward as he takes a breath responding “Alright, I will see what they are doing there.” “Also, please investigate why the fox is here. Talk with its friends in Chaos, I am sure they will provide insights as to what we are missing.” “Roger.” and our conversation ends there. With my silence, my head continues to be filled. With thoughts and questions without answers, I frowned. Tilted my head as my ears picked up on my fellow officers shouting and raising their claws. Trying their best to calm the audience down before anything else goes on.

A sigh escaped from my lips as I slowly curved them into a smile, then turned myself around and gaze upon the different students and teachers. All panicking and worried as they had seen the impending conversation overheard by the two confronting sides. As my lips split and started on my speed to them, my eyes settled on the principal who calmly walked up to me. I sealed my mouth and kept staring at him while he questioned. “Was that the fox from the spiritual realm? Why was he here? I thought-” “Yes and we are not sure. Answers will be provided once I gain some knowledge from my partner’s unit first.” “And when will that be?” He asked. Just before I could speak to lament some time for Ling, my walkie went off suddenly and my smile brightened. I rose it high towards my mouth and turned around walking a few steps away from the principal before pressing the button suddenly.

“Yang!” “I heard you, Ling,” I started, “What you find?” “I need you in the forest now. Flashes are going on inside of it then a distant roar that sounded like a dragon.” “A… what? Are you sure you are not watching a movie or something from our home?” I joked, smiling hiddenly a bit. But it seems Ling was not laughing. A frown formed upon my mouth as my wings folded into a serious matter. My coworkers knew what this meant, having spent twenty years in service with me as their leader. “Alright, we will be in the forest. Go to the Chaos realm, you know where that is right?” “Yeah, be careful. I am not sure what the two are doing right now, but I imagine it is not pretty.” “Gotcha.” I remarked releasing the button before turning to the principal, “We gotta go. Unit; let us advance to the forest!” I exclaimed as I spread my wings. The others did as well and together we flew Eastward from the schoolyard.

We have reunited again in the center of the forest where our wings spread loose as we descended from our flight. Returning to the grounds once again. I stared onto Kyro Zander and Abavina as their eyes swayed and gaze onto somewhere else. I said nothing and set my eyes away from them, gazing in a random direction. We were all silent. The tranquility echoed in my ears as I looked onto the forest trees staring back onto me, Kyro’s voice filled the void. “We should split up and find the clues faster that way.” “Where should we start then?” Zander asked, glancing at the red dragon who returned the look over to me. I coughed before raising my eyes to them, maintaining contact, and spoke “We should split in an ‘X’ formation. Everyone picking their corner to run to and start from there. We will meet in the middle at the end.” “Do you think we will find clues this way?” Questioned Abavina despite the stares from the other two dragons, I nodded in response. “Yup. Now move.” I barked and startled them. They flinched in response and scrambled to get onto their corners. Thus disappearing through the woods where only I alone stands at the starting point. Faintly, I smiled before returning my head to the only direction not picked and started moving there.

I walked far and deep in the one direction I had needed to go. The silence was in my ears. As my wings flapped steadily behind me keeping me balance while my eyes stared forth towards the horizon before me, I began to thought. There were a lot of questions in my mind that were yet to be answered. Half of them were involved in the Chaos realm. The other was the dragoness chef. But I know that the answers would not come to me unless I find it out on my own and so I cut my thoughts as I stretched my ears outward from my head, listening to the footsteps I was creating. I stopped and planted my feet. There was something in the distance. Sparkling against the sun’s reflective rays as I blinked and pondered silently, I carefully make my way forth towards what it was. My claws were already trained upon the pistol in my pocket in case I met with resistance. Until I was adjacent to the object at hand was when I lowered my eyes onto it upon the proximity and noticed that it was a silver empty bottle. My eyes widened at the sight of it as my claws released from the pistol’s grip; lowered to the bottle before picking it up. My other claw was already trained onto the walkie as it presses the button, sparking life onto it, and raised it high to my mouth before responding in the silence. “I found a silver bottle. There are perhaps more if I were to search real care for them.” I released the button and waited a few seconds for a response. Zander’s voice ring through the speakers followed by Kyro. “A silver bottle you found Yang? Dang, I was hoping for something interesting for my collection.” “You do not have a collection, Zander.” Kyro pointed out before addressing me, “A silver bottle? This must be the potion that the foxes use during their assault for horror.” “What do you mean by that?” I questioned him and he answered in response,

“What I mean is, the empty potions are nothing more than special effects for psychological horror that the famed R7 uses on their victims. Have you not read the ‘completed’ series of Chaos’ previous book?” “No.” I hesitated after a while of silence which Kyro exhaled in response before informing me, “Regardless, the chef dragoness must have known this too and decided to use the potions bottles for her use. I am guessing by her terms it is getting what they deserve.’” “I see.” I nodded, spying another glass in the corner of my eye “There is more of these things out there. Did the chef dragoness accidentally drank them all?” “Perhaps,” Kyro answered cryptically as he and Zander went on silence and left me alone while I pondered all that the red dragon was saying. It was honestly weird to see a dragon getting all of the status effects of whatever these potions contained. Then again it was not weird considering that Chaos was the one who made it first of all. As I was pondering over these statements, my walkie came to life once again. But it was neither Kyro nor Zander. Another familiar dragon from another unit and my eyes brightened up knowing who it was. ‘Ling!’ I thought with a persistent smile as his voice called out from the walkie. He explained that he had found the whereabouts of Rinichi, the said fox that was confronting the chef dragon for killing and skinning them alive for the dragons to eat at the school celebration party. Ling also pointed out where Rinichi was being held at. The storage room in between Order and Chaos makes sense considerably. As the words settled in my brain, the more I grew frustrated till the walkie died was when my wings unknowing spread. Perhaps it was time to confront the dragoness after all?

I pondered if I should also contact my other teammates in confronting the culprit behind it. Wondering what kind of traps or ambushes that the dragoness has for us. As my thoughts reside, I exhaled and folded my wings. Lowering my head and stared at the grounds below me, I allowed my mind to argue amongst itself for the final decision of what I was about to do. But shortly into that argument, the walkie spring to life again and a chaotic voice escaped from the speakers. It was Ling, no doubt. But he seems panicky and surprises that his words were garbled up that it was hard to hear what he was saying. Regardless, he tried relaying the information out there. Urgently telling us to come to where he was at. The other officers agreed and cut off communications as I hear whispers of winds blowing against my face and rustle of leaves vibrating from the trees therein. Exhaling, my mind pondered of a trap and how far should I stand to avoid triggering it as my wings unknowing spread too and the next thing I knew was taking to the skies, flying Northward where Ling was.

It was a short trip after all. Before I knew it, I was already there. Settled upon the grassy grounds beneath my feet as my wings folded again and my eyes rose to glance around. An opened door stood before me, inside was silence and darkness that my heart pounded against my chest. I grabbed a pistol and rose to the horizon, ready to shoot whoever was there. But before I could enter in, other whispers of winds were brushing against my ears as I turned around looking. Spotting my unit as well as Ling’s. I blinked and smiled softly as the familiarity of the dragons returned upon my sight and smell. Yet the peace was shattered when Zander growled and demanded, “We should move on now. Head straight through the door and find out what Ling is doing inside. I swear… if it is a trap…” His voice lowered to mutter at the end of his sentence, as I nodded without hesitation and motioned them all. I turned around and stared at the pitch darkness beyond the door. Drawing a breath, we all entered.

The place was empty, only cages were upon in. As we all stared in the following silence, Kyro broke it by saying “That was underwhelming.” He joked causing some eye glares over to the red dragon as he chuckled to himself. Zander rolled his eyes and pressed forward, breaking away from the ranks as I exclaimed whispering to him, “Zander! Get back here.” “No.” He said childishly and kept going while his eyes darted from one cage to another. Kyro shrugged and split from the ground. Ling’s unit did so too leaving me by myself upon the front door as I crossed my arms growling threateningly at the rest of them. None of them reacted for their eyes were upon the interest of the small silver cages set before them. On that note, I sighed and dropped my arms, raising my eyes towards another door on the other side of the room. It flashes cyan light for a flicker of a second before disappearing as I blinked pondering what it was. Heading straight towards that door, I snatched Kyro and Quichie before ending up upon the door. Another flicker of cyan lights appeared before us, I flinched so did Kyro and Quichie as Zander walked over to us pondering what were we looking at. Towards my left was a rail where I grabbed upon it with my claws and leaned forward. Gazing onto the abyss below, I stared onto the cyan lights again while a whisper of a voice called out to us.

“Get… Out.”

“Who is there?” I demanded, my voice filled the abyss below while I felt claws grabbed against my arms pulling me back. Kyro whispered to me, “Yang. Do not interfere with what you do not know. It is better to be safe that way.” “And why not?” I argued in response before angrily growling at the abyss again. “Who are you! What is going on?” “Yang!” Zander’s voice called out from the other room. The cages were rattling violently, some fell upon the ground with a loud clank that echoed and filled the void for less of a fraction second. I still pressed for answers before Kyro yanked me away from the railing and threw me out of the room. Hitting against one of the cages, I groaned but my thoughts were snapped as I complained of a splitting headache. Kyro and Quichie came over to me, Doax shut the door before locking it as a knock of four erupted from the door. “What… what happened,” I responded in a whisper before picking myself up onto my feet. “You were under a trance by the cyan lights.” Kyro informed me as Quichie started, “I think I knew who it is down there. And it is not pretty after all…” “What do you mean?” Zander asked, tilting his head to one side looking at her. She frowned, raising her claw onto her forehead, and closed her eyes. Opening them again, she turned to me and spoke.

“Someone down there is experimenting with souls which is illegal in Order. But alright in Chaos. The R7 would have to stop whatever they were doing to prevent it from escaping to the outside and causing havoc.” “Then we got to” “No,” Quichie demanded snapping my thoughts as I looked at her before closing my mouth. “Alright…. Alright.” I turned to the others, looking at their worried faces then gazed away staring at somewhere else before speaking. “Let us not speak of this again and move off. Like Quichie says, ‘they can handle it. Let us prepare for what is to come.” Everyone else nodded, some smiled and others remained neutral in their expressions. Their eyes settled on me while I turned around and moved off from the room. Exiting out onto the forest once again. Where a breath of fresh air hit my face and filled my nostrils with it, my expression had changed and as I spread my wings. I flew off with the dragon officers of Vaster trailing behind me.