Venturing: Drop on Ahead

We were afraid. Agitated. Anxious and worried. I could see it in everyone’s faces. As we gathered in the empty large room within the police station, no one had said anything to one another. Our faces had told the story. We were in the center of the room. All circled one particularly large circle table that stands between us. A candle sits at the center and upon the surface of the table. Darkness envelopes our eyes. But never dared to head for the center. It was kept at bay. But for how long? I would never know that myself. But I kept quiet and held my peace as my eyes darted from one dragon to another as everyone else had done before. Luckily, it was a short life when we saw Yang split her lips opened and started speaking to us as if she had something to say.

‘Alright. So.’ She introduced, her eyes darted from Zander to Natty. ‘Why are we here?’ ‘Many things.’ I heard Kyro responded, breaking in the conversation while our eyes were to him. Yang nodded without hesitation, urging him to continue which he did. ‘First and foremost; the raging cold winds howling just beyond the doors of the station which resulted in a blackout for the rest of the town. Besides, we had announced to everyone to stay indoors for the duration of this wind advisory to end quickly. Sadly it did not and most of the dragons are now hungry. Perhaps some were starving.’ ‘Not all of them.’ Zander protested, countering Kyro while his eyes turned to him. Zander continued, ‘Those few dragons that were hungry. Dared themselves to brave the howling winds. Of those few. Only lesser had returned to their family. Guess they were lucky that the store was nearby.’ ‘And due to the cold, they were able to freeze whatever they had without any need into hurrying up.’ Joked Natty, earning a few chuckles from Yang.

Silence had a turn to talk as it loomed over our now sealing mouths. With eyes still looking to one another, Yang finally turned his eyes over to me and asked. ‘And Ling.’ “Yes ma’am?” I quickly asked, standing at attention while she stared at me. We held glances for a moment as the silence had fallen short upon the pause between us. Then Yang breaks it afterward, speaking these words. ‘You and Natty were able to spot the owner back upon the station. When the raw fishes had gotten the dragons sick. Where is he-’ ‘I do not know.’ I shook my head, sadly. My wings dropped and folded behind me while I had emphases my point. Resulting in Yang nodding slowly and spoke towards the rest of us, ‘Well. I guess that is it for now.’ ‘Shall we return to our stations?’ Zander asked curiously and Yang nodded without hesitation. ‘Yeah. You all know where to go right?’ A collection of nods erupted around the table and she smiled as result. ‘Great. Let’s go then.’

Then we turned our attention towards the northern exit beyond us and ran forth towards there. Heading into the exit of the station, Yang grabbed the doorknob and opened it as we all raced outside into the freezing temperatures that awaits us. Our fangs clattered within our mouths as we were hit by the raging winds that blew against our scales. But we wasted no time at all. And raced forth towards our intended destinations. I and Natty had decided to find the owner again and scout out the possible reason as to the cold temperatures upon us as the metrologists cannot explain the sudden cold that arrived here. Our wings were spread outward from our backs and hovered in midair gaining elevations until we were above the station’s rooftops. Turning around to meet the eyes of the others, Yang nodded quietly to us before she flew off Westward. Kyro and Zander took the opposite way from Yang. Leaving both me and Natty by the stations again. We left without hesitation with a goal in our minds.

We flew northward in the directional path of where the factory was. It was now abandoned since the owner was gone. Probably fled in an unknown direction somewhere. But me and Natty know suddenly that he was within the proximity of the town. He cannot get that far regardless. While it was not our intention in going after him as he was not the one in control of this wild cold weather we were having, we had decided to head into his factory. Hoping to find some important clues that he had left behind. Natty had suspected that he was working with someone. Perhaps from another realm that I find preposterous myself. According to her, like the programming on the device that teleported all the raw fishes in the stadium and caused everyone to be sick, he had another customer that wanted his machine fixed. That was a weather machine and perhaps it was abandoned by the owner. We had decided to support her theory.

Finally spotting the factory after seconds of flying and me rambling on and on about the explanation as to why it was not the owner, we decided to land. Upon the grounds and in front of the building before us, both of us had realized that the grounds were icy due to the cold temperatures upon the surface. Causing both me and Natty to slip and fall upon our backs or fronts; we had not inflicted ourselves with any injury which we were lucky with, however. Regaining our abilities to stand up upon the icy floors below us, we walked slowly towards the door and grabbed upon its handle. Before heading right inside. For once we were inside, I noticed how dark the place had become. Silence had once again filled the large area to its brim. No sounds had made any attempts to invade and conquer the void, unlike our station. Natty motioned me to which I had nodded and she took the lead before me heading forth towards the center of the large void room. Echoes of footsteps erupted in our ears and fought against the silence that inhabited the area as we spotted the stairs.

To our surprise, the stairs were all new. Shiny and glossy, the stairs looked it had not been used at all. Even by the owner who used to own this factory before we drive him out. We were surprised to see that the stairs were still here. Finished and polished as sparkles of glass lingered upon the steps. Natty stepped forth to the first of the many steps and tightly grabbed the railing on the sides with her strong claw in case she had fallen. I followed right behind her. We rise in elevation. Up the thousands of steps until we reached the top. To where we had stopped to catch our breaths, our eyes raised from the grounds below us towards the horizon. But we were surprise. Everything here was gone. Empty was the room. Natty stepped forth increasing the distance between us as her claws were spread and her eyes widened in a mixture of fear and surprise before turning herself around facing me. A clear confusion was written on her face. I shrugged in response to her, having no words in reply to her silence as I stepped closer to her and stared upon the empty room myself.

Our one evidence was gone. We were back to square one. Disappointed and angry, Natty and I decided to turn around and climbed up on the railings. Dropping down onto the grounds at elevation speed before our wings were spread out, catching our fall and descending slowly until our feet had touched the ground. I looked to Natty but she never said anything back to me. For she kept walking forward straight for the door. She opened it and headed out, disappearing before my eyes as the door shut behind her. I heard a flap of her wings and instantly, I knew she had left the building with me inside it. Here I stood alone with my thoughts intact upon my brain. As thoughts began racing through, I had wondered what other leads the other dragons had came up with. Had Yang came up with something? What about Zander or Kyro? Question after question kept pelting my brain until I was quickly overwhelmed. Receiving a headache no sooner than later, my fangs showed up. My eyes narrowed, pointing daggers upon the doors. As my fangs gritted against one another, I growled in ponderance and annoyance. But that soon dispersed when my walkie on my waist had received another call.

It was not foreign. But the familiarity of a voice. I knew instantly that either of the other dragons within my station had gotten an answer. And with little hope I have left, I grabbed the walkie and pulled it from my waist. Up upon my face in position of where my mouth was and poised myself for the additional information that whoever had. For at first, static emerged. Then seconds later came the voice. It was indeed recognizable and I quickly pressed the button on the side of the walkie shouting out through the speaker at the bottom of the walkie, “Hello?” I called out, “Zander? Kyro? Is that you?” I released it after relaying my message. Static became my answer and the same voice called out again. “This is Kyro. What happened upon your end? Why is Natty back upon my side?” I gulped yet my eyes betrayed me. Widened were they as I realized where the pink dragoness had gone to. As I pondered shortly, it seems Kyro had broken my trance with an answer “Never mind. She said it herself anyway. You guys did not find anything inside that factory huh?” “Natty thought there might be a lead in there. In parallel to the device used that sicken the dragons.” I commented. A short pause before Kyro acknowledged.

“Afformative, Ling.”

Quietness returned, pushed back the noises, and once again conquered the factory building. I stood there. Motionless. And lingering in the same spot as where I was standing, I lowered my head pointing it to the grounds below me. Clenching my claws around the walkie tightly and in anger, having to realize we are indeed back on square one. Then released. The door opened once again and forced me to raise my head to the horizon once again. Hoping that it was Natty coming by, it was not. Rather, it was Yang having known about the failure we had before. She came closer to me with a smile resting upon her face. I mirrored her. Seconds later, she had stopped. Her feet planted upon the cold grounds, her lips split again dropping the smile afterward as I looked at her with a tilt of my head. ‘Tough. Was it not?’ I nodded my head and threw my head to the side as I growled again. ‘We were back-’ ‘I know. And you do not have to repeat yourself.’ Yang answered again and raised her claw upward touching at my shoulder blade. My wings spring out from my back, I looked with surprise towards her as her smile came back upon her face. She then released her grip on me, before turning around. Waving her claw at me, I hesitated but followed behind her.

Out onto the doors and into the cold rifts, we spread our warm wings out and flew into the air. Flying northward back towards Yang’s original position. But during the trip between us, neither of us said anything to one another. We were quiet as our mouths were sealed. Only the sounds of wings flapping echoed in our ears as I raised my head towards her tail side, staring at it for a moment before glancing away. We reached our destination. The edge of the town of which we both had landed upon one of the building’s rooftops. We folded our wings as our eyes were cast out into the distance, staring boldly upon the sinking sun which was covered by the grayish clouds that surrounded it. Initially, I had thought that this was a date. Well… we are alone as a matter of fact! But quickly remembered the objective at hand and knowing that this was a job, not a date or honeymoon, I snapped my thoughts back onto the job at hand.

Thus, Yang turned sharply to me. Our eyes gazed upon one another. I had found myself blushing and wanting to look away resulting in Yang giggling momentarily. My cheeks were red as cherry while my eyes averted hers and stared upon the sun shimmering in the distance away from us. Quietness emerged between us, which was shattered when Yang split her mouth opened starting to speak to me. But to my surprise, her words were not at the job at hand but rather… something else. “That was fun, you know the two nights before.” “Before the first case, we had done?” I asked, heat was forming behind my neck as she nodded giggling in response. “Yeah. How we wrestled and cuddled one ano-” “Please you did not tell this story to the others. It is embarrassing to me.” I confessed, whining while I looked back upon her. She brightly chuckled at me again, shook her head before responding to my question. “No. I have not. It was a secret between us after all, you know. Unless…” She trailed, I shook my head already having answered her and no more. With my cheeks still rosy and red; heat still steaming behind my neck as I looked away once again. She giggled upon my nature before rising to her feet. Thus lunged herself at me suddenly. Overwhelmed and surprised by her attack, I found myself upon the ground. Wings spread, my claws flat upon her face pushing against her while she pushed against me. Warmth spread between us and tails interlocking one another.

As I blushed with embarrassment having been overwhelmed a second time, I held my breath while looking up at her. Her smile stared back onto me. She proceeded to drive her head straight to my chest. But by the luck of the Irish, the walkies became static. Frozen and in this position temporarily, our ears perked up and listened as the voice in our walkies began to speak. It hinted at something. Something inevitable that would devastate the entire town. Instantly, my mind snapped. Pondering if this attack would level our town. I shifted my attention to Yang who got off from me and lowered her head upon the ground or my tail. I am not sure honestly. But looking at her, I yawned and rolled to the side. Getting up onto my feet before dusting myself of any dirt that gotten upon me before looking to her again and spoke, “Yang?” She never answered back. So I repeated myself a second time hoping to get an answer.

For upon the third time I had asked, Yang snapped her head to me. I was taken back that my face had grown pale and surprise at most. With my body jerking back, I looked at her again as she replies to me “Ling. This is important. An inevitable attack coming straight for us. Is it a meteor? An army from a foreign country or island? Or another raw fish attack…” She held her breath upon the last option and cast her eyes away from me, a smile emerged from her face as her eyes brightened up before turning back to me. “We got to retreat into the station.” “But what about our-” I protested against her but she already had made up her mind. With her wings spread out, she flew ahead with me playing catch up.