Venturing: Just Pages

Yang’s unit walked in and found themselves inside the main room. It was bigger and larger. There were four other doors on either side of them. Each leads into a different room. Yang turned to Kyro and Zander, but both of them have already left her alone. The dragon sighed and shook her head, then stared around the room. The room was empty. Nothing was there it seems. With the flooring being a checkered pattern, Yang sees nothing there and decided to move her head towards the room on her left side. Her feet moved on their own as her eyes shifted towards the left side of the room. As she drew closer towards it, she rose her claw and hit it against the side of the wall before leaning forward. Her eyes stared upon the room, she looked around but noticing nothing interesting. She decided to head inside to find out. Walking through the entrance, a bell rung above her head. A sudden ding sound echoed her ears as her ears rose instantly upon hearing the sound. But she remained calm afterward and she turned her attention towards the walls. The walls have turned into bookshelves. Many books were composed of different sizes and shapes. Each one perhaps contains a different unique set of page numbers inside of them which Yang was uninterested to read about.

With a sigh, she propelled herself forward and glanced her head to both sides of the room. Drawing her eyes upon each of the bookshelves, wondering which one would take her interest. She walked deeper into the room as her eyes eyed the books. She saw nothing interesting worth her while and she drew a breath shaking her head as her wings fell behind her. She had been walking for a while and deeper inside of the room itself. Deciding to turn around once she was deep within the room, something instead caught her eye. She stared at it momentarily, a small smile appeared before her face as her arms instantly went for the book towards her left. A small green book; brighter than the rest. Its spine was broken and there was missing a few pages inside of it when she zipped by the pages of the book. ‘This was perfect.’ Yang thought to herself with a smile as her feet unknowingly walked her forward. Allowing her to escape from the room with the book in tow. But a few steps later and before she could exit with the book, Yang narrowed her eyes after noticing something was different upon the pages. There was one page whose corner was ripped off. It was not a small one, however, rather it tore off more than intended. After noticing the corner missing, she paused upon the page she was on and instantly dove her nose upon the pages.

There were paragraphs of words presented to her. But to the bottom of the page was an arrow and something else written below it. “Every two words.” She read, “Only first paragraph.” was the second. She paused for a moment, her eyes blinking at it before a crack of a smile. As she reached with her free claw towards her walkie, she questioned the other officers about what they had found. Kyro was the first to speak, “I found two keys sitting adjacent to one another. Yet their teeth were unique and different from the normal keys that I had seen in the past.” “Have you figure out how to put the two together?” Yang hinted but it was safely disregarded when Kyeo answered back, “Yes, already. The two keys seem to form a number called ‘8’.” “Well, I got to page 9, where two words were pointing to the secret message at the first paragraph.” Yang responded which Kyeo kept silent before acknowledging it “Alright. Although I have to wonder, where do the numbers go in?” “Not sure yet,” Yang responded after a while, as her lips tightened and she frowned. She sighed shaking her head as the conversation ended quickly just as she had lowered her walkie down.

“Numbers… huh,” Yang whispered to herself, drawing her eyes back towards the page number of the book she was reading. Looking to page number 9, her thoughts instantly wondered what the two numbers were for. “So far…” Yang pondered to herself as her feet carried her towards the door again. “There were two numbers only. One was what Kyro figured out. The second was mine. Where was Zander? Did he find one yet?” Yang frowned as she reached the entrance, reappearing back onto the main hall where Kyro was upon the opposing door across from her. She waved to him, he responded with his own as the two reunited once again. They clapped and brought their chests together before a smile warmth their faces and bodies just as they had separated from one another. And now they gaze around, pondering about Zander and why he was taking so long. The two dragons fell silent while their eyes turned to the third door adjacent to where Kyro had exited out of as Yang blinked momentarily before turning her attention towards the red dragon, she questioned him “DId you felt anything weird was inside of the room?” Kyro shook his head, “No why? Was there something interesting?” “Not at the moment… actually.” Yang responded, hesitated as her eyes lowered and gaze at the grounds below her while she added, “It just that. The feeling inside the room was unnerving somehow. It was like someone was watching you from a distance using security cameras or something along those lines. In addition…” Yang trailed off, she was unsure of how to say it

The two fell silent after a while. Kyro kept his eyes upon Yang whose eyes were to the ground. Ringing echoed their ears too as Yang heard Kyro rose and lowered his wings in amusement and entertainment while they wait for the black dragon. Yet the silence was already shattered when Yang continued the conversation with a different topic in mind. “What do you think the numbers, 8 and 9 have anything in common?” “Besides the fact they are numbers.” Kyro joked with a wide smile upon his face, Yang snuffed and shook her head slowly while her face opened up and her mouth broke apart. “Yeah. Besides that point.” Yang echoed and Kyro thought for a moment with the dragoness looking at him. “Well… It could be a cheat code for unlocking a door. Or a secret password that once said, the others in your unit would know what you are talking about. But that was it so far.” Kyro suggested, lowering his eyes to meet up with hers as Yang nodded in silence with a smile of her own before shifting her eyes elsewhere and spotted Zander emerging out from his hole.

“Took ya a while!” Yang called while Zander shook his head, scowling and darkening his face as his tail became agitated and swung around. Yang frowned in response but decided to drop the act and instead question him on what number had he found. Zander responded with an eye roll as if he was looking agitated enough, “There is no number.” “No number!” Yang and Kyro exclaimed in surprise while the black dragon nodded in silence, keeping his glare upon them while he fell silent. “But how was that even possible?” Yang questioned with her wings flapping and her tail swishing about, her body shivered from the nervousness she had produced while her eyes lowered gazing at the ground as thoughts rushed to her head, swirling once more. Kyro was different than the dragoness and kept bombarding him with questions; each one was a bit angry and demanding than the last. But it was equally surprising that Zander answered everything truthfully and to his word that it frustrates the red dragon a bit. But before Kyro could say anything else, Yang interrupted their conversation with a sigh and closed opened her eyes and rose her eyes upward to them saying, “Fine. If our culprit had not left with a third number for us to punch into the keypad or something, then we will bruce force it at once.” “But Yang.” Protested Kyro, his voice was high pitched as his ears folded back. He looked worried and anxious but Yang ignored both expressions and turned her attention back to the surroundings.

Around and about, there was nothing. No door. No pad. Nothing. Upon realizing this, Yang was pressured and it had made her more anxious. As her wing shivered and her body shaking suddenly, her eyes scowled and turned elsewhere. Towards the unoccupied room adjacent to where Zander had entered in. The walls inside there were black, colors burst in and out from it. She walked forward unknowingly which made the two dragons behind her nervous but followed regardless. As the unit drew closer to the fourth door, Yang leaned inward and gaze at the horizon. Black coloring walls. Dots and circles of different colors and shapes were swirling about in every direction, making Zander anxious about it. With Kyro staring the same way as Yang, he felt nervous but determined. So much so that he had walked in front of Yang and started inside. Yet to their surprise, the door rippled like water and forced the red dragon inside. But disappeared from their gazes. Yang walked forward, rose her claw up towards the water effected door, and touched it. Another ripple. Zander and Yang were surprised; they were at a loss of expression. For their mouths hanged opened. Yang closed her mouth and Zander’s before the two started heading inside. Unknown to them of what was waiting for them.

Inside was darkness. A single room stands before them. No walls were presented. They could not see what was away from them. Zander knew this and decided to stick together with Yang as she stared at her surroundings in silence, narrowing her eyes as questions started forming in her head. Then, there came a voice. It grew louder as time went on. Yang and Zander listened to it with interest as their eyes stared and narrowed in silence. “Password.” It repeated in time with its beat. Zander’s eyes shifted to Yang who nodded slowly before addressing the voice, “891.” Then the answer came the silence. Zander was unsure if it was right. Yang was unsure too as her heart beat faster in her chest. As the pair waiting in silence, Yang and Zander lowered down their claws to their pockets and pulled out a pistol. Readying themselves, the two pushed on slowly. The metal grounds below their feet were banged creating loud noises that echoed their surroundings. Yet the dragons ignored the sound and kept moving regardless as their eyes were settled upfront while they were on the move.

It did not take long for them to arrive at the dead end. For there standing before them was the deer that the Vaster police were looking for all this time. Yang trailed her pistol at her and growled. Her eyes narrowed while she calmly addressed the deer, “You are under arrest. Calmly walk forward and kneel before us now.” “Wait, Yang…” Zander trailed, having noticed something was off. But Yang ignored Zander and growled a bit more loud and intimidating. The doe turned, a soft smile shifted from her mouth as she drew forward and closer to them. She did as she was told and lowered her head hanging staring at the grounds below her. “Yang…” Zander whispered as Yang instantly walked up to her and stepped around her towards her back. She threw handcuffs against the hooves of the deer as she smiled in amusement and satisfaction upon her face. “Yang…” “What is it?” Yang asked, having given into Zander while she stared at the black dragon. However, it was already too late for a sudden hit came to her head like a running train hitting the car. It was so sudden and trickery that Yang staggered momentarily and fell to her back. Her wings spread behind her to caution her fall as her name was called, but it was louder than before.

“Yang!”

Arouse, Yang opened her eyes. She scanned her surroundings and realized where she was at. The same room. The same darkness around her. The dragoness scowled, hardening her face as she hardly believed she was exactly where she had fainted. Her eyes scanned the area but found nothing there. Two rails were on either side of her, white arrows painted upon them pointing to the horizon beyond her. Yang followed despite the nagging feeling breathing down her neck. As she moved, her footsteps continued forward without stopping and her eyes rose to the horizon following the arrows. The path was short just as it had begun and had left her be upon the dead end. A wall stands before her, someone was between her and that wall. A deer. “Doe Collax.” She growled, trending her name as long as possible as her eyes narrowed and squinted. She wanted to kill her for all the torture she had put them through. Yang takes a step, her claw lowered to her pocket and gripped against the pistol. Her lips parted as she said the familiar words and drew her pistol up aiming at her.

“You are under arrest, Doe Collax,” Yang responded with a yell as her voice carried out towards the ears of the deer who slowly turned around and glanced at her. A smile swiftly appeared upon her face, her face brightened in response as she turned around and grinned. “Welcome, Yang…” “Anything you say or do be put against you.” Yang threatened as the deer stepped forward, descending the stairs with the smile turning into a smirk “I have been expecting you.” “W… What? Why are you… Why?” Yang responded with hesitation, her arms lowered as she stared meeting the eyes of the deer who grinned again and stood at a distance before her. “It's time to explain the whole meaning of this merge. Emerald Forest and the wolf dragons.” “We never met any wolf-” Yang demanded raising her pistol but the doe laughed again in response, remarking “Your unit, especially Ling’s, have met two. A pair where one was in love with the other who was looking for power. Yet the two are separated from one another by realm. Neither one wanting to crossover thanks to the laws abide by the creator himself.” “What are you saying…” Ling trailed off, unsure of what to do.

The doe stared at the dragoness, a smile reappeared upon its face again before stepping to the side. Her arms wrapped around her back as her head tilted back and her eyes turned to Yang. “What I am saying is. You know whom I am talking about. The two wolf dragons who reside secretly within the Order-” “Suncea…” Yang interrupted shutting the deer who nodded slowly. “But what's got to do with the merge? The whole Emerald Forest thing. And most importantly…” She gritted her fangs while raising her pistol at her again, “The fox plant incident that happened in Neither realm. I do not suppose you had anything to do with it?” She demanded adding, “Answer me, Deer!” “In due time for all your questions. But first, the plant fox incident that you oh so claimed it to be? Here…” Suddenly a book was thrown onto Yang’s face as she groaned in pain while her vision fuzzed-out rarely. The book landed upon her claws as her head lowered to stare at the pages. She flipped through the book and stopped upon a certain page where she can reverse it. “Perfect.” Yang thought in her mind as she slowly ripped the page from the book before throwing it at the deer who caught it.

“Now then…” Doe collax remarked slowly, her eyes sharply turned to meet up with Yang who stared in response as she gulped in fear, watching as the deer stepped back and to the side. Grabbing a joy rod and pulled back. A whirred sound erupted the silence as Yang watched a machine fall from the ceiling above, leveling with them. There she spotted her. Suncea. She was unconscious, her head hangs low. Wings were sealed and detained preventing her from spreading out and escape. The wolfdragon’s body was exposed, Yang could see the underbelly of her as the deer clapped again gaining the attention of the dragoness, she spoke. “Now then. You may not know this before the introduction of both of you. But what was before you is a wolfdragon. Or as the owner likes to call them, the Blizeons. First, reside in Emerald forest before the Xenodermus and the first-ever ‘Future Storm’. But how were they created? Funny you should ask, the answer is right in front of you. No matter where you look, it is always obvious. Do you not agree, Yang?” Doe asked, her cold voice sent shivers down Yang’s spine as her mouth opened was forced not willingly, her eyes widened then narrowed upon the deer before she replied.

“Was it really, Doe?” Yang started, shakingly “That the foxes and dragons did not create such a wolfdragon? But a wolf from Balance? How was that even possible even though the wolves never appeared in history before and after the ‘Future Storm’.” Doe Collax smirked with confidence and her eyes stared down upon the dragoness. A slight nod erupted her stationary head as she went on to explain further. “No one may have known it. But the wolf was from another realm. Not in Balance. But somewhere else. How the blizeons were created is unknown. But never impossible. Indeed they were the first to arrive upon the forest long before the foxes, Xenodermus, or even western and eastern dragons. Yet. That history is false. For the first inhabitants were a group of colorful foxes. Two of the eight, have given life for a certain wolfdragon. Their names were Raven and Silva. They both died later during the three kingdom war.”

Ever since that wolfdragon has arrived. Emerald Forest was long forgotten. We had wars, sorrow, fear, and twists. Yet the wolfdragon we are talking about has created a realm of psychotic darkness. First called Spiritual. Now called Chaos.” Yang’s eyes widened upon the news hitting her like a baseball as she stepped back, her mouth opened but all it was a growl. “That… that is impossible. Rinichi or Tuwil never gave me that part of history, you… you must be lying-” “Was I?” Doe smiled and her eyes looked at the dragoness, “Rinichi and Tuwil were psychotic along with the hybrids of dragon and demon. Everyone within the spiritual realm is psychotic. There is no question about that. This wolfdragon that created the spiritual realm, now Chaos, has turned psychotic also.” The deer growled and stepped forward with determination as she spoke the next few words that flew from her mouth.

“These events can be changed if we were to erase the blizeon’s influence over the history of the intertwined realm. If you were to shoot her right in the face.” She replied, pointing directly towards Suncea’s forehead. “Do that and this whole event. This whole series will be reset. Everything will be back to normal. Everything will go the way you intended. Your job, marriage, pregnancy, hatchlings, next generation, and the future after that. Just kill her.” Yang was at a loss for words. Her eyes stared and switched between Suncea and Doe. Yang was unsure what to do, her body froze up. Her breath failed to steady as she stared. Her claw was upon the trigger, she squeezes and let go. The entire room breathed heavily against her, her body was being torned in every direction. As her chest rose and fall, her mind was racing tempted by the deer’s words as they cycled in her mind repeatedly. Another tight squeeze then another and her heart was pounding fast in her chest.

‘Do it.’

‘Do it.’

‘Do it’

She squeezed the trigger and her pistol fired the bullet.