Venturing: Last Leg

With the sun rising high from the horizon, being covered by the sea of clouds, Yang’s unit landed upon the entrance of the road. They were westward from the mansion, facing west towards the outstretched of the road before them where they noticed a wide empty alleyway. And lamps shuffled at the edges of the roads. The unit pondered anxiously about the tense atmosphere they are in. All except Yang was facing the road with thoughts filling their brains as they pondered about the eerie road before them. Only Yang was facing a different direction than the other officers as she was more worried about a different thing. Mainly, her mate, Ling who was assigned to investigate the burning building south from where they are.

As she looked on with worry, she felt a claw upon her shoulder. Quickly Yang turned around spotting Zander behind her, a faint smile on his face beaming happiness towards her as a way of assuring trust towards their coworker and ally. For while Zander had confidently thrown away the anxiety that Yang was feeling, she still often look southward. Her wings stretched out behind her as if they were exercising or warming up. She did not even notice that the others were looking at her upon hearing the faint flap beats from her wings. As she stared, she closed her eyes. Then opening them again, she turned and faced her teammates. Clenching her claws into a fist, she redirected her brain and energy towards a different topic. One that had been nagging at her for a short while since their arrival.

Her lips parted, she spoke her words from her mind and the fields of silence crumbled around them. Her unit turned to meet her eyes. Some smiled and others remained as they are. But for certain everyone was listening to her, as she was their boss leader, and chief of the units. Yang said “So accounting all the clues we have found upon arriving onto this…” she looked around as her eyes widened and tears swelled from her eyelids “Realm. We have learned that the dragons and foxes of Order and Chaos respectfully have hated one another for centuries. All dating back to…” “The two main enemies.” Interrupted Kyro whose claw was held up as he stepped forth with confidence “A black fox with blue flashy rings and a pink fox or cat, who possesses four different abilities.”

“The main question with that statement,” Zander commented throwing his claw at Kyro who looked at him “Was what are they fighting about? And why are they fighting? How do these ancient foxes from the past relate to what is now today?” Yang coughs gaining Zander’s attention before answering his questions “Easy Zander; one; the reason that the two are fighting was that the cat gone stronger and became more chaotic or corrupted with her abilities. She had four, to begin with. Psychic and acid were the known two which were written in the books.” “But what about the last two?” Protested Zander and Yang shook her head sadly, raising her claws as she exhaled “Nothing Zander. No such record. I guess either because she did not want to hurt her brother.”

“I mean she could have.” Kyro started looking to Yang and Zander “Did you guys not read the part where she was exacting revenge on Emerald forest because she was not liked and was consider as a freak or something?” “She did implement those ‘Games’ to study about her victims.” Yang muttered as Zander nodded in agreement “Yeah. The craziest one was the burning building collapsing and the yellow and red foxes escaped by teleporting.” “We never heard of them since,” Kyro added humming afterward and he frowned in ponderance shifting his eyes towards the others as they too took off the silence. “How many traps did she set for the inhabitants?” Kyro asked which Yang answered “four. The poison tunnel, Underwater, trapped in ice and the burning building.” “Not creative is it?” Zander smirked in question, Kyro and Yang rolled their eyes as silence once again fell over them.

“I do not think it’s for vengeance. I mean sure, it could be considered how she was treated by her own family. But I read somewhere in a certain book I got from the nearby library here that the cat was jealous of the new hybrid that the family had created.” “WolfDragon?” Zander asked tilting his head to one side and Yang nodded “Yeah WolfDragon. Its name was Shinrai, the offspring of Spade and Silvia.” “Did not those two died during the three kingdom war in Jiawu?” Kyro interrupted, “they did die, so by that logic alone we can say that the ‘WolfDragon’ was perhaps hatched sometime before the Jiawu wars.”

“Wait for a second…” Zander growled narrowing his eyes as he glared at Yang then Kyro momentarily and spoke “How did a family of foxes and cats produce a wolfdragon? I thought it is a hybrid of foxes and cats. Or foxkat or KitKat or… what…? What is so funny?” Zander continued but stopped when he had noticed them snickering around a word he was saying. “Kitkat. Ha. That is awesome. Too bad those do not exist here.” Kyro commented while Yang snapped her claws gathering the minds together to piece the history again. “Maybe that is the reason why the cat was frustrated with her family of foxes and cats, they managed to produce a wolfdragon hybrid which allowed her to exact revenge on her family.” Yang suggested “are any of the foxes or cats have minor wolf or dragon DNA? Or was it just pure coincidence that a hybrid would pop up?” Kyro questioned shortly after Yang but he was met with silence

Growling lightly, he threw his claw above his head and turned himself around so he was showing his backside to his teammates who ignored him and continued the conversation. “Regardless…” Zander yawned tiredly and irritated as he closes his eyes and opened his mouth. Spreading and folding his wings impatiently before stabbing the road right of him with his thumb asking “Should we get a move on already? I feel like we have been stuck here for at least three pages now. My legs are hurting.” “Your legs are not the only ones hurting.” Muttered Kyro and Zander turned to the red dragon who reflected a bad scowled look against him. With the heat of tension within the atmosphere between Zander and Kyro, Yang exhaled and shook her head as she motioned the two with her leading the group. And the three entered through the gates without waiting any longer for Ling’s unit to come.

Entering into the alleyway, the officers were surprised at the sudden layout around them. It had gotten dull boring and strangely eerie. The walls were painted lightish of blue coloring, the windows that were once there disappeared from the walls. Chimneys had disappeared too it seems. Yet the light grayish smokes rose from the depths of each building. The ground the dragons walked on was filled with dirt. Trash was everywhere and no trash can or even a regular can was around. What was also strange was that no other species other than the dragons were there. Kyro shivered once. Zander kept a close eye on everything around them and even himself. As his heartbeats sounding faintly in his ears, Yang break from the line and stepped a few forward before turning around and motioned them with her. Zander and Kyro took the opportunity and followed, still afraid while fear slowly rising deep within their stomach. They walked through the first leg of the journey. Nothing happening was worth documenting. And their legs burned while bodies heated up. Kyro and Zander stretched their wings outward as they gazed at the cloudy skies above them. Pondering about the sun peeking from time to time.

The unit had rested for a few minutes. And in those minutes the gang talked about the realms’ past. Their conversations had gone from Jiawu to the two fox cat species and its relationship with the WolfDragon to the arena that the battle had taken place. Yang read up on the topic and claims it’s destroyed. But speculations indicate that the arena was northwest at an unknown island which no one knows about. Zander argued that the arena was still alive and standing. And by logic, it was located nearby. Because how else will the foxes and cats be able to fight that is not war or destroying their tranquil island? Despite the arguments going about, the three dragons fell silent when their ears caught onto something. A distant sound that was loud but low pitch in volume. It was weird and suspicious for someone to be making that unique sound around the time of the day. But Yang shook her head and rid that thought. As her eyes returned to her surroundings, she nearly flinched when she noticed something at the corner of her eye.

A shadow or was it black fog. She saw a pair of small red eyes; black circles swirling within those eyes slowly. Yang gulped nervously and turned her head to Zander and Kyro, urging them to draw their pistols. The two dragons looked at her but did as ordered as the next segment within the alleyway presented itself to them, the three dragons moved as a unit again. Projecting themselves forward as Yang shivered and looked anxious. Constantly looking over her shoulder to see if the shadow figure was there staring at her. Only Kyro and Zander were the ones who noticed a metal line underneath their feet. Small tiny holes appeared upon the line. But what they shoot out is a mystery. Kyro wondered if the R7 was behind this trap and growled while clenching Zander’s claw to whiteness who complained and whined as his eyes popped out from his sockets. His black wings frailed opened too.

Kyro and Zander ranted at one another. All the while Yang fell silent and looked over her shoulder again. The shadow was gone and Yang mentally panicked. Her scales moist from the warm-up her body was producing as her mind was rapidly overwhelmed by thoughts filling her head. She stood on her grounds suddenly; her face red as she makes whiny sounds from her mouth. Kyro and Zander quickly noticed her and dropped their argument. Rushing over to the silver dragon, Kyro spread his wings and rapidly flapped to keep Yang cool while Zander looked around their surroundings. Quickly noticing that their environment and atmosphere had changed suddenly, Zander frowned and his face darkened with his wings drooped over, he muttered something underneath his breath before shifting his attention back to Kyro and Yang

“How she feeling?” Zander asked, his attitude dropped momentarily as he kept his eyes on her. Kyro shrugged unsure of himself as his head turned back to Yang. Zander growled and sharply turned away facing himself forward to the horizon as he yells to Kyro “Come on flame head. I am pissed off and we are in no way closer to finishing this assignment!” Kyro blinked in answer and stared at him as Zander yelled again at him “Come on! Let get moving! We do not have much time!” “R… right…” Kyro trailed before following Zander. They walked the rest of the way. Stopping short when the pair arrives quickly at the last leg standing before them and left Yang to herself. Yang was heavily concentrated on the sounds surrounding her. Growing loud and clear in her ears, her head constantly turned to the direction of those sources and her ears flickered directing them to the sounds. However, the sounds were all blended in like one huge crowd party that it was nearly impossible to hear or understand what the sounds were or what they were saying. As sounds dropped to a quick whisper before fading altogether, Yang snapped her eyes back onto reality. Her wings folded as her tail flickered from side to side. She shifted her eyes about, staring around the surroundings in hope of finding her two teammates. But alas, she was alone and isolated. Yang whimpered quietly.

Her feet dragged forward, stabbing against the dirt and trash that were underneath her feet. Her head shifted to the horizon, her mouth sealed tight and hanged down as her eyes narrowed. She walked a few steps before breaking into a run. ‘It was the last leg’, Yang remembered Zander saying right before the pair left her alone. ‘But why was it the last leg?’ She wondered quietly to herself as the harsh winds blew past her face while she continued to run. Past the next metal line and the next afterward, she feels that she was drawing closer towards the end. But questions remained in her head. ‘What awaits for us on the other side? What was at the end?’ she could feel herself breathing heavily. Her mouth quickly drying up. As her headache began to surface, she scowled and darkened her face. Spreading her wings high above her head to shield herself from the dangers of what was to come. The sounds around her quelled. Nothing but the sounds of her heavy breathing and rapid footsteps were filling her ears. She ignored both sounds and concentrated ahead. Something was ahead and she does not know what. Pushing and motivating herself to reach the end, she threw herself into hyperdrive. She kicked her legs high in the air despite their protest of heating and aching for a long duration of running. Her wings ached from holding shields above her head. Her mind felt tired. Her mouth already dried up that her saliva would not moist or wet to back again. Regardless of her body protesting against her, regardless of her energy rapidly draining and the blowing winds dying in front of her, she pushed on. Inching herself further to the end where she saw her visions widened quickly. Her eyes opened wide in surprise.

She made it and dropped it to the floors. Exhausted and tired, her scales wet upon her sweat flowing down them like raindrops against the windows. Her wings dropped and were spread. Her tail was outright stretched from her rear. She breathed rapidly and dryly as her tired eyes glanced high towards the rooftops of her eyelids and stared at the distance spotting two familiar dragons ahead who turned their heads to her. She swore she saw faint smiles and satisfied smirks upon their faces as the pair walked up towards her. Her eyes closed, slowing to breathe calmly as she relaxed and released every tense muscle aching inside her scaled body. Her ears shot up hearing Kyro and Zander’s footsteps inched the distance between them. Finally stopping when they closed in onto her. She was picked up by an unknown dragon, hoisted over the shoulder like a sack. Yang lazily fell into a dream as footsteps echoed in her ears, one where she never wanted to wake up from.

Kyro and Zander turned their heads and looked to the isolated building far away from the city they lived in. It was surrounded by a large empty circle, golden tiles replaced the white trashy roads that the alleyways had given. All of which reflected the bright sun shining above them. No buildings surrounded the three dragons. Lamps disappeared as well. The only lights therein were the two flashlights between themselves and the building. Kyro looked to Zander, he shrugged in answer and rose his claws. Sinking them as the two male dragons moved ahead, reaching the entrance door before them. They entered in. Their surroundings darkened as the light faded away. The golden tiles that their eyes were feasting upon, disappeared and were replaced by white or silver tiles. They stretched to the horizon and filled the room with their gloomy reflection as the two dragons hanged around the door behind them. Silence and anxiety-filled their hearts. Zander and Kyro looked about, stepping forward from the door behind them to present themselves to whoever had lived in here. As well as some answers upon their arrival towards the merged realms. Three steps later, they planted their feet. Something snapped opened and startled Zander and Kyro as their raised their pistols. Poised to kill or injure someone there. But no one was about. The pair walked forward again, reaching the center of the room.

Where another snapped echoed their ears and the two turned their attentions towards the source of that noise, they noticed a figure standing before them. Brown thick fur covered the pale exposed body. A dark patch of fur was found on the figure’s chest. It had no fingers, claws, or paws. But hooves. Black covers the outer part of the hooves. On the inner was vanilla. The figure stood on two hind legs. Its arms were tied together behind its back. Thick hard woods with three more thinner woods branching out from the main was presented upon its head like a crown to a king. Its eyes were relaxed, pupils were pure blackness. As the figure stared at them, it stepped forward revealing itself to them. But the dragons knew who it was already just by the description alone. “A deer!” Cried Kyro, raising his claw to the deer. “A professional one at your service.” Answered the deer before raising a hoove coughing and spoke calmly towards them, “But I am afraid that we are no longer require of your services… Officers.” The deer dragged that last word out like it was venom and narrowed its eyes at them while the deer spoke, “Or as of the matter, you are not welcome here. You all are trespassers of this land. I request you leave at once.” “No,” Kyro argued, showing his fangs at the deer. “We came this far out from town. All the clues from this realm all point towards your boss. A pink cat or someone who was a descendant of her! We demand to see her at once.”

But the deer chuckled softly and in answer towards the officers' demands, as the hooves of the deer stretched outright from its body. Its head rise and faced the ceiling. Eyes looking down upon them while the deer followed up speaking to them, “How cute. You both wanted to see the boss? She is… as we say… out to lunch. Having been busy with ‘personal things’. As of now, you are to go away and come back another time when-” “Who is this ‘her’? What is this ‘personal thing’ she had to take care of?” Zander demanded with a threatening growl while the deer smiled cruelly before a smirk involuntarily appeared. “The audience knows what I am talking about. But for you officers. In due time you will know. Once she is done, she will face you both. And take the cycle in an alternative way as it once meant to be.” “What… what do you mean by that?” Zander asked, his eyes widened in shock comprehending what the deer spoke to them. But the deer only smiled and turned around, facing its back to them before disappearing in the darkness. And around that moment in time, the surroundings tilted and warped. Forced the dragons to become dizzy that they vomited and groaned in pain. Before succumbing to their sleep that the two fell to the grounds. Wings outstretched and their breathing faint.

Kyro, Zander, and Yang all woke up. Flashed their eyes opened upon the darkness that waited for them. They looked around suddenly, finally spotting Ling’s unit who was off to the side. Gathered amongst themselves, whispering and muttering in silence. Yang and Zander yawned rudely with Kyro aroused and shook his head. Their minds clouded by the sleep they had endured as Yang and Kyro rubbed their eyes clearing their visions before turning again to Ling. But before the reunion could get underway, a flash of light brightened behind all of them and allowed heads to turn over to see what was there. There, everyone saw but could not believe it, was the famous Emerald Forest.