Venturing: Plane’s Site

The door opened with a creak. The noise extended down into the depths of the tunnel that was now presented to me. As I threw the door opened and grabbed a flashlight from my pocket, turning it on and pointed it to the horizon, I stared following the light in silence. Fear had gripped tight upon my neck as I stepped forth from the door, allowing it to close behind me. Alone I was upon the tunnel, with no other support helping me, I started walking down the tunnel. Throwing the light towards my surroundings. I saw white walls. Billboards filled with posters and among other useless stuff. Colorful pins that were stuck upon the walls. And dry blood. I shutter by instinct and kept walking down. But before I could, the door opened again a second time behind me. I whipped around and glanced behind. To the door where it was opened. There I spotted Yang and Natty. Both had bright smiles upon their faces that could light up the darkening tunnel we were faced in. I responded to them with my own as the two dragonesses regrouped with me. I returned to face the darkness ahead as we all started to walk as one.

Then Yang whispered to us seconds after our temporarily stop, ‘So to review. Who had called us here for what investigation?’ ‘A dragoness called us on the revived gameshow. Three dragons had gone missing right before the show could start and do its introduction. This gameshow was broadcasted all over the realms. So in conclusion…’ I trailed, answering Yang’s questions as she nodded. ‘Someone must had planned this from the start. Or it is the dragoness’ fault for being clumsy and taking the three hostage for her own benefit.’ ‘I doubt it is the host of the revived show, Ling.’ Natty responded to me, shifting her eyes slowly so our eyes meeting one another. ‘I mean think about it.’ She continued, defending the host of the revived show, ‘Why would she want to dragon napped three victims when she is the host of the show? Unless of course, she is a supporter of the culprit and had lured them into the show for the cap-’ ‘Enough you two… We are here.’ Yang interrupted Natty as she pouted and sealed her lips. With her cheeks rosy and red, we turned out attention towards the silver door before us. I threw my claw forth and latched onto the door. Opening it, we all headed inside underneath the burst of cold air that washed over us.

When we entered, we splitted up in silence as if we already knew what we were doing. I decided to take the front row seats and search for anything I found interesting. Starting from one end of the row working my way inward, I kept my head down and stared at the black floor. Shifting my eyes and darting through one object after the other. All I saw underneath a few seconds were sticky drinks and popcorn. Red ants had started swarming that said popcorn by the way. I gagged in response, flinching when laying my eyes upon those ants. Shuttering, I raised my eyes and shifted away. Glancing over to Natty and Yang. Both were on other ends of the large box we were in. The place was empty but large. Black walls surrounded us from all directions, preventing us from doing any forms of escapes. Not like we had needed to however. We were like prisoners inside a prison hold. Only that the doors were unlocked and opened allowing us freedom. But I shook my head denying my mind of the prison box we were in and shouted to Yang and Natty wondering what they had saw in the meantime.

‘A red scale.’ Yang remarked, walking close to me. She opened her claw and showcasted me that red scale she had found. I stared at it in response and looked up to her. Taking that scale onto my own claw, I started taking my other and rubbed it. Feeling how smooth it was, I frowned. ‘Scales were not suppose to be this smooth.’ I pondered in thought frowning as I returned the found object back to Yang. ‘Where do you think it leads to?’ I asked her, Yang pointed to the host’s stand which was at the middle of the stage. Four other stands surrounded it. All of them an unified color. As I stared at those five stands, I nudged Natty and pointed her towards the isolated stand. For she nodded in response and stepped forth towards it. Glancing down upon it and placed her scale at its surface. For at first nothing had happened and she turned around shrugging at me in response, I frowned and my face hardened, however I had said nothing to her. Then seconds later after the short silence, the host stand started rumbling. Descending into the floor below it as if it was being eaten. Yang gasped in response and started diving to the stand in an attempt to grab the scale from it with her two claws extended outward from her body.

However the stand got away with the scale and disappeared completely. And the floor burped afterwards. Equipment from the large box we were in started tumbling down. Cameras, lights fell from their spots shattered upon touching the ground. As shards of lights started flinging in every direction surrounding the equipment. I heard a yelp and turned my attention to Natty who gasped in response and flinched. Withdrawing her body back towards herself as her eyes stared upon one of the fallen cameras. She was lucky she did not got hurt and I breathed with a sigh before glancing over to Yang. ‘The scale is gone.’ she commented, saying nothing else. Although her voice was calm and sweet,her body was portraying something different. Like it was tensed. Her claws gripped tightly on itself until it bled white. Her face darkened; eyes narrowed squinting to the disappeared stand of where it had used to be. I stepped to her and smiled only faintly; wrapping my claw around her neck I shook my head, she said nothing as our eyes met.

It was short lived however.

Our eyes turned quickly to Natty who descended in elevation to regroup with us. In her claw was a white small note and she handed it to me which I received it gracefully. We all lowered our heads to it, realizing that it was folded. Yang yanked the note away from my claws and started unfolding it quickly as if she was expert in that kind of field. Without ripping it once, she uncovered the secrets buried within the folded note as she spoke out loud to us what contains inside. ‘Captured three of four.’ Were the words said written in blue. I blinked several times in confusion and shifted quickly to Yang and Natty. Both having white pale expressions on their faces. Luckily having recovered rapidly, I heard Natty split her lips opened and started speaking. Opening up the conversation as we were allowed to pinch in our ideas. ‘So…’ Natty started, ‘what did it meant by that phase?’ ‘I guess it is true.’ I started as the two turned to me without hesitation. I flinched and started explaining, ‘What I meant is… three dragon contestants are already captured. However we only have a red scale which was place upon the host’s stand and-’ ‘We get it. We all saw it with our eyes, Ling.’ Yang interrupted. I pouted and puffed out my cheeks, crossing my arms as I turned away. Natty giggled in response towards our little chat remembering how she used to be like that.

‘But… three dragons?’ I asked, suddenly remembering the note and why we were called into this investigation. ‘Why three? Why not the fourth?’ I continued, getting glances from both Yang and Ling as they chew upon the thought and frowned. Pondering as their minds started pumping juices down their veins. SIlence fell seconds after I had spoke, my heartbeats faster in my chest as I await for some suggestions. ‘Maybe… just maybe.’ Spoke Natty after a long pause of silence and our heads turned to her as she continued, ‘I may be wrong about this however. But… what if the fourth contestant was the culprit? And wanted to win whatever prize that the host was offering to them?’ ‘What was the prize?’ I asked her suddenly and she counted, ‘It had to be something that was worth the trip. Something of value that would drive us until we had acquired it.’ ‘Like money.’ Yang suggested, ‘Or something really expensive. Dragons loved to hoard expensive things. Such as money, jewels and among other things.’ I commented getting a nod from Natty.

At least we were getting somewhere. As I breathed in relief, releasing the tensions that were deep upon my lungs. My mouth formed into a small smile. Approving of the suggestions that we had came up with. While Natty and Yang talked having a conversation about the fourth dragon at hand, my ears opened up and listened to the soundless that entered. I leaned back and glanced to the ceiling above, staring upon the black pipes and a rusty old white wheel above me. Steams had emerged from the outer edges of those pipes, creaks and groans were the sounds emerging in my ears as I tilted my head to one side frowning before lowering my head down and glanced at the two dragonesses again, rejoining the conversation.

‘And if the fourth dragon was behind this. How would he or she escape?’ Yang pressured Natty as she argued back, ‘Our culprit would either escape through the doors or throw smokes down upon its feet. Or use a jewel to disappeared quickly from the…’ she trailed afterwards before realizing what she was saying. ‘The jewel!’ she screamed, latching herself onto Yang as she panicked ‘what if it was just as Kesir had said! That it was gone after being pierced together and teleported to another realm. The realm where the three dragons are be!’ ‘Preposterous.’ I commented angrily at them. ‘She is speaking lies. Furthermore that jewel is still back at that remote island. There is no way she could have-’ I stopped, realizing that we were off topic and coughed slightly. ‘Anyway going back onto our topic at hand.’ I growled at Natty who blushed red hot as she gazed away, flapping her wings before spreading them as she muttered something underneath her breath. Yang sighed shaking her head.

As we returned to the topic at hand, returning to how our theory of the fourth contestant dragon being our culprit, the doors opened behind us. There was a great might shout that fling away our private conversation. Our heads were turned, wings spread and tail raised high in response to the sudden sound that had interrupted us. There upon the door was another dragon. We all relaxed upon this point, knowing full well that it was just the host that had called us in. The dragon was orange scaled and underbelly. Her wings spans were larger than our wings combined. Horns sharpened that they looked like knives. She was kind and outgoing. Bursting unnecessary words out of the blue at times. Even the answers. As she stepped to us and her arms were crossed with a proud grin upon her face, she asked us ‘Well. Have you guys found anything yet? Maybe a lead or something?’ We nodded, ‘Yeah.’ I started ‘We think that the fourth contestant was the culprit.’

‘Reason being…’ Yang explained, picking up from where I had stopped. ‘We had a belief that the fourth constant wanted to win. So it is natural that he or she would have the eternal drive to win. However, before the start of the gameshow, we think that the dragon had cheated and whipped out the competition in order for him or her to be the default winner of the game show. Therefore taking whatever was the prize.’ ‘now then.’ Natty asked suddenly, stepping between me and Yang while she poke the orange dragon’s underbelly. ‘What was the prize? Money?’ ‘Car?’ I suggested pitching my idea, ‘or the jewel.’ Yang remarked, receiving groans from both me and Natty as we facepalmed in disappointment. Yang would never let that go, would she?