Venturing: Releasing Formers

Throwing my claws out front, they contacted into the frontal doors. Pushing the flaps away as I headed inside. Darkness and silence loomed over me as my feet were planted upon the solid grounds underneath me. The room was smaller than what I had expected. Yet the place was not empty at all. For thousands of brownish boxes were thrown onto one side of the room. All of them stacked. The boxes were opened also, its contents inside was empty. Perhaps stolen by the drama members or someone else. I had decided to look into the boxes. Walking across the diameter of the room ending up upon the other wall in front of him, I stopped and lowered my head to the boxes below me. I crouched down until I was eye level with the boxes. Then squinted my eyes to look inside. It was empty. Confirming my suspicious that someone might had gone through the school’s equipment and took them away. Or it was the band members. I would not know cause, I have no knowledge on the number of students or their names that signed up upon the club. Regardless, I took my eyes away from them. Knowing the boxes were a dead end.

I rose to my feet, turned around and scanned around the area that I had missed. Still looking into the fields of darkness, upon other objects that were there. But all it was just a bunch of books. All of them were scattered across one side of the room. They were unique sizes and colors. Their titles were different but all pertained to the same category. ‘Drama’. I exhaled a breath. Shaking my head and know that nothing was inside here. ‘Why had Yang picked this spot?’ I sometimes wonder, doing another nod again as my eyes were closed. My feet headed forth to the door as I had started reaching out for it. But to my surprise, the door opened. Behind it were Natty and Kyro. Both had unamused look upon their faces. Eyes narrowed. Mouths turning to frowns. Their wings were folded also. I sidestepped and allowed them in. They welcomed themselves and headed inside. Closing the door behind them, Natty spoke out breaking the silence that surrounded us. “Have you found anything here yet, Ling?” I shook my head in answer, making a sad face to emphasis my point. It seems she had took it.

A nod answered my mental question as I leaned back against the wall adjacent to the door. Another pause of silence fell before I too started breaking it, asking both Natty and Kyro the same question in my mind. “Where were you guys? Took your time to get here.” I questioned them, commenting afterwards as Kyro turned around. Looked at me and answered back, “Took the shortest way around from our meeting point. However…” He trailed afterwards and darted his eyes to Natty continuing, “Natty insisted that she found something beyond the classroom doors. Like a figure resembling a dragon. A figment of her imagination coming true.” ‘A figment of her imagination…?’ I echoed Kyro tilting my head to one side frowning. “Was that figment… by any chance…” I started, “Sen and Lope? The two dragons we jailed inside the station after the first story arc?” “Yeah. How ya know?” Kyro asked, I said nothing but flapped my wings as the door next to me opened. Revealing Zander.

“What happened to you?” Natty asked, wishing to change the subject. Zander shot daggers to the pink dragoness before taking his spot across from where I was and leaned back. His arms were crossed, his wings spread but flapped angrily as he huffed. Smoke emerging from his nostrils. I blinked at him for a moment then opened my mouth to asked him. But it seems he had beaten me. Opening up the can of words, he spoke at us. “I was chasing someone. A figure perhaps.” “The same as Natty?” I asked, Zander looked at me shaking his head and replied, “No. A bit taller. Holds a long thin stick with thousands of strings on one side of it. On its head was a cap, although I was not sure what color or size it was.” “The janitor.” Kyro answered, pointing at the black dragon while me and Natty were confused. Thus pitching into our two cents onto the table, “Why would the janitor come here? Late at night especially.” “Perhaps he lost something.” Kyro suggested, Zander huffed with a low sounded rumbling from his throat as he denied the claim, “No.” Zander protested, “It seems he found something.” “Are you sure?” I asked, pitching into the conversation as Zander turned to me and nodded.

“Yes.” He answered, his face shining onto my eyes as he defended his answer. “He was confident. His body was straightened. And his wings tucked inward. Perhaps he found something within the schoolyards this time of the day and wanted to be alone. He could had gotten spook by me or anyone else and decided to run off. Although as he ran off he was holding something underneath his armpits. Something small.” “A device.” Kyro decided, “Perhaps he was the one controlling the ‘being’. Trying to test us about being fearless in his jokes on scary nights.” “I doubt it.” I commented after Kyro. But before I could say anything else, a high pitch alarm was sounded. And rang loudly into our ears as we held them with our claws. Growling, screaming and yells filled the void that the silence had left behind as we were forced on the grounds. Shivering and shuffling our scales as the alarm continued whining through our ears. Luckily, the sound only sounded for a few seconds maybe more considering how long was it set for. As we all stood upon out feets again, I turned my attention towards the opened door. Spotting Yang as she screamed at us causing our ears to ring out and our claws once again returned to cover them.

“Someone had sounded the alarm. All exit doors are opened suddenly!” Yang announced, “The being had escaped into the streets of Vaster.” “But who would have done it.” I heard Kyro answered. The ringing persisted upon my high sensitive ears as we turned to Yang who motioned us out the door. We complied and walked, following her instructions while she whispered. “Come with me into the control room.” “Had someone got out from that room just as you had arrived?” I asked, Yang shook her head. “I did not see anyone there.” She answered my question. I frowned. But my thoughts filled my brain with questions and unworthy answers. All piercing together to a completed puzzle. It seemed hard. Even with the limited information that we have upon our table. Regardless, I ignored my pulsing brain and asked Yang another question. “Where is the control room?” “Follow me.” She replied and ran down the hallway we were on, disappearing in front of our eyes just by turning the corner. Heading right.

I glanced over to Kyro, Zander and Natty. Their faces were neutral. No one had mustered a muscle to change their expression. But as she had disappeared, Zander whisperly commented to us. “How did she know where the control panel was?” “Was there one installed here before?” I asked Zander who shook his head. “No. Only a pull switch. And a button adjacent to it.” His eyes looked up to the ceiling as he continued; having known that no one was answering him, “The button is red. White letters were imprinted upon it. Although none of the teachers or students. Even those that misbehave do not know what the words says. It is in a foreign language.” “A foreign language that perhaps the being or the janitor knew about, perhaps?” Kyro suggested, Natty shook her head. “I do not think so. Expect the part that the ‘being’ perhaps know. But the janitor is a dragon creature like the rest of us. It is impossible-” She explained, but we got bored of talking about and flee from her sights. Following the footsteps of Yang as she lead us straight into the room she was talking about.

We went left. Then right. Then right again heading up the stairs. Across the next hallway until we reached a silver metal door. My eyes went wide in surprise in noticing about the door before us. It was different than what I had expected. Glancing over to Yang, she smiled up to me but no words were spoke from her mouth. As she allowed the silence to drown, Zander walked up to the door. Grabbed onto its handles and pushed inward, the door moaned afterwards and allowed us in. We followed Zander afterwards. The room inside was twice the size of the normal classrooms we entered and exited into. Perhaps it does make sense considering there were more stuff stored inside here than any other. Test books and test results all gathered around one white single tall machine. It looked like an oven cooked outside from a home or place. Opposite of where the machine was, we spotted the switch level and the button adjacent to it. And to our anticipation, the button was already pressed. “Figures…” Muttered Natty growling as her arms crossed her chest. Narrowing her eyes as me and Yang stepped in synched forward to the button. Closing onto it, we both stopped and lowered our eyes upon the button below us. Then I spoke, voicing my attention towards Kyro asking him about the heat sensory device that we had kept at the station.

The red dragon nodded swiftly and immediately shoved his claw onto his back pocket, pulling out the said device before breaking the line between himself, Zander and Natty handing the device to me. Yang turned to me and grinned, “Good plan.” She praised as I nodded, raising the device to my eyes and threw one of my claws towards the neck of the device. Pressing upon a black small button which turned it on. So you guys know; the device was shaped like the capital letter Y. The virtual screen popped up between the two solid white lines. It was dressed in a colorful mixture of greenish yellowish and blueish. But there was no red. This is because that the room was air conditioned. Plummeting body temperatures down perhaps lower than the freezing point which resulted in sending chills down our scales. But ignoring that for a bit. I stretched my claw outward towards the control level in front of us and the button. Once the device and my claw was overhead, Yang tilted her head over and watched the screen.

What we saw were faint dragon marks. Warm were they. I shifted my head over to Yang who shook her head and I nodded in after her. Dismissing the naughty thought that was in my head and continued focusing on the warm prints. The marks were smaller than a normal dragon mark. But the detailed parts of the marks were unique. All of the lines were parallel to one another. Few crossed one another through a short line. “This does not prove that it is the janitor, however.” I finished, deactivating the device as I looked to Yang. “You are perhaps right on that.” Yang agreed adding, “Even a janitor would not know how to operate the controls to automatically open and close doors. Although they…” “...are the ones always here late at night.” I finished after Yang who grinned chuckling in answer before nodding. As we turned back to the three other dragons, Zander asked us “So it is not the janitor huh?” “It is not.” I started and Yang commented further, “Why would the janitor, who saw that ‘being’ inside the school and called us to come in late at night, would be the culprit?” “I...er…” Zander answered but remained silenced after.

Silence fell over our heads as our eyes shifted to Yang who kept staring back upon the control. Her claw was upon her chin. Stroking while she thought of something. But I opened my mouth and chatted with Yang in hopes of getting her mind out from the controls. “Well other than the controls, Yang.” I started as her head faced me again, “What else did you see or hear?” “Footsteps.” Yang started, “But they were quick and loud. Rapidly going across hallway after hallway before fading in the distance.” “That could have been anyone!” Exclaimed Zander, groaning as his claw slapped against his face. I nodded and turned to Kyro and Natty. “You guys were the ones who arrived at the ‘drama’ club second and third. Well before anyone else had arrived into the room.” I commented, nudging their minds a bit as Kyro and Natty slightly nodded their heads a bit. The pink dragoness crossed her arms again, sporting her usual smug look on her face as she pressed me. “Yeah so…?” “Well did you happened to accidentally come across a computer room? Sporting security screens?” I asked her. Kyro snapped his claws suddenly startling the pink dragoness as she scowled at her mate. “Yeah!”

“What did you find?” Yang asked walking to my side as Kyro rose his eyes towards the ceiling pondering for a while before lowering his head again and answered her, “A figure was running down the series of hallways. Rapid and loud footsteps, they sounded like fireworks exploding inside. It was heading towards one of the two exit entrance doors of the school.” “What did he or she looked like?” Yang asked another. Kyro answered immediately, “The figure was tall. Thin. Skinny. But fast. Wings were-” “Never mind the wings, Kyro.” I snapped at him and he nodded, “What is his scale color?” “It is impossible to know due to the black and white screens of the security cameras.” Kyro answered back, “But it looked more darker on camera than it originally been.” “A darker color, Kyro?” Natty asked him huffing with anger dripping from her voice. As her eyes scowled at the red dragon, she corrected Kyro’s information by saying it was ‘Whiter. Maybe paler by the looks of it.”

I looked to Yang and gave her a confuse look. “We do not have any lighter pale dragons here in Vaster. Most of the dragons living here are darker in color.” “Yeah.” Yang answered back nodding her head, looking to me then back to Kyro again. With silence once again falling upon us, sealing our lips. I let off a yawn and stretched my wings out from my body a bit. I was feeling overwhelmed and tired by the turn of events. That I had wanted to rest up back at the station. To my surprise, the others agreed too. And we fled from the control room towards the outside. Where the skies were black. Moon shines above our heads with the cold refreshing air washing away the heatness found upon our bodies. I nodded to the others and spread my wings again. The other did so as well. As we retreated from the school grounds, withdrawing back into the mansion. Our new station temporarily. For by the time we reached our destination. We landed upon the grounds, distance from where the frontal door was. Folded our wings and walked as a group to the door. Natty reached for the door; tilting its knob to one side and opened it. Then, we were surprised to see who it was...