Venturing: SickWaves

We gathered up upon the entrance of the stadium, in front of the large hole standing before us. I stared at my teammates just as they had landed upon the grounds. Wings retracting and folded while they looked to the grounds before raising their heads to me. I smiled swiftly before hiding that smile behind my face just as Kyro asked me, “What is the situation right now? “Why are we called into this place anyway?” Zander added his cents to the pot shifting his head away from the main conversation to the stadium adjacent to us. I coughed after a brief silence loomed underneath and caught the attention of them as they turned to me. Grabbing a pile of papers behind my wings, I shuffled and organized them before responding. Just so you know, I had those pile of papers strapped with a brown large tape upon my blue wings. We do not have cars or any other vehicle as of the matter. But we hoped to get one soon before the second plot is over. Maybe earlier!

Anyway, I stepped towards the created circle set before us as all eyes turned to me. I raised my head from the papers I had and started, “As of late evening during the dragon games, a terrorist attack merged its ugly head and started the attack to this stadium that we are standing at right now. Inside, many dragons were sick. The hospital dragons are working their tails to get everyone off it right now. We were called early morning. But no one picked up the phone.” I growled at the end of my sentence, looking at each of them with a hardened looked onto my face. Receiving the guilt from each of the dragons, they faintly distracted themselves with other things while their ears stayed erected and listened to the report I had given. I continued, “According to the news report and a bunch of other dragons screaming. The stadium was slapped by a huge pile of raw fish.” “Raw fish?” Zander exclaimed, his eyes popped out of his head as he took a step back in shocked. Kyro and Natty had their faces set or frozen to surprise also as I nodded without hesitation to them and continued.

But was rudely interrupted by Zander, “Why raw fish? Why not explosions or anything else as of the matter?” “Cause.” Natty replied to the black dragon, “That would ruin the whole show. Also, it will perhaps mirror real-life events.” “Such as?” Zander questioned, shifting his eyes over to her while Kyro growled at them both and stepped forth to block their views of one another, slightly nodding to me while I picked myself up from where I had left off. “Anyway…” I started, catching the attention of Natty and Zander again, “And the dragons think it was stadium food. So they decided to eat it. Which is the cause of their sickness…” I finished and cast the papers to the side while adding, “Our objective is to find the cause of these fishes to appear and why were they making our citizens sick. Use whatever means necessary to find information.” “Where shall we go?” Kyro asked, I shook my head smiling at him “Stay upon the stadium. That is our first objective.” Afterward, no other objections or comments as the dragons nodded with fierce looks upon their faces. And with me staring back upon them, I spread my wings and flew into the air as the rest of them started running to the entrance. “Meet you guys on the other side!” I called, flying overhead as I heard Zander complained something.

I felt the rush of the winds blowing against my face. As my wings snapped, I looked ahead. The stadium was huge and oval. Thousands of spectators were gathered here for one important event. That is the dragon game. A celebration of a four year annual of being a dragon. The games consist of the most basic things. Fly Racing, Sky dancing, Falling, and amongst other things that I had probably forgotten about. As I flew overhead and half expecting the dragons below me to cheer upon our arrival, I was surprised to see that the stadium was half empty. Dragons were lying down. Groaning and wheezing as their scales turning purple and green. Indicating that they were sick. Adjacent to them were the raw fishes. I nodded slowly to myself before descending from the high skies. Down onto the grounds below where the remaining Vaster police were emerging from the tunnels. Kyro and Zander were out of breath as they kneeled upon the soft grasses underneath our feet. I turned to them suddenly, blinking and tilting my head to one side before asking “What happened to you two?” “Never ask that question, Ling,” Zander demanded, although his words were in between his breaths, however. I rolled my eyes and sighed before casting them outward into the stadium.

“Alright. Just scout around and find information that could be crucial to the problem we have on our claws.” I ordered Zander and Kyro nodded before splitting up heading forth to opposing sides. Thus climbing up the stairs towards the stands before them. The two dragons left me alone as I chuckled watching their determination skyrocket before my eyes. Before shaking my head and looked upon the fields before me. It was large and rectangular. Greenish with white lines running in all directions. At the center of the field was a strange-looking device. Although I skipped over it when looking upon a black and white ball at the side of the field. Curious, I started for it. Walking closer to the sidelines, I watched as the ball grew larger the more I walked to it. For until I reached it, I extended my claws out in front of me and grabbed the ball. Holding it in my claws, I felt how inflated it was. Tough and hard to pop. I nodded before looking for a white small hole. When spotting one, I ripped apart the white cover hole from the ball hole and watched as the ball deflated before my eyes.

Until it became squishy and perhaps soggy was when I grabbed the deflated ball with two of my claws and proceed to jiggle it in hopes of something to come out. I shook it harder in anger after seconds when nothing resulted in my prize. Thus hearing a clank echoing into my ears, I stopped and looked to the floor. Spotting a broken red circle button below me, I crouched and bent grabbing it with my claw. And held it up into the air faced to face with my head as someone asked from up above, “What was that Ling? Sounded like something hit the floor hard.” “This,” I responded without looking up, having to realize that it was Kyro who spoke as I showed what I had found inside. “Press it and see what it does.” I nodded and pressed upon the button. Then I turned around and looked, scanning the field and stands for anything unusual. But it happened right off the bat.

At the center of the field where the strange device was, we noticed that the blue glowing that came from it turned red. And out of the blue came a storm of fishes. Then rain down upon the fields and stands at a heavy rate. I and Kyro soon had our pieces of the whole fish but we cast it to the side before looking to one another. “Well.” Kyro commented with a small smile afterward as his claws gripped upon the horizon pole that separates me and him, “That answers that.” “Right it does, Kyro,” I remarked, before whistling for the other vaster dragons to come forth. Kyro, Zander, and Natty all gathered upon the center of the field. All looking down onto the device set before them. As I went to the center to rejoin them, I noticed Natty grabbed the device and held it up against her head before muttering, “This looked like a company made this.”

“What company?” Kyro asked, suddenly. He started looking interested in that said device. Natty responded to him as I joined the conversation, “Look at this.” She would say and turned the device around showing us what was written upon the side of it. It was written in pure fainted white and although that it was harder to see due to the scales of the device covering the painted, I answered her and amongst the silence that fell before my answer, ‘Dragostea inc.’ “Dragostea inc.?” Zander asked, crossing his arms as he looked to the rest of us with his eyes narrowed and sharp as if he was suspicious of the rest of us. “What does that mean then?” I decided to answer him, “I thought it was obvious, Zander.” I smirked at him as his face grew red as tomatoes growling back upon me. As he started growing frustrated with my antics, Natty cough and gained our attention again while she resumed what I had said, “Dragostea inc. It is a company that makes teleporting devices and other interesting things. It was possibly used by wingless dragons such as Eastern dragons. But, remarkably, it is here. In our claws.” “Someone must have placed this device at the dead of night or early morning.” She added, “It was activated by this red button.” I finished, holding the broken red button. “Where did you get that?” Zander asked me, and I responded to him “From the ball.” “Which you deflated…” Kyro trailed, smirking at me. I laughed nodding.

“This is perhaps what is used to activate the device,” I explained, pointing to the red button. “Which shoots raw fishes from this and towards the crowd.” “But what about the players?” Kyro asked suddenly, tilting his head to one side frowning while I answered him that “No. I do not think they are affected at all. Which reminds me, we need to split up.” I started, they all firmed attention over that. “Half of us needs to stay behind and looked upon the locker rooms and the inner side of the stadium. While the other half pays a little visit towards our friend.” “So who's gonna do what?” Zander asked, a bit impatient. Natty smirked, “You and Kyro will stay behind. Me and Ling will take care of things beyond.” “Aw, man.” Zander frowned as Kyro slapped a claw onto his backside resulting in the black dragon growling at the red dragon before he split off from him heading into the locker rooms. Kyro shrugged afterward laughing before running after him.

The pair had disappeared and left us to ourselves while I turned to Natty. The pink dragoness nodded without hesitation and movement as her pink wings started spreading, she jumped into the air and flew off. I mirrored her actions and joined her in the skies. Hovering above the stadium, Natty and me looked about. Our eyes scanned the horizon, over tall uninterested buildings that obstructed our views of whatever was behind it. As we repeated our efforts time after time again, we grew worried and impatient like Zander suddenly before I commented to Natty, “We should pick one direction and fly straight there.” “Or better yet find a map and consult our directions to our destination.” Natty countered, bringing out a map from her pockets as I looked at her with concern in my eyes, “Natty…” I trailed gazing at her while she looked upon the map. Effectively ignoring me, I repeated myself. A second then third time. Until she glared at me, “What? I am reading here.” “Do not tell me you do not know your hometown? Vaster Village.” “I do know.” Natty exclaimed at me, I flinched in response “Sorry…” Natty started before looking to the map again.

She stared at the map for like five seconds or more before her voice perked up my ears. For as I look to her again with uninterest, she pointed the way and smiled brightly as oppose to me. Either way, I followed her through as she lead us Northwest from the stadium. During our flight, we were silent. Our wings flapping in unison. That was perhaps the only sound we hear over the raging winds blowing against our warm faces. I tried to say something to her. Just to pass the time. But nothing reached her head. It was as if she was ignoring me somehow. I sighed and just flew off with her as we soon neared our destination. To which we had landed down in front of a brown silverish door. We stepped forth in union and I raised my claw knocking against it as the loud banging sounds echoed through our ears. We waited.