Venturing: Tasticists Moon

We stared at the door before us. The moon hanged high overtop the rooftops of the building. I stared and frowned, shifting my attention towards Kyro and Zander as neither of them spoke. Natty stepped forth towards the door and grabbed onto the knob. For emphases, we were told about a murder that happened in Moon. We had suspected that Zephyr, the Moon king was killed by either of the canines. Our first initial thought was Chaos’ R7 who had returned to their old ways. As I stared, I pondered over it for a little while before shaking my head and exhaled. My heart beating in my chest while I followed Natty towards the opened door. We entered into it. Wondering who killed him.

A burst of wind blew upon our heads as we entered in. Our eyes shifted from the moon covered skies towards a well lit environment surrounding us. We entered into the larger main room. But our eyes were straight towards the corpse that settled upon the ground. A few inches away from where we were standing. We gathered around it. Neither of us speaking to one another as the pause of silence was granted to our shocked minds, to process whomever had did this. I rose my eyes from the flooring below and stared down onto my coworkers, pondering and searching through their faces for an reaction or something. Neither of them showed it, which was a good thing after all. Lowering my eyes back down, I stared onto the corpse that shared the same floor as us. It was a dragon. The same species as us. Only except, the scales of this dragon were different. Much darker and brooding it seems. It ran down from the head to the tail. The underbelly of the dead dragon was yellow, but we could smell something from it. We do not know if it was the blood or paint that came from the dragon however.

As I thought more, someone interrupted me. I blinked in surprise and shifted my attention towards the opened door. Where a new dragon had came into play. We all stared onto this new dragon while he stepped in from the outside and into the well lit room. His scales were bright red. Horns were yellow and sharp. But he never had any wings. For they were ripped from his scales. Shivering at the thought of having no wings, I closed my eyes tightly and rid that thought in my mind. Kyro and Natty were the first to greet him. I heard their voices first from the pause of silence. But no response came afterwards. Footsteps came instead. Came forth towards us. His body swayed side to side as if he was some sort of dancer. He had this distinctive smile upon his face. Eyes narrowed towards the body as his body crouched and gaze upon the magnificent of the corpse below him. Another pause of silence. Awkward as it seems as neither of the Vaster police had spoke towards this newcomer.

Luckily however, Zander stepped forth towards him. Cutting him off from the corpse and himself. The black dragon extended a claw, growled irritated at him before responding. “We are the Vaster Police. Arrive upon the scene later than you did. Whomever you are.” I facepalmed and shook my head. Mentally wanting to strangle him for saying confidently about the second line, the follow up from the main introduction. As Zander and the newcomer stared upon one another, we heard a grunt and rolled his eyes. Before muttering something underneath his breath. Some words that neither of us, except for Zander, cannot hear. However by the expression of the black dragon, we could perhaps tell that it was not good at all. Before Zander could come forth towards the dragon angrily, Kyro and Natty grabbed his claw and pulled him to the side. I took his place. The newcomer just stared onto me and huffed.

“And I suppose that you are the leader of this so called unit?” “Why are you so self confident of yourself?” I questioned him, “Why? Cause I am Zellio. The best solo ex officer, now detective in the whole Vastertown. “We have never heard of you.” “That is because, I never existed at all. I came from a-” “Enough.” Interrupted Kyro, his eyes narrowed towards him and me while Zellio muttered something and huffed, turned away and break from the conversation. “We got a job to do, Ling. DO you not forget?” Kyro responded, shifting his attention towards me as I slowly nodded in response towards him. Silence came afterwards as I exhaled a breath, relieving myself from the tension that was buried deep within my stomach. So close into bringing it out however. With the peaceful silence that overcame me, my eyes were opened. I slowly nodded towards the others before I turned around. Zander Kyro decided to head to the second flooring above, hoping to find something there. Meanwhile, Natty decided to break off onto her own. Staying within the first floor, she had turned around and entered into some doors behind her. Which now left me.

I looked around the main room. Hearing the footsteps shuffled loudly around my ears. My eyes closed, then opened again before turning again to the main room. THe place was huge and really empty for some strange reason. Nothing interesting was around me. Except for the commonly things found within the building such as the stairs, the brown doors and a white statue adjacent to the stairs. My thoughts trailed after noticing the statue. I tilted my head to one side and stepped forth towards the statue. Tilting it to one side, I hear something rumbling and vibrating violently and turned around. Spotting that one of the many doors was lowering, straight into the depths of the flooring underneath it. I blinked when it had revealed a dark room secretly hidden inside. I had decided to walk towards it. It was a short walk diagonal from the statue towards the secret room however. Thus once in front of it. I peered into the room. Gazing upon the surroundings of the dark room inside, in hopes of finding something around here. I noticed a television that was already turned on. Flickering to a paw then stopped afterwards. I turned to the television again once the screen flickered to a paw then back to blank afterwards. Tilting my head, I pondered about the paw for a moment there.

It was small. Almost identical towards a fox paw somehow. The fox paw was bright orange and a little white cream underneath the paw however. With the claws of the paw sharpened and pointy, I pondered if someone was trying to frame the fox for this murder? Instead of studying the screen once more, I shifted my attention towards the television surroundings. Having noticed that there were stacks of boxes only. All of which were not labeled somehow. For only a pale scotch tape emerged upon my eyes. I stared at the scotch tape momentarily. Walked up to one of the boxes in silence and raise my claw towards the surface of the tape before running it towards one of the two ends. For from there, I grabbed onto the edge of the tape and peeled it from the box itself. I ran the tape across until it hits the other end. With the flaps opened. The box contents spilled out. I stepped back and looked. Below me were a pile of junk. But something caught my interest.

Upon the top of the small pile, lies a fox paw. It was part of a costume it seems. It was even larger than what I had suspected however. Staring down onto it, I crouched to pick it up from the ground. I rose to my feet afterwards and kept my eye upon the paw. It felt furry underneath my claws. It was to be expected when I felt the fur. I ran my claws against the claws of the paws momentarily, feeling the jolting feeling that came from them. I shivered and mentally stopped myself, when I opened my eyes and exhaled. Turning around, I stepped outside the secret room. Zander Kyro, Natty were already there. Including Zillo whom already having an argument against Zander. ‘Perhaps something related to this case?’ I pondered to myself, shaking my head as I walked straight towards them. Planting my feet upon the grounds as I hear the argument intensify between the two dragons. Yet I ignored them and turned my attention to Kyro and Natty. Both of which were poised to give out their findings. I nudged at them. They faintly smiled. Coughed before speaking as they went off to explain the things upstairs.

Kyro and Natty had said about the rooms being messy upstairs. With lots of stuff scattered across the floor and on the bed it seems. Strange little bags stuffed with white liquid inside of them were placed upon the grounds and the bed. The same with the other. Zander momentarily paused in his argument, turned towards Kyro and Natty and questioned, “Strange little bags? White liquid inside of them? Do you not meant the dragon eccessen?” “It could mean something else you know.” Natty started as Kyro nodded in agreeance with her, “That white liquid could be the chemical essence of a failed experiment. It does lead to the point that the room was messy before hand.” “But-” And Natty and Zander went on with it. In the meanwhile, Kyro shook his head and exhaled as Zillo laughed at the two of them with his claw pointing upon the two of them. With a common said from his mouth, both me and Kyro heard a loud wack. But we chose to ignore it afterwards as Kyro crossed his arms and asked me.

“What you find in the first floor?” “Someone tried to frame the foxes.” I started. A dramatic pause came following me while Zander and Zillo turned to me in shock. Their faces were lit up in surprise. Wings hanged back as Zander growled at me, “How you know? I think someone slice that paw from an real fox.” “This is a costume. But the fur is real. It seemed to be made from some other factory however.” “Regardless to the point, LIng.” Muttered Kyro as a cough followed behind, snapping my attention towards the red dragon. “RIght… Anyway.” I started, “I found a fox paw costume hidden inside the secret room behind me. And no, Zander and Zillo, I did not break off a paw of a fox to acquire such a clue.” “Aw…” Answered the two black dragons, slough down and stared at the ground while Kyro and Natty smiled briefly then questioned me again. “However, the marks upon the dragon scales were fangs. Not claws however. There is even a wet kiss upon-” “Canines do not kiss.” I blurted out, interrupting them as they turned to me with shock upon their faces. I coughed and regained my composure before speaking in a whisper tone, “Canines do not kiss. They ‘eat’ one another.” “Do not wolves just do that only?” Natty remarked, Kyro frowned in response and found himself looking to the ceiling above, in thought.

Silence fell over us. No one had started talking for the clues given and blurted out from each one of us had caused us to rethink about our culprit and the plan itself. This silence had went on for a short time it seems before I hear Kyro started speaking, “If what Ling said is true and the wet kiss was what we expected from the two legged creatures.” “Or anyone else as a matter of fact.” Natty added which Kyro gave a nod towards her, “Then we can suspect that our culprit is someone who is wearing a costume or some sort to frame either canine.” “But what is the size?” Zellio questioned, now interested in the conversation at hand. We turned to him, claws into the air. Neither of us could answered that question as his smile now emerged upon his face, he giggled immaturity before breaking into a laugh. Taunting us with claws pointing upon every one of us. All we could do was look-

Smack. Our unit had different reaction upon hearing that sound. Kyro looked pleased, so did Zander. Natty looked hurt as her attention was to her claw. Me, meanwhile, was looking concerned as a thought entered my mind. But I chose to ignore it. Shaking my head, I clapped my claws together and gained the attention of everyone else as they turned towards me. WIth Zellio complaining in the background, Natty turned her attention to me and shook her claw before continuing the conversation at hand, “While never knowing the size of the costume, we can roughly estimate it by this paw right here.” She held up my claw which was still holding the paw at hand. “She is right.” Kyro whispered, nodding in agreeance as Zander nodded as well. Natty smiled back to the red dragon before resuming her conversation or monologue with me. “Now then, I bet you that it would not fit any of us. That costume seems a bit too big.” “And loose.” Zander added, Natty nodded after him before going on.

As she does, I put on the paw. She was right, however, the paw does not fit me. I was shocked by how loose it was. Even more surprise by how I could move any of my fingers at hand. As I continued, I did not hear Natty continuing her explanation about the paw and the clues from the higher floor. She explained she got her information from a book it seems. A book that details everything there is to know about canines. Based on this book, she says, it further the claims that whomever this culprit is has a loving or interest about canines. But has a hatred or dislike upon anything else, likely reptiles such as us. “If our culprit were to wore such a costume. It would have to be bigger than an normal size dragon or any other animal as well. With two legs and never moving like a canine at all, we can infer that this culprit is perhaps a furry. Or something along that lines.” “What if we are wrong,” I started, interjecting my thoughts into the conversation. “What if it was indeed a canine. Either fox or wolf, as they are the most common, in the community at most.” Natty gave a slow nod of acknowledgment towards me before exhaled a breath and her wings were down, “Then, there is no such thing as a furry in these worlds. Just canines and reptiles. Perhaps the old cliche however.”

“It may be.” Kyro asserted, but a smile emerged from his face. Smiling warmly towards his mate, he grabbed onto her and rubbed her forehead with his chin. Both their eyes closed as me Zander and Zellio looked away from them. “Anyway…” Zander coughed, regaining the conversation again before it turns awkward as he nodded towards me, I smiled having regain my audience as I spoke once again. “Regardless of the claim. We must be cautious. Our culprit may be lurking within the building or around it however.” “What must we do then?” Zander asked, shifting his attention to me. I nodded back upon him before speaking out which catch the attention of Kyro and Natty. Both of which stepped away from one another with red deep blushes upon their cheeks. THeir eyes looking away as their wings were spread out. I coughed at two of them. Their eyes raised to me where we met. “Find a spot within the building where ‘The smell of rust becomes unbearable.’ That is where our culprit lies or at least escaped from.” Their eyes blinked and heads were tilted. But none complained about my suspicious. As the dragons spread apart from me, I turned my attention towards Zellio who looked angrily at me. We held this silence for a while, I was curious about him.

How he was perfectly standing up on all two. Had the culprit manage to become of us? Donned a costume to become a dragon with a persona of a ‘police officer’? “Was Natty’s theory coming true?” I pondered with a daunting headache that came upon the surface of my head. That I closed my eyes and growled to myself, to ease the pain that came. For by the time I opened my eyes, I kept stared upon the same direction. Towards where he was. But he disappeared somehow. I blinked but shook my head afterwards before turning around. Facing another direction. Thoughts were inside my head, all of which were pointing to different culprits. One at a canine; either fox or wolf, and the other at the dragon. We had clues to prove either of them guilty. However, we were uncertain of the truth. My fangs grounded against one another as my eyes narrowed suddenly. Gazing at the horizon before me, I stared with the following silence as the tensed atmosphere loomed over my head. Confusion and thoughts resided upon me as my wings flapped to cool the heat around the room, I was in.

With footsteps echoing upstairs and were faint, I tightened my jaw and growled. My eyes eased up before I turned around and faced the stairs. Spotting Zellio already heading upstairs to join up with the other dragons of my unit. He was not nervous. Rather confident in his ability to figure out things as he always wore that grin upon his face. His head tilted back, his body straightened out as his tail started moving. I said nothing but hearing his footsteps echoed as he walked up the steps. Straight towards the second floor above, he disappeared from my sights. I sighed and shook my head, silently crossing a thought in my head before turning away from the stairs and headed forth towards the small secret room where I had found the fox paw. Thus, entering into it. I gaze around amongst the brown pale boxes that I saw initially. Giving out another exhale, I dove towards the nearest boxes that was closest to me.

I pulled the box flap away from my sight after setting the box down onto its side. I kneeled and peered inside the small darkness occupying the interior of the box inside. I saw something there. But was not sure what it was however. With curiosity entering my mind, I threw a claw out in front of me and leaned to the box. Getting small cuts from the flaps as I shifted my head away and stared onto somewhere else. Grabbing onto something inside, I had pondered about its object. It felt furry, like the fox paw that I had saw earlier. Soft, otherwise. As thoughts entered and exited my mind about what it was, I pulled my claw back and peered upon the box again. I did see something inside where eyes shined brightly in the darkness. Reflecting against the small light that shines behind me, I tilted my head to one side curiosity and went to pull whatever it was out. The thing slid the length of the box. Dropped upon the grounds below me, I stepped back and lowered my head. Meeting my eyes upon the floor and the object that was against my feet. For from there, I saw the rest of the costume. An orange fox suit. A white tag appeared upon the shirt of the suit. I picked up the suit and grabbed onto the white tag. Pulling it closer towards me, I read what information I could find.

It says, ‘XL’.

I heard a gun clicking behind me. A small smile escaped my lips as my eyes eased up. My body was relaxed somehow. But deep inside, I knew I was scared and anxious. My lips parted, a small whisper escaped as I say the name of the culprit behind me. “I figured you be the one…”

“Zellio.”

But a small laugh/chuckle escaped the lips of the culprit as my eyes narrowed slightly. Bearing my fangs while they are grounded against one another, I narrowed my eyes towards him just as he spoke a few words towards me. “You are incorrect, Ling. That stupid dragon only brags about the things he had captured and arrested. But you and your unit… You guys are of interest to me.” “Why are we?” I questioned, prompting him further as his mouth opened. A hot breath escaped from his throat, breathing onto me as I slightly coughed. But still growled at him while he spoke, answering my question. “I had heard that you guys are the best at what you are doing. Having done this for twenty years now and still on the job. Taking over the past few officers that came before you.” A small pause before another sentence, “Yet, my time is short. You may have figured out about the culprit of the dead dragon here. However, think you can solve a game?”

My eyes narrowed at him just as he pulled away. The pistol lowered from my forehead. I watched him go. Slipped upon the corner of the door room at the corner of my eye. Just as he had left. The entire room returned to normal. But his words, remained upon my mind as I pondered what ‘game’ he was talking about.