Venturing: Three Bleeds

Dragons from all around us were staring about. Whispers and nods were the responses. I could not hear them at all but only look at their expressions and body language as I try hard not to stare at them. It was hard. The majority of the dragons looked pleased and relieved. Knowing that the police were here to protect them from any sort of evil. And that includes the foxes from the Chaos realm also. Those few looked on with disgust in their eyes. Narrowing their eyes almost squinting at us as if they were judging us. Luckily, they kept their tongue. I would have tried to arrest them for discrimination or insulting the police. I was walking down the sidewalk, passing by the citizens and buildings that were all around me. The silence was held above my prideful head as I frowned, my wings held behind me and my tail swished about.

My thoughts were to the outside of our realms. The Chaos realm that we had to constantly fight against. Neither realm hosted the black dragon and its minions. We do not know any information about them. We were in the dark for them. Alas, they never knew about us up until now. And things had been crazier than they were before we met with outside forces. My head was pounding as I thought of these things. I had not realized, I stood still and stood adjacent to a ring store. With faint footsteps and conversations about, I rose my head from the ground and glanced left towards the store I stopped upon. White blocks stacked on top of one another, making up a huge wall that could overtower me. At the top was a white sign and big bold letters that lit up upon the evening of Vaster city.

I stand in silence. My eyes to the windows of the store and tracked the customers there. But I was surprised to see Ling purchasing something inside that a breath had caught upon my neck. My eyes widened, yet no surprise shock came as I watch him nod at someone before heading to the door. And just as he exposed himself to the outside world, he turned around and faced me. He never said anything. But our eyes met. We stared in silence. Heat eradicate from the back of our necks as our wings folded and spread behind us. He opened his mouth, found his voice, and stared our conversation off.

“Some battle that was huh?” He replied, I remained silent for a few seconds. My straight face turned into a smile, chuckling softly while my claw unknowingly rose to my mouth. I responded to him jokingly, “Is that your way of starting the conversation off, Ling? That previous battle we had done?” “What?” He remarked, a faint pink brush formed on his cheeks as he looked away, “I thought it was a perfect start.” “You are silly.” “Am not,” Ling argued, a smile formed from his face. I mirrored him and another chuckle escaped from me. As silence fell a second after I making a noise, Yang motioned me and turned around. He faced the horizon, I followed him and glanced to the skies. With a breath, I exhaled as we walked together down the sidewalk.

“Indeed was some battle.” I started answering his question as he looked at me. Blinked a couple of times and threw his head laughing.

“I thought we are not having this conversation?” He questioned, I shook my head smirking at him and he laughed.

“Regardless…” I trailed and darted my eyes down to his waist as I added, “What was inside the bag? Something you bought from the ring store? What is it?” “A surprise.” He denied, winking at me as I rolled my eyes. “A surprise? Really?” I shot back, he shrugged and became silent as we walked the rest of the way back towards the station.

Crickets chirping in the background as we entered back onto the station. We were met with the other officers there. Zander was with Kyro and Natty, silence fell between the three of them as they sat about. Their eyes glued to the television we had installed beforehand. As the voice from the television echoed and filled the room, we walked towards them and stopped. Their eyes turned when we had arrived, but it was a mixed reaction from them. Zander continued rolling his eyes, muttering something underneath his breath as he darted back to the television. Kyro and Natty stood up from their seats, smiles were upon their faces as they walked to us. But only I hugged them. For some strange reason, Ling never wanted to make contact with them. Which was weird but I never complained about it. As our introductions and greetings had settled, both me and Ling took our spots in our chairs. Scooting them away from their desks and slide them across towards the others as Natty and Kyro took notice.

So, as you can see, it was pretty boring around the town since the last battle we had with Chaos.

However, something came up. Our eyes turned to the television. Uninterested in what was going on. They were showing an empty unknown street that neither of us had any knowledge upon as my ears picked up upon Ling asking the others, there were answered grunts and shrugs. Then the camera turned right showcasing a palm tree with dried blood painting upon its leaves. It was planted in between two large buildings with no spaces in between. Almost looking as if the buildings were murdering the palm tree. I shouted to Zander who was startled by my voice, “Pause! Pause!” He did so and fixed his eyes to me, looking angry but I ignored him and kept my eyes upon the palm trees before giving out a question. “Why is there a palm tree between the buildings?” “Cause that was where they planted it genus.” Complained Zander immediately after I spoke. I glanced at him, he avoided my look and kept his eyes lingering onto the screen as Kyro piped up, “Maybe that was where they wanted it?” “Why is a palm tree so important, Yang?” Natty asked, giving me a curious look.

I frowned a second in response but kept it hidden inside my mind as I spoke to her. “There is dry blood upon the tree.” “They must have painted it red.” Kyro commented, “What?” Zander grumbled, turning to Kyro as he added “So you think they gone to some store and bought some red paint just to prank the citizens and the police?” “Perhaps.” Kyro finished, “I do not think that is it.” I started as all eyes turned to me and Zander snorted, nearly laughing but it was held down. “You do not possibly think that it was a murder, do you, Yang?” “I think so.” “But that is way too early!” Ling complained, his wings spread outward as his face hardened. “What do you mean?” I asked, but his mouth was shut.

In the silence that followed, I kept my eyes on the television. My thoughts once again popped into my brain as I tried to piece together the information given to us. However, as I realized, we were only given what the camera showed to us which was little information. And realizing this, I frowned and exhaled, shaking my head to rid the thoughts in my mind before I diverged from the main topic presented here. Thus, I turned around and motioned the others to follow. They looked upon one another before getting up onto their feet and followed me out the door. With the evening stares presented above us as a cold chilly air washed over our scales, I opened the door and shivered as I turned around. The others coming out following behind me. They all looked confused or worried as their expressions were fixed upon me. But I gave them an assuring smile before spreading my wings, the others have done the same. Jumping from the grounds below, we flew into the night skies. But we do not know where we were going.

“Told you to bring a map,” Zander complained, crossing his arms as he looked away. But none of us answered him back, for we were preoccupied with the thoughts and what we had seen from the television the hour before. As the winds blew underneath and my thoughts circulating my brain, I thought back towards the unknown street and the murder behind it. Buildings were surrounding that street. Streetiles that I never knew existed. Lamps as tall as the buildings were there also. But were shoved to the side and ignored, remembered as props. The buildings themselves were tall as well. Perhaps reaching the skyscrapers above? I would never know. Many colors from each of the buildings clashed against one another, creating a beautiful and popout picture that many of its viewers would mesmerize by it and would urge themselves to enter if they would find it that is.

As the thoughts enter and exit my mind, I shook my head and reentered into the reality surrounding me. However, my eyes widened in surprise. Realizing that we were only hovering at an unknown location within Vaster town, my cheeks went warm and pink. Embarrassed by what had befallen upon us as I turned to the others. Ling, Zander, Kyro, and Natty had their eyes on me. Silence lingered from their mouths as I kick off the conversation, “Anyone knows where that street is, by any chance?” “Like I said, ‘buy a map’” Zander urged with anger seeping from his tongue, I ignored him and glanced at Kyro and Natty who shrugged. “Yang.” Ling started pulling my eyes to him as he continued, “We have so many unanswered questions and little answers. Going around town headless is not going to cut it out. We had been at a fixed location, every time there was a crime.” His mouth made a brief smile, warming my body up as I see him like this, “Now… let’s do what Zander proposed and find it on the map.” “Where would we even find one? All the stores are closed at this hour!” Kyro panicked and I nodded, acknowledging it. “He is right,” I answered, taking his side. The others except Zander frowned, but the shuffling and crinkling tore our conversation apart as we turned towards Zander who was looking at his pockets then wings.

“What are you looking for?” Spoke Ling, but he was answered with nothing. As the rest of us fell silent to him, we waited a few seconds until he pulled something out from his wing. I flapped closer to him, peering my eyes upon his claws as he looked at me but stayed silent nonetheless. It was a crumpled piece of paper. Dart such as dirty scales and dirt from the ground accumulate upon it. Disgusted, I pulled back and remained on Ling’s side as we watched him unfolded the paper. Revealing a map of Vaster town. Zander explained to the rest of us, “During Ling’s assault invasion against the building that bordered between us and them, I swipe this off the basement ground when we were tailing that dragon lurking in the shadows.” “Oh yeah, that one.” Kyro nodded, trailing as he awed. I forced a chuckle before remaining silent watching Zander.

“Thus, unfolding the paper had given me this. A map of Vaster town. But this map was edited.” Zander explained and his eyes pointed to the map as his claw stabbed the paper while he added with pride behind his talk, “There is our target. The unknown road leading to the forest. I am sure that Yang already noticed that green stuff in the background….” He muttered coughing to himself, “Than the rest of you narrowed-minded beasts.” “What was that?” Natty asked, catching onto Zander who shrugged passing it off as he went back to the map. “So where is that street then?” Ling asked, his eyes narrowed unpleased by Zander’s side comment as he rolled his eyes answering the blue dragon, “Southwest.” “Let’s head there then,” Kyro remarked, everyone nodded except Ling who broke away from our group; heading in the opposite direction. As I watch him go, I said nothing and followed everyone else.

Finally reaching our destination, we landed upon solid ground. We rose to our feet as our wings folded behind us. Glancing around onto our surroundings, the first thing we noticed was the silence. The streets were empty. Nothing except us, the buildings, the lamps, and the forest were there. Making a face, I motioned towards the others as they turned to me. “Locate that palm tree,” I ordered them, but neither of them nodded as Zander pointed over his shoulder. I raised my eyes and followed his pointer, glancing behind him spotting the tree we saw upon the television. I smiled only faintly before walking towards it. The tree was bigger than it was upon the television. It was also tainted deep dried red. I frowned, doubting myself in ponderance if it was painted. But unknowingly, I grabbed onto one of the leaves of the tree and pulled back. The leaf ripped from the branch and onto my claw. I drew it forth closer to my face and sniffed it. I heard disgust and groaned voices behind me as my nose recognized it as an artery. Or oxygenated. The smell of blood was the taste of metal. Strong and disgusting that I nearly pulled my face back upon smelling it. After sampling the blood’s smell, I turned around to the others who were silent and judging me.

“What did you find?” Kyro asked,

“This is regular dragon blood,” I concluded as Zander nodded silently and slow. I was not sure whether or not he was acknowledging it or disgusted by how I was smelling the blood. I mean, do all dragons of the medieval ages or earlier do this? It should come naturally for us, right? Pushing aside that question, I adverted my eyes and turned towards a new problem at hand. “Where do you think that our culprit shot the palm tree at?” It was an odd one at best as I knew full well that pistols do not shoot that far. Perhaps it was closer? Maybe far? Who knows. It was an endless possibility of positions. One that would take almost all two days to figure out maybe more. As my mind delved deep into the scenario at hand, I never took notice that Kyro and Natty were forming their way of thinking. Straight out of the gate, the pair of dragons repositioned themselves upon the grounds. And rose their pistols aiming straight onto the palm tree before squeezing the trigger. A bullet zoomed by the tree. Leaves fall onto the ground making more upon the rising pile underneath the tree. I pause as another strike hit the tree and a few more entered the pile. “Kyro Natty stop for a moment, please,” I ordered calmly, the two stopped and looked onto me with confusion as I stepped closer to the leaf pile and crouched.

“What did you find?” Zander’s voice came to my ears, footsteps walking over me as I stared onto the pile. “A rising pile of leaves. It was shallow earlier, showing some ground before Kyro and Natty went and shot the palm tree after. I answered Zander who nodded calmly and crouched also, his eyes to the pile. But a gasp escaped suddenly from his mouth as his wings hit my backside snapping me out of my trance of thoughts. As I look at him in confusion, he pointed upon something at the pile and spoke towards me “Yang look.” I looked at where he was pointing and spotted something there. Blinking in surprise, I reached out and grabbed whatever was inside the pile and pulled it out. A spy badge. White background and blue words were imprinted upon it. It felt solid and hard. Even metal when I knocked it against the ground. Another thought formed in my head as I got up onto my feet, but I pushed it aside and listened to the conversation.

“A spy badge? Who does it belong to?” Kyro asked looking a bit interested as his body shivered in excitement which Natty took notice of and hit his back, snapping his fantasy thoughts as he reeled back onto reality. He growled at her, but she smirked in response as Zander answered his question, “We do not know. I take it came from a different department branch than us.” “Perhaps it came from Ling’s unit.” Natty suggested which I shook my head, “Cannot be. None of his officers are capable of spying.” But all stared onto me, my eyes narrowed at them and I growled. They said nothing afterward but kept the conversation going.

“If what Yang said is true, then it must be a different unit than Ling’s. Do you think there are other officers besides us and Ling’s?” “I doubt it.” Spoke Kyro shaking his head as Zander’s wings folded and he was recovering from a shock. “The department dragon of police had only registered two units. Us and Ling’s. If there was another one, they would have said something.” And so the conversation ended there with silence taking over as I piped up, diverting the conversation onto another. “Where do you guys think the culprit is positioned?” “Perhaps at the center,” Suggested Kyro, “Center-left.” Natty replied, “Center.” Zander said before glaring at Natty arguing, “Why center-left? There is no way that the shot came from that angle!” The two argued, their voices rising over one another as my eyes were to Kyro. He frowned but turned his head over to the forest behind him. He motioned me and branched off from the pair of an old couple as I followed him, closing in onto the forest.

Darkness reemerged upon our eyesight as we stared onto the entrance of the forest. The woods were dense and pitch dark. The grounds looked saturated that we had noticed dried footsteps upon them. And judging their small size, we guessed that canines had come upon this area. There were three different footprints, but only two of the three were identical. Those that were identical we can identify as foxes because we had fought them before during Ling’s invasion of the apartment building. But the third one was a mystery. Its footprint was slightly larger than the foxes’. Kyro and I looked at one another with a frown, wondering what that footprint was.