Venturing: Returner Red

“So some sort of chicken had attacked here?” Questioned Zander as his attention was drawn towards the green dragon in front of him, nodding rapidly that he felt his entire forehead hit against the grounds beneath himself. Zander and I scratched our heads, exchanging some looks while we looked to one another in silence. Though we were a bit confused by the green’s dragons antics, it was even more crazy about hearing some sort of chicken murder, running about killing any dragon in sights although. I find myself shaking my head, perhaps mainly because of the scenes that were unfolding in my own heads while Zander continued to conversed with the green dragon in my silence however.

The conversation had taken some minutes into hours before we were able to split away from the dragon, heading somewhere else from him while we had conversed about what information we had received however. “This is a bit weird however.” Immediately responded Zander, fixing his attention towards the horizon where the first murder had taken place, down the road of course. As we walked down the road, we came across that murder spot. An orange dragon, ripped to pieces however. There were feathers on the ground, scattered almost everywhere with no pattern or something at all. Additionally, due to the feathers scattered everywhere, it almost seem that there was some fight going on here.

“Check around.” I said to Zander who just nodded his head silently; fixing his attention towards the dragon dead upon the center of it all and he walked a step forward. Snatching onto a feather that was right in front of him somehow and crouched down, grabbing it from the ground and held it into the air above his head while he spoke, or rather comment to me “Seems like these feathers are somehow real. I had imagine that some culprit had pluck these from regular ravens, crows or chickens.” “But these feathers are chickens, were they not?” I questioned Zander who turned to me silently and frowned, “I question about that too also. But upon up close. These were not chickens. Rather, metal feathers as a matter of fact.” He commented, then exposed the feather that was in his claw, “Check the reflection on this. It is shiny.” and he handed the feather to me, I raised it high in the air and checked it out. Sure enough, there was some sort of shiny thing reflection against the feather and I was a bit surprise by it that i asked Zander. But he was already walking through the feather grounds.

I followed him silence, eyes already shifting this and that upon the surroundings around us. We were at one crossroads however; four different roads heeding into other directions and somewhere far destinations. There was an amusement part at the center of this place; upon the northern corner of where we were at too. Looking diagonal from our position, I could see some roller coasters and something else at the distance. But Zander’s comment called me back as I turned back towards the black dragon again and stared, “Seems like there was some sort of fighting here. Wonder if the orange dragon had fought on all of them alone?” “or one vs many.” I commented to Zander who just nodded silently back before lowering his eyes once more.

We fell silent the next few seconds as I raised my eyes high into the horizon. Fixing my attention towards the four buildings that were in corners of the crossroads. North was the bank, East was the halls, West was the alleyway and South was the amusement park entrance. There was even some odd brown box sitting adjacently upon the alleyway too. Something that had caught my eye however. Instantly, I walked up towards it; while Zander continued to look around at the site. Drawing myself closer towards the box, I crouched down in front of it and noticed that the flaps of the box were somehow opened. I grabbed onto the flaps and pulled it away from one another. Within the box, was a ruined costume which was something that I pulled off, wondering what this costume was.

Once I had fully pulled off the costume, I rose to my feet and stared upon it in silence. It was purely white feathered covering the body. Black xes for eyes. A red hair, yellow beak and something of a red beard. “Yeah this is definitely our guy.” Commented Zander as he had came from right behind me somehow as I had turned immediately towards him and silently nodded, “Seems like it. But why would the culprit kept it here for us to see?” “Perhaps he was going to attack this place again?” Questioned Zander, glancing back towards me, I shake my head in response “Or it was as landmark for him to know that he had ‘attacked’ here.” I turned away from the box, adjacent to the alleyway as I spoke to Zander again, “Then again; What had the other officers told and warned us about anyway? When they were investigating this case previously when the Chief had handed it to us?” “Mutiple birds attacking many different areas.” Zander answering immediately as he and I stared onto one another in silence, then I gave a nod, exhaling a breath before returning my attention back towards the costume at hand.

“Perhaps it was for vengeance?” I questioned Zander, “It is a group after all.” Answered Zander as his eyes laid upon the costume again, then shake his head as he turned back towards the box. Throwing his claws within, hoping to find something that is there. I turned to him in silence, eyes widened in wonderance of what he would find within. He had dug up; tool kits; needles, feathers from real life birds and among other things that were within that brown box however. For after he had dug everything and reveal what the box had to offer, he turned back to me. I nodded, “Seems like we are not dealing with a regular bird anymore.” “True. It is someone impersonating a bird. More accurately, that metal bird that had been haunting previous generations for years now.” There was a pause in silence, an exhale that followed which came from Zander while he rose himself up onto his feet and dusted his paws onto his own uniform. “Where we going next?” “Towards the hideout that Kyro and Natty had raided this morning of.” I immediately stated as Zander narrowed his eyes upon me and frowned, “Wish I was on that raid.” “Quiet.” I growled as we spread our wings and fled westward.

A peaceful tranquility day was upon us however where the sun was shining brightly above ourselves and reflection upon our wings as we flew upon the cold dense air surrounding us. It was a typical cold morning where we had suspected that the first snowflakes would fall upon our precious hometown, giving us something to look forward to than the schools and work that we were forced upon however. I shake my head, remembering about a distance memory that was held upon my mind; but was discarded shortly after, when we had arrived upon our destination. The hideout was a small house; smaller than any other houses that we had seen beforehand too however. Painting it a darker shade of brown, it camouflage through upon the shadows of the rooftops above it. “This is the place?” Questioned Zaner as I gave a nod towards him, “Apparently.” I commented, stating nothing more than another round of silence as we walked forward, up the small steps and into the opened door in front of us now.

For when we had entered, the firsts thing we had noticed was the dirtiness of the entire room. The place was a mess. Everything was scattered upon the three tables in front of us; the majority were upon the flooring beneath the tables either. We lowered our eyes, gazing upon the items and artifacts that were there. A bit surprise upon seeing some old weapons that previous generation of officers had used beforehand. A golden baton, pistols and among other things that were beyond recognizable. “He had a lot.” Zander whistled, a bit surprise by what he had just saw while I gave a silent nod and walked up, deeper into the room with Zander following behind me. We had started on our search; our search for looking one last ingredient to make the costume great for use in terrorizing the dragonkin outside of the small house however. We even swat away some items on the tables; breaking them upon the grounds beneath ourselves where they had shattered into pieces; yet we never cared.

We continued to terrorized the place for a few good minutes before we had found what we were looking for however. A pair of glue sticks; inside of a pale golden box, off towards the side upon the corner of the table. “That one.” I pointed, which Zander immediately shift his attention towards and gave a silent nod towards me. For he reached outward, grabbing onto the golden pale box at a distance in front of him, barely manage to grab it somehow as I instantly grabbed onto his waste and hoisted him up. Slamming him upon the surface of the white table as he blinked, a bit surprise by the notion as he glared back towards me. I just raised my shoulders; answering him.

For without delay, he crawl forward. Claws swatting this way and that; pushing away the toys and instruments that were about surrounding him. Some hitting upon the wooden grounds beneath the table as both of us had started hearing a creak which was coming from the table itself. I felt nervous, a bit afraid for him. Yet I kept my eye upon him, silently cheering him on while he snatched onto the pale golden box in front of him and rose it into the air, tossing it back towards me which I grabbed it instantly. In that final motion, the table breaks into two. Zander’s wings flapped in midair as a huge black hole recreates upon the grounds beneath him and he hanged his head; gazing at the abyss that welcomed him inside. He had stared at it for a few more minutes before pushing his wings backwards to throw himself onto safer grounds, where he had landed and folded his wings afterwards as he turned towards me. “Mission accomplish.” He said, with a thumbs up following it while I cracked a smile in response, we both lowered our heads down onto the box in my paws as Zander went to grabbed immediately the glue sticks that were there.

He repeated this cycle twice; with the two tables breaking and recreating a black hole underneath of where they were. Yet he was able to survive this thanks to his wings which he was using to flap in midair while he hanged his head, gazing upon the abyss beneath him. Then he responded, to me. But never moving from his spot however “There is something odd about the third hole however.” “What was odd about it?” I questioned him, “There is something shiny there. Like a piece of gold or something similar.” “Gold?” I blinked, taking a step forward. Leaning myself forward and gaze onto where he was looking at. Indeed, there was something shining underneath somehow; sparkling into the midnight airs as I kept my eye upon it. I had also noticed that there were a loud roaring of water nearby. “Something about this house strikes me wrong.” Commented Zander as he flung himself back onto safely, landing with his wings folded behind himself as he gazed at me silently. We never said any word to one another as we walked out of the house, flying home to the station in the following silence afterwards.

By the time we had arrived upon the station; Kyro, Natty and Ozkun were waiting within the room. White papers in claws as they conversed and talk amongst themselves; when we had arrived, they had stopped immediately in place upon the entrance as we stared onto them. “What have you found?” Questioned Natty immediately, grabbing onto my shoulder and Zander while we were both shocked by her actions. “There were lots of stuff that we had found. Feathers, boxes, ruined costume and now glue sticks.” I say, confessing everything. “Where are you guys heading?” Zander question the trio while they glanced ont one another before looking back onto the pair of us, answering “We have the same case. But we are to investigate about an power outage that had been inflicted upon our area.” “It had something to do with the case we have?” I questioned Natty who nodded her head while Kyro pushed her passed him and Ozkun followed the pair.

For they all flew away; disappearing into the daylight skies as we were left along amongst ourselves. Zander hit my shoulder as I turned towards him, he smirked silently before pointing the way with his head, something that I just gave a nod upon in silence as we both entered right through the entrance doors of the station. Entering right into the huge room in front of us where our Chief was sitting by the pale desk; on her phone about something. I cough, she raised her head up; half expecting Natty or Ozkun again. But was surprise upon seeing both me and Zander; something that she smiled about before hopping off from the pale desk behind her and got up onto her feet; wings folded behind her while she exchanged looks between us and asked, “What have you found about the chicken case?” And we explained everything.

Chief Yang gave a nod after we silenced ourselves, and she breaks into a smile shortly afterwards while she spoke “I need you guys to do one last thing for me. Something about the feathers locations however and the multiple murder sightings that had been going around Vastertown.” “There are multiple murders?” I questioned Yang, whom gave a wink towards me in silence nodding her head before responding “Indeed. There is something. Some weird connection that tied all this up.” She fell silent shortly afterwards, hanging her head as she mutters to us “Something about what Natty had said.” “Did she or Kyro knew it right away?” “Somehow, Ling.” Yang responded, frowning as she bore her eyes onto me. Something that I flinched upon in silence, but frowned mirroring her. A pause of silence came between us before Yang cracked into a grin once more and spoke, “But both of you need to be out by now! This is urgent. We need to know where he or she will be striking next!” “Alright.” Both of us commented at the same time, and immediately too before we found ourselves racing to the outside. Back upon the streets as we had pondered about what Natty had saw.

It was during thai time that we had decided to find out what Natty had indeed saw upon those feathers locations however. We fled towards Southward, hanging our heads gazing upon the small grounds beneath us where it was just moving away from us apparently. We had saw building’s rooftops, grasses and parks, roads and streets and alleyways, everything was empty. Save for the park that we had came across upon however. It had not taken that long before we had arrived where the trio of dragons were location and thus indeed, they were upon one of the murdered sites too. This time, a blue purplish dragon was caught. Dead upon the ground; blood leaks surrounding it with blue feathers scattered across the grounds somehow. As I had found myself staring onto the feathers, I tried to take a closer look upon them. Noting their positions, noting where they wer at. But nothing however. I could not figure it out and this was frustrating me to no end however as I had find myself growling because of it.

“Ling!” my ears perked up upon my own name that I turned immediately to the source of it; spotting immediately Natty whom was already waving towards me. I walked up towards her; towards the other two whom were already crouched, gazing at the outlet in silence as they had tried to work it out however. “How did you find us here? “”Very quickly apparently.” I commented with a slight grin, Natty just stated nothing but turned her attention back towards the feathers and spoke, “This had something to do wit that right? Which is why you came to us?” “Partly.” I commented, Natty just cracked a smile laughing.

“Alright, from Ozkun’s notes.” Natty remarked, fixing her attention towards the borrowed notes that she had grabbed from Ozkun however, “He had stated that the feathers were placed randomly and were blown by this electric fan somehow. At an unknown duration which was then stopped and immediately unplug.” “An ‘unknown duration?’” I heard Zander spoke, pipped up in interest as he was aiding Kyro and Ozkun about the electric cable. Natty gave a nod towards the black dragon and smiled “Yes. an electric cable to an ‘unknown duration’. At least, this is what we were able to find out before we were taken off the case and handed about the electric fan.” “Which is what you guys are doing right now…” I immediately say, Natty gave a nod.

“Another note from Ozkun states…” Natty said, lowering her head down onto the notepad again, reading “All of the feather indicate future attacks.” “We have a map.” Commented Kyro, a voice that had interrupted our conversation for a while while Natty, me and Zander immediately shift our attention towards the red dragon afterwards whom raised himself up onto his feet. A loud bang echoed through the following silence, following by someone cursing underneath his breath. Immediately, Kyro walked up towards us and handed the map that was held underneath his shirt. Me and Natty unfolded it; and while my eyes were widened upon the realization of the accuracy of where the circles were drawn, following by the notes that were scribble upon which. I gave a nod towards the pink dragoness, who grinned afterwards in response, before turning around to aid with Zander, Ozkun while Kyro just stayed put adjacent to me, silence while he stared at something else.

I kept my eye upon the map in silence; studying the black circles that were placed upon the huge map of Vaster. There were seven locations; three were north. Two were at the center and two were south. We are at one of the southern locations apparently in accordance to this map. Thus, I lowered the map down and gaze onto the feathers that were upon the grounds. Despite the many that were there; scattered throughout. There were seven of the many feathered that had caught my attention. Indeed, they were structured exactly like what the map had stated. Three north which was far away from me; two at mid range and two closest to me. They were are equal distance of one another as a black line shines upon each of the feathers however and at unique locations where I had not thought that they would be. Which meant…

‘If I were to draw a line between the seven feather pieces upon the ground.’ I thought to myself, raising my claw, releasing it from the map that I was holding then after and ‘drew’ and imaginary line, running down the seven pinpointers that make up the murder locations. ‘It would make a dipper constellation…’ I thought again, ‘which meant. The eighth attack is here.’ I then pointed towards the dead center of the feather pile. A realization had struck me, ‘Shit! That means!’ “Zander!” I called out towards the black dragon, who hit his head against the metal piece of paper above of him, angrily, he glared towards me while I motioned to him. “Quick! The station is under attack!”