

Chapter 1: Freedom!

The audience roared with cheers and shouts as they watched the two dragons in the coliseum tear at each other. Atlas, a magi dragoness whose orange scales tinted with a little red, was up against a guardian dragon in the quarter finals of the tournament. She used to be a working slave from the day she and her sister were orphaned & kidnapped as hatchlings and sold into slavery; but ever since her current master's grandfather bought her, she has been trained into a fighting dragon and made to kill other dragons in tournaments for the sake of getting lots of money for her three generations of masters and for the humans' cruel sadistic entertainment. Atlas hated having to kill others of her race like this, but she was left with no choice as her slaver threatened to slay her mint friend, Snively, and then her if she refused to fight. And even without a hostage, the electronic collar around her neck prevented Atlas from using her teleportation magic to escape. It doesn't help that it was also extremely durable to any kind of attacks from dragons, so no counting on herself or anyone to break it off.

Atlas cast a few fireballs at the guardian dragon, who held up the big shield tip of his tail to block all the projectiles. Then she rained down ice needles on her foe, who then used his metallic wings to shield himself from the cold stings of her spell. This move however, was just a trick for Atlas to leap over him and then spin half-way in mid-air so that she can fall on him with her sharp teeth biting down on the back of his neck. The guardian roared in pain and tried to shake and throw off the assailant like a bull in a rodeo show. Atlas fought to keep herself holding onto him as she cast a fire aura spell on herself to further harm the opponent with hot fiery burns. The guardian went for plan B by rearing up and then slamming himself down backwards to body slam the magi. Air was blown out of the dragoness and her backside was throbbing with pain. Plan B had worked as the guardian was released from his foe's clutches. He got up and raised his shield tail to slam down on Atlas's head. The dragoness quickly saw the incoming attack and shielded herself by using her ice magic to create an icy ledge over her. Then she cast ice needles into his face, which stung the guardian's eyes and made them turn painfully cold. He roared and stumbled back blindly like an injured animal. Atlas took the chance to finish him off by going over to him and biting him down on his throat. Fangs pierced the jugular and the metallic taste of blood gushed on her tongue. For the finishing move, she proceeded to shake and tear at his throat until the flesh was torn, leaving a bloody hole on his neck. With the guardian dragon dead, Atlas won the quarterfinal and the crowd cheered in excitement for a good show.

The coliseum guards entered the arena to put a leash on Atlas before escorting her back to her cage. The men locked her inside and turned the power on to electrify the cage. Atlas watched them open the cages of the other fighting dragons to bring into the next match as she thought with a vengeance, *'Enjoy the show while you can, humans. Because once the Spell is released tonight, my next opponents will be all of you!'* She couldn't wait to get out and destroy all who have made her suffer over the years.

The suburban section of the city had been ravaged by a hurricane yesterday and many homes had been damaged during the storm. The most able-bodied slave dragons were being made to clean up the debris and help repair the houses. It was quite a treacherous work for them, given their malnourished state that kept them from rising up against their masters, the Rittevon Inc and those in the neighborhood who let the company borrow their dragons. Even the harsh sunlight did nothing to help ease their suffering. Kathia, daughter of the company president, was there on her internship to oversee the slaves and workmen's activity, making sure none of them went out of place or lazed on the job. One black dragon was very exhausted and felt his legs gave way for him to collapse on the ground. The redhead flogged him with her thorny whip and yelled, "Hey you! Don't you dare lie down like a bum. I want to see you work like everyone else. Now get to it!" The dragon groaned tiredly and forced himself back up to carry away the steel beams. Another overseer nearby whipped him to get the beast going faster, making the slave slip before catching himself. Kathia and the man flogged him a few more times before she saw another exhausted dragon who collapsed. She whipped that one too and scolded him back into moving the debris out of the way.

Now feeling hot and thirsty, the teen went over to the stand to get herself a cold water bottle from the cooler. She went to the deck chair and sat beneath the shade as she drank down a few gulps, adding insult to injury at any slave who saw her, by making them jealous for what she has. Kathia saw a young earth dragoness glancing at her owner, a dark-haired brunette girl who was perched on a bit of tumbled down wall. Snorting in an amused way, the yellow dragoness turned back to her work. She was about to move a small area of debris with her earth-bending magic before she got whipped on her hindquarters by one of the overseers. The brunette let out an angry gasp at seeing her pet get hurt. Kathia smiled in amusement at the girl's worry as she thought, *'She must be another one of those dragon sympathizers. What a bunch of hippies!'* The Rittevon girl never had a liking for those who fought for the humane rights and freedom of dragons, which were rare in this world. To her, they were just a bunch of ignorant moron who had no idea how much progress that slavery has brought for mankind.

Without dragons and their magic, the humans would have no electricity that came without the need for fossil fuels; no extremely durable leather items that came from the toughest of dragon scales; no magic from the white dragons and other healer types to completely heal severe injuries and cure mental illnesses and all deadly diseases like AIDs, HIVs, and Malaria; no super efficiency to blue-collar works; no waters 100% clean; no quickest and effective ways like mind-reading magic to spot and arrest the most elusive criminals; and no other miracles made from the working and hunting of dragons. Oh, what would life without dragons?

Time went on by for hours, as the slaves and workmen cleared up the damage and made repairs to the damaged houses. The humans took an hour of lunch break, during which they fed the dragons with the worst quality food and little water. The work went on until 9 'o clock at night when the workers and slaves went home for the night. By now, the rebuilt buildings were now only in need of closing up holes and the streets became debris-free again, but there was still work to finish up tomorrow as some of the houses were still in need of repairs. Kathia rode in a black limousine driven by her butler, while her slaves were carried in trucks back to her mansion. The other slaves were to be taken to the work shelter

at the company building. The black dragon, she whipped earlier, was hesitant to enter his prison. He grunted and leapt forward when one of the handlers jabbed firmly his right thigh with one of the metal rods. Through these rods ran high voltages of electricity that were enough to get the slave into his cage. He collapsed on the filthy floor long enough for the gates to be closed. The brunette girl wanted her pet dragoness back, but the slavers had demanded that they keep her pet until the reconstruction was complete. So, the owner gave up without a fight.

The Rittevon girl reached home, where the slaves were taken to the backyard shelter into their electric cages and Kathia went to the dining room to eat dinner with her family. Her mother asked, "So how was your day, Kathia? Are the reparations going well?"

Kathia replied, "Yep! We cleaned up the mess and fixed a few houses. Although, we've ran out of resources to do more repairs. I guess we'll have to order the supplies or get our slaves to mine them."

Meanwhile, the dragon-fighting tournament has reached the finals. Atlas, the recurring champion of annual tournaments, was up next against a bulky and large challenger. It looks like she was going to be made champion again if the magi killed her last opponent; something she didn't want to happen before the spell. She desperately thought, *'Come on, Aeolus. Hurry up and give us the signal!'* She wondered when the mastermind behind the big plan was going to let all the world's dragons cast the spell. The guards opened up the cage and took her by the ropes to the arena. There, she came face to face with a bleeding moon dragon. The red patches on his body were really dark; a warning sign that meant the dragon was in his aggressive state in which he'll fight with all his might and fury. Plus, there was the fact that bleeding moons have power poison in their tails. Atlas would have to be very careful in this fight if she wanted to survive again to reunite with her escaped family; her sister Flarina, her brother-in-law John, and her nieces, Danielle and Kylie. The spectator began the final match and the two dragons engaged each other in combat. The bleeding moon scratched the magi with his sharp black claws and drew blood. Then he followed with his tail barb lunging towards her, but luckily Atlas moved her head out of the way before she could get struck. The magi burned her opponent with her fire stream spell coursing around his body. The audience yelled cheers at the sight of the burning dragon. Atlas flew up and used her telepathy to ask her sister, *'Flarina, how close are you to the city?'*

Flarina replied, *'I think we're almost there. John and I can see it on the horizon. It'll take more minutes until we get to you.'*

Atlas said, *'Good. I want you guys to be the first thing I see after I leave this goddamn city. I can't wait to see my nieces you told me about.'*

'And they can't wait to see their Aunt Atlas as well,' said Flarina.

The bleeding moon dragon, after having put out the flames with his drop and roll, flew up after Atlas.

The magi looked back at him and said, *'We'll have to talk later. Right now, I need to take care of one last dragon before he kills me.'*

Flarina asked, *'The tournament's not over yet? Oh boy... Well please come out in one piece, sister.'*

'Don't worry, I will,' the magi promised before they cut off telepathy. Atlas cast her wind blades spell at the bleeding moon, who dodged each sharp light green blades before he rammed into her with his curvy red horns. The tackle knocked the breath out of the magi and pushed her back a few feet in the air. Then he clamped his jaws onto her neck and bite down on her. Atlas clenched her teeth and shut her eyes in pain before she enveloped her body with the Flame Aura spell to burn the holding foe. The bleeding moon let go after his mouth had received the fiery agony of pain and let out a loud shriek. Atlas tackled her flaming body into him to deal more damage to him. She grabbed onto him and took him down to the ground where she slammed him down on the ground.

The audience pumped their fists in the air and shouted, "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" That was what the magi was going to do now.

But as she opened her jaws for the killing bite, she heard Aeolus's voice in her head, *'Everyone, the time has come for our freedom! All dragons cast the Spell now!'*

Atlas closed her mouth into a smile and thought, *'Perfect timing! I was afraid I was going to have to kill this guy before the big show.'*

The bleeding moon dragon told her, "You heard him, it's time we get our revenge on these humans."

"I know, no need to remind me," the magi replied. Then the two opponents connected their thoughts with the worldwide telepathy to empower the Spell-casters. A white aura surrounded Atlas's body and she cast the Spell into the air. Dragon-oppressing electronics around the world began to shut down permanently and a giant roar outside the coliseum sounded through the city.

The earthquake shook the place and the humans started to panic as they shouted things like "Earthquake!" "What's going on?!" "What's happening?!"

The force-field keeping the dragons inside the arena disappeared and enabled the former opponents to begin their rebellion against the bloodshed-loving crowd. The bleeding moon flew up towards the northern spectator seats, where slammed his tail down on the humans to crush them and ate a teenage boy who got caught in his snapping jaws. Atlas cast her fire beam spell at the press box and destroyed the reporters inside. Then she impaled her mean owners with her ice spears; she had always wanted to kill them after all the torment and vigorous pressure they put her through. The guards came out to punish the winged beasts with their weapons, consisting of guns and shock-sticks. Two of them tried to shoot the bleeding moon dragon, but the bullets refused to come out of their metal homes. The other guards tried to get their sticks to start electrifying, but it was futile, no matter what. Atlas whipped her

head around to see the guards with her glaring eyes and burned them with her fire beam. A teenage boy in a hoodie dropped down into the arena. The magi dragoness walked over to him and bared her teeth in an angry growl at him.

The boy shot up and took a step back as Atlas advanced towards him, but when he spoke his voice betrayed no fear. His voice was soft and calming, as if he was talking to an injured animal. "You don't want to hurt me. Your mind is just clouded by your anger. Take your leave while you still have your chance." With that said, the boy raised his hands and waited for her response as his fingers twitched slightly.

Atlas snorted; she was kind of impressed with the boy showing no ounce of fear or hostility in him, but the feeling was hidden beneath her scowling mask. She challenged, "And why should I not hurt you?" Not that she planned to attack him anyway as she was above killing those who don't fight back. Sure, she destroyed the announcers in the press box, but that was to show a frightening example to the humans watching the show on TV that their reign was neigh and that dragons everywhere were going to rebel against them.

"Because I have tons of spells that I can use to fight back with. I don't want to have to hurt you with them, that's why I'm telling to leave peacefully," answered the boy.

A human that can use magic? He had to be bluffing, because there was no human being, that she knew of, that can use magic. But Atlas decided not to press on this issue as she felt it was a waste of her time. "Hmph, fine! I suppose I can spare you; besides, I got better things to do. Though I won't promise the other guy I fought won't do the same," the magi said hinting about the bleeding moon dragon. Now that her magic-suppressing collar was no longer functioning, Atlas had a whole access to her arsenal of spells to use anytime and anywhere without her deceased masters telling her when to use them. She closed her eyes and pictured the place to warp to; the dragon shed where all her fellow slaves were being kept. She had to help them get out of there. Atlas used her teleport spell and warp over there immediately. She disappeared from the coliseum in a flash that exhausted purple clouds.

The Rittevon's slaves were breaking out of their cages and burning down the guards and watchmen. The family heard the dying screams and ran out of the house to check out what's happening at the shed. "What's going on there?" asked Mr. Rittevon as he went to open the door. To his horror, he saw the rebellious slaves killing off his hired soldiers. Angered by this, Mr. Rittevon took out his hand gun and went inside to scold his slaves. "Hey! What do you blasted scabies think you're doing?! You think you can just start a riot and achieve freedom? I don't think so! I'm going to shoot down one of you to teach you a lesson and make you all learn your places!" When he squeezed the trigger, nothing came out. "Eh?" breathed the company president. No matter how many times he tried to shoot, the bullets would never leave the handgun. "What's going on here?" asked Mr. Rittevon. Then a black dragon took the slaver up in his jaws and started eating him.

Mrs. Rittevon and her daughter gasped astoundingly in horror. "Daddy!" Kathia shouted.

Her mother took her away as she said to the slaves, "You monsters! I'll call the dragon control to kill you all for this!" Then they both ran back to the mansion. Mrs. Rittevon took up the phone and called the dragon control agency, "Hello? I have a bunch of rioting dragons who have just killed off my servants and ate my husband. I need you men to--" A scream was heard on the other line as a dragoness's roar sounded on the phone. "Hello? Is everything all right?" There was no response. Three dragons burst through the rear walls of the house to make their attack on the Rittevons and their human servants. The people screamed and ran as the beasts blew fires around the room and chased their bipedal prey to eat them. Mrs. Rittevon grabbed her daughter's hand and cried, "Let's get out of here, Kathia!" The mother, daughter, and their butler ran outside to the limousine and got in quickly before they could get hurt. "Drive! Go! Go! Go!" the mother told the driver. The butler pushed his foot down hard on the gas pedal and sped away.

Kathia observed the scenery through the windows and found out that the dragon rebellion wasn't just happening at her home; there was chaos around the streets and at many other homes where dragons were killing and wreaking havoc. Kathia got frightened as she felt like an apocalypse was happening right now before her very eyes. "What the heck is going on?!" she yelled.

Her mother said, "I don't know, Kathia. But I do hope we can make it out of this place in one piece before-" Suddenly, a piece of another mansion was thrown down into the limo's path. The three humans screamed out loud before the butler pushed down on the brakes, making the vehicle come to an abrupt halt.

The paranoid driver asked, "Oh great, we're stuck. Now what?!" Suddenly, a big dragon flew down to the limo and tore off the roof. He picked up the butler and ate the upper part of his body. The women screamed when they saw the horrific fate of the butler.

"Let's get out, Kathia!" Mrs. Rittevon cried. The daughter obeyed without any thoughts whatsoever and followed her mother out of into the streets. The Rittevon women ran as hard as they can to make their escape out of the city.

Everywhere they went had the same thing happening; it was like the dragons had scaled a widespread riot throughout the whole city and quite possibly the whole world. How did she know this? Because they passed a TV store where there was a news on TV at the display window that spoke about the rampaging dragons in different parts of Rudvich and the rest of the world. Kathia yelled hysterically, "How the hell did this happened? We had technology, we had weapons, and we had everything we needed to keep those blasted scabies in their place!"

Mrs. Rittevon cried, "I don't know, Kathia! I guess it was because the world was running out of resource, that we didn't have enough to keep our slaves from going against us! Now be quiet and run!" They kept

on going, trying to find a place where there was no heavy traffic, so that they can hitch a ride in a vehicle and get out of this dying city quickly.

The Rittevons were almost there to the outskirts of the city. "We're almost there, mom! We're almost there! We're going to make it!" Kathia cried out, excited when she saw the forest in the horizon. Their hype was cut short when a big fireball hit Mrs. Rittevon from behind and killed her. The impact threw her down on the ground with a totally bad case of burns on all of the rear side of her body. "MOM!!!" Kathia shouted in shock.

A man ran up to her side and took her away. "Come on, we can't stay here. We have to go!" Without hesitation, Kathia ran with him and the other living people out into the woods.

The teleport spell had taken Atlas over to the slave prison place, where she had seen her fellow dragons and broken free from their cages and killing the slavers. *'Looks like the Spell had done a huge miracle for us like I thought,'* she thought. With everyone fighting the helpless handlers, this left Atlas to one task she had come to do: find her friend, Snively, who had been locked up in a secret place from the rest of the dragons and used as a hostage to get the magi to fight hard in the tournaments. *'Snively, I'm here. Where are you? Send me an image of where you are,'* she asked telepathically.

A telepathic image of a dark, dusty, and gloomy room came into the magi's mind. Snively said, *'I'm right here. Now get me out of here; I'm tired of living in this cold and musty place.'*

'I'm coming, just wait for me,' Atlas replied. Then she went off to go find the secret room. Atlas ran past the other dragons and broke through the wall where she stepped into the hallway. The maids and butlers all ran away screaming at the top of their lungs. The magi ran after one of them for the purpose of catching and interrogating them about her friend's whereabouts. She rose an earthly wall out of the ground to block and trap the servants. One of the maids fainted from shock from the fact that her doom was now inevitable. Atlas came up to the humans, growling and glaring at them. She harshly demanded, "Alright humans, talk! Where did your master, Tristan, put my friend, Snively? You know, that winged mint dragon you dirtbags took to keep me fighting in those death matches you love so much." Tristan was the name of her current owner.

One of the butlers, despite being scared out of his wits, took what little courage he had to answer, "H-h-he's locked up... in the m-m-master's chamber... Behind th-that secret d-d-door."

The dragoness looked at the butler and said, "Oh, so you know where he is, huh? Very well, you better take me to him right away or I'll have you and your buddies roasted thoroughly. You got that?" She gave a warning growl to him.

"Y-y-yes sir, uh, I m-mean ma'am, uh... uh..." the butler was at loss for words.

"Let's just go!" Atlas yelled. She didn't have time to listen to this coward stutter; she wanted to see if Snively was all right before she could rejoin her family. The butler took the dragoness to Master Tristan's chamber, where she busted down the wall, since the door was too small for her.

The butler went to a seemingly normal wall and pushed against it, where it was revealed to be a hidden rotating door. "Y-you can find him right this way, dra.. uh I m-mean ma'am," he answered.

Atlas threatened, "Good, I'm going in! Now get the hell out of here, before I kill you," With that, the butler ran out the room as his life literally depended on it. The magi broke down the hidden door and crawled down the dark tunnel. "Snively, are you there? Answer me!"

The mint called back, "I can hear you, Atlas. Boy, I'm glad that I'm finally going to get out of this dump. You have no idea how lonely I am without others around."

"Hang on, kid. I'm coming!" Atlas reached the end of the tunnel and broke the cage using her earth magic. The mint dragon took his time to smile at his regained freedom and stretch his limbs. "Alright Snively, let's get out of here!" They went back to the slave room, where Atlas broke down the wall to the outdoors. As dragons flew out, the magi roared, "Freedom, everybody! Freedom!" She and Snively watched their fellow slaves leave either to unleash their vengeance on the humans or make their new homes in the woods. The magi looked down at her friend and asked, "So now that we're all out of our cages for good, what will you do now, Snively? Kill the humans or what?"

The mint answered, "Nah, I'm just going to head on to the woods. I'm a lover not a fighter."

"Very well then. You take care, alright? Let me know how things are going every now and then."

"Alright, I will." Then the winged mint flew away to parts unknown.

Now that Atlas's task was done, the only thing left to do was rejoin her family and go home back to Solomos, where they belong. The magi dragoness made a telepathic link to her sister and said, *'Flarina, I got Snively and the others out. I'm on my way to meet you all out in the woods right away.'*

'Okay, we'll be waiting,' Flarina replied. Atlas would have teleported over to them right away, but her teleportation spell only worked once per hour thanks to her malnutrition during slavery. That means the magi would have to take the long way around. Atlas spread her wings and took out into the air to fly through the city.