

Chapter 5: No More Lab

After his nap, Aeolus woke up and blinked the sleep out of his red eyes. Then he got up and left the cave. He saw Rina here in the village. "Oh Rina, so I see you've come back home to pay your respects to your clan or perhaps for a different, yet similar matter," he said. Somehow, he wasn't surprised to see her here, but it makes sense since this was her clan's home.

Rina turned her head to him and replied, "I've already paid my respects to the dead. And usually, we burn the bodies instead of burying them, but still, thank you for your help."

"It was the least I could do," said the dragon. Then he asked, "So what brings you here?"

She answered, "I came here to visit my chieftain's cave. I suspect that there are more survivors of this disaster."

Aeolus asked, "You really think there might be?" Perhaps it was possible that they might have fled to save themselves from death.

"No," replied Rina, turning and taking a path to the chieftain's clan, but not before she stopped after a few steps. "To be honest, that day I was deep in sorrow and rage, and my mind was clouded with a desire to avenge the dead. But after I put the Curse on that human, I remembered that I didn't see El-Naise at all. And I think that perhaps she left behind at least a hint about the survivors." The dark-blue dragoness sighed, looked at the cave the disaster dragon emerged from, and added, "By the way, the cave you took a rest in belonged to our clan medic. You can take anything you want from there, and I do recommend to do so, just in case." She continued to the chieftain's cave.

"Well thank you, Rina. I'm pretty sure that whatever's inside would help me in on my journey to the woodlands," Aeolus replied gratefully. The dragon went inside the clan medic's cave and looked around for helpful items. He noticed some medical herbs off to the side as well as a few magic crystals. These supplies would be helpful in case he got hurt, sick, or drained of energy. Aeolus took up the items and left the cave. He went up to Rina and asked, "So what will you do now, Rina?"

The wind dragoness stopped in her tracks and turned around to look at Aeolus. She paused for a short while before she replied, "When I'll check the cave... I have no idea. For my whole life I was unable to travel anywhere, as the others needed me here. Maybe I'll go travelling to find a new purpose for myself..." She looked to the side and finished, "Or one day, if El-Naise and some others are still alive, we'll try to rebuild our clan... but much later, after everything settles down."

"Very well, take care, Rina. Maybe one day we'll cross paths again. Good luck finding El-Naise and the others," Aeolus said before he left the Eternal Wind village. He took off into the air and flew over the desert land. It was going to be a long trip to the woodlands and it might even take days to get there, if it

was too far away. But with the supplies he had to help him, his journey would be easy until he ran out of them.

Atlas was far away from the city in the forest, where she was now licking the wounds where the pikes had stabbed her. She couldn't go back to the spring cave looking like this; that would make her nieces worried. "Stupid bleeding heart fools! They better know what they're doing," she growled to herself. When she tried to move her wing, a sharp pain was felt and she folded her wing still to not hurt it any further. "Damn it, it's going to be a while before I started moving again. Maybe I should go back to the spring cave," she said, changing her mind. She licked her wounds to disinfect and soothe them.

A white female dragonet came out from the corner of a tree after tracking the scent of blood she smelled. "Oh my, are you alright?" she asked after noticing the wounds.

Without looking at her, the magi replied bitterly, "No!" She didn't mean to sound curt, but she was upset about having to come out hurting after surrendering and making a promise that she might regret later.

"Well, sorry for upsetting you, miss," the dragonet apologized as she was taken aback. "I was just worried, because I smelled blood and came here to check." Then she asked, "What happened to you, anyway?"

"Hybrids..." Atlas answered with a growl. "Hybrids, humans, and a couple of ignorant dragons! They have no idea what's going to happen to them if they continue to let those monsters loose!" she snarled, thinking of the lab and its fate.

"Hybrids?" The dragonet quivered with fear at the sound of the name. "You mean those dr-dragon killers?" she asked.

"Yes, I mean them!" the dragoness answered. "If I were you, I'd stay away from the human city, because that's where I saw those furball bastards!" she warned for the sake of the white's safety.

The dragonet nodded slightly and replied, "O-okay, I will." Then she looked at the wounds and felt an obligation to help the magi out. "So can I heal your injuries? I'm a white dragon," she asked.

Atlas looked to the winged hatchling and noticed her ivory pelt color. The timing couldn't have been more perfect; white dragons were known for the best healing magic of all the dragons breeds around the world. Their only flaw though, was that they couldn't bring back the dead. "Well, that's good," Atlas gladly said. She stood up and showed the dragonet where got stabbed. "I need you to use your magic here... there... and here," she said pointing her head to each spot.

"Alright, I'll get to it." After Atlas sat back down, the dragonet went to the left wing hovered her paws over the area. She channeled her healing magic to her paws until they glowed in a soothing light blue aura. Then she let the energy flow from her paws to the wound and closed it with reformed flesh until the wing looked brand new again. She did the same thing to the other wing and the side.

Now that she was no longer in pain, Atlas stretched her wings in relief and joy at being able to move again. "Thanks kid, I owe you one!" she said.

The dragonet smiled and modestly said, "Oh it was nothing. I would have done the same for anyone, really."

"Well, aren't you a good kid," the magi said, smiling at her. "It must be nice being able to help out everyone you meet."

"Well yeah, it is," the dragonet replied, recalling everyone who thanked her.

"Well I got to be going now," the dragoness said as she got up again. "I got some things that need to be taken care of."

"Okay, be careful not to get hurt next time," the white told her.

"I promise," Atlas said before she walked away from her. The dragoness's mind pondered her thoughts on what to do next. She thought about her nieces' well-being in these woods, knowing the hybrids were free to roam about. She could keep them at the spring cave for a long time until they were grown up, but the magi felt they needed to play outside and that keeping them sheltered for safety that long wasn't a good idea. She thought about moving far away from this country to keep Danielle and Kylie safe. But the new place she was moving to had to be a place best suited for their breeds.

Magis were capable of living almost anywhere, but from what she knew of whiptails, they only adapted well to forests. She knew that after her early life in the Solomese desert where both her half-whiptail father got hot too often. He did used to live in the woods until he met their red mother and decided to go live with her. But the question of where balloon dragons thrived was a mystery to Atlas. Flarina had met John out in the woods after he got bought out of slavery by a friendly human being. But for all she knew, he might have been exported out of his original habitat. She wondered if her fellow slaves knew about balloon dragons.

Atlas formed a telepathic bond with all her friends and asked, *'Hey guys, got a minute? This is Atlas and I want to ask you guys about balloon dragons.'*

The replies she got were *'Sure, what is it?'* *'Ask away!'* *'I'll tell you anything you want.'*

Snively, who was also taking part in this conversation, asked, *'What do you need to know about balloon*

dragons?'

The magi asked, *'Okay here's the story, my sister Flarina and her mate got killed by a bunch of hybrids.'*

The moment she said that word, a bunch of replies came like this: *'Hybrids?!' 'Oh no...'* *'I'm sorry for your sister, Atlas.'* *'Aren't those the dragon-killing monsters?'*

'Yes, they are. And thanks for your sympathy, guys. So anyway, I killed those hybrids and got left with my two nieces to take care of, but then after I burned down the lab or rather the inside of it, I found another hybrid. I tried chasing it down to kill him, but then I ran into two more hybrids and a few humans and dragonesses who tried to defend them,' Atlas continued.

Everybody wasn't surprised at the humans helping hybrids part, but dragonesses were a shock. *'What?! Why on Veleia would they help them? I mean they're dragon-killers for crying out loud!'* asked Snively.

'Because apparently, the hybrids to them are "innocent", trying to live peaceful lives or so they claim while I'm the "bad guy" for trying to get rid of the problem,' answered Atlas and snorted. *'So, I decided to let them go for now so that they can learn their lesson on why hybrids shouldn't be around. Though it will probably be too late when those half-breeds go into hunter's mode.'*

'Are you sure you should be leaving those things alive?' asked a dragon, who didn't like this decision. *'I mean it's better to end them quickly before someone gets hurt, no matter what anyone says.'*

Most of the other dragons agreed, except for two who weren't so quick to judge on species. *'I... don't know if you should be so quick to judge all hybrids based on what they're created for. I mean if they did say they were peaceful and those two dragonesses were trying to protect them from you making a wrongful kill, doesn't that mean the hybrids may be good?'* asked another dragon.

'Oh gods, not you too,' Atlas mentally groaned.

'Well he's got a point, Atlas. We shouldn't be so quick to judge them until they do something bad. That would be like trying to kill that human who freed your brother-in-law just for the fact that he's... well... human,' said a dragoness.

'Well if doesn't matter if they're good or not. I just can't let my nieces play around outside while those half-breeds are running amok. You all know they go berserk at the smell of blood and I don't want Danielle and Kylie around them while they're in hunter's mode. That's why I decided to move out of this country and go somewhere safe. So now on the question; does anybody know where balloon dragons live?' she asked.

'I do!' Snively answered. *'They live in woodlands where they can get all the fresh fruit they want.'*

'Thanks, Snively,' replied Atlas. *'So does anyone know of any countries in Rudvich that has forests?'* She would have gone to Solomos's forests, but she never seen them before. So, teleporting there was out of question.

'My ancestor lived in the northwest region. It's a nation full of trees, Atlas.'

'Well good, now I can make the journey there. Thanks guys, you've been a wonderful help,' the magi said gratefully. Then telepathy was disconnected. Now that she had her destination in mind, Atlas decided to do one last thing before she took her nieces and fly off; get some explosive fuel and burn down the exterior of the lab.

Atlas took off into the air and went back into the city. She didn't care if she ran into those hybrid-friends, she wanted to come here to get what she was looking for. The magi flew over ruins noticing that humans were trying to rebuild their broken city. It wasn't any of her concern, because now that the humans were robbed of their advanced weaponry, they were powerless to fight a dragon. Of course, there was still a small problem with medieval weaponry, but they weren't as difficult to fight against the modern weapons. So Atlas, being a very strong dragon, would have no problem fighting against those weapons. But human mages on the other hand may be a challenge. The humans could still use magic, and if they want, they would use that power to go back to enslaving and hunting dragons. *'I guess we better come up with a Spell that can disable the humans' magic as well,'* she thought, concerned. Maybe Aeolus would come up with a plan for that. She'll have to ask him later, though.

When the humans saw a magi flying in the sky, they screamed and ran away to go hide. Atlas didn't bother with them; she was glad to have the humans fear her and let them know not to mess with her. The dragoness saw a gas station that looked very much destroyed by an explosion. *'Well damn, I guess I better check another place,'* she thought. Then after a minute later, she found another gas station that was this time wrecked instead of exploded. Maybe there was gasoline there. Atlas landed at where the fuel tanks were and used her ice stream magic to form a shape of a large bucket and solidify it. She took out one of the pumps and pulled the trigger to pour fuel into the bucket.

After the ice bucket was full, Atlas carried it off out of the city and flew over on her way to the lab. There she was going to look to see the condition of the lab after she set fire inside. Had it burned down to the point where the flames were now outside? Was the lab completely burned down? Or was it still burning inside? The dragoness couldn't wait to get there to see how it fared.

She got her answer when she saw the lab was still on fire. The flames had now reached the outside of the thick stony shell. Atlas flew high above the blazing buildings and poured 2 quarters of gasoline on each section of the building. Explosions boomed and damaged the lab even further, breaking chunks of the building and reducing them to ash and rubble. The magi landed on the ground and used her ice stream magic to carry the rest of the gasoline to the base of the lab and bomb the floor. Now with the lab near to its complete destruction, Atlas retreated back to the city to fetch more gasoline.

After returning to the gas station, the magi dragoness refilled the bucket once more. She had thought she was going to get out of the city no trouble what-so-ever, but it didn't take long for the humans to see what she was doing. "Oh jeez, it's a dragon!" cried a man.

"What's it doing at the gas station?" asked a frightened woman.

"It looks like it's taking the fuel for free," said an angry man. "Hey beast, the gas station isn't yours for the taking. Scram! Shoot! Get out of here before we--" Atlas didn't give a crap what the humans thought of her theft, so she glared at them and let out a loud scary roar.

The people backed away in fear as Atlas yelled, "Shut up, you hairless apes! You shouldn't be talking now that your guns and tanks don't work anymore! But if you're going to keep threatening me, be prepared for a bruising, monkey!"

A human mage entered the scene and asked, "What seems to be going on here?"

One of the men pointed to Atlas and answered, "That dragon's trying to get away with the gas she stole from the fuel tanks. She has to be stopped!"

"Don't worry, I'll take care of this beast!" the mage said before he cast his spells at the dragoness. Atlas shielded herself and the bucket with her wings and got hit on the pike wound. She winced and gritted her teeth in pain before becoming enraged at the offense and countered with a light laser shot at the mage, who got blasted back. Gasps filled the air as humans looked in shock and worry for the wounded man that tried to stand against Atlas. The dragoness ran over to the mage and tore his head off with her teeth. The spinal cord came out with the head as well and she spat them to the side. She dropped the headless, devastated body on the ground for all the humans to see.

"Let this be a lesson for you, worms! Mess with me or any other dragon and this is how you will look when you wind up dead," Atlas warned, snarling at them. The humans panicked and ran away screaming. Now that the commotion was over, Atlas took up the ice bucket and flew back to the lab where she used her ice stream spell to the gasoline around the different parts of the lab and caused it to bomb down completely demolished for good.

Now all that was left was to put out the fire before it spread throughout the forest. Atlas used her ice magic to put out all the fires until now a tiny little ember was left remaining. "Okay, my work here is done. All I need to do is rest and then I'll go on back home," she said, feeling glad about her accomplishment. She left the lab remains and laid down with her wings folded and her tail curled around her body.