

((Note: The following sections, except the flashback, take place during [Chapter 25](#).)

Cursing as she pushed branches away from her face, Damia trudged through the woods. She was a 20-year-old tall woman with black hair piercing black eyes, black clothing which included a sable-hooded cloak and tall leather boots. She was supposed to be in Windfall already had it not been for that stupid accident detaining her back at the village.

((Flashback))

An angry Damia yelled at the baker, "You're a thief! That much money for that little loaf!" The baker stood up suddenly cracking his knuckles. Evidently, he was the sort of man that enjoyed throwing out customers, even if it was a woman defying him. Plus, her temper wasn't helping. "I'd rather starve! I bet your bread is just full of maggots!" she ranted on. The baker moved towards her to throw her out, but in one swift move, Damia brought her fist down on his arm. He stumbled back clutching his arm. She followed up with a backhand and a blow to the baker's ribs. An hour later, she walked out of the bakery carrying a sack of bread as well as a black eye and two bruises.

"Oh no, you just couldn't stop. Just had to open your big fat mouth and now I'm late," she chided herself angrily pushing a branch. That's when her sixth sense kicked in telling her to hide... and quickly. She darted behind a tree just as a large group of dragons appeared less than thirty yards away. They would surely smell her from that distance. But for now, they seemed occupied. One of the dragons moved away while another stood talking to a female teenage human. Good, these dragons were friendly. But they should be; after all, Windfall was very close and humans and dragons lived together. *'Quite worrying,'* Damia thought, *'you're safe here.'* Sighing, she lifted her pack onto her back and grabbed the map laying on the ground. Carefully, she moved into view putting on a careless expression. Windfall was close already she could see a tower rising high into the sky. Shifting her pack, Damia trudged forward. Already she had wasted time hiding when she didn't need to. She watched the brute dragon out of the corner of her eye as she walked towards it. Not all dragons were to be trusted; she had learned that the hard way.

The teen girl whipped around to the woman and awkwardly asked, "Can I help you?"

"No, well maybe," Damia answered. "I'm looking for a human in Windfall; tall, dark-headed, goes by the name of Dawson. I need to give him a message." She stared straight into the girl's eyes. She always looked someone in the eyes to see when they're lying.

The girl shrugged and said, "I don't know anyone by the name of Dawson, but I doubt you're gonna find anyone in these woods." She looked up at the colorful fireworks lighting up the night sky. "If that's all you need, I'll be on my way. Don't want to miss the festival." She glanced at the dragons behind her as they took off, heading West. The girl began to walk away, heading towards the town. Damia shrugged and continued to Windfall. No one seemed to know where that slippery Dawson was. Silently, she cursed. But maybe someone in Windfall would know him. She needed to finish her business before the festival was over so she could meet her employer and receive payment.

Sargoth shook himself. He had teleported into the woods. Stretching his wings, the red dragon slowly walked gazing at the trees. Solomos was the home of the Vulture Horde, the very dragons he was looking for. He gave a loud roar that echoed deep into the forest. Sargoth continued through the woods for a while. *'Maybe I should send out a message, might be easier than tromping through the forest.'* Just then he saw two bright lights, and then he heard a voice calling out. Stealthy, the red dragon crept forward. He climbed up a tree hanging on a branch whilst he watched the group of dragons come nearer and nearer.

A navy blue shouted into the darkness, "Hello? Is anybody there?" Two dragons lit the path and some other dragons were sniffing the air. They would find him soon.

A black ghost dragoness said, "Bam, is it? I think I smell someone."

The one called Bam looked at her and asked, "Huh? Where?"

Suddenly, Sargoth dropped down into the group of dragons, taking them by surprise. "Hello there," he rumbled. "Looking for somebody?"

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 26](#).)

Damia smiled; the crowds had vanished, making it easier to find her man. Dawson was easy to find; just go to a local tavern, buy a beer for a drunk, and ask questions. She stood waiting outside his door a mere shadowy ghost against the building. Dawson was a busy body that had seen too much. He would be coming this way so he could haunt his favorite bar. Finally, footsteps. The woman leaned back poised like a great black cat fingering her knife with her gloved hands. With a flash, she had stepped out and buried her knife into the man. Shock was written all over his face as he crumpled dead to the ground. She wiped her blade on the man's tunic, but retrieved her "sign." A large golden ring inlaid with rubies. Now all she needed to do was meet her employer. The woman melted into the shadows again leaving no sign of her being there. Damia looked surprised when she saw her "employer". He was one of the

two people standing in the street; the other person was a woman with a mint dragon at her feet. The brunette looked at the landmarks. This was the place. "A gold ring, a ghost flying, I wish to see the money," she said from the shadows.

The blonde woman said to the black-haired man, "Maybe I should go. I don't want to cause you trouble." Then she and the mint walked away down the street. The man looked around for a bit as if he was suspecting a random stranger to jump him. Then he walked away in the other direction than the blonde and went down the road. Damia cursed; she had been tricked. She decided to follow the young man instead of the girl. The man went into a jewelry stop and knocked a few times before being let in by the jeweler.

A few minutes later, a smile spread across Damia's face as he exited a shop with a large, jingling bag. Creeping behind him, she followed him to a smelly tavern of sorts. The man went through the door and inside the place. The woman wrinkled her nose as she stepped into the tavern. It stunk of sweat and ale. Without diverting her gaze from the counter, she found the man sitting at a table in the back. Slowly, she edged over to his table and flung the small black bag with the finger and ring in it. "I want my pay you scum," she hissed.

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 27](#).)

Last night, the attack on the army's camp had been a success. Sargoth's revenge and belly was full to the brim. Now he was awake and chewing on some grass to settle his stomach from the overdose of human. He hoped that he had pleased his leader, Aeolus. To his surprise, the horde leader approached him, probably to praise him. Aeolus said, "Sargoth, your powers were very much helpful last night. I would like for you to use them again when we deal with a vicious tyrant named Dracul. Tell me, has my cousin Bam ever told you about him?"

Damia had slept for free in the tavern's guest room last night, much to the courtesy of the man named Jericho. She had discovered that he wasn't the employer had been following, much to her embarrassment. The morning light shone through the windows as the woman got out from under the covers of the bed. She put the covers back in place and straightened them out to how it was before she slept in it. Then she heard the door swung open and looked around to see Jericho at the doorway. "Howdy, did you sleep good?" he asked.

((**Note:** The rest of this story is not canon to the RP.))

"Yes, I suppose," Damia replied, holding back the bitterness she wanted to add to her tone. Even though she was grateful for the man letting her sleep here, the woman believed that he thought of her as a ditz for that one mistake. She tended to resent people who thought less of her. It made her feel like she was loser, an inferior person, something she didn't want to be.

Jericho stepped inside a bit and asked, "So, what are your plans for today? You're going to find that employer of yours and give him a piece of your mind?" He leaned against the dresser and crossed his arms.

"Obviously," the woman growled. That was really what she was going to do today. When she finds that scamming fool, Damia was going to forced him to pay or make meet his maker. No one gets away with making her murder for free. She needed that money just in case she gets caught, so that she can bail herself out.

The man was unfazed by the tone and just smiled in slight amusement. He said, "Hey, don't be a grumpy pants. I just wanted to check up on you. That's all." Then he took out something and offered, "Anyway, I should probably give you something for this hunt." He threw her a white card with a ruby attached to it on a string. Damia caught it in the palm of her hand. She looked at what was written on the card. It read "*Info Broker*" with an address listed below it as well as how to meet him. Jericho said to her, "Just in case you ever have a hard time finding that guy. Just look for this place." Then he removed himself from the dresser and dropped his arms. The man said to her, "I'll be heading out now. Good luck on finding your client." Then he went out of the room and closed the door. Damia's perception of the man lightened up some more. She was a bit glad for his generosity, but she wasn't going to tell him that. She needed to look independent and tough. The woman went to take a shower before she would put on clothes and go out to hunt.

(**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 31](#).)

For a while now, Damia had been searching around Windfall for her client with no success whatsoever. She even tried the place where she first met him, but he just wasn't there. Every person, human and dragon she asked, had no clues on where to find him. Even the police would be of no use as it was too risky to talk to them. If they knew that she had been hired to kill someone, they would arrest her in a heartbeat. The search was proving to be difficult and it taking a toll on her patience and energy. Just when was she going to find that scum?

The woman took a seat on the bench and sat down to rest. Hopefully during this time, she would figure out a good idea on where to go next. Or perhaps she could use the info broker's help. That might be a

more efficient way to catch the scumbag. Damia took the card out of her pocket and went to the nearest dragon, hoping that he would take her to the info broker. Once she was standing beside him, the woman said, "Pardon me, sir." The blue dragon turned his head to look at her. Damia showed him the card and asked, "I don't know if you can read. But can you take me to this address?"

The dragon shook his head and apologized, "I'm afraid I cannot read human language. I'm sorry."

"It's fine," the woman forgave. "I'll just go ask another dragon." She walked away from him and went to another dragon. She got the same response as the blue one; he can't read. The third dragon she spoke to only knew the numbers. She started to feel as if every dragon was going to be illiterate, but surely there must be at least one dragon who can read, right? After a minute, Damia noticed an armored dragon sitting at the corner of the roof of the building at the intersection. Perhaps he could help? The woman decided to take her chance with him. Going to a spot below him, she looked up and called, "Excuse me, I need your help."

The armored dragon got off the roof and flew down to the ground, right close to the woman. He looked down at her and asked, "How may I help you, miss?"

Damia raised her arm that was holding the card up and asked, "Can you read this?"

The dragon stared at it briefly. To her relief, he answered, "Of course, I can. These words appear to be an address written on it. Were you by any chance looking for that place?"

The woman answered and asked, "Actually, I need someone to take me there. Think you have time to take me over there?"

The armored dragon's response was, "I'm on guard duty unfortunately. But I can get a magi dragon to come and teleport you to a place closest to that address. Would that be alright?"

Damia was content with that; teleporting was a lot faster than flying. "Yes," she said with a nod. Then there was silence between the two as the dragon stared off into space. At first, the woman thought he was looking for the magi, but his head and eyes never turned to search. She waited for him to do something like call out to the magi or go look for him, but he just stood there and did nothing.

Damia was about to ask if he's going to do something, when suddenly, a bright flash appeared. The woman's eyes were stung by the immense light as she instinctively brought up her hands and arms to shield her eyes from harm. The light died down the by the next second and was followed by purple smoke that smelled crispy to her nose. She coughed for a bit as she pinched the tip of her nose to block out the smoke from her lungs. After the smoke was quickly gone, Damia saw an armored magi dragon standing beside her. He said to the other dragon, "I'm here, where is she?"

The guard looked from him to the woman as he answered, "Right here beside you."

The magi looked down next to him and spotted her. "Oh, I see," he said. He stepped back away from her to give her a bit of space.

The guard said to Damia, "Show him the address."

The woman did as she was told and the magi read the card. She told him, "Here it is, this is where I want to go."

The magi replied, "Very well, I shall wrap you on that street. But you will have to find the info broker yourself from there on."

"I got it," said Damia, knowing full well of this. Then the magi stared at her for a few seconds. Before she knew it, the woman was suddenly surrounded by smoke that quickly evaporated. She coughed out the smoke before she looked at the different part of the city she was in. The armored dragons were no longer with her and the street was narrower than the one she was originally on. She looked at the address on the card before looking both ways at the street numbers to see which way would lead her to the info broker. The way to her right appeared to be the right way to go as the address read "between 1830 and 1832" and the numbers going that way were higher than 1816. Damia walked down the street to her destination; it was an alleyway between the two buildings. She read the card again to see how far she needed to go down the alley before she put the card back in her pocket. The woman went down the narrow path as far as the 3-way intersection. There, she found a hole on the bottom of the wall next to a large trash bin and a recycling bin. This must be the info broker's home. Crouching down next to the hole, Damia asked, "Hello? Is anybody in there?"

Three seconds later, a pygmy dragon poked his head out and looked up at her. "Oi, what business you have here, lady?" he asked in a slightly high-pitched tone.

The woman asked, "You must be the info broker, right?"

"Of course I am," said the pygmy. "What did you think I was? Some random stray who goes around eating food out of the trash cans?" From where he was living, Damia and anybody else would have thought so and he probably did. Besides, how else would he survive in a world that looks down on his kind? But the woman didn't need to point that out to him; she needed to do her business.

The woman took out both the card and a dagger, which she used to cut the string off. Then she placed the dagger down and removed the ruby from the string. After placing the red gem in front of the pygmy as payment, she said, "My name is Damia. I need your help to find a man who ripped me off. He's got black hair and white skin. I wish I could say more, but he had himself hidden in the shadows when we first met." Even descriptions of his clothes won't do much to help as he had probably changed them. Damia continued, "I was hired to do a task for him. I succeeded in it and went to meet him at where he said he was going to be, but it turned out to be a lie. He ripped me off and had me do his job for free. I

need to know where he is now, so I can get his money."

The pygmy mumbled to himself, "A scammer with black hair and white skin." Then as he came out of his hole, he said to her, "You know? There's lots of folks in this city with that look. It's going to take a lot of time for me to find them. But I'll see it to that it gets done."

Damia smiled and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," the pygmy replied and nodded. Then he asked her, "Say, what was your job anyway? I might find your guy if he says a word about your job."

Damia's heart skipped a beat and she felt a nervous ache in her chest. She was hesitant to speak about her assignment. She wasn't about to trust this dragon to not tell anyone what she did. He might get shocked and turn her in to the authorities. She breathed out and told him, "I'd rather not say."

But the pygmy could tell that what was on her mind. Flashing a grin, he reassured her, "Hey relax, lady. You don't need to keep a secret from me. I've worked for crooks before. Thieves, drug lords, pimps, killers, you name it." The woman started to feel disgust for the little dragon. This was the help that Jericho recommended? She couldn't believe that this lizard would go and help out criminals. It was just atrocious. Then the pygmy asked, "So are you going to tell me what you did or not?"

Damia balled her fists and growled icily, "Fine, I'll tell you. I was hired to kill a man named Dawson. He was a dragon sympathizer, who freed slaves. My client wanted revenge on him for losing all his slaves and killing his business in one night. He used me another dragon sympathizer to do his dirty work for him." Her anger was directed at both the pygmy and her client.

The pygmy, confused by her story, asked, "Whoa, hold on! He used a dragon lover to kill another dragon lover? Why the heck would you take a job like that if Dawson was on your side?"

Hiding her shame and regret, the woman answered, "Because I needed money; money to help my mother who's in need of surgery." If her friend knew what she had to do in order to get her what she needed, would Damia ever be forgiven?

The pygmy looked at her in pity as if he was feeling sorry for the person in need. He said, "Gee lady, that's kind of touching, I guess. To see you go that far for a pal." Then he turned around, while keeping his blue eyes locked on her as he said, "Well I'll be going out to look for your client. I will come back here and tell you once I found him. So check back here sometimes, okay?" Then the pygmy took off and flew away to search for the man. After he was out of sight, Damia walked away from this place and decided to check out the city of Windfall to see what kind of interesting sites and shops were there.

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 32](#).)

Aeolus had set up sparring partners among the Vulture Horde to get them experience on fighting other dragons. Sargoth had been paired with an electric-ember mix named Udiya. Needless to say, it was an interesting mixed breed in his opinion. After Aeolus and two other dragons teleported out of the desert, the horde started to spar with one another. Udiya breathed out fire at the red dragon. Sargoth dodged to the side, out of the way of the flames. Then he returned the favor with his own fire breath, which he blew at the ember. Udiya got burned by it before he used his wing to shield himself from the rest of the attack. Taking his chance to strike, Sargoth pounced at his opponent and tackled him to the ground on his back. Then the red took his claw and swiped it at the ember dragon. As he scratched again, he heard Juna speak to him and another dragon telepathically, *'Enamora, Sargoth. We need your help on recreating a section of Shadow Wind as a training ground for you guys. Will you mind helping us out?'*

Sargoth was surprised to hear her wanting him and Enamora to create a training ground. But he didn't get his hopes too high as he figured she just needed a training ground built for when she thinks the horde can be trusted. He replied to her, *'Sure, we'll be there!'* As he was making his last strike, Udiya evaded it by moving his head to the side out of the way. Then his body sparked with electricity and zapped the other dragon. Sargoth let out a startled high-pitched roar and dropped off of the ember. Then the ember shot another spark at him, making the red wince in pain. Sargoth told his opponent, "Stop! I need to go over to Juna and help her make that training ground."

The sparks around Udiya died down as the ember looked at him with the same surprise as the red. He asked, "Juna wants you to make a training ground?"

"Yes," confirmed the red.

The ember then asked, "But if you're gone, then who am I supposed to spare with?"

He was right; it was no use sparring with yourself, which was why Sargoth was going to pick his new partner. Knowing that Enamora will be coming with him, he suggested, "Well, you can spar with Enamora's partner. She'll be coming to help out, too."

Udiya was fine with the idea as he said, "Okay then. I'll go find him. I can't wait to see what that place will be like after you all get done with it." Then the electric-ember walked away to find Pyro. Sargoth went past the other dragons as he was careful to not get hit any attacks that missed their mark. He would raise up a stone wall to block any ranged attacks, which he did only two times during his move.

After getting past the horde, he saw the magi dragoness, who he assumed was Enamora, going his way. Soon, they made it over to where the dragon lord siblings were at, so that they can hear how to build the section. Sargoth asked, "So how's the section going to look like?"

Juna started to explain, "The whole city is made of high grade stone and have the black tint to it. There are buildings leaning against each other after Dracul's attack on the city, so that much is expected. And there are also the tunnels that go underground. A fountain that has been torn to ruin is in the middle of this section, well what used to be left." She gave them a mental image of the city section, which was quite large. It was big enough to fit the horde three times over as it made up about two miles. There where buildings, towers, shops, and even gardens scattered throughout this ruined section now. The black roads were cracked by the sight of battle and things were left in ruins. The dragoness said in a calm voice, "That is about it for the section. I know it's a lot to ask, but they need experience of training in a city like Shadow Wind. There are too much hidden dangers in the city that could happen during a war."

After the horde members got their image of Shadow Wind's layout in complete detail, Sargoth replied, "We understand, we'll get to work on it." Then the two started using their earth magic to build the section.

Mekarth looked at his sister for a second before she left. "So where are you going?" he asked her.

The silver said back to him, "To find worthiness in a few." And then she was walked off until she was out of sight.

Sargoth raised up a block of stone to an appropriate height. It wasn't the exact same stone material as Shadow Wind's, but it'll have to do for now. As the two horde members worked, Sargoth said to the magi, "Boy, this is sure going to be a lot of work, huh?" With so many buildings and roads to make, the red predicted that it would take hours before they were through.

Enamora agreed with him and said, "Yes, it will be. But it's all the good for the horde." She used her magic to shape the stone block to look more like a shop.

(**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 34](#).)

An hour later, the city section replica was almost completed. The details on the buildings that Enamora gave to the tall stones were exactly like how Juna showed her. Mekarth had been amazed at the training ground's design. Even Sargoth was impressed as well; the magi dragoness certainly knew how to work her magic. Just after the red raised another stone tower, Mekarth got up and popped his neck. He said to them, "I think that is enough for today, you two. We would not want to overwork you two, or you might not be able to repair it after the training, if there is one."

The two dragons immediately stopped building. Sargoth was glad to have a break as constantly using his magic was making his body ache. He smiled and said, "Oh good, I was getting tired. Building up this

whole place sure took a lot of work."

An equally tired Enamora said, "I agree." Then the trio went left the training ground as Mekarth went over to village while the horde members rejoined the others.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 38](#).)

Night had fallen since Damia hired the info broker to find the client. Every two hours until now, she would come back to the alley and check to see if the pygmy had returned. He never did as he was still out there searching for the rip-off. Now she was returning once more to the alley to see if he was here this time. If he wasn't, then Damia would just call it a night and go back to the tavern to sleep. The woman knelt down beside the hole and asked, "Hello, this is Damia. Did you find my client yet?" There was no response coming out of the hole, not even sounds of movement. The woman stood straight up and shook her head. She murmured to herself, "I guess not. Looks like I'll have to come back tomorrow."

Then as she turned around and started to walk away, a familiar squeaky voice cried, "Hey lady, wait!" Damia turned her head to the side and saw the info broker gliding down to the ground. After his feet landed, he reported to her, "I finally found your man."

The woman turned her body towards him and asked, "Really? Where is he?"

The pygmy answered, "He's on eleven-thirty-two McIntosh Drive. That's the third house from Silver Lake Drive on the right."

Finally, now Damia knew where to go and punish the scumbag. When she gets to him, he would be in for a rude awakening. The woman felt gratitude for the pygmy's help; she wouldn't find him without his help. And she should thank Jericho, too, as she wouldn't have gone to the info broker without his card and gem. "Thank you so much for your help," she told the info broker.

The pygmy smirked a grin at her and said, "Hey, no problem. It's what I do best. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go to bed. So good night!" After he crawled into his hole, Damia left the alley and went on her way to hunt down the rip-off.