

Chapter 58: Rittevon Co. comes to Sundown

Aeolus woke up and left the cave. He sat out under the morning sunlight as he mentally made an agenda for what to do today. He was to try and recruit more cassare dragons for invasion of Shadow Wind as well as some healers to help the horde recover from their wounds faster than Hewey and Cirrus alone. The leader thought to start with getting some healers first, since this was what the horde desperately needed. He waited for Hewey to wake up as he was the one most likely to know where others of his kind were. Danielle woke up from her sleep and looked to the other dragons sleeping in the same cave she is in. They were all still resting and even her sister has yet to awaken. The whiptail walked out of the cave to go see if there was anything to do around. She found Aeolus sitting by himself in front of another cave. The hatchling went up to him and greeted, "Hey Aeowus, is Aunt Atwas gonna come back today?"

The horde leader turned his head to the side to look down at her. He answered, "I do not know. But don't worry about it. I'm sure she's strong enough to come back in one piece. She has won many dragon tournaments after all." If any of Atlas's nieces ask if their aunt is okay, Aeolus can use his telepathy to contact her for confirmation.

Danielle replied, "I think she gonna come back. She'll beat da bad guys and find Wuco."

"I think so, too," said Aeolus. Well not really; he just said that just to keep the hatchling's fragile mind from getting wrecked with anxiety. The horde leader wasn't too sure how well Atlas would fare in a stealth & search mission. The dragoness was quite the hothead and was quick to anger. The enemies in Shadow Wind would take advantage of that if they learned of her traits.

Another brand new day has come and Minerva went downstairs to make herself some breakfast. She had cereal this time and ate it before washing the dishes. Normally after this, she would be watching the news on TV. But catching up with the recent events is out of question as the TV no longer worked and she had not subscribed to any newspaper outlets. She looked out the window to the backyard to see if the dragons were awake. The woman saw Bolz turning around and staring at the windows as he sat where he is. That was one dragon awake; she was not sure if Drake was still sleeping or not. When he looked at her, she walked outside and went up to him. She greeted, "Good morning, Bolz! Did you have a good night's sleep?"

"Yes, and you?" replied the electric.

"I did," nodded Minerva. They looked to Drake, who woke up with a yawn. It looks like he got a pretty good sleep.

The desert dragon politely said, "Good morning, Minerva." Bolz nodded in greetings to Drake before he

looked up to the sky for a split second.

The woman greeted Drake, "Good morning to you, too." To Bolz, she offered, "So Bolz, what do you like to eat? I have fruits and veggies, as well as some eggs and meat to cook." She needed to check his diet before she prepared him some breakfast. That way she won't have to waste food accidentally.

The electric said, "I would like meat please." He walked towards the front of the house.

Minerva nodded, replying, "Alright then, I'll cook you guys a lot of sausages and bacon." She went back into the kitchen and took the said meat out of the fridge. She placed the pans on the stove and began to fry the meats. After a while, the many bacons and sausages were done. She put them in bowls and carried them outside. She opened the door see Bolz and smiled; he must have been eager to get his food. She displayed the bowl to him and beamed, "Breakfast is ready!"

"Alrighty!" He said excitedly and dug in. The woman smiled, pleased that the electric looked like is enjoying the meal she cooked for him. Once he was done, he licked his maw clean in anticipation and waited for Drake to come over.

Minerva took the empty bowl and put it in the sink. Then she took Drake's bowl and carried it over to him. She beamed, "Here you go, Drake. Breakfast is ready!" Drake thanked her and ate his breakfast before she went to the front yard to pick up the newspaper left at the doorstep.

Then she heard a commotion nearby in the form of yelling and arguing. She looked at the scene, which were a pair of angry men, to see what was going on. A spiky-haired brunette yelled, "You're a wuss! A big fat wuss!"

The other, a bearded blonde, retaliated, "Who are you calling a wuss, ya pussy! Want me to hurt you?"

The brunette challenged, "Go ahead, I ain't scare of you! I dare you!"

"Alright, that does it!" The bearded man went at his enemy and tried to throw a punch at him, but the brunette dodged backwards and came back in with a punch to the head. The bearded man fell onto his back as his legs swung up the air briefly before coming back down.

The brunette did not stop there as he went down onto his foe and began to make repeated punches to the head. As he continued his assault, the brunette taunted, "Who's the wuss, boy? Who's the wuss? Yeah, you are!"

Minerva felt bad to see the poor bearded man get hurt over and over like this. She almost felt the punches he getting herself. Having enough of seeing this senseless violence, she shouted, "Please stop!" Her words fell on deaf ears as the fight continued.

Bolz peeked outside of the backyard and cried out, "Please stop! This isn't going to result in anything but severe injuries!"

Someone finally heard as the brunette man turned his head to glare at Bolz. He yelled, "Shut up, scaly! This is between me and him, you stay out of this!" The bearded man took advantage of the distraction to throw a punch to his foe's face and knock him over. Now the bearded man was on top of him and punching him again. The brunette fought back and the two began to roll around on the street, trading hits with each other.

Minerva needed to stop these two somehow before things get worse. If she went to stop them herself, they might turn on her. Holding her hands over her mouth worriedly, she asked, "This is horrible, what are we going to do?"

"HEY!!" they heard Ronan shout. "Both of you knock it off!!" He showed up, marching his way over to them. The bearded man swung one last punch before as he was grabbed by the assassin and pulled off the brunette. Ronan kept himself between them as the brunette rose to get back at his enemy. He scolded them, "I SAID KNOCK IT OFF!!! You are two grown men. START ACTING LIKE IT!" Drake came around the house to watch. Ronan glared at both of the men.

A bit shaky, Bolz asked, "What was even the cause of such a fight anyway? If you're fighting because of such simple things, grow up already."

The brunette pointed at his foe accusingly and yelled, "Grow up?! That bastard stole my girlfriend."

The bearded man retorted, "I didn't steal her, she came running over to me." He flexed his muscles to display his superior physique and continued, "Ladies love a strong man. Right?" He looked to Minerva with a confident grin and his eyebrows moving up and down in a suave manner.

Bolz looked rather disgusted, but he remained calm. He said, "That's very, very false."

Minerva turned her head away, feeling embarrassed and annoyed by his attempt to flirt with her. Ronan did not need someone trying to take his girl, and neither did her for she did not want this to turn into a 2-vs-1 fight or a three-way should Ronan attack the brunette, too. She looked at the brunette and told him, "Look, if your girlfriend cheated on you, maybe she's not worth fighting over for. Just move on and forget about her."

The bearded man taunted, "Yeah, she don't need no wussy manbaby in her life. Go find a fat old skank to fuck."

The brunette got furious and approached his enemy with the intent to attack again. "I'll show you a manbaby you-"

Ronan got in the way of the brunette male and shoved him back. "You need to cool down, you lack self-control. Get a grip already; if she cheated on you for this guy, you're better off without her. Just go home." He turned to the bearded man, "As for you.... You think you're soooo tough and macho, don't you? You think just because you have all this muscle and bravado that you're a better "man" than him? I've met men who'd never be able to fight you, but they are far better men than you could ever hope to be. Both of you, walk away. Do yourselves a favor and don't talk to each other ever again." He turned back to the brunette, "If you see that girl you were dating, ignore her cause she clearly doesn't care about you, she isn't worth your time or effort."

Bolz nodded to the assassin and said, "Ladies loves men that are a good person at heart."

The two men sent each other glares before they went off on their own ways. The fight was over, but it was clear that their rivalry was not. After the men were gone, Minerva said to everyone, "Well that sure was an interesting way to start a morning. I was afraid one of them would end up in the hospital, but I'm glad this turned out okay." She smiled to her boyfriend, "Thanks Ronan!"

Ronan walked over to Minerva. "You okay?" he asked, checking on her.

"I am," she answered.

The assassin signed, "I have a feeling this wasn't the end. Next time, the fight could get one of them killed."

"I really hope not."

Then Ronan asked, "So what's on today's agenda?" Drake smirked very proudly at him for diffusing the situation.

Minerva answered, "Well I plan to show Bolz the rest of the city today. But we can also go find a graphic designer to make us a logo, some business cards and some flyers to advertise the school." Then suddenly, she smelled something foul in the air. She pinched her nose to block out the stench. She groaned in disgust, "Ugh, what's that smell?" The stench smelled like a dead animal. After her head turned to the side to seek the source of the smell and saw a wounded man in black, who looking like he had been beaten up in a fight. He was wearing bloodied bandages and a torn robe. He also carried a broken sword with him. She thought, *'Another incident? Well, this is turning out to be a rough morning.'* She wondered if he needs help; his bandages were bloodied, but the blood seemed like it was stained brown with age. She walked into the street and stood some feet behind him, asking, "Excuse me, sir. Are you alright?"

Ronan walked over to the wounded man. "What happened to you? Who did this?" Drake examined the man and his scent.

The wounded man recoiled from the duo, sending them glares as he replied, "None of your business; now get out of the way!" He walked around them and continued ahead on the street.

As the man in black grew smaller into the distance, Minerva said to no one in particular, "Well he certainly seems "fine"." Then she went to Bolz and said, "So Bolz, are you ready to see the rest of the city?" They could show him the theater, the central park, the downtown area, the famous fountain and the city hall. They might even show him some more places should they ever come across them or having just remembered them.

Bolz nodded in excitement. "I can't wait to be able to see it all... I'd like to see how different is this place compared to my hometown." He seemed really, really excited about this.

The woman was delighted by his eagerness for the tour. She replied, "Alright then, we'll start with the moonlight dragon fountain. It's our most iconic monument in this city." Then she looked to her boyfriend and asked, "Is that okay with you, Ronan?"

Ronan smirked at Bolz and to his girlfriend, "Of course, we should make sure everything is ready to go." He walked over to Drake and hopped up onto his back. He held his hand out for Minerva.

Minerva took his hand and let him help her up onto Drake's back. She settled herself into a comfortable sitting form. Then she told the electric, "Follow us, Bolz." Drake jumped into the air as he spread his wings and took off. The couple held on as the two dragons soared over the suburbs to the largest square in the city.

After opening her eyes to the next morning, Atlas looked around to see if anybody else had woken up. Roquette and Amius were still sleeping on the floor. Leaving them to their rest, the magi turned her head to her daughter to check and see how she was doing. She hoped that Akil was looking better than she did last night and that sleep restored her energy. They were going to need it to find Luco in wherever the place called Sundown was. Akil looked as if at some point in the night, she had tossed and turned around, almost like she had a bad dream of some kind. Then she woke up panting from her dream. Despite the trauma, Atlas knew that her daughter was okay after all. But to make sure, she asked, "Akil, how are you feeling?"

The daughter snarled, "I am fine." The mother was taken aback; clearly something was bothering her daughter. Akil stretched a bit as her bones slightly popped. In a calmer tone, she asked, "So what of your new friends?"

The magi replied, "Oh these two? The white one is Roquette, she's the one who healed you after I brought you here. The other one is Amius; we met him after our hunt." Then she told Akil the news, "Anyway, that dragon or man you fought last time. He told me Luco wasn't in Shadow Wind. He's

actually in this place called Sundown. Any ideas where that place is?"

Akil shook her head, "That dragon is supposed to be dead. Lucian, more known as the master illusion, was a dragon lord and a dear friend, not just to me, but all of the Incarus family. He-" She started to say before she fell silent and looked at the floor. Atlas decided not to pressure her on the topic of Lucian since it looks like a touchy subject. It would be better to ask Axle or his adoptive siblings about Lucian later should she ever feel like it. The daughter said, but with a mix of sadness and anxiety in her voice, "As for Sundown, I have zero idea. There's not a known marker on any maps we have seen, or recently heard, but we can check around to see if anyone has heard of such a place." Something to do with the blue dragon has made her rather depressed.

"Yeah, good idea. I hope we can find someone who knows where this place is." After putting her armor back on, the magi went over to Roquette and gently nudged her awake. After the white opened her eyes, Atlas told her, "Hey Roquette, Akil and I going to leave to see if anybody knows where Sundown is. So that's that a goodbye from us."

Roquette smiled and said, "Goodbye to you too, Atlas. It was nice having you over. I hope you and your daughter take care out there. Keep in touch with me, will you?"

"I will," the magi promised. Then she went out the house and stepped into a neighborhood consisting similar sized houses for dragons. Atlas said to no one in particular, "Now if I wanted to find someone who knows Sundown, where would I go?" She thought to go to the more populated areas of Windfall to see anybody there knows. "Let's go check the urbs." She took off and flew to one of the business sections of the city.

At Sundown, people were waking up to get out of their tents. The aroma of eggs and sausages filled the air around the camp tables as the cooks were preparing them for breakfast. Kathia woke up and went over in mind today's agenda. First, she was to tell her trusted comrade about the Equalists, then she was to train her students in magic, and then she goes to Windfall to look for the Equalists. For now, she looked at Azera to see how he was doing. The man's position has changed from laying on the floor to him sitting on the ground with his sword leaning against him. His eyes were closed and his breathing was slow and shallow, like he was either meditating or in a deep sleep. However, a certain dark pygmy halfling was missing. Looks like Azera was doing A-okay now, but now Kathia's prisoner was missing again. She felt mad that the halfling must have disappeared out of camp again. If this was the case, then Kathia would just have to break her legs and wings to make sure that she doesn't leave again. Then she felt a hand on her shoulder and looked back to see who it was as she said, "Yes?" She frowned and narrowed her eyes when she saw the halfling, "Oh, it's you."

The half-dragon asked, "So want to explain what that scream was last night?"

Kathia responded, "None of your business, freak!" She turned to leave her tent as she continued, "Now if you'll excuse me, I have some important things to do today." She left the tent to go get breakfast at the picnic tables. She saw that the cooks have made eggs, bacon and toast today. The girl took a plate of that and sat at the tables to eat.

Soon, Azera came over and sat down in front of her. "Twice now you helped save my life, so now the question is how am I going to repay you back for both those times."

"Well..." Kathia tried to think of a good favor before she remembered Azera's magical bond with the halfling. "Hey, that magic bond that you and that half-" She paused herself quickly from using an insult to call the halfling, because it would not be wise to say it in front of her friend. "Halfling. Is there a way to remove that? I heard you two can die at the same time if something happens to one of you. It wouldn't be good for you if that halfling dies."

Azera looked down at the table a bit with a sigh. "We are aware of that possibility, and as the current moment stands, no I do not know, nor does the myst know," he said as he looked back up at her. The girl was disappointed to hear that answer. "Also, you do not need to hide your distaste about dragons or dragonkind around me. I did hear what you said a bit ago to her." Of course, he would tolerate her racism; he did not care what Kathia did to the dark myst pygmy a couple of days ago. He sat there for a second before he looked up at the sky.

The girl replied, "Well, glad to see you're not mad about that. Yes, I don't like dragons. They killed my parents, killed everyone else and destroyed our cities. So now I'm training to get revenge on those beasts. They're going to pay for every life they took and ruined." She clenched her fist as she felt the desire to heap vengeance burning. Then she heard something coming into the camp behind her. She turned and looked to see the staff members and employees of the Rittevon Construction Inc. here in Sundown. The some of the faces among the employees looked new. It seems like her father's company hired new workers to make up for the ones that got killed.

The managing director, Edward D. Greene, asked one of the refugees, "Hello my good sir, we're the Rittevon Construction company. We're here to get in touch with Kathia or Roderick about the construction of the safety shelter."

Kathia looked back to Azera and told him, "I got to go take care of an important business right now. Talk to me later after this, alright?" Then she went over to meet the company. The girl approached the balding white-haired man in his business outfit. She raised her arm in an L-shape and greeted, "I'm right here, Mr. Greene."

Edward and his coworkers looked to the girl coming to stop before them. The managing director smiled and shook hands with her, "Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Rittevon's daughter. How have you been doing lately?"

Kathia answered, "I'm pretty fine and all. So anyway, did you get all the materials and employees here?"

"We sure did. Well, a few of our workers didn't turn up, we thought they might have died. But at least we hired some new building mages to help speed up the construction process."

"Good," said the girl. Thinking that one word might sound like it was applying she was content about the lives loss, she immediately added, "The stuff and the new workers that is. So do the new guys know what they're going to do here?"

Edward confirmed, "Of course, I've instructed them about the building of the safety shelter here. Speaking of it, where would you like to have the shelter built?"

"Um..." Kathia had not given much thought as to where the shelter would be built. She had been too busy with everything else to look for a good spot with the shelter. But now that she thought about it, she would have to have it built on one of the sides of the camp, since there wasn't much space anywhere within it. She pointed in the direction of the side closest to Roderick's tent and said, "I guess we can have it built by the edge of the camp over there."

Edward said, "Alright, we'll have the trees cleared for construction and then we'll start building it. It should take like a day or few for the place to be completed."

"Good, after that, I'll pay you out of my dad's account before we build a house next."

"A house as well, eh? Well, pay the bill first after the construction and then we'll get to that later. For now..." He turned to the employees and told them, "Alright boys, start clearing the trees over that way." The employees drove their deforestation vehicles over to the side of the camp where the girl wanted the shelter built. The machines began to uproot the trees and dispose of them to the side.

As the workers did their job on building the shelter, Kathia was about to go look for Jason when Azera approached her, "Kathia, we need to discuss about something rather important."

She asked, "What is it?"

Azera kept on looking up at the sky for a second before he turned his attention to her. He started to say, "First, I have to thank you in some way now for saving my life now three times, which is rather annoying to realize. Second, we have a stationary-" Then a shadow flew over them, and a rather large one, too. They looked up to see a rather wounded white dragon that was trying, at least it seems, to get airborne or stop itself from crashing into the ground, either of which was in vain. It was however able to slow itself down to avoid death from the impact. Blood dripped down from this dragon as it passed over the camp and crashed into the forest nearby that was away from the shelter-building crew. "What was that about?"

The girl replied, "I don't know, but I say this is a good opportunity for target practice." She grinned at the end of her sentence, feeling eager to run her sword through the dragon or kill it with magic. She went over to where her class had gathered and asked them, "So did everyone see a dragon flying by?"

One man answered, "I didn't."

A younger man answered, "I did."

That answer was all she needed to get the class in on the action. Kathia told them, "Good! Because we're going to our first chance at killing a dragon. Don't worry, it's wounded and it's a white, so this will be easy. Now come on, we're going hunting with our magic!"

Few of the students voiced their excitement, "Sweet!" "Cool!" They all followed the girl, with Azera going along with them, into the forest as they went in the direction where she saw the dragon fell.

Aeolus had asked Hewey if there were any other healer dragons he knew. Hewey mentioned his two children, a son and a daughter, who were in a different horde. Though having 2 more healer dragons was too small to make any real difference, taking them in would still benefit the horde regardless as any increase in the number of healers would making wound treatments much faster than with just Hewey and Cirrus. Aeolus took Hewey with him, using his magic stone to warp them both over to where the healer's children are. They found themselves in a rainforest clearing with a small horde of dragons around. The closest to the two soldiers were Hewey's children. A purple-winged healer dragon looked at Hewey in recognition and asked, "Pops, is that you?"

The Vulture Horde's healer answered with a happy smile, "Of course it is, son. It's been a long time since we've seen each other." Next to the son was an eastern-looking healer dragoness with wings and pink spines. Noticing how very different the two looked, Aeolus presumed that they were half-siblings.

The son asked enthusiastically "Gee whiz, it really is you! So how you've been? You living off the fat of the land?"

The daughter looked to the horde leader and asked, "And who's this? Some friend of yours?"

Hewey introduced his leader, "Peachy, Vanillia, this is my horde leader, Aeolus. We came here to recruit some dragons." He looked around at the number of other dragons looking at them and continued, "Or at least join forces with them."

Vanillia the daughter said, "Well we're already in a horde, dad. So we can't join yours."

Aeolus was about to remind her of the union between their hordes part and ask for their leader, when

he heard a raspy voice from behind, "Excuse me, did I hear you say join forces?"

The two soldiers looked over to see a dark green dragoness with light blue stripes and scars from sword wounds approaching them. Coming with her was a dark silvery dragon with a white head, wings and red eyes. Aeolus recognized the dragoness's companion; it was his son, Casper, a dragon who had been born into slavery after the disaster dragon had been forced to mate with an oracle dragoness slave. Casper had been separated from his parents weeks after hatching to be sold to another human. Looks like Hewey was not the only dragon with family here. The disaster answered, "Yes, are you the leader of this horde?"

The dragoness and Casper stopped before him and she answered, "Yes, I am Lady Muckspit of the Puma horde. Casper, our oracle, told me I would be visited by another horde leader today. Tell me, who are you and for what purpose would you have our hordes unite?"

Aeolus answered, "Well Lady Muckspit, I am Aeolus of the Vulture Horde and my horde is need of more dragons take down some tyrants who are oppressing our fellow dragons in the Rudvichan continent." He told her everything about evil lords of Shadow Wind, what training they will get and what they will be up against if they were to help them. "So I was hoping that a boost in morale we will be able to overthrow our enemies with ease and after this, kill more humans faster. What is your answer, my lady? Will you join us or not?"

Muckspit replied, "Well Aeolus, Casper has also told me about our horde's future if we were to unite. And fortunately for you, it sounded pretty good. We will have destroyed many humans in Solomos and grow bigger as an army with many more dragons joining us." With a smile, she continued, "So yes, we will join your horde."

Aeolus was pleased to hear this revelation of the events to come. If his son's prophecy was true, then it was very much possible that the battle for Shadow Wind will be won. But then again, prophecies only told possible futures; it did not mean that what oracles saw will come true. So if they wanted that future to happen, they would have to work hard for it. "Excellent, with you at our side, we will ensure a safe future for all dragons around the world. The Vulture Horde welcomes you all, Puma Horde."

Peachy said to his father, "Well pops, it looks like we're gonna be with you after all."

Hewey smiled, "Yes, I'm glad we're back together again. We can spend the quality time we all missed out on through the years."

Raising up his magic stone, Aeolus said, "Now let us warp over to meet my horde." Then he looked over to his son and told him, "And Casper, you and I have a blood clan I would like you to meet." With Casper being his son, it would make him a Gallion by blood. The oracle looked like he was intrigued at meeting the clan himself. The disaster dragon teleport Hewey, the Puma Horde and himself back to the village.