

Chapter 60: Printing the Flyers

((**Note:** This section is not in the RP.))

Aeolus used Eitri's stone to warp himself over to the outskirts of the humongous lake surrounding an island where the cassare village was. Sargoth had given him a vision of what the place looked like just before the horde leader went there. Aeolus knew it would be best to wait outside the settlement for a villager to show up, rather than go directly to the village where he would be interrogated for a long time. Time was not something he could afford, especially when Shadow Wind's goons could attack the horde at any time like how that one swordsman did to Merkath. Thinking of time, who knows how long it would take for a cassare to show up. Aeolus gave himself a maximum of 1 hour to wait and hope someone would come. If it took longer than that, then it was time to go and come back next time. Soon, he smelled someone nearby. He looked at the direction of the scent and hoped that it was a cassare returning from their hunt.

The footsteps drew nearer and the figure came into view, showing the bronze and black colors of the breed Aeolus was seeking. The cassare was also wearing a hostile face, teeth showing as he growled at the intruder before him. The horde leader braced himself for an attack, ready to defend himself if need be. But thankfully, it did not come to that as the cassare went up in his face and demanded, "What are you doing here, trespasser?"

Aeolus backed up a bit to get some personal space and calmly answered, "I'm here to speak with your chief."

The cassare snarled, "For what?"

"It concerns the future of this village and the threat by humanity."

"How so?"

The disaster dragon warned, "The humans are building up armies to take revenge on our kind. They've also reverted back to old weapons to make up for their loss of guns. And now with technology gone, they'll have an easier access to their magic. Though perhaps that last part won't concern you since your breed can cancel out any magic."

"Damn right it doesn't; their wizards are useless against us."

"And while the strongest of us will have to match their swords, the humans will also seek take back the weakest dragons as their slaves. That includes your village's hatchlings."

The cassare's anger softened a little to that of a stern stare. "Sounds like you're speaking of a war bound to happen. Let me guess, you're looking to recruit some of us into your horde. Is that it?"

Aeolus gave a bit of praise to his deduction, "You read my intentions clearly. That's what I wanted to talk to your chief about. But I understand that you might want something good in return for your village's service, which is what I'll also discuss with your chief about." Bringing up benefits might draw the chief's interest. Perhaps they'll take kindly to an offer of the magis teleporting killed humans to the village to feed them.

The cassare returned to his bitter attitude, replying, "Well I'm the chief and I'm not going to let anybody join this horde of yours, with or without benefits. I've already sent a few of my guys over to another horde and I'm not sending out any more. This village needs its numbers just as much as your horde does. So be gone and scram!" He gestured the disaster to leave right now.

Aeolus bowed his head and said, "Very well, thank you for your time. I shall take my leave now." He walked away from the chief to get to a place where he could teleport. He held the stone in his claw and felt its dwindling power. The magic stone was getting low on mana; unlike magic-using organisms, this thing did not have the ability to recharge on its own overtime. Eventually, it was going to run out of power unless Eitri returned to recharge it, since it was his power embedded in the stone. The disaster warped himself back over to the Eternal Wind clan's village and appeared in the cave Sargoth was in.

The red dragon raised his head and looked around the leader, expecting some recruits. "No luck?" he asked.

Aeolus shook his head, "It was unsuccessful. The village had already joined another horde." This was his first failure in recruitment. It was not like he was going to get new soldiers every time he met new dragons. Such things were to be expected in this campaign. Hopefully, the next group of dragons will not reject his army.

((**Note:** The rest of this chapter is in the RP.))

Everyone finally made it back to Sundown. Kathia pointed in a direction and said to Azera, "The infirmary is that way, if that's where you're going to put him." Atlas eyed the camp before, wondering where she would find this Luco person. The place seemed smaller than a city; hopefully it would not take too long to find him. She went through the camp, looking around as she tried to search for Luco. But first, she wanted to see Axle and make sure he was not too hurt or anything.

Azera started to make his way to the infirmary, when he looked over his shoulder at the Solomese woman. He asked, "Hey new girl, mind coming with me to help out with this one here?"

Atlas replied, "Sure." As she followed the swordsman, she saw a man coming out of a tent they came by and stopped briefly to ask him, "Hey, have you seen someone named Luco?"

The man shook his head, "Can't say I have." Atlas left him without another word as she continued to follow Azera. It took them a few minutes before they found it as most tents looked about the same.

After they went inside, a nurse saw Axle being carried by swordsman and got off of her chair to meet them. She asked, "Oh, is this man hurt? Shall I take a look at him?"

Atlas replied, "Of course, he's hurt. Look at him! I don't know how this happened, but he needs help."

The nurse pointed to one of the beds, "Okay, just lay him down on that bed and I'll see what's up."

As he put Axle on the bed, Azera asked the Solomese woman, "So miss, what exactly were you looking for from Kathia?"

She answered, "I came here to see if she knows a man named Luco. But she doesn't have any clue on who this guy is either." It looks like she was going to have to do a thorough search of this whole place for him. What a load of work!

As the man opened the flap of the tent, he said, "I can't help you with that; I'm not familiar with anyone around here." Then he said in a tone that was more of a command than a suggestion, "Oh, mind staying here with the gentleman over there? A bit of extra hands would help; plus, you might need some rest after all. It was a bit of a travel from where we found him at."

Atlas looked at Axle and replied, "Good idea; I'll do what I can." Her friend's recovery should take priority; the Luco business would have to come later.

Then the swordsman turned his head to the nurse, saying, "Make sure he stays in bed; he might be frightened or even worse. If he gets out of hand, call someone immediately."

The nurse nodded, "Okay, will do." She diagnosed Axle before she took up a first aid kit and began to do everything she can to treat his wounds and injuries.

Atlas went over to the nurse and asked, "Hey uh, anything I can do to help?" The brunette was not sure what she could do since she had basically no expertise in the medical field.

The nurse pondered her thoughts as to what the Solomese could do. Then she requested, "I suppose you could bring over a bottle of water and a snack. He might wake up hungry and thirsty. Maybe the sight of food will calm him down when he wakes up."

Atlas replied, "Okay, got it. But where do I find them?" The nurse gave her directions to the food tent. Atlas left the infirmary and went on her way to the food tent, following what she heard from the nurse. Soon, she got there and found a man in charge of the tent. She asked him, "Hey, you got a water bottle and something to snack on?"

The man replied, "Sure, I got a bag of cookies, if that's what you're looking for. He opened a box and took out a small cookie bag. Then he went to a bigger blue & white box and opened its lid. He took a water bottle from it and then handed the two items to the woman. "Here you go!"

"T-thanks," Atlas replied. She was not used to dealing with racist humans in a friendly manner. Any other time, she would have just shunned them and refuse to have anything to do with them. But she needed to interact with them for Axle's sake and Shadow Wind's. The bottle felt cold on the hand she was holding it with. The humans always did like to have their drinks cool. She carried the food back to the infirmary and told the nurse, "Okay got them, where do you want me to put them?"

The nurse told her, "Right on this stand here." She patted the flat surface of the stand.

Atlas put the bag and bottle there before asking, "Anything else?"

The nurse answered, "That's it, I suppose." With nothing else to do, the Solomese went to see another bed and watch Axle from here. She hoped everything the nurse did for him would help.

Kathia went to go check on the progress of the safety shelter. She did not expect much of it be done this soon; she was only in seeing the early stages of it. Azera passed by her, having the look of concern on his face. The girl found a large patch of cleared land before her with holes where the trees used to be. It was amazing how fast magic can get things done in a quick amount of time without the presence of electric technology interfering with the spells. A mage used a precognition spell to help the architect get some good ideas on how to draw out his blueprint. He began to draw the layout of the shelter so that the mages would raise the perfect building.

After showing Bolz some of the other places in Windfall, including a visit to a graphic designer for a flyer design, the electric dragon went off to the City Hall with Minerva & friends wishing him a good time there. The woman asked Ronan, "So Ronan, what do you want to do now?" She was kind of in the mood

to get a flavored coffee from a café, but she will go with whatever her boyfriend decided.

Ronan hummed and thought a moment. "Shall we get something to drink?" he asked. "Coffee sounds good right now. Down in the southern desert, they don't drink coffee sweetened like people around here do. It's either straight black, or milk mixed in. I prefer a little milk. Helps take away from the bitterness." He smirked at the end. Drake simply yawned. He laid down to offer both of them a lift.

"It sure does," replied Minerva. "We also have different flavors of coffee, but you probably already knew that." He did used to travel before recently, so chances are that he did come across flavored coffees. Then she got onto Drake's back and helped Ronan up. She figured she pay him back for his chivalry of getting her onto his friend.

Ronan took her hand and hopped up on the dragon, riding behind her. Drake got a running start before leaping into the air to fly off to a café. The man asked, "So, we grab coffee, then we start marketing for our school. Right?"

"Yes," she replied.

Drake landed near a coffee shop. Ronan hopped off first and helped Minerva down. "Drake, keep an eye out," he said before going with his girlfriend. The dragon nodded and looked around.

Then went inside the café and Minerva looked at the display of sandwiches desserts behind the showcase. They had foods like turkey panini, egg & bacon bagel sandwich, roast beef sandwich, fruit tarts, and muffins. She supposed a snack would be nice with a drink right about now. She went to the cashier, who greeted, "Hi, may I take your order?"

Minerva answered, "Yes, I would like a sugar cookie with a cinnamon toast latte." She turned to her boyfriend and asked, "What would you like, Ronan?"

The assassin looked at the menu and replied, "I'll take the egg & bacon bagel, and a straight black coffee." He glanced around at some of the customers watching them.

The cashier replied, "Alright then, I'll have them right up." After she told them the price, Minerva paid for the exact amount of money for the food. The cashier relayed the orders to the baristas before she took the sugar cookie out of the display case to put into a small paper bag to give to Minerva. One barista made the coffees while the other was cooking the egg and bacon to put on the split bagel as a sandwich. Once the orders were ready, the cashier took them to the couple and said, "Here you go! Enjoy!"

"Thank you!" Minerva replied before she went to one of the tables to eat and drink. Seeing the egg & bacon bagel made her wished that she had ordered some protein to go along with food. She took a tiny

sip of the latte, which scalded her tongue with its hot temperature. She made a small smile, saying, "Ooh! I guess I should have ordered it iced."

Ronan took a sip of the coffee and said, "Hmmm, better than I expected." He tore off a bit of the bagel sandwich and offered it to the woman. "Here," he grinned.

Minerva smiled as she took the piece, "Why thank you, Ronan!" She put the piece in her mouth and ate it. The cheese going along with savory meat of the bacon really added to the taste. She opened the lid of her cup and blew on the drink, trying to cool it down. It probably didn't do much considering the heat of the drink and it would probably take a lot of blows, too. But at least there was time to help cool it down until it was safe to drink.

Danielle was running around bouncing up her inflated sister like a ball. "Weee!" squealed Kylie in joy. Their little game came to a stop when they saw a large magi cassare with some flower pygmies warping in out of nowhere. The hatchlings and the horde saw the water in shape of a collar around the cassare's neck and a wound on it. The horde all knew the injury must have sent them here.

A grumpy smaller cassare said to them, "Let me guess, you flunked the mission, too. Didn't you?"

The magi cassare turned to scowl at him, growling, "If you want to put it that way, then YES!" He snarled that word out loud.

The grumpy cassare huffed and said to the horde, "Alright, somebody fetch Hewey or whoever can fix him."

One of the dragons asked, "But how're they going to heal him? Magic don't work on cassares."

The grumpy cassare yelled, "I don't know. They can think of something, can't they?"

One of the horde members went to go get a healer dragon. The sisters looked at the magi cassare, wondering what had happened to him and how he got that nasty wound. Danielle asked her sister, "What happened?"

Kylie shook her head, "I dunno."

After they were done eating, Minerva said, "So now we got to advertise the Blazing Tiger Academy. Hmm...how to do that?" She touched her finger to her chin and looked up as she thought up ideas on

how to go about it. They could put up flyers, make a billboard sign, or advertise in a newspaper. With electricity gone, social media and web ads were out of question.

Ronan shrugged and suggested, "Some simple flyers would work. Drake and I could spread them over the city in a day easily. We can do a fly-by." He said, "Flyers are very common in the desert. Mostly 'wanted' posters." He smirked, making a bit of a joke.

The woman flashed an open-tooth smile at his joke. "Yes, flyers would be a nice idea. We should go look up a printing agency and have them make flyers for us." She ran a couple of printing places she had seen before in her mind before she continued, "I think I might know where one is. I hope they haven't moved their business to another part of this city."

Ronan nodded, "Alright, we can get that done. When we get home, how about we start your training, Minerva?" He smirked, "A woman of your caliber should know how to defend herself."

Minerva was thrilled about her boyfriend's offer to teach her. She held a hand over her chest and replied, "Why I'd be glad to! I'd love to see what I can learn from you." It would be nice to know how to defend herself, especially after the couple of times she had been in danger this month. Plus, it was a good opportunity to see how he teaches his students.

Ronan smiled with a light chuckle. "Alright. Shall we go find one of those advertising companies? Quite amazing how far people have come along in technology."

Minerva replied, "Well it is a first world nation after all. So, we're pretty much going to have things like that." After getting onto Drake's back with the man hopping on behind her, she told the dragon the location of the place, "Okay, so one of the printing services should be in another business district. It's southwest from her, I think. And its name has the word, Prima, in it."

Drake nodded before he got a running start and jumped into the air. He kept above the city, but apparently low enough to make easy turns. Ronan asked her curiously, "How many people do you think will be interested in learning at the school?" It did not take long for Drake to fly into the business district.

Minerva replied, "Probably a lot. With guns gone and people going to old weapons for protecting the city and bounty hunting, I'm sure we'll get some students." Bounty hunting is one of the popular careers here in Rudvich it seems. A lot of crime happens and bounty hunters could take care of the work the local police, or nowadays the Aquarians, cannot do. It was after Drake landed before he walked the streets that the woman knew that they were close to the printing service shop.

The man smirked, "Bounty Hunting, hmm? Sounds like a job I could do on the side. Is there a Hunter's Guild?"

She nodded, "Why yes, a few I believe. I know where one is at; would you like to go there after this?"

Ronan smirked and nodded. He said gratefully, "I'd like that. Hunting people is a skillset that takes years to master. One that I've been trained in since I was young. I can hunt when I'm not busy teaching. Thank you, Minerva."

"You're welcome," Minerva replied. "I bet you'll make lots of money from each man you get." He chuckled at her comment. They walked over to the printing service shop and went inside.

The shop owner saw his customers and greeted, "Hi, how can I help you?" His smile was warm and welcoming as how it should be when having clients.

The assassin grinned at him and said, "Hello, we would like to have fliers printed for our new business. Minerva can explain the details." He handing the task over to her.

The shop owner looked to Minerva and asked, "Yes, ma'am?"

The woman explained, "So we're starting a fighting school called 'Blazing Tiger Academy', which is a weapons class. It's being run by my boyfriend here, Ronan." Apparently, the boyfriend part caused the assassin to smirk a bit. She told the shop owner the address of the building & everything else and he listed all the details. She ended with, "We need like ten flyers." She looked to Ronan and asked, "Is that number okay with you?"

He nodded. "Ten will be a good start. We'll post them in locations with the highest foot traffic."

Minerva commented, "Sounds like a great idea."

Ronan offered encouragement and empathy, "The sooner we can have the flyers the better if that's not too much trouble. I'm sure you're quite busy."

The printing serviceman replied, "Yeah, I get a lot of customers. But making flyers will be quick work. So, what color paper would you like me to print them on?"

Ronan looked to be thinking about his decision before he looked at his gauntlet. "Can you do silver with a tiger head on the inside of this emblem? The tiger and emblem would be orange, or as close to the colors of a flame if you can." He showed him the emblem on his gauntlet.

Minerva handed the serviceman the flyer rough draft, which was a white paper with pencil sketches, she got from the graphic designer. She said, "This is what it looks like."

The serviceman said, "Alright, you got it! I'll get to work on it and bring one copy out to you for feedback." Then he went through a door to another room to get a flyer printed. After a while, he came

back out with a silver paper inked with black words and an orange emblem with a tiger head on it. He showed it to the couple and asked, "So, how does it look?"

Ronan examined it and asked, "Could you do the words in orange as well?"

He looked to his girlfriend and asked, "What do you think?"

Minerva looked at the flyer the man was showing them and thought for a bit. Then she said, "Let's see how it looks with what you said."

The serviceman said, "Alright, I'll print that out for you." He went back into the printer room to make a new sample with the suggested change. Then he came back out with the new sample and asked, "So how does it look this time?" The words were now in an orange color with a tint that made it readable against the silver background.

The assassin nodded with a grin. "Much better. Don't you agree?" he asked Minerva.

The woman nodded, "Of course!" She liked it, too.

The thrilled assassin complimented the serviceman, "You're commendable for your quick work."

The serviceman happily replied, "Why thank you! I'm always happy to give my clients the best quality designs they need. Now that you're satisfied with it, I'll print you the copies you need. He went back to the printing room and printed the copies of the perfected design. He came back out with them and handed the copies to Ronan. "Here you are, my good man! The flyers you asked for."

Ronan took the fliers and nodded, "Thank you."

The assassin turned to leave, but stopped soon as Minerva handed the serviceman the money. She smiled, "It was nice doing business with you."

The serviceman took the coins and replied, "The feeling's mutual, miss. Come back when you need more printing."

"I'll keep you in mind," the woman responded.

Then after the couple left the printing shop, Ronan said, "One step down, another to go." He smirked at her, asking, "So what shall our first stop be?"

She pondered briefly before she suggested, "I think downtown would be good."

The man nodded, "Alright. We can do a fly by and drop a few fliers there. You want to take the lead?" He climbed onto Drake before offering her a hand up.

"Sure," Minerva replied. With her knowledge of the city, that is pertaining to Cypress as Windfall was different in some parts, she knew the appropriate places to go. She took Ronan's hand and got onto Drake. She gave the dragon instructions on where to go to get to the downtown area. During the flight, Minerva finally spotted the place she was looking for and pointed to it, saying, "There, Drake. We're here!" She waited for the dragon to descend down so that she would begin to look for places to put up some of the flyers.

Drake took her signal and flew down. When he landed, Ronan would help her down. The man patted the dragon's scales and said, "Off to a good start big guy."

Drake nodded and said assuredly, "Indeed. The two of you shall make an excellent team."

Minerva went to look for the public notice board that she had seen one time. She soon found it, but there was one problem. She did not have anything to pin a flyer to it. So she went to a general store, which was nearby, and bought a tape. Not every place she was going to put up flyers would be wooden like notice board, so she went with tape to be efficient. Then she returned to the notice board and taped the flyer to it. With that done, she returned to Ronan and Drake. She suggested, "I think we can put a flyer over at Whitney's neighborhood, too."

Ronan nodded to her. "We can do that. Although, considering where it is, I recommend we save that spot for last. I think we should head further away so as to attract more people before we put flyers closer to your home."

The woman liked his suggestion; they could probably pay a visit to Whitney after distributing the flyers. She said, "Okay then, let's try one of the public parks instead. I'm thinking of Layman's park. There's this dead tree by the playground equipment we can put it up at." The man hopped up on Drake's back. He held his hand out to her as the dragon kept himself low to let the woman on. Minerva took Ronan's hand and got on. Drake took off into flight as he followed her directions on where to go.