

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 1](#) of the main story.))

The suburban section of the city had been ravaged by a hurricane yesterday and many homes had been damaged during the storm. Slave dragons were being made to clean up the debris and help repair the houses. It was quite a treacherous work for them, given their malnourished state that kept them from rising up against their masters, the Rittevon Inc. A young intern manager that the workers called Kathia was there to oversee the slaves and workmen's activity, making sure none of them went out of place or lazed on the job. One dragon was very exhausted and felt his legs gave way for him to collapse on the ground. The redhead flogged him with her thorny whip and yelled, "Hey you! Don't you dare lie down like a bum. I want to see you work like everyone else. Now get to it!"

Spuma, a black dragon whose wings had been cut off to prevent escape and from them getting in the way of his work, grunted as the whip dug into his shoulder and strained forward. The chains around his shoulders were digging in with the weight of the steel beams that he was dragging. He picked his way around debris as much as he could without appearing to the humans as dawdling. The hurricane had not been nice to the suburban streets here, or the dragons. Nope, instead it just meant they were to work like machines, all day, every day until the mess was cleared, in horrid conditions and with cruel handlers. He clenched his teeth as another whip cracked across his hind quarters, catching momentarily in his flesh and then yanked free. He slipped at one point, catching himself before crashing into the ground and of course, he staggered. Again, he felt the whips. Such an urge it was, to swing round, swipe someone with his claws, incinerate them with the fire that they'd abused for so long to heat metal. But such an act would lead to him being considered a threat and promptly killed in some careless way, a way that had led many a dragon to die slowly of a course of days. But, maybe death, however harsh, was a potential relief from this perpetual nightmare... No, no. He shouldn't think like that. Spuma snorted and shook his head, staring at the ground, concentrating on each step. Not only did it help to keep his focus, it helped prevent seeing the overworked dragons suffering around him. He flinched, catching sight of an exhausted dragon, collapsed on the ground and then whipped and scolded. He stared down at the ground again, a slight snarl on his face.

Kat, also known by her full name as Katerina Summers, watched worriedly as her dragon, or at least her family's dragon, worked hard to clear debris away. She had been away at her grandparent's place, which hadn't been hit, when the hurricane struck. Her mother had also been out on a business trip half-way around the world. Her father had been in the house when it struck though, even with the warnings on the news. Well, she was pretty sure anyway. The work team still hadn't gotten around to what used to be her parents' house. She never called that place home anymore; hadn't since she was five. It was then that she had woken up to the world she lived in. She would realize why her father was always mad and why her mother was never there. Because her dad was a drunk and he would beat her mum. She also realized that Zee, her family's dragon, understood her better than any of the kids at school or pre-school did; and most importantly, that dragons were far from the dumb, aggressive, and unfeeling beasts that all the adults made them out to be. Kat may have only been 14, but she was smart and knew what she thought. Dragons were intelligent, more so than humans, and they were a whole lot less

prejudiced against you once they knew you weren't like the others. Brushing a strand of dark brown hair out of her eyes, she raised a hand to block the harsh sunlight. Poor Zee; she had exhausted her magic supplies before the day was over and then they would whip her again. She would do her best to prevent that, but there wasn't a heap of girl her age could say or do against all these adults.

Zee Cala, the yellow dragoness, glanced back at Kat, who was perched on a bit of tumbled down wall. Snorting in an amused way, she turned back to her work. The girl had a good view from up there. Concentrating on a small area of debris, Zee prepared to move it mentally before snarling aloud in pain as a whip bit into her hindquarters. She heard an angry gasp from her girl before preparing once more to move the rubble. This time she lifted it and separated the useful materials from the unusable and setting it down gently in their designated areas. With her earth-manipulating abilities, Zee was perfect for clearing destroyed areas like this, even though she often couldn't lift most metals and glass. Usually she was only a 'pet' and was still being trained occasionally because of her young age. Situations like this appeared however and those slavers got a hold of every able-bodied dragon in the area. Clearing another section of debris, she couldn't help but feel bored. How much more would she prefer listening to Kat as she read out whatever she was reading or studying that day, learning more about the ancient times when dragons were still free, the silly conflicts between this country and that, however many years ago, the difference between stalactites and stalagmites, or hear some enchanting tale about a thrilling adventure. To some, it would seem more boring to do that; but she loved it, because it kept her mind off the cramps and hunger. Dumping one pile too roughly, she roared as the whip bit into her once more. *'May as well get this over with,'* she thought.

For hours, the slaves and workmen cleared up the damage and made repairs to the damaged buildings. The humans took an hour of lunch break, during which they fed the dragons rancid meat and little water. The work went on until 9 o'clock at night when the workers and slaves went home for the night. By now, the buildings had been repaired in progress of closing up holes and the streets were debris-free, but there was still work to finish up tomorrow as some of the houses were still in need of repairs in the area. The manager intern rode in a black limousine driven by her butler, while the slaves were carried in trucks back to her mansion. Spuma, though relieved the day's work was over, hesitated to enter his prison. He grunted and leapt forward when one of the handlers jabbed firmly his right thigh with one of those awful metal rods. Through these rods ran high voltages of electricity, enough to get Spuma into his cage and then collapse on the filthy floor long enough for the gates to be closed. He bared his teeth, waiting for the painful tingling to leave his hind leg entirely and examined the jab site. It was a puncture wound, bleeding but not too heavily. Why did the handlers have to do it so hard? Considering the amount of electricity those rods transmitted, a single tap would be enough. He sighed and rolled over onto his back, staring up and trying to relax his spine a little, but it didn't help much. Relaxing only helped him to realize how much his body hurt, especially the shoulders where those chains had dug into and chafed his flesh. He could barely see a thing in this low light, and the humans weren't considerate enough to provide them even a little. The worst thing about darkness was that dragons, moving around in their cages, often touched or outright crashed into the electrified bars of their cage. He flopped back onto his side with a thud and stood up, looking around the cages at the other dragons.

Zee had nervously done what was expected of her after Kat had left. She didn't like it when the two of them were separate. She knew that no one stood up for her then, and humans were always more cruel when children weren't around watching. So, she had endured more and more work until her magic had run out. It had taken ten minutes of continuous whipping before someone told them that her powers weren't everlasting. Then she would be made to carry, load, lift, pull and push until they had stopped for the day. Now she was locked up in a small electrified cage that she barely fitted into without touching the sides. She roared as a wingtip brushed the side and electricity coursed through her. Panting slightly, she curled up, and tried to sleep, waiting for this nightmare to end.

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Kat had returned to her grandparents an hour before dusk, without Zee. The slavers had demanded that they keep her until the reconstruction was complete. Her grandma certainly wasn't the type to go against them; she thought they had the right idea and was shocked when Kat had said otherwise. "Now dear," she scolded, with a stern look. "Surely you want your home rebuilt, don't you? You want to be back in your own room, right? Well, the dragon needs to stay, because even if you don't care, other people want their homes back, and I'm not getting up two hours before dawn so it can get there on time. No back-answers." So, she would have to leave her friend there with all the other poor dragons who had been forced to work that day. Currently, she was sitting at one end of the enormous dining table in her grandparent's mansion. Fiddling with her meat, she slouched over the table, mind on things other than eating. "Dear, do stop slouching and stop playing with your food. You know how much I hate it." Sighing softly, but not very loudly, the girl straightened herself and started eating her meal. It was rather extravagant as most of grandma's meals were, which were all cooked by her personal chef. Shortly after she turned seven, she became a vegan, which helped especially when meals like tonight's were served. Poached dragon egg with a soup containing some poor pygmy, but Kat honestly couldn't be bothered learning or remembering the names of everything the chef cooked. She did remember one, the meal where she'd decided to go vegan. Mint dragon en sauce rempli d'épices with a side dish of œufs pochés pygmées. She felt so sick that she vomited all over the floor, only to be scolded for staining the velvety fur rug of a pillow dragon.

Exhaling softly, she finished her salad before saying, "I don't feel very hungry. Grandma, may I go to my room?" After a curt nod from the grandmother, the girl slowly walked out of the room and then ran all the way down the hall and up two flights of stairs to her room. Laying on her bed, she stared up at the ceiling and hoped that Zee would be alright.

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Icefyre, a blue dragoness, was in the stands of the coliseum watching the last two dragon slave fight. The female magi used a fire stream spell at her bleeding moon foe. After the bleeding moon dragon had gotten to its feet again, he flew up towards where the magi was. "Having fun?" said a voice behind her.

Icefyre looked in the direction at where the spell was coming from and asked, "Thistle? Is that you?"

The yellow-green dragon replied, "Of course! Who else would it be?"

"Oh Thistle, I haven't seen you in such a long time. Where have you been?" the dragoness asked, sounding joyful at seeing her old friend again.

Thistle answered while glancing left, right, and then back to her, "Oh, here and there. So, do you like the fight?"

"What? Oh..." Icefyre was a bit surprised at first before she nodded and answered, "Oh yes. It's very entertaining."

Thistle said, "Well, gotta go. I have some business to attend to. See you later." And with that, Thistle left.

The dragoness watched him as she thought, *'Wow! I haven't seen Thistle in what? Seven or eight years. He must have been really busy if he didn't see me sooner.'*

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Spuma was suddenly shaken from his half-asleep dreams with what felt like an earthquake and a strange, deafening roar of a dragon. Unsure if the roar was real or not, Spuma at least knew the rumbling was real, likewise the fact that all the electric lights were off. He staggered back and his tail touched the cage bars. Instinctively he roared and jumped away before realizing nothing hurt. Suddenly curious, the dragon carefully touched a bar. Nothing. He grabbed them with both forepaws and roared again, this time in excitement, and sent a telepathic message to whatever nearby dragon there was, *'The current's off!'* Excited at being able to finally escape, the black dragon threw his weight against the cage, bashing the steel bars until they began to buckle and break loose. With a gap large enough for Spuma to fit through, he set foot out into forbidden land. Now, where were those handlers? Now to show them a piece of his mind...

Zee Cala smiled as she burst from her cage. *'This, I like,'* she thought with a grin appearing on her face and unseen in the gloom. Turning around, she roared happily as her yellow eyes glowed through the dark. "FREEDOM!!" she shouted, charging forward and crashing into the cages of the dragons who weren't strong enough to break their own. "Leave no one behind!" she called as she helped a few pygmies from their cages without hurting them.

Spuma swept his thick, powerful tail in a wide curve across the ground, tearing some bars out place and denting others. These ones he tore out with his paws and teeth. He looked across the cages, his fiery eyes demonic in appearance and hearing some screams in the distance. He knew everyone else was out, taking their revenge on the humans. He reared up, tossing his head and roaring, "Where are the handlers?! Find them and kill them!" The dragon never once considered that this violence was wrong;

he was just relieved to get out and do something of his will. Relieved to the point that he had turned into a raging, cold-blooded predator. He leapt onto one of the cages, partially crushing it with his weight. Almost instantly he spotted a person with a whip in hand fleeing from a burning house, perhaps after realizing dragons were no longer under human command. Spuma grinned, his white teeth flashing in the fire's light and jumped from the cage. He landed with a heavy, soft thud on the wet ground, just in front of the handler who raised his whip as a pathetic warning. A growl rattled from the black's throat as he stared down the handler, preparing to crush him with his paws or jaws. The whip nicked him on the nose, but Spuma didn't flinch for once. Instead, he lunged, the handler's only response being a shriek of utter horror as the dragon's jaws closed on him. His first kill done, Spuma reared up, looking over the cages. Most dragons had either run or taken flight. Some would be attacking; others would be fleeing. The dragon leapt back onto the cages, running across them, watching the scene unfold from above.

Charging through the wreckage of metal bars, Zee confirmed there were no dragons left in them. With a defiant roar, she lowered her head and acted as a battering ram, blasting through them towards where the others were. Snarling viciously, she lifted a chunk of earth up with her magic and hurled it down upon a group of fleeing slavers. The young dragon's mind was blank. For her, there was nothing to think about. These people had worked her race into the ground, forcing them to slave for them for millennium. She was simply returning the favor. Her heart racing and blood boiling, she killed several more with either her earth magic or brute strength. Seeing that there were none left, she suddenly realized what she had done. She had just murdered about 30 people. Sure, they would probably kill more dragons than that each, but that didn't stop the horror of her own actions filling her mind.

The shed door swung open to reveal Mr. Rittevon, the owner of most of the slaves. He was in shock by the chaos that was going on. Angered by this, the man took out his hand gun and went inside to scold his slaves. "Hey! What do you blasted scabies think you're doing?! You think you can just start a riot and achieve freedom? I don't think so! I'm going to shoot down one of you to teach you a lesson and make you all learn your places!" When he squeezed the trigger, nothing came out. "Eh?" breathed the company president. No matter how many times he tried to shoot, the bullets would never leave the handgun. "What's going on here?" asked the confused Mr. Rittevon. Then a black dragon clamped his jaws around the slaver and started eating him.

Landing next to the large male dragon she had seen earlier, the one who had figured out first the cages weren't working, Zee nodded her head in greeting. "My name is Zee Cala; may I ask yours?" she asked. The young female stood tall, a similar size to Spuma with a thicker head and large, thick tail. Her scales were a faded green-to-yellow in color and her wings were large to carry her thickly muscled body. Peering out from her large, angular face, were yellow eyes filled with an intelligence and curiosity often not seen together, let alone in one so young as she clearly was. Spuma was unable to respond as his attention was focused too much on exterminating the handlers. As Zee waited for a reply from the other dragon, a stray thought suddenly made itself clear in her mind, '*Kat!*' With all the uprisings, it was a certainty that her grandmother's house would've been a casualty. How could she be so stupid? Other dragons wouldn't know that she was innocent and a friend. They would kill her on sight. Leaping into the

air, her wings went up and down powerfully with her muscles straining. Yelling to the male, she told him hurriedly, "I'm sorry, I need to be somewhere, I forgot something very important to me!" With that, she flew off, going as fast as she could towards the mansion that she hated all her life.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 2](#).)

Kat sat up suddenly as the earth seemed to tremble beneath her. Looking around in fright, she grabbed two books from her bedside table, a spare set of clothes from the draw, a first-aid kit she always had handy, and stuffed them inside her backpack. Running from the room, she fled down the stairs as savage roars met her ears. She turned down the hall and headed towards the back door that led to the peaceful back gardens of her grandma's. A high-pitched scream filled the air, soon followed by several others and all were suddenly cut off at the same time. *'What on earth is going on?'* she thought, horrified as she ran through the garden. Trembling slightly, the girl hid amongst the leaves and branches of the great oak-tree she was in. Where was Zee? Surely if all these dragons were free, then she was too. Kat hoped her friend was alright. She also hoped that the dragoness would come back. As much as Kat loved dragons, she didn't think she wanted to come across any others. Then she frowned and thought, *'Why am I hiding? After all, this is barely a hiding place and it will only make me look more suspicious.'* With those thoughts, she slid back down the tree, reaching the ground stood, and leaned against the sturdy oak.

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((**Note:** The part where Zee speaks and leaves is not canon to the RP.))

Zee rushed through the air going past burning buildings, rampant dragons, and over screaming people. Everywhere she went, there was chaos here and there. All that pent-up rage for centuries had allowed her kind to go berserk on any human in sight, no matter how old or young they are. When she was about to go past the sky scraper, a red-tinted magi dragoness flew into Zee hard and knocked the breath out of her. They both tumbled down from the sky until the magi used her wind magic to slow down and soften their falls. After reaching the ground, Zee said without looking at the magi, "Thanks!" She took off again quickly into the sky and resumed her way to the mansion.

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((**Note:** The rest of this story is not canon to the RP. The following sections take place during [Chapter 3](#).)

Minutes had gone by as Kat waited for her friend to come and find her. She was scared about staying outside like this, because the longer time had gone by, the more likely she would be attacked by a

random dragon. Such a thought put a strain on her heart and made it race fast. The girl felt compelled to go back inside her grandma's home and hide inside until Zee would be seen through the window. But then a dragon might attack it and have it collapse on and burn her inside. That's why she needed to be outside, where she would have space to run away easily and lose them without going into a dead end. As Kat looked around to see if Zee had shown up yet, she noticed a pair of bright red flowers that was never seen in the garden before. *'Where did these plants come from?'* the girl thought, eyeing them curiously. She found it strange that they would suddenly show up out of nowhere like this. The girl left the oak tree and walked slowly towards the flowers to inspect them. She was halfway near, when a vine rose out of the ground in a wavy movement. Kat froze when she got the alarming realization that the plants belonged to a vine dragon. The girl went nervously stiff as she silent told herself, *'Okay Kat, just stay still and don't make any noises. That way, he won't notice you.'* She there in silence as she watched the vine move around in random directions, trying to find a human to grab onto. Thankfully, it was nowhere near Kat. The vine went in the opposite direction of the girl and towards the wooden fence. The plan would have gone well if the girl hadn't heard the screams of her grandma coming from the house. She whipped her head around to look at the curtain-covered window and saw a silhouette of the old woman being grabbed up and strangled by a large vine. Horrified at seeing her relative getting murdered, Kat screamed, "Grandma!"

The noise drew the vine dragon's attention as the vine went for the girl and coiled itself around her. Kat screamed and struggled as she was hoisted up off the ground. A dark green head broke out of the earth and snarled at the human. Kat shook her head fast in fear as another vine came up to her neck. "No no no! Stop! Don't kill me!" she pleaded desperately. The vine wrapped itself around Kat's neck and tried to pull her head off. This caused the girl to go into even more terror as she was about to be sent to the Grim Reaper.

"Let her go!" Kat heard someone shout. The vine dragon looked up in the sky and saw Zee diving down towards him. She used her magic to have the earth cover the vines and pull them off of Kat, freeing the girl as she dropped to the ground. The human rubbed her pained neck as he let out a groan. Zee landed by her friend and licked her face. "Are you alright?" she asked.

"I am, thanks to you," the girl replied, smiling gratefully. She gave the dragoness a hug, making Zee smile in that she was glad she had gotten here in the nick of time.

The vine dragon was none too pleased with the dragoness's intervention. He growled at her asking, "You there! Why did you save that miserable human's life?"

Zee scowled at him and answered, "Because she is not like the other 'miserable humans'. Not once has she ever hurt me. In fact, she has treated me with much kindness than any other human had." She nuzzled the human affectionately, who petted her in return.

The vine dragon's hostility died down and he regretted his actions. "Oh I'm sorry. I didn't know she was that kind of human," he apologized. "It's just that there's way too many bad ones compared to the few

good and I thought she was no different."

Zee knew that feeling well. She was quite wary of the human race and disliked most of them, except for Kat, who had been her friend since she was little. The dragoness told him, "Well I can understand that, but next time do be careful on who you kill, alright? They might be a good human like Kat here."

"But how do I know who's good and who's bad?" the dragon asked. He didn't want to accidentally harm another innocent person.

The dragoness answered, "You can attack only those who look like slave masters, soldiers, or dragon hunters. You know, look for specific clothes and items. They're obviously bad people. You can even kill off those who have hurt you before."

The dragon liked that plan and said, "Well that makes things a lot easier. Thanks missy!" Then he looked to Kat and apologized, "Anyway, sorry for killing your grandma. I don't know how I can make up for this besides giving her a proper burial and telling the other dragons not to harm you." By the latter, he meant speaking to everyone with telepathy.

Kat forgave and told him, "It's alright. She probably would have turned you into a vine salad, if the Spell didn't happen. She loves to eat foods with dragon meat."

"I see..." the vine dragon spoke in disgust in response to the grandmother's diet. "Well regardless, you're probably still upset about her death, so I'll do what I can now. In the meantime, you and your friend need get to somewhere until it's all over. And if you have any family members left, please take them with you," he told her.

The girl replied, "Okay, we will. And thanks for doing grandma a favor." Looking back to Zee, she told the dragoness, "Come on, Zee. Let's go!" The dragoness crouched down to let her friend on her back. Then she took off and went to look for Kat's parents.

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The last of Rittevon's hired handlers and guards was killed and the mansion had been destroyed. Spuma and his fellow slaves were satisfied with their revenge completed. Now all that was left to do now was to go home to Solomos. Spuma took leadership of his new horde and led them on the journey to their new homeland.