

((Note: This section takes place during [chapter 23](#).)

It had been two long uneventful days and sleepless nights for Bryce, but as with anything else, his journey found its end when the town of Windfall came into view. "What a dump! Probably ain't a single pub in here," he mumbled, despite the fact the city was not something to sneeze at. Groggy and tired, Bryce could only think of settling down somewhere in town and letting sweet slumber whisk him away from his problems, even if it was a short-term bliss. Rummaging through his many pockets, the bearded man tried to find something of value to grant him access to an inn for a one night stay, at least. Sadly, he found nothing worth any merchant's attention. Only his weapons and some useless rubbish. Pickings have been slim lately and the prospect of sleeping outdoors again rustled his jimmies even more. Sighing, he sat down on one of the benches beside the paved stone roads in the city and cupped his face with both hands, gritting his teeth and gripping at his hair in frustration.

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((Note: The following sections take place during [chapter 24](#).)

Few displays of madness can compare with the image of a tiny dragon, zipping between trees and humming the Mission Impossible theme. But to Petey, it all made sense in some deep and undecipherable part of his scrambled mind. The pygmy dragon had been out on his own for a long while now, ever since his opportunistic escape from human captivity. He had little to no luck finding other dragons to seek sanctuary with, and whoever he did find usually weren't attentive enough to notice him, due to his small stature. But aside from that, Petey found solace in the tranquility of the forests. There was plenty of food and plenty of water for him. After all, how much could a lap-sized dragon eat? He steered clear of human settlements as a general rule, but he had heard tales of Windfall from his circumstantial friends before his escape. A city of humans and dragons, a place he dared consider "safe". And now, finally. "There it is!" he snickered joyously, scratching himself behind the ear and scurried towards the towering structures before him. Beyond the forest's edge and into the clearing. If for no other reason, at least he had finally managed to hunt for a rat or two to mix up his diet of insects a bit.

As he fluttered through a crowd of humans and dragons alike, a dark purple whiptail dragonet with multi-colored swirls ran towards him and bumped nose-to-nose into him. The dragonet jumped back and squeaked, "Sorry." Then she looked off to the space for a bit.

"Quite alright! I've had a bit too much personal space lately anyway!" Petey started up with his incessant rambling, overjoyed to have actually garnered non-human attention for a change. "Or a byte! One byte. Among many. Therefore, therefore tera, peta, googol! A lot." He lost his trail of thought, stood there confused for a moment, cross-eyed with his jaw hanging.

The whiptail retreated a step. "Er..." she said quietly, looking unsure as to how to respond to the

pygmy's crazy ramblings.

Looking back at her, Petey grinned and asked, "Oh, where are my manners?!" He scratched himself behind the ear and looked around, searching for something for a moment, before turning back at his new acquaintance. "Can't be bothered looking for them. My name is Petey, or Pea, like the vegetable, and Tea, like the beverage snobby humans love to hork down like there ain't no tomorrow. Breakfast? Tea. Lunch? Tea. Second lunch?! More tea?! Tea at dinner! Tea during snacks! Tea during bathroom breaks! What is a bathroom anyway?! Serial number oh-five-one-six, whatever that means. That's what they called me, anyway."

The whiptail replied. "Well, hi... My name's Zeditha. What would you like me to call you? Tea?" She sounded, appropriately, quite confused.

Then the pygmy noticed her looking ahead for something before she gave up with a small sigh. "Looking for someone?" he asked, arcing an eyebrow and scratching himself under his chin.

Suddenly, he heard a female voice behind him asking, "There you are? Get lost?"

Zeditha laughed nervously, "And hi, Chi. Yeah, lost in the crowd... too many legs to avoid... bumped into this nutter..."

"And, there she is!" said Petey to himself, before he hopped in place thrice before turning around to face his new soon-to-be acquaintance. It was a pink-skinned halfling girl, who appeared to be more draconic in appearance than a typical halfling. Not only that, but she smelled like a dragon as well. Her eyes, hair, wing membranes, and lace corset were all magenta in color. Her horns, dragon feet, tail, gloves, bra, and wing skin were all black in color. She wore metal leaf-like shoulder pads, a flower necklace, and a flower headpiece around her hair.

Chi crouched down on her haunches and flickered her eyes to the pygmy. "Oh you poor thing... Are you injured?" she asked motherly.

Petey got offended and yipped, "Hey! I'm not called Petey, so I can be a magnet for it! Don't patronize me lady!" He hopped in place a few times, only to trigger a huge onset of sparks from the wires on his back, causing him to convulse for a brief moment. "Gaa-haaaAAARGH! I hate it when that happens!" he sat upright and crossed his forelimbs like he had seen humans do, then went right on with his rambling. "Hey you, okay, okay? You okay? Helen, Helen?! Where's my coffee?!" he asked, gritting his teeth. He went back down on all fours again. The strange-looking halfling straightened her posture a bit, taken aback by the pygmy's strange behavior. She turned her head to Zeditha, nodding briefly before looking back to Petey. Her wings folded in against herself. One brief moment of silence later, the pygmy scoffed and laughed, then coughed nervously. "Sorry, about that. I've lost my manners and a few marbles. But I'm fiiiine! In fact, I'm better then fine!" he said as he scurried around in circles a few times before continuing... "I'm back and I'm here and I'm flapping fuh-reeeeeeeeeeEEEEEEE," the pygmy practically

sang out, the joy showing in him in every conceivable way. "Just, missing a few screws is all. Some loose boards and maybe some irreparable damage to the orbital prefrontal cortex... whatever that is," he shrugged.

Chi paused for a bit, shifting in her crouched position with her talons clicking on the ground. "I could try to heal you some if you'd like. I don't what how much I could fix but... you just seem quite... frazzled," she trailed off.

Petey looked amused and said, "Healing? Very appealing. BAHABA! I'm sorry, that was awful. No, but. Yes. Just, later. Maybe? Probably." The halfling cocked her head to one side in confusion. He paused and looked around asking, "Isn't there a better place to be breaking out the magic? There are guards and humans and what not crawling all over the place like fleas on a mangy old dog's behind! And they smell like one too. Wohoa! That's a nasty aroma, let me tell you."

Chi replied, "Well... it doesn't really matter where you do magic... I mean we could go somewhere private if you want."

"Sure, have a swing at it," the pygmy concluded with a shrug. "But enough about me. Who... and what are you? I mean, I've seen people and I've seen other dragons, but..." he trailed off with a nervous cough. The little dragon had never seen a halfbreed species before and was torn between his distaste towards mankind and desire to find others of his own kind. "How does, how does that even, I mean. I know how humans are made, m'kay? And I know how dragons are made, m'kay? So that leads me to assume some pretty weird things that aren't exactly fit for all audiences, if you catch my drift. And would that even work? I was in that biology lab for thirty four years and listened in on those humans talk about physics, genetics, chemistry and all that jazz. I learned a thing or two and if they're right, that would never work." He scratched himself on the neck and looked up at the sky with a look of confusion. "Let's hear it! I'm itching to know!" he blurted out and stared intently at Chi.

The girl laughed softly and explained, "It does work, actually. They're called halflings. But... I'm something different. A Hybrid. We're sort of like Halflings."

"Next thing you know, we got whale flies!" cried the pygmy who flailed his arms around. "Wait, that's awesome!" he added as a tendril of drool dropped down the left side of his mouth. Flies and beetles were his favorite foods, after all. "Heheeh, sign me up for some of that! I'll be the taste tester! Er, but enough about that. Look, I'm okay. I might have a screw or two loose, but between you and me, I've had it with being medicated. That's all those stinky smelly blankity blank sodding pink monkeys did to me in that laboratory," he sighed and scratched his head, gathering his thoughts for a moment. "These are just scars. And scars fade. Okay? The only thing I really need right now is a group. Maybe a home. I don't know how things work out here, but I came to this city with that in mind. Find others and put down roots so I can pursue my ultimate goal! To master the volatile forces of electricity and take my revenge on that biology lab, free my captured comrades and then party like it's nineteen sixty nine!... Whatever that means," he shrugged. Chi rubbed the back of her neck as she was confused again.

Zeditha looked unsure what to say until she admitted, "Well, if you want a home, I'm not exactly sure what happens around here either. I live in the forests, most of the time. On my own. Never really been around humans, I guess I'm one of the luckier ones. My first encounter with humans was when they killed my friend and mentor, and my next encounter with dragons and humans was when I joined that murdering Vulture Horde. They killed innocent humans simply because they were human. I rescued one, though..." She looked towards Chi and the baby she was holding.

Her words went ignored as Petey continued, "Also, I want to get my claws on some of those research papers they have in there. As barbaric as they were, they must have learned an awful lot about us. That research data would be invaluable to me! I need to get it! Study it! Maybe it might even help me get my own sanity! Or teach me to be a professional whistler. I really don't know. But I really want to know! You know?" He trailed off and shut his mouth, realizing he had just spilled a whole lot of beans to a complete stranger. Still, she seemed nice and was anything but human, from what he saw.

Chi shook her head and explained, "Petey... that biology lab wouldn't be around anymore. The spell disabled all dragon-harming technology. Slave collars, cages, guns. They're all gone. Humans can't really even enslave dragons anymore. All the test subjects probably already escaped."

The pygmy replied, "Still! They made most of their notes on paper. You know, that thing the humans used to use before electronics came around. Ring any bells?! Anyway... I need to look at their notes. It's about the r... it's, well, kinda personal." He stopped himself in the nick of time. "Also, if I know the laboratory owner, he's probably still there, and he'll stay there. Psh.. dude's nutter then I am," he paced around a bit as he explained.

The hybrid explained, "Well yeah, the paper might still be around. Hope the other little guys didn't destroy what you're looking for out of spite. That's what happened with our lab. One of the hybrids escaped and destroyed every bit of research he could find. I think it was more to keep them from ever making more hybrids. It isn't exactly a lovely process how we were made and tested." Then she suggested, "Well anyway, if you're looking to master electricity, they're holding magic classes down at City Hall. So maybe you can check there?"

Petey, having noticed the darkening sky, told her, "It's about closure. CLOSURE, DARLIN'! Have you ever had one of those obsessive desires to DO something, so strong and powerful that every moment you spend not doing it feels like someone's jabbing your psyche with a red hot oven poker? That's what it feels like. I'm not hurting physically, I'm hurting psychologically!" He gripped at his mane for emphasis, managing to rip out a few strands of hair in the process. "You think I like being this loony?! You think someone else put these on me?!" he gestured at the wires sticking out of his back. "Spoiler alert! No," he finished, gritting his teeth took a deep breath to calm himself down a little. Then he realized something. "Wait, a second, the sun is rising once again! Did you say they can't use their tech anymore?! Hah! That means I can march over there right now! And I'd have to, before the fat cat flies the coop!" he rejoiced, visibly overjoyed by this new unexpected news. His motives now clear; Petey could see his

future before him as clearly as if he had been looking at it through the cleanest glass imaginable. The little dragon didn't have anything else to live for at the moment anyway. He had no friends, no family, no one to care for but himself. And to him, closure on this would be the greatest of remedies he could ask for. One thing was clear, however. "Can't go alone..." he mumbled under his breath. Determined as he was, he was still a fifth the size of just one human, untrained and short on time. "I don't suppose, either of you two'd be willing to help me. I know we just met, and I must seem like the crown jewel of an insane asylum, but if I can just get my claws on that one guy... it'd fix me. Maybe, I mean yes. No. Kind of."

Chi cringed, "Eeeeh, I'm not the best person to ask. I really have nothing ability-wise fit for combat. I may look a little scary with my draconic traits but... I'm afraid I'm nothing special." She let out a small laugh.

"Alright. I'll manage," Petey said with a tinge of disappointment. There was no point in pressing the issue, getting a stranger to go with him was a long shot anyway. "Ladies, see ya in the funny papers," he said before scurrying off. "And hopefully not in the obituaries," he jested quietly to himself. In all honesty, perhaps stealth was called for, not just brute force. But with the humans lacking any weapons, Petey had a good idea of what he had to do, where he had to go and how to avoid being re-captured for whatever reasons. He formulated his devious little plan, driven and focused by the memories of his ordeals that just made him fume on the inside.

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Having bested his frustration, Bryce was now leaning on his knees with his arms on the bench, deep in thought. If he had no money, then he had to... procure some. With a sly grin and a gleam in his eye, he pulled up his hoodie over his head and merely observed the passersby. The occasional dragon had nothing valuable for Bryce to 'acquire', but the crowd of people looked good enough to yield some profit. He just needed an approach. The thought of luring someone into a dark alley and mugging them crossed his mind, but he quickly dismissed it as reckless, seeing as he was in no shape to run from the local law enforcement. No no no, he needed a more subtle approach. He stayed put, contemplating, watching the passer-by, and waiting for the golden opportunity. "Not him, not her...too poor, too many, too young," he muttered under his breath as the crowd passed him by. A few minutes passed, until finally... "Jackpot," Bryce grinned, pulling down his hood and clearing his throat, before getting up and heading straight at what looked like a young family. "Salutations, good sir. Might I have a moment of your time?" Bryce spoke to the well-groomed white haired man of the family he had selected as his victims.

While his wife and daughter merely listened, the elderly gentleman replied, "Um, yes. Hello. Uh, I suppose so. How may I help you?"

"I've lost my friend; he's about yae' high," Bryce gestured slightly over his head. "Roughly my age, tan

complexion, wears an overcoat, much like yours. And might I say, what a fine fabric," he went on as he casually permitted himself to casually touch the other man's coat. "You know? His is old and made of linen, I think. I've been thinking of getting one myself, to keep me warm on my travels, you see..."

The old man shrugged and smiled, "Ah, yes. It's just a cotton coat I bought this locally. I think the shop was down that road and one left at the next crossing. It does work wonders on those cold winter nights. As for your friend, I have not seen anyone like that." Proper etiquette must be rare around here.

Bryce frowned a bit and said, "Oh, well that's a bit of a letdown. Well, can you direct me to the Town Hall then? I think it was this way..." He nudged the old man to get him to turn around and pointed in the general direction of where he had already passed by the building.

"Yes, just through there," the gentleman nodded.

"Excellent, I'm sure my friend is there already. Oh, do you have the time?"

"Why, yes. It's..." the old man let off an exasperated sigh as he looked at his wrist. "I seem to have forgotten my watch at home. I'm sorry."

"T'is quite alright, thank you for your time," Bryce smiled and bowed lightly, before walking off. He headed off in the general direction of the town hall, but went only so far as to make sure he was out of sight and out of earshot of the people he had just spoken to. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out a wallet, a watch, and a silver wedding ring engraved with *HS* on the outside. Casually opening the wallet, he saw it had a reasonable amount of the local currency in it and a small picture of its previous owner, the old man Harold Sweenistein. "Well Sweenie, looks like you're paying for my stay here. Thanks for having the floppiest most easily pickable pockets I've seen in a while," the thief grinned as he discarded the wallet into the nearest rubbish bin, keeping only the money from it, the ring and the watch before wandering off in a random direction, looking for an inn or a pub.

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*Knock, knock, knock!* "Hello?!" a call broke the silence, deep within the forest due far east of Windfall. *Knock, knock, knock!* "Anyone here?" the voice called again. It's owner, a medium-sized white dragon sighed deeply as he looked over the remainder of what looked like a large human ruin. The building was large, almost six floors, solid, and looked like it would still be usable, were it not for all the shattered glass panels and charred areas above and below the windows on all the floors, save for the topmost one. It was evident that a huge fire had broken out here, and not too long ago as well. "Come on, I'm not gonna hurt you. I just need to fetch my friend! Open up!" the dragon tried once more, this time pounding at the charred metal door with his clenched paw. No response. "Damn it Gylfie, of all the places to zip into, this had to be the worst..." he started to mutter under his breath and gritted his teeth in frustration. Something caught his attention. It looked like a small inscription etched into the metal of the door itself. "Property... of... U.N.G.R Labs Inc." The dragon did not know what to make of that, so he

called for his friend once more as loudly as he could, "GYLFIE!!!"

It had been an hour, maybe two. Dosh could not tell, to him it all blended together into one huge daze of worries and regrets. No matter how much he called to Gylfie, he achieved nothing. From what he could see through the windows, the building was completely torched on the inside, though he could have sworn he has heard voices and other noises inside. If only he could get in and... "Hello?"

"Who, wha?" Dosh looked around, trying to find the source of that greeting, only to be taken aback, when Petey's face descended into his field of view from the top.

"Heellooooo," greeted the pygmy.

"Argh, you, get off of my head!" yelled the white dragon.

"Sure, sure..." the pygmy huffed. He hopped down to the ground and off of Dosh's nose. "Lotta noise you're making here, friend. I'd imagine every beast, hunter and monster within a thousand clicks of you knows where you are," Petey jested with a smug grin drawn wide across his face.

The white dragon, squinting heavily, clearly a tad ticked off, retaliated, "Oh, I can look after myself, you on the other hand look like you'd fit right under my pinkie toe."

"Aww, you're saying that like it's a bad thing. How short-sighted of you," Petey scoffed and crawled up the metal door they were standing in front of. "You know me and mister scientist that lives in here have a history together. I can get in. And it looks like you want to as well. So what say we make a little deal, you and I. No fine print, no nothing. Just a verbal agreement between refined gentle... beasts."

Dosh arced an eyebrow and eyed the pygmy, skepticism engulfing him like a bucket of cold water on a hot summer's day. Who was this random dragonling, appearing out of nowhere and suddenly offering him a proposition of some sort, anyway?! "Say what you want to say."

Petey snickered quietly and placed his front paws on the panel beside the door frame. The mechanism lit up immediately and the metal door locking mechanism undid itself with a loud *CLANG*. The door swung open, and slammed against the opposing wall. "We go in together and we leave together. My end was opening this and any other doors that need a... jump-start head of us. Your end is you protect me."

"That so? What's in there?" Dosh scowled, this whole situation smelling to high heaven to him.

"Oh, just some papers I need, and maybe a few old friends. C'mon, chop chop!" the pygmy clapped for emphasis and scurried inside. Knowing the dragonling would not put any effort into finding Gylfie, Dosh followed, hoping for the best.

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With pockets full of dosh and a cold pint waiting for him somewhere, the city now seemed like second home to Bryce. He stepped through the crowds and kept an eye out for anything that looked like a half-decent inn or pub. Unsurprisingly, it did not take long for him to find one. Standing in front of the establishment, he crossed his hands and sighed before reading the pub's name out loud, "The Double Barrel." A sly grin crossed his face as he closed his eyes and covered his mouth with his palm. "Let's hope at least they don't spit in their drinks." Pushing the heavy wooden door aside, Bryce held back a cough as the smoke-heavy air shot through his nostrils. '*Regulars must be fans of the 'bacco,*' he figured as he stepped past the unruly gentlemen seated at their round bar tables. Some of them were having a game of poker, others were drinking mugs of what Bryce could assume was ale, and still others were slumped over, smashed from horking down too much of the good stuff. The bar itself was decent, though. There was no music, but the room was lit just dimly enough to be atmospheric, and brightly enough to see what you were doing. Seating himself on one of the stools and pulling out some of the stolen money, Bryce tapped on the counter to get the bartender's attention, ordered one, and made himself comfortable. It had been a while since he had a stiff drink and relaxed, so he made the most of it.

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The two proceeded through the facility with bated breath, both hoping they would not run into any people. Though as they progressed, Dosh would have gladly traded the things he was seeing for having to deal with human attackers. Each room they passed by and peeked inside held an increasingly disturbing set of contents, from bladed tools and instruments or other such surgical necessities, to operation halls with small to medium sized operating tables with restrainers where each arm would go, moving into rooms filled with the charred remains of people and other animals, floors caked in dried blood and bodies half-decomposed and swarming with maggots of all sorts and sizes. "What happened here?" Dosh asked, barely holding down his lunch. It was not the sight of all this carnage that was getting to him, but rather the smell.

"I'm not gonna get into it. Let's just say this is a butcher's shop that doubles as a laboratory," Petey answered somberly as he led the way through the gruesome, but somehow spacious complex. "We're going to the top floor. That's the storage area and offices floor. The fat cat of this fine establishment must have died or flown the coop, but I might just get some of those notes anyway."

"Why, so why were you here?" Dosh asked, morbid curiosity getting the better of him. The pygmy did not respond. Despite the troubles they had getting up to the higher floors, they had managed to crawl up some of the elevator shafts and taken the still usable stairways. It took them no more than ten minutes to get to the top floor, though for Dosh it felt like an hour. Surprisingly, the top floor looked in decent shape. The doors were now all human-sized, so it was left to Petey to check every room. Every time he did, he found nothing. Just as they were approaching one of the final doors, they heard a noise coming from one of the rooms they had already checked, behind them. "Didn't you say it was empty?" asked the white dragon.



"Hold the phone. I'll be right back..." Petey squinted, scurrying over to the closed door. He pulled down the handle and entered before closing it behind himself. The room itself was as he had left it, full of cupboards and racks of small bottles and syringes of all sizes and colors. But there was indeed someone else in there. Coming out from behind one of the desks was a human in urban attire, holding a small knife in one hand and a bag of folders and vials in the other. When Petey got a look at the man's face, a wide grin spread across his face. "Hello, Victor. Long time no see. Still doing vivisections or did you switch to something more humane?" The man stood there, solid as a rock and shivering in his boots, too scared to utter a word. "Vic, c'mon, you're embarrassing yourself. I'm hardly two feet tall, after all," Petey jested, still wearing that malicious grin that screamed "crazy".

Victor still pointed his knife at the pygmy and stammered, "I, the others are gone. We, we let them out, the ones that didn't escape. Y-you're wasting your time being here. There's nothing left."

As he slowly advanced on the terrified man, Petey mocked, "How short-sighted of you. Are those folders you're holding worth anything, or do you carry them around for as a fashion accessory? The office slob look was so last season, you know."

"I don't, I don't want to hurt you. Just go away! You're free! What more do you want?!" The room went silent as the two stared at each other for a moment, before the silence was broken by a thunderous *SNAP*. A flash of light and then a cloud of smoke filled the room. When it cleared, Victor was lying on the ground, convulsing violently.

Petey stood on his chest, arcs of electricity were flashing between the exposed wires protruding from his back. "I want the fat cat sitting atop this pyramid of nightmares, Vic. Tell you what, you tell me where I can find him, and I let you keep your head. Sounds like a fair deal to me," the pygmy dragon whispered menacingly into the man's ear.

Victor confessed, "T-there's a map, I have a map. The location is marked there. He's going to rebuild! Start a new facility! I swear, that's all I know!"

"Oooohh, Vic, you've made me so happy," Petey cackled lightly as he went over to examine the bag the man had been carrying. Indeed, he found a small map detailing the location of his primary target. The rest turned out to be research data on various chemical compounds, things Petey knew he had sift through, but at a later time. For now, he paid the vials no attention.

"So, can I go? You said you'd let me go," the paralyzed man rasped, desperation clear in his tone of voice.

"I said, I'd let you keep your head," Petey grinned, scurrying over to the door and locking it. Then hopped up to one of the rafts and started browsing through the array of surgical instruments.

"Wait, no, what are you..." asked Victor fearfully with wide eyes.

"Well, you did this to me, why should you have all the fun?" Petey sneered when he hopped back down upon the paralyzed man's chest and revealed what he had picked up. Bit worn, but still usable. "What was it you called these? A scalpel? Now we'll just start, here!"

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Peeking in from room to room, Dosh was still looking for his lost companion. Though the sixth floor of the building was not as gruesome as the lower floors, he was still in a fit of mild panic, thinking of what might have happened to... "Gylfie! There you are!" the white dragon exclaimed, relief washing away his distress in an instant. There, in literally the very last room that needed checking, perched on one of the desks was a tiny spotted brown and teal feathered owl, no bigger than a baseball. "Oh, what took you? I've been calling for you for an hour! Let's go, come on!" Recognizing Dosh's voice, Gylfie perched herself on her usual spot, atop Dosh's head, and the two left the room. The dragon was happy that everything was alright. However, as he was walking through the hallway, Dosh picked up on what sounded like the wailing cries of a human being. The guttural screeches, pained pleas and hoarse screams all came from behind the very door where Petey had gone not fifteen minutes ago. "Hey!" Dosh shouted and tried to open the door. It was locked. The reinforced windowless metal doors were designed to last, and last they did. No matter how many times he tried to force the door open, it remained shut.

The screams gradually faded, a deafening silence engulfed the hallway, and for a moment, Dosh could have sworn he'd heard a maniacal giggling. He wanted to leave, immediately, but he knew he was honor-bound by the deal he'd made with the small dragon. The least he could do was make sure whether or not it was alright. The door clicked... and opened. Out came Petey with a small bag secured to rest atop his back. "Comrade, our business here is done. If you'd like, we can leave now," he spoke in a calm and even tone.

"Yes, let's," Dosh's thoughts quickly took him back to that one room. "What, what happened in there? I thought I heard something. Is that, is that blood? Are you okay?"

"Nothing. You heard nothing," the pygmy told him.

"Alright. Let's get out of here," Dosh dropped the issue. He did not care for what Petey had done, he only wanted to leave as soon as he could. And so, they did.