

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 7](#).)

Henry, with an apple in his mouth, walked through the forest. His right hand held a bow, while his left hand was holding the apple, so that he could chew on it. Eventually, he just walked along with the apple stuffed in his mouth. "Sweet, sweet, fruit..." the teenage boy mumbled as he chewed on the hard, but sweet fruit. When he finished it, he threw the core near a tree. "Happy fertilizer day, tree," he muttered. He stared blankly at his bow with his blue eyes. "Why did I bring you here anyway?" he asked the bow. "Gah, whatever, maybe I can practice with you on a tree," he said and trotted down the grassy path.

Henry shot an arrow at a tree, which missed. "Huh. I guess need to work on my archery skills..." he said as he quickly ran and nabbed the arrow, placing it back in the quiver. He tried shooting at the tree a second time. It hit almost towards the center, although it was off a bit. "...Yeah, this time it was better," he said as he took the arrow out and placed it back into the quiver again. Henry sighed as he walked back to his shooting spot. "It would be better if something interesting would happen now though-" He was cut off after he tripped on a small tree root. The boy landed on a soft patch of grass with dirt. It felt moist as any other dirt on the floor in the forest. He would have got up and cleaned himself, but he decided to stay like this for a few minutes. He was feeling lazy right now anyway. "I hope I didn't bust an ant colony nest beneath my body though..." he said. It wasn't like he was afraid of bugs; he just doesn't like killing and touching the dead bugs' bodies.

After a short while, Henry finally stood up and tried to clean himself from the dirt he had gotten. He checked the ground to see if any bugs seem to be dead. "Oh... good, there really isn't any dead bodies of those insects..." he sighed in relief. The boy was just about to move when he realized that a magi dragoness was near him. "....." he processed some information for a moment. "Gyablablaba!" he finally said in surprise before he fell onto the forest floor. "Ah! Hmmm!" he said as he wiped out some more dirt after he got up. "Well, at least it's better than my pot sister," he muttered for a moment before focusing his attention back to the dragoness.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 8](#).)

"Ahhhhhh! Why won't you work, computer?!" Yukki shouted and shook the computer. "Why does the blackouts have to troll me? WHY?!" she screamed. A black out seemed to have appeared, causing her TV and computer to not work at all. "Damn it, Henry! WHY ARE YOU SO LATE?" she screamed. She took out a frying pan. "I swear I'm going to murder him using this pan!" she shouted.

((**Note:** The rest of this story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [chapter 30](#).)

It had been 3 days since Henry and his sister last saw the Firestar family. The boy wondered how they were doing now since the day they left his home. Besides having Yukki living alongside it, he was pretty lonely without anybody else around. If only he had telepathy like dragons do, then he would get to talk and have conversations with anyone he knew without the need for a cellphone. But that wasn't the case at all for him. Looks like he'll have to keep his friends and the dragon visitors in memory until he somehow meets them again. For now, Henry went to practice his archery on the forest's mountain.

The boy aimed his bow at one of the highest branches on a tree. He concentrated on the thin brown wood in the distance and hope that his arrow met his mark. Once he was sure of his aim, he released the string and let the arrow fly up towards the branch. The shot was successful as the arrow hit its mark and Henry was a bit content about that. But he still needed more training to become a master archer and just shooting at still objects wasn't going to make him one.

The boy decided to practice on animals, since they can move. He retrieved all the arrows he shot and climbed up the same tree to get the last remaining one. Then he got back onto the ground and trekked through the woods to search for anything that moved. His search took him to a cliff where he saw a golden eagle flying high over the sea of trees below. Henry took an arrow out of the quiver and placed it on the bow. He aimed at the brown bird of prey and moved his view along with it. Once he had the arrowhead lined up with the eagle, the boy released the string and sent the arrow flying. Unfortunately, it missed and the arrow went far across the air and down into the trees. Henry frowned as he was disappointed at having lost one of his arrows. It was going to take a long time to find it if he went searching and there was a high chance of getting lost, too. Well, maybe there was probably no use of crying over spilled milk. He can always make another arrow, provided he find the right materials for it. The boy went back to practice on still objects, since he wasn't ready for flying animals, yet. Maybe if he saw a land critter, he could try again.

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

After a while of practice, Henry started to get bored and tired. He put away his bow and recollected his arrows. With a slight nod, he said to himself, "Well, time to go home. Can't keep my crazy pot sister waiting." If he can reach home fast, then he won't have to deal with the consequence of getting his head hit again. He walked a few steps ahead before he heard movement behind him.

"Look, there he is; that must be the human who shot you," Henry heard someone say in a draconic voice behind him. Sensing trouble, the boy whipped his head around and saw a horde of dragons behind him. Their leader, a yellowish green dragon, appeared to be mad at him.

The leader of the horde took notice of boy's equipment and growled, "Yes, I can see. That lowly human will pay for this now." So that's where the lost arrow went after it missed the Eagle.

Seeing as how the dragon wants to kill him, Henry started to get scared for his life. He hoped to relieve the leader's anger to spare himself from his wrath. The boy held an arm in front of himself and shook his hand to gesture the horde to stop. "W-w-w-wait! It was just an accident! I was trying to shoot down an eagle. I didn't know it was going to fall down and hit you. I swear I didn't mean any harm!" Henry cried fearfully.

The leader refused to take the boy's story seriously. He growled, "Oh yes, says a typical human who lies to save himself out of the trouble he himself started." Then without taking his eyes off the boy, he ordered the dragons, "Greenleaf Horde, attack!" Immediately, the horde charged at the human. Henry didn't waste any time running away from the angry mob that was out to kill him. He let out a frightened scream as he fled.

Fortunately for him, the chase ended shortly after a big flash of light appeared between the boy and his pursuers. It was then followed by clouds of purple smoke that immediately dissipated. The Greenleaf Horde stopped running and Henry heard surprised gasps, whoas, and huhs. He also heard a familiar voice behind him growling, "Leave him alone, you bastards!"

Henry instantly came to a halt and looked behind him to see a magi dragoness. "Atlas?" he said her name. He was both surprised to her here and glad that she came to his rescue.

In defiance, the yellow-green dragon yelled, "Out of the way, magi! That human must be exterminated."

Atlas refused to move or listen to him. She held her ground firmly and snarled, "No way am I going to let any of you law your dirty claws on him. You hurt him and you all get hurt!" Her fire aura suddenly appeared and burned intensely with the fierce urge to harm any idiot stupid to get past her.

The horde leader scoffed at the magi's bravado, "Hah! And what would a single dragoness do against the whole horde? You'll never be able to beat us all."

Atlas wanted to prove him wrong and make him eat his words, but she can't right now. Axle and his words of caution were keeping her from having a fight started, plus she needed to get back to him now. Feeling ashamed of having to flee from them, the dragoness growled quietly and thought, '*Damn it.*' She couldn't believe she had to be ferocious in front of the crowd and then turn away with a tail between her legs. Such display of cowardice would hurt her pride.

Henry looked at the many dragons in front of him and the magi and felt uneasy. The horde looked overwhelming with its numbers; there probably must be like 50 dragons or whatever. There was no way, Atlas can win against all of them. The boy said to the magi, "He's right, Atlas; there's too many of them."

We need to get out of here."

Reluctant to admit the human was right, Atlas growled without looking at him, "Alright fine, I'll get you out of here." She pictured the lone brick house she once visited in the woods and teleported Henry over to his home.

The action enraged the horde leader, who let out a snarl at the magi, as well as a few other horde members. The leader roared, "How dare you save that human?! Have you forgotten what his kind did to all of us?!"

The magi countered with a snarl, "Henry is not like the other humans! He's a fine decent one who's been nice to me and never harmed anyone in my sight. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to get back to my other friend." She didn't stick around to hear the horde's reaction as she teleported over to the lake back in Solomos.

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

Henry found himself back in front of his own house, much to his surprise. "Whoa, I didn't think I'd go through that again," he said to himself. It wasn't the first time he had been teleported; few days ago, Atlas had teleported herself and him after their errand. That day was also the first time he got attacked by dragons just for simply being human; now today was the second. Clearly, the dragon race was furious with all the atrocities mankind has done to them for centuries and the boy couldn't blame them for feeling this way. If the roles had been switched, then maybe he would have hated dragons. He and Yukki disagreed with the way society treated dragons. This belief was one of the reasons why they lived in solitude in the woods.

Looking at the front door and having nothing else to do, Henry thought, *'Well, might as well go in.'* So he went to the door and rang the doorbell. Within a few seconds, the door swung open and showed his sister behind it. The boy made a halfhearted smile and said, "Hey sis, I'm back." He tensed stiffly, awaiting the swing of the frying pan.

But fortunately for him, it didn't happen. Instead, Yukki told him, "Henry, I'm getting bored watching the same anime DVDs over and over again. I need you to go to the city and loot some new anime and manga to watch." She gave him an empty wooden basket for him to hold the stuff she wanted.

The boy gulped nervously; he must risk his life going into the dragon-infested city to retrieve some trivial things? Henry knew that some, if not most, of the dragons would attack him right on spot. He had no way of protecting himself from a horde, unless he was up against only one dragon, in which he might be able to fend off with his bow. Hoping to talk his sister out of it, he said, "Uh... I don't think that would be

a good idea."

Yukki scowled at her brother; he better not be going against her. Raising up her frying pan and preparing to hit someone with it, she asked threateningly, "Do it or get hit again, baka!"

Fearing the latter choice, Henry raised his arms protectively over himself and said, "Okay, okay! I'll do it!" Then he quickly ran away from the house, out of the girl's sight and made his way through the woods to get to the city.

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

Once he had made it to the destroyed city, Henry went around the city looking for a store that sold anime and manga. He hoped the looters, who were brave enough to come or stay in this city, didn't rob the city of all that Yukki never watched or read. If they did, then that would be bad for him and his sister. The boy snuck through the ruins and avoided being in the sight of every dragon he saw. The few general retail stores he came across had no new item for him to get. But the few snacks, soap, vitamins and a few other useful things he found be a great addiction to the family. Yukki would be happier than she would with just the manga and anime.

After a while, Henry found a bookstore at the shopping center. Its sign had fallen off the face onto the asphalt ground and looked to be damaged from a fire. Looking at the remains of the sign, the boy knew that it was the logo of a popular bookstore corporation; which means there were anime and manga inside. Glad that he found such a place, the boy went inside through the pair of double doors and then found a sight that shocked him. The inside of the building looked to be a complete disaster. Most of the roof had crashed down into the store, leaving dust and charred pieces of itself all over the place. The bookshelves had been knocked down with books lying down in front of it or under it. Not only that, but there were also dead bodies of people, some of which had their clothes torn off and flesh eaten. The whole place looked like a huge monster had broken into the bookstore and laid havoc on this place. That itself was the work of dragons.

Henry's heart sank in fear before he murmured, "I need to make this quick and get out of here." So with that, he began to rummage through the debris to see if any mangas and DVDs he found survived the rampage. Some of the books he found were lucky to be in one piece; the others were either burned to some extent or completely turned into ashes. When one spot had nothing he was looking for, the boy would go to another one and check there as well. After a while of his searching, Henry got all the DVDs and manga he thought his sister would like and put them in his basket. By now, his arms were aching from having to push off larger pieces of debris to uncover the books. He sighed, "Man, that was tiring. I need to go home and rest." So the boy went out the bookstore and made his way home.

As Henry walked on, a couple of men hid inside a thrift store and watched him walk on by through the display window. The man in a black shirt said to his friend, "Hey look, Bob! We got ourselves a lone doofus with some goods in that basket."

The flabby-faced man in the gray sweatshirt said, "I'd like to see what he's got there besides all those weeaboo things. Let's nab him, Jack!" So the two men went out of the thrift store and followed the boy. Jack walked a little bit faster, closing the gap between himself and his would-be victim. When the black-shirted man caught up to the teen, he grabbed the boy by his shoulder and pulled him closer. The last thing Henry saw when he turned his head around was a fist coming right at him. It punched him in the face, causing the boy to fall back over onto the asphalt ground.

Bob went to pick up the basket that Henry dropped and said, "I got the basket. Come on, Jack, let's scam!" Then the thieves turned tail and ran to make a getaway.

With his face hurting like fire, Henry got up and saw the thieves making off with his basket. The boy was appalled with them for taking away what he worked hard to find. He tried to tell the men aloud, "Wait! Stop! My sister needs that stuff!" His words fell on deaf ears as the thieves did not bother to slow down.

As the men kept on running, they suddenly saw snow falling down on them. Confused and surprised at why the tiny white balls would suddenly drop down during the summer, Bob asked, "What in tarnation?" Then they saw a large shadow being cast over them. They looked up and saw a gray & light blue dragoness in the sky flying their way. Their eyes went wide in fear and their mouths dropped in silent gasps. Bob cursed, "Oh shit, run!" Then they turned around and from the beast. The dragoness, whose flight was faster than their legs, caught up to them and breathed down her ice breath on the thieves. The chilling cold touched the men and encased them in thick solid ice.

Henry watched the dragoness descend and land down in front of him. Believing that she was going to turn him into the next popsicle, he drew his bow and aimed his arrow at her. He fearfully warns her, "Don't hurt me! I'll shoot you if you do!"

The dragoness was unfazed by the cowardly threat and told him calmly, "Drop your weapon, human. I'm not going to hurt you."

The boy relaxed a little, when she appeared to not meant any harm at all. "Really?" he asked as he slowly lowered his bow.

"I'm serious," said the dragoness.

"Okay then," said Henry as he put away his weapon and arrow. How lucky, he meets another dragon who was friendly like Atlas and her nieces.

Then the dragoness asked, "You're the human from four nights ago with the magi dragoness. What

brings you back here to your city?"

The boy told his story, "Well I came here to get some new anime and manga for my crazy sister. Apparently, she's getting bored with the old ones."

The dragoness looked confused with the terms and asked, "Anime and manga?"

Henry nodded and replied, "It's just something we watch and read. They're like the Hayanese version of cartoons and comic books. Ever heard of those?"

The dragoness shook her head and answered, "I can't say I have."

The boy shook his head as he said, "Well I guess you won't understand since you're a dragon." With both of them nothing else to add to the conversation, Henry remembered what he was missing and asked, "Hey uh, can you get my basket away from these guys?" He looked to the frozen thieves to show who he was talking about. Then he continued, "I can't go home without it."

The dragoness went over to Bob's ice prison and turned to let her powerful tail whack the side the basket was at. The ice cracked each time the tail hit until it eventually broke and freed the basket. She took the basket out of Bob's hand and walked back with it to place in Henry's arms. Glad to have it back, the boy smiled with gratitude and beamed, "Thanks... er..." Because he didn't know her name, he wasn't quite sure what to call her.

The dragoness said her name for him, "It's Frostfire."

The boy nodded once briefly and said, "Frostfire, got it." Then he got an idea for a quick trip back to his house and asked, "Hey uh, can you fly me back home? I don't want to have to sneak my way past other dragons. They probably want to roast me alive." He let out a nervous quiet laugh.

Frostfire gave a reassuring small smile and told him, "Fear not, human. All the dragons in this city have been informed not to attack you, because you are not hostile towards us."

Henry made a relieved smile and replied, "Really? Wow, what a relief! I can't believe I've been sneaking around for nothing." He chuckled at himself for falling for the joke life played at him. After he calmed down, the boy looked back to the thieves and asked, "So uh, can we get these guys out? I know they hit and robbed me, but I'd feel pretty bad if we left them frozen to die." He imagined how terrible it would be to suffocate in all that hard ice while it was freezing him painfully. It wasn't a nice feeling and he didn't want anybody else going through it.

Frostfire looked at the thieves as well and said, "Very well, I shall release them." Then she went over to them and whipped her tail against the icy prisons until they broke into pieces.

Bob and Jack were now free as they shivered from the coldness on their bodies. The former of them said, "Oh gods, that was cold."

The other agreed, "You said it!"

Then Bob noticed the hand that once held the basket was empty. He looked at his hand and asked, "Huh? Where it'd go?"

Then Frostfire brought her face down to the thieves and growled at them. The men let out scared gasps when they saw her. The dragoness told them, "Leave this city now, humans!" Just like that, the men turned tail and ran away screaming like cowards. With that done, Frostfire returned to Henry's side and asked him, "Are you ready?"

The boy nodded and answered, "Yeah, let's go."

The dragoness laid down and told him, "Get on." Henry climbed up her downed wing and sat on her back. Then the dragoness took off into the sky and followed the boy's direction to his house.