

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

The neotropical slunk around in the battle arena, sticking to the shadows as she purposely stepped over the dead bodies of humans. "There's nothing here anymore," she murmured, a smirk of satisfaction spreading over her feature. "They're all dead. Got what they deserved. The blasted humans," she cursed under her breath. She slipped away out of the exit and roamed the empty streets as she slowly made for the forest. '*Now to find the other dragons...*' she thought, her black deadly claws digging hard into the rocky ground as if it were nothing more than soil.

As Tryp walked on, there was hardly any noises or live figures in the distance except for the squeaks and screeches of rats nearby in sewers. '*Dirty vermin,*' she hissed to herself, glancing around. "Yep, I did a good job of making sure they didn't get back up again... alive," she said to herself as her green eyes narrowed. '*They shall pay for what they did to us. They shall be no more!*' The dragoness stood back onto her hind legs up to her full length as she unfurled her wings and clawed at the air, letting out a bellowing roar that echoed through the streets. She took off into the air, her wings beating furiously as she soared over the woods with her long tail dangling and flapping behind her like a banner. The wind rushed past her and flowed through her scales; she loved it. After so many years of being cooped up in her cage, she had freedom. Tryp dropped suddenly to the leaf-strewn ground, making a loud thump as she stood still and silent for a moment, not even bothering to move as ravens squawked and flew off into the blue of the sky. She inhaled, taking in the sweet scents of the forest. Her tongue swept around her jaws and she quickly pulled it back inside. '*Hunting time,*' she thought.

The neotropical continued on in the forest, often stopping to scent the air. The wind was blowing downwind towards her, so she could get a better chance of scenting anything up ahead of her. Finally, she caught a scent. She crouched down so that the mud sucked at her belly and her paws squished in the watery dirt. Her green eyes flickered back and forth, but kept its attention on the prey. She crawled forward and sprang, paws outstretched as she killed the creature with an expert blow. She looked down at the furry thing. '*A rabbit,*' she thought. It was barely enough to feed her, but she decided not to take things for granted. Her jaws clasped over the rabbit as she slipped into the safety of the shadows to finish her dinner. Tryp's needle-like teeth worked easily through the flesh of the animal and tore huge chunks of meat while she swallowed it down. After finishing her meal, she withdrew. She had to admit, it was the best thing she tasted; better than the tiny morsels that the humans threw at her. She snorted at the horrible memory and slowly stood, shaking herself. '*I have to move. I doubt I'm deep enough into the forest yet; I need to continue on if I can find the others...*' she thought.

Tryp took a quick glance around the area, passing off that dark figure in the corner on a tree for some kind of weird branch. She stood back on her hind legs to stop and sniff the air again. There were more scents this time, but they were mingled together and it took her a while to pick up the faint scents of dragons, hybrids and humans. She growled softly but ever so dangerously and narrowed her eyes. The sick humanoids must have been around in the woods somewhere and that meant she would have to be careful to avoid them. She thought of all the worst possibilities. She didn't want to go back into slavery,

but she had the most nagging feeling that they were going to do something even worse to her than lock her up in a cage for a few years. She scraped nervously at the ground with her paw before glancing around one last time before disappearing into the bushes with her long tail trailing behind her.

Tryp quietly slunk through the woods, each paw-step so silent that someone could hear a pin drop. Her ear frills picked the sound of rustling. With alarm, she whirled around and flexed her claws. She saw a humanoid figure in a ninja outfit parting the bushes and stepping into the clearing. *'Another human!? They followed me? They spied on me? An outrage!'* She emitted a low growling sound from her throat. "What are you doing here, human?" she asked, her eyes twinkling dangerously as she flicked her tail. Her muscles were tensed, but she stood up from her crouching position with a disapproving look on her face.

The ninja froze in surprise before he raised his hands in peace sign. He replied, "I was testing out my skills in being hidden. As you can see, I failed the test."

Tryp blinked and slackened in her defense. "Test? On me..?" she trailed off, her tail swishing side to side thoughtfully. *'Behh... he doesn't look harmful,'* she thought, narrowing her eyes slightly. She stared at the peace sign that he had made and sniffed. Sure enough, he didn't smell like the slavers, who smelled of earth and electricity. She sat down looking impassive. "How long have you been watching me?" she asked suddenly.

"Since you entered the forest," replied the ninja, who was relaxed now.

Tryp just grunted, "I'm not the dragon to be spied on. If you mind, I have business to get too..." She stood back on her hind legs and flapped her enormous wings, stirring the wind as she prepared to take off. After standing in the position for a few moments, she began to lose balance and she had to dance to stay upright. She slowly lifted up into the air, staring back down at the human with emotionless eyes, seeing if he had an objection with her depart. She scoffed and thought bitterly, *'I have nothing to do with humanoids. I will never forget what they did to us and they cause trouble. This one might attract attention if I stay too long with him.'* She hanged in the air for a few heartbeats before she turned and made for the deeper parts of the forest.

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

It had been a few days since Tryp murdered all her masters, but she had been unsuccessful in finding another dragon. She knew her kind inhabited the forest as it was the nature of some breeds to thrive in them. But the problem was that the world was a pretty huge place and this was bound to have dragons scattered miles far away from each other. She was very much aware of this fact, but the long treacherous search sometimes took a toll on her mind. Often times, the dragoness would become

frustrated and impatient, wondering when she would just find one dragon. Right now, she was in such a state. Tryp sought a way to take her mind off her anxiety and calm down. Perhaps she should do some hunting, but then again, she was already tired of searching. It wouldn't be wise to add to her stress and keep it going. Maybe looking at the clouds in the sky would do the trick. It may not have been the perfect solution, but the dragoness was willing to give it a try anyway.

Tryp laid down on the moss-covered ground and turned onto her back. She looked up at the azure sky and watched the fluffy white clouds slowly drift on by. She heard a few times before how clouds sometimes take familiar shapes of all things known in the sky. She stared at each cloud to see if it was true. Most of the clouds looked weird and abstract; they weren't anything particularly interesting. But one cloud had taken on a strange animalistic shape of a fox-headed turtle with no hindlegs coming out of its shell. It was a bit fantastic seeing Mother Nature's artistic depiction of a non-existent creature. The next cloud however, much to the dragoness's distaste, was a human. Like the other clouds, it was abstract-looking with bubbly limbs and a crooked leg.

Tryp scowled and huffed as she turned her head away from the sky. She had been 4 days away from humanoids and now here was Mother Nature giving her a reminder of one as if to tease her. The neotropical turned over onto her legs and pushed herself off the ground. *'Well, that went well,'* thought the dragoness with bitter sarcasm. Since the cloud-watching idea failed, maybe she should just stare off past the trees like a dead-brained cow. Alternatively, she could simply take a nap to pass the time like she usually does. The dragoness went to find the softest spot on the ground where she would be able to lay out without discomfort. She found her spot on the large patch of grass and laid there. Tryp closed her eyes and hoped that sleep would take over her. But she never got her nap as a sudden wave of various scents came to her nose. The neotropical flashed her eyes open as hope and enthusiasm aroused themselves in her. Could it be? The scents smelled like they belonged to dragons. Finally, all her searching has paid off. No longer would she be lonely without anyone to talk to or hunt with. Tryp was now going to have new friends. After pushing herself off the ground and onto her legs, the dragoness rushed towards the source of the scents.

Pretty soon, a group of dragons appeared from the horizon past the trees. They were of various breeds such as blacks, whites, purples, and etc. They all appeared to be travelling together like a herd of deer. With a happy smile on her face, Tryp called to them, "Hey wait!" The group instantly stopped walking the moment they heard her. They all turned their heads and curious eyes to the approaching neotropical. As she neared the dragons, Tryp gradually slowed down her running until it became walking near the end. She stopped when she reached them and looked at the many faces of the crowd.

One of the dragons, a white with the beak of a bird wyvern, was the first to speak up. Raising his head over two others he stood behind, he asked, "And you are?"

The neotropical introduced herself, "My name is Tryp. I came here, because I wanted to find other dragons like me."

Just then, she heard a masculine voice coming from the side asking, "Now who do we have here?" Tryp looked over to the same side and saw a yellow-green dragon coming her way. His body and face had a bit of a bulk, making him look strong in appearance. His neck was bearded with little tiny spikes that looked similar to that of a thistle.

The white dragon answered him, "She says her name is Tryp, sir. She came here looking for other dragons."

The yellow-green dragon looked at the neotropical as he asked, "Is that so?"

The white dragon replied, "From what I heard, yes."

Since the yellow-green dragon came to check out the little situation and inquired about it, Tryp believed him to be the leader of all these dragons. Plus, his appearance had gave off an aura of authority. To be sure her assumption was right, she asked, "So are you the chief of this clan?"

The yellow-green dragon's orchid eyes light up in amusement and laughed in a hearty way, "Chief? Ha ha, don't I look like one." Then he relaxed a little and answered, "No I'm not and we're not a clan either. But I am leader of this horde however. I'm Thistle and have named this horde, Greenleaf."

The neotropical blinked in confusion; she was unfamiliar with the term, horde. She knew what a clan is, but not a horde. It was her first time hearing this word being used like that for dragons. "So... what is a horde?" she asked.

"What is a horde?" Thistle repeated her question, sounding like he was about to inform her. He did as he answered, "A horde is a militia of dragons dedicated to fighting and killing humans in our land. It's like pest control; we exterminate them so that they don't ever cause us dragons any more trouble again. That is what the Greenleaf Horde is about." He smiled with pride, looking like he was pleased with doing a good service to dragonkind.

Tryp was now excited; not only did she find a big group of dragons, but she also found others who shared the same beliefs about humans. She wanted to join this horde and help spill the blood of every single human they encountered. She would enjoy making them feel the pain she herself suffered throughout her life and unleash it ten-fold. This would be a sweet revenge. The dragoness complimented, "That sounds great!"

"Of course it is," the horde leader responded. Then he changed the topic and asked, "So Tryp, why were you looking for other dragons?"

His question stirred up memories of the neotropical's past. Vivid memories of a fellow slave, memories of them getting painfully punished for failures, listening to how he lost his home to construction workers and family to hybrids, and a memory of that fellow slave being killed. Tryp glared hatefully as she barred

her teeth. She growled, "To create an army to avenge myself, my friend, and all of dragon kind." Her claws sunk into the soil below her, itching to tear something apart. "He was my only friend and those blasted humans took him from me!" She remembered the day just before the Spell when the slave owners tortured him with electric sticks and stabbed him to death for killing a few guards during the failed escape. She could hear the sounds of her friend's pained roars with an agonized look on his face as he was attack. When he died, his eyes had been wide open with blood pouring out of his wounds. Tryp remembered being traumatized by the cruel scene before her and had stayed shocked until the next day where she vowed vengeance against all of mankind. The dragoness roared, "They'll pay; they'll all pay!"

Some of the horde gossiped amongst themselves quietly about the neotropical. Tryp couldn't make out what they said, but it sounded like they felt sorry for her. Even Thistle took pity on her as he sympathized, "That's very tragic, Tryp. I'm sure most of us would relate to you as we've gone through the loss of our friends as well. Tryp, I'm going to invite you to join this horde. Together, we'll work to avenge all we loved and rid the Northeast region of the wicked humans."

The dragoness gladly took the offer and said, "Offer accepted. Now where are going to find some humans to kill?" She grinned sadistically with bloodlust.

"Whenever we find them," answered Thistle, smiling with gladness at having a new member. Then he turned to face his horde and said, "Greenleaf Horde, let's move out!" Then all the dragons, including Tryp, went on the move again and searched for the next human(s) to attack.