

((Note: This section takes place during [chapter 22](#).)

A dark purple blur streaked across the sky, looping and spiraling in the air. Up close, one could see that the shape was a female brute dragon with a glowing blue pendant around her neck. On the creature's back sat a human girl with a bow & arrow slung across her back and a similar blue pendant around her neck. The dragoness dived towards the forest and then suddenly spread her wings to glide over the ground, where she came gently to a stop. The brown-haired girl hopped off her dragoness and stroked her neck. "That's enough for now, Jupiter. Let's go get lunch," she said. The rider named Sparks lead her dragoness to a small cottage. She disappeared inside as Jupiter retrieved a deer from a nearby den and reappeared with a bowl of stew. Sparks sat down on a log that served as a bench and began eating. The tall and lean girl was 15-years-old with fair skin and greenish-blue eyes. Her silky hair was worn in a braid and she wore a grey hoodie and jeans. After a little while, Sparks stood up and left her half-eaten stew on the ground. She walked over to Jupiter and rubbed her neck. "I have to go now. Protect the house, OK?" she said.

The brute purred in response and replied telepathically, *'Of course, master.'*

Sparks sighed, "I told you not to call me that." She turned away, not waiting for an answer, and ran off in the direction of Windfall.

((Note: The following sections take place during [chapter 23](#).)

By noon, the rider reached the city where its busy streets was filled with more activity than usual. Sparks put on her hood and continued down the street, eyeing the stands on either side. She paused at a fruit stand to purchase some apples and then continued on her way. The girl looked around at the city, taking in the view. She had never been to the festival and it was unlike anything she had ever seen. The dragon trainer bought candied fruit from a concession stand and was about to continue on her way when she felt something moving in her bag. She opened it and out popped a misfit pygmy hatchling, looking around with big excited eyes. Sparks jumped back in surprise and then scowled at the hatchling, "What are you doing here? You should be back with the others!" As an answer, the hatchling put his head in the candy bag, spilling its content onto the road. Sparks sighed and shook her head, "Fine. You can stay, but stay out of sight." She pushed the pygmy back in the bag and continued on her way with the hatchling peeking out through a hole.

Sparks gazed at the many attractions. The pygmy in her bag poked his head out, watching the people on the street curiously. Carefully, the hatchling slid out of the bag, dropped quietly to the ground, and ran off in the opposite direction, chattering happily. The trainer whipped around and sprinted madly down the street, shouting at the hatchling, "What are you doing?! Get back here!!" People on the streets

stopped and stared as the girl caught up to the dragon and grabbed him by the tail. She put him back in her bag and scolded, "Don't you ever run off like that again! You aren't supposed to be here in the first place." Feeling self-conscious, Sparks pulled up her hood and walked quickly down the street.

An armored hellfire wyvern peered over the rooftops, watching the streets for trouble. He saw the girl, who had snapped at the pygmy. The dragon's eyes burned into her back as he flew down, landing heavily in front of her path and spread his large wings, so she could not pass. People in the streets scattered to avoid the hulking wyvern as he craned his head down to look at Sparks. "Halt! Slavery is not permitted in Windfall. Why then, are you capturing that pygmy?" he growled. Hellfires were certainly known for their hot tempers and this had been no exception.

Sparks looked up at the hellfire wyvern with frightened eyes, holding the pygmy close to her chest. The hatchling, unaware of what was going on, licked her cheek and purred playfully. The trainer glanced at the pygmy and turned back to the armored wyvern. "I'm so sorry! He snuck into my bag when I was leaving for town and ran away. It's all just a game to him." She held the hatchling closer to her chest and it nibbled her finger playfully. "And what do you mean? I would never harm him! I'm his trainer," she said.

The hellfire snorted at the girl and looked down at the hatchling. He exhaled heavily with steam coming out of his nostrils. He asked, "And just what do you mean by trainer then? Do you mean to keep a dragon as your pet? As if that's any better than a slave?"

The wyvern then swayed his head over to a human boy that came to intervene. The brown-haired boy said to Sparks, "It's not the brightest idea to tell a dragon guard you're a dragon's trainer. It makes it look you're referring to the little guy as your pet." A low thrum escaped the guard's throat idly and he looked back to the girl as if he was waiting for an explanation. The male brunette had been followed by a frowning white-haired boy with horns on his head.

Sparks looked back at the wyvern as her fear was suddenly replaced by anger. They thought she was just a child, who didn't know what she was doing. She gritted her teeth, trying to control her anger. She didn't want to get on a wyvern's bad side. "No. What I mean is, I took him in when he was abandoned and nursed him back to health, as I have raised many other dragons. I care for them and when they get older, I let them roam, but they always return. I've earned their trust and when they need help, they come to me," the girl explained.

The guard took a moment to calm himself, getting his temper settled. He breathed, "That is not being a trainer. A trainer is a term for someone who owns a pet. If you want to avoid trouble here, I suggest you break that title, child."

Suddenly a female brute dragon appeared out of the clouds, circling the girl, the boys and the wyvern. She slowly lowered herself to the ground, sending a gust of wind across the street. Glaring at the wyvern, she stood protectively in front of Sparks. "It's okay, Jupiter. I'm fine," said the trainer walking

around Jupiter and held out the hatchling she was still holding. The pygmy nipped the brute dragoness's snout and the female picked him up gently. "Take him home; I don't want anything happening to him," the girl told. Jupiter nodded to her trainer before glancing one more time at the others. She jumped into the air and flew into the clouds.

The guard's eyes scanned over the dragoness before he added, "And don't cram a hatchling into a bag. That just looks bad." The wyvern's wings folded in as he lowered himself onto all fours as a more casual stance. His metal armor clicked against the ground.

Sparks turned back to the guard and continued, "As I said, he's only a hatchling. Everything is just fun and games to him-" Suddenly, a bone wall erupted from the ground, standing in the way of Sparks and the guard. "What on Earth?!!" She watched in amazement and shock as the wall grew taller until she couldn't see over it or around it. What happened? The wyvern snarled briefly before sniffing the air. Then the girl stepped back as he bashed the wall down with his horned and armored skull. She looked around with confused eyes.

The guard sniffed the air again and swiveled his head towards where a hooded man in black stood in the distance. He looked back to Sparks and said, "It's a necromancer. They're always the easiest to smell. They reek of death." They glared at the place that the necromancer stood. The horned boy turned and looked curiously in the direction they had looked. He sniffed over the crowd for that smell before he paused, tensing. Then he pulled his orange hoodie's hood over his head.

When the man stepped out of the shadows, the girl braced herself for an attack, but nothing came. He simply walked past them as if they weren't there. "Who are you?" Sparks demanded, trying not to sound frightened. She didn't know why, but the man filled her with anger and fear.

The brown-haired boy raised his hands up; a light blue glow emanating from them as the bones lifted into the air, turning to dust and scattering into the wind. The horned boy watched the effect and huffed quietly. The glow fading from the mage's hands as he lifted one and placed it on the angry girl's shoulder. "Don't even pay him notice. He's not even a real necromancer. If you want to see a real necromancer, I know one that doesn't need to hide in the shadows. They'll just come right out and pull your undies over your head in the open," he told her. Then he tried to comfort his horned friend, "Don't worry Akuma, he won't do anything, least end up crushed underfoot an angry hellfire dragon." Akuma's hands went into his hoodie pockets as he glanced around the road. Then glared back at the girl.

The guard snorted at the necromancer before he said to Sparks, "He's worthless. Necromancers add nothing to a society. Pay him no mind. They're cowards that hide in the shadows and behind puppets." He straightened up and looked over at the mage. He paused a moment before he uttered, "Good day. Stay out of trouble." He flew back up to his perch on a tower.

Sparks nodded, feeling embarrassed. Why was she always the one screwing up? Self-conscious of all the eyes staring at her, she pulled up her hood and walked casually to the side of the street, disappearing

from view as she turned the corner. The girl was exhausted after the day's crazy events, but the thought of the necromancer chilled her to the bone. She didn't know why, but the strange man made her uncomfortable... Or was that just how death made you feel? She shook the thought away and continued on her way home. But then Sparks heard shouting behind her and turned, debating on whether she should turn back. Eventually, her curiosity got the best of her and the girl walked back to the corner she had turned at. She peeked out from behind the building and saw the necromancer threatening the hybrid boy and his friend. He said to them in a cold tongue, "Better watch your mouth around me, mage, or I'll use your skull as a cup. I will very much kill you without any help from a minion and watch as you suffer from poison. Unlike your friend necromancer, I personally hunt my prices, but for right now I have my own mission I need to do. And I would kill you even in front of a hellfire dragon, but if not for the fact I already had a fight today. My sword would have been run through you right at those words." Then he walked away from them.

Sparks gasped and hid before they could see her, running towards the forest. She pictured her friend in her mind and telepathically said, *'Jupiter, pick me up NOW. Just don't let anyone see you.'*

'Oh, now what?' said the brute dragoness who soared above the clouds, heading towards Windfall. She reached the city in no time and swooped down a little closer, trying to locate her rider. She spotted Sparks near the outskirts of town and dived down quickly, spreading her wings to land.

Sparks saddled her dragoness and together they lifted into the sky. "There's a necromancer there and he gives me a bad feeling," the girl said.

Jupiter purred as they went above the clouds. *'Don't worry, he can't hurt you. I'll make sure of it,'* she assured.

After they reached home, Sparks jumped off Jupiter as she landed and ran up to her cottage. When she opened the door, she was immediately toppled over by a mob of very excited hatchlings and pygmies. She giggled as one of them climbed up onto her shoulder and sat down, looking at his trainer expectantly. She stroked his head and he purred. He hopped down to join his friends as they waited for food. The girl told them, "No! No snacks! Dinner's almost ready." The dragons scattered and Sparks turned around to look at Jupiter, asking, "You hungry?"

'No. I already ate,' said the dragoness. As Sparks closed the door, Jupiter walked around the house, where there were a few large dens for the dragons to sleep in. She quickly located hers and curled up, exhausted with the day's activities.

A 19-year-old woman with long and messy hair named Seliss wandered the streets of Windfall, taking in the breathtaking views. This was way different than her old city, where dragons were considered beasts and slaughter was quite common. She shuddered at the thought of the place she used to call 'home', the

place she so strongly hated. As the blonde-haired woman continued on her way, gazing longingly at the many restaurants lining the street, she realized how hungry she was. She walked into a bakery and the scent of baking bread reached her nose, making her mouth water. Seliss bought a small loaf, paying the cashier with what little money she had managed to save. She went back outside and sat on the curb, taking eager bites of the still-warm pastry and watching the people passing by.

Seliss looked up from her spot as a pygmy bumped into a bigger dragonet. She watched them for a while before realizing her food was gone. She looked down to find a little green dragon, a mint, gnawing on her loaf of bread. "Hey! Where'd you come from?" she asked, rubbing the dragon on the head. It purred, looking at her with big eyes. "Well, I have to go. Bye!" The woman stood up to leave, but the dragon climbed up her back and sat on her shoulder. She looked at it in surprise and shrugged, continuing on her way to finding a place to sleep.

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

Sparks was sitting on her porch, sharpening a dagger, when she heard a strange *thunk* followed by a whoop. She looked up and scanned the trees around her, detecting a faint white glow coming from the direction of town. The girl sheathed the dagger and sprinted into the woods, making no sound on the leaf-covered ground. She stopped by a small oak and jumped, grabbing hold of the branch above her. She pulled herself up and began quickly climbing the tree until she was about two thirds of the way up. Sparks could see a silver-haired woman with a bow and arrow and another arrow lodged deep in a tree. The tree had a gaping hole, where the arrow hit it, with a large chunk of it torn out. *'How is that possible? She couldn't have made that hole, the tree's too hard and the arrow's too weak. Unless...'* thought Sparks as she watched the woman curiously.

The woman had been looking at the sun-setting sky until she started glancing up and around as something was there. Then she shook her head and muttered with a frown, "Well what the hell am I supposed to hunt now?" She stood up and nocked another arrow on her bow. "Unless," she whispered, pulling back the string. There was silence for a bit as a ball of light appeared at the arrow tip. She let the arrow fly and it pummeled through the tree, crashing out the other side and sticking into a rock on the other side. "Unless I'm attacked first..." she smirked. The tree groaned as more bark was blown away. There was a loud crack and the tree started collapsing down on itself.

Sparks held back a scream as the tree fell to the ground, shaking the other trees around it violently and almost making her lose her footing. Birds and bats scattered about the area frantically at the sudden chaos. Although the girl marveled at the huntress's magical abilities, she knew that it could make her a dangerous enemy. The girl jumped down from the tree, landing softly on the ground. She backed up slowly until she couldn't see the huntress anymore, and then turned and ran. She didn't stop until she was safely in her hut and slammed the door behind her. Sparks peeked out the window, expecting to

see the woman running after her. She was always wary of mages, after what happened to her parents. She shuddered and closed the window.

A cassare dragon soared above the forest, scanning the trees below with keen eyes. He noticed a young deer grazing in a clearing and circled around it, swooping down from the side. He seized it in his sharp claws and snapped its neck, killing it instantly. The dragon took flight again, dragging his prey with him to find a nice place to eat. He settled on a lake and landed on the bank, sending a gust of wind from his wings. Before he could take a bite of his dinner, he noticed movement in the corner of his eye and was surprised to see a large group of dragons, standing on the opposing bank. *'Hmm... What's such a big group of dragons doing out her, in the middle of nowhere?'* Pyro thought, eyeing them curiously, his prey forgotten.

The figure in the water swam up to the surface to breathe and ate one of the fish he caught in his mouth. It was a navy blue dragon. The navy blue got onto the bank and spat out the two fish onto the grass. They flopped in panic at being unable to breathe out of their home. The dragon looked up at Pyro with a friendly smile and greeted, "Oh hey there!"

Pyro grinned; these dragons seemed friendly enough. At least they hadn't tried to bite his head off yet. "Hey. I'm Pyro," the cassare greeted.

Jupiter opened her eyes. She was lying in her den with three other dragons, all of them fast asleep. She got up slowly and padded outside, trying to make sense of the thoughts that filled her mind. Something bad was going to happen; she just knew it. The brute dragon spread her wings and jumped into the air, gliding silently over the trees. Maybe she just needed to clear her head. A little flying would do the trick. She made a right turn and flew over the city, towards the forest. She was about to turn back when she saw something in the distance. A tall gray building that looked like it had been abandoned years ago. But there was a light in the window on the top floor. Curious, she went in to investigate. Jupiter spread her wings and landed gently on top of the building. She leaned over and peeked through the window, only to find a frightened man crouching behind a desk and a small pygmy dragon with wires sticking out of his back. It seemed as though the man was afraid of the scarred multicolored pygmy. *'Let's see where this goes,'* she thought. The brute waited for something to happen.

The scared man pointed his knife at the maliciously grinning pygmy, who slowly advanced on him. The two stared at each other for a moment, before there was a thunderous snap. A flash of light and then a cloud of smoke filled the room. When it cleared, the man was lying on the ground, convulsing violently. The pygmy stood on his chest with arcs of electricity flashing between the exposed wires protruding from his back. The pygmy dragon talked into the man's ear, before the man fearfully said something to him. The pygmy went over to the bag and looked through it. He took out what appeared to be a map.

Then he scurried over to the door and touched the knob. He hopped up to one of the rafts and started going through the array of surgical instruments. The man was becoming more scared as the pygmy hopped back down upon the man's chest and held a scalpel against him. The small dragon used it to cut up that man.

Jupiter gasped when she saw what the pygmy did to him. But before she could move, the pygmy was gone out the door. She opened the window and climbed in, examining the body up close. There was no way he could still be alive; not after what happened. She turned and flew out the window, gliding into the trees. She wanted to know what this dragon wanted. The brute ducked behind a tree and jumped out when he and a white dragon, accompanied by an owl, were passing by her. The white dragon flinched in surprise as she bared her fangs and asked, "What are you doing here?" She growled a deep rumble like thunder. "This area is strictly off-limits!"

"Augh, what? Uhm, sorry, we..." The white paused to clear his throat before continued, "Had some business to attend to." He shrugged at the end.

The pygmy rolled his bright vibrant yellow eyes and jested, "I had the business part. Dosh here was just the guard. Let's be perfectly clear. And you need not concern yourself about our presence here; I'm a local, anyway."

The white shot his tiny acquaintance with a serious look and said to the brute, "We're also leaving. That's worth mentioning too, I'd say." Then he turned back towards Jupiter. "No, no need for aggression. My name is Dosh and this here is..."

"Petey," the pygmy said for him.

"Yes. Can we know yours?" Dosh asked the dragoness.

Jupiter raised her head. In reality, she wasn't as high as the position she was playing, but she needed to know what these dragons were up to. "Star; my name is Star," she lied. She wouldn't risk telling them her real name. "And what is this 'business' you had to take care of?" The brute turned to Petey and eyed him carefully, sniffing the air. "Is that human blood on your claws? Violence is not permitted in Windfall!" She paused, her eyes widening with fake surprise. "Wait a minute... There was a HUMAN in the lab? Are they starting a new operation?" she asked worriedly. Although she was only acting, Jupiter knew this really was serious. If they start a new facility, they could start another war. The Aquarians wouldn't think twice about destroying the people behind this.

Petey covered his face in one paw and sighed deeply. "A human attacked me, so I retaliated! Hunky dory, end of story- OUCH!" the pygmy yelped when Dosh's paw landed heavily on his tail.

The white dragon growled, "Wait just one rotten minute there, you little scoundrel. I heard what was going on and it didn't sound like a battle; it sounded like torture. I'm not a hateful person, Petey; but if

it's one thing that gets me riled up, it's being lied to. Now spill!" Then he removed his paw from the pygmy's tail.

The little dragon shifted his glance between the two a few times and sighed, "Alright..." He sat down and crossed his forearms. "I mentioned I'm a "local"; I wasn't joking. I was born in there," he said as he pointed back towards the laboratory. "And I wasn't the pen pusher's pet, if you know what I mean. You see this?" he asked, indicating the long scar tracing down the length of his belly. "This is not a birth mark! And it's not the only thing they did to us. I won't delve into it, but Victor, the human you saw or heard in there, he was the one that did this." He paused for a moment and looked at his paws, then back up at Jupiter. "I know that the life of a lab rat dragon doesn't amount to much, but Star, I'm all I've got! And I won't stop until I hunt down all five of them and let them taste their own medicine!" he spoke the last few words through clenched teeth as if holding in a lot of bottled up anger. "And yes, Victor did mention the boss of the operation here was planning to move to another site and continue his "work"."

Jupiter sighed; well, she got what she wanted to know and these dragons didn't deserve to be lied to. "My name isn't Star; it's Jupiter. And I don't actually work for the city; I just wanted to know why you were in there. Most dragons avoid this part of the woods and you just marched in like you own the place." She looked up and glared at the empty building, remembering the horrors she had seen in there. "I want to join you. I want to end this operation before it even starts and you look like you need a few more team members." The brute didn't mention that she had been spying on them; he had already told her everything she knew. Well, except for the part about the map, but that would come later.

Dosh squinted and gritted his teeth. "Yeah, just, we're not really a team, we just met, not an hour ago," he shrugged and shot his minuscule acquaintance with a glance.

Petey said in a sarcastic tone, "Aww, you've done it now. You've hurt my feelings!"

"Very funny."

The pygmy told him, "Well I for one think every able-bodied dragon is necessary if we're gonna make this place a cozy haven of manslaughter."

Dosh rolled his eyes and remarked sarcastically, "And by that, you mean you'd like more of us to cover your arse, eh?"

Petey got offended and challenged, "Oh, you did not just say that! Come on, you wanna go?! Bring it! I'll pop you like a soda can, pretty boy!" The pygmy stood on his hind legs and raised his fists at Dosh, looking as if he was ready for a punching match.

The white dragon told him, "Calm down. I was only joking."

"Ain't mad," Petey chuckled and grinned. "But seriously, it's better to go in a group. Plus if we're lucky,

we might find others and join up with them along the way. There's a whole lotta' those hairless monkeys out there, and a whole little of us as is. Or so I've heard, anyway."

"Yes, I mean. Alright. You can come with us if that's what you want, Jupiter," Dosh smiled and gestured in the direction they were headed, towards Windfall.

"Oh, that reminds me..." the pygmy paused for a moment as if waiting for something to happen.

Jupiter nodded; that was the reaction she had expected from them. They needed as much help as they could get. "Great. But can I bring someone along with me? She can help a lot and I can't really do anything without her," she asked. Sparks would freak out if she just disappeared without saying anything, but if Jupiter told her where she was going, the girl would insist on tagging along. The Brute sighed, her tail swishing gently over the ground. Better to bring her along than to leave her clueless.

The white replied, "There are a lot of variables to that, but we'll see once we meet her. For now, let's just get out of here. Petey?" Dosh arched an eyebrow as the pygmy refused to budge, almost as if he was trying too busy figure something out.

The pygmy had a few white containers with him and said, "I found some pretty large high pressure propane tanks in the laboratory. Three, two, one..." Jupiter shut her eyes tight and braced herself for the explosion.

"Oh n..." Dosh reeled backwards before he could finish the word, when the sound of an ear-shattering loud explosion pierced the air! The ground shook as a colossal fireball emerged from between the treetops, it's light illuminating the ground like a second sun! The shockwave came not a second after, knocking the winds out of the dragons. The owl huddled under the violently coughing white dragon's ear for safety. A few seconds later, he coughed a few times and he & Jupiter looked over towards the laboratory. There was no sign of it any more. Just one huge bonfire and a lot of knocked down trees. Thankfully, the thing was in a wide enough clearing so that even an inferno like that wouldn't start a forest fire. Jupiter wondered how many people in Windfall had heard the explosion; they would be wondering what happened.

"Now THAT'S a big boom, I tell ya what!" Petey rejoiced after getting back on his feet, after being knocked away by the shockwave roughly five meters from where he once was straight into a tree.

"You idiot! You could have killed us!" Dosh snarled angrily.

"Ah..." Petey raised one talon, hopped out of the tree, landed on Dosh's head and poked him on the nose. "But I didn't. Trust me, I know what I'm doing! ...Sometimes. And besides, that schmuck was smuggling equipment in there. You seriously want them to get the chance to haul it all away to their new site? Hm?! Am I the only one that thinks that place needed to be destroyed? Jupiter? You'll back me on this, right?"

"For fuck's sake..." Dosh let off an exasperated sigh and covered his face with one claw.

Jupiter sighed and replied to the pygmy, "Well, I think it was a good idea to get rid of the equipment, but NOT in an explosion! Just think of how many people heard that blast? Windfall's not far away from here and they will be wondering what happened. They'll search the woods and find that the old lab is completely demolished. They might find us! If we're going to pull this off, we'll have to talk strategy."

Petey rolled his eyes and said smugly, "Here's your strategy. It's gone and it took me, what, a few seconds!"

Dosh rubbed his temples and sighed, "We should just get moving then before the people come."

"Too right," Petey gestured for them to get going.

Dosh carefully removed his pet owl from under his ear and set her back atop his head. "So who's this other dragon you wanted us to meet?" he asked the brute.

Jupiter fidgeted at the question. "Well, I wouldn't call her a dragon..." she laughed nervously. "But she can be of great assistance to us and she hates the lab more than I do, so she'll be eager to help out." The brute didn't know how the dragons would react if they knew that Sparks was a human.

"I see where this is going..." Petey grumbled and zipped his lip.

"Is that so..." said Dosh, arcing eyebrow. "Well, I suppose it's irrelevant. As a matter of fact, diversity comes with its advantages, I must say," he shrugged as they walked. The rooftops of the city were already coming into view.

Jupiter sighed; she had been expecting this kind of reaction. To try and convince them, she explained, "Well then, have it your way! Let me just tell you that this particular human has earned the trust of many, many dragons that will protect her with their lives. If you are willing to make a small sacrifice and bring her along, you will also earn the trust of many other dragons, including magis, cassares, blacks and many more." She knew that these dragons desperately needed more help if they were to invade the new lab. She pictured the girl in her mind and asked, *'Hey, Sparks? Get a few of your best dragons ready.'*

'OK... Whatever,' Sparks replied.

The pygmy dragon flailed his arms and yelled, "Who ever said we need a whole army?!"

"Petey..." the white dragon sighed.

The pygmy continued to yell, "We're up against a small pack of humans, not a bloody armada!"

"Petey, just..."

"What if..."

"Shut it!" Dosh snarled loudly at his minuscule companion. "Let's just see what this person is like before making any final decisions. I understand why you hate them so much, I would too if I'd gone through what you have, but this is bigger than us. Can't you just take one step back, get your head out of the ground and look at the bigger picture?! We're at war! Get it through your head that we need as much support as we can get!"

"Fine," Petey squinted. "But maybe you're the one that needs to get his head out of his arse and remember that everything has a catch," the little dragon spoke, stern-faced and visibly disappointed. Poking his nose as if he was trying to indicate something, he stated, "Town's just up ahead. You two go talk to your human. I'll find you when I'm ready." Then he scurried off so fast that he was out of sight between the bushes and trees within an instant.

Jupiter half-grinned and half-sighed. What did this guy have against humans? "We don't need to go find her," she stated.

"So, so I see..." said Dosh. Suddenly, her pendant began to glow and five dragons soared over the forest, landing beside the brute. The white dragon looked taken aback when out of the blue by this group.

Amongst them there was a magi, a cassare, a gray, a falconiform and an electric, all of which had a pendant similar to Jupiter's. A teenage girl jumped off the magi's back. She had a sword hanging at her side and a bow n' arrow strung across her back. On her shoulder sat a crimson flare pygmy, looking at Dosh. Sparks smiled at Jupiter and rolled her eyes. "Ok, what is it this time?" she asked.