

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

A figure hidden in shadows was watching a neotropical wandering into the forest. After a short while, he decided to follow and quietly began to leap from tree to tree, following the dragoness. He was curious about her... well, as he was about the rest of the dragons, actually. He liked to learn more about them. And this one was no exception. Daisuke the ninja watched as the dragoness sprang forward and kill a rabbit with the swipe of her claw. Then she retreated into the shadows to eat in peace. Coincidentally, he was a few feet away from the neotropical as he sat on a tree branch above. If she suddenly decides to look up, then he most likely would have to hide again. Humans already had to hide back in the city, when the dragons broke free and began to cause mass destruction, killing almost every human they saw. That's where he had to put his skills on a max; dragons had much better senses than humans and a few times, he was nearly caught; literally.

Daisuke looked back at the dragoness, not making any movements. He saw that she stood up and was about to continue moving. The dragoness took a quick glance around the area. The ninja froze when the dragoness looked at him. He tried not to make any movements. However, she turned away after a short while and was instead sniffing the air. Since she disregarded him, the human figured that there were other people. When the neotropical went through the bushes and obscured herself from sight, the ninja waited a couple of minutes, before jumping to the ground near the bushes and immediately looking around in case of danger. If dragoness was still here, it meant that she would immediately strike, since he was spying on her. Besides, there could be other dragons. Slowly and quietly, he walked around and watched his steps. He walked in the direction where the neotropical went. He avoided a random branch on the ground on his way, and a thought occurred to him, *'If I was to accidentally reveal myself via sound, that would be NOT the branches.'*

Within a few seconds, Daisuke heard a low growling sound. He froze when the dragoness appeared into the clearing, apparently crouching. He wasn't expecting that she knew about him when she saw him. But then he remembered that dragons had a good sense of hearing and he made a mental note to learn to sneak more quietly. The dragoness's eyes twinkled dangerously as she flicked her tail and asked, "What are you doing here, human?"

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Daisuke did not even move an inch when neotropical dragoness left. After a while, he thought about his next actions. He could go to the city to see what have changed there, since he figured that the people would try and rebuild it. But his other half literally screamed to not go in there, because he had enough with bloodshed that happened after the disaster and the dragons' revolution. Eventually, he decided to go to the city anyway and took off running in its direction.

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

That was not what Daisuke expected to see. He was walking around the city, out of his ninja gear and in his common clothes. He watched as the city was in the process of rebuilding, though it was looking more medieval now. He was right, after all. But he never expected that dragons would lend a hand in the work. And besides, there were dragons the ninja never seen before. He had no idea from where they were, nor did he want to find out right now. He decided to get himself something to eat, since he had some money left in his bag and he didn't eat anything since the disaster, apart from a few berries. He was not very keen to ask a dragon for directions, so he asked a random person walking by with some wood planks. "Excuse me," Daisuke called and the man stopped. "I'm looking for a local restaurant, could you please tell me directions?"

"Restaurant?" the man replied. "We have no restaurant here. Got burned during...you-know-what. But there is a bakery not far from here." He nodded in a direction of a said bakery.

"I appreciate your help," the ninja nodded and headed for that bakery, while the man moved on to deliver wood planks.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 11](#).)

Daisuke was standing on the balcony of his new home, dressed in new clothes he bought, since the ones he wore were soaked to the thread. He had them hanging near the fireplace at a safe distance away from the flickering flames. He was catching glances from humans and dragons alike, who were wondering how he was able to walk in a rain this strong and not even notice. Well, he *did* notice the rain. Learning that every human survivor and some arriving dragons were picking a new home for themselves, he decided to get himself one. It was a very difficult task as many of the houses were already occupied. But finally, he found himself one; it had two floors and some dragons, some green dragons and a white one, lived on the first floor. They allowed him to live on the second floor, though. They really did not mind him with the exception of one, who was distrustful of the ninja, but allowed him nevertheless.

The first thing Daisuke done, when he was settled, was change his clothes, since the previous ones were soaked to thread. The second thing was hiding his ninja gear, so nobody would accidentally find them or notice them in his bag. He went back into the house, deciding to call it a day and read something. He went with the history book he was carrying. He sat down in his bed, which was new to him since to this day he slept only on the floor, turned on the lamp and opened the page he last stopped from.

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

A city; something Rina wasn't used to at all. Sure, she was aware of them before as humans were a tad bit more civilized than dragons. Heck, even dragons had their own cities now. But Rina was born in a village, so the sight of Windfall was completely new and confusing to her. The place was huge and crowded; well, by her standards; and there were a lot of paths that were leading somewhere. *'That does it. I'm getting myself a map,'* she thought. And there was another problem; where she would buy a map, if she is new to the city and doesn't know where the shop is? And besides, she didn't know whether this city had an economy or not. *'Seems like there are only two options for me: leave the city, or get myself completely lost here until I find something or someone that can guide me out of here,'* she thought with a deadpan. She moved forward to explore the city, making sure to avoid colliding with humans and dragons alike.

While exploring the city, Rina noticed a commotion in form of a dragon guard berating a human girl. She also noticed two young-looking boys, one of them saying something to the girl. And then the dragoness noticed something in the girl's arms. After some seconds, she realized that it was a pygmy hatchling. *'I don't know what is going on here, but I think that hatchling is the reason of this whole commotion,'* thought Rina, who decided to stay to see how the commotion will progress.

The brown-haired girl told the armored hellfire wyvern, "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 guard responded, "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 everyone. 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 the girl. The girl walked around the brute and told her, "It's okay, Jupiter. I'm fine." She held out the hatchling, who bit the brute's snout. The dragoness picked him up as the girl told her, "Take him home; I don't want anything happening to him." 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 watched the brute before he told the girl, "And don't cram a hatchling into a bag. That just looks bad." His wings folded in as he lowered himself onto all fours as a more casual stance. His metal armor clicked against the ground.

The girl turned back to the guard and continued, "As I said, he's only a hatchling. Everything is just fun and games to him-"

Rina did not see a person casting a spell. And as such, a bone wall suddenly emerging from the ground was a surprise for her. She stepped a few steps back in shock and then spent a few seconds gathering her wits. When she regained them, she took a quick glance at the emerged wall. *'What kind of mage casts a wall made of bones?'* she thought and looked around in search for her answer. However, it proved to be a nigh impossible task, since she did not see the caster and there were a lot of people.

The guard smashed the bone wall with his armored head as Rina suddenly smelled a nauseating stench that was very similar to a corpse. The dragoness traced the stench to where the dark shadows were. Whatever it was, she got a bad and odd feeling about this. It was very unusual to have a dead body lying out in public of a human city and as such, she didn't believe a corpse would be hidden amongst the darkness. It had to be something else. Her curiosity was satisfied when she heard the guard tell the girl, "It's a necromancer. They're always the easiest to smell. They reek of death." Rina kept her eyes pinned to the shadows, awaiting the necromancer to come out sooner or later.

Immediately, a dark-haired man in black clothing walked out of the shadow. The dragoness watched him go by the humans and dragon. The girl looked like she was about to defend herself until she realized the necromancer intended no harm upon her. She asked him in a demanding tone, "Who are you?"

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 boy in the orange hoodie 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. He told her, "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." Then he tried to comfort the other boy, "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 the girl, "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. The girl nodded in embarrassment before she pulled up her hood and walked casually to the side of the street, disappearing from view as she turned the corner.

After witnessing the whole scene, Rina decided to forget about it, but she made a mental note about the necromancer. *'Better be safe than sorry...who knows, maybe he isn't that harmless after all,'* she thought. For now, she decided to move on and explore the city a bit more and she walked forward past the male duo, who were talking about what to do next. When Rina passed them, she finally noticed that one of them was different; he had horns. Dragon horns. Immediately, the squirrel thief came to mind, but the dark blue dragoness managed to force these thoughts out and kept moving.

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

*'That's it. I'm buying a map once I find the shop,'* thought Rina with annoyance. So far, she was far less than successful at navigating through the city without getting lost and it was harder to navigate through the crowd. *'I guess I'll never understand the festivals, with this crowd and everything...'* She was about to just go ahead and ask someone for directions, when she heard a high-pitched voice through the crowd, rambling something about... someone named Helen and coffee? Curious, the dark-blue dragoness decided to investigate and, doing her best to walk through the flow of humans and dragons, headed towards the voice. What Rina saw when she finally reached the source of the voice was a pretty small pygmy, whose scales had a huge number of colors. He was in a very, very bad shape: scars and burns across his body, wires sticking out of him and symmetrically arranged... *'By winds... I can't believe humans can be THAT violent and sadistic...'* she thought with horror.

A strange-looking girl, who looked to be a cross between a human and a dragon, shifted in her crouched position as her black 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.

The pygmy looked amused and said, "Healing? Very appealing. BAHABA! I'm sorry, that was awful. No, but. Yes. Just, later. Maybe? Probably." The pink-skinned 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. Wo-hoah! That's a nasty aroma, let me tell you."

The girl 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. "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 the halfling.

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. "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. "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. The hybrid rubbed the back of her neck as she was confused again.

The purple whiptail 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 the hybrid and the baby she was holding.

The words about Vulture Horde caught Rina's attention. She wanted to ask about it, but she didn't want to barge into their conversation. For now, she would have to wait until they were done talking. For a minute, the conversation went on about the pygmy wanting to get his hands on the research papers and the hybrid theorizing that they might have been destroyed like her lab was.

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Their chat ended with the pygmy running off to go look for the lab. Seeing that now's her chance, Rina decided to ask about the Vulture Horde. The whiptail bounced up and down as she asked the hybrid, "What should we do now?" She appeared to have a burst of hyperactive energy out of nowhere and she was using it as fast as she could. "Think fast, before my hyper mood wears off! I want to do something *fun!*"

The hybrid looked down at the dragonet and shrugged, "Well, we can go watch the fireworks. You've probably never seen them up close. They're actually quite lovely. Loud. But lovely." She let out a brief laughter of joy.

"Excuse me?" Rina asked the whiptail as she kept her voice low enough to avoid getting attention. "I don't want to interrupt you, but I heard what you said about Vulture Horde. Before you ask; no, I'm not one of them," she quickly added, afraid that they'll think that she is one of the killers. *'Nice first contact here, Rina,'* said her inner voice with an obvious sarcasm.

The dragonet turned quickly to face her. "I'm sorry, what did you say?" she replied, in a more normal

voice. "I was too busy bouncing to catch it." She giggled a bit and bounced a few times, riding the energy burst still.

The hybrid glanced over at the blue dragoness and mumbled to her friend, "Maybe we should just leave... this is warranting more attention than it needs."

The whiptail calmed down a little bit and stopped bouncing. She looked the other dragon up and down as if she was observing her size. The dragonet's tail tapped the ground gently before she turned to follow the hybrid and said, "Yeah... let's go see the fireworks then..."

"Wait," called Rina. "Can you please answer my question?" she asked, trying her best to not sound threatening and lowering her voice as to not attract any attention. "I... understand that you don't want to answer to a complete stranger, it's just that... when I heard you mentioning the Vulture Horde, I got some bad vibes about it, so I've decided to ask."

The woman turned to look at her and mumbled, "Yes... the horde is a group of very horrible dragons. I just... don't interest yourself with them. They're bad news." The hybrid looked up at the sky as the first fireworks of the evening went off. She pointed, "Oh look, there they are." The two friends watched the early set of fireworks. Rina did not bother to press on the issue as she sensed that the girl did not want to talk about the subject. And even if she asked the whiptail instead, the hybrid would probably tell her friend to be quiet about it. Whatever the reason for this unwillingness on the topic, the dragoness believed that they must have a pretty bad experience with them. Knowing that she was not going to get any more out of them, Rina turned and left to see what else was in the city.

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(**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 33](#).)

Back at the Eternal Wind clan's village, a black dragon was coming back from fishing. After the whole incident with the clan's downfall, he decided to come back after things settled down and try to scavenge whatever he found there before he was going to leave the village for good. Of course, he did not find Rina or anything their chieftain left behind, because all that was taken by aforementioned dark blue dragoness. But he did find graves of his fallen comrades. He scoffed at the way the dead were given treatment, but accepted it nonetheless, deciding that at least it's better than nothing.

Today was supposed to be one of the last days of his scavenging before he was going to leave and explore the unknown world outside. Coming back from fishing and having a short lunch there, he was about to go and examine the last set of dwellings before he noticed another change. He had visitors; a lot of visitors. "What the actual heck?!" he cursed out loud. At first, he thought that they were invaders with the same, albeit morally different goal as he had, but then the dragon realized that they were here for another reason. He decided to investigate the issue and continued walking in their

direction, hoping to clear up the problem.

The dragons closest to the black dragon, stopped their sparring and turned to see the stranger. An albino dragoness asked him, "Is there a problem?"

Her sparring partner, a charcoal dragon, said to her, "Perhaps he thinks we're fighting each other like a bunch of pack animals."

The albino dragoness looked at him and replied, "Well I suppose it kind of does look like it. But he'll relax if we tell him that we're only sparring."

The black dragon rolled his eyes and said, "Alright, I get it; you are sparring and not fighting like a pack of animals. That's not the problem I was addressing." He added with increased emphasis on the question, "The actual problem is that, one hour I'm here gathering what's left from my clan, later I go fishing, and another hour I come here and I see you, like you said, sparring with each other. Where in the name of winds did you come from?!" Most of the dragons could already noticed his grumpy and sarcastic personality, but Raven didn't care about that. If they had a problem with that and told him so, he can just reply to them 'deal with it' and be done with it. However, he also considered that the dragons might be insulted by his words and attack him or refuse to speak with him, so he tried to lower his acidic remarks to a decent level, just so that he can keep the conversation without problems.

The albino answered him, "We just teleported here from somewhere else. Our horde leader has been to this place before, so he knew the desert would be the perfect place to have us train."

"Oh. That explains everything," harrumphed Raven and continued with sincere tone. "And here I thought you were some sort of raiders who were fighting over some stuff the survivors missed." He thought to himself, *'At least that means I don't have to abscond for survival. There are a lot of them.'*

The charcoal dragon assured, "Oh don't worry, we didn't touch anything in the village."

"Uh-huh, good," mumbled Raven dismissively in response.

However, he didn't expect that the dragoness closest to him would ask, "Wait, are you a survivor of the Eternal Wind clan?"

*'Oh, so they know about us... I guess. Good; less questions directed at me about it,'* the black dragon thought. "Yeah, I am, good guess," he nodded. "But don't expect me to tell me where did the others go, because I have no idea. Just in case you were wondering."

"So there's more survivors," the albino murmured to herself, sounding a bit amazed at what was a miracle. Then she said, "Well if you're looking for others, our leader Aeolus, might know one or two. He did come to this place before any of us did."

Raven showed interest in their leader and said with a huff, "Aeolus, huh? So I guess that's who buried my dead comrades here. Remind me to tell him that we *burn* the dead, not *bury* them. Well, whatever, at least they were given rest." Deciding not to broach the subject even further, he asked, "Speaking of this Aeolus guy, where is he? Since he was here and buried the dead, and you did mention that he might've saw someone from the clan." Then he thought, *'If he is here, then might as well ask him why go here for training. It's like they are preparing for war or something.'*

The charcoal answered, "I think he's probably at the camp. A silver dragoness came to test Aeolus and some others to see if they deserve her training or something." Raven slightly tilted his head, listening to dragons.

The albino added, "Her name is Juna. She's testing us, because.... Well, I think it's because she doesn't like Aeolus. Probably, because we've been killing a lot of humans and she comes from a place where dragons and humans live together."

The black dragon snorted, but at the same time he gave everyone in his sights a look of suspicion. "So, let me get this straight. This 'Juna' hails from the place, where dragons and humans live together in peace, and she is testing you because she dislikes you for taking part in global humanici-- The heck?"

Just then, a pair of humans appeared next to a healer dragon and a crimson flare he was sparring against. The dragons around them looked to the humans as one of them said, "Humans!"

A wasp pygmy looked at his leaf pygmy partner and asked, "What do we do?"

Raven suddenly looked in the direction of the appeared humans and hissed in low tone out of reflex on seeing them. *'They BETTER have a good reason for coming here!'* he thought angrily, but then he noticed that something is wrong. One, he smelled blood. Two, the dragons around him recognized the duo after some time and relaxed. Well, most of them. Of course, he had no idea that these two were dragons.

The woman in an orange shirt looked at the healer dragon, who was surprised and unsure of what to do. The woman cried, "You're that healer dragon from last night, aren't you? You gotta save Axle now! He got into a pretty bad fight with a vine dragon and now he's dying." With a desperate plea, she cried, "Please, save him!"

"Axle?" asked the healer. He paused for a bit, staring at them before he said, "Okay, I'll help. Stand aside and let me do my thing." The woman got out of the way to let the healer dragon use his magic to heal all the wounds.

Raven finally decided to speak up. "Okay, so let me get THIS one straight. Did that Juna dragoness rubbed off on you in some way now that you are more passive-aggressive to humans?" he said with a lower tone in his voice than usual, hinting at his hatred of humans. All the while he was looking directly

at the duo. "Or am I missing something out here?"

The albino spoke to him through telepathy, *'We're just pretending to be human-friendly so that Juna and her brothers can train us and let us into Shadow Wind. Please don't tell anyone.'*

One of the leaf pygmies near the black dragon, flew up to him, and said, "Actually sir, they're dragons. They just happen to have the power to transform into humans."

"Oh. Right. Shapeshifting," said Raven, rolling his eyes on leaf pygmy's clarification, quickly subsiding from the issue. However, he riled up again; this time not showing it, when he heard the telepathic message from the albino. He looked directly at her, eyes showing seething disgust. *'If only I had this telepathy thing to reply back to them! Genocide is EVEN WORSE than humans, for winds' sake!'* he thought in rage. However, he did not voice it out loud; understanding what it will result in, so he decided to just watch the duo of newly arrived dragons-in-human-form, calming down slightly. The moment fire aura suddenly appeared around the woman; black dragon quickly tensed up: he was always at odds with combat magic. One of the dragons approached her to calm her down, and soon the aura around her disappeared. Part of their ensued conversation reached Raven's ear and he slightly tilted his head. *'Resuscitation?'* he thought. He was already familiar with this procedure, as their clan medic performed this technique a lot with fallen comrades and most of the time it worked. *'And only a handful of them know how to do that. What a great team these dragons are,'* he snorted, watching as the woman tried to resuscitate her friend.