

((Note: This whole story is not canon to the RP. The following sections take place during [chapter 7](#).)

A group of former slaves were traveling through the great forests of Northeast Rudvich. Leading them was a black wingless dragon named Spuma. They were on a quest to get back to the home continent of Solomos, which was south of the Rudvichan continent. The whole group consisted of Solomese dragons; thus, they had a motive to get back to their original home. They had a plan that once they got over there, they would find a perfect place for them and build their own village. The dragons were all good friends and they thought that living together in a community would enable them to watch each other's backs and protect them from their enemies. Spuma was very determined to get there. He would brave through any obstacles and trials to reach their destination. But being the considerate dragon who cared for other people's lives, he would never plan to take unnecessary risks that would endanger his group's lives. He wanted everyone to get to their new homeland alive and in one piece.

Soon, the group became exhausted from their travel and Spuma decided that it was time for them to rest. The group was all the more happy to sit and lay on the ground, eager to relax their tired legs. One of the dragons said, "Man, thank Guardians of Nature it's about time. I think my feet were killing me."

"Me too," said a dragoness.

A four-winged dragoness asked, "So now that we're all taking a break. What do you guys want to talk about? I'm up for just about any subject."

A terrae dragon suggested, "Ooh! Ooh! We can talk about our plans for the future when we get to Solomos."

The same dragoness who asked, seeming to like the topic and said, "That sounds like a great idea!" She placed a talon on her chest and said, "I'm going to find every pretty crystal I see and store them up in my stash."

The terrae dragon said, "I'm going to bask all day in the sun and relax!"

An ember dragoness had her eyes closed and said affectionately, "Someday, I'm going find a nice mate to take care of and we're going to have lots of beautiful hatchlings together."

"Awwww!" sighed a lot of dragons, who were all touched by her romantic dream.

"That sounds so sweet!" said the four-winged dragoness. Then she turned to Spuma and asked him, "So Spuma, what about you? What are you going to do when you get there?"

Spuma pondered his thoughts on this question. That was a good one. What kind of big things would he do once he got to his new home? He hadn't thought much about it when he and the others made the

plan to go to Solomos. He just simply wanted to go there. Oh well, maybe an idea or two would come up eventually. He admitted to the four-winged, "I haven't thought about it, so I guess I'll just live a normal life."

The four-winged replied, "That's perfectly fine. I think that's pretty much what everybody's going to be doing." Looking around at the others, she asked, "Right, guys?" The all nodded and gave yes answers.

Spuma smiled and said, "I think we'll all be living happily throughout the rest of our eternal lives. Our dreams will come true and everything."

"Yeah!" everyone agreed. After a short while, the group regained their energy to start traveling again. But now it was dinner time and the first thing they needed to do was hunt or find plant food. The group was ready to split up and get their own foods, when suddenly they smelled an approaching threat.

"Humans!" Spuma murmured grimly. He assumed that they were dragon slayers coming to kill him and his friends. Earlier, they had heard telepathic messages going around saying that humans were reverting back to their old weapons and were now using magic as well. "Quickly, we must get away!" Spuma told everyone. The group all got up and started to run when a lot of hunters appeared and nearly surrounded them.

One of the dragons cried, "Oh no, we're too late!"

The leader of the band of hunters had a nasty smirk on his face. He said, "Looks like we got them, boys! Let's take some of them as slaves and kill the others into pelts." All the men got their weapons aimed at the scared group. They had crossbows and spears which they used to shoot and throw at the dragons.

Spuma was struck on the top of his hind leg as he let out a pained roar. The others were injured as well by the attacks. Spuma wasn't going to take any of this and let themselves fall to the humans easily. So he told his friends, "Everyone, fight for your lives!" He went first by breathing fire at the nearest hunter, who quickly ran away screaming as he tried to put out the flames torching his clothes and body.

The others joined in on the counter-attack as they blew out their own fires at the hunters. A blue-banded dragon was heard yelling, "Take this!" The men, who were lucky to avoid getting burned, went behind the trees to use as shields against the fiery wrath. Others either fell on the ground to roll out the flames or were running away to save their skin. The hunters retaliated by firing more arrows at the dragons. One of them was shot in the throat. He fell over and choked on his own blood as he was losing the ability to breathe. The dragon eventually died.

One of his friends looked down at the dead dragon and was horrified to see him like this. "Cuflena, no!" he shouted.

Spuma heard that something bad had happened and looked over to see that one of his group members

had died. Overcome with grief and dread, he thought, 'No...' He had told them all, including Cuflena, that they would all make it to Solomos and now his friend is dead. Fate had cruelly broken his promise into pieces. Spuma glared with rage and revenge at the hunters. No one gets away with murdering his friends. He charged past the trees the hunters were hiding behind and turned around to blow out his flames with all the ferocity he felt from Cuflena's death.

Then more hunters showed up to replace the ones who had died or fled. The dragons continued to fight and hold out against as the battle raged on. But pretty soon, the odds were turned against them as more and more huntsmen showed up to fight. Things were not looking for the group and they were all very worried about this. The four-winged dragoness said to Spuma, "Spuma, there's too many of them, we need to get out of here!"

The black dragon knew that she was right. They needed to flee and live for another day or else they would all get slain. He found a way to escape and told his group, "Everyone, run!" He took the lead and the whole group followed him away from the hunters.

The leader of the hunters was heard telling his men, "After them! Don't let them escape." That was when the group ran even harder to try to get away from their pursuers, whose feet they were heard pounding after them.

Not even during the chase would they stop trying to slay the dragons. Arrows after arrows were fired at the group. An antarean dragon was the second victim killed and he was shot through his skull. The group didn't have time to stop and grieve, or even cry out his name, as their lives were more important than a dead body. Then a third victim was killed and he was left behind as well.

The chase eventually led them to a cliff where they could fly from and escape. Spuma told the others, "Everyone, keep going!" They did so as they got to the cliff and took off away from the hunters. One of the stronger dragons had to pick up and carry the black dragon since he couldn't fly. The hunters got to the cliff as well and stopped there. But while the chase may have ended, their desire to kill didn't. They kept on shooting at the dragons. The ember dragoness, who dreamed of having a family, was shot and she fell down with a loud roar as she dropped below the trees to the ground.

The ember's sister cried out, "Rampa!"

The group was now far away from the hunters to ever be hit. But to be safe, Spuma told them to keep going until they could no longer see any humans. After reaching enough distance to be out of sight, the group landed below the trees where they started to recover and rest. The black dragon wondered if Rampa was alright. She was surely struck, but unlike the others who had also been and were likely finished off by now, there was a chance that she was still alive and he was going to find out. He told the group, "I'm going to check on Rampa. I'll be right back."

Rampa's sister offered, "I'm coming, too. I want to see if she's alright."

Spuma welcomed her in on the search, "Very well, we can go together."

As the two began to leave, the terrae dragon told them, "You two be careful out there. There might be more humans around."

The black dragon assured, "Don't worry, we'll turn back if we scent them." Then he and the ember dragoness left to go find Rampa. They followed the path in the direction that they came from during their escape as well as the smell of blood that would come from her.

The ember worriedly asked as they continued to go, "I hope she's okay out there. I mean that shot looked like it could have hit her where it'll kill."

Spuma told her, "Don't think about such negative things until you see for yourself. For all we know, she could be still be alive." During his whole slave life, the black dragon had learned to become an optimist to help deal with any harsh events in his life. It was how he managed to survive to this day and how it was going to save other lives as well, in this case, Rampa. "Try to stay positive, alright Cadaver?"

The ember replied, "Yes, sir." Pretty soon, they found her sister lying on her side where she crashed. To their relief, they saw her side heaving up, which meant that still breathing. Cadaver cried, "Look! There she is!" The two dragons rushed over to Rampa to see how she is. "Rampa, are you okay?" she asked.

Rampa let out a pained groan in response. "My side..." she spoke raspy in a tone. "It hurts... ugh!"

Spuma knew that the pain was coming from the other side that was touching the ground. He rolled the dragoness over to check her wound. He shuddered with horror when he saw how all the way deep the arrow was in on her side as well as the amount of blood around it. The crash must have pushed the arrow further into her. He heard a horrified gasp from Cadaver before she cried, "Oh Rampa!"

Spuma understood how serious this was and figured that this was a life-threatening problem. He said, "This is not good. We need to get her back to the others and find a white dragon fast!" He lowered himself close to the injured ember and slid himself under her to put her on his back to carry. The dragons ran back to the group, though Spuma was careful about this as he tried not to go too hard or else, he would drop Rampa. They eventually returned to the others and the black announced, "Everyone, Rampa's still alive, but she's hurt really badly."

The dragons all looked at their leader and Rampa especially, worried about her condition. A navy blue dragoness asked, "Is she going to be okay, Spuma?"

The leader answered, "Hopefully yes. But we need to find a safe place for us and rest. We may be far below the humans, but that won't stop them from finding their way down to us. We need to go now!"

A navy blue dragon suggested, "Yes, but shouldn't we stop her bleeding first? She'll die of blood loss on the way." He was right; Spuma can't let the injured dragoness die before she was saved. The wound needs to be taken care of first.

Fortunately, the black dragon knew of one trick in the wilderness that was used to solve this problem. But he wasn't sure how long it would last until she gets better. He told the group, "Someone find some ochres now!" A few dragons left to find the medical clay needed to stop any more blood from pouring out. Spuma set Rampa on the ground, letting her lay on the untouched side so as not to infect the wound with whatever bacteria may be on the ground. Everyone watched over the dragoness to make sure that she wasn't getting any worse. They all felt bad seeing her in pain and letting out hurt cries.

A few minutes later, the dragons returned and one of them said, "Here's some ochres, guys!"

Spuma told them, "Good! Take the arrow out and apply them to the wound." They did so as one dragon bit down on the arrow's tail with his teeth and pulled it out. Rampa let out a loud cry from the painful removal of the arrow. The other dragon left a patch of ochre on her to block in the blood. Then he rubbed he talons off of the remaining ochres. With the dragoness saved for now, the group went on the move again to find themselves a haven that was far away from the hunters.

A while later into evening, the group found an empty cave that they could rest Rampa in. Spuma went all the way in to the very back and carefully set the dragoness onto the ground. He saw her wince and let out more of these pained groans that she had made during the trip here. The dragon softly assured her, "Don't worry, we'll find help for you. I promise."

Rampa begged, "Please do. My side is hurting like crazy." Cadaver went over to her sister's side and comforted her with a few nuzzles. Spuma left the cave to speak with his friends. "Everyone, I'm going out there to find a white dragon who can fix Rampa. If anyone wants to come with, speak now."

An aria dragon got up and offered, "I'll help!"

Another dragon, who was a light-colored blizzard wizard, volunteered as well, "Me too!"

When no one else wanted to join, Spuma said, "Alright, Mekaniku and Gogwel, you can come. The rest of you find some food to feed all of us, especially for Rampa. And I need a two of us to stand guard over this cave as well." The group obliged and set out to do the things they need to do. Spuma, Mekaniku and Gogwel ventured through the forest to hopefully find a white dragon or anyone else who can heal for that matter.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 16](#).)

The search for a white dragon has been unsuccessful. The three dragons had been looking for a long time until nightfall. But Spuma was not going to give up. He was determined to find a healer, so that Rampa can get better. No matter how long it takes, he was sure that he will find one eventually. So, two days had past and the group's leader was still searching, even going as so far away in miles from the group's cave to see if there was a white dragon in other areas. Some dragons had started to feel hopeless in that they'll never find a white, but Spuma's optimism kept him from listening to their complaints. Now the third day was here and the black dragon had woken up to some terrible news. A blue-banded dragon had gravely told him, "Spuma, we have trouble."

The black dragon asked, "What is it?" Whatever it was, he was unhappy that his morning was going to start off like this. But he would deal with it nevertheless and solve this issue.

The blue-banded answered, "It's Rampa; her condition is getting worse. I checked her signs and she's breathing slowly and her body's getting cold. I think she might be dying."

This alarmed Spuma as he burst out, "What?!" This can't be happening. The dragoness was on the verge of death and he hasn't found a healer yet. He had been going around for a while and now it looks like time was running out.

The blue-banded, "I'm not sure how long she's going to last, but you better hope a miracle happens or else she's out."

Spuma got up to get ready to go out again, this time with a stronger resolve to get a white dragon no matter what. He ordered, "Then it looks like I'm going to search even harder than before. Get some dragons to keep Rampa warm. The rest of us will go out and search again." So the group got themselves organized into who does what. 5 dragons, including Cadaver, stayed behind to take care of Rampa, while the others went out to hopefully look for a white dragon. They prayed that they would going to be successful this time or else another life would have been lost.

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

Spuma had went by himself this time as the other searchers were either in small groups or by themselves to make the quest more efficient. The dragon kept on searching desperately like a hungry jaguar starving for prey, sending out telepathic SOSs and smelling for dragon scents. Once again like always, he got no luck. The dragon still kept on trying until he finally found many sets of scents belong to humans and dragons. Hope started to rise in Spuma. He may have finally found a white dragon among

them to save the day. The dragon rushed towards the scents, eager to see if his guess was right or wrong. After getting closer to where he could see them, the black dragon was disappointed to find not what he was hoping for, but a small magi dragoness and a plant dragon. They were being confronted by a small number of humans who had their weapons ready to attack them. There was also one more human, who was being held hostage in the plant dragon's vines. But that man didn't seem to be afraid. In fact, he appeared to be bold as he threatened the dragons, "Here's how this works, scalyies. You don't surrender, we kill you and use your scales as armor. You do surrender, we don't kill you and use you two as slaves. So last chance, you can live or die. Your call, but make it snappy. Frank's always had an itchy trigger finger." It seemed to have made the two dragons wary and a little nervous.

Regardless of what Spuma felt about not finding the right dragons, he knew that their lives were in immediate danger and that he needed to help save them. The black dragon charged towards the hunters and let out a terrifying roar that caught their attention and surprise. The men turned their heads towards him as one of them asked, "What in tarnation?" Before anyone could react, Spuma swung his powerful tail at Frank the crossbow shooter and knocked him 30 feet into a tree. The men fell on the ground, stunned and dazed by both the hard attack and the collision. Then the black dragon turned to the knife-wielding men and breathed down fire at them. They ran away screaming in pain looking like moving torches. The last fighter remaining realized that he was outnumbered three-to-one and decided to be a coward and flee to save his own skin.

The magi was happy for the rescue as she beamed to her companion, "Look Green, we're saved!"

The plant dragon known as Green was relieved and replied, "Then I guess we kiss this fool here goodbye." The man in his vines he was referring to started to get the life choked out of him by the squeezing vines. Soon, the man was dead as he closed his eyes and became limp.

The hunters were defeated, but what's to say that there weren't more of them and that the man who fled will come back with reinforcements. Spuma looked at the magi and told her, "Quickly, use your teleportation magic to get us out of here!"

But the dragoness said, "I'm sorry sir, but I can't teleport."

Spuma was taken by surprise by that comment as he asked, "What?! What do you mean you can't teleport? You're a magi dragon." She was one, right? So therefore, she should be able to teleport like all magi dragons do.

"I am," the dragoness replied. "But I just don't have the ability to do it, because of my inbreeding." She looked down at her own rotting scales, which is one of the diseases inbred dragons had.

"Oh no..." murmured the black dragon in pity as he saw her as an unlucky victim of human-controlled breeding. There were many humans out there who would make their related slaves breed with each other to get the desired purebred offspring who would have the same useful traits at their parents. This

would not come without consequences as sometimes inbreeding would lead to terrible diseases and physical deformations that resulted from the doubling of negative alleles in the genes. A lower IQ in dragons was also another result and like in this magi's case, the deletion of some spells that had robbed her of the breed's special gift.

The dragoness nodded unhappily and said, "Yeah, it's bad alright." She made a small smile to brighten up and say, "But at least we can still run away before more of these guys show up."

Spuma agreed, "Good idea, let's go." The three dragons ran away into the distance where they think they will be safe from hunters. Once they got to where they can stop, the black dragon said, "I think we'll be safe here."

The magi replied, "Me too." Then she smiled at him, "Thanks for saving us back there. I wasn't so sure what we would have done if you never came."

"You're welcome," Spuma smiled back at her. With this little issue over with, he went to focusing on saving Rampa. He wondered if these two dragons have any powers or info that would help. "Listen, have any of you seen a white dragon around or at least know someone who can heal? I need their help to save a dying friend of mine."

Green shook his head and said, "I can't say we have. I'm sorry to hear about your situation though."

The magi said, "I haven't seen one around here either. I have a friend who can heal, but she's probably too far away to get to in time."

Spuma frowned, "That's unfortunate. She would have been a big help if she was here." The black dragon wondered what was up with fate denying him the help he needs at every turn. It seems like it didn't care that Rampa's life was in danger of being lost. But he'll show fate, he'll go against it, defeat it and then laugh at its face. He would do all that with the help of these dragons here. Spuma asked, "Well then, would you at least come with me and help search for a white? I think three would be much better than one. What do you say?"

The dragoness eagerly answered, "Why of course! You've saved our lives, so I think it would be better if we repaid you for it."

Green decided to help as well. "We'll do our best to help you. We must not let your friend die."

The black dragon smiled gratefully at the two. "Thank you so much! It means a lot to me that dragons like you would aid her. I'm sure she would thank you as well." Now that these two were joining him on his quest, he knew he had to give them his name so that they can call him when they need him. "By the way, I'm Spuma. What are your names?"

The plant dragon spoke, "My name is Green, or rather what I'm called for now. I don't really have a name."

The magi said to Spuma, "I've been trying to come up with a good name for him and Green is what I got him." Then she quickly remembered the question at hand as she answered, "Oh and my name's Katherine. You can call me 'Kat' for short."

Spuma repeated the names they said, "Green and... Kat. Got it! Okay, now that we all know each other, let's go out and find a white." The trio went together on the hunt to find the white dragon before it was too late.

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

A short while later, the three dragons were still looking when Spuma was greeted telepathically with some terrible news from one of his friends. The dragon staying with Rampa told him sadly, *'Spuma, it's over.'*

The black dragon suddenly stopped in his tracks as if he had been shot dead. He got a bad feeling about his friend's words and hoped that it wasn't the worst case scenario he had dreaded. He asked, *'It's over? What do you mean it's over?'*

The dragon answered, *'Rampa is dead. We saw her stop breathing and tried to wake her up, but she won't move. I'm sorry, Spuma, but we're too late.'*

Spuma's heart sank into despair and he responded, *'No...'* He had promised Rampa that she would get the help she needs, but time had foiled him and taken her away. "No!" he cried out, trying to deny the reality that she was dead. But the fact was too stubborn to leave his mind.

Katherine and Green stopped walking when they heard him and got worried. The magi asked, "Spuma, what's wrong?"

The black dragon gathered up his strength to answer, "It's too late... Rampa is dead." A tear ran down his eye and drop onto the grass below.

Green asked, "Rampa? Is that the name of your friend you were trying to save?"

"Yes," Spuma answered. "She was a wonderful dragoness who wanted to have a nice family someday. But the wound killed her; the humans have taken another one of us away."

The magi and plant duo were very sorry for him. Katherine said, "Oh no, that's so sad."

Spuma continued the story, "We all wanted to go to Solomos together and make a village there. I told everyone that we would all be there alive, but now I feel like a liar." If any of his friends resent him for his broken promises, he would not be surprised by this and would feel their anger justified.

Katherine told him sympathetically, "Don't feel bad, it's not your fault. Sometimes bad things happen and sometimes we can't control them. It doesn't mean that you're a liar."

Green added to the conversation, "If anything, it was just bad luck that your friend died. You did your best, Spuma, and that's all that matters. I'm sure she would be proud of you for trying."

The black dragon started to feel a bit better, but he wasn't completely over Rampa's death. He let out a sigh and said, "I suppose your right, but still I wish she could have lived longer just for us to save her. I'm going to tell the others the bad news and then we'll go bury her body." He looked up at the sky and formed telepathic connections with his friends. He told them, *'Everyone, I have some bad news. I've been told that Rampa has died.'*

There were a mix of voices that were sad and among them was Gogwel who cried, *'What?! Damn it! We just found a white dragon and this happens.'*

This had felt like cruel irony to Spuma. If only they had been where Gogwel was earlier, then death could have been avoided. He told the winter magi, *'Well tell him to go back to whatever he's doing. We no longer have any use for him.'*

The winter magi suggested, *'You sure? I mean we should have someone else like that with us in case someone else gets hurt.'*

But the black dragon declined, *'I do not wish to drag others with into places they do not want to go. His home is in Rudvich, not Solomos. I'd hate to take him away from here.'*

'Alright, suit yourself,' said Gogwel. *'But don't go crying to me later if you regret your decision.'*

After the telepathy was over, Spuma looked back at Katherine and Green and told them, "Thanks for the help you two, even though it failed. I'm going to go rejoin the others and then we'll be back on our way to Solomos."

"No problem," said the magi. Then she asked, "Hey uh, can we join you on your trip? We're going to Solomos, too. My family came from there and I wanted to see them again."

Spuma asked, "You're from Solomos, too?"

"Uh yes."

The black dragon made a small smile and said, "It's nice to find others like myself, Kat. Maybe we can share stories of our lives before we were brought here to Rudvich."

Katherine asked, "So does that mean we're in?"

Spuma answered, "Yes, welcome to the party, you two." Then the three of them went together to return to the group's cave.