

((Note: The whole story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 39](#).)

Damia reached the address that the pygmy dragon info broker had given her to find the scammer. He wasn't home yet by the time she got there, so she had to wait behind the house patiently for him to get back. Several minutes later, the man she was looking for was seen walking down the street and coming up to his house. Damia snuck up on him, walking quietly and keeping herself hidden as she approached her target. He stopped in front of the door and took out his house key to use to unlock it. But Damia showed herself and startled him before his key even touched the doorknob. "You!" she yelled in displeasure.

The man was scared to see her and he should be for he was in trouble. He asked, "D-Damia, what are you doing here?"

The woman answered bitterly, "Getting the money you owe me." She held her sword out at him and threatened, "You had me kill an innocent man and then led me astray so that you can get away with murder for free! I'm pissed off right now because of you. So you either pay up right now or die. Your choice, buddy."

The man gulped before he made a short laugh nervously, "Well... this is kind of awkward. Because you see? I don't have the money."

"Then die!" Damia yelled as she raised her sword at him, going straight for the kill by decapitation.

"Wait!" the man cried out, making the assassin stop to hear what this fool had to say. He told her, "I don't have the money right now, but I can go to the bank tomorrow to get it for you. What do you say? Will you spare this pitiful man his life so that he can get you what you want?"

The woman thought about his proposal for a moment. The man had deceived her about his meeting place before and he might be lying about what he'll do tomorrow, too. So she asked suspiciously, "How do I know this isn't a trick?"

The man suggested, "Well you can come with me in the house and watch over me. You know? So that you can make sure that I'm not lying."

Damia felt that the idea was fair and good. She would definitely know for sure whether he was trustworthy this time or not. She told him sternly, "Fine, I'll watch over you, but I'll be staying up all night to make sure you don't pull any more of these tricks on me."

"Alright, fair enough," the man said. Then he unlocked the door and they went inside the house.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 40](#).)

Damia had been fighting against the urge to sleep many times as she carefully watched over the conman. She had to stay away just in case he was going to do something like run and leave his home while she wasn't looking. It was now morning as the sky outside the window through the blinds has gotten lighter and the sun was halfway over the horizon. By now, the woman was feeling very tired and wanted to sleep in that bed the conman was on. But she must wait until she receives her pay first and then she can go to that inn where she met Jericho the day before yesterday. The conman stirred in his sleep and turned his body over, where his front was facing Damia. Then he opened his eyes and said, "Well uh... good morning."

The woman let out a huff in response. She certainly wasn't going to return this kind of greeting him, not after yesterday. She aimed her sword at him and ordered coldly, "You're awake now. Now get out of your bed and put your clothes on fast, so that we can go to the bank."

"Um right," said the conman, eyeing the blade nervously like he didn't want to be hacked to death. The man got of his bed and went to his closet to pick out some clothes to wear. He put his choice attire on the bed before telling Damia, "Hey uh, could you wait a minute? I need to go use the bathroom."

Damia let out a disgruntled sigh. She wanted to keep an eye on him at all times, but it was wrong for a woman to see a man answer nature's call. She groaned, "Alright fine, but make it quick, because I will bust down the door if you take too long."

"Got it," the man replied. They went to the door to the bathroom, which the man went inside and locked the door behind him. Damia pressed her ear against the door to listen out for sounds happening on the other side. That man better be doing something to that toilet water or else he'll get it. After nearly a minute of him doing numbers 1 and 2, she heard the toilet flush and then the washing of hands. Then after she heard footsteps approaching, the woman backed away from the door and watched the conman come out. He asked her, "So are you ready to go?"

"Yes," answered Damia.

The conman said, "Alright, to the bank." They left the house and walked down the street to get to the stop for the horse taxi. Once there, they waited for a horse carriage to come by until one eventually showed up. The conman paid the horseman, who took them all the way to the bank. They got off the carriage and walked to the double doors side by side as the carriage went away. "Well, here we are. The place where you'll get your cash," said the conman. Then he let out an unhappy sigh and said, "I'm going to miss a lot of my money." Damia couldn't care less about his problem as it was his fault for causing this problem on himself.

As they almost reached the double doors, a couple of men came charging at the woman as one of them yelled out a battle cry. The bigger and more muscular bald man grabbed Damia with his strong arms wrapping themselves around her body and arms to restrain her. The woman struggled to free herself as she yelled, "Ugh! Let me go!"

The conman smirked at her and said, "Did you really think I was going to give my money to you that easily?"

Damia shot him her piercing eyes and yelled sharply, "What?!"

The conman laughed for a bit before telling her, "You see? I didn't bring you here to pay you. I brought you here to be put down." The woman bared her clenching teeth at him in both fury and fear of her life. Her client had betrayed her again and she fell for it like a foolish sucker. The conman continued, "It was a good thing I left the smart phone in the bathroom last night. Otherwise, I wouldn't have texted these guys to come here."

Shoot! Why didn't she hear him touching his cell phone? And most importantly, why didn't she think about this particular device this morning? The man must have had his phone on silent to prevent her noticing, and her brain must not be functioning correctly due to sleep loss. If it had, she would have told him to give her his phone before using the bathroom. Damia cursed him for his trickery, "You bastard!"

The conman flashed a cheeky grin at her and replied mockingly, "Why thank you! It was nice knowing you and having you out that Dawson for me without any money. You're such a good girl. It's too bad we have to kill you now, so bye."

The slim and scraggy-looking man held his knife at the woman's neck and said with a sadistic smile, "Time to die, missy!"

But Damia was having none of that today. She quickly brought her legs up and kicked at the scraggy man's stomach, knocking him away and making him drop his knife. The muscular man brought one of his arms up to deliver a hard punch to her face, making the woman see stars for a few seconds. She quickly retaliated with a kick to his shin, making him scream, "Ow!" The scraggy man took up his knife and came to attack her again, but Damia kicked him away again. After another punch from the muscular man who told her, "Stop moving, you bitch!" Damia got out one of her daggers that she had difficulty getting out from its sheath and she stabbed on the muscle man's side. The same man let out a loud "ow" as the woman stabbed him over and over again. When the scraggy man came to make another attempt to attack again, Damia went to kick again. But this time he was prepared as he quickly grabbed her legs before they even hurt him. So Damia had to throw away her bloodied dagger at him, which flew right to his heart and stabbed him. The scraggy man dropped his mouth open in shock and his knife fell to the ground. His blood came out his wound, staining his teal shirt, before he released the legs and fell over dead. "Noo, Samson!" cried the muscle man. He got angry at the woman for killing his friend and told the conman, "Hand me the dagger! I'm gonna kill this bitch now!"

The conman replied, "You got it." He went over to Samson's body and pulled the knife out. Then he went around Damia and her captor to come to him from behind. He was seemingly smart not to go up front to give the muscle man the weapon lest he get a swift kick from the woman.

After the muscle man received the dagger, he held the weapon above the woman and yelled, "Now die!" The blade came down towards Damia's neck and she squeezed her eyes shut, anticipating the pain she would feel before her death. But instead of that, she felt the man and herself get knocked over forward onto the ground. Then she heard him yelled, "Ow! Something's biting me!" The woman could also hear animalistic growls from some creature that attacked the muscle man.

The conman mentioned what it was, "A mint dragon! There's a witness here! Quick, kill that one before it tells somebody."

The muscleman pushed himself and his captive off the ground with a heaving grunt before turning to the mint dragon that had fallen off of him. He attempted to reach for the sword that was sitting in the sheath behind Damia's back, but she quickly kicked him hard enough on the shin, making him let go of her instinctively. Then she got away from him and pulled out her sword to fight with. She thrust her blade at the muscle man's stomach as she yelled out fiercely, "Yah!" The strike made contact and the man hunched over in pain as blood started to rise out through his mouth. His eyes rolled backwards into his head before Damia removed her sword and let him fall dead, just like his companion. With the thugs out of the way, she turned to the last foe remaining on this little battlefield, the conman himself. Pointing her blade at him, she threatened, "You're next, dastard!"

The conman backed away slowly in fear with the woman following to keep the same amount of distance between them. He held up hands open-palmed and pleaded, "W-w-w-wait! I can still get you that money. I-I-I got no more tricks left... honest!"

Damia demanded, "Then give it to me now or you die!"

"Y-y-yes ma'am," the conman obeyed. Then they went into the bank and Damia put away her sword to avoid scaring the receptionists. The conman withdrew 5000 gold from his account and gave it to the assassin. After they walked out of the bank, Damia ran her sword through him and pulled it back out, letting the man drop in a pool of blood. He looked at her and asked, "But why?.. I did as you said..."

The assassin answered with contempt, "Because you are too untrustworthy and vile for this world." Then the conman died. Damia placed her weapon back in its sheath, before she did the same thing with her dagger that had been taken from her. She turned to the mint dragon and said to him with an appreciating smile, "Thank you!" The mint dragon let out a high-pitched rumble in response before he turned and left. The woman watched him go around the bank before she turned her attention to her victims. She got the justice that she and Dawson deserved. Now she needed to get her mother's house and give her the money. Damia began to walk through the streets to get there.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 42](#).)

Aeolus had gotten his horde organization into different sets of sparring partners. The only ones omitted from training were Gneiss and the new recruits of earth dragons who were sent off to help build the duplicate of the section in Shadow Wind's city. After every partner was assigned, the horde went out into the desert where Aeolus gave the word to start, "Everyone, begin!" All the dragons started to spar against one another. Sargoth was facing off against Meubu of the Gallion clan, the son of Gneiss and Selenite. The geode dragon's first move was to claw and bite at the other dragon. Sargoth got hit on the neck by these claws and teeth. The red dragon countered by slashing back with his own claws. His attack didn't appear to harm the geode as the surface on his body was very much like that of a stone, thus leaving no scars on Meubu.

Sargoth thought to breathe fire and see much it would hurt him, even though he knew that fire was ineffective against stones, even rock-like dragons. He gave it a try and let the flames burn at his opponent's wing and side. As expected, there was no response from the geode. Meubu's hide was really tough and he himself knew it, too, as he let go and told the other dragon, "Did you really think that you could burn me with your fire?"

"Not really," Sargoth admitted. He had been hoping this attack would work, but his logic had been advising against it has been proven right. He wondered what he could do to actually defeat his opponent. Fire, claws and teeth won't work, there weren't any plants around to restrain Meubu, and stone walls would only just block him or raise him up high above the ground if the walls came up under him. Suddenly, the red dragon got an idea as he thought, *'Wait a minute!'* Raising his opponent up in the sky was not a bad idea. Geode dragons were too heavy to fly and Meubu can't get down without falling to his doom. Sargoth would win this round for sure.

Meubu told him, "Well you better come up with something if you want to beat me."

Sargoth smile and said, "Oh don't worry, I already have a plan." He summoned a stone pillar underneath Meubu, taking the geode by surprise as it went 1000 feet above ground. The Gallion clan dragon looked around at the ground below, unsure of how he would get down from this dangerous height. Sargoth took the fear on the geode's face as a sign that he had won this round. He telepathically said to him, *'So Meubu, it looks like I win this time. Unless maybe you can get yourself down from there. Can you?'*

The geode replied admitting, *'No, no I cannot. Alright, you win. Just get me down; I'm afraid of heights.'*

'Okay,' said the red dragon and he used his power to lower the stone pillar back into the ground. He decided to make things fair this time as he offered, "Ready for round two? I won't lift you up into the sky

again, I promise."

Meubu got into fighting stance and answered, "You're on! I'm going to win this time." Then the two fought each other fair and square.