

((Note: The whole story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 40](#).)

After a long night of sleep, Cynder woke up to the brightness in his room made by the rising sun outside and the chirping bird's song. The dracomancer got out from his bed and went to the bathroom to take a bath and wash himself. Once he was all clean, he picked out some fresh clothes to dress himself in before he went to the kitchen to eat. He took up two eggs out of a basket covered in an everlasting cooling mist, which he used to preserve the chicken eggs for when he needed to eat them. Then Cynder went to the cupboard and took out a bowl, which was going to use for the eggs. He went to the kitchen counter and placed the bowl there. Then he cracked the eggs open on the rim of the bowl and let the yolks fall into the bowl. After throwing the egg shells into the trash, the boy took a spoon out of the drawer and began to mix the eggs together, blending the yolks with the albumen to make the mixture yellow with a few clear spots in it. With that done, Cynder takes the frying pan out of the bottom cupboard and places it on the stove. After using his electric magic to turn on the stove, he takes the bowl and pours the yolk into the pan.

As the pan gets ready to heat up, Cynder takes a knife out of the drawer and uses it to cut a slice of bread from the loaf he has sitting on a wooden tray. He took up the slice and used his magic to create a ball of dragon fire in one hand. He held the fireball before the bread slice to toast it. The strong heat from the flame made the surface of the bread turn brown pretty fast. The boy turned the slice around and let his magic cook the other side as well. After the bread became completely crispy, Cynder took the plate out of the cupboard and put the toast on it. By now, the eggs were cooking, evident by the solid yellow surface he was seeing below the uncooked yolk. He took a spatula out of the utensil holder and flipped the omelet over. Cynder was making himself an omelette for breakfast, but not just any simple omelet, he was making a cheese omelette. The boy took out a knife and went to the cheese wheel that was covered in magic mist like all of his perishable foods were. There was no such thing as a refrigerator in his home and the village he lived in didn't have electricity. The culture of this place forbade electric technology as it was against their religion. The only technological thing Cynder had was the stove, which he found after a dragon attacked a moving van that was passing his home village. It was the only thing that survived the destruction.

Cynder put the cheese slice on the omelet and waited for the side to get cooked. Once that was done, he dispelled his magic on the stove and took the food off the pan to put onto the plate next to the toast. The boy put all of his cooking tools into the washing basket to clean later before he took his plate and sat at the table to eat. While he ate his food, Cynder made his plans for what he would do today. The first thing to do like he always did was go out hunting for gems and crystals to make jewelry out of. The boy had to do something to make more money to buy more food for himself. So he self-employed himself a job as a jeweler. Then he needed to return to The Graveyard to replenish his lost stock of meat that he needed to feed himself with for two weeks, since Atlarius ate some of venison last night. Then after that, he would practice his dracomancer power to keep his skills honed. With these plans set in mind, Cynder finished his breakfast and put the plate and utensils into the washing basket, which he then took outside to the river to wash. He filled the large basket with the river water and began to scrub

all things inside clean. After that was done, Cynder left his home to go out into the wild to get to the secret crystal mine a dragon he once met told him about.

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

Cynder's trip through the woods eventually took him to that cave with the magic crystals. This cave was kept secret by the dragons for a very specific reason; it was so that humans wouldn't take these crystals and use them against the dragons. The only humans that were allowed to know of such caves as these were those who were most trusted by dragons. Cynder is one of such people for he was a dragon sympathizer who has helped freed and saved many dragons through his extremely long life, which was made immortal by a magic rune on his body that resulted from his failed first attempt at freeing a slave with the use of his dracomancy that he discovered during early era of slavery. He was known among the dragons who knew him well as "the human who doesn't age".

Cynder went far inside the mine and began to look for the crystals. The further he went in, the darker the mine was. The dracomancer had to cast a fireball spell to hold in his hand and use as a torch to light his way so that he won't bump into a wall or anything. He soon came to a large cave with many red crystals of all varying sizes. This was the heart of the crystal mine. Cynder took his pickaxe and swung it down on crystal patch to break off the pieces to collect for his jewelry. The fireball he created floated so that he would have two hands to hold the pickaxe and put strength into. Once he had acquired enough, he used his power to drain the crystal pieces of their magic, so that his customers won't use them for their wicked deeds. With his task here done, the boy put his pieces into the bag and carried his fireball to light his way back to the mine entrance. Now he needed to get home and use his magic to forge the crystals with the gold and silver to make his products.

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 45.](#)))

Atlarius flew over her forest and soared through the air like an eagle. Her purple eyes peered past the leafy foliage of the trees and on the ground as she checked her territory for any unwanted intruders trespassing her turf. So far there didn't seem to be any problems as the only lifeforms she could see and smell were the animal inhabitants living on her home. They were welcome to come to traverse anywhere here as they were important to her as prey. With most of her areas safe, the wyverness now needed to check the last section of her territory to make sure it was clear like all the others. She went on her way to that area and patrolled it. Within a matter of minutes, Atlarius finally detected something off. She smelled dragon scent and not just one, but a whole bunch of individual scents coming nearby from the ground. Thankfully, they were outside the border of her territory. Atlarius suspected that it must be

another one of these hordes that were laying waging war on humanity. But then again, it could be a clan of dragons looking to settle in a new home. If it was the latter, then the falconiform was not going to let them take her home from her, she needed to get them away from here. But how can one dragon take on a whole group of them? She would be outmatched the moment she tried to fight them off. Maybe she should try to talk them out of it if they intended on settling in her territory.

Atlarius flew down below the trees and landed on the ground. She decided to spy on the dragons to see what their intentions were. The falconiform followed the dragon scents as she got to the edge of her territory, which was just beside the river. She noticed some moving figures on the other side of the river. They were too dark to make out what breeds they were, since they were off in the distance. But since they appear to be approaching, Atlarius could get to see what kind of dragons she was dealing with. She hid behind a cluster of trees and waited to see what these dragons would do. She listened out for their voices and soon got to see the breeds in the group as they went to take a drink from the river. But these dragons looked unfamiliar to her; they didn't appear to be any of the native breeds she knew that lived in the northeast region of Rudvich. The only one among them that she could recognize was the plant dragon, which definitely was of this region. They must have been foreigners who were ex-slaves taken from their homes to be made to work for their human masters. Those poor dragons, they must have missed their homeland. Atlarius counted the drinking dragons and found that there were no more than 18 of them. This was clearly too small to be a horde; this group has to be a clan that they formed after the Spell.

Seeing these dragons drink suddenly made her feel thirsty for water herself. Atlarius decided to come out of hiding and join them for a drink. She could go start up a chat with them to see what they were up to. The falconiform went to the river and some of the dragons stopped drinking to look up at the stranger before them. She asked, "Hi, don't mind if I share this river?"

The black wingless dragon replied, "Not at all. Feel free to join us." She noticed two stubs on the wingless dragon's back. Looks like he used to have wings, but they were now gone. His human masters must have chopped them off in order to prevent his escape. Atlarius lowered her head over the river's surface and began to drink its cool, refreshing water. Her tongue licked up small gulps of water to her mouth and she swallowed her fill each time. As she continued to drink, she heard the black dragon ask her, "So the other side of the river, is that your territory?"

The falconiform stopped drinking and looked him in the eyes. This was the topic she wanted to get to resolve. She answered, "Yes, it is. So what brings your clan, if it is that, over here?"

The black dragon answered, "We were just about to pass through. We have no intention on taking over your territory, if that's what you're hoping against."

Atlarius was glad that he cleared up her suspicions. Looks like there wasn't going to be any problems this time as she didn't want to be forced to leave her home. It was tough finding a place for herself and she didn't want to go through all that work of searching again. She replied, "Oh well that's good. So where is

your clan going to anyway?"

The black dragon answered, "To Solomos, our true home." It was just like she thought, the dragons of these strange breed were indeed foreign and they happen to be from a different continent. But the plant dragon, was he born in Solomos too or was he adopted into this clan?

Atlarius decided to ask, "Okay then. But this plant dragon with you, did he live in Solomos, too? He looks more like he's from this region we're in."

The plant dragon from the left side of the group answered, "I'm not from Solomos actually. I'm just going there with them because I'm looking for a place with more vegetation than in this region of Rudvich. The humans keep cutting down trees around here and making it hard for me to get fruit."

The falconiform replied, "I understand that. Humans also make it hard for me to hunt too, since they're always chopping trees and hunting prey in my territory." Though to be fair on these furless apes, humans weren't the only cause for the decline in prey. In fact, the overpopulation of dragons caused by humans trying to breed more slaves also played a part. The recent freedom of these carnivorous slaves has created more competition in prey hunting. This was why Atlarius had to set up her boundaries to keep both races out, so that she would have enough prey for herself.

The plant jested, "Seems like we both have ourselves a human problem. I guess we'll take you with us to Solomos, so that we can all have enough food when we get there."

Atlarius declined, "That would be nice, but I like living in this continent better. It's been my home since forever." Plus, she'll probably be homesick if she had to leave.

A small orange dragoness next to the plant dragon said with a playful smile, "Well I guess that means more room for us, huh Green?"

Green the plant dragon nodded and replied, "Yeah."

The black dragon asked her, "So miss, after we're finished drinking, may we cross through your turf or would you rather show us a way around your borders?"

The falconiform answered, "I'll lead you all through my home, but please do not hunt within my territory. I need these animals for myself, since there are not much of them going around these days."

The leader of the clan obliged, "Very well, we shall comply with your demand." After the last dragon was drinking, the clan was ready to move and their leader said to them, "Alright everyone, let's go."

As Atlarius began to take the lead, she told them, "Follow me." The clan followed after the falconiform as she took them through the forest to get to the other side of her territory.

After crafting his new jewelry, Cynder took them to his shop where he would sell them along with the other products yet to be purchased. The shop he owned had a variety of stuff that women would find mesmerizing to their eyes. The products he had were not just jewelry, but there were also other things like belts adorned with gems, chandeliers and small sculptures made out of crystals in the shapes of various things and animals such as fish, horses, skulls, pyramids with objects in them, mermaids and even dragons. Running a shop such as this was a pretty good way to get lots of money as jewelry is expensive and thus net enough profit to keep him to survive.

A customer entered the shop as the bell the door touched bringing Cynder's attention to her presence. It was one of his longtime customers named Rhonda and accompanying her was her daughter, Molly. Rhonda was a big fan of jewelry; she loved wearing them at all times. Molly didn't wear any such magnificent accessories like her mother did, being a little girl and all. But she did love to look at the sculptures in the shop. The girl immediately went over to them and began to take in the beautiful appearance of these crystalline artworks. She beamed to her mother, "Mommy, look at the flower. It's so pretty!" The sculpture Molly had her eye on was a rose made out of pink sapphire. Its leaves and stem were painted green to make it look more like the plant it was modeled after.

Rhonda looked at what her daughter saw and replied, "I see, that is a very pretty flower." Then the woman turned her head to the newest bracelet that Cynder created. She admired the wonderful thing and said, "Ooh, Cynder, is that a new bracelet you have in stock? I'd like to take it." The dracomancer told her the price for the bracelet and the woman paid for it. She even bought the rose that Molly wanted her to get. The mother and daughter walked out the store with their purchases, the bracelet now being worn around Rhonda's wrist. Cynder sat behind his counter as he waited for the next customer to arrive.