

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 34.](#)))

After giving Shiba a tip on getting the Aquarians to help look for her friend, Torque had went to a dining restaurant and use his money to buy himself an angus burger meal to eat. The meat had been delicious and so were the salt & pepper fries and the soda. It made him want to come back here to eat it again the next time he has the chance. After lunch, the man went to the Friday Hotel, where he had rented himself a room for three days in hopes of finding himself a new job in this city. Today was his last day at the hotel, but that didn't matter because now he has enough money to buy himself a new home. But before he could go searching for one, he needed to rest first. Maybe he could see an ad for houses on TV or the magazine he picked up. Torque went inside the hotel and took the elevator up to the floor his room was on. He went to his door and used his card key to grant him access inside. The room inside was neat and refined; it had a king-sized bed with a bed sheet with a pattern of brown and yellow circles of all shades. Each nightstand has a lamp and they were on both sides of the bed. The walls inside were of beige color. The black flat-screen TV was sitting on a brown table with its remote laying on top of the table, too. The curtains for the window were light brownish-yellow in color. There were two brown sofa chairs sitting around a smooth circular wooden table.

Torque went to sit at one of the round tables and took up the housing magazine it was laying on. The man kicked off his boots and went to lay his back onto top of the bed, resting his head against the pillow. He began to look through the magazine to look for the cheapest and finest house he could rent. He found that the cheapest houses he could afford were only one story. That was fine by him, because he would be only person living in such a home and thus the amount of space there would be enough for him. His eyes fell upon a picture of a wide white house with a porch and deck. It had trees behind it and there was a wide front yard with a lot of open space around house. *'Well this looks like fine,'* he thought. Then he looked at the mortgage rate to see how much he could afford, since he didn't have 24,900 gold to buy the house. The mortgage was 190 gold a month. This looks like a good deal as this would last him a few months until he got a decent job to go with his other job of being a bounty hunter. Torque looked for the address on where the house was location and made a mental note to remember that. He folded the corner of the page, so that he would come back to it once he got a paper and pen to write down the address.

Then within seconds, nature started to call. Torque put down the magazine and got off the bed. He said, "Looks like my lunch just got finished digesting. Time to let it out!" Then he went inside the bathroom and did what he had to do. After that was done, the man flushed the toilet and washed his hands. He went out the bathroom and took the remote off the TV's table. Then he got back onto his bed and let himself rest for a while before he would leave to go take a look at the house. He turned on the television to watch some good shows until then.

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A few hours had gone by and Torque was now standing in front of the house he saw from the magazine. He had hired the help of a horse carriage to take him there. The place looked exactly like it did in the picture. Now the man needed to look at the interior to see if it was worth the price. He went inside and found himself in an empty, which was presumably the living room. The room with all the space it had looked perfect for children to run around without tripping over or bumping anything, except for walls. He knew the rest of the rooms would just as void of any furniture as this one. But not the kitchen and bathroom though for they had things that people couldn't move from the house. Torque began to explore the house to see where each of the rooms were at and how big they were. He started with the kitchen first since it was right behind the living room through the open archway. The man looked at the line of cupboards on the bottom as well as a few on the top. Each row has a space for certain appliances, the bottom row has one for the oven and the top has one for the microwave. They would be put there in the future after Torque has bought them. The kitchen also has a sink in place, but no water would be pouring out from the pipe since no bill for it has been paid yet.

Then the man noticed the backdoor and went to see the deck the magazine had advertised. The deck itself was pretty wide that Torque could put a tanning chair here and let himself lay under the sun. It also has a small stairway leading to the backyard and it has a bench attached to its barrier. He went back inside the house and left the kitchen to see what else this home has to offer. He discovered that the place has 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and a hallway closet. He planned to make only one of them that was the largest his bedroom. The rest of them would have to be planned what to make of them later. As for the bathrooms, only one of them has a bathtub, the other has just a toilet and a sink. There was nothing else to be found in this house, no attic and no basement. Torque decided that he would take this house as his home and go to the realtor to pay for it.

The man left the house and went to the sale sign that was sitting on the yard. He read the phone number and wrote it down on a piece of paper with the pen that he carried with him. He could reach the realtor through phone and maybe pay for it later. As Torque began to leave for a horse carriage or dragon that would take him back to the hotel, he saw a familiar bright pink dragoness sniffing a scent track that she was following. Walking alongside her was a brown dragonet who was going with her. Torque smiled at the dragoness and greeted, "Hey Shiba, did you find your little pal yet?"

The two dragons stopped and looked to the man. Shiba smiled like she was happy to see a favorite friend and said, "Torque, there you are. We've been looking all over for you."

The man smiled back at him as he replied, "Looking for me? Now what would you be going around town for me for?"

Shiba answered, "I just wanted to introduce Kakoli to you to show that not all humans are as bad as he thinks he is."

"Ah, is that so?" said Torque before his eyes fell upon the dragonet.

Kakoli looked up at him with suspicion as he said, "That's the good human? He looks like a maniac if you ask me."

Torque laughed heartily at the comment before he replied, "I sure look like one, don't I?" This was the typical reaction that he got from people when they meet him for the first time. They would look at him like he was some kind of weirdo and think he is one. But Torque didn't really care what people thought of him, he was pretty much used to these kinds of feelings. Even he could acknowledge that he looked like a maniac and he would think nothing of it, never to do much as to try to change his appearance.

"Yeah," Kakoli answered with a slight nod, still uncomfortable with the man. "I'm not sure I'd want to hang around with someone who looks like you. You look like you might kill somebody."

Shiba shot her friend a disapproving scowl as she cried, "Rude!" The dragonet winced and shut his eyes under her sharp tone. Then she looked back at the man and apologized on her friend's behalf, "I'm sorry about that, Torque. Kakoli can be pretty immature sometimes. He's kind of a brat."

Kakoli barked at his friend's comment, "Now who's rude?!"

Torque fanned his hand down and said, "Eh, it's alright. I don't let myself get hurt by what people say of me. Better to turn the other cheek than slap 'em back I always say."

"Right," Shiba agreed. "No use fighting fire with fire. You'll just burn the place faster." Then she asked, "So Torque where were you earlier after I left? Kakoli and I went to that big building where we found your scent trail and we didn't see you anywhere inside. We checked all the windows we could find."

"The hotel?" the man asked, figuring that was what the dragoness was referring to. He rubbed his chin, thinking about how he and the dragons weren't able to see each other since the separation. He had two possibilities as to how they missed each other, one of them being when he went to check out the house on sale. The other, he answered, "I guess I must have been in the bathroom at that time."

Kakoli looked at him in confusion and asked, "Hotel? Bathroom? What are those?"

"What's a hotel you say?" Torque started. Then he explained the first one, "A hotel is a place where people like me rent, or to put it in words you'd understand, borrow one of the rooms for some days in exchange for gold. It's a very expensive place, kid."

Then Shiba went to explain the other, "And a bathroom is where humans take baths and showers and also use a thing called a toilet to do their thing."

Kakoli looked at them strangely as he asked, "They do their thing on something? Why not do that it on the grass? Dragons and animals do that all the time."

Torque answered, "Because we humans have this thing called public decency. We don't like seeing each other's nastiness, we think it's gross."

The dragonet replied, "I guess that's something we both can agree on. We dragons don't like stepping on them. They make our feet smell." He wrinkled his face in disgust like he hated the very thought of such a thing happening.

The man laughed before saying, "They sure do, kiddo. So enough about the nasty stuff, what you all came here to see mister 'ol me, right?"

Shiba nodded, "Oh yes, maybe we could like hang out and get to know one another or something like that. Do you have the time?"

"Do I have the time?" asked Torque with a grin. "I got tons! Well except for one thing I got to do and that's getting a home estate agent, but I can do that do later. So what do you two dragons want to know about me?"

"Well..." said the dragoness who tried to think of something. "Maybe we could start with your job, like what it's like to hunt down criminals."

Now this was an interesting topic he could talk about. Torque enjoyed the thrills and excitement life has to offer, even dangerous ones like fighting armed ruffians & ferocious animals, and trekking through rough territories. The man would love to brag about such tales in his life. He said, "Sure thing, lassie. I'll be happy to tell you about it. Well I'm not really a bounty hunter, I'm actually more of a freelancer who happens to take any job I can get, but only if there's lots of money to get from it. And here's the kicker, these types of jobs that I get are dangerous." Immediately when he said that last word, the dragons looked at him surprise.

Kakoli leaned more towards being interested as he asked, "Dangerous, what kinds of jobs are they?"

Torque answered, "You already know I do bounty hunting, so I'll list the others for you. Animal huntin', being a mercenary, guarding someone or something, escortin' people and transporting important stuff through bandits who are after them, killin' dra-" He stopped himself from saying the full word to avoid offending these two. He did actually killed dragons in the past, but not for personal reasons. He actually hired to kill them and he only took the jobs where they acted as pests to humans such as stealing livestock or coming into settlements to eat people. The dragon-slaying jobs were what got him so interested and curious in the beasts' powers as fighting them sometimes were the toughest of all the jobs he took. The man settled with telling a half-truth, "gon stealers, and I even got to be a hitman sometimes."

Kakoli and Shiba at each other for a bit before the dragoness commented, "Sounds like you do a lot of fighting, Torque. I bet you must have gotten hurt a lot."

"Sure did," the man confirmed. "I even got myself a scar to prove it." As he began to pull up his right sleeve, he continued, "Here, let me show ya." He revealed a long pink scar on his hairy arm that streaked from his wrist to his elbow.

The dragons stared at it and Kakoli cried, "Whoa, that's a nasty-looking scar. What happened?"

Torque answered, "I got it from a fight with some thugs. They slashed me with a big ol' knife and cut deep to the bone." Shiba shuddered with a low groan as if she was afraid of feeling the attack. "I had to go to a white dragon to heal that. But as you can see, they didn't do it good, so now I have this scar on my arm for life." After pulling his sleeve back down, he asked, "So anything else you want to know?"

"Hmm..." hummed the dragoness as if thinking of what to ask.