

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 37](#).)

The Greenleaf Horde marched their way through the forest, letting one of its members, Tryp, lead them to the humans' camp. The horde was seeking to destroy the settlement out of anger and revenge for the deaths of many dragons that were killed today. The victims were those from the city ruins and the horde's soldiers. Tryp would never forgive the humans for the massacre that just occurred. This was one of the many reasons why they were absolute scum to her. Bloodthirsty, heartless, and merciless, these were the main qualities she saw in the human race. If they were going to be like this, then she would be the same way to them. The neotropical was eager to rake her claws onto the humans and sink her fangs in them to soak the grounds beneath them with their blood, no matter if they were armed with a weapon or not. Thistle looked to the dragoness and asked, "So how far are we from the humans' turf?"

Tryp answered, "We're almost there, I think I can smell them up ahead. Can you?" The scent of humans was faint right now, but the closer she went on the path she remembered, the stronger the smell will get.

The horde leader answered, "I can; it looks like we're heading in the right direction. Let's keep going." The horde continued to march on through the woods until they saw the human camp in sight. The camp was well-guarded with walls made out of the many trees they've chopped and tied together. Adding to their security were watchers on the lookout towers, surveying the woods around them for any draconic threat to their camp.

Tryp said to the leader, "That's their home, Thistle."

"Good job, Tryp," praised Thistle. "You've got us right to where we can destroy them." Then looking to his soldiers, he ordered some of them, "Vine dragons, find the camp's entrance and wait there to destroy any humans who try to escape. Let me know when you get there, so we can begin." The vine dragons went off to look for the gates, steering clear of the watchers' vigilant views as they go. As the horde waited for the four to reach the entrance and their leader's call to attack, Tryp planned out which kinds of humans she would kill in order. The very first would be the ones who raided the city, then the guards were next to be slaughtered and lastly, the rest will perish. After a short while, Thistle finally said to the horde, "They got to the entrance. Greenleaf Horde attack!" The horde spread their wings and took off in the air high above the watch towers' height. The watchers spotted the flying dragon army and quickly alerted the warriors in their camp. Screams from the camp were heard as the humans began to panic and head for the gates. Their warrior gathered their weapons and prepared to fight the threat to their camp. The archers began to notch their arrows and fire up at the horde. Thistle warned, "Arrows, watch out!" Every dragon attempted to dodge the rain of arrows flying at them. Some rose higher out of the arrows' reach, some used magic to destroy the arrows, and the guardian dragons defended themselves with their shield tails. Tryp was one of those who evaded the arrows. But then there were those who were unfortunate to not react in time and thus they were struck. Among the dragons that were hit, some fell to the ground while others were lucky to remain airborne. The healers dove

down to try and save their wounded if any of them survived, while the rest of the horde began to counterattack.

The black dragons cast their offensive spells in the form of fireballs and dark lightning bolts, burning and electrocuting any humans they hit. Veo and his fellow ultraviolet dragon used their sunlight magic to shine down rays of light to harm their foes. The moonlight dragons summoned spirits of their animal companions and let them attack the dragon slayers. Tryp swooped down towards the ground and landed on the clearing in front of the archers. She saw the men still trying to the horde members still in the air and were also now trying to shoot the ghost animals. Their arrows proved ineffective as they just flew right through the ghosts' bodies as if they were just air. The animal spirits struck the humans with their claws and fangs. They didn't appear to be drawing blood from the humans, but they were definitely harming them somehow. Two of the archers noticed the neotropical and aimed his bow at her. Tryp charged towards him as the man shot his arrow into her shoulder. She didn't let the pain slow her down as she continued to go at him until she got to him and slammed him down with her front talon. Two other dragons, who have also landed, came up beside her and attacked the archers, killing those they caught. Tryp clasped her teeth onto her pinned enemy's head and pierced his throat. His final scream was muffled by the hole in his throat and the blood rising through it. The archer group fled their attackers to put some distance between them to fight back out of the range of claws and fangs, but the dragons and the animal spirits chased them down to keep them from pelting more arrows at them. The horde soldiers kept attacking them as they pursued.

Just as Tryp killed another archer, she felt something sharp pierce into the side of her body. She let out a high-pitched roar and turned her head to glare at whoever did this to her. It was one of those city raiders and from the corner of her eye, she saw the hilt of the spear. He must have thrown that at her to distract her from his comrades. Tryp snarled at the spearman and ran at him. He started to get scared as he began to run for his life. The neotropical pursued him like a cat chasing a mouse and crunched her jaws onto his neck and ripped off his head.