

((Note: This section is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 36](#).)

After break time was over, Aeolus made his horde do another round of sparring. This time, they were to train against different partners he paired off among his soldiers. Pyro was up against a leaf pygmy dragonet named Pagito. The cassare had an easy time fighting against his smaller and weaker opponent. Pagito tried evading him several times, but the experienced fighter always managed to land hits on him or catch him in his jaws. Now they were airborne and were still going at it. Pyro came down at his opponent with his claws reaching out to grab him, but the pygmy flew out of the way just in the nick of time. The cassare realized that his back was now left exposed to his opponent to ambush from behind. But he wasn't going to let that happen. He quickly turned his body around in 180 degrees and saw Pagito going for him like he anticipated. The pygmy was caught by surprise by the sudden twist. He tried to swoop back up, but Pyro flew up after him and caught him in his claws again. The cassare smirked at his opponent and said, "You lose...again." Pagito let out a disappointed sigh in response as his eyes looked below hopelessly. Pyro could read the low self-esteem emanating from him and frowned. He asked, "You're so bad at fighting. How come you're not doing this good as some of the other pygmies?"

Pagito answered, "It's because I was born a slave. I didn't get to fight as much as you horde dragons do. So of course, I'm not going to be as good as you guys are."

Pyro asked, "So what are you doing in this horde anyway if you've never even fought before?"

The leaf countered, "Hey, lots of us didn't fight before and look how good we are. We scared the humans off to the woods." Then he sighed, "Though I suppose it must be due to the big dragons' size. Me and some others were still stuck as slaves after the Spell. We got out and joined because the horde rescued us."

The unimpressed cassare replied, "So you joined just out of gratitude then? That's not a good reason enough to be here."

"Of course not," said Pagito. "I also wanted to avenge all my unborn siblings that were eaten and my friends that were killed to be stuffed. They took them away from me, Pyro. They took them away." He closed his eyes in sadness as if he was remembering these painful memories.

The pygmy's motivation for revenge was nothing surprising or shocking, considering atrocities like these were common. But still Pyro can understand how horrible they are and how he would feel if he went through what his opponent did. He said softly, "That's really awful. I'm sorry to hear what happened to them. I guess I can see now why you joined this horde." Then he continued in a reasonable tone, "But still I don't think you'll be good for this horde the way you fight like this."

Pagito accused, "So you're saying I should just leave and give up?"

"No, what I mean is that you should learn the basics to fighting first." With a smile, he offered, "Tell you what, I'll teach you how to fight once we have the time. I'm sure with my help you'll become a good soldier in no time." He planned to teach this pygmy his clan's fighting style during the night when the horde was sleeping.

Pagito became happy and said, "Really? You would do that for me? Thank you so much!"

"You're welcome," said Pyro. Then suddenly, he notices two flashes, one in the sky and one on the ground. There were purple smokes in their places. The cassare assumed that the magis must have teleported to get the jump on their sparring partners, but they were nowhere to be seen. Aeolus must have been sending them off to somewhere for something or someone that was crucial to the horde. Shortly afterwards, cassare dragons started being warped into the desert. Pyro recognized who these dragons were; they were from his clan. Among them was Salvo, their leader. Pyro knew his clan was hostile and distrusting towards outsiders and didn't think that they would be willing to join the horde. But somehow Aeolus managed to get them on his side. The horde leader must have been really convincing to achieve their help. But now that they're here, that means that Pyro would have to face them soon. He was not looking forward to meeting any of his former clanmates, especially Salvo, who was most displeased with him. The dragonet had been banished from his clan for having different ideals than them. For one, he was more open in relationships with dragons outside his clan and second, he didn't have as much of disdain for humanity either. Because he wouldn't go along with his clan's ways, he was kicked out to never return again. If Pyro were to meet any of them now, it would definitely not be a friendly "we missed you" kind of greeting. He would be met with angry yells, growls, snarls and be shunned.

Aeolus ordered his horde telepathically for all of them to hear through their sounds of fighting, *'Everyone stop what you're doing and turn your attention to me.'* The horde immediately stopped their spars and turned to look at their leader and the clan of cassares with him. The dragons that were flying came down to land on the ground. Pyro set Pagito beside him and tried to hide himself behind a larger dragon to avoid being seen by any of his former clanmates. Once the horde was settled, Aeolus spoke, "Everyone, as you can see before you, I have recruited the help of Pyro's clan."

Salvo and the rest of his chosen clanmates all turned their displeased gazes to the horde leader. The clan chief asked, "Wait a hoot! Did you just say the name of who I think you said?"

Aeolus answered, "Yes I did." Then when he noticed the looks on the clan's faces, he realized that something was wrong. They must not have liked their young clanmate. He remembered the cassare dragonet being uncomfortable when he asked him for his clan. Was Pyro nervous about having his clan in the horde?

Salvo growled, "So that's how you found our clan. That bleeding heart fool must have told you about us." He was going to have word about this with Pyro, once he finds him. The dragonet knew that outsiders weren't allowed on his former clan's territory and yet he lets Aeolus there. The chief scoffed to

himself, "Heh, so now he decides to attack humans, what a surprise." But this didn't change how he felt towards the banished dragonet.

Pyro fidgeted nervously, wondering if the horde would start thinking differently of him when they learn he doesn't hate humans as much as they do. Not that he actually likes humans; his feelings towards them were more neutral. They were okay as long as they didn't bother him or his friends. He heard Pagito ask, "Your clan doesn't seem to like you. What happened?"

Pyro looked down at the leaf pygmy and answered, "I got banished for not having the same beliefs as they do. They don't like any outsiders at all. They must be here because they share the same hatred of humans like the horde does."

Aeolus told the chief, "Look Salvo, whatever ill feelings you hold towards Pyro, you're going to have to learn to work with him as he is a part of this horde just as you and your clan members are. And we all must work together to rid this planet of every living human. Uncooperative division will only hinder our mission."

Salvo grumbled, "Fine, whatever. But know that my clan is not here to be buddies with you lot. We're only here because we want to kill these apes before they kill us. We'll be just comrades and nothing more, got it?"

Aeolus replied, "Understood. We'll leave it at that." As long as the clan was working for his horde, he'll be fine whatever the relation between them was.

Bam shook his head in discontent as he said to Corona, "Damn this guy and his clan are a bunch of grouches. Do these guys hate having friends or something?"

The phoenix dragoness said, "I don't know, but I wouldn't want to be friends with them either. Not with their attitude and negating my powers."

Aeolus said to the horde, "Our meeting is over; everyone, get back to sparring." As the dragons resumed their sparring session, the disaster dragon said to Salvo, "Anyway Salvo, I have crucial information that I would like to share with you and the clan, but it'll have to be through telepathy because we have two dragons here who must not know of our plans." At first the cassare chief was peeved at there being some suspected traitors in this horde until Aeolus reassured him and his clan telepathically, *'They're not from the horde, but from a city in Rudvich where they value humans.'*

Salvo looked appalled and yelled, *'Value humans?! What foolish dragons would ever treat these things with respect and dignity? They kill and enslave dragons for Pete's sake!'*

The horde leader answered, *'The ones from the city of Shadow Wind. They're Mekarth the black dragon and Juna the silver dragoness. They also have a brother named Axle, but he's currently in Rudvich with a*

magi dragoness.'

'So why are they here if they don't like what you guys do? You should chase them away now and be rid of them.'

'I could, but their city is being dictated by tyrannical and murderous lords who enslave their own citizens, both dragons and humans. I intend to gain Juna's trust, so that we can go there and free my fellow dragons, since the Spell failed them. I also plan to learn the city's streets so that when the horde is large enough, we can go back and destroy the humans there.'

Salvo was disgusted with the idea of betraying someone for the sake of destroying their friends. That's one of the reasons why he didn't trust outsiders. But the victims would be humans, so that lessened the disdain he felt for Aeolus's plan. *'So you plan to bite Juna in the back and kill whatever human friends she has. That's pretty low, Aeolus, even though humans are absolute scum.'*

Aeolus argued, *'These humans may be her friends now, but she will eventually learn of their traitorous nature and be the one to have her back bitten like I have. I'll be doing her and the other dragons there a favor.'*

The chief asked, *'You've been betrayed by humans before?'*

'Yes, a few times. They all came to me as friends and then betrayed me by stealing me away from my old masters to be their slaves.' In the case of one of these betrayers, he sold Aeolus in a black market auction to the highest bidder who did the unspeakable to him later.

Salvo scoffed, *'Pah, that's what you get for opening yourself up to these nasty apes. Seriously, why did you ever trust them in the first place?'* Everyone knows what monsters the humans were. He thought a dumb dragon to suicidal or just plain naive to try and be friends with one of them.

Aeolus closed his eyes in shame and answered, *'Because I was young and foolish back then.'* He should have known better than to believe in a human's friendship after everything their kind has done.

'So you were.'

The horde leader reopened his eyes and told the clan, *'Anyway, I need you all to keep our plans a secret from everyone who's not a part of this horde, especially from these three foreigners and the magi I mentioned to you. You'll never know if they will disagree with our mission or not and try to stop us. And since you're all wary of outsiders, I trust you all will heavily guard our secrets?'*

'Of course we will,' Salvo assured him. *'What do you take us as? Gossipers?'* The horde leader got the fact right that the clan won't be open with strangers. It was easy not to tell anything to anyone when you're not friendly with them. That's one of the advantages of isolation.

Aeolus wasn't sure if any of the clan members never did gossip, but regardless he took their chieftain's words as promise. *'Of course not. Anyway, you and your clan will feel free to wait in the abandoned village over there until I start getting exercises for the horde.'*

'Sure thing,' Salvo said. After their telepathy ended, the cassare clan went into the village to shade themselves from the hot sun. The chieftain went into one of the caves that looked like it belonged to a former leader. It would be the most fitting place for him to wait in since he was a leader himself. When he went in there, he was greeted with a sight of a sleeping silver dragoness with strange markings on her face that made her look goofy. Was this Juna that Aeolus spoke about earlier? He never mentioned how silly she was going to look. Salvo was weirded out by this appearance as he cried, "What the heck?!"

((**Note:** This section is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 37](#).)

It was now dinner time for the horde and everyone was going different places to hunt such as the very desert they were in or being teleported to good places they knew that were more likely to be abundant in food than the desert. Pyro had a place in mind that he wanted to go, but he'll need the help of a magi dragon to get him there. He found Enamora warping a small group of pygmies to somewhere and went up to her. She noticed him and asked, "Hello Pyro, would you like to go somewhere, too?"

The dragonet answered, "Yes, take me to this place."

As he was giving her a mental image of a mossy landscape in the mountains, he heard Salvo behind him saying, "And take us to wherever he's going, too." Pyro froze in shock at the voice he just heard. He turned his head around to see the chief and three other cassare approaching from behind.

The dragonet's stomach churned with anxiety, knowing his meeting with the clan was going to be bad. *'Uh no,'* he thought. He wanted so bad to stop Enamora right now and get away from here before he gets hurt.

The magi obliged, "Alright now, I'll send you all there right now."

Pyro quickly spoke up, "Uh I change my mind. I think I'll just go see what's out in the desert."

He started to walk away, but he didn't go any more than a few steps when one of his former clanmates caught him with a hug. The young adult cassare said in a friendly tone that he was false, "Where are you going, Pyro? We haven't hung out in a long time. We should catch up with each other."

The cassare dragoness went up to him and rubbed her head and neck against him like a cat. She said with a fake smile, "Yeah, it'll be fun to hunt with an old friend again." Pyro smiled nervously at them and made a quiet laughter.

Salvo told the magi, "Just take us there. We'll come back with a meal for you." He wanted to get to the place where Pyro was going now, so that he could confront the dragonet right now.

Enamora replied gratefully, "Thanks, I appreciate the offer, but you don't have to worry. I can catch my own food. Anyway, I'll warp you all over now." Then she teleported the cassares over to the mountains.

Once they were there, the cassares around Pyro immediately dropped their facade and bared their teeth at him in anger as the hugging cassare slammed him with his talon and pinned him to the ground. Pyro let out a grunt as his chin and underside hurt from the impact. Then he opened up his eyes to the foot of the chief in front of him and looked up to see Salvo glaring down at him. The chieftain growled, "Pyro, you inconsiderate worm. Today, you sent an outsider to our home."

The dragonet quivered in fear at everyone's anger, seeing their glares and growls directed at him like a pack of wolves. He frantically apologized, "I'm sorry! It's just that Aeolus needed some cassares to be the defense against human mages, and you guys were the only ones I know." Covering the top of his head with his talons, he begged, "Please don't hurt me!"

"Pah!" Salvo spat disgruntledly at the dragonet's cowardice. "You're lucky he warned us about humans going to find new ways to hurt us around the Spell and that we doing something about them now will be keep generations of our clan from being screwed." Then he warned, "I'm not one for being involved with outsider affairs, but I'm going to let it slide this time. But Pyro, if you do something like that again you are dead meat, got it?!"

Pyro nodded slowly and replied, "Yes sir."

"Good, no third chances," Salvo growled. Looking at his clanmates, he told them, "Everybody, let's hunt." Then the cassares let go of the dragonet and flew off to look for prey. Pyro got up and puffed out breaths as he was recovering from the fright of being accosted by his former clan. He was lucky this time that he didn't get attacked or he would be in a world of pain, if not dead. The dragonet went to a pond and drank water from it.

(**Note:** This section is almost canon to the RP. The following sections take place during [Chapter 40.](#))

A few dragons of the Vulture Horde, including Pyro himself, woke up and went outside the caves they slept in. They greeted each other with good mornings and thought about going together to get some

breakfast. But before they could leave, they saw Mekarth with Juna in halfling form on her back. No longer was Baltia's painting on her face there. Someone must have rubbed it off, most likely either Juna or her brother. To the dragons' worry, she appeared to be unwell. Her wing kind of dangled from her human side of her halfling form. Nowe looked at Mekarth and asked, "Hey, is she going to be alright?"

Mekarth looked at the smaller dragon and said, "The last attack she took made her hit her head hard on rocks or something. That also means she is in no way capable of training anyone, let alone walk." Juna seemed to slid back to sleep. "It's nothing major, just rest that is-" the black started to say before everyone smelled a human scent. His head turn towards the smell and he seemed to be locked in that way. "Do me a favor and stay with Juna." His voice no longer sounded friendly but extremely hostile now. By now the smell was now around the whole area.

"Okay," the leaf pygmy obliged.

The new voice seemed to echo in the air as it said, "Well well well, if it's not kid one and kid three of Incarus. What a shocker, well not really." A few minutes later some, more of the human figure appears out of thin air. He wore a gray cloak and a two handed sword, but no armor for some odd reason. He stood right in the open for everyone to see.

A spring dragon asked, "A human?! What's he doing here?"

Pyro sensed something disturbing about this human. Somehow his presence was feeling like he was a huge threat, but this was just one man. He can't possibly be this dangerous, right? The cassare growled, "I don't know, but he smells like bad news. He needs to be taken down." He charged towards the human and spat out a fire ball.

The fireball looked like it made contact with the man, well until a laugh was heard. The man's voice echoed again, "Honestly, do you think a dragon of your weak stature could even come close to a power ten times your own? I do give you credit for the attempt, but what a fail it was." Then the man walked out of the flames untouched. He grabbed the hilt of his sword as he slowly started to pull it from the sheath on his back.

Pyro was surprised to see that his attack did nothing to the man. The rest of the horde was feeling the same way as the blue-banded dragoness asked, "But how?"

Mekarth bite onto the cassare's tail and pulled him hard back behind him. His strength alone, just from the pull, showed he was much stronger than what he looked. He snapped at the dragonet, "Are you trying to get yourself killed? He removes that sword it will be the last thing you will see, or the fact any of us will see."

Pyro flinched and apologized, "I'm sorry!"

Then everyone smelled blood. The horde traced it back to the black as he started to stagger. A female member of Salvo's clan cried, "Look, he's bleeding!" Several slashes appeared on Mekarth's legs, back and chest.

Udiya looked at the man and said to the horde, "And he's somehow managed to slash him without any of us blinking." Everyone looked to the man who was still there with his hand on the hilt, but the blade was dripping with blood and a lot of it. Pyro stared at him in shock, how did this human even harmed Mekarth without moving?

The man said to the black, "A pity really, I was told not to kill you or this bunch of pack rats you found out in the middle of nowhere. However, I was also told to skip the past part if I see fit. Now then who is next to feel the blade?" He pointed with his free hand and started to do a Duck Duck Goose kind of thing with his finger pointed through the air. Mekarth, even from the blood was pouring from his wounds or even the fact his legs have slashes across them, still stood like he was still fine. Then a blue-banded dragoness picked up Juna in her mouth and carried her away over to one of the caves.

((Note: This section is not canon to the RP.))

Salvo was still asleep in one of the caves he and his clan took, but he was almost awake. He just needed to give his eyes and body some more time before he was ready to get up. But this was cut short when he heard someone alert him telepathically, *'Everyone, wake up! We have a dangerous human inside the camp. He somehow slashed Mekarth in a blink of an eye. If we don't get up and stop him, he'll slaughter all of us with ease.'*

Salvo made a grumbling growl in disbelief at what he just heard. He thought, *'What you're crazy! No human on Veleia can do that.'* He wanted to tell the dragon that, but he didn't know the speaker's face, so he was unable to reply. So he just stayed where he was and continued his rest. A few of his clanmates however seemed to have a different opinion as he heard them get up and move. Without opening his eyes, he told them, "Don't trouble yourself over it. It's probably nothing they can't handle." There were many in the horde and only human. There was no doubt that this creature will be easily overwhelmed to death and then eaten as a snack. Lucky whoever gets that breakfast.

((Note: This section is almost canon to the RP.))

Everyone watched the man as he continued to do Duck Duck Goose, until he stopped at someone, whoever he picked. "Well I guess that one's next," he said as he started to pull the blade from behind his

back. Within a single blink, he was gone, taking the horde by surprise.

"Where'd he go?!" asked the spring dragon. To answer his question, the blue-banded's pained roar was heard. The dragons turned around to the back and saw the dragoness with a slash across her head. Blood dripped from her wound and onto the yellow barren soil. Juna started falling, having been dropped by the blue-banded when she roared. The man was over by them.

"Naia!" a canopy dragon shouted in worry.

Before Juna even hit the ground, the man grabbed her and just like that vanished. His voice still echoed in the air, "Dracul has plans for her and you now. As what did he put, the dark prince comes back from the dead. So train those tiny dogs of yours, Mekarth, as you will need them to dig your grave." His words were immediately followed by laughter before it disappeared into silence. Pyro dropped his mouth in awe at what had just transpired. This human was not like all the others. He can attack everyone in less than a second, which was a lot faster than a whiptail's running steps. Would the horde be able to defeat such a human?

Either Mekarth was blinded by rage or blinded by his own failure to protect his sister. He took off running in a random direction after the man. Nowe shouted in worry, "Mekarth!"

Naia looked to where Juna should have dropped and found no unconscious halfling there. "No!" she moaned in shame for failing to keep her out of the man's reach.

Udiya looked at the black dragon and said, "Mekarth, get a hold of yourself! We need to tell Aeolus about this and figure out a plan."

Pyro agreed with the electric ember and said, "He's right, we shouldn't rush in blindly like this."

The spring dragon said, "I'll contact the horde leader with my telepathy."

While the spring was doing that, other dragons started coming out of the caves to get ready for the kill. But unfortunately, there was no human in sight. Ursula looked around and asked, "Hey, where is the human?"

Nowe followed after Mekarth to try and get him to calm down. He called, "Mekarth, Mekarth! Wait!"

((**Note:** This section is not canon to the RP and takes place during [Chapter 41](#).)

Salvo heard talking noises outside the cave and they sounded concerned like something bad just

happened. The chieftain woke up and got up to see what the fuss was about. Some of his clanmates had already left, while the others were just getting up. Salvo went outside and overheard everyone asking about the human that just invaded the village. After hearing the answers, he learned what the alerting dragon told him earlier was true; the human did have the power to warp in and attack, all that in less than a second. This definitely sounded crazy, but it was real nonetheless, because the chieftain could smell Mekarth's blood and Juna was nowhere to be seen as she was just kidnapped by the human. Salvo thought in surprise, *'How in the heck is this possible?!'* Was this what Aeolus had been warning about? Was this one of the new methods humans were taking to bypass their lack of technological weapons in the Spell? He looked around for someone he knew, preferably one of his own clanmates or... He found Pyro looking off to the space outside the village. Salvo went up to him and interrogated him, "Pyro, did you see that human who was in camp?"

The dragonet was answered, "I did."

The chieftain got mad at him and yelled, "Why didn't you stop him, you useless lizard?! You're a cassare for crying out loud! Your anti-magic field should have prevented him from warping." He assumed the human's warping ability from his sword must have been magic. How else would he be able to do that?

Pyro explained himself, "I did try to fight him, but Mekarth stopped me from getting to him."

Salvo growled, "Great, so it's his fault that his sister is in this mess. Stupid lousy foreigner." No one would have been hurt if Mekarth just gave the horde a chance to kill that human. Just then, he saw Aeolus talking to the magi mates about Juna, Mekarth and the man. The chieftain told Pyro, "We're going to Aeolus to tell him what you just said." Then they made their way to the horde leader.