

((Note: The whole story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 44](#).)

After making her way through Windfall's streets and going outside through the forest, Damia reaches her hometown, which was a destroyed city neighboring Windfall. She walked through the streets scorched in spots and streaks by the dragons' fire. They were filled with destroyed cars, debris from damaged buildings and dead human bodies that stank with the stench of rot. Coming back to this place always unnerved her. It felt like she was walking through a graveyard where all the dead were not buried. Damia tried not to pay too much attention to her gruesome surroundings as she continued on her way home. She made it to the least populated area of the city where her house is. A house in isolation among the trees was a perfect place for an assassin to live as she would not have her occupation be discovered by neighbors. Unlike the other buildings in this city, Damia's home was left untouched by the rampage. The dragons must never have found her home while they were too busy laying vengeance off their masters.

The woman unlocked the front door and went inside her house. The place wasn't a typical house where everything was comfy and cozy with a couch, TV and computer. Instead, it was more of a training ground where she could hone her assassin skills. The first room she was in has dummies damaged by weapon practice, a board on the wall holding swords, and another board holding daggers. The room behind it had obstacles and training traps to work on her evasions. Damia took the short hallway to her mother's room and opened up the door to find her ailing mother in bed. The assassin said to her, "Mother, I'm home. I got the money we need for your surgery." She hoped she wouldn't have to tell her mother that she had to resort to assassinating innocent man in order to this amount of gold. It was against the family's code to take hit jobs on people that aren't villains; it went against their moral and honor. Damia was ashamed of killing Dawson and she knew her mother would not approve of this either.

Her mother opened her eyes and turned her head to see her daughter. This woman, who is also an assassin, had been training her daughter into the fighter she is today to continue the lineage of assassins and uphold her family business. The mother commented, "Well done, my daughter. I'm glad you were able to find a job and complete it on time. Now we'll be able to move out of this dead city and find a new home where I'll get the surgery." Then she asked, "Tell me, have you also found a good doctor, too?"

"I did," answered Damia. "I found him at Prism Hospital in Windfall."

The mother asked, "Windfall? Where is that at? I have never heard of such a place."

The daughter answered, "It used to be called Cypress. They changed its name after the dragons destroyed the place and rebuilt it into medieval-like city. But they still have most of the technology working there. I'm sure the doctors still have the equipment to help."

The mother replied, "I don't know why they redesigned the city like that, but at long as their doctors are still useful, I don't mind." As she rose up to get out of her bed, she continued, "Alright Damia, lead me to this hospital."

"Yes mother," Damia obeyed. Then the two women left their house and went on their way to Windfall.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 47](#).)

Damia and her mother walked on the concrete road in the forest to use as a path towards Windfall. They only stopped once to eat the snacks they had taken out of a destroyed convenience store from their hometown. Protein bars and water weren't the typical lunch, but they'll have to do for today. As the women continued to press on, Damia noticed a crack line far ahead on the road. She thought the road was just old and hadn't been resurfaced yet with a fresher concrete. That or a dragon might have damaged it somehow. But then she noticed something off, the ground beneath her feet felt hollow and it started to sink. The daughter knew that something bad was going to happen. She told her mom urgently, "The road is sinking! Quick mother, we must hurry!"

Even her mother knew it too as she replied, "I'm right with you." The women dashed as fast as they can to get to the other side of the crack before it was too late. The road gradually sank as the slope before them went slowly went lower and lower. Even the forest soil around them was going under the same effect as the trees were becoming tilted like they were about to fall over. The women rushed closer and closer to the crack, believing that they would make it on time safe and alive.

Damia made it over the crack, but her mother did not as the concrete and soil broke off and fell. She heard the older woman scream and turned to see her falling down a chasm of 80 feet. The younger assassin reached out for her as she shouted, "Mother!" The older woman fell all the way to the bottom and hit the ground with a thud. Blood started pouring out from underneath the mother's body. It was a devastating sight to see and Damia was in denial and upset over this. She didn't want to believe that her mother was dead, but her realist mind knew the truth was certain. This had to be a joke, a cruel joke at that. Damia had to go against the family honor of taking hit jobs on innocent people in order to secure money to save her mother, but then a damn sinkhole happens and kills her mother. The whole thing was all for nothing. The assassination of Dawson, nothing. Forcing the client to pay his due, nothing. Having the money to give her mother the surgery, nothing. Damia could only drop to her knees and shake her head in anguish as she cried, "No, no, no." Then she screamed out to the sky, "NOOOOOO!"

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 51](#).)

Juna was preparing the horde to start their training in the finally finished sector replica. She separated the dragons into 5 different groups, 4 of them going to their starting locations to begin the search for Mekarth and the last group being made to hunt and gather food. Whoever captured her brother would have their group be the first to eat tonight. Sargoth was put in Group 4, which would be at the western side of the sector. Group 4 went there and waited for Juna's signal for them to begin. While they sat tight for the start, Sargoth asked his team, "So anybody got a plan for catching Mekarth before the others do?"

"I do," said Tavrurth the brute dragon. Everyone turned their heads to him and he told them his idea, "We're going to knock out everyone we see, so that they don't get to Mekarth before any of us do."

Dresden the phoenix dragon from Aeolus's clan deduced, "So basically, reduce the numbers of the other groups, so that we can increase our chances of winning."

"Exactly!" said Tavrurth. "That's the plan."

A spring dragoness boasted, "Well good thing I can put them to sleep with my pollen breath. They'll be easy as a gnat."

Sargoth found the brute's idea to be a pretty good one. Juna doesn't have a rule against this, so they can get away with putting their opponents out of commission for this training exercise. The red commented, "That sounds neat, Tavrurth. But what if we don't get them in one hit? You know they're going to fight back."

Tavrurth answered, "Then we'll fight them until their out cold. We'll travel in packs to gang up on the loners and get them easy." This was another good idea that everyone agreed with.

After a short while, Juna was heard roaring into the sky for everyone to hear, "BEGIN!"

Tavrurth said, "Remember the plan, guys. Let's get them and Mekarth." Then the group went into the city replica and began their search for the black dragon, while knocking out each opponent they saw.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 53](#).)

Group 4 split themselves into 11 smaller groups. Sargoth went with Tavrurth and the spring dragoness. The trio was on the ground keeping their eyes out for anyone to ambush. So far, they had taken down 5 dragons from the other groups and they were still counting. Tavrurth was using his nose to smell out

Mekarth, since he had been the only one close to the black dragon to pick up his scent and remember it 2 days ago. Sargoth and the spring just used their noses to smell out dragons not from their group. The red soon picked up such a scent and he said, "There's someone close by."

The spring confirmed, "I can smell him, too."

The brute told them, "Alright, let's go get this sucker." The trio followed the scent and found a cassare dragon walking about. They were behind him, which was a good opportunity to get him. Tavrurth told the red, "Sargoth, you know what to do."

"On it," Sargoth replied. He summoned his magic energy and conjured vines to rise out of the ground below the cassare.

The vines ensnared the cassare's limbs, taking him by surprise. Tavrurth immediately charged towards him. The panicking cassare struggled to get free as he asked, "What's going on? Where did they come from?!" Once the brute was close enough, he raised his talon up and slammed it down on the crown of the cassare's head. Salvo's clanmate was dazed for a few moments before he dropped unconscious. Sargoth dispelled the vines and they released the cassare to sink back into the ground.

Tavrurth looked at his fallen opponent as he said, "And another one takes a nap. Let's keep going." Then they resumed their search for Mekarth. The trio went inside one of the buildings and began to check every hall and room starting from the ground floor. They made their way up one floor after checking the whole floor. They continued to do the same with every floor they searched on.

When they got to the 5th floor, they found an albino dragoness named Albina coming down from the stairs. She told them, "Don't bother looking, I already checked the whole building and Mekarth isn't anywhere in here."

Sargoth asked, "He's not?" While Albina was shaking her head in response, Tavrurth telepathically told his comrades what to do. The trio kept their eyes focused on the albino's as the red replied, "Alright, we'll just look somewhere else then." Then they walked past each other and the spring blew out her pollen breath at Albina. The albino coughs for a bit before her body fell over and began sleeping. The trio went into one of the rooms where they left through the glass-less window. They checked the building next to the one they were in, then the next building after it and so on. But none of them they searched through had any signs of Mekarth. But in the next building they went to, they found something interesting. One of their own teammates has been knocked unconscious.

The surprised spring said, "Lutarn?"

Sargoth said, "Looks like the other groups are picking up on our tactic and doing the same thing." He knew this kind of thing was going to happen eventually. Dragons copy an idea and use it to their advantage. It was like karma coming to bite them in their behinds.

Tavurth groaned, "Great...now we'll have to start watching our backs, too." With a shake of his head, he muttered, "Stupid copycats."

After checking the rest of the building, the trio came to the rooftop and swooped down back onto the ground to check the next building. Just as they were about to go into it, Sargoth noticed something green on the corner of his eye and spotted a certain disaster dragon through the window of a different building nearby. He telepathically announced to the others, *'Guys look, it's Aeolus.'*

The others looked around as the spring asked, *'Where?'* Then their eyes fell upon their horde leader just coming out of the building.

A smirk came across Tavurth's face as he said, *'So the king of the horde has shown up. I'd bet we're gonna look good if we took him out. Alright guys, you know what to do.'* Then Sargoth cast his vines and ensnared Aeolus's legs in them. As the disaster dragon tried to fly up and break free of these vines, the spring flew towards him to put him to sleep. Just as she got close to him for the knockout, a small fiery blur zipped at the dragoness and burned her, making her let out a pained roar. Then she was immediately tackled down by two cassares. Both Sargoth and Tavurth frowned as the brute dragon murmured, "Curses!" Then he charged towards Aeolus like a bull with his horns down to ram the horde leader with. While Tavurth dealt with Aeolus, Sargoth conjured his vines to grab the cassares and restrain them from attacking the spring dragoness further.

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Shortly during the battle between Sargoth's team and Aeolus's, the red dragon became paralyzed by the disaster's lightning breath. He laid on his side, too numb and hurt all over to be able to move. Aeolus's team has also suffered losses as well with the male cassare tranquilized by the spring's pollen, the horde leader having been knocked unconscious by Tavurth and Firefry the crimson flare trapped in the brute's talon. The red pygmy tried to ignite his body to burn the brute and get him to let go. Tavurth did get hurt by the fire, but his will was too strong to make him witlessly let go and have the pygmy zoom around again. The brute slammed the tiny dragon down on the ground a few times until he had no strength left to fight. Tavurth let go of the wounded Firefry and turned his attention to the last of their opponents. The female cassare kept on attacking the other dragoness, trying to keep her from blowing her pollen at her. Then Tavurth looked to Sargoth and asked, "Hey Sargoth, think you can still use these vines of yours?"

"I..." the red tried to speak, but the shock made him too weak to say anymore. So he used telepathy to answer instead, *'I'm not sure, but I'll try.'* He shifted his eyes to the cassare dragoness and tried to channel his magic energy. He had to strain himself twice as hard to get the vines to show up and reach for the cassare. The green tendrils soon dug themselves out of the ground and grabbed the hind heels of the hovering cassare, who took the fight a few feet above ground. Sargoth had the vines pull her down, surprising the dragoness as she fell.

The cassare tried to pull away as she called for Firefry, "Pygmy, help!"

Tavurth told her, "He can't hear you, I slammed him out."

"You what?" asked the cassare, not taking her blue eyes off the spring as she evaded the pollen. She retaliated by blowing fire back at her, but the spring dodged like she did.

"You heard me," the brute told her as he came at her from behind. He stalked quietly towards her as if he was going to do a surprise attack on her. "He's sleeping like a hatchling. That means you're on your own now." The cassare dropped her mouth in shock, powerless to be able to fight off all three dragons by herself. Then Tavurth body slammed her down to the ground, allowing Sargoth to wrap his vines around her neck and her forelegs.

The brute got off and left the cassare to struggle against the vines' hold. She murmured grimly, "No..." Then the spring dragoness finished her off with her pollen and Aeolus's team was defeated.

The spring landed and said with a smile, "And that takes care of them."

"Yeah," said Tavurth with a nod. Then they turned their heads to their paralyzed teammate and the brute asked, "Hey Sargoth, you gonna be alright?"

The red answered telepathically, *'I don't think so; I'm too stunned to move. Aeolus got me good. Looks like I'll be out of this game, guys.'* Sargoth felt bad about not being able to help his group win this evening's 1st pick of the dinner. He disliked the feeling of being useless.

"Tch!" The brute looked discontent as he made an open-tooth frown. "Can't believe we lost a good teammate of ours. Oh well, I guess I'll just have to run up and grab someone to let Dami sedate."

Dami the spring said, "Well let's hope a big brute such as yourself don't get sedated himself. I'd hate to be alone for others to attack and have to go looking for my other teammates to join."

Tavurth assured her, "Don't worry, I'll be careful. I'm not going to be careless about this. We got a prize to win." To the red, he told him, "You sit tight, Sargoth. We'll get someone to help you out when this game is over."

If Sargoth could smile, he would, but paralysis wouldn't allow it. So he just replied, *'Thanks, Tavurth.'* Then he watched his teammates leave to keep trying to find Mekarth. The red just laid there as he waited for his paralysis to heal, so that he could get back to helping his teammates win.