

((Note: This story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [chapter 46](#).)

Spuma's clan kept good to their vow in not hunting on Atlarius's territory as she led them through the other side of her turf. It was then that they encountered 2 humans hunting a fox that they killed. Enraged by these intruders, the wyverness went to punish the men. The frightened men shot her with arrows to defend themselves from her wrath. Luckily, Spuma and three other dragons intervened and warned the humans to not hurt the falconiform and hunt on her home again. Now with the wyverness badly wounded, Spuma told his clan to spread out and look for a healer and some ochres to stop the bleeding. Before he left, Green used his flora magic to create a comfrey plant and told her to use its leaves to soothe the pain. After the plant dragon left, the small orange dragoness took off a leaf off the comfrey and went over to Atlarius. She told her, "Can you lie down for me? I'm going to take an arrow out of your chest."

Atlarius saw what the dragoness was trying to do to help her, but was going about it the wrong way. Though the falconiform did not know what a comfrey is as this was her first time seeing it, she had knowledge and experience of using herbs to treat herself and think that the comfrey would work the same way. The falconiform informed her, "You're going to need more leaves than that... When you have them, you need to tear them and crush them. But put the pieces on another leaf first before you do that, so that the juices stay on the leaf and not on the ground."

The orange dragoness replied, "Oh okay, thanks for telling me." She went back to the comfrey and took off more of its leaves. Once she got enough, she walked back over to the falconiform's side with the leaves in the edge of her mouth. The orange dragoness dropped the leaves as Atlarius lied her back down on the ground, knowing what the other dragoness would do next. The shiny white dragon with yellow, green and red on him used his ice magic to prevent her purple flames from spreading across the ground and starting a forest fire.

But it was a light green dragon with a leaf-like tail tip and horns looking almost like a deer's antlers that was going for the arrow. He told the falconiform, "Brace yourself." She did not need to be told that as she already knew what to do. She tensed, preparing herself for the pain, as the male clamped his teeth onto the arrow. Then he pulled it out as carefully as he can, but it did not stop Atlarius from feeling any pain. She hissed through her clenched teeth as she felt the bottom corners of the arrowhead cut her flesh. The dragon spat the bloody arrow to the side and Atlarius looked to the orange dragoness and saw her tearing up the comfrey leaves over the largest leaf. Then the orange dragoness began to crush the pieces with her foot, nearly turning them into a smashed substance.

With the told instructions completed, the falconiform told her the last one, "Now take the leaf and place the smashed comfrey on my wound."

"Okay," replied the orange dragoness. She took up the leaf by both of its ends and held it over the falconiform's chest. Then she lowered the leaf and quickly turned it over, letting the comfrey and its

juice touch the wound. Atlarius placed the hand of her wing onto the leaf and pressed down on it. The touch on the wound pained her and she hissed again quietly, but she did not take her hand off as she needed to soothe the pain like Green told her it will. Spuma's dragons did the same thing over again for the second wound and Atlarius held the second comfrey with her other wing. The orange dragoness asked, "So anything else we can get for you?"

The falconiform replied, "No, that's it for now."

The dragoness told her, "Okay, let us know if you need anything. By the way, I'm Katherine, but you can call me Kat for short."

"Kat, huh?" said the falconiform. She returned the introduction, "I'm Atlarius." Then she looked to the other three dragons and asked, "And who are the rest of you?"

The light green dragon answered, "I'm Terrester."

Next was a shiny white dragon with yellow wings and hindlegs with red & green on his wings and frills. He almost looked like some kind of festive-themed craft that a human child made. His scales glistened under the sunlight. He told her, "And I'm Gogwel."

The last to introduce herself was a brownish-black dragoness with orange & yellow "cracks" on her underbelly, her face, her feet and on the bones of her wings. She held a talon over her heart and said, "You can call me Cadaver."

"Well met, everyone," replied Atlarius with a smile. "I appreciate you all helping me."

Gogwel smiled back and said, "Hey, who wouldn't help a fellow dragon in need? It's what we do."

Katherine said, "Spuma seems to be quite the hero. One time he saved Green and me from a bunch of hunters before we joined him."

Atlarius looked at her and asked, "He did?"

The orange dragoness nodded and confirmed, "He sure did. I was afraid I would have to use my magic to save us if he hadn't showed up."

The falconiform was confused about the other dragoness's reluctance in using her own powers. She asked, "Why would you be afraid of using magic?"

Katherine showed the falconiform her thigh and answered with a frown, "Because it worsens my disease."

Atlarius stared at the sickly green scales on the thigh and felt a bit creeped out by it. She did not want to touch that, just in case it was contagious. She asked, "And what is this disease?"

Katherine answered unhappily, "I don't know, but I've had it since I was born. My family was forced to inbred for generations. Our masters wanted dragons strong in the power of illusions, so that they can use us in circuses."

Atlarius gritted her teeth, repulsed by the idea of inbreeding. She growled quietly, "Disgusting." This is one of the reasons why she did not like humans. They would sacrifice the well-being of the next generation of slaves to get the desired traits they wanted.

The orange dragoness agreed, "It is."

Gogwel, Terrester and Cadaver were all sorry for her as the first of the trio said, "That's terrible, Kat. Is there a way to cure this disease?"

Katherine shook her head and answered, "Not that I know of. I can only either treat it or pull these rotting scales out to let new ones grow in." Sounds like not even a white dragon would be able to permanently cure this disease, because this was a part of her DNA and the scales would just rot again at any time.

Cadaver said, "So you're inbred, no wonder you're a lot smaller than all the other magis I've seen." So this is what Kat's breed was, a magi dragon. The fact that the name sounded magic-related would explain the mention of Katherine being able to use magic.

Terrester asked worriedly, "This disease, it's not deadly, is it?"

The magi answered, "No it's not. It's just annoying and makes me look ugly. And now that I'm saying it, I should prick these scales off now."

Before Katherine touches her thigh, Atlarius told her, "Whatever scales you pick off, keep them far from me. I don't want to catch whatever it is."

Katherine obeyed, "I don't think they're contagious, but I'll put them behind that tree anyway." She went to one of the trees away from the falconiform and picked the rotten scales off there. By now, Atlarius felt her wounds' pain ebbing away; the comfrey had done its trick. But she was not ready to take them off yet as she still needed to wait on a white dragon or some ochres to come and close the wounds. She wondered how well the clan was progressing with their tasks.

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

Cynder met another customer in form of a fat man who appeared to be someone from a city. He dressed fancy with his black tuxedo and top hat. He also held a cane in his hand. The man purchased a 18-karat white gold necklace adorned with diamonds and emeralds as a gift for his wife. Cynder smiled and said to his customer, "Thanks for buying, you have a wonderful day!"

The fat man tipped his hat and responded joyously, "I sure will! My darling wife will be smiling big once she sees what I got her."

The dracomancer said, "I sure hope she likes it." Then the customer went out the door with the boxed necklace.

While Cynder waited for the next customer to show up, he took up his novel from below the counter. He opened it to the page where his book-marker was at and began reading where he left off. As he read page after page, he heard a dragon's telepathic call, *'Hello, we need help! We're looking for a healer or someone who knows where the ochres are.'*

Another distress call cried, *'Help! Someone's been hurt; we need a healer or some ochres now!'*

A third distress call said, *'Is there a healer out there? We have a falconiform in need and she's been shot by humans. If you are a white dragon or someone with healing powers, then please come find me. I'm a black dragon, but not the breed just the color.'* With all these calls requesting aid for a wounded falconiform, Cynder wondered if this was the same wyvernness he met yesterday. Regardless of whether they were or not, the dracomancer could not leave a dragon to bleed out and die. He needed to go out and help the wyvern now. The boy left the counter and went to the door's window where he flipped the little "open" sign to "closed" and set the time to say that he will be back in an hour. He was not sure how long he was going to be out, but he set it that way just in case. Then he went out of his shop and locked the door. Cynder walked down the street to his house and went inside to make his way to the bathroom. There, he took a first-aid kit out of the drawer and left the house with it. With the supplies needed to heal a dragon, Cynder left the village through the gate and ventured out into the forest. He went in the direction where he sensed the telepathic calls coming from.

Cynder made his way past trees as he looked around for a dragon. It would be better if that dragon he found was the falconiform, so that he would get this over with faster and return to his shop. Eventually, he found a black-scaled dragon without wings eating up the last of the bobcat he caught. The dragon got up and turned to look at the boy. Remembering hearing a black dragon call for help, Cynder asked him, "Excuse me, were you the one calling for help?"

((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 48](#).)

Cynder followed the dragon named Spuma over to Atlarius, who turned out to be the wounded falconiform. The boy suspected that she must have gotten attacked by humans. Soon, he found Atlarius accompanied by 4 other dragons, who were probably Spuma's friends. Katherine looked at him, or rather the wingless dragon, and said to the others, "Spuma, who is that? I thought you were bringing back a white dragon."

Atlarius and the other dragons turned their heads to look at the black dragon and the human. Most of the attention was on the latter as they were curious about him. It's not every day that a human would help out a dragon. The wyverness, being the only familiar with him, just simply thought, '*Him again.*'

Spuma replied, "Yes, I started out looking for one." He looked to the boy as he continued, "But then I met this human here who has bandages and medicine he can use to help the dragoness."

Cynder told them, "They won't heal the wounds instantly like magic, but should help speed the tissue recovery and disinfect them." He notices the ochre on the wyverness's chest and the comfrey plant close by. He continues, "They're much more advanced than anything you find in the wild."

Gogwel said, "Well then, let's use these things on her." Then he looked to the wyverness and asked for her consent, "You're okay with this, right Atlarius?"

Atlarius responded, "Yes, I am." After having seen how sincere and virtuous the boy was, she would confidently trust him to fix her.

Spuma told the boy, "Alright Cynder, take care of her wounds now."

Cynder replied, "I'm on it." He walked towards the wyverness as the other dragons stepped back to get out of his way and give him some space to work in. He dusted off the ochres, exposing the wounds to the air that barely irritated the wounds. He took out a rag and applied the medicine to it.

As the boy touched one of the wounds with the rag, Atlarius felt a stinging sensation there and backed with a short roar, startling the other dragons. She glared at him and snarled, "What are you trying to do? Hurt me?"

Cynder had expected that kind of reaction to the medicine, but he was still taken aback by her anger. The fury in her blue eyes and the exposure of her sharp teeth made her look rather threatening. He kept his composure and told her, "No, that sting is a normal for the medicine. It's what kills off the bacteria in your wounds." Atlarius immediately calmed down and let the boy apply medicine to the other wound. She clenched her teeth and hissed when she felt another sting. Cynder took a step back and waited to see if she would get mad at him again. Thankfully, nothing happened. He took out the bandages and began to wrap them around the wyverness's chest. After he was done, the boy advised her, "Alright, I'm

done. Just keep these bandages on for a week or so. Don't take them off too soon. If they ever get cut off, just call me through telepathy, okay?"

All the dragons, except Spuma, looked at him in astonishment like they just heard the unbelievable. Katherine asked, "Telepathy? You know telepathy?"

Cadaver asked, "But only dragons can use telepathy. How can a human like you heard our telepathic thoughts?"

"Because I am a dracomancer," answered Cynder. He explained what it was, "I'm a mage who can use dragon powers, even telepathy."

Atlarius asked, "How did you come to acquire dragon powers?"

The boy told them about how he researched these powers from a old tome written by the first dracomancer a long time ago. "He was taught these powers by a dragon he befriended and made that tome for any dragon sympathizers who would use these powers to help dragons."

Spuma mused, "This dracomancer must have been a really good person if the dragon trusted him with these powers."

Atlarius became really concerned and wary about this revelation. "But if it's possible for humans to use these powers, then the wrong one could learn how to use them and bring disaster to all dragonkind." She asked the boy, "Cynder, you haven't taught anyone dracomancy, have you?" She did not want any evil human to spread this knowledge with the others and mankind making their version of the Spell to weaken dragons.

"No, I haven't," answered Cynder. "Besides, the first dracomancer also cast a spell on the book, making it so that only those who have good will towards dragons will be able to read the tome."

The wyverness was relieved to hear that as Spuma commented, "That's very fortunate. I'd hate to have our minds bothered by loathsome humans or them getting more efficient ways to make diabolical plans with others far away."

Cynder agreed, "I'm glad none of us will have to worry about that, too."

When no one else said a word, Atlarius smiled and appreciated, "Well Cynder, thanks for coming to help me." Then she looked to the dragons and continued, "And thanks to you all as well. I'm glad you all worked to help me."

Spuma replied, "You're very welcome, Atlarius. I hope your wounds heal well."

"So do I," said the wyverness. "Anyway, shall we wait for the others to return before we go back to leading you out of my territory?"

The wingless dragon answered, "Yes, I will call them back here."

As Spuma was stayed silent, most likely using telepathy, Cynder said, "Well it's nice to see everything's fine again, but I have a shop to get back to. I'm running it."

Cadaver nodded and said, "Okay Cynder, you take care now. We hope you have a nice day." The boy and the dragons said their goodbyes to each other before Cynder left and made his way back to the village.

(**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 49](#).)

All the dragons in Spuma's clan that went out searching eventually returned to their leader. A few had found ochres, but never got to use them due to Green having given them to Atlarius first. So they just disposed of them, since they did not have anything to carry the ochres in. Spuma looked at his travel group like he was making sure that everyone was here. He looked to the falconiform and asked, "So Atlarius, are you ready to lead us?"

Atlarius got up and responded, "I sure am, if everyone else is ready to move." She considered that perhaps some of the dragons needed rest first, due to having their energy spent on trying to help her.

The black dragon looked at his clan mates and asked them for confirmation, "Are you all?" His clan nodded and answered that they were rearing to go. He looked back to the wyverness and answered, "We're set to go."

Atlarius told them, "Alright everyone, follow me." She took the lead and the group followed her through the woods, resuming their path to the border outside her territory. Thankfully, there were no more interruptions like with the two hunters. After a while, the wyverness smelled her scent marker coming from the distance. They were getting closer to the border and they needed to continue towards it to get the clan out of her turf. Soon, they reached the border and she said, "This is it, everyone. This is the end of my territory."

A navy blue dragon gladly grinned, "Alright, we're out! Now we can go find something to eat." The other dragons smiled as well; they were just as hungry as their friend.

Spuma bowed his head to her and appreciated, "Thanks for leading us out, Atlarius. I hope you have a good day."

Atlarius smiled back, feeling good that she has helped them in return. She replied, "And I wish you all a safe journey, Spuma. I hope you all get to Solomos someday."

"We will, I believe it," the black dragon said. "You take care of yourself, Atlarius."

The wyverness said, "I will and you, too." She and the clan said their goodbyes to one another before she watched them cross the border and disappear into the distance. With the clan gone, Atlarius decided to spend her time hunting for food. She had an appetite that she needed to appease. She flew up above the trees and went to scan the ground below for prey. She spotted a moose eating some tall grass. Atlarius flew down towards the large deer and with her talons reaching out like a hawk. The moose saw her shadow and began to run away. But it was too slow to get out of the wyverness's talons in time. She pinned the creature and shred its throat to kill it. She began to feast upon the animal and enjoy its meat.