

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

Pretty soon, Enamora teleported in with Onslou, the black ghost couple and the flower pygmies. The magi dragoness looked at Eitri and said, "Eitri, we're ready when you are."

The night magi replied, "I think we're all set now." Turning his head to Axle's soldiers, he said, "Everybody, let's go! We're going to save the prisoners now." Eitri led the rescue squad over to where he was almost turned into a slave after his capture. They hid in safe places to spy on the guards and observe their movements as they plan out a perfect time to either sneak by or fight. Once there was a clearing to get by the guards, Eitri said to his squad, "Alright Yopple, teleport us over there now!" The big cassare teleported the whole squad right past the guards and then they walked away quickly to avoid been seen as they went towards the place where they believed the villagers were being kept prisoner.

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((**Note:** The following sections takes place during [chapter 49](#).)

Eitri peered through the window of the building, looking to see who and what was inside. He only saw boxes and stuff in their; nothing too important for the squad. The night magi led the squad around the building and encountered soldiers. "Oh crap," he cursed. It was to be expected eventually. The squad's numbers were big enough to be seen that they would have to fight sooner or later to get to the prisoners.

The black-armored soldiers looked at the rather large group. Yopple grinned at them menacingly, getting ready to enjoy destroying these fodders. For a second, Eitri thought that the enemy soldiers would call the other guards and summon them here to help attack the squad. The black-armored soldiers were about to quickly draw their swords, but Axle's soldiers were faster as four arrows found their mark in the drake that was with them, bringing it down first. Three humans from the squad quickly went to silence the others before words got to other ears. The whole small group of black soldiers died quickly and quietly as now the squad went to hide the bodies from sight including the drake. The night magi let out a sigh of relief, knowing that they were safe again for now. Yopple was disappointed that he did not get any action this time, but he was fine with their cover not being blown away too soon. A pygmy dragon, who is one of Axle's soldiers, came up to Eitri and flew up to his head to say, "A small scouting party like that is an easy task, but please be careful about where you tread in this city. I would suggest splitting the group into five smaller groups and use the buildings to keep stealth on our side. If we are caught, we are on our own." Some members of the squad were already looking around and some even took point and keep watch down the road.

Eitri replied, "You're right, all of us together would be easier to spot." Not only that, but having five

groups go their own ways would make finding the prisoners much easier as they would be looking in places the others have not threaded. "So I'll sort us out," continued Eitri. He began to plan out whom to put in which group, hoping to evenly match out each group in terms of powers and skills. He hoped that he had the intellect of Aeolus to do this right, because as the chosen leader, it was all on him to get this mission done with flying colors. He must not fail or make decisions that would cost lives. Not only would that look bad on him, but also on the horde as well. The night magi must succeed well. He thought about this as quickly as he can and said, "Alright... let's see. I think for Group 1, it'll be me and Sally..." He picked out a fifth of Axle's soldiers to join him. "And for Group 2, Yopple and Fable can be in it." A flower pygmy flew over to the cassare and landed beside him. Another fifth of Axle's soldiers were sorted into Yopple's group. "Group 3 will have Enamora, Annar... Tomas..." After he picked other soldiers for Group 3, Eitri put Onslou, Volkin and a flower pygmy in Group 4 and Eatorn and the last flower pygmy in Group 5. The last two fifths of the soldiers were split and separated into the last groups. The night magi thought it was best if he made these 5 groups equal in number or at least close to it. He looked at all the dragons and humans to see if they were content with his decision. He asked, "So, any questions or concerns?"

The pygmy did a quick look over the five groups and said, "Eitri, there are major flaws among the groups. Though you may know the dragons from your group well enough to pair them good among each other; however, the human groups you paired them, along with the dragons from our little group from Axle's small army, are not even around. I can fix that small group a bit so every group has a better survival rating."

Eitri observed the five groups that he set up. The pygmy was right; Axle's soldiers were unevenly distributed in the number of both races. Humans and dragons each had their own strengths and weaknesses to compensate for each other. For this reason, the groups needed to be corrected, so that they were all equally matched. The pygmy knew more than Eitri about Axle's soldiers, so the night magi decided to let him fix his error. "Okay Tomas, I'll let you help," Eitri said.

Tomas nodded his head and then cleared his throat. He then spoke up in a strange language that the horde was unable to understand. Every soldier under his command quickly responded to his order. From the outsider dragon's point of view, Tomas did not do anything but move everyone, but a few, around. It was quick and was straight to the point. The pygmy said, "Okay we may go now, Eitri. Every group has the best chance that they can get now."

Eitri said, "Alright, everybody split up and look for the prisoners in different places." The groups started to go their separate ways as the night magi led his own through the left road and straight ahead through the intersection.

Yopple was glad to take a mission like this. To him, it felt like an opportunity to prove himself and make him a candidate for a promotion in the future. His group came to a fork on the road, where there were two guards standing on each side. They needed to be taken out if they were to pass through without being alerted on. The cassare looked to Fable and told him, "Once I warp you to them, you knock them

out with your sleep pollen and then kill them."

The flower pygmy obeyed, "Gotcha." Yopple teleported Fable over to the guards, to whom the pygmy spewed out a breath of powerful tranquilizing pollen at them. The guards coughed from the pollen they inhaled before they immediately fell over and dropped to sleep. With his victims now powerless to fight back, Fable flew down to the bodies and spewed poison pollen at their noses to kill them in their sleep. Then he looked back at the cassare and telepathically said, *'It is done.'*

With the threat of being discovered gone, Yopple told his group, "Alright, let's move." Then they continued on their search.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 50](#).)

Yopple's team was still searching for the villagers in this miserable-looking city. The cassare noticed that some of the windows on the buildings had cracked and the place seemed devoid of any civilians here; it was just guards that were out here in the streets. Where on this planet were they? Shadow Wind seemed more like a fortress than an actual city here. Perhaps it is a police-state and that the citizens here were all on curfew. Soon, the cassare heard Eitri's voice asking him, *'Yopple, Enamora, have you found Atlas's nieces yet?'*

Yopple answered, *'No I have not.'* As for the magi, he did not know if she did or not.

*'Okay,'* said Eitri. *'Well, I just saved one of the villagers and found out where the others are being taken. I need you to teleport yourselves right over to me now, so that I can point to you where they've gone.'*

Yopple turned to his group and reported, "Everyone, Eitri has rescued a villager and wants us to meet with him. We're going to warp over there right now." Several of Axle's soldiers opened their mouths to say something, but the cassare quickly teleported the whole team over to the night magi's location.

Yopple's group warped in in front of Eitri's group and they waited for Enamora to come in as well. The night magi heard the dragoness warn him through telepathy, *'Eitri, tell Yopple not to teleport or use any spells. The city will track any magic users without a protection collar who use spells.'*

Eitri frowned, having unintentionally making a mistake without realizing it. He had forgotten that dragons needed collars to avoid being tracked down and now Yopple was in danger because of him. Feeling bummed with himself, he replied, *'Oh great, now you're telling me. Yopple just got here.'*

Enamora fearfully asked, *'Oh no, that means... Eitri, what do we do?'*

Looking at the ground in regret, the night magi said, *'I don't know.... I just don't...'* It looks like Yopple will have to fend for himself if the enemy force comes to attack him. He may be able to prevent his enemies from using magic, but he would still have to face the threat of physical weapons, especially from the arrows being fired at him. *'Let's just hope him being a cassare means their tracking magic won't work on him.'* He hoped his guess was right for Yopple's sake, he'll need it. *'Anyway, if you can't teleport, then I'll just pick you up. Wait for me, okay?'*

After Eitri ended telepathy, Yopple thought, *'She's taking a bit long to get here, what is she doing?'* She should have been with him here at the same time he teleported, but yet it's taken like half a minute since he arrived.

Eitri told his group, "I'm going to get Enamora, apparently she just told me that you can't use magic here without getting traced by the enemy."

Fable, who was in Yopple's group, was shocked to hear this fact as he cried, "What?! You mean our group's going to be hunted down?"

"Maybe," said the night magi. "But if we're lucky, their means might be magical and Yopple's probably blocked it." Then he looked at cassare and told him, "But Yopple, that doesn't mean you should cast any more spells. We don't know exactly what their means are and we shouldn't risk it."

Yopple asked, "What about you? Wouldn't your teleportation bring them to you?"

Eitri answered, "No, because my collar keeps them from finding me. I know it sounds crazy to not track down your slaves, but trust me, that's how it works here." Without wasting any more time, he walked away out of range of the cassare's anti-magic field and teleported to Enamora's group, which he then warped to the others.

Yopple was unimpressed about the night magi's protection collar. He grunted, "A slave collar that keeps you from being tracked? What were they thinking?" This kind of slave collar sounded counterproductive. Slave owners usually did everything they could to ensure that their slaves were kept in captivity, not make them uncatchable. Were Dracul and Arch stupid?

Pretty soon, Eitri returned with Volkin's group. Now that he had all four groups to go out and rescue the villagers, Eitri told them the plan, "Alright, now that we're all here. We're going to send each group to rescue the slaves that went off in different directions." Pointing to each direction as he assigned the groups, he said, "Group Two will go to the west to find a monarch dragoness named Vika, Group Three will take the north to save an imperial fleshcrowne named Pixie, Group Four goes south to rescue Todora the dorsal dragon and my group will look for Sparqus the sapphire in the east. Everyone hear me?" They all said 'yes' to the question, making Eitri glad that he won't have to repeat himself to waste any more time. They needed to save the villagers now before they lose track of them. "Good, let's go save them." Then the 4 groups went to their assigned directions to free the slaves.

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

With Atlas and the others teleporting away to go stop Axle and Juna from harming each other, Ohimia was left with the task of watching over the magi's nieces. The lumina hoped that everything will be alright soon and that no one is killed. She was shocked when she realized why Axle requested for Atlas to take him to Juna. It was so that he would fight her, but why would he do that? She taught he was just a nice dragon. Danielle and Kylie both walked up to Mekarth, who was still panting from having exerted his energy to rush to the other dragons. The whiptail asked him worriedly, "Mekarth, are Axle and Juna gonna be alright?"

The black dragon could only gasp, "I... I don't...know..." His answer still left the hatchlings uncertain about the well-being of the two dragons. They feared that Axle and Juna could potentially get hurt.

Ohimia was just as worried about Axle as the sisters were, but she did not want such young hatchling to be fearful about him and Juna. So she went over to them with a reassuring smile on her face. She gently rubs Kylie's back and calms them, "Don't worry, everything is going to be alright. Your aunt's a strong dragon. She'll be able to handle these two and set them straight."

The hatchlings turned their heads to look at her as Kylie asks, "Weally?"

The lumina gives them a brief nod and says, "Of course, I believe in her and the others. You should, too." Axle and Juna were both outnumbered by Atlas and her friends, so their intervention should be able to solve this problem quickly.

"Otay," said Danielle, who is now smiling after having been cheered up. "We'll bewieve in Aunt Atwas."

"Me too," chirped Kylie who is just as confident as her sister.

Ohimia's smile became proud for them and she praised, "Good for you! Now how about we play a game to pass the time?" She thought making them engage in an activity would keep their minds off the fight.

The balloon hatchling asks, "What kind of game?"

Ohimia answered, "Why a game of I Spy."

Danielle asked, "I Spy? What's dat?"

The lumina explained to her the rules of the game in which one of them must look for something and

the players have to guess what it is. "I'll go first, so that you know how it goes." She looked around for something oddly out of place, but not too hard for the hatchlings to comprehend. Soon, her eyes were fixed on a flower close to the trees and said, "I spy with my little eye something yellow."

The sisters looked around for the flower until Kylie got to it first. She pointed to it and blurted, "Flower!"

Ohimia smiled at the balloon and praised, "Very good!"

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((**Note:** This section is almost canon to the RP and the following sections take place during [Chapter 51](#).)

Ohimia and the sisters continued to play the game of I Spy for a while. Sometimes the hatchlings would get the answers wrong and someone will tell them the right answer, but most of the time they were correct. Mekarth got up from the place he laid down at and started to run back towards where he came from. The females stopped playing when they heard his footsteps and looked at the black dragon. Ohimia asked him, "Mekarth, where are you going?"

Without looking back, the black responded telepathically in her mind, *'Something bad has already happened. Somehow I feel it and I think it is going to get worse.'* He disappeared past the trees, leaving the trio by themselves. The lumina worried that the situation with Axle and Juna might have turned dire; she hoped not.

Danielle was disappointed with Mekarth as she whined, "He didn't even answer."

Ohimia told her, "Don't worry about Mekarth, I'm sure he's got his reasons. Let's just keep playing." Then they resumed their little game.

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For 25 minutes, Group 2 followed around Yopple through the streets before someone stopped and one of the dragons asked the human what was up. The human responded back and the dragon said to the cassare, "Yopple, is it?" Yopple and Fable stopped just as the cassare heard his name being called. "The mapper just said we are coming close to the sector border and that is the end of which we can follow. Also, we have another problem on our hands: something just tipped his alarm spell just behind us and it's coming fast on our tails. The only thing out here that tracks is the M. Slaver dragon, so we have to hide now. You can suppress any magic you have or any auras, or else it will find you. If it finds you that is, there is nothing we can do for you. Due to your size, I would hide inside a building big enough for you to lay low till this thing pass by." All of the Axle's soldiers started to hide in various places. They scattered everywhere, some in broken down cars and under them, some in rundown buildings, and some down manholes. One pygmy dragon hid inside a large mailbox.

Yopple started to look for a hiding place of his own. Fable followed after him for he knew that Yopple's anti-magic field would protect him from the M. Slaver dragons. The cassare went down the line of buildings look for the one that would hide him perfectly. So far, every one of them was too small for him to fit. He murmured in frustration, "Darn it, where can I find a place to protect me?" Just then, he smelled draconic scents coming from behind, but thankfully they were distant. Yopple glanced behind him and found that the street was still empty. They were still safe, but the fact that he smelled the m. slavers meant that he was running out of time. Yopple hurriedly ran to find a hideout before it was too late. Just after he rounded the corner, he found a bridge standing over a vast lake. "Perfect," he said to himself.

Fable asked him, "What's perfect?" Without a response, Yopple snapped his jaws onto the pygmy. It was not to eat him, but to hide him inside the mouth until the coast was clear. The cassare flew over to the lake and held his breathe as he dove down below the surface. He laid flat on the lake bed as he watched for whatever happens above the surface. The thick blue color of the lake would keep him hidden from all lookers above.

The M. Slaver dragon came into the empty street of the city around where Axle's soldiers hid at. This thing was not the size of Yopple, but massively larger. This dragon was fully armored all around, making him look like a machine instead of a dragon. Even his wings have armor on them. He released a massive amount of steam from small flaps on him and then closed back up. He looked around the immediate area, walking slowly. He then walked towards the lake and looked at it. He released another puff of steam from it before he continued on his way. He soon left the immediate area and was heading in another direction.

With the coast clear, Yopple swam out of the lake and stepped onto the shore. He spat out Fable, who coughed and hacked like he was sick. After the saliva-covered pygmy's throat was clear, Fable scowled up at the cassare and complained, "Geez, you got bad breath! Don't you ever clean your mouth?! I think I'm going to smell like you tomorrow."

Yopple was offended by the flower pygmy's statement. He retorted, "Oh, so would you rather get taken by that M. Slaver instead, eh? I'd bet you'd prefer getting whipped all day."

Fable well understood the threat of getting captured and turned into a slave. He knew the obvious choice he would make and answered, "Er, no thanks. I already suffered slavery for decades."

Yopple growled, "Then don't insult me with rude comments like that or else I won't save your hide next time." He did not care too much about insignificant critters like that pygmy. It would not be big loss to the horde if that flower pygmy was gone. The cassare began to walk up the grassy slope leading to the bridge.

Fable replied, "Alright fine, I'll shut up about your mouth. Anyway, we should get back to the others and

see who are still with us." Yopple did not need to be told what to do as he already intended to do just that. The two went back to rejoin the members of their group.

As they went, the cassare heard Enamora telepathically ask him, *'Yopple, we got to a danger zone where there's too many trap spells. My group won't go with me as they're too afraid of that sector. But you're a cassare, your presence should be able to dispel the trap spells. Will you help me out for a bit?'*

Yopple answered, *'Alright, fine. But Eitri is going to have to warp me over to you. You know I can't use my magic here in this cursed city.'*

*'Don't worry, you won't have to. Because the sector we're going into disables our magic powers until we're out of there. I'll tell Eitri to get you.'*

The cassare waited for the night magi to show up as Enamora told him the situation. Within a minute, Eitri appeared with clouds of purple smoke surrounding him from his teleportation spell. The night magi said, "Enamora just told me you are going to help her." He looked to Fable and asked, "Fable, think your group will be alright without him?"

The flower pygmy answered with a nod, "I think so, these soldiers know this place better than we do."

Eitri noticed the lack of Axle's soldiers around their presence and asked, "Speaking of soldiers, where are they anyway?" He looked around, not finding any sign of them.

Fable answered, "An M. Slaver dragon showed up, we had to hide from them and Yopple had to use the lake for cover. He's gone now."

Eitri looked at Yopple's water-covered body and noted, "So that's why he's all wet. Alright then, Fable, you go on back to the others now. I will send Yopple to Enamora."

"Alrighty then," the pygmy replied. Then Eitri warped the cassare to the dragoness as Fable flew away to rejoin his group.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 52](#).)

Juna had split the Vulture Horde, including Ohimia and Garin who both wanted to join in on the training session, into five groups. The first four were sent to different parts of a city section with buildings that looked like they were made out of dirt. Ohimia got assigned to Group 5, which is tasked with hunting and gathering food for the entire horde. The lumina was disappointed that she was not going to try her chance in this game of capturing Mekarth. It would have been nice to see and know if she is capable of



doing a good search. As Ohimia started on her way to hunt in the desert, she was approached by Danielle and Kylie, who both wanted to help her hunt. Thankfully, a dragoness named Jarilo got them to play with her instead. Now with the hatchlings having something to do, Ohimia ventured out into the desert to search for food. But knowing that barren places like deserts had very little food, she wondered if she would ever find anything out there at all.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 54](#).)

Finding food in the desert was pretty hard; the harsh sun made the weather too hot that it burned her scales. It was nothing like the forests of Rudvich where though it is warm during the summer; it was nowhere as intense as this place. Ohimia was afraid that she would have a heat stroke at some point. But thankfully she did not and even better was the weather getting cooler as the sun gradually fell from the sky towards the horizon. It gave her more energy to hunt as opposed to having to rest and cool off a lot. After a while, the dragoness heard Aeolus telling her that Juna is giving Group 5 their last hour to hunt. Ohimia recounted all the foods she's found. She ended up with 3 gray foxes, flowers and some lizards; probably not enough to feed the horde. She would have to continue hunting. But for now, she decided to take what she had back to the horde. The lumina made her way back to the village.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 56](#).)

Yopple found out from Fable via telepathy that a few of their own had been captured by the M. Slaver dragon. He did not tell anyone this, but he has no intention to rescue them. His job here was to save the villagers, not Shadow Wind's people. After all these hours, it was now nighttime. Yopple's presence has been a huge help in avoiding triggering the trap spells. Though they have not found Pixie yet, at least they got a lead on where she would be tonight. The trio made their way to rescue Pixie there. They eventually made it to the slave compound where the delivery-slaves were kept. There are a few guards keeping watch outside and worse, there is an M. Slaver dragon patrolling about. The rescue team did not like what they were seeing. Yopple quietly said, "This is going to be complicated than I thought. We can't teleport in and sneaking our way is going to be pretty tricky."

Enamora said, "Then we need to start making a plan now."

The cassare asked, "What do you propose we do? Send Annar over to spew her sleep pollen at these chumps?"

The flower pygmy turned to him and said, "I can knock the guards out easily, but that giant dragon is

going to take long to tranquilize thanks to his size. He'll probably call for reinforcements before sleep takes over."

Yopple suggested, "Then maybe we need a distraction."

Enamora looked to him and asked, "What kind?"

He held up his talon and curled his claws in. He grinned sadistically and said, "A fighting kind." His bloodlust was acting up again and he was aching to draw some blood, even thinking about slashing open the M. Slaver's throat.

The magi doubtfully asked, "And how would your claws do anything to him? Look at him; he's completely covered in armor."

Yopple took a good look at the M. Slaver to see what it looks like. The M. Slaver was wondering though the road, each part of his movement was that of a machine, including the movement of his talons as they tapped the ground below him. The dragon's whole body was covered in armor from head to talon. Even the eyes were covered in a armor, so how was this thing seeing? He is different from the M. Slaver that Yopple had seen back at the lake; that one had eyes to see, while this one seems to be completely blind. Enamora is definitely right about it. The cassare said, "Well I guess fighting him is out of question then." It was too bad, because Yopple had been looking to take someone's life just for the heck of it. The guards said something out loud and started to move away, leaving the M. Slaver alone for the time being. He went over to the main doors and laid right down in front of them. The cassare frowned and groaned, "Great, he's blocking our way in. Now what?"

Enamora suggested, "Maybe we can sneak around him and see if there's another way in."

Yopple assessed the building's surroundings to look on where to go. "Follow me and walk quietly," he told them. The cassare led the way as the magi and Annar followed him to go to the right side of the building, keeping as far from the M. Slaver as possible. The M. Slaver's claws were still tapping the ground with a cling cling cling, till the clinging stop.

As Yopple's group went on, they suddenly felt the air get colder as frost started to run across the wall and the road from the M. Slaver. The frost surrounded the dragons, but not getting close to them. The trio halted their advance towards the building's rear as they were shocked by what just happened. Annar telepathically asked the others, '*We've been spotted, haven't we?*' Their thoughts were the same as they were upset by their failure in stealth. The cassare bared his teeth like he was growling and Enamora & Annar were nervous as they all looked around for the noticing guard. A small rodent got spooked by the frost and attempted to outrun it, but it got caught by the frost and instantly turned white as the frost encased it. They realized how lucky they were to have Yopple with them or else it would have been the end of them. They immediately saw the M. Slaver coming for them as his claws were started to cling against the frosted ground. The team knew that they were in deep trouble. His

sight may have been blocked, but apparently not his olfactory or hearing, if the trio had not been quiet enough with their sneaking.

Enamora murmured in despair, "No, we're doomed!"

Yopple thought about how his anti-magic field had protected him from the frost caused by the M. Slaver and got an idea. He told the others, "Follow me and stay close to me. Don't touch the ice." The cassare spread his wings and the others got an idea what to do. They jumped and flew away from the premises as Yopple hoped to lead the M. Slaver away from the building. Then they descended down to the street, but not touching the ground and went half a mile before they turned corner into an alleyway. Annar looked behind them to see if the M. Slaver dragon had followed.

To Annar's relief, the M. Slaver was not in sight, not even a smell of him. It must mean that either they were too fast for him to catch or he did not bother to chase him. The flower pygmy decided to think it was the latter, since it was natural that he would do this as his job as a guard. After they got to the other side of the alley, Yopple stopped as did his comrades and he looked back to see if the M. Slaver had gotten stuck as planned. But to his disappointment, the huge dragon was not there. The cassare looked up at the black sky to see if he had flown over it. Yopple was not sure how someone with no way to see through their helmet would be able to detect the landscape, but he had to check just in case. But the M. Slaver was not above them either. The cassare bared his teeth like he was growling and thought, *'Curses, my idea didn't work.'*

Enamora asked, "Looks like we're safe for now, but we still need to get into that building. Just what are we going to do?"

Yopple came up with another strategy that he hoped would succeed this time. He told them his plan, "We're going to go back there and try again. This time we're going to split-up and start off in different spots. I will distract the M. Slaver, you Enamora will take the front door and Annar will try to find another way in and go inside through it. He won't be able to stop us all at once like this." He liked this idea and wanted to go through with it, because it was the only good one he can think of and he did not want anyone finding flaws in it to put it down.

Annar questioned, "We can do that, but how are you going to distract him?"

Yopple answered with a smirk, "Oh I have my ways to do this. Now enough talking, let's go and do this." The trio went back to the slave compound and flew over to different spots. Enamora landed on the west side, where she could see the door and be prepared to run to it. Annar stayed at the east side on a fence and watched the M. Slaver. The cassare swooped down at the M. Slaver and whipped his tail at the head as he provoked, "Fight me, fool!"