

((Note: This story is not canon to the RP. Also, this section takes place during [Chapter 54](#)..))

After Cynder helped Atlarius recover, the wyverness lead the clan out of her territory and wished them a safe trip to home. From there on, the clan continued their journey south to their home continent. They were several miles from Atlarius's home since then and now it was time to rest. It was also time for dinner to feed their stomachs before sleep. Spuma turned to his clan and said, "My brothers and sisters, I think now is the time to stop here and hunt. We've gone long enough without food and I'd rather not have us waking up the next day without less energy than usual."

A blue-banded dragon smiled gladly, "Great! I was getting hungry. I can't wait to munch on whatever's out there." The clan let out a hearty laugh at his enthusiasm.

His mate who was the same breed as him replied, "I'm sure we're all hungry, Janvucra. I hope there's a lake or river around here somewhere where we can fish. If not, we'll just have to settle with squirrels and birds." As a water-type, blue-banded dragons preferred fish over everything else as it was the main part of their diet.

An antarean dragon offered, "I can fly around and search for you, if you guys want."

Janvucra, though thankful, declined, "Thanks but no thanks, Rammasu. We blue-bandeds are good at smelling out for water. You just save that energy for finding food, alright?"

Rammasu replied, "Well if you say so." He looked to the lumina winter magi mix and continued, "I'll go hunting with Gogwel then."

Katherine said, "And I'll go hunting with Green. I bet he can create plants to bait the animals with."

A four-winged dragon said, "Hey, that's a great idea! He should create baits for us and we all use them to attract our preys." The rest of the clan took a liking to the plan, everyone agreeing that Green should make baits for them.

Spuma suggested another good idea, "Green could also create some begonias for Mekaniku to eat."

Green looked at the leader confused and asked, "Pardon me, but what are begonias? I've never heard of such a plant before."

Spuma answered in the best way he can, "They're these bright colored-flowers...with 4 petals...but no sepals." His mind pondered on what else he can say to describe the plants, but nothing was turning up. So he decided to do the simpler way. "You know what? I'll just show you what they look like." He telepathically projected into the plant dragon's mind the image of light pink flowers with 4 petals on each of them, a mound of glossy, succulent leaves that have scalloped edges. The center on each of the

flowers was yellow.

The plant dragon replied, "So these are begonias."

"Yes." The leader gave him another detail to create the perfect replica, "And they also taste have a bittersweet flavor." It was something he heard herbivorous dragons describe once before.

"I'll make them right now." Green started to use his magic to create the begonias. He sent a few strings of green energy into the ground before himself. Within seconds, sprouts shot up from the ground and grew until they reached their full size and bloomed.

Mekaniku went over to his meal and said to the plant dragon, "Thanks, Green!"

"You're welcome." Green went on to create food that would attract planting-eating prey like the deer and rabbits.

After the clan gathered the baits, Spuma asked them, "Now is everyone ready to hunt?" After everyone voiced their confirmation, he said, "Alright, go out and feast to your heart's content." The clan split up and went off on their own ways; some went alone while a few others formed a group of two or three. The meat-eaters took the baits and carried them for use on their hunts. Spuma held up a bunch of leaves that he ripped off from one of Green's creations in one talon. With his hand full, he let himself walk in a bipedal way on his hind legs.

Spuma trekked through the forest, walking down a path that was wide enough for him to move on through. Whenever there was a tree in his way, the dragon would move around them and continue going the same direction. He soon found a concrete road with parallel yellow lines narrowed in the center. This must be one of these roads that humans like to drive their cars on. The road had a guardrail on each side to keep vehicles from running off into the woods. The street had a very faint smell of gasoline; it seems like this road has not been used in a few days. It seems like it was perfectly safe to cross the road without looking sideways to check. Spuma stepped over the guardrail and crossed the street to get to the other side into the other part of the woods. He could use this street as his landmark for when he returns after the hunt.

The dragon went on past the trees until he saw a small black creature with two white stripes running down its back, a thin one on the middle of its head, and a bushy tail. This creature looked almost like a skunk he once seen back in Solomos, only his home's skunk has a completely white back and tail. The Rudvichan skunk was sniffing the ground as it crawled. Just like Spuma, it was also hunting for food. Whether it will live to catch its final meal or not, most likely the latter, was up to its luck as the dragon intends to make it his prey. The skunk will not be as filling as a deer, but it could still be a snack to fill his stomach a bit until he catches the real meal. The dragon stalked quietly around behind the trees to get behind his prey. The sunset beaming its light towards him would keep his shadow off the skunk. Pretty soon, Spuma got to the point where he could see the skunk's rear; now was the time to strike. He

needed to make this quick and precise for a miss would alarm the skunk and result in him being sprayed with anal scent glands. He put down his leaves for he would not need them in the killing of the skunk. Just after he did that, the skunk turned around and spotted its predator. This was unfortunate as he has not once made a sound that would attract the animal's attention. But he did not have to lose his snack if he acted now and fast. Spuma quickly lunged at his prey without wasting any seconds. His claws were stretched out to rip and his jaws open to tear. But the skunk's reaction was faster as it ran out of his way before it could get caught. The dragon's talons hit the empty ground instead. He swung down his talon down at the skunk's back and caught him this time. But at the same time, the prey released its anal glands and sprayed him with a foul-smelling liquid. Spuma's nose burned at the horrible stench as he instinctively withdrew his hold on the skunk and recoiled in disgust. "Urgh!" he groaned.

The skunk took its chance to flee and it disappeared far from the predator. Spuma was not happy with the result of his failed attempt. He was going to smell like sulfur for a long time and even drive away prey with his stench. He even wondered if his clan could deal with presence of foul odor among them on the journey. Perhaps he should let them follow far from behind until the smell is gone. The dragon retrieved his leaves and wandered off to another part of the forest. He hoped that no other animal detected his stench while he waited for them to take the bait. After walking a mile, he got to a small clearing. The place looked like a good spot to set down his bait. Spuma put the leaves down and went to a good hiding spot far enough where he could still see the leaves. He hid behind a cluster of small trees. Their thick foliage of leaves and bark would be able to blend with his dark scales. It took more than 15 minutes before a deer showed up to eat the leaves on the ground. Spuma stood up from the ground he rested on during his patience and thought, *'Finally, something showed up.'* He stalked toward his prey for a bit fast while keeping his footsteps light enough to not make a sound. He knew the deer would smell him the moment he got to a certain point. So the only way he can catch his prey was to rush at it. After getting closer, the dragon's feet began to run faster. His mouth opened, baring his teeth as he was getting ready to bite down his prey. The deer heard him, or perhaps smelled him as it looked to the dragon, and began to make a run for its life. Spuma pursued it with all his speed his legs were able to use. Just as the deer crossed the edge of the clearing, a four-eyed black & gray dragonet with orange wings dropped down from the treetops and pounced on the deer, bringing it down on its side to the ground. Spuma stopped running and looked in surprise, "What?!"

The prey thrashed its legs as it struggled to free itself from the weight of the mirror dragonet. But it soon stopped and went limp with lifelessness. The dragonet must have delivered the killing bite to the throat. Spuma wanted that prey, but he also knew that the mirror was hunting to feed himself as well. Perhaps they could split the meal; a little portion of food will not kill anyone. As he approached the mirror, the dragonet turned his head from his food and covered his nose as he fanned the stench away. He grimaced, "Pee-yew, what is that smell? You stink!"

"My apologies," Spuma apologized. "I got sprayed by a skunk while trying to catch it."

The dragonet scoffed, "A skunk? Hah! Who the heck tries to catch that thing? That's pretty stupid if you ask me. You got what you deserve, stinkhead!"

Spuma started scowling with anger at being insulted by a rude hatchling. He wanted to yell and insult him back, but having been punished by his slave masters before for being aggressive, he knew that anger would only lead to more trouble. So he retained his grudge and tried to be mature in this conversation. He calmly replied, "I admit it was a mistake on my part. But I needed to fill my stomach with something before I sleep tonight. So would you mind if you shared some of that deer with me?"

"Share?!" asked the mirror in disbelief. He swung downward in refusal and mocked, "Yeah right! Like I would eat with someone who smells like shit. Go take a bath or something, I'm going home." He carried the deer as he started to fly away.

Normally, Spuma would let any dragon who catch the prey first have it all to themselves. But the wingless dragon might not get another chance at catching prey before the stench wears off. He needed to get that mirror to share his prey somehow or Spuma's stomach would hurt with hunger longer than if he went without something. "Hey wait!" he called out. He began to chase and run after the mirror, hoping that he would catch up to him before the dragonet can escape.

The mirror looked back at his pursuer with a sneering smile and teased, "Ooh, you want this, do ya? Well, come and get it!" He flew up higher above the treetops of the tallest trees. He was intentionally making this hard for the older dragon, who would be unable to get to him at that altitude. Spuma barred his teeth and let out a quiet growl, feeling agitated with the mirror's teasing. The dragon jeered, "What? Too high for you? Here, I'll let you have it since you're just a flightless gecko." He dropped the deer and let it fall towards the ground. The clan leader knew that mirror was setting him up for a trick; he was not serious about giving his prey away that easily. But regardless, Spuma ran towards the falling deer, hoping to catch it before the dragonet did. After getting beneath the deer, he opened his jaws and watched it fall really close. But then the mirror flew down really fast and snatched back his prey just before Spuma's jaws chomp down onto it. It hurt a bit when the wingless dragon's teeth clashed hard against each other on thin air. He glared at the laughing mirror and growled madly. The mirror hovered and taunted, "Hah, idiot! I can't believe you fell for that. You'd think I'd give it away that easily? You really are stupid. You ain't never going to get that deer back, no matter what. So why don't you go home and lay in your filth?"

Spuma has had it with the annoying jerk. Forget sharing the prey, he was going to take it back by force and have it all to himself. He snarled, "You waited in ambush and stole my prey. You don't deserve it!" He spewed out a fireball at the mirror, who quickly dodged to the side.

The dragonet mocked, "Actually, I do. I got to it first before your slow ass could. And speaking of slow, can't catch me!" He turned and flew away. Spuma gave chase after him and spewed more fireballs, one at a time until they missed the evading thief in order to not cause much damage to the forest. Even when his mind was taken a hold of by anger, he knew not to recklessly start a wildfire that would get out of control. The mirror dodged each attack and used the environment to slow down his chaser. He slowed down to let the wingless dragon get close to him before he flew around the tree that was in his

tree. Spuma's eyes wide with shock and his heart jumped at the sudden sight of the tree in his way. He crashed into the tree and hurt himself. His head and chest throbbed with pain as he could hear the mirror laughing at him. His amusement was short-lived as he let out an "Ouch!" It seems like he went into something hard. Spuma shook his head, easing some of his pain, before he rushed around the tree and found the mirror slumped onto his belly against another tree with the deer lying below him.

Now was Spuma's chance to retrieve his prey. He went up to the mirror, who was groaning and rubbing his aching head, and snatched away the deer with his talon. "I'll take that," he growled. The dragon turned and walked away, dragging his prey and leaving the dragonet behind without another glance at him.

He heard the mirror cry desperately, "Wait, I need that!"

Spuma did not give a care to whatever excuses the mirror has. It was most likely another trick anyway. Without looking back, he snarled, "Then you should have been nicer with me instead of being an obnoxious brat!"

"It's for-!" The wingless dragon sensed the mirror rushing at him behind. He cut him off with the powerful swing of his tail, knocking away the dragonet, earning a pained cry from him and sending him into a different tree. The mirror had not bothered Spuma again after this; either he had given up or he was knocked unconscious. One the way, the dragon patted out the fires he accidentally created to put them out. They burned his talons and hurt, but it was worth protecting the forest. Then he went to a spot far from the mirror and ate his deer.

(**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 55](#).)

After Spuma's stomach was filled, he went back on his way to his clan, crossing the street he saw and going to where he had left them. There he saw that some of his clanmates had returned from hunting; the rest is still out looking for food. The clan stopped their conversation when Spuma's stench came to them. They began to wave their talons in front of their noses or pinch the noses as they were all disgusted by the smell. Mekaniku frowned, "Pee-yew, what is that smell?" They looked to their leader and were surprised that it was him.

Cadaver sputtered, "Spuma?"

Katherine asked, "Spuma, what happened? Why do you smell like this?"

The leader answered, "I got sprayed by a skunk. I'm sorry about this, everyone."

Green said, "Let me see if I can cover up that smell with something nicer." He used his power to grow flowers that smelled sweet. He removed the petals from them and crushed them together, forming a big cluster. He rubbed the petals' juices over Spuma's body and repeated the process with another set of flowers until the skunk stench blended with the floral fragrance, making him smell bittersweet. "This should keep you from smelling too bad, but not for long. I'll have to keep this over and over again for days."

Spuma replied, "Thanks, Green. I sure hope that this smell goes away soon." The clan waited for the others to get back, so that they can get to a play where they can rest safely for the night.

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

After the clan had fed themselves, they resumed travel until the sky got dark to the point where they could barely see their way. The clan stopped and slept in the wood for the night. Spuma kept himself away from the group and slept alone, so that his stench will disturb the others. Green's flower fragrance had been worn out by now. His friends felt bad about him being away, but Spuma cared for their well-being by morning and insisted on being alone. So the black dragon slept in a gully big enough for his size underneath a log that bridged the two lands between. It was several minutes into his sleep until he heard sobbing in the distance. It brought worry and concern to him as he wondered if someone was in need of comfort or help. Spuma opened his eyes and raised his head before looking around for the sound's source. After pinpointing the direction, he got up to his feet and climbed out of the gully. The dragon followed while going slow so that he would be careful not to hit any trees too hard. Soon, his steps took him to a familiar face sitting on a big rock underneath the moonlight and crying tears out of his 4 eyes. It was the mirror dragonet and something seemed to have upset him. Though Spuma still disliked the pest, he could not leave a dragon in sorrow. So he went up to the mirror and asked, "You're crying, what's wrong?"

The mirror let out one more sob before he choked and started glaring at Spuma. He snarled, "My sister is dead, because of you! She starved to death because she didn't get her food. You're a murderer you know and I hate you for that!"

The wingless dragon felt his ears sting at the harsh tone. He also noticed some ribs showing on the dragonet's body, meaning that he too had been starving for some time. Why had Spuma not noticed this before? Now he knew why the mirror wanted to keep the prey for himself. The dragon felt bad about having caused a tragedy and apologized, "I-I'm very sorry for what happened. I didn't know, I thought you just-"

The mirror did not let him finish as he yelled, "Oh you're sorry! Sorry doesn't bring back a dead sister, you bastard! Why don't you just leave me alone and go to hell?!" The mirror leapt down from the rock

and began to run away fast through the forest.

"Hey wait!" Spuma called, but the mirror never came back. There was no way, he could catch up to him in the darkness. Spuma let out a sad sigh and went back to the gully. The death of the mirror's dead sister would weigh on his consciousness throughout the night.