

((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 27](#).)

Daydream dragons flew onto the chaotic scene of Windfall. Four of them landed around on the rooftops and started to cast a calming spell to envelop the crowd. With tensions so high, the Aquarians could not afford to use any show of force. Since the human police could not calm them, they would have to resort to magic. The people started to wobble and calm down, overcome by the illusion as they all grew silent.

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

With the riot having been quelled, Woltar hoped he could have a peaceful discussion with the humans as to why they feel persecuted under the new system of equality. Surely, it could not be that bad; there had been no rights taken away from the humans as far as he knows. Did they really want there to be a caste system where they were on top? The gold dragon's white eyes scanned the crowd for leader & instigator of this protest and immediately spotted the bullhorn-holding man on the podium. He walked through the crowd, careful not to knock anyone over and/or step on them. Once he was face-to-face with the lead activist, Woltar questioned him, "Now talk to me calmly, what is it about the new way of life in this city that upsets you? Perhaps we can fix some things." He purposely left out the condition of a solution being at the expense of his kind, so as not to make the man realize he was under an illusion.

The activist looked at the Aquarian leader dead in the eyes, seeing another human being instead of a dragon, and answered, "The dragons... They've changed everything about this city." Woltar listened intently for every detail he heard, so that he could get to the bottom of this. "They've downgraded our city, turned our modern paradise into a medieval dumpster, where we got to live like peasants. We can't drive cars anymore, the change in layout has us all confused as hell on which place is where now, and because of all that, we've gotten to work and other places late." The gold dragon felt guilty for the humans' environmental predicament; it looks like the Aquarians and the mages should have consulted with the citizens' first as to how to design the city before they reconstructed it. But they were only following the city government's blueprint; perhaps the humans should take it up with the local politicians, too. The man clenched his hands into and continued, "On top of it all... Those killers are running loose scot-free." There was a bit of a hurt anger in his tone. Woltar knew that he was referring to the night of the Spell.

A woman in her late 50s nearby joined the conversation, "My daughter died that night." She sniffed sadly as tears began to appear in her eyes. She sobbed, "Oh how I'll miss her."

Another man with curly hair and a Van Dyke beard was staring off into space with eyes wide in fear as if he was seeing something horrifying. He murmured, "The fires...the screams...the ferocious roars!..." He was clearly having a post-traumatic stress disorder. "Everyone I saw were dead. They all lied there

burning on the ground.” Remembering the face of a furious dragon, he cried, “I swear they’re going to come for me next! Eventually! I can see them sometimes.”

A blonde muscular man said, “First they kill a lot of us and now they expect us to live with them just like that?! Well never! Those dragons are entitled beasts, I tell you. Don’t you agree?” There was some anger, but it was not as strong as it was before.

A dark-skinned woman was the next to speak, “I used to have a job until they laid me off for a dragon, just so they don’t have to pay labor. Those cheap jerks!” More people voiced their grievances, including some who lost their money, clothes, food, social security cards, and other commodities during the Spell.

The activist resumed talking to Woltar, “It’s clear that these fiends must face justice for all they’ve done. To our loved ones and to our city.” His eyebrows slanted down as his frown showed contempt for the massacre.

The gold dragon now got an idea as to what their problems were with the most prominent one being related to the Spell, a memory that was still fresh in their minds; it looks like mankind would not forgive their killers so easily. Even with the Aquarians’ best efforts to keep the harmony between two races, he knew that nearly a week of peace would not do away with the lifestyle and culture, they have known for long, ingrained into their heads. Woltar understood that his enslaved brethren were furious with all the mistreatments done to them from the whims of their masters, but he also did not believe that the innocent should suffer along with the guilty, hence why he had his soldiers find and rescue humans throughout Rudvich. He said to the people, “Very well, I’ll make sure these killers should face their due punishment. I’ll go and discuss this with the mayor.” With one great flap of his wings, he took off into the air and flew out for the city hall. The daydream dragons dispelled their illusions on the humans, who all immediately found themselves back in reality. They looked around in confusion, finding no form of the two boys or any of the Aquarians, who all left immediately after their leader flew away.

Woltar flew for a while and then the city hall came into his sight. He descended towards the ground and landed right before the double doors for dragons. He went inside and headed for Mayor Esteed’s office. A secretary walked by and almost bumped into him. She apologized, “Excuse me.”

“You’re fine,” the gold replied. He soon got to his destination, where the door was open for him to see the mayor at his desk doing some paperwork. The dragon went to grab his attention, “Mayor Esteed?”

The man turned his head away from the papers to meet the Aquarian’s gaze. “Yes Woltar, how may I help you?”

Woltar began to report the incident, “Today, there was a protest from some humans claiming that they’re being mistreated by the new culture you’ve set up.”

“Mistreated?” the mayor questioned as if that sounded ridiculous. With a downward wave of his hand, he dismissed the notion, “Oh that’s just the whining of overprivileged people who feel oppressed that the dragons will be treated equally to them. You know what the slavers are like and all; mad that they no longer have others to do the work for them.”

But the dragon shook his head, “I’m not so sure that’s the case, Mr. Mayor.” He began to address the peoples’ complaints, “You see, I’ve spoken to the man leading the protest and he and his people told me that they’re upset with the new layout and design of the city. They’ve also lost jobs and some commodities without any compensation for them. And most importantly, they’re still upset about what happened during the night of the rebellion.” He suggested a solution to the latter, “If we’re to bring our races closer together, then I propose we have the dragons who partook in the murders arrested.”

Esteed looked on silently with sympathy and understanding as he listened. Then he began to explain his reasons for all this, “Well Woltar, I see where they’re coming from, but there are reasons for all these things. First of all, I asked you all to build the city like that because I wanted to accommodate for the land-walking dragons getting by, so that they won’t get hit by cars. And as you already know, I also needed to have some homes and businesses for our new citizens, and make it so that they can enter any and all buildings.”

The dragon responded, “I kind of see your point, but couldn’t you have figured out a way for both dragons and vehicles to get by?”

Esteed rubbed his head and let out an embarrassed laugh before he answered, “Oh gee, I guess it wasn’t on my mind at the time. Boy, do I feel bad. But I suppose it’s too late to change that now since the whole city is built already. Looks like people will just have to get used to it.”

Woltar gave him a frown of disappointment; a mayor was supposed to be much better than this. But then again, no one is perfect; even the best can make mistakes. The dragon decided to forgive him, advising, “Very well, but do be sure to think long and hard about how you want the city built back next time. And keep the feelings of your citizens in mind too, if you will, please.”

“Yes, yes, I will,” the nodding mayor replied. “And now onto the next point. Now if we’re talking people losing their jobs and important valuables, then the smart thing a government can give them is welfare.”

“Welfare,” the dragon repeated. He had heard such a concept in many human settlements and knew the basics of what that was. Perhaps that could be the solution to the impoverished people. But how it was implemented into society had varying results; it could be a boon for the community or it could be a detriment to the economy. He hoped the mayor take the idea in the right direction.

Esteed smiled, “That’s right! We’ll give the people money to buy replacements for what they’ve lost, pay their bills and feed themselves until they’re able to stand on their own.”

“Sounds like a fine idea,” Woltar commented.

The mayor moved on to the last issue, “And as for the dragons, well...there were guards trying to contain them and the dragons just acted in self-defense; there’s no law against protecting oneself here.”

“I see,” Woltar said understandingly. It definitely would not be fair to punish someone just for saving themselves from their oppressors. But still, it did not justify the other kinds of victims. “But what about the dragons who just blindly attacked any and all humans? Even the ones who had no role in their persecution.”

Esteed answered certainly, “I’m sure those dragons would have left the city. Kind of hard to arrest the killers if you don’t know where they are. After all, human-haters wouldn’t want to be around ‘chimps’ like me.”

The dragon shook his head, “I doubt all the vengeful ones have left the city, because some people have seen them and are upset with them not being punished.”

There was a brief moment of silence before the mayor finally told, “Alright then, go and take the Aquarians to find and arrested those killed humans blindly. Take them to jail, so that we can judge them in court afterwards.”

Woltar smiled, glad that the man was now seeing his point of view. He responded, “Will do, sir.” He turned and left the office. As he went to go gather some of his soldiers for the job, he telepathically told the ones in mind, *‘Aquarians, I have a new mission for you. Question the humans who were at the protest, ask them what the dragons who killed their loved ones were and learn what relationship they had with the victims, and see if it’s justified to arrest them.’* Back in the office, Esteed wiped his forehead as if sweat were forming there as he left out a sigh of relief.

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((**Note:** The following sections take place during [Chapter 31](#).)

Akuma watched Nick plummet into the water with a satisfied, smug smile. His eyes momentarily drifted up to the stretch of mountains nearby. He did a cat stretch and then shifted down to his human form, sitting in the grass and waiting. Upon looking at the water, the horned boy noticed there were a few bubbles, but no Nick. He narrowed his eyes suspiciously and crawled to the edge of the water, peering in.

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After going above the clouds, the magi sneered at Albel, "This looks like a good enough fall for you. I'd stay and watch you die, but I can't keep my friend waiting for long. Ta-ta, half-breed!" Then she teleported away again.

The hybrid snorted in response, noting, "Can't even finish the fight. What a pity!" He was falling down from the sky towards the earth down below. He looked at the approaching ground and switched to fire breath, breathing it strongly. It slowed his fall. He angled himself to the water of the ocean next to the lab and threw his katana hard. It broke the surface tension of the water, letting him splash relatively unharmed into the depths. He grabbed his katana from the water and swam to the surface.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 32](#).)

Albel trudged onto the beach and snorted. "As I suspected, all talk and no bite. What a pity," he grunted, making his way back towards Fayt's location and sheathing his katana. *'Let me know when you can actually challenge me, you brainless bird. That was pathetic,'* he scolded Atlas over a telepathic link. Albel moved along the forest, muttering to himself every so often. He had not sustained injury from the last encounter, but it was still annoying being dragged a couple miles off course. As neared his original location, he came to the river crossing. In the distance he saw Nick and Akuma talking to...he came to a stop. Who was that? He sniffed the air in a more concentrated way as he caught a feminine scent. Fayt asked him where he was telepathically and the black hybrid muttered an annoyed response to his location. The older brother trudged over to the trio, looking at them sternly, particularly the red-haired girl with a golden dragon eye. He demanded, "You. Where did you come from?"