



Volume 6: The Frost Wraith

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The first frost warning hit Blackthorn City just after sunset.

Cold wind howled between the skyscrapers, rattling old fire escapes and sending newspapers skidding through empty streets. The city felt sharper tonight. Quieter.

Even the stray cats stayed hidden.

High above the glowing skyline, Dragocat perched silently atop the ancient stone gargoyle overlooking the city below. His massive shadowed wings shifted slowly in the icy wind while pale smoke drifted from his tail like frozen breath.

Then every light in Blackthorn's North District went dark.

Entire city blocks vanished into blackout.

A second later, the emergency sirens began.

Dragocat's ears twitched.

Somewhere inside the darkness, people were screaming.

Without hesitation, he leapt into the freezing night.

The North District looked abandoned when he arrived. Storefronts sat blacked out beneath flickering traffic lights while bitter wind whipped snow flurries through the empty streets. Frozen power lines sparked overhead.

Then he saw them.

Strange crystal formations crawled across the pavement and buildings like spreading ice veins, glowing faintly blue beneath the moonlight.

And standing in the center of the intersection...

A figure made entirely of frost.

Tall.

Silent.

Its glowing white eyes locked onto Dragocat.

The creature raised one frozen hand.

Instantly, jagged ice erupted across the street toward him.

Dragocat launched skyward just as the pavement shattered beneath the attack. His cape whipped violently through the freezing wind while smoke spiraled around his tail in dark swirling ribbons.

The Frost Wraith lunged again.

This time Dragocat answered.

With a powerful roar, he unleashed the Smoke Tail Spin, sending a vortex of black smoke spiraling through the blizzard winds. Ice shattered against nearby buildings as the swirling shadows collided with the frozen creature in an explosion of frost and smoke.

The storm suddenly stopped.

Silence fell over the district.

Then the ice figure cracked apart slowly beneath the moonlight before dissolving into drifting snow.

One by one, the city lights flickered back to life.

Far below, frightened citizens emerged from apartment buildings, staring upward as Dragocat stood motionless atop a frozen traffic signal against the glowing winter skyline.

A little boy wrapped in a blanket pointed toward him.

“Mom... was that him?”

But before anyone could answer, the guardian of Blackthorn City disappeared once more into the cold midnight wind. ❄️ 🐱 🌙

