

Volume 1: The Whispers Beneath the City 🟡 🖱️ 🎮

The rain had started just after midnight.

From the highest gargoyle overlooking the city, Mr. Skunky Luke watched lightning crawl across the clouds while the streets below drowned in silver reflections and distant sirens. His massive shadow-wings rested behind him like folded storms, unmoving against the cold wind.

The compass hanging from his collar suddenly pulsed bright blue.

Once.

Twice.

Then it spun wildly.

Skunky's golden eyes narrowed.

The whispers had returned.

Far below the city streets, beneath subway stations abandoned decades earlier, something ancient had awakened.

He could hear it now.

Not words exactly.

More like voices buried beneath water.

Hungry voices.

Another flash of lightning illuminated the skyline as Skunky leapt from the rooftop. His wings unfolded with a thunderous crack, carrying him silently between skyscrapers while rain streamed across his black fur and white collar.

The compass guided him downtown.

Toward Blackwell Station.

The old tunnels had been sealed for years after cave-ins swallowed entire sections of track, but the rusted gates now stood open just enough for darkness to breathe through them.

And children had vanished nearby.

No footprints.
No witnesses.
Only whispers.

Skunky descended slowly into the underground.

Water dripped from cracked pipes overhead. Ancient blue runes glowed faintly along the tunnel walls, pulsing like a heartbeat beneath layers of grime and stone. Shadow-smoke curled around his paws as his wings folded tightly against the narrow passageways.

Then he heard it.

Crying.

Seven frightened children huddled together beside a flooded platform, their faces pale beneath flickering tunnel lights. Around them, creatures with glowing white eyes moved through the darkness like living smoke.

The children saw Skunky first.

One little girl pointed with trembling hands.

“The moon cat...” she whispered.

The shadows attacked instantly.

They burst from the tunnels with screeching cries as Skunky stepped between them and the children. Blue moonfire erupted beneath his paws, illuminating the station in ghostly light.

The battle shook the underground.

Spectral chains exploded from the darkness at Skunky’s command, wrapping around shadow creatures as they clawed toward him. Ancient runes ignited beneath his fur while his compass burned brighter than ever before.

But then the tunnel walls trembled.

A deep growl echoed from somewhere beneath the flooded tracks.

Something enormous moved below them.

The ancient creature rose slowly from the darkness, its massive body formed from smoke, stone, and glowing eyes. Its mouth opened wide enough to swallow light itself.

The gate had opened.

And the city had nearly lost.

The creature lunged.

Skunky launched himself forward with a roar that echoed through the tunnels. His wings spread wide as blue fire spiraled around him. The glowing runes beneath his fur blazed like stars while the compass released a pulse of ancient magic through the station.

The walls shook violently.

Then the portal behind the creature began to collapse.

The shadow beast screamed as spectral chains dragged it backward into the gate. Skunky slammed his paw against the glowing rune seal one final time.

The portal shattered shut.

Silence flooded the tunnels.

Only dripping water remained.

The children stared at Skunky Luke in awe as the last traces of moonfire faded from the station walls.

One small boy stepped forward carefully.

“Are you real?” he asked.

Skunky simply looked toward the distant tunnel shadows before turning away.

Because somewhere above the city, thunder rolled once more.

Another storm was coming.

And guardians never truly slept.

High above the skyline later that night, alley cats gathered silently along the rooftops as a black shape crossed the moon.

The whispers beneath the city had ended.

But the legend of the Guardian Dragocat had only just begun.