



Volume 5: The Mysterious Fog

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The fog arrived first.

Not natural fog.

Blackthorn City knew the difference.

It rolled silently through the streets just after midnight, swallowing alleyways, subway entrances, and entire intersections in thick silver haze. Car headlights became dim floating ghosts.

Streetlights flickered weakly against it.

And then people began disappearing.

Not dead.

Not taken.

Just... gone.

A frightened shop owner claimed her customers had walked straight into the fog and vanished without a sound. Taxi drivers abandoned their cars after hearing whispers coming from empty back seats. Even the police stopped answering calls near the old harbor district.

High above the city skyline, Dragocat stood motionless atop the ancient gargoyle ledge.

Moonlight glimmered across the glowing markings beneath his fur while smoke drifted from his tail like restless spirits. His golden eyes narrowed toward the harbor where the fog churned unnaturally between the buildings.

Then he heard it.

A child crying somewhere deep below the streets.

Without hesitation, Dragocat leapt into the night.

The harbor district looked abandoned when he landed. Fog wrapped around rusted street signs and flooded alleyways like living breath. Every sound echoed wrong.

Then the whispers began.

“Turn around...”

“Too late...”

“He watches...”

Shadowy figures moved inside the mist.

Not human.

Tall.

Crooked.

Their glowing eyes blinked open one by one.

Dragocat's wings unfurled instantly.

The creatures lunged.

Black smoke exploded through the alley as Dragocat unleashed his Smoke Tail Spin, the swirling vortex tearing through the fog like a storm. Windows rattled. Streetlights burst overhead. The shadow creatures shrieked and dissolved back into the mist.

Then silence.

At the far end of the alley, a little girl stood trembling beside a broken fire hydrant, clutching a stuffed rabbit to her chest.

Dragocat approached slowly, lowering his wings.

"You're safe now," he said softly.

The child looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Are you real?"

A faint smirk crossed the guardian's face.

"Only after midnight."

Moments later, police and emergency crews flooded the harbor district just as the strange fog finally began to disappear from the streets of Blackthorn City.

But by then, Dragocat was already gone.

Far above the skyline, beneath the glowing moon and drifting clouds, the guardian watched over the city once more. 🌙 🐱