

DRAGOCAT AND THE MIDNIGHT CLOCKTOWER

The moon hung high above Blackthorn City.

Then every clock in the city stopped at exactly 12:13 AM.

Every clock stopped.

12:13

Time began to break.

Minutes repeated.

Fresh turned stale.

Coins stood still.

Witnesses saw a ghost near the Clocktower District. It carried a silver pocket watch. Wherever it appeared... time behaved strangely.

Dragocat leapt into the night.

At the top of the tower stood the ghost.

The watch clicked open.

Suddenly... everything froze.

Snowflakes stopped.

Birds hung motionless.

Even the clouds stood still.

Only Dragocat remained moving.

The battle began across the giant clock face.

Smoke Fall Spiral

The watch shattered!

Time rushed forward.

Wind returned. The city breathed again.

The ghost smiled for the first time in centuries...

...then faded into moonlight.

As dawn approached, the clocks of Blackthorn City began ticking once more.



Did you see that?



But the rooftop was already empty. Only drifting smoke remained.



And somewhere above the waking city, the Guardian of Blackthorn watches in silence.

Volume 7: The Clock Tower Ghost

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Dragocat and the Clocktower Ghost 🐱🕒🌙

The moon hung high above Blackthorn City as Dragocat watched from his ancient rooftop perch.

The city looked peaceful.

Too peaceful.

Smoke drifted from his tail as his golden eyes scanned the streets below. Somewhere in the distance, a clock struck midnight.

BONG.

BONG.

BONG.

Then suddenly...

Every clock in Blackthorn City stopped.

Street clocks.

Church clocks.

Phone screens.

Even the giant clock atop Blackthorn Tower froze at exactly 12:13 AM.

The city fell silent.

People began reporting strange sightings near the abandoned Clocktower District.

A glowing figure dressed in tattered Victorian clothing was seen walking across rooftops.

Witnesses claimed it carried a silver pocket watch.

And wherever it appeared...

Time behaved strangely.

A bus driver swore an entire minute repeated itself three times.

A baker found fresh bread instantly turning stale.

A street musician watched a dropped coin float motionlessly in midair.

Dragocat leapt into the night.

The old clock tower stood at the edge of the city like a forgotten giant. Broken gears groaned inside its stone walls while moonlight spilled through shattered stained glass.

At the very top stood the ghost.

Tall.

Pale.

Silent.

The silver pocket watch glowed in its skeletal hand.

The ghost slowly turned. Its hollow eyes met Dragocat's. Then the watch clicked open. Suddenly everything froze. The wind stopped howling.

Birds hung motionlessly in the sky.

Even the clouds stood still.

Only Dragocat remained moving.

The guardian's glowing markings brightened beneath his fur.

Smoke spiraled around his tail.

The ghost raised its watch again.

Dragocat launched forward.

The battle erupted across the giant clock face.

Frozen gears exploded.

Clock hands shattered.

Moonlight flashed across swirling smoke and silver energy.

Finally, Dragocat unleashed a powerful Smoke Tailspin, creating a vortex of shadow that wrapped around the glowing pocket watch.

CRACK.

The watch shattered.

Instantly, time rushed forward.

Wind returned.

The city breathed again.

The ghost smiled for the first time in centuries.

Then it faded peacefully into moonlight.

As dawn approached, the clocks of Blackthorn City began ticking once more.

Far below, a newspaper boy looked toward the clock tower and pointed.

"Did you see that?"

But the rooftop was already empty.

Only drifting smoke remained.

And somewhere above the waking city, the Guardian of Blackthorn watched in silence. 🌙🐉👁️