



Volume 3: the Stuck Kitten

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The heat clung to Blackthorn City long after sunset.

Windows stood open across apartment buildings while old fans rattled lazily in the humid evening air. Neon lights flickered awake one by one as the sky melted into deep shades of orange, violet, and gold.

Far above the city streets, Dragocat watched from his stone perch.

Tonight, there was no rain. No thunder.

Only the slow breath of summer drifting through the skyline.

Smoke curled gently from the tip of his tail as warm wind tugged at the edges of his dark cape. Below him, music echoed faintly from rooftop parties while crowded sidewalks buzzed with life.

Then he heard it.

A tiny cry.

Dragocat's ears twitched toward a narrow alley between two old buildings.

A small kitten sat stranded on a fire escape several stories above the street, trembling as rusted metal groaned beneath its paws. The ladder below had collapsed, leaving the frightened kitten trapped while worried people gathered helplessly beneath.

Before anyone could react, a shadow swept silently across the glowing sunset skyline.

Dragocat leapt.

He moved like drifting smoke between the buildings, landing effortlessly beside the terrified kitten. The little one stared up at him with wide eyes as the city wind rippled through his wings.

"You climbed higher than your courage today, little one," he said softly.

Carefully, Dragocat lifted the kitten by the scruff and carried it safely back down to the cheering crowd below.

But by the time the grateful owner looked up to thank him, the guardian of Blackthorn City was already gone.

Only the fading silhouette of wings crossed the last golden light of sunset. 🏠🐈