



Volume 4: the Lost Kid

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High above Blackthorn City, Dragocat stood motionless atop the ancient stone ledge overlooking the glowing skyline. Lightning crawled silently through the clouds behind his massive shadowed wings while smoke coiled from the tip of his tail like drifting spirits.

Below, the city breathed in secrets.

A frightened voice suddenly crackled through a nearby police radio abandoned beside a patrol car.

“Child missing near the subway tunnels... last seen entering Station Nine...”

Dragocat’s ears twitched. His whiskers flinched. His nose began to sniff the scent from way up here in his nightly perch.

Station Nine.

Even the police hated that place.

Without a sound, he vanished from the rooftop.

Deep beneath the city streets, little Oliver huddled beside a flickering tunnel light while strange scraping noises echoed through the darkness around him. The power had failed. Shadows stretched unnaturally along the walls.

Then came the growling.

A pair of alley scavengers slowly emerged from the dark, eyes glowing amber beneath the leaking tunnel pipes.

Oliver, the boy around maybe 6 years old, backed away, trembling. His knees went to his chin as he prayed for help. Unable to scream, he froze in time as the monsters approached. Teeth seethed, snot dripped as they stalked toward him. His body trembled.

How long can this last? He asked. Was this the end already? The monster on the left was inches away and an arm reached with nightmarish claws.

And then the tunnel exploded with swirling black smoke.

A powerful gust swept through the station as Dragocat landed between the child and the scavengers, cape unfurling like midnight itself. His glowing markings pulsed softly beneath the darkness while smoke spiraled around his tail.

The scavengers froze.

"Skunked again!" Dragocat smiled.

One low growl from the guardian was enough.

They fled instantly into the tunnels.

Minutes later, terrified commuters watched in disbelief as Dragocat emerged from the subway entrance carrying the missing boy safely in his arms beneath the pouring rain.

Before anyone could approach him, Dragocat placed Oliver gently beside a waiting officer.

Then the guardian looked once toward the stormy skyline.

And disappeared back into the night. 🌙🐈