

*(Written by Shard)*

They'd arrived in the thick of things, and it was pretty overwhelming to all of them. Well, maybe not to Aseir, but if he showed anything deeper than a sigh or a snarl it was a surprise. The group of candidates had been sort of pulled out of nowhere anyway, even if it was expected of locals to the Warren as an eventuality, Irhtos was still a bit taken aback by all of this. She'd maybe expected to be put in front of Hathian eggs, maybe sent to a 'traditional' locale. But this was very, very not traditional at all. A little intimidating. She remained in her human guise out of habit, but then realized as they walked into the venue, gawking... there were plenty of people who were also not human there. Tall black and white people with four arms and big hair, gently rainbow colored folk with not-quite-humanoid tails or wings and hands that were hoof-like, folks with horns and with feathers and...

She shifted out of her human shape, and no one (aside from her companions) batted an eye. This place was amazing! She felt herself swept up a little, just a little, when the aerial stunt teams were performing as they came in. Irhtos spotted several people who were more or less her age group, some of them flying around on their own brightly marked wings up in the ballroom's massive airspace once it cleared of that performance. Some of them were pretty young looking, already tired out from the night's adventure, but they'd probably gotten there way earlier than she and her gang of new companions.

There was food, drinking (well, for adults, and they had some kind of magic in place that prevented her from even seeing 'inappropriate' drinks at the big wet bar), gambling and gaming in another area. And though she wasn't technically alone, she'd wandered away from their group pretty quickly. Well one of them had just up and vanished, where he went to was an absolute mystery to her, and honestly? None of her business, really... she'd learned to not pry. Either way, there was food and entertainment and so many people - and dragons.

Many, many dragons. They had already obviously started hatching before the group's arrival, that was certain. In addition to the ones that were announced by virtue of a pause on the dance floor, bunches of little ones with checkerboard-patterned wings already scampered past bearing trays and carrying items or leading people to destinations. She knew, too, that there was tension among the leadership of her own group - something something big nasties, but... again, it didn't seem immediately to be her problem. Her duty here was to find a dragon partner, and she focused on the ones that were coming out toward the end of the 'third hour', right before the 'second hour to midnight' on the big clock above the dance floor.

They were stately, gorgeous things. And large, certainly, according to some of the folks attending the ball anyway (she'd seen much bigger, but held her tongue). The hatchlings were still a little on the bumbly side, still a little rounded around the edges where their parents were sleek and sharp. They would have long horns, high crests, elegantly held tails. They had big wings already, and one of them held his high and stretched, she knew the feeling! It was nice to actually get out there with your wings up and able to catch a breeze.

He didn't fold them back down, but he did spot Irhtos among the gathered folk on the ballroom floor. People had given her a little room when she unconsciously stretched her wings - she abruptly brought them under control, but remained in her drasis form. The dark and grey marked dragon continued to approach and indeed it was a good thing folks were opening a path since his wings would be quite big. Behind him and the others around, it seemed that his sire was watching closely, possibly even communicating with his young.

That young dragonet gave a strange blink, and then rose unsteadily to his hind feet. His tail propped him up a little, as...

"You're a shifter too," Irhtos whispered, breathless.

"You can help teach me, I might teach you too." He replied, "I am Migsulth, I will come back with you." He was confident, but he did wobble, and returned to a four-footed shape while he was falling backwards, rolling onto his big wings. Irhtos stifled a laugh, and helped right him on his four feet.

"I think we'll start with balance!"