

When Darmith rounded to face Zaro, the rage on his face was unmissable. The soft glow of the lava gave a wild tint to his eyes, and it only accentuated his snarl.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?" the black dragon roared, his face nearing that of the mighty night. The dragon who had stolen away his brother, his lover, his parents, his self-worth, his pride. What had he ever done to deserve it? Who had decided up in the heavens to set Zaro upon the things he cared for most?

"Pathetic." Zaro chuckled, tiptoeing his claws along Darmith's throat all the way to his mouth. But the grey male would not take it any longer. *No more.*

He clamped his jaws shut around the other's fingers until they snapped in his teeth, long gone from his hand now. The shocked expression he was rewarded with was enough to push him to the edge.

"WHAT DID I DO?" Darmith screamed, grabbing Zaro's head in one hand and slamming it into the ground along with the body. "TO DESERVE THIS?"

*Crunch.* A sickening sound, but at the same time, a deeply relieving one.

"WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO FUCK UP MY LIFE LIKE THIS?"

*Crunch.* There was red now. A spark of the essence in Zaro's veins began to creep into Darmith's blood, running it cold, but he cared not.

"WHO PUT YOU SO HIGH UP YOU FELT THE RIGHT TO TREAT ME THIS WAY?"

*Crunch.* A little colder, now. but a little warmer when Zaro's blood began to well up.

"WHAT LITTLE SWITCH DECIDED TO CLICK-"

*Crunch.* Lots of it, caking his claws.

"-TO MAKE YOU THINK ANY OF THIS WAS RIGHT?"

*Crunch.* Where were the eyes? He half-expected those red orbs to be staring at him in his fury, however illogical it was.

"AND TELL ME."

*Crunch.* No regrets settling in. Just joy.

"WHAT MADE YOU DO THIS."

*Crunch.* Not only would Zaro's actions affect him forever, but so would this moment.

"TO YOUR OWN. FUCKING. SON."

*Crunch.* Any more now and the sound would just be a nasty splashing as he slammed his claws into a pulpy puddle. It was black with blood and a few tiny chunks of whatever lived in his head floated on the surface like tiny lifeboats. Shards of his horns were scattered at his feet, a few embedded in Zaro's neck.

Darmith, staring resentfully at the mess that had once been his father's head, kicked the body into the volcano, and listened as the lava sizzled and consumed the body of the dragon who was meant to love him.

What a failure Zaro was.