

"Look. There's Zaro." He pointed out to the other, and no further invitation was needed.

The two of them plunged into the battlefield from the sky, roaring and throwing Zaro into a crowd of fighting dragons. He let go of his victim mid-fall, sending them coughing and gasping into the dirt.

Dash changed course to run over and shield them from any other dragons.

Bolt had the far larger dragon pinned, then Zaro pushed him over and opened his jaws to breathe burning black fire into his face. Bolt took it. There was a roar-screech from the tiny dragon. He lunged, set alight.

They rolled for a minute - chunks of flesh flew from both dragons. They were soaked in red by the time they stopped clawing at each other. Dash almost heaved when he saw the large rips in Zaro's body, the flaps of skin hanging from his sliced shoulders. *It's over. Zaro can't survive this.*

In a final reach for victory, the larger dragon used the last of his energy to grab Bolt and slam him into the earth, holding him down forcefully before grabbing his face and sticking his thumbs into both his eyes. The tiny male let out a screech, kicking and flapping his wings but to no avail. Pain. Dash almost felt it himself. The agony in the sound clawed at his heart. There was a small sound, and he was just about close enough to hear it. A pop. Something bursting. And then blood like sticky, pulpy yolk erupted onto Zaro's claws and coated Bolt's brows and cheeks. The blue onlooker choked, holding his breath for too long, and he blinked rapidly as the two collapsed at last.

"What the hell?" he yelled, and all of a sudden there were a few dragons turning to stare at the sight. And then two more, six more. Then there was hardly any fighting anymore. All attention was on the collapsed dragons. Fading Star and Storm pushed through the crowd, and when they reached the front Fading Star grimaced and Storm threw up the second she laid her eyes on the two. Dash wasn't surprised. He finally remembered to breathe properly, and stepped away from the red dragon he was standing over. Her sides were still rising and falling, so it seemed she had only been knocked out.

"A-alright, let's get some healers on the scene. Can somebody fetch a healer?" Fading Star quickly caught onto the blue dragon's movements, though Storm continued to stare in complete and utter shock. Dash would have offered comfort if a fire-coloured dragon hadn't come over to guide her away from the scene. The other leader was now pacing around Bolt's body, unsure whether or not to pick him up it seemed.

The blue dragon had to pipe up. "Leave him, Fading Star. I'll tend to him myself."

And so the leader instead headed over to the red dragon laying unconscious.

"What were they doing fighting Zaro?" he uttered, and Dash couldn't quite figure it out himself. Even giving Zaro a hard look is deadly, let alone taking him on in battle.

"A kid with a little too much ambition, I'd say." A small part of him missed that kind of childish ambition, but his training had drained him of most hopes and dreams, and perhaps it was for the best.

"Blazing Light's dragons always do try to shine." The leader chuckled before standing once again.

"I'd better ward off the rest of Night Whisper."

Dash watched him go. He noticed that Zaro's body was gone, and instantly the shock of what he just watched settled in all over again. He saw it in repeat: the tearing of flesh, dark liquid splattering

everywhere, that sickening sound. *Pop*. His head replayed, over and over. *Pop. Pop. Pop*.

The blood, bitty and pinkish-red, the mush of what remained of the yellow eyeballs mixing with the thick oozing substance... would he ever forget it? He'd seen some nasty things in his past, but bursting eyes was a first. And Bolt's, of all dragons. Dash felt a heavy nausea. He cringed. Looking out onto the battlefield likely wouldn't be of aid either considering it was in similar condition, so he just stared at the red dragon's bruised throat until they were carried away by the healers.

He took a deep, long breath - and then twenty more - before turning at last to walk over to Bolt. *Oh no... he's gonna strangle me, isn't he?*