

The Burning Heart Prologue

Before my heart was set aflutter by his perfect form, I was a truly lonesome soul indeed. Not that it mattered so much. Hell, ever since I was a hatchling, I have always preferred to be with no one but myself, watching the other dragons play their silly games and whatnot. I had more important things to do, like...well, to be honest, I can't recall at the moment. I know I tried learning how to fly by myself, but every hatchling does that, so I won't bore you by going into detail; go ask that Night Fury with the broken tail fin if you're interested. I'm pretty sure he will be far more appreciative of that ability than I am. That is, if he's not sauntering about the village, trying to hide the fact that he is clearly ogling his trainer every chance he gets, practically begging to be ridden on.

Oh, did you think that I was him? Well, sorry to disappoint, but no, I am not that "offspring of lightning and death" as the humans like to describe him. Which I have never quite understood as a fearful description of his own rather overrated species. It was probably made up by humans who found that describing them in any other way was just too boring. Don't believe me? Here is an honest description of his kind. Sleek, black, and...that's about it really. It astounds me how anyone can be impressed with him. I mean, you can barely even see the stupid thing at night. No wonder the humans knew nothing about them, besides the fact that there's only one of them in our nest. Although they do have that blue fire I suppose...hardly worth mentioning, although I guess his kind will take anything it can get, even if it is completely unnecessary. No dragon needs that hot of a fire for daily survival.

Now here is a description of my species, using myself as an example; go ahead and accuse me of stroking my own tail, I care little. Humans call us Monstrous Nightmare. An admittedly not-as-sleek dragon with an orange and yellow hide of scales, with just the slightest hint of green. A pronounced snout and, uniquely among dragons, no forelegs, but it's not like I need them. But that is not all we have to offer your curious eyes, I also rather nice wings with thin spikes coming out of them, which help to enhance my smooth rump. Not that it compares to his, which matches his body nearly...nearly flawlessly. Oh, and sometimes when he gets excited, he'll reveal his that tight dark pucker, a perfect example of a clean, untouched tailhole. I drool as I watch him carry that...that absolutely perfect figure, before he spread his wings and take off to who-knows-where, oblivious to my watching eyes. I wonder if I could-GAH! I'M DOING IT AGAIN!

I'm...I'm sorry about that. Truly I am. I lost track of what I was saying there, if that wasn't obvious enough. It's just...you'll have to forgive me for these sorts of things. It's not the first time it's happened, and it certainly most likely won't be the last.

As I was saying earlier, I have preferred to be alone. I was never the friendly type. Not rude, understand, just never caring much for social practices. No one hated me or anything like that, I simply never went out of my way to be with anyone. Even when we still did raids for that massive bitch back at the island, I was always the first dragon in, last one out during the battle. If you could see me now, I would show you the multiple battle scars on my body. I guarantee they would impress you. Hey, there's an idea. Maybe he would appreciate another dragon's scars. I mean, he has none himself, or at least, as far as I can tell anyhow. I've studied every inch of his petite, young body, and let me tell you, he is as untouched and smooth as any hatchling-DAMN IT! I'm rambling about him again, aren't I?

I just can't seem to get him off my mind lately. I need to, and if you thought I was crazy about him now, just wait until you hear about what happened a few summers ago, when I first laid eyes on him...