

Trial By Ice

Warfang City

Year 3005, Sixth Moon

Warning: *Child Abuse*

·
·
·

A little blue dragon hopped in a serpentine motion, leaving traces of tiny paw prints and plummets in the snow.

She beamed proudly after recollecting the events of her afternoon day; playing with her friends in the snow, gliding from bare tree branches, sliding across frozen lakes. Besting all her friends in these activities.

The little victor felt her entire day complete. Humming in satisfaction as she pranced homewards.

The little dragon skipped the snow covered steps leading to her home, leaping at the door's entrance. When the heavy doors slid open, she continued her humming and prancing.

Not minding the tiny flakes of snow *already* present in her warm, comfortable home.

As she continued to prance, she spotted a greater, taller figure laying down in the main room. A dragon similar to herself - sporting her frill and wing pattern- laying beside a pile of heating crystals, with his back turned to the girl, facing the nearest window.

The younger dragon ceased her behaviour, her scalebrows widening, "Dad? I didn't think you'd be home so soon..."

The elder said nothing at first, continuing the silence, until a heavy gruff escape his lips, "I've been sent home today." a raspy voice spoke, "What were you doing?"

The younger dragon shifted her paws awkwardly, "I-I was just... humming."

"Humming?" he repeated back.

"Y-yeah," she confirmed, "I was just humming... something, dumb."

The elder only verbally acknowledged the child's statements with an eerie hum.

Something that made the younger dragon's heart skip a beat.

"Didn't you forget something, Islyn?" he inquired.

The child's heart, Islyn, skipped a beat. "N-no...?"

An eerie silence followed, only adding to Islyn's panic, as the elder started to crane his head around.

Besides the wing membranes and frills, the elder dragon looked different to his daughter; scales giving away his element and its coloration.

His eyes, however, were creepy enough to send chills down the spine of anyone. These alone set fright to little Islyn, despite her father baring the most calmest of expressions.

"Oh, but you *did* forget..." he growled the last word, "You were supposed to come home early, because *we* had somewhere to go..."

Islyn must've realised her mistake, for her eyes widened even more, "D-dad- I'm sorry, I-I forgot about tha-"

"Of course you did." the elder interrupted.

Islyn opened her mouth to plead her case, but felt a blast of ice push force her back against a corner. Thick, white ice blasting her scales, breaking upon impact. The little girl yelped.

"You useless little brat-" he snarled, finally standing up from his resting place, "I get *one* chance at having an audience with a notorious ice clan, and you decide to not show up?" he snarled, releasing some frosty mist from his nostrils.

Islyn felt tears immediately streaming down her eyes, "I'm s-sorry-y dad!" she cried out, "I forgot..."

The elder narrowed his eyes dangerously, “Lies! You did this on *purpose*! You are doing everything to jeopardize my plans towards high society! Don’t you want me to have more alliances? For you to live in a bigger home?”

Islyn couldn’t force herself to defend herself, her whimpers and cries getting the best of her.

“You made me look like a *fool* out there!” he yelled, using his claws to grab Islyn, not caring how harshly he held her. The child began weeping and sobbing aloud now, almost screaming out of fear.

The elder growled, annoyance plastered all over his face, “Stop the whimpering, or I’ll *force* you to stop.”

Islyn immediately tried to suppress her whimpers despite the throbbing pain.

The elder lessened his grip in return, although her body still ached, “You have not only made me look like a fool, you disobeyed me - I will not tolerate such disrespect, *girl*.” he snarled, fangs bared close to her face. Islyn winced at the frosty breath that came with the warning.

Suddenly, she fell to the ground with a thud. A relief short lasting, for a pair of jaws clamped around her neck. Dragging her from the safety of her home, marching outside. The elder did not care how badly his teeth tugged at her scales.

In his desoluted garden, a solemn bare tree stranded in a rather spacious garden. The elder spat Islyn besides the overgrown tree roots, hearing her muffled yelp when she plummeted.

“If you enjoy the snow so much, you can stay out here longer...” he announced, glaring at her as he turned around, not taking his eyes off her until he retreated to his home.

Islyn’s expression was blank, not realising what that odd instruction truly meant. Only when he reached the doorsteps did her eyes widen.

“Dad! Please-” she shrieked, wincing as she shouted and pleaded, “Plea-*ease*, d-daaad” she sobbed, and began whimpering again.

Her father showed no signs of hearing her cries, entering his warm abode. Islyn watched with wide, terrified eyes as the door slid shut.

Leaving her once more to live in the cold, yet soft snow. The only warmth she felt were the tears falling down her cheeks, and the pounding against her throat from where he grabbed her.

Then realised that there were small cuts from where he pulled her out of the ice - some were minor cuts, and others had started to bleed slightly.

Slowly accepting her reality, Islyn desperately searched the snow-covered earth. Sobbing and whimpering the entire time. She searched, sniffed the ground, for something familiar. Until she found the spot she sought. Digging.

It didn’t take her long to retrieve a small glowing item, the dirt-covered gem contrasting with her various shades of blue. Islyn sighed, slowly letting herself relax despite everything that happened. In her second paw, she took a rock bigger than the gem, and slammed it against the item.

The red gem shattered into many pieces, finding their way into Islyn’s wounds. Mending the scales and flesh her father had torn.

A sigh coupled with a shiver escaped her, letting some form of relief take over. Now all she had to was sleep through the cold until her father would let her in soon...

.
. .
.

One night later.

.
. .
.

Isllyn lay shivering. Glueing her tiny self to the dry, cold ground beneath the surface.

There was a hole under the tree, small enough for her to fit; a perfect solution to finding shelter when she needed to sleep.

But on the second day she didn't want to get up. Or couldn't.

Isllyn only interacted with her father when he had to feed her yesterday; throwing her single meal of the day out into the cold. She'd consume it within the burrow as well, and proceeded to move around during the afternoon to keep herself warm.

But today she couldn't bring herself to leave the burrow. Not even the food she heard her father throw tempted her to leave.

I wish was of fire, not ice. Islyn thought to herself, slowly drifting off into another slumber.

Oblivious to the steps approaching the burrow, only a muffled, harsh voice passed her ears as all faded into darkness.

.
. .
.

Islyn's vision was limited, but she heard muffled noises. And she did not feel the cold she had grown used to, and felt the opposite. No longer was she surrounded by the white blankets, but the familiar shapes and colours of her home. Covered in a measly blanket, with one heating gem by her side.

Minutes passed before she heard her father's voice.

"Now... listen closely... I expect an apology for your actions.... when you are properly awake. And gratitude for summoning a healer to help you."

Although the voice was vague, it was one the little girl would recognise anywhere.

"I have told them that despite telling you to come inside, you refused, and sneaked out of our home when I left for my shift. And, that I found you this morning outside." Islyn barely heard.

Then, she saw the silhouette of his come closer to her face, and with that, his creepy eyes became clearer than anything else in her field of vision.

“*This* is the version of the story you will stick to. Understand...?”

Islyn used all her effort to speak, “Yes...” she whispered.

“I’m... s-sorry, father.”