

Fire Lord Vulture: Vulture rushes forward to Noctua, attempting to take the King by surprise. Nothing but bloodlust shines in his golden eyes.

Queen Legacy: Locked in battle with King Bog, Legacy rakes her claws at the MudWing, wings flailing as they balance precariously on the arch.

King Bog: "Ow!"

King Noctua: "What do you gain from this, Vulture?!" Noctua screams, throwing slug after slug to the Fire Lord. "I never thought you would stoop so low as to attack our villages!"

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard thuds down away from the rulers, not particularly wanting to get involved with them at this moment but watching Noctua and Vulture intensely.

Fire Lord Vulture: "This is WAR, Noctua!" Vulture snarls, attempting to grapple the freezing IceWing in the snow, hyper-aware of the sheer edges beside him. "You are an idiot to have not predicted something of THIS simplicity!"

King Noctua: Noctua clasps Vulture's forearm and blasts ice. He felt obsidian claws dig into his neck, his spines spiking the snow below him. He could feel his rage bubbling from within — the previous months of war taking their effects.

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard flinches forward, Noctua was fine. He'd be fine. She didn't need to jump in...

Fire Lord Vulture: His arm seethes with the harsh cold, a mix of smoke and fire billowing from his mouth as he roared. He pinned the King down, a heavy axe's blade attached to his tail ready to sever the poor IceWing's head. Vulture digs his sharpened claws deep into Noctua's neck, blue staining the snow below the two.

Queen Legacy: Legacy's head snaps around at the sound of Noctua's roar. "Noctua!" She shrieks.

Princess Blizzard: "Noctua!" Blizzard darts forward, slamming her tail into the back of Vulture's neck. She grabs his arm and starts trying to pull him back.

Queen Legacy: Legacy swings her claws in a futile attempt to escape Bog, who is holding her back from the fighting alliance leaders. "Let me help him!" She cries desperately.

King Bog: Bog looks back at Noctua, bringing his focus away from Legacy for just a moment, seeing Noctua's critical state.

Queen Legacy: "Blizzard!" Legacy shrieked, slicing one of her tipped arrows across Bog's neck. "Do something!"

King Bog: "Ow!"

King Noctua: Noctua lays in immense pain, roaring aloud in grief and poorly clutching himself. His mind empty, his life spilling from him quickly, he looked up to see Blizzard with Vulture.

Fire Lord Vulture: "Get BACK!" He roars, flames licking the air as he shoves back against the smaller IceWing. The flat side of his tail blade spun around and whacked Blizzard in the side of her head as he turned back to Noctua.

Fire Lord Vulture: Vulture crept over to Noctua and grabbed him by the neck. He choked him of air, scathing his wings with a blade before thrusting him off of the side of the arch.

Queen Legacy: Legacy pummelled her claws into Bog's stomach, her wings getting tangled as she attempted to free herself. "Let me go! He's dying!"

Queen Legacy: Finally managing to free herself from Bog's grasp, she flew down to Noctua's mangled body. "Noctua!"

King Humble: Humble landed behind Vulture and stood up looking down at the dragons he snarled as he walked towards Vulture. "What have you done!?"

Fire Lord Vulture: "I am winning this war!" He snarled at the NightWing, turning his attention back to Blizzard.

Queen Legacy: "We need you. Please, get up," she nudged him gently, flinching as blue blood dyed the snow a midnight colour. "Get up, Noctua."

Princess Blizzard: "NO!" Blizzard shrieks and struggles to right herself, before toppling onto her side in pain.

King Humble: Humble moved towards Vulture. "You attacked a VILLAGE! How could you, these dragons are innocent!"

Queen Legacy: She tried desperately to remember the brief medic training she got from Fog. When he was still entirely himself — when he could still be a teacher. She sobbed feebly, desperately checking for a pulse. "Wake up!" She roared.

Fire Lord Vulture: "They would have been drafted either way into this war if I didn't end it now!" Vulture's tail lashed, attention still on Blizzard. "I may confuse you in my ways but it ends now." He took a step closer to Blizzard.

Queen Legacy: "Get a medic!" Legacy screeched to the nearest alliance members. She looked back at Moss, who was trying to staunch the bleeding. "Now!"

King Bog: In pain, Bog steps back as he watches Legacy and Moss glide to the ground, thankful to be out of reach of Legacy's talons. He turned toward Vulture, keeping an eye on Blizzard.

King Humble: The large Nightwing dug his claws into the snow "THIS IS TOO MUCH!" He grabbed Vulture's shoulder, trying to hold him back.

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard hisses, barely making it to her feet, a deep gash above her eye.

Queen Legacy: Legacy winced as she noticed Noctua's arm and torso, which were skewed unnaturally to one side. He was still breathing in hoarse, gurgled breaths.

Fire Lord Vulture: The Fire Lord retaliated immediately, roaring a stream of fire at the NightWing's wings. "DO NOT INTERFERE, SNAKE!!" He hissed.

Queen Legacy: Adrenaline coursed through Legacy's blood. She watched numbly as a nearby IceWing dug into a SkyWing soldier with a golden dagger.

King Humble: He roared in pain as his wings became scorched, the air filling with smoke. The stench of burnt meat could be smelled.

Fire Lord Vulture: Vulture turned back to Blizzard, snarling with malicious intent.

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard flinches, "Honestly," her voice might be too quiet to hear, "Vulture. Do you really want to fight the animus?" She half-heartedly spreads her wings.

Fire Lord Vulture: "Try me, snow-snorter!" He snarled. "I've killed a firescales and I wear his skull like a trophy! I do not fear you." He half-lied.

Queen Legacy: A grave feeling crept over Legacy as she heard Blizzard's roaring above.

Princess Blizzard: "A firescales lacks the power I do." Blizzard takes a few steps closer to Bog, "Vulture, don't test me. This can be an IceWing victory if I want it to."

Fire Lord Vulture: "Not if I can help it!" The SkyWing roared, getting into a battle stance and preparing to breathe an intense stream of flame.

King Humble: Humble slowly stood up. He was in pain as he watched as Vulture went closer to Blizzard. He grit his teeth as he stood up once more.

Princess Blizzard: "You can't." She flares her wings, a heart — *the heart* — appearing above her horns. "I'm not afraid to break this. I've wanted to since this moons-forsaken war started."

Queen Legacy: Legacy looked up just as the crystalline heart appeared out of thin air above the arch, her breath catching in her throat. Her wounds leaked blood into her eyes, tinting the Heart of Ice and Fire red against the midnight sky.

Queen Legacy: A fleet of medic dragons swept overhead and eased Noctua's body into a sling. She listened closely for the sound of his breathing, which came in laboured rasps. Noctua would live. He had to.

Fire Lord Vulture: The Fire Lord froze in place. "You wouldn't DARE." He roared once more, flashes of fear and rage flashing in his eyes. *She couldn't possibly think to destroy it!* He told himself in thought. *Right?!*

Princess Blizzard: "You should have thought of me before you did this to Noctua." Blizzard hisses. "This is your own fault!" She roars, lifting her head in a confident glare as cracks ripple through the heart. And it shatters.

King Bog: Bog freezes, watching as the precious relic shatters into thousands of pieces.

Fire Lord Vulture: "NO!!" He roared, throwing himself at Blizzard.

Queen Legacy: Legacy watches as the Heart breaks into a million tiny shards. The focal point of the war. The thing they'd been fighting for — just a talonful of rocks in the snow.

King Humble: The sight of the heart being shattered broke Humble's spirit. It was all

for nothing, all the dragons that died. He lept at Vulture, knocking him off of Blizzard.
"SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?!" He snarled as he stared down the SkyWing.

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard stumbles back, barely catching herself. She stares in shock and confusion at Humble's interference.

Fire Lord Vulture: Vulture gave a choked yelp, staring up at Humble with rage. "IF YOU DIDN'T STOP ME THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED!!!" He roared, swiping up at him. "SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD IF YOU DIDN'T STOP ME!!!"

King Humble: "If I didn't stop you, you would have left them with no guidance, no one to lead them!" He was cut off by the slash. He stood silent before swinging at the SkyWing with all his force, knocking off the skull Vulture wore.

Fire Lord Vulture: The Fire Lord went out cold, a cloud of smoke exhaling.

Princess Blizzard: Blizzard steps back, whispering, "Thank you, Humble." before whipping around, flaring her wings and leaping off the arch.

King Bog: Bog watches, mouth agape at Humble's attack. He doesn't attempt to move towards them, looking back at Blizzard gliding away.

King Humble: Humble looked at Bog. "Call off the attack. We are done here. The war is over." He picked up Vulture. "We are leaving."

King Bog: Bog nods, saying nothing before flying away.



Vulture rushes forward to Noctua, attempting to take the King by surprise. Nothing but bloodlust shines in his golden eyes. Locked in battle with King Bog, Legacy rakes her claws at the MudWing, wings flailing as they balance precariously on the arch. "Ow!"

"What do you gain from this, Vulture?!" Noctua screams, throwing slug after slug to the Fire Lord. "I never thought you would stoop so low as to attack our villages!" Blizzard thuds down away from the rulers, not particularly wanting to get involved with them at this moment but watching Noctua and Vulture intensely.

"This is WAR, Noctua!" Vulture snarls, attempting to grapple the freezing IceWing in the snow, hyper-aware of the sheer edges beside him. "You are an idiot to have not predicted something of THIS simplicity!" Noctua clasps Vulture's forearm and blasts ice. He felt obsidian claws dig into his neck, his spines spiking the snow below him. He could feel his rage bubbling from within — the previous months of war taking their effects. Blizzard flinches forward, Noctua was fine. He'd be fine. She didn't need to jump in...

His arm seethes with the harsh cold, a mix of smoke and fire billowing from his mouth as he roars. He pinned the King down, a heavy axe's blade attached to his tail ready to sever the poor IceWing's head. Vulture digs his sharpened claws deep into Noctua's neck, blue staining the snow below the two.

"Noctua!" Blizzard darts forward, slamming her tail into the back of Vulture's neck. She grabs his arm and starts trying to pull him back. Legacy's head snaps around at the sound of Noctua's roar.

"Noctua!" She shrieks. Legacy swings her claws in a futile attempt to escape Bog, who is holding her back from the fighting alliance leaders. "Let me help him!" She cries desperately. Bog looks back at Noctua, bringing his focus away from Legacy for just a moment, seeing Noctua's critical state.

"Blizzard!" Legacy shrieked, slicing one of her tipped arrows across Bog's neck. "Do something!" "Ow!"

Noctua lays in immense pain, roaring aloud in grief and poorly clutching himself. His mind empty, his life spilling from him quickly, he looked up to see Blizzard with Vulture.

"Get BACK!" He roars, flames licking the air as he shoves back against the smaller IceWing. The flat side of his tail blade spun around and whacked Blizzard in the side of her head as he turned back to Noctua. Vulture crept over to Noctua and grabbed him by the neck. He choked him of air, scathing his wings with a blade before thrusting him off of the side of the arch.

Legacy pummelled her claws into Bog's stomach, her wings getting tangled as she attempted to free herself.

"Let me go! He's dying!" Finally managing to free herself from Bog's grasp, she flew down to Noctua's mangled body. "Noctua!"

Humble landed behind Vulture and stood up looking down at the dragons he snarled as he walked towards Vulture.

"What have you done!?"

"I am winning this war!" He snarled at the NightWing, turning his attention back to Blizzard.

"NO!" Blizzard shrieks and struggles to right herself, before toppling onto her side in pain. Humble moved towards Vulture.

"You attacked a VILLAGE! How could you, these dragons are innocent!"

"They would have been drafted either way into this war if I didn't end it now!" Vulture's tail lashed, attention still on Blizzard. "I may confuse you in my ways but it ends now." He took a step closer to Blizzard. The large Nightwing dug his claws into the snow

"THIS IS TOO MUCH!" He grabbed Vulture's shoulder, trying to hold him back. Blizzard hisses, barely making it to her feet, a deep gash above her eye. In pain, Bog steps back as he watches Legacy and Moss glide to the ground, thankful to be out of reach of Legacy's talons. He turned toward Vulture, keeping an eye on Blizzard.

"We need you. Please, get up," she nudged him gently, flinching as blue blood dyed the snow a midnight colour. "Get up, Noctua." She tried desperately to remember the brief medic training she got from Fog. When he was still entirely himself — when he could still be a teacher. She sobbed feebly, desperately checking for a pulse.

"Wake up!" She roared. "Get a medic!" Legacy screeched to the nearest alliance members. She looked back at Moss, who was trying to staunch the bleeding. "Now!" Legacy winced as she noticed Noctua's arm and torso, which were skewed unnaturally to one side. He was still breathing in hoarse, gurgled breaths. Adrenaline coursed through Legacy's blood. She watched numbly as a nearby IceWing dug into a SkyWing soldier with a golden dagger.

The Fire Lord retaliated immediately, roaring a stream of fire at the NightWing's wings. "DO NOT INTERFERE, SNAKE!!" He hissed. He roared in pain as his wings became scorched, the air filling with smoke. The stench of burnt meat could be smelled. Vulture turned back to Blizzard, snarling with malicious intent.

Blizzard flinches. "Honestly," her voice might be too quiet to hear, "Vulture. Do you really want to fight the animus?" She half-heartedly spreads her wings.

"Try me, snow-snorter!" He snarled. "I've killed a firescales and I wear his skull like a trophy! I do not fear you." He half-lied. A grave feeling crept over Legacy as she heard Blizzard's roaring above.

"A firescales lacks the power I do." Blizzard takes a few steps closer to Bog, "Vulture, don't test me. This can be an IceWing victory if I want it to."

"Not if I can help it!" The SkyWing roared, getting into a battle stance and preparing to breathe an intense stream of flame. Humble slowly stood up. He was in pain as he watched as Vulture went closer to Blizzard. He grit his teeth as he stood up once more.

"You can't." She flares her wings, a heart — the heart — appearing above her horns. "I'm not afraid to break this. I've wanted to since this moons-forsaken war started."

Legacy looked up just as the crystalline heart appeared out of thin air above the arch, her breath catching in her throat. Her wounds leaked blood into her eyes, tinting the Heart of Ice and Fire red against the midnight sky. A fleet of medic dragons swept overhead and eased Noctua's body into a sling. She listened closely for the sound of his breathing, which came in laboured rasps. Noctua would live. He had to.

The Fire Lord froze in place.

"You wouldn't DARE." He roared once more, flashes of fear and rage flashing in his eyes. *She couldn't possibly think to destroy it!* He told himself in thought. *Right?!*

"You should have thought of me before you did this to Noctua." Blizzard hisses. "This is your own fault!" She roars, lifting her head in a confident glare as cracks ripple through the heart.

And it shatters.

Bog freezes, watching as the precious relic shatters into thousands of pieces.

"NO!!!" He roared, throwing himself at Blizzard. Legacy watches as the Heart breaks into a million tiny shards. The focal point of the war. The thing they'd been fighting for — just a talonful of rocks in the snow. The sight of the heart being shattered broke Humble's spirit. It was all for nothing, all the dragons that died.

He leapt at Vulture, knocking him off of Blizzard.

"SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?!" He snarled as he stared down the SkyWing. Blizzard stumbles back, barely catching herself. She stares in shock and confusion at Humble's interference. Vulture gave a choked yelp, staring up at Humble with rage

"IF YOU DIDN'T STOP ME THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED!!!" He roared, swiping up at him. "SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD IF YOU DIDN'T STOP ME!!!"

"If I didn't stop you, you would have left them with no guidance, no one to lead them!" He was cut off by the slash. He stood silent before swinging at the SkyWing with all his force, knocking off the skull Vulture wore. The Fire Lord went out cold, a cloud of smoke exhaling.

Blizzard steps back, whispering, "Thank you, Humble." before whipping around, flaring her wings and leaping off the arch. Bog watches, mouth agape at Humble's attack. He doesn't attempt to move towards them, looking back at Blizzard gliding away. Humble looked at Bog.

"Call off the attack. We are done here. The war is over." He picked up Vulture. "We are leaving." Bog nods, saying nothing before flying away.