

TRIGGER WARNINGS: this story contains violence and blood

[R'HLLOR](#)

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How long had he been running? How long had his feet hurt? How long had this chase been going on? The 3 months old ravager wyvern hatchling was exhausted and panting heavily, but he was trying by all means to put one leg in front of the other. His paw pads were raw, extremely irritated and slightly bloodied by the unusual long lasting friction with the ground, and part of his feathers had been roughed by the earlier encounter with *him*. The small feathered beast accelerated, adrenaline rushing through his veins as he recalled how some random monochromatic colored fur covered his sight for a fraction of second before he could even counter whatever the evil stranger was readying itself to make.

"Jester is the name of the dragon that you have been unlucky to be in the way today, little one", the imperial ravager had said with a scary smirk while swiftly taking a swing to bite the red and white wyvern's left shoulder. Blood splattered everywhere and with the mess was accompanying a panicked and pained yelp from the hatchling. Impending doom feeling rose inside the small dragon's core who backed off and started running in the opposite direction.

"You made me angry, do not think you will manage to escape me so easily!", had warned Jester behind him, slowly following the hatchling with a low sickening snickering.

The small wyvern whimpered under his shoulder's pain mixed with the distress of being hunted in an unfamiliar environment as he moved across the forest... the red and white hatchling never took into consideration that even if he was fleeing, the fresh injury was still leaking and leaving a trail crimson red liquid on the ground where he was passing by.

An important component of his body -that was used for flying- had been injured and the only escape was through earthbound means, which led him to where he was now: standing still and out of breath next to a cliff. While trying to slow down his heartbeat and breathing, the hatchling slowly took consciousness of his surroundings...

Down there and far into the horizon was stretching an immense forest composed of many species of trees; going from oaks, to maples, to birches, to other unknown and varied species. It was summer and a warm breeze was gently lifting the green leaves, creating a soft rustle in the air that was accompanied by the chirping of birds and wildlife sounds. Meanwhile the clear blue sky seemed like a motionless ocean, which the sight of was being reflected in a large body of water in the middle of the valley. The earth underneath the hatchling's feet was cool and humid, and the wind was gently caressing the dragon's

skin. At this exact moment, he seemed completely lost in the beauty of the scenery; forgetting his pain, his fear and his whole life-threatening situation.

A high pitched meow above his head brought him back to reality. Lifting his chin, he saw a cat perched on an oak tree's branch, the red and black sparkling Celestial Feline seemed to have been observing him for a while now, blinking slowly at him in a sign of peace.

"Hello small creature, did you just present yourself to me? I did not quite catch your name, but mine is R'hllor! I do not wish to sound too pushy, but would you happen to know where I can head towards to avoid a big bad meanie?", the ravager wyvern inquired, still looking at the feline. Unfortunately for him, he was met with silence and again, a slow blinking from the creature.

The hatchling turned around, facing the path he had come from and trying to determine a new direction to follow... but he was too slow to decide: cracking and rustling started to get closer by the second and before he could even attempt to escape again, Jester was standing in front of him. The Celestial Feline hissed at the sight of the enemy, scattering inside a hole in the tree it was laying on a moment ago.

Meanwhile, the monochromatic imperial ravager was blocking the small wyvern's only way out, taking an offensive stance to signify to the young dragon that he was not giving him any chance of exiting on that side.

It was *him* or the cliff.

Fear ran through R'hllor once more and Jester sensed it, smiling happily at the expression the young one was doing. Soon enough, the oldest dragon was launching at him, all teeth out and ready for a fight... that is when the hatchling did something unpredictable: without even realizing what he was doing, his mouth casted a fireball that flew out at the speed of light. The projectile hit Jester directly in the face, propelling the imperial ravager a few meters away. The opponent landed on a tree with a loud thud and huffed with displeasure as he dropped on the ground post-impact.

"HOW DARE YOU!", snarled Jester clumsily getting back on his feet. He shook his head to remove the ashes and extinguish the little flames still burning off of his fur, rage boiling inside his eyes as his gaze laid back on the red and white wyvern.

At this point, R'hllor was panicking, all his body was trembling, but he felt something different inside of him... *and around him?* Something warm, moving with fluidity, transpercing elements and bodies of all sort... something that felt very powerful, but was also very hard to grasp.

As the black, gray and white ravager approached him, slightly lumping from the recent blow's injuries, the hatchling closed his eyes. A snicker came out of Jester's mouth, the imperial ravager oblivious about what the little one was actually trying to achieve.

On the other end, R'hllor took all his will towards the strange feelings and managed to grip one of the strings: an invisible energy seemingly attached to the male in front of him. His nebula eyes opened back abruptly: flickering in hope. Whatever it was, R'hllor just wanted Jester out of his sight so he could be safe, and so the hatchling pulled the energy with his mind as hard as he could.

The string flinched and Jester seemed to stop for an instant, a terrorized look painting itself on his face. A split second later, he was lifted in the air and thrown off the cliff in a swift movement, a yelp of panic being the only thing that got out of his mouth before loud crashing sounds against trees could be heard below.

R'hllor could not see him anymore and he did not waste any time in staying around; hurriedly moving back towards where he had come from before Jester would show up again.

Despite the pain that his body was in during his walk, the small wyvern was able to analyze the new feelings around him a little bit better and also reflect on his newly found capacities to blow fire with his core... R'hllor was not exactly sure that what he wielded was telekinesis, but the fact that he managed to pull off whatever he did and the fact that the other dragon had no way to counter it let a slow realization seed in his mind as he understood how powerful he actually really was.