

TRIGGER WARNINGS: this story contains violence and blood

[SB-1734: R'HLLOR](#) VS [SB-1292: TOBA AND RAINIER](#)

AUTHOR: FallingFireX

WORDS: 772

There might have once been a time when this place was considered beautiful; the trees and shimmering ocean surely were a sight to behold. Of course that was at a point now in the past, the islands now stood as gray husks of their former selves. Ash drifted down like snow from the broken and dead trees that refused to fall. The very soil was tinted black by the content of lava rock that had been ground into it by the waves. The Shimmering Isles hardly deserves that name anymore... even the once great settlements were nothing more than ghost towns now.

There was however one thing the isles could claim; they were quiet. The wildlife had long since fled or died off, leaving the destroyed paradise as a deathly quiet escape. It made the long swim to the isles worth it for the wingless warden; they could hardly stand themselves let alone everyone else on the mainland. The stillness of the bleached white trees and ash covered towns was an escape they sometimes needed.

This blissful quiet didnt ever seem to last however.

The ears of the battle scarred hydra twitched at the sound of roof shingles clattering to the ground. Such a loud noise was instantly out of place in the dead village, whoever was stalking around here, wasn't trying to go unseen.

"Are you blind?" the deep roll of another dragon's growl carried down the wide street behind the hydra. "Did you not see I've claimed this as my own resting place?"

A huff escaped Rainier's snout as he turned to face the bold dragon that would disrupt him. The harsh reds of the wyvern that entered his sights were set out from the dull tones of the volcanic wasteland of the isles. It made the brothers look mud brown in comparison. "No." Rainier spoke, "Even if we did see it, why should we care?" He challenged, "No one lives here for long anyway."

The ravager's feathers stood high at his prodding question, a sour expression crossing his face. "You should care because I claimed it." The wyvern hissed, "And I command the respect I am owed."

Rainier scoffed as Toba bared his teeth, "Owed? Well we dont owe you anything! Besides, why respect an oversized, fried chicken?" The more aggressive brother spat causing Rainier to flatten his ears in annoyance. "Come earn your respect."

"You're never subtle..." he muttered to his sibling head.

Toba's insults seemed to be the drop of water that caused the dam to burst; the ravager let out a noise of anger and disbelief before snarling at the opposing warden. "So be it." He snarled, "It will spell your end."

Toba and Rainier turned to fully face the fuming ravager, only to be met with a cloud of ash and dust clogging their eyes and noses. They sputtered, stepping backwards in surprise at the red wyvern's speed. No blind reaction could prevent the ravager's claws from striking down on Rainier skull. A stinging pain bloomed where the sharp talons had torn fur and flesh, Rainier shook his head to disrupt the assault.

Clearly adapting quickly to the hydra's movements, the red wyvern shifted, bringing his talons down onto their shoulders. A painful scraping sound followed as the talons glanced off the dark metal of their armor, hooked ends catching in the interlocking pieces. If

that was intentional or not, no one would ever be able to tell, however the now stuck claws proved their worth as the ravager was able to yank on the metal. The weaker parts of the armor strained at the force, with some parts breaking off entirely.

Lashing outwards, the hydra swiped their claws in the direction of the ravager; yet the still floating ash prevented them from landing any hit. With an annoyed growl, they whirled around, catching their opponent with their tail. The longer limb not only hit harder, but gave better reach in this near blinding condition. The sound of bricks hitting the ground and an old window breaking told the hydra they had tossed the smaller dragon through one of the crumbled buildings.

“Enough of this ash!” Toba howled, walking out of the stirred up ash cloud, “That was quite smart of you. Shame it wont save you.”

Now heated up from the quick tussle, white hot liquid dripped from the hydra’s maws; an aspect of their breath abilities or their corruption, it wasnt clear. Their opponent however, wasnt far behind, a fiery red glow spilling from the back of his throat. A battle of fire power would soon blow the whole ghost town into rubble.

EE breakdown	CE breakdown (for all but Eulas’)
Entry rolls gain points. + 0 Crucible and Grand Hunt + 10 Extra Dragon (1) + 2 150 Extra Words (1) + 1 Complex Background + 5 Total = 18	Added Dragon + 2 Background + 4 Personal bonus + 1 Crucible and Grand Hunt + 1 772 words + 7 Total = 15