

Wordcount: 1015

"Brother, hurry! Hurry!"

From the water emerged a blob of most splendidly iridescent fur and feathers, tangled in together to look more like matted kelp than anything living. Regardless of this however, the sheer weight of water soaked up in his fur seemed to bother the creature little as it darted across the sandy bank towards a much more well groomed, and paler, warden, whom in turn let out an amused rumble at watching his sibling scamper across sand until he looked like a breaded piece of poultry from it. "What has gotten you so worked up?" Grayling asks with a chuckle, his wings already raising to preemptively shield him from the onslaught of watery mush the darker dragon's shaking was about to bring, and as if on command the big wad of wet fur shook with all his might, lightning crackling across his fur to rid it free of water... And poof it up significantly afterwards.

"The birddragonthings are fighting! Comelookcomelookcomelook!" Monarch's natural state of being already entailed enough energy to rival a hatchling hopped up on honey, and this was even beyond that as the fully grown warden bounced around incomprehensibly, poking, prodding and kneading at his sitting brother. "Oy oy!" Grayling scolded playfully as he tried to keep his beard out of the other's maw. "Easy does it, we'll go watch the bird dragon things fight." He confirmed, Wich caused the other to play bow just at the verge of exploding it seemed. "But you can't join in, okay? I just got your last batch of injuries sorted this morning." He adds, getting up from his position and seemingly 'releasing' Monarch to go darting into the forest by the lake while he followed, amused, close behind at a much more relaxed pace.

After a little of making their way through the thicket, and collecting enough burrs and thistles in their fur to give the paler warden a headache, Monarch suddenly dropped. No sound, no warning, he simply dropped into a pancake position staring upwards like a pigeon that has seen a hawk. Still, one could see the amazement in his eyes, and Grayling wasn't about to spoil that, so he dropped down to watch the show as well. Above them, off the edge of the floating Island they were on, two gryphons did indeed fight. The smaller one was pale, almost entirely white with black spotting and thick fur, and reminded the northern dragons of owls and felines they would see around frozen wastes, and it seemed to be on the offensive despite the size difference. The other a piebald fawn pelt, as well as rear legs and horns of a stag they'd sometimes see if they ventured a little too south, and it was pretty adept at using those hooves and horns to their advantage, to keep the shorter one at bay. It was quite mesmerizing to watch them fight, almost enough to not notice all the odd glowy splotches under the fur and feathers, which made the pale warden a little suspicious... He narrowed his eyes, trying to gather more information..

"ACHOOO!!!"

The sneeze echoed through what felt like the entire island. The two gryphons ceased at once their fighting, and turned to look at the source of the noise. Monarch was still glued to the ground, and with his base color being dark and most of his bright coloring being on the underside, he wasn't what stood out.

Grayling was.

The more aggressive of the two gryphons zeroed in on the pale warden, the white wings folding almost instantaneously to allow it to careen at him with blinding speed. Grayling, in turn, bounced back, using his wings to give himself a little boost while sliding into the undergrowth past his brother, followed closely by the snowy gryph. Monarch, however, had no intention of letting the two collide, and as the air above him whizzed with the sound of air against feathers the younger warden snapped up, grabbing the half feline, half owl creature by the tail and yanking it back and under his claws.

"Heads up!"

The navy dragon chirped happily as he wrangled down the by now incredibly frustrated gryphon. Considering his already thick fur was now wet to boot from the swim and tangled up by some by the undergrowth that got stuck in it, Monarch had no fear whatsoever handling the feral creature no matter how much it bit, clawed and thrashed, but this maneuver has caught the attention of the other one that was now careening towards them antlers first as well. Thankfully, Grayling had seen his fair share of antlers on hostile dragons, and the warden, pushing his weight onto the back legs, reared up with the front claws outstretched, grabbing the incoming enemy by the horns and using the wings and his larger size to wrestle it down into a much more easy to manage position.

Each with their own angry half bird, the two wrestled with them for what felt like hours, until the wildly thrashing creatures slowly began to settle down due to exhaustion. The purple patches, that were apparent now that they could actually look at them up close, receded as they lost strength, disappearing completely when the two had entirely exhausted themselves. The two brothers simply conversed in the meantime, seeming go barely notice they have calmed down, until they started stirring up again, less frantically this time.

"Ugh..." Tian grumbled up first, feeling the sheer weight of a very fluffy dragon on her. The moment she realized, however, she started yelling to be released, and Monarch obliged... To a point. "Can you be any louder..." Dancer grumbled herself, hauling herself up from under Grayling before shaking he'd disheveled coat. The snowy owl gryph, indignant, puffed up all her feathers as she screeched out a reply "At least you got sat on by a female-"

"Brother is a boy." Monarch happily piped up, earning a chuckle from Grayling.

"What?" Said the completely derailed gryph.

"What?" Said the happy warden.

The two older siblings just burst out into stifled laughter.