

# Shooting Star

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*A short one-shot about a light dragon and a griffin. Friendship, not a pairing fic.*

*These are my characters, of course.^^*

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“Alexander,” a voice called, prompting the named golden griffin to look up from the pool of water before him. He turned around and smiled as a large purple and gold dragon with feathered wings walked into the area. In the darkness of the night, the dragon emanated a light glow.

Curious, the griffin asked, “Lucifer, what brings you to the Northern Lands?”

The dragon's mouth did not move as he spoke telepathically, replying, “I wished to see my old friend, and perhaps the Queen. You know how much she likes me.”

“Yes, she has taken quite a fancy to you.” Alexander paused before stating, “You would make a good king, Luci.” Shaking his head in disagreement, the dragon leaned his head over the edge of the pool and drank awkwardly, slurping in water through clenched teeth to prevent a never-ending heavenly noise from escaping his throat.

“So, Alexander, how is Lady Kareen?” he asked, still guzzling water.

The griffin's face saddened and he said, “She is all right. She has decided to travel a bit and help those she finds.”

Lucifer looked over at his friend and asked, “Are you going with her?” The griffin looked astonished at the question.

He placed a paw over his heart and said, “Of course not! I must protect the Queen! I could never take time off to travel on an unnecessary journey!” Lucifer flicked his tail lightly before looking to the sky.

“You should go with her. You know you love her.” Alexander sighed and looked down before looking up at the dragon.

“My feelings do not matter. It is my duty to protect the Queen. It is that simple, and you know it.” Lucifer spread his wings, brightening his glow.

“Nothing's that simple,” he said before taking to the sky.

“Perhaps,” mumbled the griffin.

Alexander watched his friend fly across the sky, chuckling as he realized that humans often mistook light dragons for shooting stars.