

Untitled!

By Hellzangel83

Submitted: February 1, 2007

Updated: February 23, 2007

...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Hellzangel83/43046/Untitled>

Chapter 1 - Prolouge	2
Chapter 2 - The Prophecy	3
Chapter 3 - The Elements	4
Chapter 4 - The Queen, Xiera	5
Chapter 5 - Starting theJourney	6
Chapter 6 - Valley of Death	7

1 - Prolouge

Far back, before humans were created, there lived dragons. They came in all sorts of shapes and forms, but the different species could never live in peace. One little accident sent torrents of fire spurting from each separate beast. One species lived deep in the mountains of North America. The adult males were about seven feet tall as the females were usually six. This dragons were covered in fur, marked with vibrant designs of gold, silver, black, and occasionally crimson or blue. All this dragons had their separate elements and lived in peace amongst each other, but lately things had been going very wrong.

Rumors started to spread and fights broke out more often. Their leader, Xeria, had not a clue what to do. So she did her best to keep the peace in their clan. The days seemed to grow shorter and very seldom was the sun spotted in the sky. To Xeria, their days seemed to be coming to an end.

2 - The Prophecy

Black clouds rolled lazily over the mountains like black fog hunting it's prey. It seemed to suffocate the dying dragons with it's powerful grasp. Today seemed to be the worst of all. It was this day Xeria had a dream.

The mountains were covered so thickly in black clouds. A huge gale swept through the land like a hand of destruction. Fire blazed down from the heavens and rain pounded down, sending trees to shatter under it's weight. The shattered trees flew around in a large whirlwind, showing no mercy to the unfortunate creatures in it's way.

What did this mean? Suddenly a loud voice filled her head with agonized pounds, "the young elements will grow stronger! And then doom will befall the dragons!"

The violet queen woke with a start and immediately sent for the new hatchlings. Zeinn, Vynt, Rite, and Inara. The four elements in her dream. They were young, but strong enough to fly and hunt.

3 - The Elements

Zienn walked boldly through the tunnel to Xiera's cave. It was a great honor to be invited to her home and very few ever did, and he felt proud of himself. His fur was a fiery red with black markings representing crescent moons, and small unique markings. No one dragon's pelt was the same.[p]

Zienn walked ahead of the other three, he was a show off an attention hog. Many would say he was dull headed for a dragon and he relied mainly on brute strength which also made him a sore loser. His eyes glowed with unhidden excitement and each step had a little bounce to it.[p]

As soon as he had recieved the news, he had leaped into the air and spread his feathered wings to preform somersaults and fancy twists.[p]

[p]

Vynt was behind him, his brown pelt shone with golden markings. His wild green eyes danced in the darkness, but he contained his excitement, pushing back into his mind. Deep inside, his heart was pounding so loud he was sure the others could hear it, but he pressed on full of determination.[p]

He would think about things before he acted and preferred to stay out of the spotlight, but this matter would not be ignored. His furrey tail swayed in annoyance as he tried to ignore the small voice telling him to turn back.[p]

[p]

Inara, an emerald female, was walking beside a crystallly female know as Rite. They were chatting excitedly about what might happen.[p]

Inara preferred to rely on her speed for she was the fastest out of all the hatchlings. Her emerald pelt also had black markings and she wore a large smile. Her feathered wings folded and then spread as she walked towards their queen.[p]

Rite was a beautiful crystal blue dragon who loved to swim around in the rivers. She was a slight flirt and always tried to get Vynt to go somewhere with her alone, but always failed. She was covered in black markings and thought of Vynt as unique. She preferred not to get into a fight but if forced she would rely on her powers over rain and water.[p]

Together these dragons made their way into Xiera's cave and waited for their future.

4 - The Queen, Xiera

The four hatchlings walked into a dim room with a few torches. At the far end was a lavender dragon with her back faced to them. Vynt was the first to recognize her as their queen and lowered his head.

The slim female turned around to face them, "welcome youngsters. You are all probably wondering why I have sent for you."

Each one nodded, but Zeinn spoke up, "are we to become warriors now?"

Vynt hissed at him to be quiet, but the queen only smiled, "no, you are to be sent on a journey."

Zeinn looked up at her, a large smile on his face. Rite and Inara gasped in surprise, but Vynt merely growled to himself.

"Does this not please you young Vynt?" The queen's expression danced with amusement and all eyes turned to him.

Vynt squared his shoulders and looked up boldly at the queen, "it suits me fine, but where to my queen?"

The queen smiled, "ah, where to you ask? To a land far beyond these mountains. You must travel to the land of the ice and snow, and you must persuade the dragons there to become our allies."

Vynt stiffened, "but is that not the home of the ice dragons? They lose their temper very easily my queen."

The queen gave him a knowing look, "I know, but it seems they may be the only ones to help us."

Vynt glared at the floor then looked up once more, "why send us?"

The queen smiled, "because I had a dream." With that she dismissed them and turned around to face a pool of water.

5 - Starting the Journey

The four hatchlings walked out of the cave, chattering to themselves. Vynt just walked quietly, thinking to himself.

A bump to his shoulder brought him back to reality, "watcha thinking about?" Vynt forced a smile as Inara stared at him, worried.

"I was just thinking how odd it was, us out of all the dragons," he shook his head, "I don't want to worry you."

Inara furrowed her brow, "you are anyways," and sped up her pace to walk beside Rite.

"You're so lucky to be his sister," Rite spoke excitedly.

Inara just shrugged and changed the topic, "how is your training?"

"It's fine, my father says I have excellent control over my power, but need to focus," She blushed a little.

"This is so awesome!" Zeinn bounded over to them, his eyes basically swirling with fire. "This is going to be so fun!"

Vynt snorted, "not likely."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Zeinn glared over his shoulder at Vynt who only looked away. "I asked you a question, Vynt!"

The brown dragon looked up, "if you weren't so dull headed you would know."

"Hey! Take that back!" Zeinn dashed over to him.

"No," was all he said.

Zeinn tackled him to the ground, his weight crushing the breath out of Vynt.

Rite tried to step in but Vynt growled at her, "I take it back, I'm sorry I insulted you."

Zeinn gave an unsatisfied growl but got off. The walk out of the camp was silent, even Rite was quiet, knowing there was an unsettling mood about them.

6 - Valley of Death

The four furred dragons walked cautiously down the mountain. All were keeping their eyes and ears open for any sign of danger. Rite and Inara talked quietly to themselves and Vynt just remained quiet. Vynt noticed that Zeinn had taken control over their little group, not that he was best to be leader, but as long as it made him satisfied for now.

Vynt's head whipped to one side as a twig snapped. they were nearing the Valley of death and if they followed the queen's orders, they would have to go through it. The others didn't seem to hear the twig and continued walking. Vynt hissed at them and they froze. Zeinn just gave him a angry glare. a low breeze picked up and suddenly a roar shattered the silence.

vynt felt like his stomach had flipped as the earth shattering roar shook the ground. He could see a pair of glowing red eyes like an ever burning flame. They spoke a tale of cruelty, death, and despair.

"RUN!" He yelled to the others and they did not hesitate. As they turned tail and fled down the rest of the mountain, a beast revealed itself. It was as black as the night without the moon to shine it's light. All innocence had left it's soul in terror. Large fangs hung from it's upper jaw and they dripped a sickly green liquid that sizzled as it hit the ground. the demon ran after them, it's large horns spiraling upwards. A mane of hair ran down it's head and stopped at the shoulder blades. A thick tail ended it's horror, a spear as sharp as ice shards. Claws grinded into the ground with every step and it gained on them. Closer, and closer, and closer.

Suddenly the creature stopped as they ran even more. vynt looked behind him to see a flying wolf dive at the demon. It had taloned front claws that grasped a large sword that seemed to have a serpent of fire around it. the creature's brown fur, stuck out against the blue sky and fire burned at the end of it's tail. A light blinded Vynt for a second as the creature flew in front of the sun. As his eyes adjusted he also noticed a black gem in the middle of his forehead.

The demon backed up a few steps as the creature slashed out with the sword. A shrill cry ripped out from the demon's throat as the sword stabbed it's right shoulder. A violet liquid oozed out of the cut and the demon turned to retreat. The flying creature gave one more warning slash before letting the black mass flee.