Foreign desires of unforeseen transformations

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Summary

When Toothless transforms into a human, it brings about struggles of identity for both him and Hiccup. Amidst new challenges, our favorite duo must deal with secret foreign desires and amorous feelings stirring inside, as well as the discovery of each other in a new light.

This is a mature rated gay/bisexual fan fiction based of the franchise 'How to train your dragons' (HTTYD). It is based about 2 years after the 2nd movie and the dragons haven't left.

Warning: Contains violence, blood, depression, symptoms of panic attacks and PTSD, mention of suicide, and detailed sex content.

I do not own anything to do with the 'How to Train your Dragon' franchise, films, books or likewise.
The end is where it began

Chapter 1 - The end is where it began.

A blinding red light had taken over my senses as it came towards me ... the kill shot, too big and powerful to dodge. The sounds of the battle faded from my senses and I could no longer feel the down pour of heavy rain drops, or hear the thunder that cracked open the sky. I stood there ... my shield over my face looking away and thinking, 'This is it, this is the way Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the 3rd ends'.

As I waited for the blast to hit and for death to consume me ... it never came. It was too quite...

The others must have distracted the beast, or maybe it had simply missed! Toothless? I thought as my senses returned to me and I peeked from behind my shield. I quickly looked expecting to find my companion in arms - my best friend - ready to remount and return to battle with, only to find my dragon dying in front of my eyes before me. I threw the shield and sword and dropped to my knees besides him. Scared, my heart breaking as realization started to set in.

"Toothless, no! You're gonna be ok bud, just hold on." I told him, begging, crying as I held his head in my lap. I saw the bones in his sides showing where the kill shot had hit, burning off his scales and skin underneath. I saw the flow of blood pouring from his side mixing into puddles of water from the rain. What had I done!

"You're g-gonna be fine, you h-have to be! I c-can't imagine my life without y-you in it bud, you hear me? You h-have to h-hold on. I-I can't l-lose you t-too" I pleaded through the sobs, my voice broken and hoarse. I begged the gods to not let him die, it was my fault, take me instead. I buried my head into his and felt him nudge me with the last strength he had, his eyes seemed to say 'its ok Hiccup', before he went lifeless and stopped breathing, giving his life for mine.

I screamed so loud into the night that the entire archipelago could have heard me, even over the sounds of the pouring rain or the cracking thunder. Anger had consumed me and I no longer cared who died. I could no longer feel physical pain as I ran back to the battle through the woods. I only had one thought in my mind and that was revenge. The person responsible for taking my best friend from me would pay the ultimate price, a life for a life.

It happened so quickly that I barely remember how I got there, how I had been up on Hookfang with Snotlout, or even how I was now falling through the sky and landing on the beast from above. I was consumed, filled with anger and revenge. I took inferno and plunged it in to the back of the rider, through to his heart, with its flame lit. The rider died and I shoved him off the huge ferocious dragon. About to put the sword through its head my ears started ringing, everything went completely black as my ear rung and I slipped from consciousness.

---OOO---

The Ogthantarth had powered up his kill shot and aimed it at Hiccup. Even as the Alpha dragon that I was, the Ogthantarth was immune to my powers of control. I knew of this ancient Dragon, but I had thought their species a myth. I didn't know this dragon or its capabilities ... I failed Hiccup but I couldn't let him die.

As the ending blast consumed the sky and traveled in Hiccup's direction I felt nothing, nothing except the instinctual need to protect him - to save him. Without thinking I jumped in front of my rider - my best friend - and felt the blast tearing into my side a it hit, burning through my scales and
scorching the flesh beneath. The soft, sensitive skin burning away causing agonizing pain until my body went numb. It was quick, the pain didn't last long.

I could not move, barely able to see, and I felt weak ... too weak. I knew this was the end, and I resigned to giving myself to that inevitable end. I didn't fight it.

I could barely feel Hiccup touching my face but I knew he was there with me, he was always there for me. I struggled to hear his voice crying - sobbing, ",...I c-can't imagine my life without y-you in it bud, you hear me? You h-have to h-hold on. I-I can't l-lose you t-too".

I knew I was leaving, I wanted to tell Hiccup it was okay and that he shouldn't cry for me. He had been through so much already and I hoped he would be okay without me. My vision blurred and I wished I could see him one last time before I left, my best friend, just one last time. I wanted to lick Hiccup's face and tell him how much he meant to me, but I could only move my head slightly. Looking into what I hoped was Hiccup's eyes I tried to tell him it was all going to be okay, that I didn't regret saving his life.

My eyes rolled and everything went completely black, void, gone!
Chapter 2 - Changes

Hiccup was barely conscious ... he could feel himself being carried somewhere in haste. His eyes flickered but refused to stay open. His mind In and out of consciousness like the waves of the sea, but slower and longer; random bursts of hearing and sight, but to much each time. *Leave me!* He thought each time. *Let me rest!*

Waking up to the familiar view of his bedroom, he realized he was laying in his own bed. Gothi was tending to his scattered wounds. It took Hiccup a moment to come around completely, he shot straight upright ignoring his pain thinking only of Toothless.

"Mum! Toothless?" Hiccup questioned with a forbidden worry, his stomach churning the dread making him feel sick. He looked at Toothless's bed hoping that it had been a dream.

Valka pushed Hiccup back down. "No Hiccup, rest! You're lucky to be alive son!".

Hiccup's anger boiled, *'Lucky?'* he thought with disbelief, grief, and anger. *"Where is he?"* He shouted, demanding to know ... but he knew ... he was gone. Just like everyone he loved, he too was gone. It was just too damn hard, too damn painful to admit it, to accept it.

Valka looked worriedly at Gothi, her sons' anger was scaring her and had been for months. She looked back at Hiccup, he hand on his shoulder, and spoke reassuringly, "We will find him, he will be okay".

Hiccup screamed. "No he won't! You don't understand... he..." He turned away as tears fell from his eyes. "...He's gone mum, he didn't make it!" Hiccup whispered. Hiccup turned onto his side and covered his face, he lay there with tears filling his eyes wishing it was him instead of Toothless. His sobs rocked his body violently and Gothi and Valka looked at each other in shock, disbelief, and pity.

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The rain had stopped now and the woods behind the village were unusually quiet. Down where the trees parted slightly you could see a young man's body. It was in the exact same spot where Toothless's dead body once lay, surrounded by a burn circle scorched into the ground. The boy was naked, lying motionless on the ground face down.

He was about Hiccup's age, 22 years old, and lean with a slight show of muscular toning especially in his arms and legs. He was about 6 foot 5 in height. His hair was black with a faint grey - almost highlighted look, messy with a natural spiky appearance that fell or stuck up where it pleased.

The boy's arms moved slightly and his head looked up in confusion. *'What's going on'* he thought, as he tried to find Hiccup. He was having a hard time moving not used to his new body at all. He tried to get up but fell face down into the ground.

Toothless looked at his arms and for a moment ... he thought they were Hiccup's. Panic took over when he realized ... it was him that looked like a person.

His bright green human eyes widened as he tried to shoot a distress signal into the air, but he only managed to make a roaring noise. *'No no no no no, this is wrong, all wrong, I can't be a person, I need to get to Hiccup'*. 
Once again Toothless kept slipping down as he tried to get up, and in a frenzy of panic only managed to move a few feet forward grazing his chin, knees and hands. *This is worse than death* he thought in his state of panic, breathing deeply as he lay on the ground trying to calm himself down. He closed his eyes and focused on his breathing, realizing he was dizzy and faint. *This feels so wrong, I don't like it, I'm scared, I don't want to be a person, I want to be me. i want to me and I want to find Hiccup* he thought desperately.

As he lay there with his eyes closed ... Toothless's body was changing and morphing back into his dragon form but, he hadn't noticed or felt it yet as he was to focused on his breathing. After a while, he decided it was time to try and stand up again. He would do it slowly this time and get to Hiccup somehow, however, as he went to stand it was easier this time.

Toothless realised he was a dragon again, he was standing on his hind legs looking at his front ones that were his own. *Yes, yes, yes!* He thought as he instantly took off flying for Hiccup's house, hoping he was there and nothing had happened to him. As he flew over the village he could see the battle was over now, but a lot of it had been destroyed or damaged in the attack. Luckily the Great Hall and Hiccup's house were among the few that looked okay. Toothless flew in through the roof window to find Hiccup was asleep already.

He was relieved but wondered why Hiccup had left him in the woods and hadn't come back for him. When he got closer to Hiccup, he could smell the wounds on his body and the tears on his face and pillow. Toothless nuzzled Hiccup's hand sadly and made a whining sound, but Hiccup was in such a deep sleep he didn't wake up. Deciding to let him sleep, with a huge sigh, he walked over to his stone bed. Toothless heated up his bed with his fire and laid down.

He was glad he wasn't a person, but it was times like these when he wished Hiccup could understand his thoughts at least. He couldn't help but wonder if he had gone crazy and imagined being human, a lot had just happened and he was so sure he had died. Laying there, lost in thought and hoping it would all be okay when he woke up, he drifted off to sleep.
Broken

Chapter 3 - Broken

When Hiccup awoke the next morning he didn't want to open his eyes. The memory of what had happened, the pain he felt emotionally and physically, it was eating away at him as it all flooded back. He opened his eyes slightly wishing Toothless was asleep on his stone bed and that the battle had never happened.

It took a while for Hiccup to believe his own eyes ... "Toothless?"

Was he dreaming - or was his Dragon in his bedroom, asleep and more importantly alive? Hiccup went to jump off the bed to go to his dragon, forgetting his injuries, pain, and lack of a metal leg his mother had removed. He would have fallen onto the floor if it hadn't been for Toothless catching him.

Toothless helped him sit back on the bed where he proceeded to lick Hiccup's face. "Arghhh stop it bud you..." He started to say, leaning back on his bed to get away from the slobber, but he ended up laughing and smiled instead. Toothless was here alive and with him, that's all that mattered "...oh, come here you stupid reptile!". Hiccup leaned forward and hugged Toothless again with tears in his eyes, thanking the gods.

Toothless could sense Hiccup was injured and in pain so he gently laid his head on Hiccup's bed, his big green eyes looking up at Hiccup's. Making a soft whining noise, Toothless nudged Hiccup as if to ask 'how are you?'

Hiccup gave him a sad smile and laid back down on the bed. It was all coming back to him now ... knowing his dragon was concerned about him he lied. "Its okay bud, just a few scratches".

Toothless huffed hot air - his way of calling bullshit on that one - as he went to lay down on his stone and watch over Hiccup.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "Alright! So a few bruises too."

The truth was, Hiccup wasn't fine. Apart from the physical wounds, deep emotional grief from before the battle still plagued him ... and he had killed a man in revenge last night. It was all coming back to him like a blow to the head. Justifying murder in his mind last night had been easier in his emotionally numb state - believing Toothless to have been killed.

Until now his conscious had been shut down. Now however, he couldn't forgive his own actions and the truth was eating him alive, he hated the man he had become.

---OOO---

About three days had past since that morning, Hiccup's bruises had turned a black-purple color and he was stiff and ached in most places. Movement hurt but Hiccup welcomed it, believing it to be his punishment for committing callous murder. He had become self-destructive agian and was on a downward spiral. The biggest pain he felt was the one within and he had let it consume him, turning him cold and soulless.

Hiccup was sitting on the floor, leaning against the bed with only his pants on. He reached for the drink and downed the last of it, throwing the metal cup across the room listening to the metal clanging ringing out as it collided with the wall. He tried to stand up to go get more but due to his
intoxication he fell back to the floor. Hiccup just laughed at himself like it was funny, but it sounded like he had given up and was fighting back tears.

Without warning Hiccup suddenly threw up onto the floor beside him. He moved away from his stomach contents and hung his head down, placing his hand clumsily onto his forehead and over his eyes he chuckled sadly.

He wanted to feel numb, to not feel anything at all, to avoid dealing with his emotions. He knew what effects alcohol had on people - that it removes a man's pain - that was why he had decided to get bladdered in the first place, hoping it would numb his own pain and take away his thoughts. The drink had done just that and had made him sleep a lot. That was a bonus, the vomiting was just a small price to pay.

His mum Valka, she had stepped up for him doing what she could on the chief side of things, not that he cared much. She was helping assist the village get back to normality, assuring them Hiccup would be back once he was better and that it was just temporary. The repairs were coming along quickly, and the village was getting back to normal. Valka was confused when she saw Toothless alive at first but assumed her son was mistaken in his beliefs that he had died.

Everyone had been pushed away each time they had tried to help Hiccup or just talk to him. He was inconsolable and he wanted to see no one, not even his own son. Valka hadn't been to see Hiccup at all yesterday as she thought a little space might help. Today she decided it was time to try and snap her son out of whatever downward spiral he was on.

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Valka arrived at Hiccup's house, a basket in one arm and a three-month-old baby boy in her other. She placed the basket down on the table and proceeded upstairs.

"Trid? Shall we go see your stubborn father?" She said playfully to the baby who smiled and reached for his Nana's hair.

Valka knew Hiccup loved his son and was hoping that the small boy would make him see sense. She had been caring for him since the day of the attack, but whenever Trid had been mentioned Hiccup had told her that the baby was better off far away from him.

Once Valka had reached Hiccup's room and the smell of mead and sick hit her, she knew Hiccup was getting worse. Hiccup was not happy at his mother's presence and even more angered by the fact she had brought Trid with her.

"What the fuck mum? Get out of here, leave!" He slurred-shouted in demand, flinging his arms in anger. Valka was determined to stand her ground today.

"No! Hiccup Horrendous Haddock, I will not! Enough is enough, you need to pull yourself together. Your son needs a father."

Hiccup was furious that she was using his son to manipulate him. "I see what you're doing mum. It won't work, he is better off without me!" He screamed, detaching and throwing his metal leg at the wall in Valka's direction. Trid started crying and Valka was shocked.

Toothless had been outside on the roof, he came down in through the window just as the leg had hit the wall. He made a low growling noise at Hiccup before climbing down and standing in front of Valka. She had tears in her eyes as she rocked the baby.

"I know your hurting Hiccup, no one blames you for your actions but ..." Valka started but she was
interrupted by Hiccup.

"I blame me!" He spat almost growling, "You don't get it, none of you do. I don't want to see anyone... and I especially don't want to see you, or him." He shouted, drunkenly pointing to his mum and his crying child.

Toothless growled at Hiccup before gently nudging Valka out of the room. Toothless was quite persistent that she leave and so she did, tears pooling in her eyes as she turned and descended the stairs.

Toothless had enough, Trid's crying had spurred him to take action and he was angry at Hiccup. He wanted Valka and Trid to leave so he could give Hiccup a piece of his mind and perhaps... knock some bloody sense into him once and for all.
Chapter 4 - Toothless's turn.

Toothless had enough of his rider's behavior. Hiccup had been drinking for the last two days and had only gotten worse since the battle, refusing to eat, only drinking stuff that made him sick, and he smelt funny. Toothless was being ignored, and he wasn't happy that Hiccup was acting so unlike himself that worried him.

Toothless had pretty much spent the last three days sitting on the roof or laying in the room with Hiccup as he deteriorated. He had been so horrible to his mother and to Trid. Toothless cared about Trid immensely, he was extremely protective of him as if he was his own. Seeing Hiccup pushing him away today, making him cry like that ... it pissed him off!

Toothless stood in front of Hiccup growling - showing his obvious anger. Hiccup didn't bother to look at him "Piss off Toothless" he mumbled.

Toothless growled louder and blew a small weak plasma blast at the bed right next to Hiccup's head. Hiccup was shocked at first but didn't really care, "I thought I told you to piss off!" Hiccup's voice grew louder. Just about managing to stand up on one leg by using the bed for support - to climb into bed - Toothless whacked him with his tail causing him to fall back down. "What's your fucking problem dragon, piss off!" he shouted.

Toothless was furious but determined to make Hiccup stop being a jerk, he fired another weak plasma blast ... this time hitting Hiccup in the chest. It hit Hiccup like a punch - or a violent shove, hot and hard enough to hurt but it didn't burn. Hiccup shouted, "Arghh! What the actual fuck? You know what ... kill me for all I care. Go on, do it! What? Can't do it ... can't kill me? You're just a coward, you're just a stupid reptile. No ... a stupid chicken!" Hiccup stopped shouting but continued loudly. "I hate you, I never liked you ... I just felt sorry for you. I only took you in because, because I wasn't strong enough to kill you. I pitied you, and you made me something I wasn't, I used you. I used you for my own gain ... so people would like me ... and you were so stupid" Toothless knew Hiccup was only being mean because he lost his dad, his wife, and he was drinking that horrible stuff, but he was so angry and the words still hurt.

Toothless fired another weak plasma shot at his feet, at the left side of his head, and another directly at him. He growled loudly a foot away from his face before whacking him hard with his tail, causing a bright red mark to appear on Hiccup's cheek.

Hiccup sat there with his hands on his face and Toothless stood there not moving, both breathing heavy and suddenly realizing that they both regretted what they had done. Toothless moved away and turned his back to Hiccup wishing he could tell him how sorry he was hurting him, wishing he could communicate with him.

The slap made Hiccup recoil, his words had hurt Toothless so much that he had actually hurt him, and his actions had driven his best friend to attack him. Hiccup was about to touch Toothless's back when his dragon started changing into ... a human.

Toothless hadn't noticed yet but Hiccup certainly had. He managed to pull himself back up onto his bed, but he freaked out so much so that he had fallen straight off the other side of it and onto the floor. With his hands over his face he sat thinking he was seeing things because he was intoxicated, and that Toothless hadn't just turned into a human. *It wasn't possible!*
Toothless heard the bang and turned to see what had happened, he noticed his body felt different. Turning slowly back to his previous position he looked at his body ... his naked and very human body. His eyes widened and he started breathing faster in panic.

Hiccup could hear the deep heavy breathing and tried to cover his ears - telling himself he was hearing things, he must be! Toothless was sitting on the floor with his feet and legs bent back under his bottom, and both hands flat on the floor in front of him. He managed to shift his weight, moving off his now aching legs and feet so he was sitting with his hands in his lap. 'That's good, at least I didn't fall down again' he thought. He didn't like being a person at all but then he thought of Hiccup.

"Herip ... heeup ... grrrrrr." Toothless realized he didn't actually know how to form words yet, just that he knew the words he wanted to say.

Hiccup had been listening, and climbed onto the bed staring at the man that was sitting on his floor naked. "T-Toothless?" He questioned.

Toothless nodded and tried again "Herrupp", he struggled getting annoyed.

Hiccup swallowed hard and asked "Are ... are you ... t-trying, to say my name?"

Toothless nodded again and smiled. Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle, it wasn't as adorably cute as when Toothless did it, instead it was creepy and over expressed. "It's ... Hiccup ... Hicc-cup." Hiccup said wondering why he was even entertaining his hallucinations, still believing this was a trick from the excessive consumption of mead.

Toothless watched Hiccup's mouth move and tried to imitate it, "Heeup ... Heecup ... Hiccup." Suddenly excited he had said his name right, he started bouncing like a child and almost fell over.

Hiccup got closer to Toothless by hesitantly, drunkenly, crawling across the floor to sat next to the man. He thought he must be insane to be sitting next to a naked man who thinks he is Toothless. 'But I saw him turn, that is Toothless you idiot, you're intoxicated, you're drunk, and ... you are seeing things!' He thought to himself.

Hiccup reached out a hand and poked the man's arm with a finger. It was real, there was naked man in his bedroom, he gulped. "Oh Thor help me!" Hiccup said.

Toothless's head went sideways as he tried to form more words and imitate hiccup. "elp ee."

Hiccup was stunned. "Help ... me." He repeated hesitantly.

Toothless tried again. "Help ... ee ... help mme." He said, then he butted into Hiccup's arm.

Hiccup moved quickly - but stupidly - away from Toothless, 'This is so fucking weird' he thought.

Toothless understood Hiccup was in shock but he needed to tell him that it was okay, that he just wanted his friend back now and not drinking that stuff. He wanted Hiccup to be with him and Trid again. "Tid." He said.

Hiccup couldn't understand him "Tid? What are trying to say?" He asked.

Toothless looked into his eyes trying to get closer, "Tid ... hon ... sss-sssun ... Tid."

Hiccup suddenly realized what Toothless was trying to say. "Oh, Trid! My son." He looking glum and guilty, sadly looking at his hands.
Toothless nodded fast, he was clumsy with his movements but managed to reach the metal cup that had mead in it before. He picked it up - almost falling onto his face in the process - and Hiccup clumsily helped him sit back up so he didn't fall. Hiccup looked at him frowning, finally starting to take in the fact that his dragon was a human, and that this man ... this boy in front of him ... *was* Toothless. "Toothless?"

Toothless nodded and showed him the cup "O! Grrrr!" He growled at the cup strongly showing his anger at it - his disapproval.

Hiccup got the message, Toothless wanted Hiccup to get Trid and to stop drinking. "I'm sorry bud, I have been a jerk, haven't I?"

Toothless nodded. "Ess!" He pouted at his lack of communication skills even as a human, it was ... frustrating?

Hiccup repeated "Yes. I know, you're right!" Suddenly dawning on him once again, he was sitting next to a naked man ... a naked, human, Toothless! Turning his face away from him he stuttered, "You're ... er-erm ... naked!"

Hiccup managed to crawl along the floor to retrieve his metal leg that he had thrown in his mother's direction earlier. He was feeling guilty about it now that he wasn't wallowing in self-pity. He just about managed to get his leg back on and stand up. He picked up the second blanket at the end of his bed and managed to throw it in the same general direction as Toothless. Toothless looked at it in confusion. "Cover yourself up bud, if you really are Toothless...or not...I err...well just put it over you!".

Toothless did as he was told and managed to crawl over to his stone bed. He fell a few times on his hands and knees, but he was getting better at moving at least. Hiccup watched Toothless, thinking he looked just as drunk as he was. Toothless laid down on his stone bed and started shivering. "Toothless you must be cold!" Hiccup half asked and half pointed out.

Toothless nodded. "Ess, old."

Hiccup retrieved the biggest tunic he could find in his wooden draws - which still looked too small for Toothless, a second blanket from his storage trunk, and his dad's cloak. They looked quite awkward - the pair of them - trying to get the tunic onto Toothless, it was a little tight and a bit short but it was warmer than nothing. Hiccup rolled the cloak up as a pillow for Toothless's head. "I'm sorry, I don't have anything else. I'll get some things for you when I'm not ... well when I'm better. That's if you're still human." Hiccup sat on the floor in front of Toothless's stone bed, still wondering if this was all real. Surreal , yes! Crazy, defiantly! He still however, expected to wake up at any moment sprawled out on the floor drunk and laying in vomit.

Toothless's hand touched Hiccup's shoulder, he made whining type of noise "Hiccup? Em aired."

Hiccup thought for a moment and then asked, "You're scared bud?"

Toothless nodded in response. "Ess."

Hiccup thought for a moment before responding. "I'm not surprised. If you're still ... a human later when I'm ... better, then we will figure it out. I'm sorry for being a jerk bud. I didn't mean what I said before, I never used you. You have always been my best friend. The fact is, I couldn't have done it all without you but I'm happy I had you by my side through everything. Me and Trid are lucky you are in our lives. Whatever happens now ... you will always be my friend, even if you are ... human okay? Do you understand me bud?"
Toothless moved closer, his side against Hiccup's back. Hiccup was warm and he was used to laying beside his rider. "Ess, oh-key Hiccup."

Hiccup could feel Toothless behind him - against him- but he tried not to pull away, in fact he didn't have the energy or the strength to anyways. His friend was a dragon that often nuzzled him or lay next to him and right now he was scared, at least he wasn't trying to lick him or pouch into his lap. Then he thought. "Bud, have you always been able to understand me this well?"

"Ess Hiccup!" Toothless almost whispered.

Hiccup felt embarrassed knowing Toothless was in fact much more intelligent then he thought. Toothless had seen him in indecent situations, heard him during conversations he hadn't expected Toothless to understand - or ever be able to repeat being a dragon, and often shared with him his feelings - good and bad. A dragon was a safe confident being that they could never repeat what you confided in them, never respond and make you feel uncomfortable, just good listeners. Knowing Toothless wasn't the mute confident he thought he always would be ... it was unnerving, embarrassing, and awkward.

Hiccup realized he was feeling humanity rushing back to him as his mind tried to sober. The fact he was worrying about this at all meant he was feeling again.

Toothless had shocked the sense right back into his system - quite literally - and made him realize he couldn't keep on this descend to self-destruction. He had family, friends, a village, and most importantly ... a son. Trid needed a father.

Like always, Toothless had saved him. Saved him and prevented his son from losing his father too.
Chapter 5 - Back to myself.

Hiccup was fast asleep, but Toothless lay awake making sounds and noises trying to figure out the 'speech thing'. He had been doing it for a while, and had so far figured out how to make different sounds with his mouth, tongue, and the manipulation of air flow. He was quite proud of himself - having now learnt how to say many new words. He wanted to show Hiccup, but he didn't want to wake him up. All Hiccup did was sleep lately ... but this was different now, he was going to get better and be himself again.

Toothless was just trying to say his own name when Hiccup awoke. His rider sat up rubbing his eyes while groaning at his headache. He was just about to attempt stretching, when he suddenly scrambled off the bed in a frenzy; he all but fell to the bucket on his knees - at the back of the room, puking violently into it. It was lucky that he'd fallen to sleep with his prosthetic leg on because there had been almost no warning to his body's protest against the alcohol.

"Hiccup?" Toothless called in concern, he was worried about him.

Hiccup hadn't really processed - or perhaps even remembered - that Toothless was still a human, being far more concerned over his rebelling stomach.

"Stay there bud! I'll be fine!" He said instinctively between bouts of vomit. When Hiccup finally felt safe enough to abandon the bucket, he wiped his face with his sleeve before looking over at Toothless - human Toothless. Slowly he side stepped past him towards the stairs. "F-Firstly I ... I need a drink. No not mead, w-water." He added quickly after seeing Toothless's unamused face, "S-Secondly... Oh my Thor! You are human. I-I'll be r-right back!" Hiccup stuttered then rushed downstairs in shock.

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He rinsed his mouth out with water first, before splashing some onto his face. Finally, he re-hydrated his system and gathered his courage to return back upstairs, wondering if Toothless would still be there. He knew what he’d seen, and he remembered last night, but it was impossible, phantasmal even. It was quite plausible that he’d lost his mind and was simple deluded, seeing things. Death, grief, murder, intoxication, and dehydration could cause hallucinations ... right?

He was sober now though, and quite positive he wasn't dreaming. Pinching his arm for good measure, he slowly climbed the stairs.

Standing there he stared at Toothless for a moment. Breathing calmly, he slowly went and sat on his own bed still staring at the green-eyed naked figure on the stone slab. Once he got over the initial shock and let everything sink in properly, he started to realize for the first time that Toothless was pretty good looking as a human, taller than him it appeared, with wild black hair and a lean figure. Handsome!

"This ... changes everything!" He muttered to himself, stumped for words. What was he supposed to say?

"Hiccup, I'm eel, ples dot freek oh ... ou ... out." Toothless tried to say, his bright lime-green eyes scrunching in concentration. Hiccup took a deep breath and shuddered as he made sense of the words.
"I'm not freaking out. Okay so maybe a little. Okay a lot! But you're a human Toothless. Wait, did you say eels?" Hiccup questioned in confusion, but Toothless shook his head.

"No, ell ... rell ... real! I'm real!" He finally said, taking a deep breath. Hiccup wanted to laughed, but his brain was still catching up.

"I-I can see that! I'm not sure how to deal with this if I'm honest, it's not every day your dragon turns into a human." Hiccup admitted. Toothless sighed sadly, starting to wish he was a dragon again; he was really starting to feel scared, and he was worried that Hiccup wouldn't accept him this way.

"You ate me?" Toothless mumbled. His eyes glancing down at his hands. *Hands!*

Hiccup had to think for a moment. Toothless was still unable to speak properly, and he had to try and figure out what he was saying - on top of absorbing everything that really was rather inconceivable.

"Ate you? Oh, hate you? and No! What gave you that impression? I just don't know what to say ... o-or do right now. You're human! Why wouldn't you be human. Oh Thor! I have a village to explain to, a mother to apologize to, as well as my friends and my son. I need to get my son." More guilt pained Hiccup when he remembered pushing away Trid. "What do I tell people Toothless? I'm not exactly Viking of the year. I ... I killed someone and I almost killed that dragon in cold blood. All because I thought I had lost you too. Now you're a human everything is a hundred times more complicated, and I ... I have no idea what to do." Hiccup put his face into his hands thinking about what he had done, about everything that had transpired, and his eyes glazed with tears.

"Orry Hiccup." Toothless muttered. He really wished he could just go back to being Hiccup's dragon again. He didn't want to make it complicated for Hiccup, he had just wanted to help him get better. Now he felt like he was making things worse by being a human, and he thought that Hiccup was angry at him.

Hiccup looked up. He was about to tell Toothless he had nothing to be sorry for when instead of seeing a human there was a Night-Fury instead.

"Toothless?" He Inhaled deeply in shock.

Toothless made a strange noise, looked at himself, then stood up and span round realizing he was a dragon again. He stuck his tongue out panting happily with his teeth retracted, wiggling his body and tail in excitement, he had a big smile on his face looking for approval.

Hiccup wasn't sure how he felt about Toothless exactly, one minute he was a naked human, the next he was ... well, Toothless again. Hiccup couldn't help but smile and chuckle, especially as Toothless ran over to Hiccup and licked him. Toothless quickly regretted it. He pulled a disgusted face as he wiped his tongue with the back of his paw - it tasted like vomit and alcohol, and it smelt bad ... not a great combination. Hiccup saw his reaction and rolled his eyes.

"I guess I should take a bath huh?" Hiccup went to get off the bed, but Toothless had better ideas. He picked Hiccup up and flew him out of the house through the roof latch. Hiccup had yelped - shocked at the sudden movement; he was being carried upside down by his good leg.

"If you wanted to go flying bud you could have just asked ... Wait we’re flying! How are we flying?" Hiccup shouted up to his dragon, confused to Toothless’s ability to fly without him.

Toothless flipped Hiccup into the air and caught him on his back, seeing as he wasn't donning his
saddle Hiccup groaned on the landed. Confused and curious that Toothless was flying without the help of a rider, he looked back to see a perfect and full tail - no prosthetic.

"Whoa. You have your tail again. How do you have your tail again? That's amazing bud!" He exclaimed. Once the shock of Toothless's healed tail wore off he asked. "Where are we going? I'm not exactly dressed for the occasion." He Indicating to his body, his only clothes being the trousers he had on. He soon started to shiver in the cold, and laid closer to Toothless's body for warmth.

---OOO---

It didn't take long for him to find out where they were going. They were flying over a lake by a waterfall when Toothless spun upside down and dropped Hiccup into the cold water below. Toothless landed on the grass by the edge, laughing at Hiccup as he came up for air. Toothless was very pleased with himself.

The force of the water on Hiccup's bruised body stung, but he swam back up, spitting water from his mouth, and moved closer to the edge of the lake.

"Okay, fine you win. Useless reptile! You know I could have just filled the tub with warm water at home!" He splashed Toothless who didn't seem to care. "It's cold in here you know."

Toothless used his fire to make the ground all warm, he laid down giving Hiccup an, 'it's nice and warm up here' look.

"Oh, I see how it is, are you punishing me, is that it? Is the big baby boo mad at me?" Hiccup moved over to the edge and climbed out shivering. "Hey, do you think we could get back now, before I freeze to death." Toothless just ignored him. "Oh, come on bud, I said I'm sorry. I haven't even got a tunic on you know." He pleaded, his shivering increasing. "You wouldn't make an injured Viking suffer now, would you?" He pouted. As Hiccup moved closer to climb on Toothless, he suddenly took off into the sky and disappeared out of sight.

Hiccup gawped - still shivering drastically from the cold- he rubbed his arms and wondered why Toothless would desert him like this. In utter shock he decided to start making his own way home. It soon dawned on him he wouldn't get far, he had nothing but his trousers on. Not even shoes on his feet. Wondering how he was going to make it back if Toothless didn't return - without succumbing to the cold that is - he suddenly heard the whistle of Toothless flying overhead.

"Toothless!" He shouted desperately.

Toothless heard him and flew down. He had Hiccup's cloak on his back, and his tunic in his mouth. Hiccup wasted no time putting them on before mounting up for the ride back.

"You know it would have been quicker to just fly me home right bud?" He asked, his teeth chattering as he shivered. He laid down close to Toothless's warm body, tightly clinging onto him as tight as he could - absorbing his dragon's warmth. He was beginning to think Toothless knew that, but had wanted to get back at him for his behavior these past few days.

---OOO---

Back at home they sat downstairs. The sun had started to set and Toothless had lit the fire. He had watched Hiccup clean and change clothes, and he was now warming up by the fire.

"Well, have you punished me enough today. I'm clean, you have given me a cold shower ... literally I might add! And I haven't been drinking. I'll go talk to mum in the morning and see Trid. I miss my son. I feel really guilty for what I said earlier to them, and to you bud! I really am sorry;
can you forgive me?"

Toothless licked Hiccup's face and laid down next to him, his tail wrapped over his rider’s legs. Hiccup leaned against Toothless in the warm glow of the fire thinking.

"Toothless, are you a dragon again … permanently this time? Or can you change into a human whenever you like?" Hiccup asked. Toothless looked up at Hiccup's eyes, then looked down sadly. "What's wrong?" He frowned, but Toothless just looked away.

"Toothless? It's okay you know. You're my best friend no matter what form you're in. I just ... well talking to you might be nice you know, as Viking to Viking. We would have to work on your speech, get you some clothes, and other stuff ... but if you can't change back then that's fine too. You're still my best friend no matter what. I know I said you being human complicated things, and yes ... it does. But that doesn't mean I don't want you, or that I'd hate you. Will be a big adjustment that's for sure."

When Toothless showed no signs of cheering up he added. "You know ... you were damn good looking as a human! You might steal all the lady's attention from me bud ... not that you don't already being a damn good looking, one of a kind, and extremely cute dragon huh?" Hiccup chuckled and nudged his friend. Toothless smiled at Hiccup and licked him before giving him a big cheesy Toothless grin. He looked very proud of himself as he soaked up the praise.

"I would miss flying with you if you were human, that's for sure. I wonder how you turned human in the first place. Could you always do it bud?" Hiccup asked, but Toothless shook his head.

"Okay not that then. Did you eat something or..." Toothless again shook his head, stopping Hiccup’s line of though. He suddenly got up and played dead.

"Wait, you didn't die did you because that..." Hiccup frowned, but Toothless stood back up and nodded. Hiccup was shocked, it was a while before he spoke again.

"You know I'm thankful you saved me bud ... but please don't do that again. I'm not exactly worth it, and you scared the shit out of me. If I had lost you- Ow!" Toothless had hit him with his tail, cutting off his words. Toothless wouldn't hear it, and he certainly wouldn't let Hiccup die.

"Okay!" Hiccup exclaimed, rubbing his head. "'So, you died and came back a human?' He guessed, and Toothless nodded again. "And then what? You ... just happened to change back into a dragon? With your tail miraculously healed?" He guessed, thinking how ludicrous it sounded, and never expected the eager nods Toothless was now giving him.

"You serious? Whoa! Well, that means that you ... you should be able to turn whenever you want to." Hiccup summarized. Toothless shook his head and grumbled, he looked almost sad.

"You like being a dragon huh? I guess I could see that, you're not used to being anything else." Hiccup scratched Toothless's chin and they laid back down together like before. "Well, I'll make you something to wear, get some more blankets made and stuff. You know ... just in case you change your mind. Just let me deal with the village and mum, then you have my full attention okay bud?"

Toothless nuzzled Hiccup's hand in agreement. It wasn't long before Hiccup fell to sleep in the warmth of the fire, comforted in the familiarly of his dragon’s breathing.

Toothless thought about everything Hiccup had said. "Maybe I could practice changing forms. I could get more accustomed to a human body ... it could be fun. I could practice when he’s busy
and surprise him. I like surprising Hiccup and making him happy.' It was his last thoughts before his eyes grew heavy and he drifted off to sleep for the night.
Chapter 6 - Making amends

Hiccup woke up really early the next morning - having slept so much over the last few days, as a result he now felt wide awake. He was still feeling some discomfort and pain from the bruises and healing wounds, but his body was recovering well.

He went upstairs and realized that his room did indeed reek of vomit, mead, and the embarrassing scent of an unwashed male. With a face of disgust, he did his best to clean the room and void it of anything unholy. He picked up the tunic - the one he'd given to Toothless, realizing that when he'd changed from human to dragon it must have ripped. Hiccup made a mental note that Toothless will need to strip-off before changing back into a dragon in future - if he decides to, or if it is even possible for him to change forms again.

After quick thought, Hiccup decided his bedding should just be burnt. Pulling the bedding off the bed, he could see the burnt marks from Toothless's warning shots more clearly on the fabric and wood of the bed. He ran his hand over them shuddering, his face reflecting his regret, sadness, and guilt. He still felt awful and sick to his stomach for murdering Coaldron the dragon rider who attacked that night. Even if Coaldron would have killed them all it was still another thing entirely to have blood on your hands. He let his revengeful heart consume him and went against his own beliefs for honorable justice. If he had succeeded in killing that dragon with inferno as well ... it might have been too much for his conscious to handle.

Hiccup hadn't wanted to hear anything about that night, so he didn't know how the battle ended or how they had won. In fact, he still didn't want to know. He thought about the way he had behaved, drinking, pushing everyone away, and being cruel in doing so. Tears appeared in his eyes when he remembered pushing his mother and son away, he knew Astrid would have killed him if she was here. He was already in a cold place having lost her only three months ago. He assumed that was another reason his body was weak and so easily consumed by revenge, but it was no excuse. Hiccup knew he had to find a way to live with his pain, to try and move on from it the best he could, and forgive himself so that it couldn't turn on his self-destructive mode again.

Once Hiccup had finished upstairs, he got dressed and went back down. Toothless was still asleep when he got to the living room, but when he started cleaning the noise woke him up.

"Hey bud, just throwing this out." Hiccup said, carrying a small barrel outside. He walked a small distance away from the village and put the barrel down to rest. He sighed as he wiped his brow of sweat, his body aching. Toothless had followed him and looked up at Hiccup when he stopped. "So, here's the plan..." He started to explain, but Toothless had other ideas. He blew up the barrel making Hiccup jump as the wood - and mead contents, exploded from a well-aimed plasma blast. Luckily not much hit Toothless or Hiccup. "...I like yours better, but I think we just woke up the village." They rushed back to the house and ran inside. Hiccup slammed the door behind him and Toothless before laughing. "What am I going to do with you huh?" Toothless looked pleased with himself.

---OOO---

It still wasn't sunrise when Hiccup had finished getting the house back to its normal state. He knew
Trid couldn't possibly come home to the state it was in, his mother never would have allowed it. Hiccup decided to get breakfast and was immensely grateful his mum had left food for him - he hadn't bothered to get any himself. He was just wondering what Toothless was going to eat when a guilty thought entered his mind. *I wonder what Toothless has been eating during my shameful behavior?* Hiccup had no doubt that his mother and the village looked out for his Night-Fury, but Toothless was his responsibility - a responsibility he had neglected. Thinking of Toothless made him realize something else ... He wasn't home right now.

A short while later, Toothless's disappearance was no longer a mystery when he returned with a mouthful of fish for himself.

"Oh, that's right! You have your tail again. Toothless I am so sorry I left you like I did. I won't push you away again bud, I promise! I'll have a nice stack of fish for your breakfast tomorrow, and again for dinner ... how does that sound?" Toothless was happy about that and smiled, nodding in excitement. They had feeding stations by the Dragon barn, but it was a free for all feeding time. Hiccup knew how Toothless usually missed out on his favorite fish because of that, and he hated the chaotic nature of it. Being alpha had its perks, but Toothless preferred to stay by Hiccup's side especially since Astrid's passing.

---OOO---

Once the sun had risen and he was sure it wasn't too early, he and Toothless went to his mother’s house on the west of the island. It was closer to the mountains and on the edge of a dense forest, isolated and a fair distance from the village. His mum liked the quiet and the solitude from people, but and she had Cloudjumper who was currently laying outside watching the other dragons roam around or sleeping on the grass. The other Vikings called her ‘the dragon lady’, as many different species of dragons enjoyed playing or staying there, and his mum enjoyed it that way. She was good with them all. A few wild dragons had remained loyal to her after she had treated their injuries.

Hiccup took a deep breath and walked up to the door knocking on it, whilst Toothless went to play with Cloudjumper and the others. His mother opened the door and noticed that her son's face was nothing but guilt and shame. "I'm so sorry mum, can you forgive me?" He asked, looking down at his hands before facing her. Valka hugged her son immediately, and soon they were inside on her wooden bench-like couch.

Hiccup explained how he felt and had been feeling, that after she left Toothless had basically attacked him into seeing sense. He didn't tell her anything about Toothless turning human, but he did tell her that Toothless thought he needed a very cold bath to which she had laughed. Valka didn't have any answers for the sudden healing of Toothless’s tail, but she had noticed that herself a few days ago which had gained her utmost interest and curiosity.

Valka updated him on the village, but when it came to explaining what happened during the battle ... he wasn't ready to hear it yet and so they changed the subject. The only thing she had managed to tell him was that the village itself was doing well, most of the houses were back up, and the people wanted to know why they hadn't seen their chief at all. Hiccup apologized many times for his actions during the course of the conversation, and Valka was just happy knowing her son was doing much better now.

Hiccup eventually wanted to hold his son - where during the conversation had been asleep, so Valka went to get him from his crib. Hiccup took Trid and sat back down with him, tears threatening to fall from his eyes. Toothless walked in at that moment and put his head on Hiccup’s lap.
"Hey Trid, I'm sorry son. I'm so sorry. I hope you can forgive your foolish father." Hiccup’s voice was quiet and laced with sadness and guilt. Trid woke up and smiled at his father with healthy wide azure-blue eyes, Toothless licked the baby's foot and he started giggling and squealing in pleasure. Toothless proceeded to nuzzle Trid playfully, who turned and grabbed his ear in his tiny fist.

Valka laughed, "He's an amazing dragon. I think he has self-proclaimed himself as Trid's protector." She said, in awe of the sight before her. Her son, grandson, and Toothless. They were like a perfect little family; Astrid would approve no doubt.

"No Trid! Toothless needs his ears..." He said with a gentle firmness, gently prying the baby's fingers open and releasing Toothless's ear. He felt his heart warming at the way Toothless was with his son. Hiccup blew air at his son's face - just the way he liked it, and Trid squeal making Hiccup chuckle. Toothless shook his head and continued to watch Trid happily. "But your right mum, he is amazing." He said rubbing Toothless's chin. He felt very proud of his best dragon-friend and thankful that he was always there for him ... for both of them.

Hiccup and his mum continued catching up, enjoying the time they were having with each other. Hiccup couldn't believe he had ever pushed them away; he couldn't have coped without his mother these last two years and he loved his son beyond words. He had been thinking about his chief duties, Toothless, and his friends, and had decided on a plan.

"Mum, I’ve been thinking. Could you have Trid tonight, I-I know he has been here for a while and that he misses me but ... I need to spend some time with Toothless and by myself. I just need another day to sort my head out really, and I will get him tomorrow before sunset. I promise!"

His mum instantly agreed, there was no hesitation at all. Valka loved her grandson - loved spending time with him, and she knew Hiccup needed to grieve. Trid would feed on Hiccup's emotions and therefore it was best if the baby stayed with her until her son was ready.

"I hope it isn't too much to ask ..." Hiccup started, hesitantly. "...But I was hoping not to return to my chief duties for a few days. So, I could spend time with Trid and get myself together. I was hoping you might..."

Valka knew exactly what her son was asking - for her to be acting chief a little longer, she agreed knowing it would do her son and grandson a lot of good to spend time together. She told him not to worry about it, that he still needed time to heal emotionally and physically, and that she was there for them both. After hugs and goodbyes - and tears from Trid, Hiccup and Toothless left.

---OOO---

Hiccup got many different looks from the villagers as he collected supplies from the store houses. He told them he was fine, that he would be back in a few days resuming his duties as chief, and that they were to follow his mum's orders as if it were him giving them. He met a few of his closer friends that seemed to want to interrogate him. He spent more time then he would have liked listening to their advice and answering some of their questions, but he just about managed to get away ensuring them he was fine and would talk to them later.

Once back at home - finally, Hiccup got to work. He made new bedding for himself, and spare bedding with an extra pillow using wool and linen. He then started making clothes for Toothless just in case he turns human again.

He started with the tunic, remembering how much smaller his own tunic was on him. 'He must be at least 4 inches taller than me’ He thought. Then he worked on the pants using black leather
material, this was tricky as he never saw Toothless standing as a human so he made them to his best guess. Hiccup then decided to make the leather vest in the same black leather as the pants.

He remembered Toothless had such wild black hair with silvery grey strikes to it. Black, or really dark brown-black would suit him as clothes. His mind wandered to the shape of Toothless's face and physique. He had such bright green eyes, with a faint blue ring around the green iris. His skin was so clear and tight around his tall, lean, and slightly muscular frame. Hiccup moved in his chair suddenly feeling uncomfortable, but he felt hypnotized with a sense of unexplained longing as well. Lost in his thoughts he couldn't stop thinking of Toothless in his human form ... somehow, he knew he wanted to see him again now that he wasn't drunk, so he could see him again properly ... all of him.

“OW!” Hiccup screamed after poking himself with the needle. He suddenly realized he had been thinking about things that were abnormal and terribly erroneous. He looked horrified at his own perverted thoughts, shocked even. Yes, Toothless was bloody good looking ... but it was a fact, that was all - nothing more than an observation.

---OOO---

Hiccup had been so focused on his work he hadn't noticed Toothless leaving the house earlier. Toothless had flown over to the Cove and had been concentrating on turning into a human for ages. He couldn't seem to change at all - nothing had happened.

The first time he'd changed wasn't much help - he had simply woken up that way. The second time was when he was angry at Hiccup and wanted to make him better. He tired being really angry and turning that way, but that hadn't worked either. In fact, all that had done was cause him to blast the rock a few times in very real anger and frustration. He was feeling like a complete failure, loathing his inability to change and he wondered if he still physically could. He became saddened by the thought of not being about to talk to Hiccup like a human again, he really wished he could just change forms.

He started to get ready to fly back to the house, but when he jumped to take off, instead of flying he had landed face down in the dirt. He would be bruised from the impact, and he had re-grazed his hands. He made a loud noise similar to one a human would make in pain. 'What the fuck'. He thought looking at the hands in front of him. Hands? Realizing he was human once again he smiled.

He couldn't walk yet. When he tried to stand up, he was too shaky on his new legs, and fell back down. Finding a comfortable sitting position, he thought to himself. 'Well I might as well practice talking.'

Toothless sat there for a long time trying to teach himself to talk the way humans do. He practiced until his throat ached and his voice went funny. He was feeling cold and shivering quite strongly. Realizing he was exposed to the elements without clothes on, he decided to be a dragon again before he froze.

He tried to turn back, but it wasn't until he was at the point of being so frozen and desperate that his body decided to grant him relief. He returned to being a dragon, and instantly made a ring of fire around himself to warm up.

Once he was warm -which didn't take long in his dragon form, he used his fire to make a small burning patch in front of him. With a fire going at least he wouldn't get too cold so fast as a human. It was then he tried to turn into a human once more.
This went on for such a long time that Toothless became extremely tired - unusually so, but he was happy he could finally change at will. He figured out that he had to really and honestly want to change before it would happen. He had practiced talking too, and he was now confident that with a bit more practice - and Hiccup’s help, he could have his first conversation with him soon. The first proper conversation without all the guess work and stuttering.

Excited and extremely tired from all his hard work he flew home.
The first talk

Chapter 7- The first talk

The sun had set by the time Hiccup had finished everything; bedding and clothing were put in their respective place or folded. He was downstairs eating the last of his dinner - cooked fish with yak butter and potatoes, when he heard Toothless arriving home through the roof. Hiccup grabbed two uncooked fish from the basket and climbed the stairs.

"Welcome back bud! I was really starting to worry about you. I got you some fi- ... ish." His line of thoughts phased out when he noticed Toothless looked beat. Toothless was already laying on his stone bed and going to sleep, completely uninterested in the food. "I'm so happy to see you too." He sarcastically remarked before sitting down next to him. "Where have you been bud?"

Toothless grumbled and moved into a more comfortable position, but in doing so, he flinched and appeared to be in some discomfort.

"Toothless, what’s wrong?” Hiccup asked in concern. He looked over Toothless's body, but couldn't see anything. "I can't see any injuries, are you okay?”

Toothless yawned, ignoring him. He didn't want the fuss, and would prefer to just sleep. He felt so exhausted ... drained of energy.

"If only there was a way you could talk to me?" Hiccup hinted.

Toothless thought for a moment looking up at Hiccup’s concerned facial features. Despite his exhaustion, a part of him really wanted to talk to Hiccup, and another part wanted to reassure him he was fine. He gave in, and changed into his human form. He felt rather dizzy, but it passed quickly and Hiccup didn’t seem to notice.

"Whoa Toothless! A little warning next time please bud!“ He rushed to his feet to get the nearest blanket. He had caught a glimpse of Toothless's naked body - his groin area and tight small abs, but he grew concerned when he noticed the fresh bruises that had started to appear, and the grazes on his hands. He was also covered in dirt marks, and looked exhausted to the point of passing out.

"What happened?” Hiccup asked, he dropped the blanket over Toothless's legs and lower region.

"I f-fell. I was … i-lying to be a p-person but … I could-i-ted … couldn't. I went to f-fly off r-rock, but I ch-ch-changed an I fell." Toothless tried very hard to explain, gesticulating his fall, his voice sounded sore and raspy.

"You have been practicing changing and talking this entire time?” Hiccup asked, rather surprised once he put the pieces together.

Toothless nodded, "Are you ... P-leased?” He asked with a hopeful smile.

"Of course, Toothless this is amazing ... but you're hurt. Did you say you went to fly and fell? How far did you fall?"

"Not far, it ... h-hurt, b-but I'm o-key." Toothless answered sleepily.

"I didn't see any bruises or marks on you as a dragon." Hiccup stated; confusion clear in his facial expression.
"No, ya can't … s-see em when I am a … Dag-on" He tried.

"Dragon? I can't see them when you are a Dragon? Why not?" Hiccup asked.

"Bee-case ... I'm str-on-gar that way ... and I ave skass ... scass-el's. I h-hurt more as a … p-person." Toothless explained, almost failing to stay awake. He had quickly learnt today, that his human form was more vulnerable to injuries and to the elements compared to his dragon form. Hiccup wanted to help clean and treat his wounds, but he didn't want him to. "It is o-key, they will hell … heal when I'm a dr-dragon." Toothless explained to him.

Hiccup frowned in thought, it was obvious that Toothless needed to sleep. It looked inevitable that he would pass out at any moment, and if he didn't want to be helped then it would be best to leave him be tonight. "Toothless, you should turn back into a dragon if it hurts less and will help you heal faster. Maybe you should rest your voice as well - it sounds like you have a sore throat! We can talk tomorrow if you're feeling better ... before we go and get Trid, but it's obvious you need rest." Toothless look sad, so he added. "You know I have a hundred questions bud, but it wouldn't be fair to have you try and answer them tonight. You're not in any fit state to do so anyway. I am really happy that you're getting better at talking but I have to put your health first."

"O...key. fine!" He sulked, his voice was weak and raspy. He turned back into a dragon once again and slumped down moments from sleep. Hiccup sat down next to him and put his hand on his dragon’s neck.

"Don't you think your overreacting!" Hiccup said.

Toothless pulled away, and managed to turn around on his bed so Hiccup couldn't see him. How he was still awake was beyond him.

"Listen bud, you're stuck with me whether you like it or not. I just want you to get better okay, you know I care about you!"

Toothless flicked Hiccup in the head with his tail, but that was his undoing - with zero energy left, he was rapidly being pulled away from consciousness. With no choice in the matter, he started to drift off to sleep. He couldn’t hear coherent words as he slipped away; he only knew that Hiccup was saying something.

"Ow! And everyone says I'm stubborn. Well I'll leave you to your thoughts then." Hiccup said as he got up. He then realised that Toothless was asleep and decided to go down to clear up dinner. He left the two fish behind for Toothless in case he woke up and wanted them.

--- OOO ---

The next morning Toothless was still sleeping when Hiccup woke up. Toothless had ignored him when he came to bed last night – or perhaps he was so overly tired that he just didn’t wake up, which was an unusual and worrying thought, but either way, he hoped he had snapped out of it by now.

Hiccup called over to him. "Toothless, you awake? Come on bud, what have I got to do to get you to talk to me huh?" When Toothless moved but continue to ignore him, he threw his pillow at Toothless's head.

Toothless just picked it up and tossed it across the room with his mouth apathetically. He then he put his head back down on his front legs and closed his eyes.

'Really, is that how it's going to be? You still pouting? I Guess ... you don't wanna go flying this
morning then?'' Toothless's ears picked up and twitched. "You know … it looks like a great morning for a flight, just you and me." Hiccup was now getting dressed, but he continued to bait his stubborn dragon. "Oh well, that's a shame. I guess … If you can go flying on your own now you don't need me anymore. I will just go and take a walk on my own then. Maybe I should think about training another dragon, you know if you're not going to talk to me and all. A Deadly-Nadder has a good start speed, very agile, and I can work with that. Perhaps Stormfly would let me ride her. Hmm, I might just go see what my options are, go talk it over with Fishlegs."

With his cloak now in place he was ready to venture outside. He went downstairs but listened for any movement or sounds coming from his bedroom. When he heard nothing to indicate Toothless had taken the bait, he decided to leave. He knew he could never replace Toothless - nor did he want to, he just hoped the suggestion would elicit a reaction from him. He had only taken a few steps away from the house when Toothless flew out of the roof, he snagged him up in his paws and rapidly gained altitude. Hiccup was then flung into the air, and Toothless caught him on his back.

"There's my bud!" Hiccup groaned out. The rough landing - thanks to the lack of saddle, was rather painful. He had his suspicions that Toothless knew that, and it was retaliation for ever suggesting his replacement. Hiccup patting Toothless's head, still wincing from the pain between his legs. "We really need to use that saddle."

They enjoyed their morning flight together after that. Toothless had lost the attitude by the time they had returned back home, and they had sat down to a late breakfast.

---OOO---

Hiccup was now sitting at the table thinking as he looked at Toothless - who was laying on the floor.

"Come upstairs bud" Hiccup told him, suddenly going up the stairs. Toothless followed. "Okay! Here's the plan if you're up for it. I made some clothes for you last night that I think will fit you. I can make more but these should do for now." He smiled, holding up the new clothes. "If you can, you can turn into a human and we can try these on you, what do you say bud? Then we can try and talk, okay?"

Now sitting on the stone bed, was human Toothless smiling up at him. Hiccup turned around. "Okay bud, we really need to work on that warning"

"Why?" Asked Toothless. His voice was much better, and it was similar to Hiccup’s expect a little deeper.

"Why? Because it isn't normal that you’re naked in front of other people." Hiccup’s voice bordered on incredulous and he frowned.

"But … I say you na-aked, all the tame." Toothless pointed out confused. Hiccup felt awkward.

"Humans have, ermm … different rules bud. Here put these on!" He threw the clothes to Toothless. "Prob-lem." Toothless said picking up the pants.

"What now?" He asked still facing the opposite direction to Toothless.

"I don't know ... what to do wid these exact-elly." Toothless admitted.

"Augh, I didn't think about that!" Hiccup said, before hesitantly turning around. "Oh, this cannot be happening" He said before taking the pants from Toothless’s hands.
He saw Toothless's naked body and groin area, ’He is seriously hot. Wait what! Oh, Odin, I’m losing my mind, because he is! I would be a fool to deny what is clearly obvious, but …’ He shook his head in an attempt stop the thoughts progressing any further. He could feel butterflies in his stomach making his heart race, and if he didn’t know any better, he would admit to himself - and only himself - that he was sexually attracted to his human form. He was determined to ignore it, so he hastily started putting Toothless's legs into the pants. "Now you just have to pull them up, okay?" Hiccup finished, standing up flustered and red as he turned his back to Toothless.

Toothless tried to pull them up but couldn't get them over his butt. "There st-tuk." He complained, losing his balance and falling sideways. "Arghh ... this su-ucks!"

Hiccup turned and couldn't help chuckle. "It's not that bad, you just have to get used to it and learn." He said as he went over to Toothless. Ignoring the fact that this was immensely awkward and extremely embarrassing for him, he helped Toothless stand up and held him upright as he tried to figure out his new clothes.

Toothless’s pants were half way up over his butt, slightly tight but fitted well. No, the worse part was the fact that Toothless’s flaccid cock was now hanging out over the top of his untied pants. "P-pull your ... your pants up higher." He instructed Toothless, trying to look away and ignore the heat that was filling his face, and quite possibly his nether region too. Toothless did as he was told.

"It feels we-eird Hic." Toothless moaned.

Hiccup looked down again, and noticed that Toothless’s cock wasn't down in the leg but instead … it was squished up and the head was poking out of the top of them. He closed his eyes trying to hold a heavy Toothless up at the same time. "You n-need to ... push it down bud! Your, ermm ... thing!" He pointed as he tried to explain, feeling more awkward by the second.

"My thing? I don’t in-de-stand Hic?" Toothless frowned. Hiccup gulped and decided to hell with it.

"Y-your dick bud! P-push it down into the pants!" He almost shouted, pointing at the issue. He scrunched his eyes trying not to die of embarrassment. His own traitorous cock twitched, his butt cheeks clench, and his heart was trying to beat its way from his chest. He was breathing heavier and had started sweating when Toothless next spoke.

"Feels bet-er" Toothless smiled.

"Thank Thor." Hiccup sighed opening his eyes. He helped Toothless sit down on his bed and realized his pants were still untied. He knew Toothless wouldn't have clue what to do there, he thought about helping him out but the thought alone was enough to make him giddy.

"You ok Hicc?" Toothless asked.

"Y-yeah ... y-you're heavier than you look." Hiccup said, regaining his breath. He turned to get the tunic from the floor, and to cover up the fact he felt light headed for a different reason. Even if what he said was true, and Toothless was indeed heavier then he looked, his reaction was undeniably from sexual attraction and embarrassment, although he would deny the attraction part because it just wasn’t right. "We need to get this on you now." Hiccup reminded him, trying to train his thoughts on something else. "Them bruises still look sore, hopeful they will go soon."

"There no too bad." Toothless replied.

"Okay. You put your head through the big hole, and your arms in here and here," Hiccup instructed.
Toothless nodded. When it came to doing it: he managed to get the head in right, and one arm, but the other arm came out of the head hole. Hiccup laughed and Toothless gave him 'not happy' look. "You ... cod elp!" Toothless moaned.

Hiccup went over and helped Toothless put on the tunic correctly. His hands could feel the smooth, tight skin over Toothless's lean chest and waist as he pulled it down over his torso. Feeling his own body shiver with goose bumps, he suddenly ran his hand over his face. He took a deep breath and moved backward away from Toothless, gulping in his confused state. He was questioning his new desires to touch Toothless's body.

"Well?" Toothless asked snapping Hiccup out of his thoughts. Toothless wanted to know how he looked as a human.

"Y-yeah you look good." Hiccup said, nodding and pointing to him with one hand. His other hand was behind his head, and he was still trying to get a grip on himself.

Toothless tried to stand up and take a step forward, but he lost his balance. Hiccup just managed to catch him in time and keep him on his feet. "Still need to get the foot work sorted huh bud?" He smiled, forgetting his feelings for a moment.

"Yeah." Toothless laughed, Hiccup couldn’t help enjoying the sound.

He helped Toothless learn how to walk, by showing and instructing him. Soon, Toothless was standing unaided and could walk fairly good for someone who only had ten minutes practice in his life.

"I did it Hicc, I can walk!" Toothless exclaimed in excitement before sitting back on the bed, bouncing like a big kid.

Hiccup watched him smiling. He could feel himself being drawn closer to Toothless, like an invisible rope was pulling him in. He resisted the feelings and ignored them, hoping he wasn't ill or something was wrong with him. Why else would he be attracted to him? He questioned himself.

"Hic huh? is that my new nick name or something? Hiccup asked, only just registering what Toothless had said. Toothless smiled and it made him feel warm, safe.

"I've alwaz called you Hic, ell some-tins, you just codn't hear me."

"I see.”’ Hiccup chuckled. ‘‘So, wanna try and get down the stairs bud?"

"Bing it on!" Toothless took the challenge, wobbling slightly as he stood up too fast. Hiccup chuckled.

---OOO---

After almost falling down them, they managed to get down the stairs in one piece, although Toothless went down the last five steps on his buttocks. Hiccup was impressed in his friend’s determination.

He got a drink and gave one to Toothless who, despite having seen humans drink before, had clumsily tipped half of it in his face. After drying himself off with a cloth Hiccup had given him, he looked at Hiccup who had been unconsciously staring at him.

"Hic? Do you ... like me?" Toothless questioned innocently.
Hiccup almost choked on his drink, blushing at first but then thought … Toothless might get the hidden meaning in that. "Y-yeah bud, you’re my best friend, of c-course I like you." Hiccup stuttered.

"Why you nervis?" Toothless asked.

"Me? N-nervous." Hiccup stuttered, rubbing the back of his neck.

"You do that ting with your … vice when you’re nervis Hic."

"Oh. You erm … n-noticed that huh? Well, when someone asks you if you like them, it can mean … do you like me too … in that way!" He attempted to explain; he somehow knew Toothless would keep asking if he didn’t.

Toothless thought about it but didn’t understand. "Wat way?"

Hiccup gulped. "Erm … in the way that two people … l-love each other."

Toothless thought again. "Like you and Asa-trid, like mats?"

"Yes! Exactly like me and Astrid, like mates!" He said, suddenly missing Astrid. "Only humans use the word ‘mates’ when talking about friends, not couples. I thought, at first, that you were asking me if I liked you in that way." Hiccup finished, coughing awkwardly.

"Oh! I ment, do you like me as a p-person or more as a da-gon?" Toothless asked again.

"I like you the same either way bud. We can have a conversation together this way, which is great! I get to know more about you and we can share things. And as Dragon we can go flying, discover new places, and I can practice free falling with you." Hiccup finished.

Toothless didn’t look pleased "I alwizz end up savin your butt an cras-ing."

"Oh, come on bud! You know how much I love it, you wouldn't take that away from me would you? Besides I have gotten so much better at controlling turns. I think the adjustments I made to the flight suit, the calibration, and the turning gears, will increase the duration of flight time too. With your new spines and the fact your tail is back, I think you could pull of some pretty neat rescue manoeuvres to," Hiccup feigned sadness, and pleaded.

Toothless rolled his eyes and answered. "O-key fine!"

"Thanks bud. You’re the best!" Hiccup smiled.

"Yes, I am!" Toothless said far too proud.

"So modest!" Hiccup stated sarcastically. "So, how do you feel being a human?" He asked Toothless.

"Str-age, it feels … cold" Toothless said rubbing his arms.

"Here!" Hiccup stood up and went to the fire pit.

Using two large stones to create a spark, he managed to set it ablaze. The warmth crept into the room filling it with the smell of burning wood, and the light filled the space with the gently flicker of amber glow as the fire settled. Hiccup ran upstairs to fetch Toothless’s vest and a blanket, quickly returning. He helped Toothless put the vest on first, before laying the blanket over his shoulders.
"Better?" Hiccup asked, sitting back down on the opposite chair.

"Yeah, tanks." Toothless smiled, nodding.

"You’re welcome. I suppose being able to breath fire and having scales does keep the cold off when you’re a dragon. When we’re flying, I don't really get cold because you’re so warm." Hiccup informed him.

"Not like Hook-fan." Toothless smiled deviously. He imagined Hiccup being roasted alive if he rode him. In fact, he was surprised Hookfang hadn’t permanently injured Snotlout with all the times he set his butt on fire.

"Oh, gods no! I'd much rather have you bud." Hiccup laughed.

A moment silence passed between them, only the crackling of fire to be heard, before Hiccup spoke again. "Bud? I'm sorry I shot you down that day. I wish we had become friends under ... well, better circumstances. I've never stopped feeling guilty for that." His voiced pained with honest guilt.

Toothless was about to assure him it was alright, that it was in the past and forgiven, when he remembered something and decided to play with him. "You old me you never reg-getted shooting me down."

"What? When did I?" Hiccup stared and tried to think back. Then he remembered the only thing Toothless could have possibly been talking about. "Oooh, I told you that didn't come out right bud! We were about to go to war, and my dad was—"

"Hic … low-key! You’re so essy to mess with." Toothless grinned.

"Did you just seriously try and Loki me? That is so beneath you! Just … wow!" Hiccup shook his head in disbelief. It kind of hurt that Toothless didn’t take his apology seriously, and it must have shown in his face.

"Listun, it’s o-key Hicc. Really! I know you’re sorry, you ave said so un-der-ed of tines and you don’t need to ap-oegies. I was e-lone when we became friends and now, I'm hay-pee. I got the tail back now, un-lick your foot. S-sorry about that." Toothless smiled guiltily.

"It's okay bud, you saved my life that day. In fact, you've saved it many times."

"You saved mine many times too." Toothless smiled.

Hiccup suddenly realized that the day was getting on and he still had to collect his son. "Oh, we best get ready to pick up Trid. Don't forget to remove them clothes before you turn back bud. Don't want them getting ripped, and I think it best you don't go outside as a human yet, people will have a lot of questions," Hiccup told Toothless as he made his way over to the stairs. "I'll be right back I just need to get the suit to carry Trid." He then vanished up the stairs.

Hiccup put on a leather suit with the front section made for an infant to sit in - which was lined with fur, and it also had straps to secure Trid inside, and-or him to Toothless if need be. It could be used either when flying or walking. He was just about to go back downstairs when he heard a bang and the sound of a chair scraping across the floor, instantly followed by Toothless's cursing and moaning.

"Arghh, sti-pid tings." Toothless hissing in pain.

"Lis-tun, it’s o-key Hicc. Really! I know you’re sorry, you ave said so un-der-ed of tines and you don’t need to ap-oegies. I was e-lone when we became friends and now, I'm hay-pee. I got the tail back now, un-lick your foot. S-sorry about that." Toothless smiled guiltily.

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"Arghh, sti-pid tings." Toothless hissing in pain.
Hiccup rushed downstairs to find Toothless naked, his pants were stuck around his legs and he was laying on the floor wincing and trying to sit up. He had fallen off the chair trying to pull them off, and was now trying to yank at them again whilst laying on the floor. Clearly, they were stuck around his feet and lower legs. Hiccup could feel them traitorous butterflies in his stomach again making his heart race, and his hands were becoming sweaty at the sight of Toothless naked once more. Biting the inside of his lips, he ran over to Toothless and helped yanked the pants off his friend. As soon as the task was complete, he quickly turned his back to him.

"Tanks." Toothless’s voiced reached his ears.

"You’re welcome bud." Hiccup replied, wondering I he should have helped Toothless of the floor.

Just then a head of a dragon nudged Hiccup’s arm. As he turned around, Toothless stood on his hind legs and tilted his head with his tongue out smiling. Hiccup chuckled and scratched Toothless's chin and neck, feeling his own body calm to normal and his nerves settle down.

"What am I going to do with you? He asked. Toothless bounced around the room, enjoying being able to move easily again, and excited to get out and see Trid. "Alright bud. I'm coming." Hiccup said, grabbing his cloak before they left the house.
Chapter 8- Dragon problems

Yesterday evening had been rather pleasant. Hiccup and his mother had spent time together with Trid as a family - of course Toothless was still a part of that in his dragon form. Before they had flown home, Hiccup had assured his mother he was okay now; the bruises were slowly starting to get better, and he would be returning to his chief duties in three days. Trid had been very excited to see his father again - squealing in excitement and laughing, it also filled Hiccup with such warmth when he saw how Toothless was with his son.

Trid had fallen to sleep the moment Hiccup placed him into the suit - ready for the short flight home. Toothless preferred watching Trid as a dragon - he had heightened senses and better control of movement this way, plus, he wouldn't scare him. It was Toothless's choice therefore, to stay in his dragon form all evening. Hiccup spent the rest of the evening caring for his son, playing with him - with Toothless's help of course, or making more clothes for Toothless when his son was asleep.

---OOO---

The next day, everyone was woken by a crying - hungry baby. Toothless covered his ears with his paws, grumbling as Hiccup rummaged around trying to find his metal leg in a frenzy. Toothless observed him and growled, he'd realized Hiccup's moment of stupidity.

"What's that for? It's not my fault babies cry!" Hiccup responded over Trid's crying.

Toothless got up with a huff, made his way over to his dumb rider, and headbutted Hiccup's leg to make his point. Hiccup had been up late with Trid last night, and he had forgotten to take his metal leg off. No wonder he couldn’t find it under the bed. Toothless rolled his eyes at him.

"Right ... yep ... there it is, I knew that!" Hiccup said, getting off his bed. Toothless whacked him with his tail. "Ow." He sighed, giving Toothless a 'what the hell' stare.

Hiccup collected Trid from his crib - who had calmed a little at the feeling of being held. Hiccup went downstairs and prepared his milk just as Gothi had instructed. Boiled yak milk, water, and sugar. After Trid was fed, Hiccup laid him onto the bed whilst he put clean clothes on. Toothless was nudging Trid - making him giggle and squeal, which made Hiccup chuckle.

"Your good with him bud!"

Toothless smiled at Hiccup’s compliment, then proceeded to lick Trid's foot. Trid giggled at one point and kicked Toothless in the nose. Toothless sneezed - making Hiccup laugh, but he gave Toothless a well-deserved neck and chin scratch to show his appreciation.

After Hiccup and Toothless had breakfast, they spent the next few hours entertaining a very demanding Trid - who would scream whenever he was ignored even for a few seconds. Eventually Trid fell to sleep and Hiccup placed him into his crib. Hiccup sighed and slumped on the bed.

"Well bud, just you and me for a bit!" Toothless licked his face a few times, "Oh, come on bud! You know that don't wash out. And now I know you understand that." He complained. Toothless laughed. "Real mature!"

Toothless went over to the few clothes Hiccup had made him, and nudged them with his head
signalling his desire to change forms.

"Do you wanna change again bud?" He asked. Toothless nodded once and smiled. "Well … at least you warned me this time. I'll just keep my eyes closed whilst you change and get your clothes on. You can get them on now right, without my help?" He asked. Toothless just looked at Hiccup. "I guess we’ll see then." He hoped the answer was yes as he sat on the bed facing the opposite direction - his eyes firmly closed.

"Hi Hicc." A familiar voice behind him reached his ears.

"Hey! You okay?" Hiccup asked, slightly nervous as he heard Toothless bump into something.

"Yeah, the table got in the way…” Toothless replied mildly annoyed.

"That damn table!” Hiccup joked as he chuckled.

"Think I have these stupid things on now Hicc. Erm … how the blasted eels do I get this thing on again." Toothless asked.

Hiccup turned his head to see Toothless trying to figure out which way the tunic went on. His pants were on, surprisingly - just not done up. Hiccup gulped biting his lip as he looked over his friend’s topless body. It took him a moment to stop staring and realize … Toothless was trying to put the tunic on the wrong way around.

"Here, I’ll help."

‘’Well I didn’t expect you to watch.’’ Toothless sassed.

Hiccup chuckled and went over, putting the tunic over Toothless’s head the right way. Hiccup noticed the bruises from the fall on his friend’s torso. He felt his hand slide over his lean chest as he pulled the tunic down over him. He held such intense care for Toothless - hating the fact he was hurt, but he felt something else too – something deeper. He had to snap himself out of suddenly wanting to touch more of Toothless’s warm chest, or run his hands over his waist line. Hiccup moved backwards hoping Toothless hadn't sensed anything. Toothless just looked at him and smiled.

'I'll get better at that!' Toothless said, sitting on the bed. Hiccup suddenly realized something that made him smile.

"Hey, you’re talking is so much clearer, did I miss something?"

"Nope! Practice!" Toothless smiled.

"Wait, when?'' Hiccup asked, sitting on the other side of his bed.

"When you've been asleep. That's why I didn't want to wake up. I wanted to please you!" Toothless explained.

"That's awesome. You learnt really fast; I wasn't expecting you to pick it up that quickly!"

"Well, I'm a quick learner!" He said, almost smug.

"Maybe you can use that quick learning to learn how to get dressed and undressed yourself then." Hiccup replied.

"Hey! I'm getting there." He argued.
"Well you’re going to have to learn how to tie your pants up bud!" Hiccup responded, shifting his eye gaze away from Toothless. Hiccup then had a thought, "Watch Trid, I’ll be right back!"

Hiccup ran downstairs and Toothless could soon hear banging. After a while, Hiccup came back up the stairs with a very thin and long piece of leather nailed to a piece of wood. He showed Toothless how to tie the leather string into a bow.

Toothless practiced for a while - and was getting stressed that he had only managed to make knots, when he finally got the hang of it. Hiccup was relieved because at one point, Toothless had tried to set fire to it, but as a human had only ended up breathing at it with force. When hiccup laughed, he got punched hard in the arm by an angry Toothless.

Toothless therefore, managed to tie up his pants successfully himself. He seemed proud of his achievement. "See! Quick learner!" He pointed out to Hiccup, who just shook his head.

Hiccup lay back on his bed, closing his eyes feeling tired from lack of sleep and parenting. Toothless moved and was sitting so close to Hiccup that he was nearly sitting on him.

"Toothless? What are you doing?" He asked, half opening his eyes.

"Flying!" Toothless replied sarcastically, but really … wasn’t it obvious what he was doing?

"Ha ha! You can't sit that close bud!" Hiccup said, feeling suddenly warmer and not admitting he liked the new feeling.

"Why not? You don't usually mind!" He leaned over Hiccup with his hands either side of him, looking down at his face.

Very aware that Toothless was now basically laying on top of him - only half a foot away from his face, he started to feel his heart beating faster. He could feel Toothless’s breathing on his face and his eyes were wide with a smile as he looked down at him. It felt like something had suddenly taking over his body - he was becoming increasingly aware of his breathing as he fought of the urge to run his fingers though Toothless’s hair, or to bring him closer to his own body.

"Er … It's ... er ... n-n-not normal bud!" He finally managed to explain. Toothless was confused and looked rather sad as he sat back down next to Hiccup, he moved further away from him.

"Okay." His dejected voice mumbled. Hiccup sat up taking a deep breath.

"It’s okay, I didn't think to explain. It’s just when you're a human … it feels a little strange when you’re that close. I'm sorry bud, you know I don’t mean anything by it right? You’re still my best friend. You just can't do certain things that you're used to doing when you're human." Hiccup finished. Hiccup knew close friends like him and Toothless shouldn’t have an issue being near each other - bromance and all, but he was heating up every single damn time it happened, and it was strange - disconcerting even.

"Like what?" Toothless asked, turning to face him more.

"Well, like … laying under my arm, putting your head on me, licking me, or jumping around people. I know it’s difficult, and it's going to take some time to adjust, but it’s just not normal to do things like that as a human. Okay bud?" Hiccup hoped he understood. Toothless sighed sadly, but then he gave a weak smile.

"Okay Hicc, I’ll try. I just like being close to you."
"I know you do bud. I know!" Hiccup said, closing his eyes again. He opened one eye to see Toothless still looking rather sad, it pained him to think Toothless might be feeling pushed away. It wasn't his fault that the rules had changed, or that Toothless made his heart race. Hiccup took the pillow out from behind his head and bashed Toothless with it. Toothless was shocked at first then moved closer to Hiccup.

"That's it, you asked for it!" Toothless said poking Hiccup in the sides.

"Ow!" Hiccup laughed as his bruises were still sore. Toothless kept doing it, even whilst he hit him with the pillow. "Ow, stop that ... bruises ... Ow!" Hiccup managed to get out through laughing.

Toothless stole the pillow from Hiccup grasp, and he was now playfully smacking him on the head with it. Hiccup used his hands as protection form the pillow assault. They were both laughing, and Hiccup was trying to smack him back over the pillow, however, all the noise that was suddenly going on woke up Trid - he started crying.

"Now look what you-." Hiccup started, but Toothless had thrown himself on the floor and was … hiding?

"What on Midgard are you doing?" He asked, picking up Trid and trying to get him back to sleep.

"Hiding!" Toothless replied nervously, like it was obvious.

"Hiding? Why?" Hiccup questioned in shock.

"I don't want to scare him!" Toothless admitted, peering up from the side of the bed.


"But he's crying! What if I drop him, or hurt him, or he don’t like me?" Toothless panicked.

"Toothless! I trust you with my life, and his." He handed a crying Trid over to a very nervous Toothless.

The second Trid hit Toothless's arms he stopped crying and started to fall back to sleep. Toothless had seen Hiccup and Valka hold Trid so many times before that he knew what to do, however, he was too terrified to move.

"See bud, he loves you! You’re doing great, just relax." Hiccup smiled.

It was such a comforting and wonderful feeling watching Toothless with Trid. Toothless would have made a great father, he was so protective of Trid. In the first few weeks, Toothless hadn’t even let Snotlout or the twins near his son. Hiccup watched as Toothless looked down at the baby.

"Hi, tiny thing ... in my useless human arms." He told Trid.

Hiccup chuckled, the more he watched them both, the more elated and happier he felt. Toothless held Trid until he was asleep again. Hiccup then put him back into his crib carefully, he laid back down on his bed - with his arms behind his head, falling asleep against his will instantly.

---OOO---

A young Hiccup was playing with another boy about his age. They were playing with a small boat that Hiccup had made.
"Zachary! I need to fix the sail" Hiccup told his best friend.

"But I wanna see it!" Zachary pleaded trying to take it off him.

Hiccup pulled it back and the two small boys were fighting over the boat. Zachary was stronger than Hiccup, he pulled the boat so hard that Hiccup fell on top of him. The two boys laughed and stared at each other for a while, then Hiccup kissed Zachary on the lips.

"ZACHARIAH CAWDOR!" A male adult Viking boomed. "Go to your room, now!"

The adult man grabbed Hiccup by his clothes and dragged him over to Stoick's house.

^^^^

Stoick and the Mr Cawdor were arguing.

"It isn't normal chief! Before ... before was forgivable as they were younger, but your son is corrupting mine. I won't stand for it!" Mr Cawdor shouted, slamming his fists down on the table.

"It's just a phase, the boy will grow out of it Torstein!" Stoick told him.

"That boy isn't ever going to change! He is weak, pathetic, and a freak! Me and my family are leaving. I don't want my son getting stupid ideas!" He screamed before leaving.

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Stoick was with Hiccup at home. Hiccup was crying because he had found out Zachariah was leaving. He was Hiccup's only friend; he didn't want him to leave. Zachary was the only one that didn't push him around, or pick on him. Stoick was still shouting at him.

"... Hiccup are you listening to me! You are young. One day you will meet a pretty young lady, and have children to continue being chief after you. That is your duty as future chief! You're to forget about that boy!" He shouted.

"But dad!" Hiccup cried.

"No butts Hiccup Haddock! You’re to forget about Zachary, forget about all of this nonsense ... it’s not normal. You're to never speak of it again, do you understand me!" Stoick demanded.

Hiccup had no choice but to agree with his father, he nodded and ran to his room crying, slamming his door closed behind him.

---OOO---

Hiccup suddenly woke up. He was breathing heavy at first, confused at the dream like it was more a memory. He didn’t get a chance to think any more about it; banging resounded through his house and he realized someone had been banging on the front door, Trid was also crying, and Toothless had been calling to him.

"What in the name of-." He started, but he saw Toothless over by the crib trying to calm Trid down. "You okay with him for a moment?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless nodded and Hiccup rushed downstairs and opened the door. Snotlout, and Gustav were standing there.

"Hiccup, chief! I know you’re not doing the chiefly man stuff right now but … Hookfang suddenly
started blowing everything up and you’re the dragon expert?” Snotlout explained.

"And that's different to any other day how?” Hiccup asked.

"Its true Chief, even Fanghook!” Gustav explained desperately.

"Again, that's different how?” Hiccup asked, more annoyed this time thinking it was just a Snotlout-Gustav problem.

"Have a look around smart arse, the dragons are all acting strange. Some are just taking off and leaving.” Snotlout insisted.

When Hiccup went outside and looked around, Snotlout was right. He could see dragons just up and leaving, and they looked annoyed, stressed, pained even. He told Snotlout and Gustav to get Gobber, and to have any dragons that hadn't left yet put into the pens or the dragon training arena. He explained that he had to sort out Trid first, but he would be as quick as he could.

Hiccup ran upstairs and explained to Toothless what had just happened. He was going to take Trid over to Valka's and was hoping the dragons over there weren't acting out, or at least that his mum had them under control. He suspected his chief duties were going to return early.

"That's strange Hicc, I feel fine.” Toothless told him removing his clothes. Hiccup was too busy collecting Trid and his supplies to worry about a naked Toothless.

"Well the other dragons are going to need their alpha bud! Maybe you can do something.”

"Maybe!” Was the last thing Toothless said before changing forms.

Toothless started to shake his head, he made low growling and moaning noises before banging his head into the bed frame. He then started hitting his face with his paws, and looked pained.

"Toothless, bud?” Hiccup asked, placing Trid in his crib and running over to Toothless. "What's wrong?” Toothless growled threateningly which shocked him immensely. "It’s okay bud. It’s just me … calm down. What is it, what wrong?”

Toothless suddenly changed forms again, causing Hiccup to jump back in surprise. Toothless was holding his head.

"Ow. Eugh!” He gasped, rubbing his head.

"What the Helheim happened?” Hiccup asked, looking at his face to avoid glancing at his naked body.

"It suddenly felt like my head was being squeezed, like it was about to explode.” He explained, getting his pants back on. "Hiccup, if it doesn't affect me like this … then right now, I'd rather be a human!” He told Hiccup who was looking at him seriously.

"The other dragons must be feeling the same way bud, no wonder they looked stressed and are acting out. This is going to be a problem.” He realized.
Leaving

Chapter 9- Leaving

Hiccup was at the Great Hall conferring with the other villagers. He was sitting at the main table with the members of the council: Gobber, Gothi, Fishlegs Ingerman, Sven, Axel Alvarisson, and Snotlout Jorgenson. Valka was seated near the table, at the front of the hall - holding Trid in her arms.

Most of the dragons had simply flown away, including: Hookfang, Barf and Belch, Stormfly, and all the other dragons that usually hang around or lived by his mother’s house over on the west side of Berk. With Hiccup’s help, Cloudjumper, Meatlug, Fanghook, and some of the A team dragons, had been locked in the arena - and the arena pens, but they were not calming down. Hiccup carefully explained that the dragons looked like they were experiencing headaches like symptoms. He wouldn't say how he knew; he didn't want them to ask more questions, or worse, find out about Toothless. He had told them that Toothless was missing and had most likely left with the other dragons - especially seeing as he was their alpha. After much debate, yelling, and eye rolling from Hiccup, he instructed them to search the island for anything new, or anything that might have changed. The villagers left to go search, but Valka hung back to speak to Hiccup.

"I may have only been here for two years son, but I know when you're hiding something from me.” She told him.

"I-I really don't know what you mean mum." He stuttered, scratching the back of his neck. Valka eyed him, but she decided to leave it be for now and changed the subject.

"I'm really worried for the dragons Hiccup, especially Toothless and Cloudjumper." She sadly admitted.

"Whatever it is, we’ll figure it out mum!" He told her, leaving to go search with the villagers and make sure no one started a fight. Angry Vikings being denied something was asking for trouble at the best of time, this wasn’t the best of times.

---OOO---

Before Hiccup had left that morning with Trid, he had told Toothless to stay inside and not to be seen whilst he was away, that he really didn't want anything else to deal with right now. He had also informed Toothless, that he would tell the villagers, that he had left the island with the other dragons as their alpha. Toothless was therefore, home alone in human form, and stuck in the house.

Toothless felt useless as he had sat on the bed upstairs. He didn’t know what was happening outside, and as the alpha he felt he should be involved in this. Toothless sighed and laid on Hiccup’s bed, he never got to lay on it because he was usually far too big. It was comfortable, especially on his human body, and he wondered if he could share it with Hiccup - or perhaps get one of his own. Considering Hiccup didn't seem comfortable anymore with him sitting, let alone laying so close to him - which Toothless didn't quite understand but accepted all the same, he doubted he’d get to share.

Toothless lay there remembering back to last night. He had been over at the Cove where he and
Hiccup had first bonded, and he had been practicing his communication skills again. Toothless was thinking about the other dragons and what it would mean for him as alpha if he was stuck as a human, when he fell to sleep.

When Toothless woke up, he felt the urge to pee. ‘Great, now what am I supposed to do?’ He wondered to himself. ‘If I go outside and someone sees me, Hiccup will kill me. I really don't want to make things harder for him, maybe he will be back soon, I'll wait.’ He decided.

Toothless laid there for a while but eventually got bored. He went to the table in Hiccup’s room and looked at some of his drawings - especially the ones of himself as a dragon, thinking how talented his Hiccup was. He then randomly started looking at stuff that he could now pick up with human hands, accidentally dropping a few things, and making more mess trying to clean up the mess he had just made. It took him a while to clean up before he went downstairs looking around.

He sat at the table thinking about how the others might react to him being human. He racked his brain trying to think about why he had become human in the first place. He had heard about this somewhere before but he just couldn't remember.

---OOO---

It had been a while since he woke up, and still no Hiccup. As the day progressed, the urgency to relieve himself had become distracting. All he could think about now was that he had to go bad, and he fidgeted uncomfortably. It felt strange to him - who as a dragon could wait much longer, and this all felt uncomfortable and new to him as a human. He had seen Hiccup pee, usually when on long flights when he would dart to a tree or dash into a bush. Now he thought about it, Hiccup did ‘go’ a lot more than he did. At home he would say: "Be right back bud, need to pee." And then he’d dash of somewhere outside. He could never find his scent thought, only Snotlout's. The fact is, he knew humans did it differently, and he knew how to as a human, but going without being seen … that was the issue. And this particular issue now, was something he couldn’t ignore.

Toothless peaked out of the window and saw villagers outside, they looked like they were looking for something. 'Oh damn.' He thought, making the choice that as soon as it looked clear, he would rush outside and be quick about it. Surely Hiccup would want that as opposed to doing it in the house, and he wasn't some untrained vermin - so that was out of the question. Yes, he would wait until it was clear, or until Hiccup returned, which ever came first.

---OOO---

Hiccup and the others couldn't find anything to suggest why the dragons were acting this way. The longer the day went on the noises from the arena grew louder and more desperate, Hiccup was growing more and more concerned. He had told everyone that he needed time to think this over, and he had instructed Fishlegs to find out as much information as he could. Maybe something would help them figure this out. He had instructed the villagers to spread the word, and to meet back at the Great Hall in an hour. He wiped a hand down his face before turning to walk back, he had a lot to think about.
Back at the house, Toothless was now holding himself in serious discomfort and pain. He felt an unbearable pressure building, a pressure that threatened to give out against his stubborn willpower not to. He shuffled over to the window again, hoping that the no one was outside - he had been waiting ages now, but instead of being quiet … more people were now outside the house. They were all going up the few steps and into the Great Hall that was next to Hiccup's house.

Toothless went back to pacing the room, panicking and breathing heavier. His eyes were screwd shut, and he was groaning, doubling over in pain, crossing his legs, and becoming irritable and desperate as he held himself. He had often rolled his eyes at Hiccup when he made him stop during long flights so he could take a piss, dashing off and making strange movements. Now he had a new sense of understanding as to why, if Hiccup felt anything like this … he felt sorry for ever laughing at him.

More time passed, and the need to go - plus the building pain and pressure, was so bad he didn't care if he was seen or not at this point. Logic had escaped his mind in desperation, and he ran to the front door opening it with relief to find it deserted. ‘They must all be the Great Hall … Thank Thor.’ He thought as he ran into the gap between the house and the rocks the Great Hall stood upon.

He had nearly burst just running out the house - the pressure in his bladder too full to deal with the movement, but thankful he made it. He was at least half hidden from view, and now was his chance, but he couldn’t get his damn pants down. He tried to undo them, bouncing, and trying to hold it in just a little longer, but he ended up knotting them instead. He felt like crying as a whine of desperation spilled from his lip. He could feel himself about to void as he yanked at his pants, the pressure too much to withstand the action. The yanking was making it far to hard to hold back, and he noticed a wet patch forming on his pants as he desperately tried to get them over his butt.

At the last minute - the material of his waist band nearly cutting into his skin, he managed to pull them down just as the pee started to involuntarily squirt from his cock - getting a little more onto his pants in the process. He moaned in pleasure as he stood there, holding his dick, felling his entire body shudder and relax in his euphoric sense of relief. The speed of urine flow increasing now that it was free to do so.

Mid flow, he heard a woman gasp. He turned to see a female Viking going towards the Great Hall. "Hi.” He said, giving her an awkward smile. ‘Fuck!’ He thought. ‘Oh, gods. I'm dead, Hiccup is going to kill me.’ He couldn’t stop going now that he’d started, and the woman ran into the Great Hall - probably to send other Vikings out after him. Toothless preyed he finished before she came back … or someone else saw him. Once he had finally finished, he yanked his pants up to his hips, and ran back into the house slamming the door behind him. He finally forced his pants back up with immense difficulty - failing to sort the knot, and went upstairs and sat on the bed panicking.

The woman who had seen a strange man urinating up the wall of the chief's house - with his full bottom region on display, who said ‘Hi’ to her whilst doing it, and smiling, reported this to Hiccup immediately. She did not hold back her anger, or her disgust at all. Hiccup was in a state of shock -
he didn't have words. He knew exactly who it was but he couldn't tell her that, let alone explain it. The Villagers were waiting for Hiccup to respond, and when he finally did - after gulping nervously, he told them he was going to check it out, and for everyone to wait at the Great Hall for his return. As he awkwardly slipped out through the great doors, they followed him anyway.

The pee was clearly visible, so he couldn't tell them Velma had imagined it. The villagers were starting to blame the strange man for the dragon’s disappearance, and their strange behaviour. They were outraged that the hooligan had committed treason against their chief. They seemed to agree - loudly at that, that he must be the reason as there was no other explanation. They were insisting that, if he was innocent, why would he hide and sneak around. Hiccup did the only thing he could thin off in the situation, and he told the villagers to go search the village. He asked Valka, and the A-team to check on the dragons. Valka didn't want to leave but she did as her son asked, handing Trid over to his father. Luckily Trid needed feeding, so Hiccup had a good excuse to go back into his house at a time like this. Hiccup shut the door and sighed, ready to hear what Toothless had to say for himself.

Upstairs in Hiccup’s room, Toothless had heard the commotion. He was hiding down the side of the bed when Hiccup walked in.

"Toothless?" He called not sounding at all pleased. Toothless slowly stood up and looked nervous.

"H-hi Hicc." He stuttered guiltily.

"What the hell bud? The one thing I ask you to do, to not get yourself seen … and you went outside." He shouted startling Trid.

"I'm sorry okay!" He responded, feeling defensive. "Don't shout at me! I had to go so fucking bad, seriously! I didn't mean to get seen, and I was waiting for you to return … for ages. I had no choice, unless you wanted me to piss on the floor." He explained suddenly annoyed with Hiccup, and the unfairness of the situation.

Hiccup sighed as he calmed down, and he berated himself for never considered that Toothless might need to 'go'. He also noticed the wet patch on Toothless's pants - which confirmed how desperate he claimed he had been. Hiccup decided not to mention that; he didn’t want to embarrass Toothless. He felt really bad for him, but he remembered where Toothless had gone, and he was still slightly annoyed.

"Okay but seriously, up the wall. It’s one thing needing to go bud, but up my fucking damn wall?" He voice was quieter - so not to upset Trid.

"I didn't know where else to go! I didn't know that was wrong. If I had gone to find a tree or something, I would have had to go further away. I really had to go bad, I don’t think I’d have made it further away to be honest. Besides going further away would increase the chances of me being seen. I'm sorry Hiccup!" He said, looking genuinely apologetic.

"Didn't you even consider the outhouse?" Hiccup sighed. Toothless looked puzzled.

Hiccup then found himself explaining that the small hut at the back of the house, was the chief's private outhouse, and that is where Vikings go to do their stuff - especially in villages.

"Oh, that's where you go when you have pee. No wonder I could never smell your scent, only Snotlout's." Toothless said.

"Wait what, Snotlout?" Hiccup asked.
"Yeah. He takes a piss outside at night sometimes when he is drunk - or mad at you. I remark my own scent over it usually." Toothless said, far too casually in fact, so much so that Hiccup looked mortified.

"He does what? Wow!" He said walking downstairs. He seriously considering planting poison ivy outside now, and he was trying to get the image of Toothless - dragon or not, peeing over Snotlout's piss.

---OOO---

Hiccup was preparing milk for Trid, and Toothless had followed him downstairs. Toothless was currently sitting on top of the table.

"I really am sorry Hicc. I’ve never been that desperate before - ever! I guess I wasn't thinking straight."

"It’s okay bud, you had to go! I didn't think about it, so that's my fault. It’s not like you can fly off right now that's for sure, and I was gone a long time. I should have thought about it." He felt guilty for not thinking about Toothless's needs at all. Just that he’d told him to stay hidden, and not to get seen or leave the house, because he didn’t want to deal with the questions. He must have been really desperate, and bored as well, and he couldn’t even cook for himself.

"I'm still getting used to this body. I did consider changing at one point … so I could go, but whatever is out there causing the dragons to leave, it messes with the head Hicc. And you said you was telling the village I had left so I couldn't be seen either way." Toothless explained.

"The last thing I want is for you to turn back into a dragon right now. And yeah, I did tell them that. The dragons in the arena looked like were suffering. I have no idea why … and I don't know what to do to help them." Hiccup said sadly.

"You’ll figure it out … but, maybe you should let them leave. I have a feeling they won't stop fighting until they escape, or their ears bleed." Toothless winced, remembering the pain.

"What if something is wrong with them? Leaving would just unleash crazy dragons into the world."

"It wasn't that. It was like something here was causing it. Besides, I would be ill right now if that was the case, even as a human." Toothless told him.

Hiccup sat down and sighed as he started to feed Trid. He was just thinking it over in his mind when the door knocked. Toothless hurried upstairs before Hiccup opened it, and he found his mother standing there looking worried.

"Hiccup, the dragons don't look good at all. They’re fighting each other, and harming themselves. I can't bear to see Cloudjumper this way." Valka explained looking distressed.

"Okay mum, give me a minute." He said, rushing back inside.

Valka had waiting downstairs for Hiccup to come back down. She had taken over feeding Trid in his absence. Hiccup had whispered to Toothless that he was going to go release the dragons, and that he would speak to him soon. He promised he wouldn't be long this time, and to please stay
quiet until he left, that they would talk about it when he got back.

Hiccup had explained to his mum that the dragons had to leave because something on the island was causing them to act this way, and it wasn't fair to make the suffer. That hopefully they would find out what it was and the dragons would comeback once it was resolved. He reminded her of their loyalty to their riders, and that seeing as they liked it on Berk, there was no reason they shouldn't return once the problem was fixed. Once Trid had finished eating they left.

---OOO---

There was a lot of protest at first with the villagers, but they soon gave in when Hiccup explained. They released the dragons with sorrowful expression, and everyone was depressed, confused, and puzzled. They still insisted that the man Velma saw was the cause of all this, and it angered Hiccup. He told them that unless they find him, there is nothing he can do about some random person that may or may not have anything to do with all of this. He tried to emphasis the may not part, but his villagers were bloody stubborn.

Hiccup told them all that he needed time to figure out the problem. He told them to keep their eyes open for anything that might provide any answers no matter how small they were, and to report them Fishlegs. He had encouraged Fishlegs that if there was information out there, he would be the one to find it. Fishlegs had nodded and left looking dishearten, but he was focused on reading every book in the archipelago if he had to. Hiccup finished by telling his people that once he had any news, he would call a meeting in the Great Hall, but until then … they just had to go on as normally as they could.

Once the villagers dispersed, and went home or on with their tasks, Hiccup took Trid from Valka. He told her he would fix this, and with that, he made his way home hoping he could indeed fix this.
The plan forward

Chapter 10- The plan forward

The sun had started setting by the time Hiccup returned home. Toothless was upstairs laying on Hiccup's bed, but he sat up quickly when he heard the front door open and close. Hiccup went straight upstairs and slumped down in the chair by his desk - with Trid in his arms. He looked relieved to finally be off his feet. Now bouncing the baby lightly in his arms, he looked over at Toothless sitting on his bed.

"It’s days like these when I hate being chief the most." He sighed shaking his head, before proceeding to update Toothless on everything that had happened today - including the fact that the villagers were now looking out for a strange man with black hair.

"I am seriously out of ideas. In fact, I might just quit while I'm ahead - go somewhere nice and quiet! What do ya say Trid, wanna go on a permanent vacation?" Hiccup gave his son a funny, surprised face, making him giggle.

"At least I wouldn't have to hide." Toothless thought out loud, but he knew Hiccup wasn't being serious.

"Don't tempt me!" Hiccup told him. Toothless climbed of the bed and went over to see Trid - now pulling faces at him too.

"When will he start walking and talking … and other stuff?" Toothless asked, just as Trid squeezed his finger.

"I don't have the foggiest idea. I … I haven’t really thought about it to be honest. It won't be for a long time yet I presume." Hiccup was just guessing, but the question made him wonder the same thing.

"That's weird!" Toothless stated, looking puzzled.

"Bud! That's my son you're talking about!" Hiccup reminded him with feigned annoyance.

"I like him! It's just … dragons walk as soon as they hatch, and start communicating a few moons later. Otherwise they’d be killed."

"I get that. It makes sense. Human babies just grow up differently." Hiccup told him smiling. He was distracted by the enthralling, mesmerizing sight of Toothless interacting with his son; Toothless was now poking Trid in the sides gently, making him giggle.

"You like that!" Toothless asked Trid, as he continued to elicit joyous reactions from the baby.

"Will you hold him for me, just for a few minutes?" Hiccup suddenly asked, shocking Toothless.

"What? No! I will drop him." He panicked.

"Well … can you at least watch him on the bed then? Make sure he doesn't fall off, and keep him entertained … please?"

"Okay…” Toothless gave in, he couldn’t deny Hiccup when he begged like that. ‘‘I guess I can do that. Why? Where you going?" Toothless wondered.
"Just to the outhouse. I hate taking him with me, or leaving him in the house alone. I also want to grab a drink. Do you want anything?" He asked, laying Trid on the bed. Toothless sat next to him, ready to watch him on his own for the first time.

"Erm ... no." He shook his head. "I'm good right now." He was still worried about being left with Trid as a human.

Toothless looked down at Trid when Hiccup left, letting him play with his hand. Compared to Trid’s, his own fingers were huge. Unfortunately, his hand wasn’t enough to please Trid for long. The baby was getting very tired, and therefore, he started crying. Toothless panicked, and tried everything he could think of to pacify Trid: pulling faces, poking him, blowing on him like Hiccup usually does, and even tried rubbing his belly ... but he just wouldn't stop crying. In a final, desperate attempt to soothe the baby, Toothless picked him up as carefully as he could, thinking, 'don't drop him, don't drop him, please don't drop him'.

Trid stopped crying once he felt the safety of Toothless’s warm human arms, and he started to fall asleep. Toothless was holding him against his shoulder - like he had seen Hiccup and Valka do many times before, and was bouncing him lightly. Trid had fallen into a deep sleep by the time Hiccup returned with not one, but two drinks that he sat down on the desk.

"Wow, what's your secret?" He asked, taking the baby from Toothless and laying him into his crib.

"I don't know. I just picked him up because he wouldn't stop crying. I really don't like it when he cries ... at least it doesn't hurt my ears anymore. Human ears at least." Toothless said.

Hiccup chuckled. He motioned to the second drink he had carried upstairs, informing Toothless it was for him, just in case. Then he sat back down in his chair.

"I've been thinking." Hiccup started.

"Oh no! That's always followed with a Hiccup plan that goes wrong!" He rolled his eyes at Hiccup, ready to hear what he had to say. Hiccup raised his own eyebrows.

"My plans don't always go wrong! But seriously, after you decided to get seen earlier-."

"Decided?" Toothless interrupted, mildly offended.

"T-That didn't come out right. You know what I mean! The villagers are going to be on the lookout for you now, so I can't risk another accidental sighting-."

"I'll be more careful, but-." Toothless interrupted again.

"Will you just listen to me please, for one moment!" Hiccup demanded. Toothless went silent. Hiccup got off the chair and started pacing, gesticulating as he continued. "A-As I was saying, I can't risk you being seen again, and it isn't fair making you stay inside in secret. What if something happens, or the twins decided to blow something up. Of course, you're going to need to use the outhouse regularly, so you're going to have to go outside. Which is why I think we need to find a way to tell people about you, excluding the part about you being my dragon that is."

They talked about how they were going to achieve this, and finally decided on a plan that Toothless said he was okay with - and could easily stick to. Now all that was left to do, was for Hiccup to call a meeting with the villagers tomorrow and hope they accepted it. After they had their plan set, Hiccup and Toothless went downstairs, leaving Trid to sleep.
Hiccup roasted the chicken on the fire while Toothless watched. He was asking questions about what Hiccup was doing, wanting to learn. Toothless was shocked when he realized he was having cooked chicken for dinner as well.

"That's cooked though, I figured I'd just be having fish like always."

"Your human now bud, you can't live on raw fish!" He told him, like it was obvious.

"Sure I can!" Toothless insisted.

Hiccup tried to tell him that he might not like it now that he was a human, but Toothless insisted he would. Hiccup decided to give in, he would soon see who was right. With that thought, he went outside and picked out Toothless's favourite fish - mackerel, and then took it back inside handing it to Toothless.

"Be my guest!" Hiccup said, almost too sure of himself. Toothless took a bite of his raw food, giving Hiccup the, 'see I was right' look before regretting it. Feeling like an idiot, he gulped the fish down hard. He heaved, covering his mouth from the fear of throwing up. Hiccup just laughed at him.

"But you love mackerel bud! It's your favourite! Do you want some more?" He teased, still chuckling.

"Eugh … no thanks!" Toothless tried to get the taste out of his mouth by wiping his tongue on the back of his hand.

"Now you know how I feel, when you give me raw fish and want me to eat it!" He handed Toothless his drink of water. Which he gladly drunk.

"You eat it though … well sometimes!"

"I didn't want you to think I was being ungrateful.‘’ He smiled.

"Wow, I never realized that. Does it taste that bad for you too then?"

"No, it's the most amazing taste in the archipelago!" Hiccup sarcastically replied. They both caught each other’s eyes and laughed. Hiccup found himself staring at Toothless as he smiled back at him.

"What?" Toothless asked frowning.

"Nothing, this is nice though. You and me just having a laugh." He smiled, slowly eating his chicken.

"Yeah, at my expense!" Toothless moaned, rolling his eyes.

"No! This is actually nice. I love Trid, but the conversations usually end up with me talking in a weird yet baby entertaining way, while he laughs at me. W-What I'm trying to say … is that I like having someone to talk to that can actually respond." Hiccup admitted, noticing Toothless looking at the chicken he had refused. "Eat it bud, it tastes good." He promised, pushing it in front of Toothless.
Toothless took the chicken and broke a tiny piece off. He was hesitant in placing it into his mouth, but was glad he did. "Mm, that's actually really good!" His lime green eyes were wide in realization, and he ate the rest of it a little faster than normal.

"And the chicken steals my moment." Hiccup joked with a slight chuckle - finishing his own food, but he couldn't help glancing up at Toothless occasionally as he ate. There was just something about him that made Hiccup feel warm, elated even. It was something he just couldn't place, yet it was familiar … and almost addicting - the need to keep looking at him, wanting to figure out this new mysterious chain of feelings that had him feeling so enraptured.

---OOO---

After dinner had been eaten and cleared away, they both retreated back upstairs. Hiccup instinctively sat on his bed while Toothless sat on his stone dragon bed. Hiccup suddenly realized that Toothless couldn't sleep there anymore.

"Hey bud. I can put dad’s old bed back up for you downstairs tonight to sleep on." Hiccup had stood up ready to go down stairs.

"I'd rather sleep up here with you and Trid." Toothless replied, hoping Hiccup didn’t make him leave.

"You can't sleep on that, you're a human now!" Hiccup stated pointing to the stone bed.

"I'll be fine. I just don't want to be alone." Toothless admitted sadly.

Hiccup understood that Toothless was used to sleeping near him. He had been doing it for seven years. He had to admit to himself, that he would probably feel lonely sleeping without Toothless in his room likewise - it had become such a regular part of his life. Hiccup decided to at least make the stone bed a little more comfortable for Toothless - and decided it wouldn’t hurt for tonight, but he told him, he would have to sleep in his own bed soon though. Toothless nodded to appease Hiccup, but he secretly hoped it wouldn’t come to that.

Hiccup laid yak hide down on Toothless’s stone bed, similar to what he slept on, and added the blanket and pillow he had made two days ago. It wasn't going to be as good as sleeping on a wooden bed - as stone was cold and hard, but Toothless insisted it was okay. With the sleeping situation now sorted, both Hiccup and Toothless were sitting on their own beds.

"What a day huh?" Hiccup sighed, lying back down on his own bed.

"Yeah. Erm … Hic?" Toothless asked. He was slightly nervous, twiddling his thumbs, and biting his lip.

"Yeah bud?" Hiccup replied sleepily; his eyes closed.

"It can wait ... it's no big deal or anything, but erm ... I kinda … need to pee again." He finally admitted with a nervous grin.

"Oh!" Hiccup said without moving, his eyes still closed. "Well … then go bud. You know where the outhouse is now. Just try not to be seen because everyone is on the lookout for you. It’s late, so hopefully everyone will be inside … or sleeping.’’ He yawned. “Just check before you go outside,
and be quiet yeah? Once we tell everyone about you tomorrow, we can lose the sneaking around. If someone does see you … and I'm hoping they won't, but if they do … just tell them you're staying with me, and to speak with me."

"I'll be careful, if you're sure that's okay." Toothless said, standing up.

"It's not like you have a choice bud!" He chuckled. ‘Just be careful. If you need me, come and get me.’ Toothless nodded and went to leave, but he stopped and turned around - having remembered his earlier predicament.

"Hiccup? I think I broke this tie thingy." He said, as he showed Hiccup the knot with a guilty grin on his face. Hiccup opened his eyes and laughed as he sat up.

"Come here!"

Toothless obeyed, and Hiccup tried to untangle the knot for him. He was so tired that he wasn’t thinking about where his hands were at first, but he suddenly became more aware of what he was actually doing. He couldn’t untangle the knot, and he felt his hands shaking and becoming sweaty. His breathing soon became deeper, so he decided to simply cut the knot instead - using a knife from his desk, deciding that he could just fix them later. He’d gotten so embarrassed when he’d started thinking about Toothless’s cock, and felt so uncomfortable when he realized he was only inches away from feeling it. He quickly told Toothless to wear the other pants tomorrow - the ones he had made yesterday, until he got around to fixing these ones.

"H-How did you get them up and down earlier?" Hiccup asked with curiosity, as they were tied up rather tightly.

"With great difficulty!" Toothless emphasized.

Toothless quickly left, and Hiccup laid back on his bed questioning his sanity. What was wrong with him that he became an emotional mess whenever Toothless was naked, showed skin, or got too close to him. It felt like the same feelings he used to have for Astrid - when he was about fifteen and had a major crush on her … but not only was Toothless a dragon, he was also a man.

Laying there racking his brain, he suddenly remembered the dream he’d had. The more he thought about it, the more he remembered. It hit him like a mace to the head, his dream … it was a long-forgotten memory from his childhood.

Hiccup swallowed hard as he remembered; he’d never really cared about gender - whether they were boy or girl, man or woman, if he liked them, he was okay with that. Hiccup was struggling with his identity more than ever now. He had been successfully brainwashed by his father into believing that only boy-girl, man-lady relationships were okay, and in his mind … even now, he believed that.

---OOO---

Toothless returned and sat on his own bed. "All good! No one saw me, and I think I figured it out okay." He told Hiccup rather proudly. Hiccup nodded and smirked at him.

"Successfully train your dragon to piss in the outhouse, check." He joked. Toothless got up and punched him in the arm. "Ow, what was that for?" He complained.
"I don't have a tail." He smiled mischievously.

"Oh, I see how it is!" Hiccup playfully replied.

"Hicc?" Toothless suddenly asked as he sat back down, staring at the roof of the house thinking. "Something has me curious."

"Do I even want to know?" Hiccup asked.

"Well … dragons don't have to pee like humans. We can drink water every day and go three moons without having to go … but even then, it feels nothing like it did for me today. I was wondering … why humans have to go so much?"

"Wow bud, you just won an award for the strangest question ever to be asked." Hiccup said, sitting up to talk to Toothless. "Well … if we drink enough then we just have to go. Wait three moons, as in three days?" He said processing that particular piece of information.

"Yeah. You know … so that we can go when it's safe and convenient. It would be annoying to have to go during migration all the time with the long flights and unknown places. I can't imagine having to go when challenged by another dragon, or when I sensed danger. And then you have to be careful not to mark another dragon's territory." Toothless explained.

"I'm still shocked over the three-day thing! I have to go at least four times a day and that's pushing it sometimes." Hiccup said, still amazed at the new revelation. Toothless sighed, seemingly oblivious to Hiccup's shock.

"That's going to get annoying fast." Toothless thought out loud, before addressing Hiccup again. "I think that's why I was caught off guard today. I felt something earlier when I was in my human form … but it never occurred to me that I would have to go today, or I would have said something sooner. I could still turn into a dragon anyway I guess, so I wasn't bothered. It wasn't until I was forced to stay as a human - after you'd left, that I realized it was going to be different. I fell to sleep for a bit, and it was when I woke up that I really felt the need to go. I just figured I could wait like I was used to … but I was seriously mistaken. I won't do that again!" Toothless explained, shaking his head at the painful memory of earlier. Hiccup had heard his every word, but he was still caught up on that other small fact.

"Y-You seriously don't have to take a piss for three days?" He blurted. "But … I have seen you go every morning."

"We can go every day. We just don't have to!" Toothless explained.

"Lucky to be you! Well a dragon anyways." Hiccup said, remembering that Toothless was now stuck as a human. He realized then, that Toothless must be going through some serious adjustments. He felt bad for him, and thought how well Toothless was handling everything, and because of that, Hiccup thought that Toothless was most likely more confused and bewildered then he let on. "Hey, how are you dealing with … the whole human thing?" Hiccup asked. He could see Toothless thinking about his answer.

"I don't really know how to explain it Hicc! Everything just feels different. Even I feel kinda different." Toothless admitted.

"You feel different?" Hiccup asked, paying full attention to his friend.

"Yeah! The world sounds quieter … things don't smell or taste the same … and things feel different. Like when I touch something … it tickles sometimes. Like this." He then ran his fingers
over his hand and arm before shuddering slightly and rubbing the area. He had goosebumps on his skin from the gentle tingling sensation he had given himself.

"Dragon’s do have stronger senses, but maybe humans have more sensitive feelings in their hands or something." Hiccup replied, thinking about it himself.

Toothless shrugged. "I guess It’s fine … it’s just different. I'll get used to it." He finished, smiling up at Hiccup.

"If you're not okay, you would tell me, right? I'm here for you bud, just like you have always been there for me. You can ask me, or tell me anything … okay?"

"Sure!" Toothless nodded.

The conversation continued for a while, and as it grew later Trid woke up. Hiccup was exhausted due to the events of the day, having only had four-five hours' sleep. He didn’t know how he would have managed without Toothless tonight.

Hiccup had gone to change Trid twice before Toothless had reminded him he’d already done that. Then he’d forgotten to add the milk to the water, and had boiled just water and sugar as he started dozing off to sleep. Toothless had asked him if he was going to add the milk, giving him a poke to wake him up. Hiccup wondered how Toothless knew what to do, and Toothless explained that he’d watched him many times before as a dragon, and that he’d listened to Gothi or Valka explaining how to do it not long after Trid was born.

Hiccup was finally feeding a very impatient Trid upstairs on the bed, but he fell to sleep as Trid was eating, and was now dropping the bottle. Toothless didn’t want to wake Hiccup up and knew that Trid would start crying if the bottle fell, so he decided to sit next to Hiccup on the bed and hold the bottle for him. Hiccup's arms started to fall and Toothless panicked. He quickly lay over Hiccup’s legs, placing his hand under Trid's neck so he didn’t fall without the support of Hiccup’s arm. The sudden, new feeling of weight on his legs woke Hiccup, and he was shocked to see Toothless laying over his legs on his side, balancing Trid’s head on one hand, and a bottle in the other. Hiccup quickly took Trid in his arms again with a slight blush to his cheeks, and Toothless handed him the bottle.

"Erm ... th-thanks for that" He said, awkwardly, noticing Trid was half way through his bottle, and that he must have dozed off.

"You’re welcome!" Toothless smiled, still laying across Hiccup's legs.

"Y-you comfortable?" Hiccup asked rhetorically.

"Yeah, I was ... Oh! I'm lying on you right?" He suddenly remembered Hiccup's aversion to him being this close, giving him a sweet but awkward smile. Hiccup was suddenly feeling much warmer, and he took a deep breath to calm himself from the awkward situation he was in. He felt a shift in his pants that he couldn't control as it stiffened, hoping Toothless didn’t notice.

"Y-y-yeah, I-I’m aware of that." Hiccup stuttered. Toothless quickly sat up, but he accidentally placed his right hand straight down on Hiccup’s newly harden cock as he did so. Hiccup groaned loudly, jolting forward in pain and lifting his knees. He hoped he hadn’t squished Trid with his involuntary movement, but he looked perfectly fine.

"Sorry!" Toothless quickly apologized.
"It's alright Toothless..." He Groaned as the pain faded.

"You okay?" Toothless asked. He didn’t understand how he’d hurt Hiccup so much; he’d only leaned on his leg.

"Yeah, I'm good. Thanks for watching Trid though. I feel like a right idiot! I don't usually fall asleep holding him. It could have been a lot worse if you hadn't been here. This is why I can’t wait for him to sleep through the nights. You could have woken me up you know."

"I didn't want to wake you. You are so tired you’re becoming as dumb as Snotlout." Toothless laughed.

"Thanks for summoning that up bud." Hiccup sarcastically replied before yawning.

Once Trid was fed and asleep, Hiccup just about managed to put him into his crib and make it back to his own bed. Hiccup collapsed on top of it, face down, metal leg still attached, and his good leg dangling over the side. He crashed out the moment he landed on the bed.

Toothless lifted Hiccup's leg onto the bed and laid Stoick's - now Hiccup's, cloak over his sleeping form. He put the baby bottle on the unit, and then went to check on the sleeping baby before he finally lay down on his own bed. He was starting to feel nervous about everyone being introduced to him tomorrow. He was thinking about how it would go, but he was also excited about being about to go for a walk at least - being stuck in the house got boring. He just hoped they didn't ask to many questions, or figure out that he was Toothless. Tomorrow was going to get interesting fast, he thought to himself before falling asleep.
Falling

Chapter 11- Falling

Hiccup woke that morning of his own accord, which was unusual; Trid was usually awake before now. Hiccup sat up, both his son and Toothless still fast asleep. Hiccup felt wide awake strangely enough, so after checking that Trid was okay, he used this rare opportunity to get himself ready for the day ahead.

Hiccup finally decided to wake Toothless, by poking him with his foot gently. Toothless sat up, rubbing his eyes and still half asleep.

"Morning bud. Nice of you to join the living!" Hiccup joked, but Toothless just moaned - he didn’t want to get up. Hiccup was in a cheerful and lively mood this morning though. "Get changed into your new clothes and meet me downstairs." Hiccup told him as he lifted Trid from his crib. He glanced at Toothless once more - to check he was getting up, before going back downstairs with a smile.

The morning mostly went without a hitch, except for the very unusual looks Hiccup had received during Toothless’s trip to the outhouse after breakfast - which involved a lot of, 'It's clear, nope not clear, okay now it's clear'. All of them however had a great morning laughing and in Toothless’s case … learning. Toothless was very willing to learn new things, especially things he would need to know now that he was a human.

They were playing with Trid, Hiccup had turned and asked Toothless … what he wanted his human name to be. It was clearly a bad idea to call him Toothless, and it would raise far too much suspicion.

"What about Leidolf? I think it means wolf." Hiccup suggested getting another, 'are-you-completely-insane' eye roll. "Oh, come on! Does it really matter? I know you’re Toothless, you know you’re Toothless."

"Everyone is going to be calling me by this name. So yes! It has to be a good one." Toothless said with his 'puppy-dog eyes' - even as a human he could still pull off that damned look.

"Snothat?" Hiccup suggested, half expecting what came next. Toothless slapped the back of his head and Trid giggled.

"Ow! Glad my pain is entertaining, nice to know! I wonder if it works both ways?" He said with a smirk. Toothless just about caught that mischievous glint in Hiccup’s eyes before he slapped him back. Trid, once again, giggled and squealed in joy.

"Just you wait Hiccup!" Toothless said, indicating he’d be sorry later.

They both laughed heartily together, and Hiccup secretly enjoyed being on Toothless’s hit list. It was .... No! He wouldn’t think it. He tried to distract himself by watching Toothless blowing in Trid’s face, and talking to his son just like he - himself, had done many times before - just the way his son liked it. Sound drowned out around him until there was nothing but the thoughts whispering in his mind - the ones he’d tried to ignore. He bit his lip staring at Toothless, a small blush once again radiating from his cheek bones. He quickly looked at Trid … as if only now just realizing that he had been staring at him.

The fact was, the more time he spent with Toothless as a human - especially in perfect moments
such as these, the more he was beginning to realise that he had feelings for him … even if he didn't want them. He was falling in love with his best friend. It was madness! Too soon! Abnormal! Forbidden! Real! He couldn’t pretend it wasn’t happening, not when he was so sexually attracted to his body, and falling so fucking hard and fast for him with every damned moment that passed. It was like he’d known this man his entire life. They had seven years of history together, memories, shared emotional moments, and they’d do anything for each other. So yes, he felt like he’d known this man for years … but he hadn’t, not really. It was still Toothless, his dragon for Thor’s sake! But it was really happening! Therefore … it was getting so damn hard to ignore and pretend these ‘abnormal’ feelings weren’t real, no matter how much he fought them … or willed them away.

"W-Well I'm out of ideas." Hiccup finally sighed. He needed to stay grounded, focused, and bring himself back to the conversation. "Wait ... you didn't happen to have a name before I named you, did you?"

"No, I don't remember if I was ever given one. Some dragons aren't. Most of the time I was addressed as … youngling, dragon, or … Loightakalean." Toothless answered, with a far away look. He couldn’t remember his past, but that was something he surprisingly retained.

"The Lolo ka what now?" Hiccup asked. His eyes widened, confused, and suddenly… he realised there was so much about Toothless, about this man, that he still didn’t know.

"Loightakalean." Toothless repeated. Wondering how he managed to pronounce it right himself. "It's not my name, but it is what I am, my species. It sounds a bit different when dragons communicate it though." He gave Hiccup a playful nudge before continuing. "I don't mind being called a Nightfury though. In fact, most dragons don't mind the species name Vikings have given them, just the false descriptions."

"Can you say that again … That, Lo-it-lean thing. Slowly this time." Hiccup asked, he wanted to learn about the dragons - that much was obvious, but he wanted to learn about Toothless more.

"Lo-ight-a-ka-lean" Toothless repeated.

"Loightakalean?" Hiccup asked hesitantly, feeling the name on his lips.

"Yeah, that's it! Ha, now I'm teaching you to talk." Toothless chuckled feeling smug, his eyes glistening with his own humor.

Hiccup shook his head. He had to take a deep breath to calm himself. There it was again, that same bloody captivating feeling of being on cloud nine as his stomach did acrobats. He was falling!

"Well, what about Kalean?" Hiccup asked suddenly, determined to ignore his irrational, obviously confused heart.

"Maybe. Argh! This is so hard!" Toothless complained, putting his head into his hands resting on the table. Kalean seemed familiar though, he just couldn’t place it.

---OOO---

Eventually a name was decided upon, and it wasn’t Kalean. Hiccup had to reassure a restless Toothless that it would be fine and instructed him to wait at the house - if he needed him, he would come and get him. It seemed that every time Toothless had ever come out of hiding he was
attacked, threatened, chained up, or put in a cell, so as a human with no dragon powers … he was understandably worried.

The Great Hall was full, and Hiccup had silenced the room of confused Vikings. He took his time when he spoke and chose his words very carefully.

"As you all know, journeying out beyond the archipelago is one of my favourite pastime activities. Well, Me and Astrid..." Paused after saying her name in remembrance before continuing. "... We once found an island that looked to be a perfect resting point and..." Hiccup was explaining.

"You dropped your pants!" Spitelout shouted unhelpfully, making many other people laugh at his crude joke.

"Get to the point, some of us have important things to do you know!" Another chimed in.

"Let him speak!" Valka shouted. As Stoick’s ex-wife - and Hiccup’s mother, she still had much respect in the village. Hiccup face palmed.

"Oh, Thor help me! As I was saying ... on this particular island we were caught in a very severe rain storm. Practically came out of nowhere and we couldn't see past the trees directly in front of us, let alone fly. That's when we met Kalster. He was living on that island, and had done so for as long as he could remember. He was used to the storms there. He found us shelter, saving us from the storm that night. Eventually we became allies, friends. I told Kalster he was welcome on Berk at any time-." Hiccup was suddenly interrupted once again.

"Is this going somewhere?" Spitelout asked, obviously bored as he bit at his nails.

"Yeah! This is so boring, I could be-." Snotlout started to say.

"Yes!" Hiccup shouted in frustration. "It has a point, it’s important! As I was saying, again! Kalster was invited to Berk. He had been living on his own with his Deadly Nadder on that island since he was very young, but he declined the offer at the time and decided to stay behind when we left. Kalster can be a bit eccentric, he is unaccustomed to what we might deem as normal behavior but I can assure you, he means no harm." Hiccup laughed nervously before continuing. "So, erm ... yeah, here's the funny part. The man Velma saw yesterday … was indeed my old friend Kalster." Hiccup finished suddenly wishing he could disappear.

Just as Hiccup expected, the villagers all starting talking, shouting, and arguing all at once. Some still believed Kalster responsible for the dragon’s disappearance. Others just wanted to introduce him to their axes and maces, especially at the indecent and treasonous act he committed against the chief. Some people simply waited for their chief to talk again, as if he had more to say.

Once it calmed finally down, Valka told the people that a friend of her sons was welcome here and she trusted Hiccup, reminding them he was their chief. Hiccup explained again that Kalster is eccentric and not used to living among humans, therefore, he might need help learning what is and isn't acceptable behaviour among people. He explained to them that Kalster was flying his Deadly Nadder over Berk when his dragon starting acting out. He ended up stuck here on the island, dragon-less just like the rest of them. He told them firmly that Kalster was not, and is not, responsible for anything to do with why the dragons left … and anyone still believing that had a problem with their chief. Some of the villagers thought Hiccup was letting his ‘friendship’ cloud his judgment, but Hiccup told them that if he knew one thing for certain, it was that Kalster had nothing to do with the dragons’ disappearance - he would stake his life on it. He ordered the villagers to treat Kalster as member of the Hooligan tribe, and as a resident of Berk. Saying that Kalster wasn't used to being around people, so they were not to overwhelm him. Finally, he told
them that Kalster would be staying with him.

The villagers eventually accepted their chief’s orders and decisions, not that they had much choice. Hiccup told the villagers he wouldn't stop trying to find out why the dragons left, to rest assured he was still working on it but he needed more time to try and figure it out. Most of the villagers eventually left after that, all except a few that lingered behind for a last-minute word with him. It was Fishlegs that approached Hiccup first.

"I haven't found anything yet, but I'm not giving up chief." He hung his head low, his voice changing to that of immense sadness. "I miss Meatlug Hiccup, and how she would lick my feet at night, and give the best hugs." He finished trying to hold back his tears.

"I know Fishlegs, everyone misses their dragons. There has to be something we can do." Hiccup told him, frustrated at lack of evidence, but still trying to be hopeful.

"Barf and Belch used to blow things up. Now if we want to see things go boom, we have to do it ourselves." Tuffnut said, choking back his tears, and falling to his knees in exaggerated grief.

"Look at what my poor, weak brother has become!" Ruffnut shouted, comforting her twin brother. She seemed to be playing along with the act, but real tears glossed over her eyes. "Without our dragon, he is nothing!" She wailed. Hiccup knew the twins well enough to know … this act was a mask, hiding the fact they really did miss their dragon.

"Nothing!" Tuffnut wailed. "Wait what?" He looked at his sister, suddenly less bothered about his dragon, and more insulted by her words.

"Well, I don't need Hookfang!" Snotlout stubbornly declared. His cold words masking his own grief, but it soon slipped. "That stubborn, annoying, always doing the opposite of what I tell him to do..." Snotlout squeaked as tears formed in his eyes. "... I'm not crying, I have dirt in my eye." He choked, quickly rushing from the Great Hall.

"You don't look that sad about your dragon." Ruffnut suddenly pointed accusingly at Hiccup.

"I am! I-I do, miss Toothless that is." Hiccup replied a little too fast. "I-I have to go and sort out Trid and check in on Toooo ... to, check in on Kalster." Hiccup amended just in time, and rushed away leaving his friends wondering what he was hiding.

Valka caught Hiccup as he was leaving the Great Hall, she followed him to the front door of his house. She’d heard the conversation he’d had with his friends. "Hiccup, your friends are right. You don't seem that upset. I figured you of all people would be taking it harder than this." Valka stated.

"I am! I-I just know he will be back. He’s left before, and he always returns. I-I’ve just been distracted with other things mum." Hiccup fidgeted with his fingers nervously, she couldn’t find out.

"Other things? You mean like Kalster? I’m not accusing him Hiccup, but don't you find it at all strange … he turns up the day the dragons leave." Valka asks.

"Oh for the love of ... Not you too mum. Kalster has nothing to do with that!" Hiccup felt very protective of Toothless, and he was frustrated with the accusations at him.

"How can you be so sure? He may have saved your life … but you only knew him for such a short time." Valka questioned. She knew her son was hiding something; it didn’t make sense otherwise.

"I just do okay. Will you please just trust me." Hiccup pleaded.
"I do trust you, but I’ll be keeping my eyes open son. You're a father now, you need to think about Trid's safety too.” She told him.

Just great! Just what he needed! His mother’s suspicion onto of everything else.

---OOO---

Hiccup had opened his front door, making Toothless - who wasn't expecting him back so soon, nearly die of heart failure. Hiccup had hoped that his mother would leave, but of course not! No, she had followed him inside, just great! Now, she was face to face with Toothless, her suspicious eyes trailing over him.

"You must be Kalster. I'm Valka, Hiccup’s mother." She said with smile, reaching out her hand for Toothless to shake. Toothless just stood there frozen, not sure how to react or what to say.

"It's okay bud." Hiccup reassured Toothless. Valka had only every heard her son call Toothless 'bud'. "Like I said mum, Kalster isn't used to our customs." Hiccup finished placing a hand on Toothless's shoulder.

"I-I'm fine Hicc. Sorry, it is nice to meet you Mrs Haddock." Toothless finally said, calming down and now smiling warmly at her.

"So, he does talk, that's good to know." Valka said, noting him calling her son Hicc.

"C-can I get you anything mum?" Hiccup asked.

"No, I will be going now." She said hugging her son, and her sleeping grandson - who was still in Hiccup's baby suit, goodbye. She then said a quick goodbye to Toothless, giving him a peculiar look as she finally left.

Once the door had shut, Hiccup looked immensely relieved as he let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. Toothless was more than ready to hear what had happened though.

"It's all good bud! Let me put Trid down and I’ll fill you in."

---OOO---

Once Hiccup had Trid in the downstairs crib asleep - and had taken the flight suit off, he updated Toothless. Toothless was relieved that it seemed to go okay, but he wasn't sure how he felt about the Vikings that blamed him for the dragon's disappearance.

Hiccup suggested going for a walk in the forest together after Trid had been fed. Hiccup wanted to go back to where Toothless had saved his life on the night of the battle. It was a long shot, but if there was any chance - no matter how small, that might provide answers or clues to the dragon situation, then he had to try.

"I want to go outside, but I don't at the same time." Toothless admitted when Hiccup had suggested it.
"I understand that you’re worried, but me and Trid will be with you. It will be good for you to get some air … and to be honest, I need to get out too." Hiccup admitted, Toothless nodded in understanding. "I sure miss our daily flights bud." Hiccup told him.

"Me too! Until you go and do something stupid." Toothless deadpanned.

"When do I ever do something stupid? Okay, don't answer that!" Hiccup said, seeing the look on Toothless's face. He couldn’t help smiling though.

---OOO---

Hiccup and Toothless walked through the village towards the forest. Trid was secured in Hiccup’s baby suit playing with a small dragon soft toy attached to the it. Vikings were staring at them as they made their way to the forest. At first Toothless was nervous, but he soon started to gain his confidence - seeing as most people just greeted them as they passed. They were at the edge of the forest now, just passing by a lone house standing weathered and rickety under the shade of hanging trees. Toothless noticed a male Viking, sitting outside on a wooden chair - cleaning one of the many swords and weapons littered at his feet, glaring at him with a pure loathing stare.

"Hi." Toothless waved at him with animated eyes, giving the man a 'yes, what?' look.

"Too … Kalster!" Hiccup exclaimed in a whispered growl, as they continued walking.

"Let me guess? He was all for beheading me." Toothless stated, playfully walking backwards facing Hiccup.

"No one is going to behead you! But yes. Fingal was one of the few that disagreed with me." Hiccup whispered, remembering just how much he’d protested earlier.

"Good! I like my head." Toothless said, suddenly staring back at Fingal - who was still looking their way with a look of disgust. Hiccup grabbed Toothless arm, spun him around so he was walking straight again, and look at him with complete seriousness.

"Toothless!" He hissed in a whisper. "Don’t stare, that’s sure to make him like you." Hiccup sarcastically added "Seriously though, I think it best we don’t draw attention to you. Especially around people like Fingal!"

"And where's the fun in that?" Toothless smiled mischievously.

"You were so confident earlier … whatever changed." Hiccup rolled his eyes, worried that Toothless wasn't taking it seriously. Toothless just shrugged and smiled, walking ahead into the forest.

---OOO---

They arrived at the scorch mark in the forest - the same place Hiccup had watched Toothless die. Hiccup looked at Toothless as dark images flashed through his mind, reminding himself that he was alive - not bleeding out in his arms, dying. He gulped, fighting away the corruption of reality that the reminder of that night tried infect upon him - replacing it, making him feel like he was back in that moment, reliving it. His eyes closed tight, a mantra in his mind playing over the sounds
of the past, ‘He’s alive, he’s alive, he’s alive!’

Toothless was looking at the damage, but knew that returning to this place would be hard for Hiccup. When he looked over to him - to see if he was okay, he noticed the Hiccup was battling something he couldn’t see. Toothless walked up to Hiccup, instinctively wrapping him in his arms, laying his head on his shoulder, and nuzzling into his riders’ neck.

Hiccup was grateful at first, the warmth and comfort reminding him that he wasn’t in the past - slowly bringing him back to reality. He leaned into his caring, almost loving hold … but then, it suddenly became uncomfortable. Realizing how close Toothless was, how easily he could simply melt into those strong arms … he pushed him away.

"Bud!" He shouted, confused and angry. He was totally losing his mind.

"Sorry Hicc, I just wanted to comfort you!" Toothless explained, feeling like a total screw up. He turned and walked away, confused at Hiccup’s complete disgust at his touch. He couldn’t bare to see him so broken though, to stand there and do nothing. Not when it was all he knew, to be there for Hiccup - just like he always been before. Right now, no one was even here to see them, so he didn’t understand … and it hurt!

"Wait!" Hiccup shouted, grabbing his arm instinctively without even thinking much about it. That look on Toothless’s face broke his heart. He couldn’t do nothing. "I'm sorry, y-you just caught me of guard … that's all.''

Toothless sighed. He was so confused, had so much to say that he didn’t know where to start. He finally decided to pull Hiccup over to the nearest fallen tree. Sitting Hiccup down first, he slowly sat down next to him, thinking about his words before speaking.

"Listen Hiccup. I wish I could pick this whole human stuff up and just get it … but the truth is I don't. I don't get it! I want to sit next to you, lick you until it pisses you off, listen to your breathing as you fall asleep against me, and nudge into you when you need support. I want to fly with you… make you shout when you leap from saddle, trusting me to catch you - even when you’re doing something so reckless or stupid. I also want my plasma blasts back, so I can protect you and Trid, so I don't feel so vulnerable like I do right now.” Up until Toothless said he felt vulnerable, Hiccup was totally speechless, shocked, and blushing immensely … but he didn’t know why. He went to say something, but Toothless hadn’t finished. "I know you don't want me to touch you, to be close to you. But it’s what I’ve done since we met in that cove, and it’s super hard for me to see you sad and not do anything about it. Please don't hate me for making a mistake, because I'm trying so fucking hard to make you proud of me and-.''

Hiccup couldn’t stop himself; he wrapped his arms around Toothless’s warm body, assuring him it was alright - careful not to squash Trid in the process. Toothless just froze in shocked, he was speechless. They sat there for what seemed like ages, Toothless too scared to hug back - in case Hiccup disapproved again. When Hiccup finally did pull away, he stood up, and Toothless could see him trying to hide back the tears. Suddenly, he wished he had hugged Hiccup back, but it was too late now. Hiccup turned his back to him before he spoke.

"Bud I'm so sorry! I... I..." He sighed gently. "I am proud of you. I love you - care for you ... more than you could possibly know. I just ... It's hard to get my head around it too if I’m completely honest. I'm not exactly being a great friend to you, not when I'm just thinking about myself and how I feel. I nearly lost you. In fact, no! I did lose you!" Hiccup felt wave of anger directed only towards himself, but his voice still grew louder as he continued. "I should be thanking the Gods your alive, not letting my god damn feelings for you keep making me push you away!" A very particular three words, suddenly rung inside his head on repeat as he realized what he’d just said.
Trid had started to cry, but Hiccup couldn't hear him over his heaving breaths.

"H-Hiccup, Trid is crying." Toothless told him hesitantly, but he didn’t get a response. He walked over to Hiccup trying to get his attention, and trying to calm Trid down. When Hiccup didn’t respond, he smiled at the baby. At least he was calming down now, holding Toothless’s finger in his tight little grip. "I think we broke him Trid!" Toothless said, but he then decided to slap Hiccup round the back of the head, killing two birds with one stone. Hiccup snapped out of his panicked daze, and Trid started laughing.

"What the hell was that for?" Hiccup asked, rubbing the back of his head.

"You weren’t answering me, I thought I broke you. Trid woke up, he was crying - not anymore thanks to me!" He told Hiccup, far too proud with himself.

Hiccup sighed and sat down tending to Trid. He was wondering what the hell made him admit he had feelings for Toothless out loud. He was blushing profusely, waiting for Toothless to say something … but after a while he realized, Toothless was waiting for him to talk instead, and he didn’t seem fazed at all.

"Y-you ... erm. You have nothing to say?" He asked Toothless, frowning.

"I know you care about me." Toothless said innocently, as if it was obvious. "You let me stay even though I’m a useless human now. You save my life, even though you’re usually the one that gets me in to that trouble." He smirked at Hiccup who was about to argue, but he continued on before Hiccup could interrupt. "And … I’m glad to know you still have feelings for me, even though I’m not a dragon anymore. I thought maybe you didn’t like me as much anymore now that I’m, this." He finished pointing to all of him. Hiccup thought about what Toothless had said, wondering if Toothless understood what having feeling for someone even meant.

"D-do you know what h-having feelings for someone means bud?" Hiccup stuttered.

"Yeah! It means you care about them, and that the feelings your feeling are for someone else and not yourself. I have feelings for you to. I was sad for you when you were sad a while ago, and I wanted to cheer you up." He smiled.

"Erm, yeah, t-that, that's exactly what it means." Hiccup told him thinking he had dodged an arrow. However, the face Toothless was now giving him told him he was wrong.

"What does it actually mean then?" He asked Hiccup, folding his arms cross his chest.

"What you just said." Hiccup tried his luck.

"No, I know you! You’re lying, just tell me!"

"It’s nothing, let’s get back to searching!" Hiccup stood up rather quickly, looking around for any evidence - or indication to the dragons’ mysterious departure. He was trying his utmost best to ignore Toothless, but he could feel lime green eyes burning into him.

"What don't you want me to know Hiccup?" Toothless questioned, pressing him for information.

"Honestly, i-it’s nothing. Come on, help me look!" Hiccup insisted.

"Don't make me beat it out of you!" Toothless threatened.
"Nope. Not gonna work Toothless." Hiccup said, not scared of Toothless in the slightest. Toothless would never intentionally hurt him.

Toothless tried so hard to get it out of Hiccup - who was blushing furiously, but his stubborn rider had continued his quest to search the forest, refusing to talk about it. Toothless had given up for now. The fact Hiccup wouldn't tell him just made him even more curious.

---OOO---

It wasn’t long before Hiccup realized, there just wasn’t anything to find here - there was nothing to shed even the faintest amount of light on the dragons’ sudden departure. They had started to walk home, and it was nearly time to feed Trid again anyway. Hiccup felt so deflated, realizing he may never figure out why the dragons left, and he would fail at his promise to figure it all out. They were close to the edge of the Forrest - closer to the village, when Toothless tried to reassure Hiccup.

"We’ll figure it out Hicc, we always do! That's what we're good at right?"

"I don't know this time bud. This might be one thing even I can't solve. I hope Fishlegs is having more luck. I just don't get it. First that battle, then the dragons leaving. I wonder if they’re connected." Hiccup wondered, thinking it may be time to ask what exactly had happened the night of the battle. He hadn’t wanted to hear the details from his mother - the bits he didn’t know, it was too painful, he hadn’t been ready to relive that night. He still wasn’t, but it was time he faced it nonetheless.

"Never thought I’d see an Ogthantarth though, I thought they were a myth." Toothless voiced his thoughts almost absentmindedly. He had stopped walking just to think about it. He knew such vague details about the Ogthantarth, almost like an incomplete instinctual knowledge. He felt like his brain was trying to pull something that simply didn’t exist - but it was desperately adamant that it did, that he should know more.

"A what?" Hiccup asked still walking. When Toothless didn't answer, he turned to face him and noticed he’d stopped. Toothless had pain in his eyes and was staggering.

"Erm ... Hiccup-" He gasped, right before falling to his knees. When he fell forward, Hiccup saw arrow sticking out of his back, near his left shoulder.

"Toothless!" Hiccup ran to him, kneeling down to help him. Fucking! He still had Trid. Looking around desperately, he couldn’t see anyone; not the shooter, not anyone who could help. "Stay there! I’ll get help!" He ignored Toothless’s plea to stay with him - his words muted by Hiccup’s panicked mind, and ran towards the village holding Trid close to his chest.

---OOO---

The first person Hiccup found had been Gobber, he’d immediately handed Trid to him. Before Gobber could ask questions - or protest, Hiccup frantically told him that someone had shoot Kalster with an arrow and to get Gothi immediately. Hiccup told him which direction to bring
Gothi, and before Gobber could say anything Hiccup had ran back to the edge of the forest praying that Toothless was okay. When he got there, Toothless had apparently dragged himself to sit sideways against the nearest tree - his right shoulder leaning against the bark. He didn't look good at all; the colour was leaving his face, blood was soaking his tunic - spreading through the fabric, and he looked so faint. He tried to get up when he saw Hiccup's fearful face running towards him.

"Whoa, take it easy bud! Gothi will be here soon, she'll know what to do." Hiccup told him, forcing him to stay sitting.

"I'm fine!" His pained breathless voice tried to reassure Hiccup. "It's just a graze … least it wasn't dragon root huh?" He smiled weakly, right before a painful grunt escaped his lips. "See, doesn't hurt." He winced.

"Yeah, you look great bud!" Hiccup's fearful, broken-chuckle huff out, but he was clearly worried, scared, and had no idea what to do except wait. He felt so useless.

"I guess someone don't like me much. Should be used to it by now." Toothless tried to make light of the situation, but he was so cold, so drowsy.

"S-Stay with me bud! You’re gonna be fine, just stay with me! I’ll figure out who did this!" Hiccup had anger in his eyes by the time he’d finished his sentence. He already had gut feeling that he knew who did this, but he couldn’t do anything without proof.

"I ain’t g-going ... anywhere. Don’t ... Don’t do anything .... stupid Hiccup!" Toothless forced out, trying to keep a strong hold on his conscious - and stay awake, but he was losing too much blood.

"You die on me … I’ll kill you myself!" Hiccup’s broken voice choked as he held back tears.

"I - I will bear t-that in mind!" He replied in barely more than a whisper, right before falling backwards unconscious. Hiccup caught him in his shaking arms, careful to avoid moving the arrow.

"Toothless! Bud, wake up!" He demanded. It was no use. The blood was starting to soak Hiccup’s left sleeve now as he held him tightly, tears finally breaching over his eyes and down his cheeks.

Images of that night - the night of the battle, flooded his mind, torturing him with the sheer pain of losing Toothless all over again. He couldn’t die now, he just couldn’t! He loved him. Damn it, he loved him so much it was ripping his heart out. ‘Please hurry Gothi, I can’t lose him, I just can’t!’ He though over and over, sobbing as he griped tightly onto Toothless’s cold body, as if he’d lose him if he let go.
Toothless had been carried by Gobber, to Hiccup's house and placed on Hiccup's bed. Gobber was confused upon seeing a bed made up on Toothless’s stone bed, which was obviously where Kalster had been sleeping.

Gothi had gotten to work while Gobber told Hiccup that Trid was with Valka, and not to worry about him. Gothi had asked Gobber and Hiccup to leave the room, but Hiccup had refused loudly! Gobber was shocked at how emotional Hiccup was being over a ‘friend’ he hadn't really known that long, and no matter how hard he had tried, Hiccup had put his foot down. Gobber had left Hiccup's house - with Trid in his arms, and walked in the direction towards Valka's.

Hiccup had subconsciously taken Toothless's hand and breathed through his anger, forcing his tears back. Gothi wasn't oblivious to Hiccup's actions - or his emotions, but she continued her work. Toothless’s vest and tunic had been cut off revealing the wound, it had stopped bleeding but it didn’t look good. Gothi cut the skin making the wound a little bigger, and eased the arrow out causing it to bleed again. Hiccup winced as he watched her press the wound with clean fabric, she nodded at Hiccup - signalling him to hold it in place with firm pressure. Hiccup did as he was told while Gothi prepared a needle and more materials.

Eventually the wound was cleaned with water and sutured together. Gothi had applied a paste she had made, and applied a bandage which was wrapped around his shoulder and back to keep it in place. After laying Toothless on his back carefully, Gothi had prepared another paste - with more herbs, plants and liquid. She then used her staff to communicate - with drawings in the sand she had scattered on the floor, telling Hiccup that Kalster would be fine; he had lost a lot of blood which was why he was still sleeping. She instructed him to give Kalster a spoon of the paste in warm water when he woke up, and to do this four-times a day until it was all gone. She also advised Hiccup to keep the wound clean, and that she would be back tomorrow to check on the wound. Hiccup thanked her and returned to Toothless’s side, once again taking his hand. Gothi noticed his action, and she smiled knowingly as she made her way down the stairs - leaving with her bag.

---OOO---

Gobber was concerned at Hiccup's actions and had gone to see Valka. He told her everything he knew including the fact that it appeared Kalster was sleeping in Hiccup's room on Toothless bed. That Hiccup cared for Kalster far too much for him to have only known the boy for a short time, insisting that Hiccup must have known him longer and was hiding something.

"I'm telling ya Val, the boy knows him more then he said! In all me life, in all the wounds his friends have received, I ave never seen his act like that!" Gobber was insisting.

"I will go and see my Son. Hiccup may not be telling us everything, but we have to trust him." Valka finished getting up.

Gobber had eventually seen himself out and Valka was getting ready to walk over to Hiccup's with Trid.
Hiccup was sitting on a stool with his arms on the bed and his head down in his arms. He was angry that Toothless had been shoot, and he was trying to gather a list of people in his head that were against Toothless staying on Berk. 'Redburn Wagner and his wife Waiola, Fingal, Spitelout, Tybalt …' He thought to himself clutching his fists so tightly the knuckles turned white. He wanted the person who was responsible for this to get what was coming to them.

"H-how bad?" Toothless’s horse voice reached Hiccup’s ears as he woke up.

"Toothless!" Hiccup almost shouted, standing up so fast he almost knocked over his stool. Relief flooded his being, seeing Toothless awake reassured him that he would be okay - just like Gothi had said.

Nearly loosing Toothless again had confirmed to him, that he had fallen for the man before him. It was madness, insane, and totally infelicitous, forbidden, and inappropriate, but he couldn’t help it. He’d excuse it for love like that you felt for a brother, but he couldn’t deny his strong sexual attraction to him either … it was so wrong, so verboten, so reprehensible … but it was there.

"Yep, must be bad if I'm in your bed!" Toothless spoke, noticing where he was. As he tried to sit up, he winced in pain still feeling dizzy.

"No bud! You need to stay still and give yourself a chance to heal." Hiccup ordered.

"Sucks, I wanted to go for a run!" He teased.

"Are you trying to kill me! I thought I told you not to get hurt again?"

"Nah! You said don't die. I think I held up my end of the deal!" He replied with an air of smugness.

"If you weren't injured, I'd slap you right now!" Hiccup shook his head, even injured and in pain, Toothless was still impossible. That was something else he admired about him, how he was so strong - even in his weakest moments.

"Nice to know you care so much."

"I'm going to make your drink. Gothi told me to give it to you when you woke up." Hiccup told him, before collecting the small jar of paste.

"What is it?" Toothless asked, frowning at the jar with a wrinkled nose.

"Not sure, but I think it's for the pain - and to help with the healing."

"What pain? I'm fine." Toothless insisted, going to sit up again to prove a point, but he couldn't hide the pain on his face or the hiss that escaped his mouth.

"Toothless!" Hiccup scolded, rushing over pushing him back down. "Stay! You're worse than Trid!"

"Fine! I'll stay and be a good dragon, well … human." He added playfully. Hiccup just rolled his eyes and went downstairs.
"Mum!" Hiccup asked in surprised, seeing his mother and Trid sitting at the table.

"I came to see how you were, and to see if Kalster was okay. Trid was missing you too." She told him.

"R-r-right. Yeah, that's nice of you." He put the bowl down and gathered some water before starting on the fire. "He is f-fine, Gothi fixed him up."

"I see, and care to tell me why you called Kalster … Toothless just now!" She asked, having heard Hiccup from downstairs. She swore she also heard Kalster refer to himself as a dragon, but it made no sense.

Hiccup was so shocked at the question that he forgot he was placing the water onto hot fire. "Ow!" He shouted dropping the water, extinguishing the fire in the process, and holding his hand. It wasn't a bad burn, but it stung terribly.

"Hiccup?" A worried voice upstairs rang in his ears. Valka rushed over to her son and looked at his hand.

"Are you okay Hiccup?" She asked, relieved to see the skin wasn’t broken.

"Yeah. It's just a small burn." Hiccup moved over to the water pale, placing his hand inside the cool liquid. 'I'm okay Kalster!' He shouted upstairs, but he heard a thud followed by a loud groan of pain.

"This day just keeps getting better and better. Stay here!" He told his mother, before running upstairs and finding Toothless pulling himself off the floor using the bed.

"What were you thinking?" Hiccup demanded.

"You were hurt! I wanted to make sure you were okay." Toothless replied, hesitantly allowing Hiccup to get him back onto the bed.

"I'm fine bud! It's just a small burn. Mum's down stairs and..." Valka had walked up the stairs and into the room, "...now she’s in my room!" He wanted to bang his head because no one was listening to him.

"Hi Mrs Haddock." Toothless smiled. Valka nodded once in acknowledgement.

"Hiccup I want an answer!" She demanded.

"Answer? Yeah, I-I said I'm g-good" He replied, rubbing the back of his neck. He lent awkwardly on his table, knocking his pens off and quickly trying to put them all back.

"Toothless, care to tell me why my son is acting so strangely?" She asked, knowing she had called him Toothless - trying to catch him of guard.

'I'm-. Erm ... my name isn’t Toothless, it’s Kalster." Toothless corrected her. Hiccup might be easy to trick but he was far more observant.

"Want to try that again?" She asked calmly advancing on Toothless. He gulped looking away.

"Mum, I need to do Kalster's medication..." Hiccup said, walking over to her and pulling her towards the stairs. "W-why don't you c-come down and we can talk." He finished, walking down the stairs hoping his mum would follow him.
Valka gave Toothless a questioning look, before finally following her son down the stairs. Hiccup rushed to get the fire lit again, and get the water on so it could start boiling. He wanted to avoid the conversation his mother was insistent on pursuing. Valka had sat at the table, waiting for him to finish, but she wouldn’t let this go. When Hiccup put his hands onto his lap waiting for the water to start bubbling Valka decided it was time to ask him again.

"So, care to tell me why you called Kalster Toothless, why he is being treated in your bed, and why he said, and I quote, 'I'll stay and be a good dragon, well … human.' Not only that Hiccup Haddock, but you called him bud, and he seems to have given you the nick-name Hicc. A little to cozy for a ‘friend’ you haven’t known long, don’t you agree?"

"Y-you heard that, erm, well ... I don't really have the answers to that mum. But it isn’t what it sounds like… I-it’s a funny story actually but you know, just friends being friends." Hiccup mumbled nervously.

"In other words, you won't tell me but you're hiding something."

"I would … tell you, but I can't. You wouldn't believe me anyway!"

"Try me! I’m your mother." Valka insisted.

"I can't mum. I'm sorry but … I just can't." Hiccup said felling rather guilty, but he started to get angry at the questioning.

Hiccup noticed the bubbles in the water appearing, and carefully removed it from the fire. He took the water to the table and added enough to the cup before setting the rest down. He added a spoon of the paste and stirred it into the water. When he noticed Valka just starring at him - still waiting for answers, he sighed.

"I'm sorry okay! I'm going to leave the fire for Trid's bottle. You can do it for me if you like. I have to give this to Kalster!" He told his mother, still torn between guilt and anger. With that, Hiccup went upstairs.

"Hey, I have your drink." Hiccup said, but Toothless noticed something was bothering him.

"What's wrong Hicc?" He took his drink, eyes never leaving Hiccup. Hiccup leaned forward to whisper into Toothless's ear.

"Mum is on to us. I think she can hear me so play along okay." He stood up. "I'm fine, just a small burn, don't worry about it Kalster."

"I see, thanks for the drink." He sipped it and made a disgusted face.

"You have to drink it, it will help."

"Fine, but it’s disgusting. If I puke, you’re cleaning it up." Toothless smirked.

"Yeah, yeah. I have to go back down, stay in bed and I will come speak to you in a bit okay."

Hiccup finished and went back downstairs. Valka had started boiling the milk and Hiccup sat at the table. "Listen Mum. I'm sorry okay but you're going to have to drop this and just trust me."

"You’re as stubborn as your father, but this time I won't drop it Hiccup. I'm your mother! I have a right to know." She insisted sternly.

"Well you’ll be waiting a long time!" Hiccup shouted, letting his angry get the better of him, but
he’d had enough of being pressured.

"Hiccup Haddock! Don’t speak to me like that!" Her voice was raised, shocked at his audacity to yell at her.

"I told you to drop it! If you can’t do that then leave!"

"No! I will stay here all night if I have to, I want to know what’s going on."

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you. I'm not going to tell you!" He insisted, clenching his fists.

"You're behaving like a child!" She scolded her stubborn son.

"Oh, Really? You're the one who won’t drop it!" He slammed his fists into the table, startling his mother.

Hiccup stood there breathing heavily, and Trid had started crying. Valka went across to the other side of the room, calming the baby and herself down. Hiccup had developed a short fuse ever since Astrid had died, but his anger was becoming worrisome. Valka was so shocked at Hiccup’s behavior. Toothless had heard the commotion and had pulled himself off the bed. He was now at the top of the stairs, sitting on the third step down.

"Hiccup!" Toothless shouted down to him, getting his attention.

"You should be resting!" He told him, about to order him back into bed.

"Don't speak to your mother like that Hiccup! J-just tell her." Toothless told him. He stood up, slowly making his way down the stairs.

"No, you need to rest!" Hiccup tried, but Toothless forced himself down the stairs insisting it was just his shoulder. Hiccup sighed, helping him into a chair at the table. Hiccup then stood up straight, allowing his mother to take the chair at the opposite side.

"Hicc, I don't want to come between you two. She has a right to know!" Toothless told him gently.

"Tell me what?" Valka said. She was grateful that this boy seemed to agree that she had a right to know, he had more effect on her son than she did.

"But bud? She won't believe me … us, and I don't want the village knowing. I don't want you to get hurt." Hiccup pleaded.

"To late … already hurt!" Toothless said, pointing to his injury.

"Would you be serious!" Hiccup demanded.

"Okay! but I am being serious. Don't worry about me Hicc! You need to tell your mother the truth, and trust she will keep it a secret too." Toothless told him.

"Whatever it is, I will keep your secret." She promised. Hiccup gulped.

"Hiccup, Trid's milk is boiling over." Toothless told him. Hiccup ran to get the milk off the fire, and Toothless looked at Valka. "Sort Trid out first, then we’ll tell you." Toothless told her and she nodded, agreeing that Trid was priority.
The atmosphere was murky and awkward while Hiccup fed and changed Trid. Hiccup had gone to get Toothless’s drink so he could finish it, and the pain had settled in his shoulder. Valka had asked Toothless if he was okay, and he’d nodded. Hiccup was worried about how his mother would react, if she’d believe them or just think they were crazy. Trid was now sitting comfortably on Hiccup lap on the floor, and Toothless got up and slowly made his way over - sitting down next to him.

"So, Mrs Haddock. I believe we made you a promise." Toothless said. He wasn't as confident as he seemed, but he hated seeing Hiccup and Valka argue. He would rather have to leave then for Hiccup to lose his mother over this, especially knowing that she was all he had left as family.

"A-Are you sure bud?" Hiccup asked him, bursting full of nerves. Toothless nodded and looked down, he took a deep breath before looking back up at Valka.

"The things is Mrs Haddock ... I-I..." Toothless struggled to finished, and looked at Hiccup. They exchanged glances and Toothless nodded at him.

"Mum, Toothless did the night of the battle." Hiccup started.

"That's insane, of course he didn't. He left with the other dragons." Valka almost laughed at how ludicrous that sounded, but Hiccup looked so serious.

"If you’re not going to listen to me and take it seriously then-." Hiccup started angrily, but Toothless touched his shoulder.

"It's true Mrs Haddock. I did die! I died and woke up a human, a person. I can change between Dragon and human forms. Only, right now I’m stuck like this or the pain will force me to leave too. I am Toothless." He explained nervously.

Valka wasn't sure how to take the news and started laughing. She wanted to believe them, but logic told her it was more likely she was being lied to, made a fool out of; her troubled son and his strange ‘friend’, had simply made up some ridiculous, elaborate story… a joke to simply throw her off guard. It was the most absurd thing she had ever heard.

Toothless felt Hiccup's body shake in anger, but before he could do anything Toothless stopped him.

"No Hiccup! You said she wouldn't believe us, let me show her!"

"No! You can't, you're hurt and ... what if I lose you too! What if you can't get back to me and you leave? I won’t let you do this Toothless."

"I have you to bring me back don't I? Like when the Bewilderbeast tried to control me. I know I want to stay, so I’ll change back. If I don't, I will change back when I can and swim back to you as a human if I have to."

Valka had stopped laughing now. She could see the genuine fear in her son’s face. She had heard the conversation and was telling herself it couldn't be true; it was all total madness. She watched as Hiccup placed Trid into his crib - leaving him to cry. Hiccup collected a blanket and laid it on the table.

"For after, I don't think mum needs to see you naked." Hiccup told him; his voice cracked with
worry. Toothless couldn’t help but laugh though as he went to removed his trousers. "It’s okay, leave them on. I have another pair and I can make you more."

"I'm going to need a new bandage after this too!" Toothless told Hiccup seriously.

"I have spares, and I know what to do." Hiccup told him. He took a deep breath, still uncomfortable with this. "You sure you want to do this bud? You’re already injured and-.

"Yes! I'm doing this Hiccup. Here goes..." He said, giving Hiccup a wink. Toothless looked far to confident, but Hiccup stomach dropped - he didn’t like this at all.

Valka stood up, about to question what the hell the boys were going on about, when before her very eyes Kalster changed into a dragon - into Toothless! She watched in fear - backing into the wall as Toothless started banged his head into various items. He was growling at Hiccup, and obviously out of control.

"Whoa easy bud … It's me … Hiccup! Change back now and it will all go away. Just change bud, please! Come back to me. Come on Toothless! It’s me. Listen to me bud, listen to my voice." Hiccup pleaded, ordered, soothed. Toothless continued to growl as he tried to smash his way out of the house. "Toothless please calm down! I need you! You told me you could fight this, you said it would be alright! You just need to be a human again, you just need to listen to me!" He ran between the door and Toothless who was about to smash into it. He couldn’t let him leave. Toothless powered up a plasma blasts and was aiming it at Hiccup! "No bud. It’s me. Toothless please!" Hiccup begged. He was scared, but he didn’t move an inch. Instead, he placed his hand out towards Toothless and closed his eyes. Toothless had to come back now, or he’d be killed. "Please bud, please!"

"Hicc?" A weak voice barely whispered before a loud thud echoed through the house. Hiccup opened his eyes to see a naked Toothless sprawled on the floor unconscious. He had new bruises, and his shoulder was bleeding slightly again.

"Toothless!" He shouted as he scrambled to help him, he knew this was a bad idea.

He looked over to his mother who was breathing heavily against the wall, staring at them both. Hiccup raced over to grab the blanket, covering Toothless’s naked body. Hiccup could hear Toothless breathing, he was okay. He raced upstairs to get the bandages and a pillow, and After racing back down, he had carefully cleaned the wound and wrapped it in place identical to the last one. He gently, tenderly, laid Toothless's head down on the pillow.

Valka was still in shock, staring at Hiccup as he worked, watching. She had finally let it sink, she had seen it with her own eyes, but she felt guilty for not believing them like she wanted to. Hiccup was sitting next to Toothless, when his cold, angry eyes looked up at her. In his mind he blamed his mother for this. He wanted to get Gothi, but there would be to many questions and he knew, hoped, that Toothless would be just fine. He looked away from his mother pointedly, and took Toothless hand gently in his own.

"Please wake up!" Hiccup whispered to him. “I'm sorry, I shouldn't have let you done this!” Tears fell down his cheeks silently, and he closed his eyes. It was all just such a mess. He didn’t want to speak with his mother right now, but she slowly came over, kneeling down beside him.

"I'm so sorry son. I should have believed you." Her voiced was filled with guilt, but Hiccup looked up at her with contempt and hatred.

"Just go mother! You couldn’t just leave it could you. You have done enough!" He ground through
gritted teeth, turning back to look at Toothless. His mother didn’t matter, especially not right now. He only cared about Toothless.

"Please son, let me help!" Valka pleaded.

"No! You did this. I told you to drop it. He was willing to give up everything to prove to you I was telling the truth. You … you did this!"

"I'm sorry Hiccup! I was a fool. Please see it from my point of view though, would you have believed it?" She asked him.

"Yes! I would have believed my own son!" He shouted. His father hadn’t believed him when he took down Toothless, hadn’t believed him that dragons were not heartless beasts … and now his mother hadn’t believed him. No one every listened to him, no one … expect Toothless. Hiccup didn’t even have the energy to register his guilt when Valka's eyes filled with tears. She got up and made to leave.

"I won't tell anyone son, I promise. Do you want me to get Gothi?" She asked, deciding to give her son time to calm down. She hoped he would come to her again when he was ready to forgive her.

"No! She will ask to many questions. Just go mother!" He closed his eye tight, fighting back the sobs. His anger was melting, fading and being replaced with pain. Valka nodded sadly … and then left.

Hiccup cried now that no one could hear him, the tears streamed down his cheeks. He looked at Toothless's face; he had been through so much already, and all for him. To protect him, save him, help him, please him, comfort him. Toothless would do anything for him, and he’d always loved that about him. The honest truth was that he’d always loved Toothless. It didn’t matter if he was a dragon, or a human … he loved him! Only now that he was a human, it made it possible for him to fall in-love with him. It was easy, too easy, but it was the truth. No matter how wrong or unrequited it was, or how crazy and inappropriate it was … he loved him! He would never be able to act on his feelings, and it confused the shit out of him, but he couldn’t deny it was the truth.

"Please wake up bud! I promise I won't push you away anymore. I - I love you t-o much. I need you! Gods you don't know how much I care about you!" He told Toothless squeezing his hand, and wiping his eyes on his sleeve. ‘And you never will.’ His mind added silently, painfully.

Toothless didn't respond. It looked like he was just sleeping. Hiccup laid his head on Toothless's waist, laying on his side and looking towards his face. He placed his hand on Toothless's chest feeling his heart beating. Hiccup closed his eyes, just feeling his heart, his breathing. He didn't care that Toothless was naked under the blanket, it was the last thing on his mind.

Trid was crying, but Hiccup knew he was okay. He wasn't screaming, just his fussy cry that he made when he was tired and being ignored. ‘He might settle down soon, it was nearly his sleep time.’ He thought. Hiccup lay there dozing off, occasionally looking over to the crib. Just as predicted, Trid soon fell to sleep. Hiccup felt bad leaving him to cry, but Toothless needed him more right now. He couldn’t leave him, not when his own emotions were so raw and painfully conflicted.

It wasn't long before Hiccup feel asleep as well. The sounds of Toothless breathing, his heart beating under his hand, it was calming.
Chapter 13- First fight

The battle between the Ogthantarth and Berk could be seen once more. Toothless and Hiccup had come face to face with the beast. Hiccup was shouting at Coaldron but Toothless had drowned out the sounds.

"Leave! I command you, or you will be destroyed!" Toothless shouted at the Ogthantarth.
"Ah, Alpha! Your powers of persuasion and mind control will not work on me!" He had replied.
"Then we will fight you together!" Toothless ordered the dragons to attack. The Ogthantarth Roared in pain and anger, as all the Dragons had fired on him at once. The Ogthantarth stared at Toothless in pure rage and in that moment ... Toothless had experienced an excruciating headache, causing him to crash land into the forest.

Everything went black before a new scene appeared.

Cave walls were lit up with the glow of fire. Markings, drawings and writing covered the entire length of the tunnel they were occupying. A young Night fury was sitting next to an older Changewing.

"So, it could control your mind, like the Alpha?" The Night fury asked.
"No youngling, the Ogthantarth has no Alpha abilities, nor can it ever possess them!" She replied.
"Then how did it rule over us?" The Night fury asked.
"It had the ability to cause great pain, but I think the most likely answer is that... it just was. Back when the Ogthantarth ruled the Alphas, and the Alphas ruled the rest, it was just the natural order. These marking tell us so much about what was, but for now, you must rest!" The Changewing finished and walked away.
"But I want to know more" The young Night fury pleaded.
"I am old, youngling! Your mind is new, but mine needs rest now" She said finally vanishing.

---OOO---

Toothless blinked his eyes open slowly. His mind still hazy with the regained memories, but then pain shot through his head and eyes alerting him to the fact he was awake.

"Oh Thor!" He exclaimed, touching his head and wincing in pain. His head hurt, but his shoulder was throbbing more. He felt like he’d gone ten rounds with a wall. He went to sit up - grunting in pain, but that’s when he saw Hiccup asleep on his lap, preventing him from getting up. It looked like he’d been crying - his eyes were so red, but Toothless was stunned that Hiccup was even laying on him - after all, he was so against contact this way while he was human, and he was naked, even if he was covered with a blanket.

Toothless then remembered what had happened. He felt his stomach drop so fast he felt sick with worry. 'Did I hurt anyone?' Trid was asleep safe in his crib, Hiccup looked okay expected the sadness painted on his face. 'Valka? Where is she? Did I hurt her? Did she leave? Did she believe us?" He questioned himself starting to panic. He placed a hand gently on Hiccup's head, thinking how soft his hair felt to his human hands. He then ran his hand onto Hiccup's shoulders, gently rocking him awake.

"Hicc?" Toothless called. Hiccup woke up, and for a second he looked lost before staring into
Toothless's eyes. Without thinking, he suddenly hugged him tightly.

"Toothless! You’re awake!" Tears of relief had accumulated in his eyes.

"Aargh!" Toothless winced. His eyes screwed shut at the pain caused by Hiccup practically throwing himself at him, jarring his shoulder.

"Sorry!" Hiccup said pulling back quickly, wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

"It's okay."

"While you figure it out ... can I get off this floor please?" Toothless asked.

"You should rest for a bit longer. I knew changing was a bad idea!"

"Did it work? Does Valka believe us? Is she okay?" Toothless blurted out, he needed to know. Hiccup picked up on the panic in voice.

"She’s fine. And yeah, she believed us!" He said bitterly, anger once again laced on his tongue.

"Then it was a good idea!" Toothless stated firmly, smiling.

"No, I'm pretty sure it was the worst idea!"

"What happened?" Toothless asked, giving Hiccup a concerned look. He forced himself into a sitting position trying to ignore the pain.

"I don't want to talk about!" Hiccup said, his voice was toneless and quiet.

"Well, here's the plan! I'm getting up and-. Don't give me that look Hiccup!" He told him when he was about to argue. 'I'm getting up and getting dressed, because it’s fucking cold down here naked. You can light that damn fire because no fire powers..." He added raising his hand. "...While I go to the outhouse. When I come back, we are talking!" Toothless told him, giving Hiccup no room for argument.

"Yes dad." Hiccup replied. Part of him was shocked at Toothless's sudden authoritative attitude, but it gave him goosebumps of the good kind and he couldn't help smile.

Toothless was stubborn, but good to his word. Hiccup had collected him some clothes and helped him get dressed due to his shoulder. Hiccup focused on the task at hand - so he wouldn't stare at Toothless's naked body, but he noticed the old bruises healing, and few new ones coming out. There weren't many new bruises; a few on his legs and arms mostly, and his head had a pretty nasty cut on the side with a few bumps. Toothless was okay walking, but it looked uncomfortable for him. Toothless was holding his left arm across his chest - being the least painful position on his shoulder, and the slight limp in his right leg told Hiccup he had hurt his ankle in his frenzy as a dragon. Toothless was a little light headed and weak overall, but he was insistent that he was fine. Hiccup watched Toothless limp over to the outhouse, making sure no one was there to hurt him, and then he lit the fire as Toothless had ordered. Hiccup thought it was slightly humorous that he was taking orders from his dragon - human or not.

It occurred to Hiccup that Toothless hadn't eaten since breakfast, in fact neither had he. It was getting really late, and Trid hadn't woken for his last bottle yet either - which he put down to the
fact that he woke up late today. Hiccup started on the bottle then forced a crying Trid awake because he knew that If he didn't wake up him up now to eat, he would stay up late and mess up his routine. When Toothless returned he sat at the table looking weak and worn out, which didn't surprise Hiccup at all. Toothless was thinking about what he’d remembered before he woke up - in his dream or subconscious memory.

Eventually Trid had been fed, and Hiccup had even handed a 'zoned out' Toothless his medicated drink. He wasn't sure Gothi would approve of it not being spaced out evenly, but he felt that Toothless needed it. Hiccup had even juggled fatherhood with preparing bread, yak butter, honey, and fruit for dinner, laying it on the table. Toothless still hadn't snapped out of his trance so Hiccup had gently shaken him, calling out his name, and pointing to the drink and food.

"Sorry, I was thinking about something I remembered." Toothless explained, hesitantly trying the new foods.

"Care to share?" Hiccup replied; curiosity written across his face. He took a bite of his bread and honey.

"Sure, I think it’s important you know, but first, I want to know what happened earlier."

Hiccup filled Toothless in on the events as they ate. How he had changed, gone berserk, and had eventually turned back. He tried to avoid the parts including his mother, but Toothless had threatened to walk to her house and ask her himself, so Hiccup had given in.

"What the hell Hicc? She’s your mother!" Toothless scolded him. Hiccup didn’t like be spoken to like a child, it infuriated him.

"She didn't believe me, us! I was angry that she basically made you feel like you had to change. I could have lost you for fuck sake!"

"Would you have believed it?" Toothless asked, making a rather valid point.

"Yes! I would have believed my own Son!" Hiccup shouted. He’d made a vow to himself then, that he would always believe Trid - or at least give him the benefit of the doubt first.

"Really Hicc? When you first saw me change … I seem to recall it taking you a while to believe I was Toothless." He reminded him.

"I was drunk!" Hiccup shouted, standing up quickly, and slamming his fists into the table.

"Yeah, you were! And who took care of you even after the way you treated her! She didn't deserve that Hiccup, or this. You are out of order!" Toothless finished, almost growling at him.

"If you're on her side then … then fuck off and don't come back!" Hiccup screamed at him, pointing to the door with a shaky hand … but he regretted the words the moment they’d left his lips.

"Maybe I will!" Toothless replied coldly. His eyes became dark and they stole Hiccup’s breath. It was like the soul just left Toothless’s body, all life just gone leaving an empty shell.

Hiccup stuttered, failing to find his words as he watched Toothless limp to the door. Toothless then turned to face him, his eyes filled with tears as he shook his head. He sighed, obviously trying not to cry.

"Apologize to your mother!" He said, opening the door. He turned one last time before leaving. "I
thought you was better than this.” Then the door closed behind him.

---OOO---

Ever since Astrid died, Hiccup had been struggling with anger issues. He knew this … but knowing it didn’t magically fix him. Once again, he had been consumed by that anger, and this time he had broken his best friend’s heart and driven him away. Anger was easier to deal with then grief, it was less painful to feel, but it hurt the people he loved.

He was in such a state of regret, remorse, and fear that he couldn’t even hear the sounds of his screaming child. Hiccup knew Toothless was right; his actions, his behavior, they were unjustified and cruel. He would apologies to his mother but for now, Toothless was out there alone, heartbroken, and in pain. He could barely stand from the guilt as his anger depleted in exchange for remorse, and he stumbled into the chair - breathing deeply, and thinking of his last words. 'Fuck off and don't come back!' The look of betrayal in Toothless eyes burned into his mind - piercing his heart. He had promised to never push Toothless away. He’d already broken that promise.

His own heart ripped and twisted like it was restricted in an iron grip. He knew that if he didn't find Toothless soon, he would lose him forever. ‘What if Toothless did something stupid, like changing back and leaving Berk forever?’ He couldn’t let him go!

Hiccup collected Trid in a mad rush, and ran from his house holding him close to his chest. Trid was still screaming, and he hadn’t even put on a coat. He was running towards the forest, the ground hurting his one bare foot, shivering cold, and desperate to find Toothless. He only had one place in mind that Toothless might go … the Cove. He hoped he wasn't too late, and that Toothless hadn’t already left.

---OOO---

Toothless was crying as he limped towards the Cove. Emotions were so strange as a human, almost amplified, and practically new to him. He knew Hiccup would regret his words … but he was hurting. He could hear Hiccup in his mind as he remembered the good times they’d shared together.

‘You are my best friend bud!’ ‘I’m not going to let anything happen to you, I promise!’ ‘You never cease to amaze me bud!’ ‘It’s you and me bud, always!’ ‘I'll do anything for my dragon!’ ‘I love you… care for you.’

The memories only served to make Toothless believe that now he was human, all the things Hiccup had said before didn't matter anymore - that everything had changed to much. He made a decision; if Hiccup hadn't found him by tomorrow, he would leave. The cold was so harsh it hurt, but it numbed the rest of his pain and coupled with the emotional pain he felt … it allowed him to move faster through the forest - but even then, he hadn't gotten far.

Hiccup starting to wonder if Toothless had even come this way at all - surely he hadn't gotten this far in his condition, but he had to check. As he progressed a little further thru the forest, he finally saw Toothless’s dark figure limping just ahead of him.

"Toothless!" Hiccup shouted, gasping for air. Toothless stopped and turned. ‘‘Come back! I’m so
"Sorry." Hiccup shivered profusely, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

"Hiccup … go home!" Toothless shivered.

"Not until you come back with me bud!" Hiccup demanded stubbornly.

"Trid is cold!" Toothless stated in concern, but he was even more concerned when Hiccup took of his vest and tunic, wrapping the baby up in them, and leaving himself exposed to the elements.

"I'm not leaving without you." He shivered substantially, teeth chattering like mad.

Toothless was shocked at Hiccup's stubbornness, but he shouldn't have been that surprised. He knew one thing though; he was not about to let Hiccup freeze. He gave into his own unyielding nature to get him home. "Fine! but I'm only doing this so you both don't freeze to death." Toothless told Hiccup sharply.

Toothless removed his own vest with difficulty, wincing as it pulled at his shoulder. Hiccup was about to question him when Toothless placed it over him shoulders. Hiccup was speechless at the gesture, such a simple thing … yet it meant so much. He didn’t think he deserved his kindness, not after how much he had hurt him tonight. He always seemed to fuck everything up.

"Toothless-

"Let's just get back home!" Toothless coldly cut him off, shivering as they made their way back.

---OOO---

No one spoke on the way back, and even when they arrived home, Toothless had picked up the blanket and pillow off the floor and gone into Stoick's old room closing the door behind him. It was going to be Trid’s room until he was old enough to take Hiccup’s. Astrid and Hiccup had planned to take the room downstairs instead. Right now though, Toothless had isolated himself inside it, siting against the wall with the blanket over him. He still couldn't fight away the tears, and he was playing things over in his mind.

Hiccup had gotten Trid to sleep upstairs, then he went down to clear up dinner. It was so late that even he was struggling to keep his eyes open, but he couldn't go to bed leaving things this way. He finally got the courage to slowly open the door to Stoick's old room.

Toothless had fallen asleep against the wall, the sight broke his heart. He’d done this! He’d pushed Toothless away hard that he had fallen to sleep alone, and what was worse … there were tear stains down his perfect cheeks where he’d obviously been crying, broken, hurt, and in pain. Hiccup really didn’t want to go bed leaving things the way they were, but he couldn’t bring himself to wake Toothless either. ‘He must be so uncomfortable down there like that.’ With that though, he went to move Toothless so he was laying down on the pillow at least … but he woke up and instantly turned away from him. ‘God’s that hurt!’ Toothless had never pulled away from him consciously before.

"Toothless! I'm so sorry bud." His voice choked back the tears as they welled up in his tired, remorse filled eyes. His hand found its way Toothless’s, and he held it tightly. "I couldn't let you leave. You mean so much to me. I … I love you!" Tears streamed down Hiccup's face as he continued. "When I realized what I said, I - I hated myself. I never want you to leave. Not now,
not ever! P-please forgive me bud! I don't deserve it. I know that, but ... I need you!"

"Don't lie to me Hiccup!" Toothless shouted, biting back more tears. He had cried enough tonight.

"I'm not! I-I have always needed you! You will always be my best friend!" Hiccup protested, sniffling and wiping his tears away.

"You don't like me this way! Everything has changed. Don't pretend I don't make you feel sick every time you look at me. I see you pull away and flinch every time I get close to you, and I know I'm not useful anymore." Toothless burying his head into the pillow. Hiccup knew exactly what Toothless meant, but it was because he had feelings for him that he was ashamed off, not because he hated him.

"No! You have it all wrong." Hiccup bit his lip thinking. How could he make Toothless believe him? He just wanted to go to sleep knowing they were okay, that there were no bad feelings between them. "Come to bed with me tonight!" He asked quickly before he changed his mind.

"I'd rather be alone down here, then alone up there." He replied, his voice monotonal and emotionless.

"No bud. Let's go to sleep in my bed … together!" Hiccup gulped. He wanted to show Toothless that he wasn’t repulsed by him. If this was the only way he could prove it to him then so be it. Toothless shot up so fast he gave himself a headache. He winced in pain as he looked into Hiccup’s eyes. He only found honestly in them; he had meant it.

"But … you hate it when I get too close to you." Toothless told him, still confused at the sudden change of mind.

"I am not ashamed of you! I … I don't think any less of you as a human. The problem is with me Toothless.’’ They stared into each other’s eyes; Toothless was looking for confirmation that what Hiccup said was true, and Hiccup was just lost in his Lime-green - stunning eyes. It took a while before Hiccup blinked out of it; he was so tired he must be going crazy. ‘‘Bud, I'm totally fucked! I just want to go to bed, cuddle up with you under the covers, and get some bloody sleep. I can’t sleep if you stay down here. We can talk tomorrow. What do you say? Please, just come with me, let me prove to you that what I say is true.” Hiccup pleaded; he was so tired he felt ill. Relief washed over him when Toothless finally nodded.

---OOO---

Hiccup's bed was big enough for two people, he’d gotten a bigger bed two years ago. Hiccup was laying on Toothless’s right arm, his head nestled into Toothless’s side. Toothless had his right arm wrapped around him comfortably, protectively … his hand resting on Hiccup’s waist.

Hiccup was happy to just let Toothless do what came naturally to him, and he didn't flinch, pull away, or resist. It was strange, abnormal, and something he would need figure out because … he felt so comfortable instead. He was relaxed, happy, and this felt so right … but it was also so wrong. It was that love he hadn't felt for a long time, to feel safe in the arms of someone that you loved unconditionally. It was peaceful, relaxing, and he had no trouble falling to sleep.

Toothless was so happy to have his Hiccup back. To be able to cuddle up against his human - and protect him, it meant so much to him. Toothless felt something different about his feelings
regarding Hiccup, something stronger, something almost possessive that he didn't understand. Hiccup was his, he cared for him more then he did for himself, and he being with him just made everything feel better. He assumed it was just a reaction to everything that had happened that day… it had been a very long trying day. Perhaps he just needed to pull Hiccup closer because he hadn't had this for what seemed like ages. It didn’t help that his human self, seemed to have heightened emotions. He wasn’t worried, he had his Hiccup and that’s all that mattered to him. He nuzzled his head into Hiccup's hair, and fell to sleep with a warm smile still infecting his lips.
The battle

Chapter 14- The battle

Like clockwork, Hiccup had been woken up to the majestic sounds of a hungry baby. His face was flushed red at the thoughts he’d been having. He finally managing to unwrap himself from Toothless’s clutches - who had groaned about having to part with his human. Hiccup couldn't help but laugh at him, he was completely adorable in the morning. Toothless buried his head into the pillow, and covered his face with the blanket mumbling.

"Welcome to today’s specials, we have lack of sleep, up too early, and my favourite … moody dragon!" Hiccup sarcastically listed of as he descended the stairs - still chuckling to himself. He hadn't forgotten about last night, but he didn't want to ruin a good start to the day. He hadn’t had such a good night’s sleep in months, and he felt well rested.

---OOO---

With Trid fed and changed - now laying on a blanket on the floor playing with a range of toys, Hiccup helped himself to some porridge. He had just taken the bowl to sit next to Trid, when Toothless come down.

"Trid! You stole my Hiccup!" He pouted at Trid.

"I'm still your Hiccup bud! But you do need to share me." He chuckled. "Breakfast is over there, help yourself." He pointed to the porridge.

"Cool, I’m starving!" He exclaimed, instantly going to get some.

"Just put some in the bowl and- Toothless stop!" He burst into fits of laughter, running over to help Toothless - who still hadn't mastered hand skills. Toothless had gone to spoon some into his bowl, but had flicked the sticky substance in the air instead - covering himself and … everywhere else.

"You’re worse than Trid." Hiccup laughed, flicking more porridge at him from his fingers as he cleared it up.

"That's right laugh it up!" Toothless said, with playful annoyance as he watched Hiccup laughing at him.

Something inside Toothless just felt so warm though, it was like that smile … that laugh just infected him with this … strange … happy feeling. Toothless punched him in the arm though, he still deserved it for laughing at him - but Hiccup was laughing too hard to care. Toothless then brought Hiccup to new fits of laughter, when he tried to lick himself clean. It was an instinct; he simply couldn’t help it! He pouted in defeat, and roll his eyes at Hiccup. The truth was Toothless loved seeing Hiccup happy.

When Hiccup finally stopped laughing, he helped Toothless clean down his clothes properly - seeing as he only had the one set of clothes left. Hiccup made a mental note to get, or make him some more clothes today. Hiccup smiled at Toothless - and his son, wanting this moment to last forever. He wanted more mornings likes this; the cheerful, intoxicating, and almost seductive
moments like these were addictive, and he knew exactly who he wanted to share them with. ‘Maybe I could have that at least.’ He thought to himself as he ignored the other abnormal feelings building in his heart … and his mind.

With the porridge disaster finally over, Hiccup and Toothless finished their breakfast. Toothless hadn't been oblivious to the way Hiccup kept glancing at him, smiling shyly before looking away hastily each time he met his eyes. He assumed Hiccup was just watching him fail in his attempts to use the spoon, and raised his eyebrows at him.

When Hiccup had gone to check the calendar, he noticed it was day one of the seven-day cycle, meaning it was meeting day.

"Day one bud. Meeting day." Hiccup complained, sitting back down again next to Trid - opposite Toothless.

"You're going to have to teach me how you read that thing!"

"I didn't think to ask you if you could read, I'm assuming not." He guessed correctly.

"No, I'm an excellent reader, I just forgot how!" Toothless smirked at him.

"If only sarcasm could teach you to read!" Hiccup sassed.

"I learnt from the best." Toothless winked making Hiccup shudder with a deep breath. 'Gods he is so hot. A fucking tease.' He thought quickly changing the subject, and trying terribly not to blush.

"M-Moving on … I am going to have to take Trid to ... to my mothers." Hiccup was hesitant. "So, I am going to have to apologies to her, and hope she’ll forgive me."

"She will Hicc!" Toothless was sure of it. He moved closer to Hiccup - hoping he wouldn't flinch or move, but instead … he looked down sadly.

"Have … have you forgiven me?" Hiccup hesitated to ask.

"Of course! Hiccup you're my best friend!" He said, unbelieving that Hiccup would still think otherwise.

"I really don't know what I’d do without you." Hiccup smiled, resisting the urge to hug him. He was getting hot flushed. ‘Calm the fuck down Hiccup!’ He scolded himself. He had no idea why he was this turned on at everything Toothless did today, but perhaps it had something to do with fact that they had spent the night sharing a bed. He had woken up with some rather fervent, salacious thoughts, and Toothless’s morning boner hadn’t helped. Who could blame him? Toothless was perfection on legs! If it wasn’t for Trid’s instance to be fed - instantly distracting him once he’d woken up, things might have gotten very awkward. He suddenly realized that Toothless had started to answer his rhetorical question.

"…the village screw up again, go splat when your flight suit doesn't work, get eaten alive by a few dragons, and oh-"

"Thanks for answering that bud. Really appreciate it." Hiccup shook his head, rolling his eyes.

"Just reminding you how useless you'd be without me" He smiled smugly.

"Well if I'm so useless … I guess you’ll be wanting to sleep in your own bed tonight. Don't want me cramping your style or anything." Hiccup teased, wondering why he suddenly offered his bed up for a second night. It was official, he was losing it!
"No! I'll be good!" He pouted. Hiccup bumped into his right shoulder playfully, thinking that maybe it wouldn't hurt. He couldn’t upset Toothless again either way.

"I'm only playing bud. Just do me one thing okay." He said suddenly serious.

"What?" Toothless asked with concern.

"When we're alone, I don't mind the closeness and … stuff. But you can’t do that in front of other people, only when we’re alone. It’s just that erm … well … It's not… How do I put this?"

"I embarrass you, don't I?" Toothless interrupted sadly. Suddenly his entire demeanor had dropped.

"No! What I'm trying to say is that ... the other villagers don't know you're Toothless. They think you're Kalster. Have you ever seen two male Vikings ... cuddle?" Hiccup asked him.

"Yeah! You and your dad, you and Gobber, you and-"

"Okay let me rephrase that.” Hiccup stopped him. “Have you even seen two adult men, that are not related cuddling in front of other people?"

"I don't think so." He admitted after some thought.

"That's because it isn't normal. Men don't touch or hug other men. Unless they're fighting, or … it’s their dad or something. Gobber is like my second father, but even we don’t go around hugging each other, or holding hands for example. Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Tuffnut have hugged me in rare circumstances; near death experiences, group hugs, when they are being creepy or weird … but they are uncomfortable and awkward most of the time. The only exception to this rule is; fists bumps, handshakes, and shoulder patting for courage and stuff. " Hiccup tried to explain, but Toothless looked so confused.

"I think I have a headache!" Toothless replied, rubbing his head.

"It's a lot, I know. Rules of socialization are something humans learn growing up. Just try not to be to clingy when we go out bud. It might be best just to avoid all contact until you learn what is acceptable of human friends. I know you will understand soon enough, and it isn't that I’m ashamed of you. Just trust me, in time you’ll understand, I promise."

"Alright Hicc!" Toothless nodded with a smile. “I’ll add it to my list of things to learn." "There's the Toothless I know!" Hiccup replied to his friend’s sarcasm, rolling his eyes. "Right, we need to get over to my mother's so … I'm going to get the baby suit and collect Trid’s stuff together. Can you watch him for me please?"

"Sure!" Toothless replied happily smiling at Trid.

"How do you know I wasn't asking Trid to watch you?" Hiccup asked, rushing upstairs before Toothless caught on.

"You’re dead Hiccup, you know that right!" Toothless shouted up to him laughing. When Hiccup did finally come back down, Toothless gave him a firm look. "I will get you for that Hicc!"

With Trid in Hiccup's baby suit, Toothless tried to stand but flinched in pain - his eyes snapping shut as he bit into his lip. Getting down to the floor was so much easier than getting up. Hiccup rushed over and helped him to his feet, noticing the pain in Toothless face from his shoulder - and possibly the bruises as well.
"Shit! You haven't had your paste today. I can't believe I forgot; I am so sorry!" He told Toothless, covering his eyes in shame.

"It’s okay, I'm fine!"

"I'll go get the paste. Mum will do it for you I expect. I-If you're sure you're okay though. It's a long walk, and you're still limping a bit on that ankle!" Hiccup said in genuine concern, it would take over an hour to reach his mothers.

"I'm good! I don't like that stuff anyway." Toothless complained.

---OOO---

Hiccup had insisted on taking the paste, and he was right to. The closer they got to Valka's the more pain Toothless was in. Hiccup could see it in Toothless's face even though he denied it - ploughing on like he was fine. It was a long walk over to Valka's, but when they finally arrived … Toothless looked sad.

"What's up bud?" Hiccup asked, frowning in curiosity.

"I miss the others. Cloudjumper and Stormfly were my best friends, well … best dragon friends. I had many friends Hiccup, but I miss then two the most." Toothless said looking around at how desolate the land surrounding Valka's house was. Hiccup felt empathy for Toothless, the quietness which should have been filled with life, was disheartening, almost depressing.

They walked silently up to the door and knocked. Valka opened the door and stared at Toothless for ages, obviously she was still in shock.

"T-Toothless?" She questioned dubiously.

"Hi Mrs Haddock" Toothless answered politely.

"Can we come in mum?" Hiccup asked hesitantly.

Valka just nodded slowly, staring at Toothless as he limped across her house, collapsing down on her benched style couch. Hiccup had sat down next to him with Trid, and once Valka found her legs enough to make it to the chair opposite them, she too joined them.

"Sorry if I scared you Mrs Haddock." Toothless said looking down at his feet.

"Mum, I'm really sorry. All I seem to be doing lately is apologizing for my screw ups. I will work on my anger; I just didn't want Toothless getting hurt." Hiccup finished and looked up at his mum - who was still gawping at Toothless. "And I'm talking to myself." Hiccup added a little annoyed.

"T-Toothless?" She asked again.

"Yes. It must be a shock. I’m just getting used to it myself.." Toothless had started to explain, but Valka had finally found her curiosity. She was walking around Toothless, poking him, touching his hair, staring at his face and eyes, but when she went to lift his left arm … Toothless yelled in pain causing Valka to stumble back in surprise.

"Mum!" Hiccup shouted at her instinctively making sure Toothless was okay. Toothless was
holding his arm trying to force away the pain. His eyes were screwed tight and he leaned forward -
inhaling sharply, hissing in pain, breathing out deeply before hissing a new breath in. "Toothless,
are you okay?" All Toothless could do was nod, as he waited for the pain to dull down.

"I - I'm so sorry. I’ve just never seen anything like this before.” Valka finally admitted in awe.
Hiccup tensed in anger and took a deep breath in; he was going to snap at his mother but Toothless
spoke before Hiccup did.

"Hicc! I-I’m alright. Your mum was just curious. It's ok Mrs Haddock.” Toothless said, in an
attempt to keep Hiccup calm. The pin had faded enough to be bearable now, but it still hurt.

Hiccup closed his eyes calming himself down. He didn't trust himself to speak right now so he took
the paste from his bag and started to make Toothless his medicated drink. He kept himself
occupied, distracted on his task, however, he kept glancing at Toothless checking he was okay. He
felt very protective of him, and was still on unstable ground with his mother from last night.
Toothless looked over at Valka - who was staring over at Hiccup wondering what he was doing.

"Hiccup is just looking out for me." Toothless told Valka, she snapped her head round to look at
him.

"He cares a great deal for his dragon.” She couldn't really argue with the fact that this man was her
son's dragon, but she still had to ask. "Do you remember what I told you the night Tooth ... you
became Alpha?"

"You told me that you would never stop feeling guilty for leaving, but even though you must
follow your heart, sometimes you have to put your own kind first. You were worried I had only
challenged the alpha to protect Hiccup." Toothless said, thinking back to the night after he became
Alpha - when Valka had spoken with him alone.

"You really are my sons Night Fury, aren't you?"

"The one and only." Toothless smirked.

"How?" Valka questioned. Curiosity had always been her weakness, the need to learn made her
different from usual ignorant Vikings. She could never live with closed eyes.

"I'm not sure exactly. I have been asking myself the same question. I think it has something to do
with the fact that I died for skinny over there!" Toothless answered nodding in Hiccup's direction -
smiling warmly at him. Hiccup didn't respond, he was still in a bad mood … he just continued with
the task at hand.

"You can't have died though. That would be impossible! No one comes back from the dead
Toothless."

"Mrs Haddock … you're talking to a dragon that is now a person!" Toothless reminded her.

"You do have a valid point...” She chuckled. ‘‘…but death?’'

"I think it’s old magic. Since it happened, I’ve been trying so hard to remember … but I can only
remember pieces. From what I have been able to recall, I think ... you have to actually die for
another to live, not just be willing to. It has to be someone you share a strong connection with. Like
the bond me and Hiccup have. Then I’m assuming … if you die for them you get like a second
chance or something. I don't know anything else, or how that works exactly. I don’t know the how
of it.” Toothless explained. Hiccup had been listening and walked over waiting for the water to
finish boiling.
"You never told me that bud?" Hiccup asked.

"You never asked. I really don't even know if that's right." Toothless admitted, still trying to remember. Hiccup sat next to Toothless and placed a hand on his friend's good shoulder.

"It doesn't matter bud! What's important is that you're alive, and you're here!" Hiccup reassured him honestly.

"I Guess!" Toothless nodded and grinned. Hiccup turned to Valka and took a deep breath.

"Look mum! I know you have a million questions, but I have tons of stuff to do today. I need to get to the Great Hall for the meeting, inquire as to who decided to tried to kill Toothless and ... as much as I really don't want to, I need to hear what happened on the night of the battle. I have been worrying about everything, I need to figure out what happened to the dragons, be a good father to Trid, and somehow try to be a chief the villagers will respect. On top of that I need to sort out my anger issues, and get my head together!" Hiccup admitted, spilling everything out quickly.

"I guess you want me to have Trid!" Valka assumed.

"Please mum. I know I've been a useless son, and for that ... I am truly sorry. I just really need your help here." Hiccup begged.

"You know I will always have Trid. I love having him around." Valka assured her son. She stood up, and motioned for Hiccup to do the same before hugging him. "You are stronger than you know Hiccup! You have been through so much and yet you are still here fighting. I am proud of you, and your father would be to." Valka told him. Toothless stood up wincing, walking over to join in the hug.

"I'm proud of you too Hiccup! Group hug, right?" Toothless asked, placing his right arm around Hiccup and leaning against him.

"Right!" Hiccup told him rolling his eyes, "Thank you, both of you!"

---OOO---

Valka had put Trid down for his nap, leaving Hiccup to basically force a stubborn Toothless to finish his paste infused drink. In the end, even Toothless had to agree it was good for him when the pain became much more tolerable. When Valka finally came back down, Hiccup decided it was time to hear what happened the night of the battle with Coaldron.

"I need to know mum. It could be linked to why the dragons left!" Hiccup told her.

"You sure Hicc?" Toothless asked in concern. He knew that until now, Hiccup had avoided remembering that night because it made him feel ill hearing it.

"Yes!" Hiccup answered taking a deep breath. Toothless gave Valka one nod to indicate they were ready to hear the story. Valka carefully remembered back to that night before telling her version of what had happened. Images of that night, so clear in her memory.
"I was over at the Oberon house talking to Maile. Trid and Rodan were on the floor kicking and squealing at each other's sounds. We were talking about the boys when we heard the explosions. We grabbed the children and made our way outside - clearly evident that we were at war, but I had no idea who was behind it and I didn't stop to look.

I briefly saw dragons firing down upon us, some had masked riders on their backs, but our own dragons came to our aid. Myself, Maile, the other mothers, and the elderly had gathered at the back of the village. As you had instructed us to do in an emergency son. We all made our way to the west side caves and went down to where the emergency supplies were kept. I couldn't stay there knowing I could be of better use. I had to help. Bree Hofferson promised me she would keep Trid safe, and I knew he would be okay with his Grandma.

I left the caves and ran back to the village calling for Cloudjumper. The storm has started and visibility was becoming harder. Through the rain and thunder I could still see the sky dancing in a blaze of angry colors - from the various dragon shots, and I followed the flashes of lights from the blasts. I could hear the noises growing louder from the Vikings shouting, the dragon roaring, and the orders being given.

When I finally reached the village that's when I saw it. The dragon was nearly as big as the Bewilderbeast … but it was like nothing I had ever seen before. I could only see so much from the ground, but it shocked me enough that I wasn't thinking about my surroundings. Cloudjumper suddenly appeared in front of me, protecting me from the flames of a poor confused monstrous nightmare - the poor thing had scars from obvious human torture, and I ordered Cloudjumper to not fire. He was hesitant at first, but I climbed onto him and we made our way into the sky.

I managed to see the dragon and its rider then, the whole reason for causing such fear and chaos. It was a mixture of amazement, wonder, and fear that surged through me in that moment as I took in the dragon's appearance. The dragon, the village is now calling the 'Spawn of Death'. It was a magnificent beast, with a long body, four legs, and two huge almost see though wings. Its tail was longer than its body, and whipped through the sky dangerously. Spikes lay down its back to its tail, where they became thin long spikes sharper then daggers. Sharp pointy horns came from its head, and it had red hair on its head, neck and chin - like that of a horse. I had never seen a dragon with hair before. His scales were tough and shiny, almost a dark black-red and blue at the same time. I know you both saw it, but that's what I remember of its appearance.

The blasts hitting the Spawn of Death - trying to knock of its rider, or drive it away, simply had no effect as you know. These scales were tougher than I had ever seen before, and this dragon was strong. When it growled, its teeth were many and sharp, and fear surged though me as I thought about how I could help. I looked at its eyes, red eyes with slit pupils that told me it knew only hate, and that it wouldn't hesitate to kill.

Cloudjumper swerved to miss shoots from other attacks, and we joined in the battle. I saw you son, shouting orders to draw it away from the village. We tried to get it to follow us out to sea but it kept advancing inland. I watched villagers being shot and hurt, some falling from the sky only just being saved by the aid from our dragons.

Dragons came from everywhere at Toothless’s command, coming to our aid, but no matter what we did the Spawn of Death was too strong. Some Dragons even seemed to question where their loyalties laid, torn between our side or theirs.

I was grazed by an attack as Cloud jumper swerved to avoid it. We flew up above the battle firing down. I saw just how powerful and dangerous this dragon was when it hit Bloodsbane - Von Larson’s Thunderdrum after it used its sonic boom. The Spawn of death’s huge tail sliced through
his face causing him to instantly fall with Von on top of him. It was a horrific moment.

We were not doing well, we were losing. I thought all hope was lost when suddenly it locked on Toothless and you my son. It followed you to the back of the island and seemed furious on your tail. I tried to follow but the spawn of death was as fast as Toothless, and the battle continued between our dragons and theirs. I was needed in the village.

After a while the Spawn of Death re-appeared over the village, to re-join the battle once more. We were all disheartened when you didn’t reappear with it. We had hoped you was able to stop it, and we now feared the worst.

We fought as long as we could. We fired and tried to continue to push it away from the village, but we were losing people and dragons on both sides. Dragons were starting to become loyal to the Spawn of Death out of fear, and we had all but given up. Then I heard your voice demanding Snotlout to get above the Spawn of Death. You were poised on Hookfang riding with Snotlout. The look in your face was devoid of life and it scared me. You looked lost, full of such hate and anger. You landed on the dragon - behind the rider, and with inferno in your hand you plunged the blade through his back and shoved him mercilessly from the dragon. It all happened so fast after that. You were about to plunge the blade though the head of the dragon, I cried at you to stop but then … the dragon let out a growl of pure agony. Everything erupted in a bright blue light that blinded us all. When we looked back the dragon seemed to have just burnt to ash and vanish before our very eyes, although there was no flame, no smoke, and no smell of burning flesh. We had no idea what had happened, and we assumed you had killed the dragon somehow.

Unconscious, you descended down to the ground and village below. Snotlout and Hookfang caught you moments before you hit the ground. The dragons either left or returned to our side, and any riders that were fighting us retreated. I chased to your side son, and with the help of Gobber and Snotlout, we took you to your house. We ordered Yaegor to go get Gothi, but due to the amount of people injured it took a while for her to arrive.

We treated you and were so relieved when you woke up, but you were … weren’t yourself. When I finally left your side and went to help the village, it was clear that we may have won the battle but … it was not a happy victory. It was a miracle that we lost no people that night, but we came very close. Some of our fighting men and woman almost died - and would have too if their dragons hadn't protected them so loyally.

We found three of the riders that were fighting against us dead that night. Seven dragons had also lost their lives … including poor sweet Bloodsban. Von was devastated as you can imagine. He refused treatment from Gothi for two days, and even Gustav had to keep Fanghook away - the sight of him only caused his father more hurt.

We recovered as a village - as best we could, and as I had been voted to lead during your … recovery I did my best to give the dragons the best funeral we could manage; I worked with Yaegor to fix the buildings; Sven, Mulch and bucket tried to recover crops and round up the animals; Gustav and Gobber helped me treat the injured dragons along with some of the A-team; and everyone contribute in what way they could. Surprisingly the village wasn’t as damaged as we though, so that was the easiest part. Most of the men however, were physically hurt - others more so, and the village was disheartened. Myself and the other women helped in raising their spirits, and I did my duty as your mother - and acting chief. Soon everyone … well, expect poor Von, were able to get back to normal.

You know the rest son.
Chapter 15- Making progress

Hiccup was literally shaking, frozen with blown pupils, and not breathing nearly enough. At one point during Valka's recollection of events, Hiccup had subconsciously reached out to hold Toothless's hand. Toothless had shifted closer to Hiccup to comfort him. By the end, Hiccup had images of death and destruction pulling him away from reality. Toothless noticed that Hiccup's face was so pale, and he was holding his breath like he had forgotten how to breathe. When Toothless squeezed his hand, Hiccup gulped - blinking his eyes. He looked up at Toothless and inhaled a deep needed gasp of air, but suddenly … his stomach was doing back flips and his saliva was increasing substantially in his mouth. His stomach contracted, and that’s when Hiccup bolted out the front door - his hand covering his mouth.

Toothless had quickly stood up, wincing as he aggravated his injuries. He made to go after Hiccup but Valka beat him to the door. Seeing her son retching up his porridge from this morning, she’d stopped in the doorway - clearly torn between going to him and staying where she was. Toothless on the other hand, had no qualms about going straight to Hiccup. Eventually he was standing behind him, his right hand gently rubbing his back. Hiccup's stomach contracted violently again, making him vomit a second time. He coughed and choked up the sick, his eyes burning with tears.

"It’s ok Hicc. Let it out!" Toothless reassured him.

All Hiccup could do in acknowledgement of Toothless, was wave his hand before his stomach contracted again - forcing the last of his breakfast up. There was more bile than stomach contents this time. Hiccup finally stood up straight, after coughing up and spitting out as much as he could from his mouth.

"Sorry." Was all Hiccup could say, his voice was so weak and broken, raspy and hoarse.

"What you sorry for? Valka telling us what happened can't have been easy for you. I was worried you would be affected like this, and it kinda made me feel sick too if I’m honest." Toothless admitted. Hiccup retched again, but nothing came out this time. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah! I’m good. I-I think I'm done." Hiccup stuttered. The colour was finally returning to his face. It had been hard to hear that the dragons had perished in the battle. Ever since Astrid had died … he just couldn’t deal with death. Losing Toothless that night had only made it worse, and every time something reminded him of either devastating event in his life, he’d lose it. He thought he could cope this time though; his recurring nightmares no longer woke him every night, and he felt more confident. It was done it now though, he’d listened, braved the details of that night and only suffer a bout of nausea for it. Toothless suddenly pulled Hiccup to his chest for a one-armed hug.

"I don't care who's looking. I think you need it." Toothless told him.

Hiccup smiled, returning the warm hug that made him feel safe, grounded … loved. Toothless’s warm body had such a calming effect on him when he needed it. The way Toothless held him just seemed to make his troubles feel less heavy on his shoulders. He was still embarrassed from throwing up though.
"I smell like puke." Hiccup groaned, still tasting it on his tongue.

"I don't care! I've smelt worse." Toothless said, releasing Hiccup. "Wanna go back inside now?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "Some water would be nice." Hiccup said. They were just about to head back inside when Hiccup slapped Toothless's good arm.

"Ow! What was that for?" Toothless whined.

"For being you and … for dying." Hiccup whispered the last part, still scared to remember it.

"I may just let you die next time, seeing as my heroic efforts are appreciated so much." Toothless said, as they walked back towards the front door. Hiccup shook his head, but he couldn't help smile as he caught Toothless’s eyes.

Valka had been watching this whole time and she smiled. She’d noticed how close the boys were, and she swore she saw more to their relationship then just friendship. Hiccup certainly calmed better with Toothless around, and the way he smiled at him … it reminded her of the way Stoick used to look at her.

---OOO---

Refreshed and feeling better, Hiccup sat back down to talk. Nobody said anything for a while … until Hiccup took a deep breath and started the conversation. Toothless was right there next to him, making him feel more confident.

"It … it really was a … a violent and tragic night. I can't believe ... Bloodsbane-." Hiccup couldn't finish his sentence, and looked down at his hands pinching the fabric of his trousers.

"What it is Hiccup?" Toothless asked gently, reading the guilt in Hiccup’s face.

"I … I should have been there for the village. I should have saved Bloodsbane! " Hiccup choked, trying to hold back his tears. It was Valka how took her son’s hand just then.

"Hiccup, there was nothing you could do. You did everything you was expected to do that night as the chief, as a friend, and as a leader. You couldn't have done anymore. The Spawn of Death was just too strong, but you battled bravely my son." Valka assured him.

"Ogthantarh.” Toothless muttered. He looked up at Valka briefly - noticing her confused expression, before holding Hiccup’s other hand and paying close attention to him instead.
"Ogthantarh! That's what it was. Not the Spawn of Death. I was going to tell Hiccup what I knew about them last night, but we … erm ... didn't get around to it." Toothless paused, remembering the argument they’d had. Hiccup looked up at Toothless.

"Why didn't you tell me bud. I mean, you have been human for a while and you never said-"

"I didn't remember until last night. That's another reason I wanted to talk to you. Remember, I had something important to tell you." Toothless reminded him. Hiccup nodded.

"So, what do you know about the … Ogthantarh?" Hiccup asked.

"Not much to be honest. The elder Changewing was telling me what the markings and drawings on the cave walls meant, but that was when I was a younger - much younger. I only remember what she told me the night before she left. The Ogthantarh wasn't an alpha dragon. It couldn't control the others like one - like I can, and it could never become an alpha dragon. She told me the
Ogthantarth was a leader of dragons in a way. It ruled over alpha dragons due to it being a kind of ... ‘tradition’ I think you call it. Like, that was just the way it was back then - the natural order of things. The alpha ruled the dragons in its territory, whilst the Ogthantarth traveled greater distances controlling the Alphas - or instructing them maybe. They were held in great respect I think, you respected them and bowed. They upheld the old rules, traditions, and beliefs you see, so they ensured that other dragons did too. The last thing I remember her telling me was that they had the ability to cause a great pain. That night ... during the battle, I made the Ogthantarth angry. I couldn't control it and my powers of persuasion wouldn't work on him. I thought they were extinct or just a myth so ... I didn't know what to do. We had to draw it towards the sea, so I wanted to make him angry so that he would chase us, but in his rage … I felt excruciating pain in my head and body. That's why I crashed into the forest that night, putting Hiccup in danger.” Toothless felt guilty for putting Hiccup in danger.

"It wasn't your fault bud." Hiccup comforted him. "I-Is that why you saved my life ... because you felt bad for putting me in danger?" Hiccup asked.

"No! I wasn't thinking about that then. I saved you because you’re my best friend Hiccup. I couldn't watch you get hurt or die. It was a reaction that I didn’t even think about.” Toothless quickly answered with big eyes.

Hiccup hugged Toothless - forgetting his mother’s presence. Toothless hissed slightly, the sudden movement unexpected as it was, jarred his shoulder.

"Sorry. It’s just you really … never cease to amaze me." He chuckled - a bright smile on his lips as he caught Toothless’s eyes. He suddenly pulled away embarrassed. Valka smiled at them both. She noticed Hiccup's eyes shine as he looked at Toothless, and once again … she wondered if their friendship wasn’t something much deeper.

"The villagers have already given the Ogthantarth the name, ‘Spawn of Death’. I'm not sure who started it - but I'm sure Fishlegs has already updated the book of dragons." She told them.

"Mrs Haddock. Vikings don't know our real species names so, ‘Spawn of Death’ is fine, and kinda fitting." Toothless informed her with a smirk.

"Toothless, please call me Valka ... and real species names?" Valka asked raising her eye brows. Toothless and Hiccup shared a look then chuckled.

"To us Toothless is a Nightfury mum, but apparently he is really a Loightakalean." Hiccup smiling at his mother’s reaction.

"Really? You have your own names for the different species? I shouldn't be surprised. What is Cloud-jumper?" Valka asked eagerly, laughing in excitement.

"That's going to be a hard one. Okay a Stormcutter. Erm... Cre ... fle ... flu ... Cre-flu-er-taleon ... Krefjórir-taleon!" Toothless finished happy with his achievement.

"The what now?" Hiccup asked bewildered, whilst his mother clapped in excitement.

"Kre-fjórir-taleon, wow that’s hard." Toothless repeated.

"Amazing! What about a Deadly-Nadder?" She asked in excitement, before Hiccup could stop her.

"Switenbelprowlus" Toothless answered smiling, that was easy one to say in human language.

"Okay mom! I don't think Toothless wants to spend all day listing the different species of dragons.”
Hiccup nervously told his mother - trying to calm her down. He knew where he got his enthusiasm from when it came to certain fire breathing reptilian creatures, but his mother’s enthusiasm sometimes had no restrain. To be honest, he was just as interested in learning the dragon names of species, but he also wanted to get back to important things - such as the meeting he had to get to in the Great Hall.

"It is just fascinating." Valka replied with a massive grin, but she knew to save her curiosity for another time.

---OOO---

They talked about the night of the battle, and the Ogthantarth, but everything they knew had already been mentioned. Hiccup was interested in the caves Toothless had spoken of, where the elder Changewing had told him about the markings and drawings on the walls. Toothless had informed Hiccup that he wasn't sure where the caves were, as it was a very long time ago. He’d only been a youngling at the time, and it was during a period of his life he couldn’t remember. He admitted that they might be able to get back there … but there was a huge volcanic eruption. He was sure the dragons had all vacated the island because of it. Hiccup had showed a great interest in traveling to the find the caves, seeing as they might provide them with useful information regarding the Ogthantarth, and therefore, could maybe shed some light onto the dragon’s sudden departure if they were related.

Hiccup was sure the two were connected, for one thing, Toothless said the Ogthantarth caused him great pain, and changing back to a dragon right now even with the Ogthantarth gone, still caused him to suffer a similar pain. Secondly, once he did the calculation, it seemed too much of a coincidence that the dragons left seven nights after the Ogthantarth died. He still wasn't sure what caused the Ogthantarth to perish, because as he informed his mother and Toothless, he was knocked out before he could do anything to the dragon. The last thing Hiccup remembered was a blinding blue light, everything after that was a jumbled messed - either due to his injuries and grief, or the drunken state he had forced upon himself to forget.

---OOO---

Hiccup and Toothless had left Valka's house - leaving Trid in her care. Hiccup needed to get to the meeting, and he had a plan for finding out who may have shot Toothless with the arrow - he just hoped it worked. His first course of action was to speak to Gobber, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Geirolf and Gustav.

As they finally reached Gobber’s blacksmith hut, Hiccup felt guilty; Toothless was meant to be having his next herbal medicated tea - so his pain was starting to increase, especially in his ankle from all the walking. He told Toothless to wait for him with Gobber, in his old section of the hut - where he used to make his own inventions. He quickly set out to round everyone up, and get them to meet him back at the blacksmiths immediately. Hiccup had asked Toothless if he wanted to stay with Valka, or at home, but he stubbornly wanted to follow Hiccup around instead.

Toothless was now sat in the back of the blacksmiths hut, looking at all of Hiccup's designs and drawing. Gobber watched him looking around, and decided to say something to break the awkward silence.

"I have‘on changed a thing since Hiccup became chief ya know. That laddie means the world ta me, ah think a him like the son ah never had, especially since his father died. Ah expect he told ye about dat.” Gobber said to a nervous Toothless - who just nodded at him. “Ah love aving him around, he used to stop by for auld time’s sake … when he could, or come by ta make something. Since Astrid died giving birth ta their son he ... Well, ah expect he hasn't had the time." Gobber
trailed off sadly. He suddenly left, going into the main part of his blacksmith hut by the forge.

Toothless was left looking at Hiccup's drawings. His old ones of Toothless's tail were still there, and so were his flight suit designs. The photos made Toothless really miss flying with Hiccup. Hiccup would scare the scales of his back with his antics and flight suits - especially when he got himself into dangerous situations, but he still really missed it. Hiccup hadn’t really been as enthusiastic with flying since Astrid died. He still loved it, but he had abandoned the more reckless aspects such as free falling, or testing out new suits and saddles. He really wanted to just grab Hiccup, turn into the dragon he was, and take off over the village and out to sea. Toothless was lost in the memories of all the great times he shared with Hiccup in the sky … when he heard a group of people outside - the voices he recognized.

"It's Gustav!" Gustav announced enthusiastically as he arrived. Toothless rolled his eyes - the guy wasn’t that spectacular that he needed his own personal announcement. Although, Toothless couldn’t help trying it on for size. ‘It’s Kalster!’ He thought to himself - along with image of himself striding in all smug and self-important. He chuckled under his breath at how ridiculous that sounded. Toothless went to see what was happening, but he stood in the door way - leaning against the wood for support. He stayed his distance, not wanting to draw attention to himself. The twins and Snotlout where already there, and Gobber had joined them.

"Shut it Gustav!" Snotlout snapped.

Hiccup came striding back with Geirolf, just as Fishlegs joined the team - panting as he strolled over as fast as he could from another direction. Tuffnut was leaning through the blacksmith window, arguing about something with chicken as she squawked and jumped near the hot melted metal Gobber had sat there to cool.

"I need your help guys..." Hiccup announced as he stopped in front of his small gathering. "...First off, Tuff! If you value the life of that damn chicken, I suggest you stop putting her near that hot melted metal." He sighed. "Secondly, I have a plan to apprehend a traitor."

Tuffnut had retrieved chicken - moaning about Hiccup under his breath, whereas everyone else was paying full attention to their chief now. Ruffnut slapped her brother up the head to shut up his mumbling.

"Traitor?" Geirolf asked.

"Yes. For those of you that aren't already aware. Someone defied my direct orders and shoot Kalster with an arrow yesterday late afternoon-early-evening. I was with him when it happened, and it was a clear act of treason!" Hiccup stated confidently.

"Ah, treason! The crime of showing no loyalty to your chief or his land, or committing a crime against your chief and his land." Ruffnut proudly stated with her hands behind her back, rocking on her toes.

"Correct sister! Or both! Should I be writing this down?" Tuffnut asked.

"Who did it chief sir, I will cut off his hand and feed them to him in a soup ... I will burn of his arms and legs and feed them to him in a stew before bloodying his face with my head!" Gustav announced, pounding his hand with his fist.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and continued. "I don't have time for this. I need to get the Great Hall, so listen! I have a list of suspects. People I know who were strongly against Kalster staying here and could have done it. Radburn Wager, his wife Waiola, Tybalt, Fingal and Spitelout Jorgenson. I
want..." Hiccup was explaining but Snotlout interrupted angrily.

"No way my dad committed treason fish-bone!" Snotlout snapped. Causing the others to gasp.

"That's ya chief Snotlout! You'd do well ta remember dat!" Gobber told him fiercely, glaring at him and holding him up by his tunic making Snotlout gulp.

"It’s okay Gobber, you can put him down. Snotlout I don’t think your dad committed treason at all. He is however one of the few that had a very strong opinion about Kalster being here. If he has nothing to do with it, and I’m very sure he won’t, then I will be proven right that Spitelout is still an honored member of this tribe however, I need to check everyone that spoke up that night or it wouldn’t be fair. If I'm honest my highest suspicions are on someone else. I just hope it isn't a joint effort." Hiccup explained. Snotlout sulked but understood.

"So, what do you need us for chief" Fishlegs asked nervously.

"I am going to be over at the Great Hall speaking to the rest of the village. I usually only speak to those that have allocated jobs today but I have spread the word for everyone to be there - which they will be very shortly, so this has to be quick. I want you to check and search the houses for any evidence. I suggest Tuffnut and Gustav you can check Wagers place, Gobber Tybalt..." Hiccup was saying before Gustav interrupted.

"Wait! Chief. It couldn't have been either of the Wagner's because I was there yesterday with Tadeas talking about what we’re doing about dragon training now that ... you know. His mom and dad were there the whole time." Gustav told him urgently.

"Are you sure about this?" Hiccup asked.

"Positive! His mom and dad were talking to me and Tadeas the whole time!" Gustav informed Hiccup proudly.

"Alright, but I hope you’re right! So, I want Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Geirolf to check out Tybalt's house. Fishlegs and Gobber, you check out Fingal's house. And Tuffnut, Gustav … you check out the Jorgenson house. Met me at the Great Hall in about an hour, one sundial mark. If you find anything tell the others and get back sooner. Leave the houses as you found them; I don't want anyone knowing what we did unless they are the culprit." Hiccup explained quickly getting nods all round.

When everyone left, Hiccup asked Toothless to wait at the blacksmith hut, but he insisted on meeting Hiccup at the Great Hall. Hiccup gave in trying to reason with him, and left in hurry.

---OOO---

By the time Toothless limped into the back of the Great Hall - and sat down on a lone chair, Hiccup had finished explaining to his villagers why they were all here today. He watched as Hiccup gesticulated the way he always did when he spoke to his village. Hiccup was always so nervous in the spotlight, having his tribes’ attention like this - well, anyone’s attention like this, was still strange to him. He never wanted to be chief - never thought he’d be any good, or live up to his father’s name, but quite the contrary, he had done wonders for his tribe and they loved him. Toothless almost mirrored Hiccup’s feelings, he too never wanted to be Alpha - never thought about it really. It was honor to gain the title after defeating the Bewilderbeast, but he never considered what that would mean for him - except respect and control over the other dragons. He had soaked up the moment like a plant would soak up the sunlight, not realizing the duty behind the status. Now he had to drop everything and take-off when he was needed, or prevent fights over
territory and such. It wasn’t that he didn’t like, it was that he often forgot he was the alpha half the time. He wasn’t very good at it, but it did mean he could keep the dragons on Berk under control - something Hiccup was most grateful for. He loved making Hiccup happy.

Hiccup had informed his tribe that he had an important topic of discussion to address at the end of the meeting - that being the reason he had summoned everyone over today, and he also wanted to give everyone a chance to share their thought or problems - seeing as he had been of duty. The Vikings seemed to accept this as the reason for being summoned so Hiccup had continued. He’d spoken to the Vikings in charge of look out duty; Yaegor who was in charge of building and house repairs; Starkard and Hoark in charge of dock patrol and boat repairs; Mulch, Bucket, and Sven who are in charge of farming and food stocks. Hiccup soon noticed Toothless sitting at the back - who had been in the room for a while by this point. Toothless waved and smiled at him proudly, but he looked bothered by pain and tiredness - which worried Hiccup a great deal, pulled at his heart, and made him feel guilty.

Despite his concerns, Hiccup moved on with the meeting. He started to ask the villagers if they had any issues. The lack of certain Vikings in the Great Hall … suddenly started to cause some ruckus as everyone had been ordered to attend the meeting, and specifically, Ruff, Tuff, Gustav, Gobber, Geirolf, Fishlegs, and Snotlout all had their own set jobs that were usually discussed. Hiccup was starting to regret his plan as more and more Vikings started to get louder. Only by the grace of the god’s did the seven ‘missing’ people arrive at that moment. Gobber was carrying one cross bow, and Fishlegs was carrying three arrows.

The Vikings had all turned to look at the extremely late group - who were now sitting down at the back tables near Toothless. Gobber and Fishlegs however, walked down to join Hiccup whispering something into his ear. Hiccup took the cross bow and arrows, examined them, and thought about his next words carefully. With a nod from their chief, Gobber and Fishlegs went to find seats with the others.

"Now that everyone’s here, can someone please enlighten me … who does this crossbow belongs to?" He asked the villagers before him, holding up the items in question. When no one answered he continued. "What about these arrows?" He asked again, but no one spoke up. Hiccup could see his particular suspect shift in his seat nervously. "Put it this way, I know where these come from. I also know who they belong to. I can also confirm the arrows match perfectly to one that was shoot at Kalster!" Hiccup said, anger unconsciously woven into his authoritative tone. He heard the gasps sound throughout the hall. Hiccup waited to see if anyone would speak up, calming himself so he didn’t come across as delusional or playing favorites. He knew the house the weapon had come from - it was occupied by only one man, yet without evidence, he had to play this carefully or they could play the, ‘I’ve been set up’ game. He was just about to continue when someone unexpected stood up.

Thirteen-year-old Valda Naowarat rose to her feet. Her long curly blond hair was held back with a hair band, and her brown eyes looked at Hiccup. She tried to look confident, but an air of nervousness leaked through.

"Chief, please forgive me for remaining quiet so long, but ... my father has taught me that it isn't always my place to speak without permission in front of our great chief." She said with a slight blush in her cheeks and a bow.

"Go on Valda, you may always speak to me. Take your time." Hiccup encouraged her, giving her a smile. He saw her blush darken ever so slightly as she tried so hard to remain confident.

"Right." She nodded, but then she looked at her father guilty. "Father please forgive me, I have
disobeyed you." She quickly turned back to face Hiccup - before her father could speak with her. Valda put her hands behind her back and continued on quickly. "I was playing in the forest you see. I was meant to be at home but I had disobeyed my father to practice throwing my axe. My family don't know I do this so … I was hesitant to speak up and for that I am sorry. I stopped because I heard someone approaching. I didn't want to be seen because I didn't want my family to know what I had been doing. Hiding in the bushes, I saw someone with a crossbow and arrows that look identical to that one. I only say identical and not the same because … my vision was impaired due to hiding. They could very well have been the same ones. I knew exactly who the man that fired the cross bow. I heard the arrow fire, then he chuckled before quickly running away. I stayed in my hiding spot for a few moments longer, but when I eventually went to leave, I heard the chief shouting. I moved closer to the noise because … even thought I didn't want to be seen, my conscious always forces me to put others in need before myself. That's when I saw him..." Valda pointing at Kalster. Kalster suddenly felt very self-conscious as everyone turned to look at him, but he recognized Valda and smiled. "... I went to him because he was alone. He wanted to get up so I helped him sit by the nearest tree. I didn’t know if anyone would come back, but I was certain the chief wouldn’t have just left him there. I was just deciding what to do when I saw Chief-Hiccup returning. I hid until Gobber came to help. Then I snuck home." Valda finished.

Hiccup could see the girl’s father wanted to have a few words with his daughter, so Hiccup gestured for the girl to come over to him. Hiccup faced her mother and father before speaking, hoping to prevent her scolding later on, and commend her bravery.

"You should be very proud of your daughter." Hiccup told her parents. He then addressed the entire room, one hand on the girl’s shoulders. "She stood here today, with great courage and maturity. She told the truth - admitted what she saw, knowing she would have to admit to her father that she had disobeyed him. She did this because it was the right thing to do. Most Vikings would have stayed silent, keeping their secret rather than bringing a traitor to justice for someone they don't know that well. We should all inspire to do what is right, over what is easy." Hiccup turned back to her. "Valda Naowarat, today you have been fearless and brave. Your heart is mighty and you have brought great honour to your family name, but I must ask one last thing of you. Can you tell the rest of the room who the man was that shoot Kalster, because even though I know who it was … I think everyone else here would like to hear it from you too." Hiccup finished with an encouraging smile. Valda was beaming at the praise she had just received from the chief. She immediate pointed to the man and spoke his name confidently.

"Fingal!"

The room erupted in roars, Gobber and Styrbiorn were suddenly holding Fingal from running away.

"Enough! Enough!" Hiccup shouted but no one listened though the commotion.

"Will you all just shut the fuck up and listen …" Toothless bellowed astonishingly loud, surprising all the Vikings in the room. Even Hiccup thought it was close to the volume his father could project. Toothless was suddenly very self-conscious so when he finished his voice was hesitant "...To Hiccup ... your chief ... coz he was talking." Toothless pointed at Hiccup who suddenly looked frozen at something Valda had just whispering into his ear.

Valda then walked over to Toothless and whispered something into his ear. Toothless gave a small nod and smiled at her. Valda went back to her seat as all eyes turned between Hiccup, Toothless, and Valda. Toothless smiled knowingly at Hiccup and he relaxed.

"W-Where was I... erm ... right! Gobber, Styrbiorn please take Fingal to the dungeon cells. I will
deal with him when I have decided his punishment with the council. I will catch up with the people missing today regarding their allocated jobs tomorrow.” Hiccup finished.

"I haven't done anything. The brat was lying! Ya can't prove I did anything because it’s all a lie..." Fingal was shouting as he was dragged away. Gobbed bashed him on the head with his hook, knocking him out cold.

“Sorry ah didn’t catch that, did ya say something?” Gobber said, as he and Styrbiorn left with Fingal. Hiccup couldn’t help the small twitch in his lips at Gobber’s action, but he maintained his composure as he approached Valda Naowarat.

"You know … you shouldn't go running off without telling your mum and dad, right?" Hiccup asked the girl in front of her parents. Valda nodded guilty - she seemed to be fighting with the decision to admit something or not.

"I know. It's just ... Miss Astrid was teaching me." She decided to admit to him. Hiccup was rather shocked.

"R-Really? That does explain a thing or two." Hiccup said smiling at her. Her parents looked shocked as well so Hiccup guessed they had no idea. "I'm sorry Penn, Nora. My wife was ... very attached to her axe and her training. She believed that women were just as capable to be warriors as men.” Hiccup explained, trying to talk about his wife without turning into a mess.

"It is alright chief.” Penn nodded, placing his hand on his chiefs’ shoulder roughly. “I never knew me daughter had an interest in weapons. If she was with Mrs Haddock then I know she was in safe hands at least. That girl was the best with an axe I’ve ever seen. A true Valkyrie and warrior.” Penn Naowarat told Hiccup.

“‘She was! Thank-you Penn.”’ Hiccup thanked him nodding.

"I'm sorry father. I know it was wrong of me to not tell you." Valda told her father with honesty.

"We can talk about it at home dear. I'm sure we can think of something … so you can keep practicing. Maybe you can show me some of what you’ve learnt” Penn said to his daughter. He nodded to Hiccup, and then left with his wife and his smiling daughter. Valda turned her head towards Hiccup as she left through the doors. She mouthed. ‘Thank-you’ to him before winking - a big knowing smiling on her face.

Hiccup sighed long and hard when most of his people had left, but he knew it wasn’t over yet. The Vikings still in the Hall obviously had questions - or other things to tell him. He looked over at Toothless, rolled his eyes, and used his hands to signal to his friend that he hated all the questions and wanted to get back home. Toothless just gave him a thumbs up and smiled. Hiccup knew he was putting on a brave face for him … and that he must be in a lot of pain.

---OOO---

Finally, the Great Hall was empty except for Fishlegs - who wanted to use the tables and the books stored in the back. Hiccup rushed over to Toothless, who looked at him with his best smile - but his eyes were losing the spark they usually had, and he knew Toothless needed to rest.

"Time to go home bud!” Hiccup told him, glad to be getting out of there and going home with Toothless.

Toothless stood up with a hiss, wincing at the stabbing pain driving through his left shoulder - and down his back. He walked towards the door limping on his right ankle - jarring his whole body
with each step. Biting his lip to stop himself from hissing, he kept moving forward hiding his discomfort from Hiccup. Even the bruises on his body ached and felt sore. Toothless knew that the herb paste tea might be horrible - although it took away so much of the pain, but for once he knew he wouldn't be complaining about it. He felt like a he was being a wimp, but the pains were a whole new experience to him as a human. He had his tail torn off, been blasted at, bitten, shot with arrows, crash landed, and had even died but … the comparison between pain as a dragon and that of a human, were as far from each other as that of water and fire.

Toothless was grateful Hiccup lived next door - just down a few steps and to the right, because if he was honest, he really couldn’t walk any further. Hiccup could clearly see his friend’s discomfort, even if he was putting on a brave face. He got Toothless to lean on him with his right arm as they walked home.

Toothless sat at the table, relieved and gratefully drinking what Hiccup had prepared without complaint. Hiccup confirmed he must have needed it, as Toothless was usually full of complaints about the horrible taste. Hiccup had been generous with the amount of paste he’d added, hoping he wouldn't poison Toothless.

"We made progress Hicc!" Toothless sighed a while later.

"Progress?" Hiccup asked.

"Yeah. We caught the bad guy, you know more about the Ogthantarh now, you and your mum are talking again, and you’re back to being Chief. I'd call that progress!" Toothless told Hiccup, smiling. His eyes were getting life back in them now he had finished the tea and rested. Hiccup smiled.

"Never thought of it like that. Hey? You never told me Valda helped you yesterday … or that she knows you’re Toothless." Hiccup confronted him. Toothless had an innocent smile that melted through him like butter.

"She said she wouldn't tell anyone, and I forgot" Toothless smirked.

"Conveniently slipped your mind huh. When she told me ... I swear a younger me would have fainted." Hiccup admitted.

"You looked like you would anyways. I thought that is what she might have said." Toothless chuckled. The sound was beautiful to Hiccup.

"What did she say to you exactly, after she left me?" Hiccup asked.

"She said, 'Don't worry, I won't tell them about you, but you owe me a flight when you can fly again', I agreed. She always fed me fish and rubbed my belly before." Toothless looked like he was remembering as he smiled.

"You keep taking fish from all the villagers. I don't know how you don't get fat." Hiccup commented in disbelief, looking at Toothless lean … attractive body. He couldn’t help thinking about what lay under Toothless’s clothes.

"Never gonna happen!" Toothless insisted. “So, what did she tell you?"

"Oh, erm.”’ Hiccup suddenly registered what Toothless had said. “Just that she heard me calling you Toothless a few times, and heard what I said to you when I returned. She said the secret was safe with her and that, you … had cute eyes." Hiccup told him with a slight blush.
Valda's words reminded him how much he loved Toothless's bright green eyes with their vivid blue edge, and mesmerizing surreal appearance. Looking into them reflected love and unyielding companionship, peace, and hope. His eyes were always full of life, and his soul reflected his own. Toothless laughed and missed Hiccup trying to stare into his eyes from across the table. They were different when he was a human - to his dragon eyes that is, yet something was still so familiar about them. You could still tell it was Toothless from the way his eyes stared at you, or lit up when he smiled. How no one could see that Kalster was Toothless - just from those eyes alone, was a mystery to him.

Toothless’s perfect moist lips were moving, but Hiccup couldn’t hear anything accept his own heart beating. His lips, smiling at him, moving, talking, nibbling, kissing … Oh!

His mind had wondered so shamefully from reality - leaving only a chain of secret desires playing out like an erotic dream. How he wanted to reach across the table right now and feel Toothless's lips pressed into his own so badly. He wanted to explore his mouth with his tongue and wondered so desperately what it would taste like - what it felt like. If he could just run his fingers through that thick black hair, and press that firm body up undeniably close to his own. Have him on the bed, undressing him slowly piece by piece. Feeling his body - every inch of it, with his hands … his mouth - exploring every curve and dip like a wild flight, only … it would it be so much more sensual. What would it feel like to give into that forbidden desire completely?

Hiccup’s sexual fantasies played on like a drug. Desires that had been locked away, and now desperately wanted to claw their way out and into Toothless's skin instead. He could feel the blood rushing to his manhood, enlarging his bulge, forcing his legs apart in his chair. He was drunk on want, drowning on pure desires, and as horny as fuck.

"Hicc?" Toothless asked across the table. He was frowning, wondering why Hiccup was staring at him and biting his pursed bottom lip. Or why he was suddenly eyeing him like something delectable to eat. Hiccup licked his bottom lip, making Toothless immensely confused. "Hicc! Hello?" Toothless called again, noticing Hiccup’s eyes shifting up and down, looking at him with a facial expression he had never seen before on his human. It had him feeling a bit freak out.

Hiccup had denied his feelings for so long, he didn't know how much longer he could pretend they weren't there. He loved Toothless, wanted him, needed him. He didn’t care that he had fallen for him so fast, or that he was a dragon in a human body … a fucking hot, sexy, alluring human body. Damn his sexual desires, they were going to go into overdrive … if he didn't snap out of it soon and get a grip on his brain … but … It was so tempting. Those eyes, those lips … just one kiss.

"Hiccup?" Toothless shouted standing up. His pain was much more tolerable … thanks to Gothi. He walked over to Hiccup, who’s eyes never left his lips. He waved his hand in front of Hiccup’s face, but he didn’t respond. Hiccup just stared at him hungrily, breathing heavily, and looked like he was lot in a trance. Toothless decided to slap Hiccup's arm.

Hiccup looked up at Toothless’s eyes, but he was still so intoxicated in lust and desire. Toothless was looking back at him - straight into his eyes. Damn it, the eyes started this whole thing, and Hiccup still desperately wanted to taste them lips … it was all he could think about now.

"Hiccup, what's go-mft!" Toothless tried to asked but was stopped mid-sentence.

Hiccup had lost his mind completely, and before Toothless could say another word … Hiccup had stood up, flung his hands behind Toothless neck, and planted his lips directly onto Toothless's mouth.
Fifteen chapters in, whoa! Still so much more to come I promise. It is going to be a wild ride, so bare with me. This is my first fan-fiction, and If you have read this far than thank you so much! It means so much to me. Thank-you to all my dedicated readers for your kudos. If you have a moment, please let me know in the comments what you think of this story so far. XD
Chapter 16- Why?

Hiccup had lost the fight against his desperate, screaming, forbidden desires. He must have been delirious, deranged even, because in that captivating moment he had done the inconceivable; He had pulled Toothless’s head close to his and smacked into his lips without nothing holding him back. In all but a split-second Hiccup had made to passionately devour Toothless’s mouth - and ram his tongue inside, but Toothless had frozen in shock and hadn't responded back.

'Fuck'. Hiccup thought to himself, his eyes closed tighter and he froze - his lips still against Toothless’s, and his hands still in his friend’s hair. Reasoning and reality flooding back to him in violent wave - along with his inner conflict, but it was Toothless acted first. He pushed Hiccup away with haste, making him stumble backwards. Hiccup turned in shame, regret, confusion, fear … he couldn’t look at Toothless face.

"Well the hell what that?" Toothless asked clearly confused. He knew what Hiccup had done, but kissing was for mates, human-Viking mates. Especially kisses like the one Hiccup had just tried giving him.

Hiccup swallowed hard and was trying to think of an explanation - or an excuse. He was looking down full of embarrassment, totally humiliated. He had one hand over his eyes, refusing to face Toothless.

"I-I-erm." Hiccup took in a deep breath and let out a broken sigh. "I'm sorry." Was all he could bring himself to say.

"Explain! Why did you ... kiss me?" Toothless demanded, slowly walking closer to Hiccup from behind.

"I don't know." Hiccup lied, walking towards the front door. He had to get away, but Toothless saw him, and when he opened the door Toothless pushed it closed standing in front of him awaiting answers.

"Hicc? It's me, talk to me!" Toothless encouraged, seeing the look of shame and embarrassment on his friend’s face. Hiccup was still looking down but flicked his eyes up for a brief moment to look at Toothless.

"N-No chance you can just ... forget it happened?" Hiccup nearly whispered, still looking down.

"No!" Toothless wasn’t backing down, and Hiccup looked almost scared - he was definitely uncomfortable, sweaty, and fidgety. "I'm not angry, if that's what you think. I'm just … confused. You ... kissed me. In fact, I think you tried to eat me." Toothless said, remembering the force of the kiss. Hiccup gave the smallest of smirks before turning away again. "I have only seen you do that to Astrid ... and you loved her. She was your mate." Toothless recalled remembering back, trying to piece things together himself. "But I'm not your mate Hiccup. I'm a dragon, and last time I checked … I was male." Toothless reminded him. "So, why kiss me?"

Hiccup really didn't know what to say, but he knew Toothless would never let this go. He had totally screwed up, and It seemed even Toothless thought man-man relationships were wrong. I was making him feel so stupid, and so … weak.

"I-I was confused. I don't know what I thinking!" Hiccup stuttered.
Ever since Toothless became human, Hiccup knew that the physical attraction was there, but it had only increased the longer they share each other company. His feelings for Toothless had multiplied rapidly, like they had known each other forever and ... he was in love with him. The events that had transpired, had Hiccup emotions spiraling out of his control; his mother finding out about Toothless, the argument yesterday, sharing his bed with him, Toothless being shoot, the moments they had shared as friends, listening to Valka recalling the battle, and the way Toothless was always there for him. It had him so confused that he had acted on an impulse. A stupid impulse, that could cost him his friendship altogether ... and quite possibly, his right as chief too.

"You must be thinking something!" Toothless stated, standing close to him, looking at him and searching for answers. Hiccup just shrugged. "Well?" Toothless demanded.

"I don't know! I just ... I ..." Hiccup looked at Toothless and sighed, his voice then raised slightly - as he blurted out the rest. "I feel extremely uncomfortable talking about this. I just want to forget it ever happened."

"Did you want to kiss me?" Toothless asked bluntly, without even blinking.

"N-No!" Hiccup urgently replied. Causing Toothless to doubt his answer.

"You did!" Toothless realized. "But why ... why did you want to kiss me?" Toothless asked him. He wasn't giving up no matter how mad Hiccup got. In fact, an angry Hiccup usually told the truth even if he didn't mean to.

"I didn't!" Hiccup shouted, walking away from Toothless - towards the stairs.

"Liar! Why did you want to kiss me? Just tell me!" Toothless insisted, standing right in front of Hiccup - preventing him from moving again.

"Let me get past!" Hiccup demanded.

"Why did you want to kiss me?" Toothless took hold of Hiccup's arm.

"Toothless!" Hiccup shouted, trying to get away.

"Why did you kiss me?" Toothless firmly demanded, his voice raised and commanding.

"Because I love you!" Hiccup shouted, suddenly paling at his mistake. He stopped breathing; his eyes clenched tightly shut. 'Fuck'. He thought.

Toothless let go of Hiccup’s arm, thinking about that answer carefully. He was even more confused, and his eyebrows almost knitted together as he frowned. Hiccup had said it before to him - as they were buds, but something about it this time was different. He thought about the all the times Hiccup had told Astrid he loved her. Humans often told their mates they love them, but then ... Hiccup’s dad had said he loved his son - but they didn’t kiss.

"Love me? Like human mates?" Toothless asked hesitantly, that couldn't be it ... but nothing else made sense.

"Yes." Hiccup admitted quietly - letting out the breath he’d been holding. Toothless was so shocked that it took him a moment to find his words.

"You ... er ... I thought-. I thought you didn't like me much as a human. Now you ... you love me?" Toothless asked incredibly, still totally confused.
"I-I told you … I never thought any less of you as a human. In fact, I felt more. The problem is mine."

"Yesterday, you said you had feelings for me, but you wouldn't tell me what you meant." Toothless reminded him, feeling that this was connected. Hiccup sat down, putting his elbows on the table and his hands on his head.

"I do h-have feelings for you." Hiccup almost whispered. Toothless went and sat opposite Hiccup at the table, listening intently. "I don't know why. I tried ignoring them. I still am t-trying to ignore them." Hiccup admitted.

"What feelings do you have for me? What feelings are you trying to ignore?"

"R-ro-romantic feelings." Hiccup mumbled quietly, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Romantic feelings? Like I know what that means!" Toothless stated sarcastically. Hiccup gulped.

"I ... h-have feelings for you ... L-Like I did for ... Astrid." Hiccup didn't dare to look at Toothless, for one thing, he was sure his face was turning a deep shade of red.

"Astrid was your mate." Toothless confirmed. His mind whirled in confusion, but then … the coin dropped; Toothless realized what Hiccup was trying to saying. "Oh! Right … but Hicc, I'm a dragon, and a guy. I don't see how that ... works."

Hiccup's heart sunk. Toothless knew it was wrong, and he was totally disgusted at him. Just like his father would have been, and just like the village would be if they knew Hiccup was falling in love with a guy. Not only that, but the object of his forbidden desire had to be a dragon turned human - his dragon! It was insane, ludicrous, and an abomination to be frank.

"I'm sorry. I'm a freak! It's wrong. I won't do it again. I won't-"

"Hiccup! You're not a freak! I just don't understand. Two males can't produce eggs or … babies. Or can Vikings do that?" Toothless asked with another frown. Hiccup couldn't hold back his chuckle, visualizing his dad giving birth.

"No bud, they can't do that." Hiccup shook his head. He then closed his eyes in disbelief; he couldn’t believe the conversation he was now having with his dragon. “Oh god's!"

"So, if two males can't do that … then why would you be attracted to me as your mate. It’s not like we can produce eggs or anything, so it wouldn't make sense." Toothless asked rather matter of fact, causing Hiccup to blush further. Hiccup was so glad his head was in his hands - and that Toothless couldn't see his face when he answered.

"Because I-I, I love you, and … you’re … y-you’re you!" Getting his words out felt strained and difficult, like running just a little bit further when you’re already exhausted and past your limit.

"Do you have heat cycles or something?" Toothless asked bluntly. He expected Toothless to react one of many ways, to ask one of many questions, but he had not expected that.

"No!" He rapidly shot back, looking up at Toothless and feeling his face surge with heat.

"Oh. I know Astrid had heat cycles. They were easy to smell, but they were much more regular then female dragon ones." Toothless inform him unnecessarily.

"Bud! What the fuck!" Hiccup cried, running his hands aggressively through his hair. He could
combust with embarrassment and wanted the ground to swallow him up, or a Snow-Wraith to eat him, either would be good.

"Sorry. I just wondered why you would ... want me as your mate. I mean I can't see any reason that two males would be beneficial to species survival - they can't mate and, I'm not really a human either … so I wondered if something had affected your mind."

Hiccup looked at Toothless with bewilderment before burying his face back into his hands. Toothless was so blunt and to the point, curious, and stubborn too, but did he really not understand that mating wasn't just for the creation of offspring.

"V-Vikings don't .... erm ... always have ... sex, mate ... to have babies." Hiccup explained awkwardly. 'God's this was awkward'. He thought to himself.

"Then why else would they do it? Unless you're on heat and want to-

"I am not on heat!" Hiccup's head snapped up, and he shouted in frustration.

"Your face says otherwise. You look like you're heating up." Toothless sassed. He was so relaxed and oblivious to the awkwardness of the conversation. He found it funny that Hiccup was turning red - and had messed up his hair so much it was sticking all over the place. Toothless thought he looked cute.

"This conversation is embarrassing that's why!" Hiccup shouted once again, hiding his face into his hands. Toothless just laughed. "Oh Thor, give me strength." Hiccup preyed, rubbing his eyes. "Look! S-Sometimes it's ... nice to enjoy ... each other's company that way. Even if you don't mean to … or want to, make babies." Hiccup tried to explain.

"Why?"

"Because it's kind of ... enjoyable, and ... it shows the other person that ... that you love them."

"So, Vikings mate because it’s nice, enjoyable, and shows that you love them. Nothing to do with the way they smell in heat?" Toothless checked, trying to understand. Hiccup sighed trying to remain calm.

"Right! And Vikings don't ... h-have heat cycles." Hiccup answered still blushing profusely.

"Female Vikings do, I smell it." Toothless told him shocked Hiccup thought they didn't.

"Not like dragons bud." Hiccup glanced up and saw the questions burning in Toothless mind. "And I'm not a girl, I don't know how that works, so don't ask!" Hiccup snapped.

"Fine! But why do you love me as your mate? Two males can’t even have … sex I think you called it. You know..." Toothless made humping gestures with his hands, along with some suggestive sounds. Hiccup face palmed. That wasn’t something he wanted to explain anytime soon. Rubbing his face, he answered anyway.

"Because … I-I have feelings for you and ... l-love you!" Hiccup stuttered, ending with a rather undignified cough.

"What feeling do you have for me?"

"Really? Y-You really want me to answer that?"
"Yes! I really want to know?" Toothless nodded, with the best encouraging smile he could manage. Hiccup groaned; his head was so low on the table he might as well be laying on it.

"I-I really like you, and ... you care about me and ... I-I think you’re c-cute." He whispered into wood, but Toothless heard and started laughing.

"I think you’re cute too Hicc, but I don’t want to mate you." His laughter ceased when Hiccup’s head shot up - he looked emotionally hurt as he pushed his chair back, and rose to his feet rather quickly.

"That's just great, let’s all laugh at stupid Viking. Go ahead! It’s not like I just admitted my feelings for you, told you I loved or you, or was honest about something that was extremely difficult to admit." Hiccup snapped, running up the stairs to his room.

Toothless followed Hiccup, going slowly up the stairs after him. When he got to the room, he saw Hiccup sitting on the bed looking at his hands. He had such a sad expression on his face, it upset Toothless knowing he caused it.

"Hicc, I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt you." He comforted him, sitting next to Hiccup on the bed. Hiccup closed his eyes; they were burning with unshed tears.

"I should have been stronger bud. I shouldn’t have let my feelings consume me. I guess I really am just a freak. A weak, stupid-"

"You’re not a freak! And I don’t think you’re weak or stupid either." Toothless then tried to hug Hiccup, but he pulled away from him quickly.

"Don't bud! You're just making it harder." Hiccup complained.

"That's why you pulled away from me isn't it. I really thought you hated me!" Toothless stated realizing the truth, thinks were making more sense now.

"I never hated you. I hated myself!" Hiccup told him sternly, glancing up at him. "I know it’s wrong to have feelings for other men but ... I guess I ... I always have." Hiccup went silent for a moment, before he let out a sigh and continued. "I had a friend once ... Zachary. When I was a lot younger. I kissed him and his dad loved that. My dad made it very clear what he thought of me, and he forbid me to have any interest in boys after that. Not that ... there were any boys I liked on Berk after Zachary's family left - because of me. I then started to have feelings for Astrid." Hiccup smile was bittersweet as he remembered his childhood crush on the girl. "I couldn't stop thinking about her, and so I forget all about Zachary eventually. I guess I forgot all about my interest in boys too. I’m beginning to think the only reason I forgot, was because Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Tuffnut were the only boys my age left on Berk, and I would never have even considered--" Hiccup shuddered at the thought. "But I was attracted to Astrid ... even s-sexually. I loved her so much. She made me so happy the day we got married, and even happier the day she told me she was with child." Hiccup remembered what Astrid was like back then, and a tiny smile flashed on his lips as his silent tears fell. "Although, if you remember how angry she was when she couldn't fly anymore, or do her axe training. I really feared for my manhood at one point-" Hiccup chuckled, recalling every time Astrid had threatened his nether region with her axe - for getting her pregnant, even if it was usually her that instigated the sex in the first place. ‘Never tell a heavily pregnant woman it takes two to tango.’" He reminded himself.

Toothless laughed. He remembered her mood swings back then too, but Hiccup was happy. Now though, Hiccup was suffering from the loss of his wife. His face suddenly changed from nostalgic to serious, and heard the sigh escape his lips before he continued
"I understand if you hate me now bud. I was wrong and ... I’m sorry for making you feel uncomfortable." Hiccup looked down at his hands in shame.

"Hiccup, it’s cool. I just wish you had talked to me so I didn’t get so confused. We’ve been though a lot together, and you usually tell me everything. I don't hate you at all. Vikings are just strange, and they have a weird way of doing things."

"You should hate me. Anyone else would. They’d rename me the freak, and outcast me - refusing to follow my lead as their chief. I just can’t help liking you the way I do." Hiccup sadly admitted to him. It felt better now that he could be honest with Toothless, but it didn’t change his feelings.

"I don't hate you! You’re my best friend, I care about you. I’d protect you with my life, and no one will hurt you on my watch. Human or dragon!" Toothless told Hiccup firmly. Hiccup only felt his feelings for Toothless intensify at his words, but he was desperate to keep them buried this time.

"Hicc? Did you ... want me as your mate, or have feelings for me, before I turned human?"

"No."

"You were my best friend bud, and you still are. I would do anything for you. I couldn't imagine my life without you in it. I loved you like my brother, but no, I wasn't attracted to you that way." Hiccup admitted, hoping Toothless wasn't upset by that.

"Hiccup? Do you still fell that way right now?" Toothless asked. Hiccup’s eyes nearly bulged, he looked away embarrassedly, completely uncomfortable - but he wouldn't lie no more.

"Yes." He whispered. "But I’ll ignore it, I promise. I don't want to lose you!" Hiccup panicked.

"Hey, calm down. You won't lose me. Unless maybe you decide to, oh I don't know … make some new friends that like firing at us or something." Toothless insinuated, smirking at him. Hiccup could help chuckling, he hit Toothless leg. "Ow, abuse! And I thought you loved me!" Toothless played, rubbing at his leg. Hiccup sighed almost longingly.

"Please don't. It's hard to ... ignore what I feel without you reminding me."

"You know. I might not understand the whole male-male human thing and all but ... If you wanted to ... you could kiss me again!" Toothless said, unconsciously worrying his bottom lip. Hiccup's head snapped over to face Toothless's, and he looked shocked - almost hurt.

"Toothless! I can't do that! I need to stop having these feelings for you, and that's really going to help! Why would you even suggest that?" Hiccup said. Toothless shrugged - why did he say that?

"It wasn't that bad to be honest. I was just shocked." Toothless admitted.

"It's wrong bud. To everyone else, it’s wrong. Do you know how hard it is to pretend I don't love you, or have feelings for you? I-I want to, believe me I do. I have ... thought about it ... a lot actually, but it's just-. I can't!"

"No-ones here to see. If you want to that badly ... I'm okay with it." Toothless told him, almost hopefully.

"That's really not fair Toothless! You don't know what you're doing to me right now." Hiccup snapped, standing up with his back facing Toothless - before he gave in to anymore forbidden desires. Gods if only he knew the dangerous game he was playing with him right now. How much he wanted to. Oh Thor, and having his permission this time … it was dissolving the last of his self-control. He just couldn’t!
"I'm curious Hicc? If I'm going to kiss a human, a Viking, then I'd only ever kiss you. Besides what was you trying to do with your tongue?" He asked Hiccup curiously, his own tongue trailing behind his teeth.

"Oh gods." Hiccup gulped "Y-You felt that? Of course you did." His breathing continued to increase, his heart was on a race it failed to warn him of, and he quite frankly … needed to get a bloody grip on himself. He was sweating profusely now, and he wished that Toothless would stop talking - stop giving him permission damn it!

Toothless then pulled Hiccup around to face him, staring into his forest green eyes, with his hand on Hiccup's shoulder tenderly. Whether he realised he was doing it or not, he was melting Hiccup’s resolve.

"Kiss me" Toothless ordered, raising his eyebrows - making his eyes widen. He was so demanding it sent shivers down Hiccup’s spine - making his knees tremble. And his mesmerizing lime-green eyes were so enchanting, hypnotizing, loving.

"I-I can't." Hiccup mumbled, straining to hold onto the last of his control. He bit his lip in anticipation of those warm wet lips so close to his own. Toothless was so unlawfully alluring, sexy, hot! He was so close to Hiccup’s face that he could almost feel his warm breath on him. The butterflies in his stomach were diving, spinning, twisting, and his blood pounded through his body. The twitch between his legs wasn’t helping, and his trousers felt rather tight as his senses came alive.

"I know you want to. I want you to. Kiss me!" Toothless ordered. He wanted Hiccup to be happy - to do whatever it was he wanted to do so badly, but he was also very curious.

Hiccup flinched forward - almost giving in. He shuddered and caught himself, no! He wouldn't make that mistake again. He couldn't! Toothless just didn't understand how he felt. If this was all just some fleeting curiosity - if Toothless didn't feel the same, then he would be crushed on top of feeling weak for giving into his urges. He tried to pull away, but Toothless grabbed onto his shoulder, stopping him. Hiccup barely had time to resist before Toothless was pressing his own lips into his.

Hiccup's eyes were wide in shock. Toothless was kissing him! It was wet, clumsy, wrong, awful … and over far too soon. Hiccup guessed Toothless had never kissed anyone before - except that one Hiccup had tried to give him before, but it still shattered his resolve completely. He stared into two bright green eyes and wanted more, he had to have more! Like a drug he was addicted to, so wrong, so clandestine, yet he wanted it.

Hiccup's hands flew to the back of Toothless's head as he leaned up to kiss Toothless hungrily. Toothless tried to respond this time, mimicking Hiccup’s actions. Hiccup forced Toothless head sideways - pulling his hair, and then the kiss intensified, deepened. Toothless's mouth was so warm, so perfect, and his lips were softer than he could have imagined. He caressed them with his own lips, going between rough and gently, wildly stealing, and sensually savoring. He was completely addicted to pleasure high he was on, and he never wanted it to end.

Toothless felt a shudder go down his back as his body tingled, and his heart raced. He leaned in closer to Hiccup's body, wanting to close the gap between then, and wishing he could wrap both arms around him. Hiccup tasted his mouth so firmly with his tongue - forcing it hungrily into the warm cavity of his mouth. Toothless just obeyed, feeling a sexual sensation he had never experienced before building up inside him. It was a wonderful new feeling that he relished, his senses alive like he’d never experience before, and his tongue tangled with Hiccup's eager for more. His lips where so responsive as Hiccup stole his breath away.
It was only when Toothless gasped that Hiccup stopped. They both stared at each other’s eyes - wanting more, but Hiccup looked down and gulped.

"Whoa!" Toothless exclaimed in barley a whisper.

"Yeah." Hiccup breathed in agreement, flicking his gaze up a few times to observe Toothless’s reaction.

Toothless almost fell as he sat onto the bed - his breaths coming deep and fast. His tongue tasted what was left of the kiss on his own lips, and he wondered what the explosions of feelings inside him meant. Hiccup sat down nervously next to Toothless.

"Hiccup?" Toothless asked.

"Yeah?" Hiccup replied nervously. 'This was it. Toothless was about to reject him, and tell him he was a freak.'

"I-is, is your ... cock, supposed to get hard during a kiss?" Toothless asked nervously, and yet he was still rather curious. Hiccup blushed furiously.

"S-sometimes" He answered, catching a glance at the bulge between Toothless's legs, before quickly looking away.

Thankfully Toothless was still trying to get his own thoughts together, and he didn't notice his sneak peek. Hiccup knew what that meant, but he didn’t dare trying to explain it to him - that he had been sexually aroused, just like he was in fact.

"Well I am going to ... erm ... get ready to ... head on out." Hiccup said, quickly rushing off downstairs.

What had he done? It was all so amazing, so perfect, and yet … he felt so weak, stupid, foolish. It was all so wrong and he had betrayed his father, betrayed Astrid and yet … he had enjoyed every moment of it. So much so that he wanted more. He desperately wanted more! He needed to get out of the house, he needed to collect Trid, but more importantly … he needed air. He opened the door and left quickly, hoping that Toothless would stay home and not follow him.

---OOO---

Toothless was still sitting on the bed when he heard the door close. He blinked and turned his head towards the stairs. 'Hice?' He called out, receiving no reply. Toothless went down stairs, but Hiccup had left. He didn't know whether to follow him or not, but his mind was still so focused on himself - trying to piece together what he had just felt.

He lent against the table - resting his ass on the wood. He remembered every moment of that kiss; it had stolen all his senses, yet … had awoken them at the same time. He was only focused on the sensations it had given him. His heart had been beating so fast, he had a well of good and bad feelings in his stomach - as if he had suddenly taken a drop mid-flight or was playing chicken with the ground. His fierce nature had surfaced; he’d wanted to grab Hiccup’s hair, force him down and explore more that tantalizing, perfect, amazing mouth of his. And his tongue… Oh that tongue! But why?

He had never wanted to dominate Hiccup before, but in that moment, he could have. It scared and confused him so much that he’d gasped, essentially ending the kiss.
All that Hiccup had said to him, was revolving in his mind. Although he still didn't understand Hiccup's feelings or love for him exactly, could he perhaps feel the same way? Was it all just a onetime experience, or something different? He was a dragon, and Hiccup was a Viking. Despite being stuck in a human body, that alone made the idea of Hiccup being his mate preposterous. They were both males and yet, he still wanted, craved to kiss Hiccup again now that he had that first taste. He wanted to feel it all again like an addiction. As Viking’s go, Hiccup was the best looking - apart from his own human form of course, and he was cute sometimes. Hiccup meant everything to him. He loved spending time with his rider, loved being close, and he couldn’t imagine being without him.

Human emotions were so confusing, but he had to figure it out. He needed to find out more on human-Viking mating rituals, feelings, and love. Maybe he could ask Fishlegs, surely he would know. He found himself impatient to learn, to find out. Hiccup wasn’t there to stop him, and he could be careful not to let anyone know about him and Hiccup. He decided to go and see if Fishlegs was still in the great Hall, he needed answers.
Chapter 17 - Thoughts and questions

Hiccup was almost running away from the house - towards the forest, completely lost in his thoughts. He wasn't thinking about where he was going, just that he had to get away from Toothless and regain control of his mind along with what was left of his self-control.

'What the hell was I thinking ... stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid! You weak, pathetic, disgusting excuse for a Viking! Not that I am a Viking, just a bad excuse for one. Why the hell didn't I say no, why couldn't I say no?' He sighed after berating himself. He knew exactly why he couldn't say no; Toothless was hot, sexy, stubborn, demanding, and drove his sexual desires wild with a passion that could melt Gronckle iron. He couldn’t compete with that, and he was hopelessly in love with him.

Hiccup stopped walking to regain control over his breathing rate. He sat down on a fallen tree at the edge of the forest, placed his head into his hands, then ran his finger through his already disheveled hair. 'This can't be happening.' He thought, a small whining noise escaped his lips as he shook his head. It was Toothless! His dragon! It would be bad enough if it was just another human guy but … Toothless!

"Oh Thor." He sighed aloud. "What am I doing? This is insane!"

He stood up and went for a walk deeper into the forest towards Raven Point. He knew he had to get Trid, but not before he figured out what he was going to do now.

---OOO---

Toothless entered the Great Hall confidently, and found Fishlegs sitting at the back of the room with a pile of books in front of him - and a lamp on the table. Fishlegs looked up, surprised to see Kalster limping slightly over to him, casually sit on top of the long table, and moving his books to one side with his right arm.

"Kalster, what are you doing here?" Fishlegs asked, he had an air of annoyance in his voice from Kalster’s sudden appearance, and the fact that he was flicking through the pages of the nearest book clumsily creasing the pages. Fishlegs rapidly took the book from his clutches, and dipped his brows in frustration - angry at being disturbed.

"I wanted to ask you something." Kalster replied casually - unaffected by Fishlegs’s tone or actions.

"M-me?" Fishlegs was removing more books away from Kalster - who was looking at them with curiosity.

"Yeah! I wanna know about love and stuff!" Kalster said with a big smile.

"Love? Why would you want to know about that? Why me?" Fishlegs asked bewildered.

"Because you’re the keeper of knowledge, right?" Kalster stated rather then asked, his brows lifted as if it was obvious why he would seek Fishlegs with such a question.

"Yes, but ... did the chief send you?" Fishlegs asked, he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Nope. So … tell me about love!" Kalster demanded, shifting closer to Fishlegs expectantly. Fishlegs started at him for a moment, blinking in bafflement.
"Well ... I might have a book-"

"Can't read!" Kalster told him.

"What at all?" Fishlegs asked, as if it was a completely incomprehensible notion - not being able to read.

"Nope." Toothless looked slightly dejected as he shook his head, but he tried to remain confident despite Fishlegs’s reaction to his lack of reading skills.

Fishlegs remembered Hiccup telling them that Kalster wasn't used to living among humans. Which would explain why he couldn't read, was being awkward, and sitting on the table … but it didn't explain why he was interested in love.

"Why do you want to know about love?"

"Because I do! Look, just tell me, please. I wanna know..." Kalster had to think carefully about his questions so he didn't reveal his secret, or the fact it was all related to Hiccup. "...How you know if you’re in love, what love is exactly, and... stuff like that?"

Fishlegs dipped his eyebrows and thought … maybe Kalster had a crush on some girl in the village, so he decided to help him. He knew he wasn't the best person to ask - having failed to woo Heather or Tuffnut, so he went to get a book.

Toothless watched him disappear into another room at the back of the Great Hall, he then pulled a book closer to himself - looking at the weird markings and drawings. He turned the pages roughly - only managing to turn at least three pages at a time, due to his lack of dexterity. Some pages had pictures of dragons on them; he laughed at the poor, unrealistic drawings he found there. Fishlegs returned, horrified at the treatment of the book, yelling, and snatching it away roughly.

"That's book abuse!" He shouted, flattening the pages and scowling at Kalster.

"Sorry! It's just a book!" He stated, holding his hand up defensively.

"Just a book? " Fishlegs repeated incredulously, looking like he had just been slapped. "Books should be treated with respect and care. They hold knowledge of our past, teach us things we don't know, fill our minds, and open our eyes to new things - new ideas. Some even take us to magical places in our minds. They are wonderful treasures, records of history, and great sources of knowledge! They are not just books!" Fishlegs shouted slamming the table.

"Okay! They're important, I get it." Kalster responded in defeat. "So, what you got there?" Kalster was now eyeing the big book.

"Fryja and romance, it might help." Fishlegs stated proudly, opening the huge book before he started to read.

---OOO---

Hiccup was well and truly suffering from inner turmoil as he was walking through the forest back to the village. The sun was started to set, and he found himself subconsciously walking towards the cove where he had first bonded with Toothless. He realized he couldn't get away from him; no matter what he told himself or did, it would always come back to Toothless.

Hiccup was the chief! He was expected to marry and produce an heir. Of course, he had already done that … but he would still be at risk of being condemned by other members of his tribe, or by
chiefs from other tribes if they found out. Whilst he knew he had their respect and loyalty now, the Hairy Hooligan tribe were unpredictable, and he simply couldn't play the 'I'm the chief' card this time.

His dad would be ashamed of him, and he couldn't help feel like he was betraying Astrid. He had wondered ... how does someone fall in love again three months after the death of their wife and soul mate? Do you get another soul mate in life or just the one? He'd spent a lot of time remembering his wife: her braided blond hair, her beautiful azure-blue eyes, and all they had been through together. He missed her so much - every single day, and only the gods knew the magnitude of the love he felt for her - and how far he was willing to go to join her in Valhalla after she died.

Yeah ... he regretted being weak the moment he'd jumped, regretted his grief filled - foolish decision the moment he couldn't take it back. Luckily, Toothless had stopped him from plummeting to his death at the last minute. His dragon was the only one alive that would ever know of that dark moment in his life, and he'd resolved to dedicate it to being the father Astrid would be proud of, and to keep going for Trid and Toothless.

He had imagined a life with years to come by his wife's side - more children, holidays, adventures, and most of all ... more time. It had all been taken away - that beautiful, amazing, perfect life just ripped from his grasp. Was this the destiny of the Haddock men, to raise their only son's alone? And Trid! He was as feisty as his mother, and he assumed he would grow up to be just as stubborn as the Haddock men ... but he swore to do right by him, not just because he loved his son with every breath, but because he owed it to Astrid - who died bringing him into this world. This whole mess regarding his feelings for Toothless would impact Trid; he couldn't see any good in it for his only child.

Hiccup had been sobbing at the remembrance of his wife - so his eyes were red and blood shoot as he walked back through the forest. He had almost resolved to putting a stop to any romantic or sexual notion regarding Toothless from his mind; he could insist Toothless sleep down stairs from now on, and he could avoid him until he found him somewhere else to live.

However, by the time he had almost emerged from the forest, his conscious and heart kicked him so hard it left a massive bruise. He couldn't stop seeing Toothless! He couldn't push him aside! It would destroy both of them. How could he have even suggested that? Toothless was probably the reason he'd even stood a chance with Astrid in the first place, the reason he made chief, and the reason he was still alive. He loved him, he was his best friend for fuck sake; he couldn't just throw him out and avoid him. It hurt too much just thinking about it - the tears in his eyes, and the pain in his chest was testament to that. Toothless was even great with Trid, and his son would never be safer than when he was with him. ‘Fuck!’

Hiccup was wondering what sick game the God's were playing with him this time, but he knew he had it bad - it was just like Astrid all over again. Despite the fact that Toothless would never feel the same way back - which was going to make things awkward, the truth was he needed him, he owed him everything, and he loved him.

It was totally unexpected - his love for Toothless, implausible, unorthodox, inappropriate, and forbidden ... but it was there, and just as true as the freezing breezes of Berk. He sighed, deciding that he was willing to try anything to stay with him ... but he just didn't have the answers, and it was risky, dangerous even. He prayed that the gods had a plan, and that his father and wife were not too angry with him.

Trying to dry his eyes the best he could - and put on a brave face, he exited the forest - avoiding the villagers, and made his way to his mother’s house. The long walk would give him more time to
collect his thoughts.

---OOO---

Getting information from Fishlegs hadn't gone to plan at all, and Toothless was currently sulking at home - on Hiccup's bed, with a throbbing shoulder and painful ankle to boot.

Toothless had actually fallen to sleep - and had nearly fallen off the table, whilst Fishlegs had been reading from the book. The last thing Toothless remembered - before being yelled at by Fishlegs for wasting his time, was that Freya blesses fertility and had cats or something … which really didn't help. So, they had started arguing with Toothless saying that he was just reading a pile of boring Gronckle shit that didn't answer his questions. Fishlegs had called him rude, a time waster, and an ungrateful, ill-educated idiot.

Fishlegs was actually intimidate by Kalster in some way; he’d noticed the boy had a temper, was stubborn, and very foul mouthed. He’d been given a job to do by the chief, and his work had been interrupted by this outsider - who had also insulted his beloved Gronckle Meatlug.

When Fishlegs had refused to give up anymore of his time, Toothless had growled at him - shocking the husky blond man, before leaving the Great Hall in a huff. Toothless had then angered him further when he returned … to ask him if he could teach him to read at least. Fishlegs had screamed at him to get out, pushing him out of the Great Hall in a hurry, and worsening his foot and shoulder before slamming the door shut behind him.

---OOO---

Valka had offered to keep Trid when she saw her sons face and red eyes, but Hiccup assured her that he was fine - and that it was just the remembrance of his wife that had caught him of guard. He also didn't want his mum to think he was palming his son off to her at every chance he got, especially since he had been thinking about taking a trip with Toothless to find the caves or the volcano he’d described - with the markings related to the Oghantharth. That trip was sure to see him away from Berk for a chunk of time, and he would be pushing it asking his mum to watch Trid and cover for him as chief during that time; at least Bree and Harish Hofferson would be able to help watch their grandson.

On the long walk back to the village, Hiccup was stroking his son's auburn brown hair. His soft baby locks had just started to thicken and he sighed as he played with the gentle tufts.

"What am I gonna do son?" He asked the baby, who sleepy cooed up at his father with his azure-blue eyes. "Someone’s tired!" He stated as the small boy yawned and nuzzled into his father’s chest. Hiccup smiled in pride as the boy warmed his heart.

When Hiccup finally returned to his village, he made one pit stop at the store house to collect some material for clothes before heading back home. It was on his way back to the house - aching and tired from all the walking with the extra weight of Trid, that he was greeted by an angry Fishlegs.

"Chief, I need to have a word regarding Kalster!" He demanded angrily.

"What’s he done now?" Hiccup sighed, running his free hand over his face.

"So, he is a trouble maker!" Fishlegs summarized.

"No! I never said that." Hiccup quickly replied with a frown.

"You said, ‘what’s he done now’, implying he has already done something before." Fishlegs
pointed out.

"He’s just eccentric Fish, he means no harm and."

"No harm! He is rude, wasted my time, is an ungrateful delinquent, and he insulted Meatlug!"

"Wait what?" Hiccup asked, suddenly shocked and wondering why on Midgard Toothless would insult Meatlug.

"He said that books were stupid, and that I was boring and talking a load of..." Fishlegs leaned closer to Hiccup’s ear and whispered his last words. "...Gronckle shit."

Hiccup failed to stifle his chuckle; he covered his mouth with a hand before apologizing to Fishlegs - who looked insulted.

"I'm sorry. Not funny ... okay a bit funny, but you don't know Kalster."

"I know he came into the Great Hall, sat on ... on the table. No regard for ancient books! Fell asleep when I was reading to him, then insulted me and Meatlug. Then had the nerve to come back and ask me to teach him to read without even trying to apologize!" Fishlegs stressed, his face starting to turn red as his anger increased.

"Look, I’ll talk to him ... but please just be patient. He’s new here, and he is still learning how to fit in or act in a way that we would deem socially acceptable. He is trying Fishlegs, and you and me are some of the few people in Berk that know what it’s like to be different - to not fit in. Remember what that was like."

Fishlegs looked angry that he was only going to talk to Kalster but he nodded. Hiccup wondered what Toothless had wanted to know, so before Fishlegs walked away he had to ask.

"What was you reading to him?"

"Freya and romance! He wanted to know about love!" Fishlegs told him with a shrug. Hiccup stiffened and gulped.

"Did he tell you why?" He asked hesitantly.

"No. I assumed he might have had a crush on one of the villagers. He wanted to know, ‘How you know if you’re in love, what love is, and stuff.’ His exact words."

"Okay fish, Thank you. I will talk to him."

---OOO---

Once Hiccup returned home, he put down the materials he had picked up, placed Trid down into his crib - as he had fallen asleep on the walk back, and finally took off the baby carrying suit - laying it over a chair. He ran his fingers through his hair sighing - about to sit down for a moment, when he heard the creaking wood behind him. When he turned, he saw Toothless painfully limping down the stairs. All his thoughts suddenly vanished, replaced with genuine concern.

"Toothless, why are you limping more, what happened?" He asked, watching his friend sit at the table to hide his pain and discomfort.

Toothless failed to restrain the wince that creased at his eyes, hissing as he sat down from jolting his left arm on the table. Hiccup noticed, realizing his shoulder had worsened as well. Toothless
didn’t want him to worry - or get angry, so he smiled as he looked up at Hiccup’s face.

"It’s fine! So, am I doing the dinner?" He asked sarcastically with his cheeky smile. It was his way of saying he was hungry, and he wanted to change the subject.

"Sounds like a great plan. Should I start building the new house now … or do you want to move into the forest." Hiccup sarcastically swung back with raised eyebrows.

"You were gone ages just to get Trid, and I am hungry!" He complained, before wincing again with a stifled grunt.

"You’re always hungry! Besides, my flight got cancelled and I had to walk. I also picked up some materials for your new clothes." Hiccup told him - pointing to the materials as he went to collect the kettle pot.

Hiccup knew Toothless was in pain - more so than before, and whether that was because he hadn’t had his paste infused tea, or for an alternative reason … he wasn’t sure. Perhaps he was just being paranoid - over worrying about him because he loved him, either way, he held his tongue and started to make the special tea for him. He also gathered some food in preparations for dinner.

"Am not!" Toothless replied, remembering Hiccup’s accusation that he was always hungry. Hiccup just rolled his eyes as he continued with his task.

Toothless watched Hiccup do the tea, put the yak steaks on the fire to cook, and tending to it as it cooked. He took in everything that Hiccup was doing, watching him carefully as turned the meat over. He noticed Hiccup seemed lost in thought, his eyes closing slightly when he frowned to himself. When Hiccup finally handed him his special herb tea, he still looked like he was thinking hard, so Toothless asked.

"Are you okay Hicc?"

"Y-Yeah. Yeah erm … I'm just wondering why you went to see Fishlegs?" He finally managed to ask.

"Oh! He told you I went to see him huh?" Toothless pulled his bottom lip through his teeth gently, avoiding the question.

"Yes, and he was extremely pleased that you insulted Meatlug!" Hiccup’s eyebrows were raised expectantly.

"I never insulted Meatlug! Just him." Toothless admitted. He was obviously more affronted that he was accused of insulting his dragon friend, and not bothered that he had in fact, insulted Fishlegs.

"Why?"

"Because he was reading boring stuff … and he wouldn’t answer my questions. All I know is Freya had cats, fascinating! What are cats?" Toothless frowned. Hiccup let out a puff of air - like a muffled chuckle.

"You are bud, a big fluffy flying cat!" He chuckled once then, shaking his head. "But not important! Why was you asking him about love … no one in the village can ever, and I mean ever … know that I have feelings for you bud. We could be made outcasts … or worse, and Trid would suffer - which isn't fair on him." Hiccup stressed, gulping as he imagined the ramifications.

"I was careful! I won't tell anyone I promise. I was actually asking for me." Toothless admitted,
getting up to sit next to Hiccup on the floor by the fire. He was still limping more than usual, the tea appearing to not have helped yet.

When Toothless sat next to him inhaling sharply from the pain, Hiccup suddenly wanted to know why he seemed more injured than before.

"Okay bud spill! What happened?"

Toothless rolled his eyes, hesitating to explain. He knew Hiccup had a short temper these days, but he didn’t want to lie to him - or avoid his questions knowing he would keep asking.

"It’s nothing … really! It’s just … Fishlegs might have pushed me out of the Great Hall in a hurry. I did piss him off somehow; he called me an idiot and an un-educated outsider. I guess we shouted at each other bit. I think it sort of twisted round or something…” He explained, looking at his ankle. “…When he pushed me out the door that is. You know … trying to limp away and being shoved to move quicker might do that.”

Hiccup was suddenly feeling very defensive of Toothless - and angry at Fishlegs, but he bit his tongue as tried to reel in his temper.

"And your shoulder?" Hiccup asked with raised eyebrows, biting the inside of his tight lips.

"Same thing.’’ Toothless admitted hesitantly. ‘‘When he was pushing me out - just before he slammed the doors shut, he … he pushed me where the arrow head went in. I don’t think he meant to, and it’s fine honestly. I’ll live!” He said seeing the anger in Hiccup’s eyes flare up like an explosion, before finally diminishing.

Hiccup sighed aggressively. Fishlegs had hurt Toothless and he wasn’t happy about it, but he knew he needed to work on his anger. Fishlegs was he one of his best friends, and it wasn’t like him to be so spiteful. Toothless was giving him a smile that helped calm down, and his eyes were like stress relievers - bright lime-green and perfectly mesmerizing. He sighed again gently, and his thoughts returned to the reasons for Toothless’s little research adventure.

"So, why was you asking Fishlegs about love?"

Toothless kept eye contact with Hiccup. He felt … something in his stomach he couldn't explain, something good and breathless, yet daunting at the same time. He wondered if this is what Hiccup felt when he looked at him. There were certain things that caused it, forest green eyes, and Hiccup’s smile being the most obvious out a several others.

"I wanted to know what it feels like to be in love. What love is exactly, how you know if you’re in love with someone - like mates, and have those feelings for someone that you explained … erm, romantic feelings.” He told Hiccup innocently. Hiccup froze for a moment, his eyes locked onto Toothless’s as he swallowed hard.

"And w-why would you want to know that?” Hiccup stuttered. Toothless eyes suddenly looked anywhere but his - which was a shock because Toothless, was for once, really nervous. Toothless glanced up at his face before looking back at his hands. His voice was quiet when he spoke, but you could just about hear him.

"I guess ... I might have ... maybe have … feelings for you or love you too.”
Chapter 18 - Connection

Hiccup was staring at Toothless, blinking, swallowing, and trying to comprehend his words. 'I guess I might have feelings for you, or love you too!'

Did he hear correctly, or was he hearing things? Perhaps Toothless didn't comprehend his own words and meant something entirely different. Whatever it was, his mind was turning to sludge. He couldn't find his words, he didn’t know what to say, and his heart was suddenly racing off without him.

"Hiccup? Say something … Please!" Toothless asked, feeling very uncertain. He didn't know if he loved Hiccup like human mates love each other - because he obviously didn't understand the concept of love. Most dragons - as far as he could remember, mated and then separated. Humans - as far as he had witnessed, raise their younglings as a family, another concept that he never understood until he met Hiccup.

"I … erm … er …" Was all Hiccup could say, his eyes looking between Toothless’s lime-green ones.

"I don't know … if I do that is. But I think I might. I mean … I really liked that kiss, and … it felt … different - but it was a good different. I didn't want it to end." Toothless was hesitant, worried that Hiccup would be angry at him.

Hiccup was starting to blush at Toothless's honesty, but the fact he wasn't sure of his feelings made sense.

"T-that's w-why you went to Fishlegs?" Hiccup finally managed to ask.

"Yeah! I just wanted to know what I was feeling exactly. I still don't get this stuff Hicc, but I have all these weird feelings and … my body is acting strange. I just need to know what it means.” Toothless admitted.

Hiccup sighed. He needed time to collect his own thoughts and feelings before he could even begin to help Toothless work out his. The fire crackled - reminding him of their cooking food, so he went to remove the yak steaks off the fire. He slowly took them to the table and prepared the dinner - placing two plates down in silence. It was obvious that he would have to explain things to Toothless … and find out if he shared the same feelings as him - he doubted it.

Toothless just watched him silently, worried that Hiccup would kick him out - or refuse to speak to him. When Hiccup motioned for Toothless to come sit at the table, he had to help him off the floor. Soon enough, they were both seated, and Toothless glanced up, catching Hiccup’s eyes with a desperate need for him to say something - anything. Hiccup took a sip of his drink, put his mug down gently, and sighed before finally speaking.

"This isn't going to be easy bud, at least not for me!" Hiccup admitted. Toothless nodded his head, relieved that Hiccup wasn’t ignoring him. "I guess … I should try to explain how you know if you love someone." Hiccup paused to eat a small mouthful of his food, still trying to organize his words.

Toothless nodded again, and taking cue from Hiccup he started eating his own food. He wanted answers so badly that he forced himself to wait patiently. It wasn’t long before Hiccup started
"I guess ... you usually start of as friends. You find someone you like - someone you get on really well with. Everyone's different, but for me … I like people that make me laugh, that aren't afraid to fight for what they believe in, someone who is confident." Hiccup paused to eat another mouthful, noticing how Toothless was hanging on to his every word. "I like people that listen to me and like me for myself … instead of expecting me to be something I'm not, you know?" Toothless nodded silently, letting Hiccup continue. "When that person comes along … it's about how they make you feel. If you feel safe around them … enjoy being around them … and you can be yourself around them completely. If you miss them when they aren't there … or care for them more then yourself ... or would do anything for them..." Hiccup paused, coughing slightly.

Toothless watched as Hiccup took a sip of his drink. He looked sad, and it sounded as if he was speaking from memory. He seemed far away, even though he was just across the table from him. Hiccup continued.

"...If you feel like you can do anything together, and that you're stronger in their presence. If you are there for them when they need you the most. If you can talk to them, and share your honest thoughts and feelings with them - that you wouldn't with anyone else. If you feel their pain when they're sad, and want nothing more than to see them happy, every single day. If you can't stop looking at them and smiling when you catch their smile - or their eyes, and it makes your heart flutter. If you're heart beats faster, and you always think about them. If seeing them just makes you happy. Then ... you're probably in love … and prey that they feel the same way about you." Hiccup sighed sadly as he finished, busying himself with his dinner.

"Whoa!" Was all Toothless could say at first. He had mentally checked of every single thing that Hiccup had said. That was how he felt about him. His heart was beating faster now, he never wanted to see Hiccup upset or angry, being with him made him so happy, and he would do anything for him. If it was all true … he did love Hiccup. Only problem was, he was a dragon - and a male, so it was still so confusing. They sat in silence, just eating for a while. Toothless kept opening his mouth to speak, but closed it again … eventually he gathered the courage to ask. "You feel all that about me?"

Hiccup visibly blushed, and after a long pause he looked up at Toothless. He thought about everything he’d said, breaking it all down in his head. When he’d been explaining it to Toothless he had been remembering Astrid, but as he re-ran his words - wondering if he felt all that for Toothless too, it was clear to him that Toothless always made his day better, was always there for him, and everything he’d said … and more, reflected exactly how he felt for Toothless. He knew he loved him, but it was different admitting it as raw as he’d just done. He felt vulnerable, open, and his walls were all torn down. He avoided eye contact with Toothless, looking down at his plate as he spoke quietly.

"Yeah. I do."

Toothless didn't respond after that. Hiccup had noticed a few times that Toothless looked like he was going to ask more questions, but each time he was about to … he would suddenly refrain and go quiet once again. It was strange that Toothless had become mute - it wasn't like him at all. Dinner therefore, was eaten and cleared away silently, both just deep in their own thoughts. Toothless had silently gone upstairs once the table was cleaned down.

Hiccup stayed down stairs - thinking and overthinking things until he was sure that Toothless was repulsed by him, and that he’d destroyed their friendship. Hiccup was angry at first - angry that he’d caused this with his forbidden feelings, but as the evening passed … he became more
depressed than anything. He managed to fight back the tears, and he did his duties as a father to Trid - focusing only on his son.

---OOO---

Toothless had felt extremely overwhelmed at the table after hearing Hiccup's confession, but more so that he himself loved Hiccup. He had other feelings that he’d experienced during the kiss - feelings that he wanted to ask Hiccup about, but he didn't want to anger him. Hiccup hadn't said anything else to him after dinner, so he’d decided to give him space and go upstairs. It would give him time to think about all he’d learnt at least, and let Hiccup think about things too.

One thought that kept running through his mind - what happens next? If you love someone, are you expected to mate with them … or is mating a way to show your love like Hiccup told him? Was it optional or expected? How did two males even mate anyway? He remembered back to their earlier conversation.

‘…sometimes it's nice to enjoy each other’s company in that way! Even if, you don’t mean to, or want to make babies…because its enjoyable and shows the other person that you love them.’

Hiccup had explained that mating wasn’t just to produce offspring, but he hadn’t explained how two males’ mate either. If they couldn’t make babies or eggs … then would it still be called mating? Maybe the Viking word, ‘sex’ was more appropriate. He didn’t think two males could even have sex … but Hiccup hadn’t denied its possibility.

Humans certainly viewed mating and sex differently to dragons, that was for sure. For dragons it was an unspoken rule - to mate with a willing female during heat. The smell was like an alluring signal telling them it was time to breed, and it was the male’s duty to answer the call - to ensure species survival and keep up the numbers for safety in herds. Toothless wondered what that would be like, he had never had a female Night-Fury to try and mate with. Vikings obviously had to have babies so they didn’t go extinct … but Hiccup had explained they did it for other reasons too sometimes. From what Hiccup had said, it was left for him to believe that the only reason two males did it was for enjoyment, and to show each other that you loved them … if they even could do that anyway.

It made no sense, but he knew a few things for certain now: He loved Hiccup, he wanted to be with him - be close to him, and that kiss was so damn amazing that he wanted to do it again.

---OOO---

Hiccup climbed the stairs - carrying a sleeping Trid, and quietly entered the darkness of his bedroom. Toothless was laying on his makeshift bed - on the stone slab, and facing the wall. Hiccup placed Trid gently down into his crib, tucking him in, and smiling at his son sadly. Toothless didn't move, didn't make a sound, so he assumed he was already asleep. Hiccup sat on his bed, removed his leg, and climbed under his covers. He closed his eyes tight - pulling the blanket under his chin, determined not to let his tears spill as he felt his heart breaking.

"I love you!" A soft quite whisper escaped from Toothless's mouth.

"Toothless?" Hiccup bolted upright. He looked across the room, squinting his eyes to see movement on the stone slab. Toothless had turned around and sat up.

"I have so many questions … but I feel the same as you do. I love you Hicc." Toothless whispered, hoping Hiccup wasn’t angry with him.
Hiccup tasted salt on his lips - his tears no longer confined, and it was then he realized just how much he’d longed for Toothless to feel the same way - and to love him in return. Even if he’d hoped he wouldn't - because it would make things easier in the long run, his heart had desperately needed to hear it.

Closing his eyes tight, Hiccup fought away his tears. He paused - so his words didn't come out choked, and wiped his face on his sleeve.

"Toothless? Could you ... come to bed?" Hiccup asked hesitantly, but his voice was hopeful and needy. Toothless could just about see Hiccup's face - illuminated only by the moon light.

"You’re not mad at me?" Toothless asked in disbelief.

"No! I thought you ... I thought you were repulsed by me." Hiccup admitted. Toothless quickly climbed onto Hiccup's bed, hugging him tightly with his good arm.

"Never! You’re my best friend Hiccup. It's you and me always remember, no matter what."

Hiccup hugged Toothless around the waist fiercely, shaking slightly as he held back sobs. A few tears still escaped onto Toothless’s tunic no matter how hard he’d tried to stop them. He wanted to let Toothless love him, but it was still so wrong, still verboten and dangerous. Toothless was his consistent, always there for him, always accepting him for who he was without question or complaint, and he loved him. He didn’t know how he’d fallen so hard - and so fast, but he had. Perhaps it was just an extension of the love he had felt for Toothless as a dragon, perhaps it was because he was still grieving for Astrid, or perhaps it was just so easy to love someone that understood you the way Toothless did. It was all so confusing, so reprehensible, so infelicitous, and yet … Toothless was his light at the end of a long, cold, depressing, morbid tunnel - he always had been.

"Why would you put up with a sarcastic fishbone." Hiccup whispered, his breath shaky and uneven.

"Because he is my sarcastic fish bone and ... I love him!" Toothless told him, the word love now sounded so foreign on his tongue, yet so very right. "Assuming what you said is right that is, because everything you said is exactly how I feel about you." Toothless told him honestly. Hiccup squeezed Toothless tighter.

"I love you too Toothless. I just don't know what comes next ... I'm scared."

"We’ll figure it out Hic! Together." He yawned as he finished his sentence. "Let’s go to sleep now yeah? We can talk about it tomorrow." Toothless said, running his fingers thorough Hiccup’s hair.

Toothless carefully followed Hiccup down under the blanket, laying down to him - where he belonged. They were both extremely tired - emotionally and physically, as it had been another long and emotional day. Hiccup was laying facing Toothless with his head buried into him. It didn't feel foreign or wrong at all for either of them, and it wasn't long before both of them fell to sleep in the comfort of each other’s presence.

---OOO---

When Hiccup and Toothless awoke the next morning to a crying baby, they were tangled up in each other’s arms. Hiccup quickly moved away to attach his prosthetic leg, and Toothless groaned in pain as he moved - he had been laying on his bad shoulder, with his arms in a painful position.
Suffice to say, it was not a great way to wake up.

It wasn't until after breakfast - when Trid went down for his nap, that they sat by the fire together. Hiccup and Toothless were both hesitant to bring up their feelings for each other out of fear of rejection - or upsetting each other, and Hiccup was scared of the consequence that his inappropriate heart’s desire could cause.

"So, erm ... about last night." Hiccup started, scratching the back of his neck while looking at the floor.

"I never meant to upset you." Toothless interrupted him.

"You didn't! W-Well maybe a little when you went upstairs after dinner."

"I just wanted to give you some space Hicc. I thought I had made you angry ... and I needed to think about what you said." Toothless was looking at Hiccup and trying to read him.

"I'm sorry. I just didn't think you would feel the same way, and you ... you shocked me." Hiccup finally looked up at Toothless - into his lime-green eyes.

"It is very ... confusing." Toothless raised his eyebrows. Hiccup nodded, turning to look at his hands. Silence fell onto the room as they sat there thinking.

"Last night ... you said you had questions. What questions?" Hiccup finally asked, breaking the silence.

"Well ... I had other feelings when you kissed me. I just don't know what they mean. That kiss was amazing though, and I didn't want it to end, but ... I felt things." Toothless admitted, biting his lip as he looked down into his lap.

"Not awkward at all." Hiccup said, coughing slightly. He blushed, braving the upcoming conversation he was about to have. "Erm ... c-can you explain them to me?"

"I'll try but, please don't hate me!" Toothless begged. His voice was so riddled with worry that Hiccup could hear it.

"T-This is awkward, but ... I won't hate you; I promise. I really do love you ... n-nothing you say could possibly change that." Hiccup told him, taking his hand into his own to encourage him. He really didn't want to be having this conversation - it reminded him just how innocent Toothless was in all things related to intimacy and relationships, and highlighted the fact that he was actually a dragon ... however, Toothless had questions, and he was willing to ignore his own feelings and embarrassments to give them to him.

"Okay well ... during that kiss ... I felt a ... a shudder. My heart beat got faster too, and I wanted to copy you. I didn't want to stop. I felt all hot ... and it was like ... like dragon nip and chin scratches all in one. It was like falling through the air with you falling beside me, and my stomach was being all weird - like it was moving or rolling around on its own. When we stopped I ... I wanted to do it again, and I wanted to ... to..." Toothless sighed, suddenly biting his lip nervously as he played with his tunic.

"I-It’s okay bud ... w-what did you want to do?" Hiccup encouraged him, hiding the fact that he was so embarrassed he felt his face turning red. He also had to ignore the growing issue in his pants, which was probably redder than his face - definitely warmer. He had to discreetly move his legs - well, he hoped it was discreet. Toothless looked far too worried, and too nervous to even notice as he continued to explain.
"I wanted to ... to dominate you like ... like you were my mate. At least, I think that was it. It scared me Hiccup ... confused me. And that's why I broke away from that kiss. And ... and my ... my dick was hard." Toothless's face was almost scarlet as he shifted away from Hiccup, his voice had been almost sad, but it sounded more terrified.

Hiccup felt extremely uncomfortable - and embarrassed, as he tried to ignore the inconvenient tightness between his legs - throbbing and twitching. He discreetly shifted positions again - to hide his problem, and to relieve the feeling of it being squashed. He felt bad for Toothless though, he was so confused and worried about his reaction that Hiccup needed to reassure him.

"Toothless, It's okay. S-Since we’re being honest ... it's something I’ve felt too. Except ... the ‘dominate’ part. I-I guess that's because you’re a dragon and ... and erm ... y-you would normally dominate."

"But why? Why did I feel like that? What did it mean? I never want to dominate you, you’re my best friend! I'm not more important than you or anything." Toothless stressed incredulously. Hiccup winced in embarrassment, and closed his eyes before answering.

"I think you wanted to mate me bud!" He blurted out before he could stop himself.

"What?" Toothless shouted in shock. "I ... No! Oh Thor. Oh crap. Oh fuck!" He forced himself to get up from the floor in a frenzy - hissing and wincing in pain during the process. "I'm sorry Hiccup! I’m so sorry, please don't throw me out!" He begged in panic, at risk of hyperventilating.

Hiccup was in utter shock at Toothless reaction. He stood up trying to calm him down, but Toothless was pacing and apologizing constantly.

"Toothless calm down!" Hiccup shouted, trying to reassure him it was okay.

"I-I'm so s-sorry, I-I-I didn't mean to ... I w-won't do it again ... p-please don't send me away ... I ... I … I-"

Toothless wouldn't stop panicking - and he was dangerously close to going into full blow hyperventilation, so Hiccup did the only thing he could think of. He slapped Toothless across the face - just enough to get his attention, then he grabbed his vest fiercely, pulling him closer, and kissing him on the lips. It wasn’t a long kiss, but Toothless shuddered and calmed down almost instantly - staring into Hiccup’s forest-green eyes.

"Toothless, It’s fine! I love you! I’m not sending you away, not now, not ever."

"S-Sorry." Toothless replied in shame, feeling rather silly. He was still a little breathless, but at least he was calming down.

"I think it’s obvious that we both have … feelings for each other. C-Can’t say I'm ready to ... do that, but … I want to be with you!" Hiccup told him blushing once again.

"As mates?" Toothless asked, looking slightly confused.

"I know ... it’s weird, and it’s abnormal. And you probably hate me, so I should probably go and hang myself now because if anyone finds out we’re dead. You know; ‘Hey chief, how are you?’ - ‘I’m great thanks, did you know Toothless turned into a jaw droppingly handsome human, and now I’m making out with him in the shadows of Berk’ - ‘Oh, that’s great Hiccup, I’ll organised the double hanging, or maybe we will just outcast you both!’" Hiccup rambled in panic, acting out the second voice.
"Hiccup! You’re acting crazy."

"No, you’re absolutely right! Hiccup the useless fishbone with his awesome crazy ideas! Don’t know why I even suggested it, just forget I said anything and...’’

"I want to be your mate!" Toothless blurted out over Hiccup’s rambling.

"...I am stupid to think that you would- Wait what?” Hiccup asked, not sure if he heard right. Toothless looked at Hiccup making sure he was paying attention.

"I want to be your mate." He repeated.

"You do?" Hiccup blushed.

"I do! I just don't know how it works because were both... males. I know as much about this stuff as you know about the Kveykvaissnio."

"The what?” Hiccup frowned in confusion.

"Exactly!” Toothless was now being smug, smiling at him. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"You going to tell me what that is or... nope of course you're not!” Hiccup sighed.

"I might... later. So, what do we do now?"

"We don't tell anyone for a start! A-Assuming we are together now that is... are we?” Hiccup asked. Toothless nodded happily.

"Does this mean I can kiss you again?” Toothless asked eagerly, his eyes wide with anticipation. Hiccup chuckled at him.

"Only when we’re alone bud... Really can't stress the no one must know part enough.”

"No one knows now!” Toothless smiled cheekily. Hiccup raised his eyebrows, a small smirk donning his lips as his eyes flickered with desire.

"I don't feel like it right now!” He lied, teasing Toothless - who pouted.

"Pleaseee”

"Nope, sorry. You wouldn't tell me what that Kveyisnoi thing was.”

"And if I tell you?” Toothless asked.

"I might consider it.”

"Fine! The Kveykvaissnio is a small ice dragon, about this high.” Toothless told him, using his hand to indicate that the dragon was about three foot high.

"You and me really need to have a talk about dragons at some point bud!” Hiccup stated.

"So ... can I kiss you now?” Toothless asked again, moving closer to Hiccup.

"Oh, I don't know. I mean-.” Hiccup saw Toothless looking upset, so he smiled before putting his arms carefully around his neck and kissing him.

The connection was instant, passionate, sultry. Toothless moaned in pleasure - no self-restraint or
self-control as Hiccup bit his lip. Hiccup slipped his tongue inside, and he felt the warmth radiate over his entire body as Toothless pressed closer into him - responding amazingly to his every touch. Both savored the sensations - wanting it to last forever. Toothless grabbed Hiccup’s waist with his right hand, and yanked him in closer - making Hiccup moan. Time just seemed to halt into one blazing, delirious, lustful cyclone of them both, connected together as if nothing else existed. All their focus was pulled into that one incredible, magical moment.

When they eventually broke apart, Hiccup looked up into Toothless’s love-sick eyes.

"Better?" He asked with a shy smile. Toothless just nodded vigorously, licking his own lips. "I think I broke him!" Hiccup stated to himself, before laughing.

---OOO---

Hiccup and Toothless spent the rest of the morning - up until lunch time, talking about not only the importance of keeping their relationship a secret, but also about what this would mean for them both. Hiccup had explained to Toothless that as much as he wanted to, he wasn't comfortable with the idea of having same couple sex with him yet - that it would take some time before he was comfortable exploring that option. Toothless couldn't understand how that would work, but Hiccup had promised him that when - and if, they were ready for that, then they would deal with it together and Hiccup would explain it then.

After lunch, Hiccup had taken Trid with him when he went to speak to the villagers that he’d missed at yesterday’s meeting - due to the house searching.

Gobber as his weapon manager, dragon dentist and healer, as well as the village blacksmith, was basically out of work. Weapon stock was now replenished three times over since the battle, and as the village was otherwise quiet, there was no need for weapons. Dragon healing was dead, as there were no dragons to heal. Which left another problem, the twins!

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were weapon testers, and without Barf and Belch - their Zippleback dragon, they were over focused on their job. A job that Hiccup had given them to keep them out of trouble, was now causing trouble. The twins were testing the weapons for what must have been the hundredth time. If they weren't rating the weapons according to pain inflicted, or blood spilt - with Tuffnut usually ending up the guinea pig, the weapons were subjected to very unusual and often dangerous tests, such as: how far can they be thrown, or how many times you can hit a boulder before said weapon breaks? This had raised multiple concerns in the village, when two maces, an axe, and a spear had damaged property. On top of that: a yak had apparently eaten a dagger, and Audun Ernmundsson had nearly lost his hand - angering not only the Ernmundsson family but Gothi as well. Hiccup had therefore confiscated the keys from the twins, and suspended them until further notice.

Geirolf and Snotlout had reported no issues with their job as village patrol - except the usual issues of the twins, and a drunken argument between Styrborn and Balli. It was also brought to Hiccup’s attention, that since the dragon’s departure the villagers had been restless, bored, and looking for something to release their inner Viking … so arguments were going to get more common. Hiccup had made a note to organize an event that would help burn off some of that ‘Viking energy’, something involving weapons and competition most likely. Hiccup wasn’t like his tribe in that sense, but he knew when he had to put the needs of the many first and organize events that he had no interest in.

Gustav was also bored. He was in charge of dragon training at the arena, and he was also their dragon monitor. The teenagers Tadeas, Valda, Saveria, Hrapp, Alof, Asta, and Octavia were no longer attending dragon training, and they were missing the dragons along with everyone else on
Berk. Hiccup suggested Gustav did theory-based dragon training once a week, and use props where necessary - that he could still teach them about the dragons at least.

Finally, Hiccup had gone to see Fishlegs at his house. After greeting Helga Ingerman - Fishlegs's mother, he sat down to talk to him. Fishlegs was chief adviser - and keeper of knowledge, so it wasn't surprising to see him deep in books. Fishlegs hadn't found anything on the 'Spawn of death', so Hiccup made the decision to inform him that the dragon was called an Ogthantarth. Of course, Hiccup wouldn't tell him how he knew that - hoping he would just accept that he'd heard it somewhere. There was also no new insight as to why all the dragons had left, but they both agreed that it must be something on the island. Fishlegs had stressed that they must get the dragons back, and Hiccup had agreed. The conversation continued until Hiccup was about ready to leave, which was when Fishlegs suddenly mentioned Kalster.

"I expect you spoke to Kalster regarding his rude and unacceptable behavior." Fishlegs said, before Hiccup could leave.

"I did. To be honest it sounded like miss communication, and you weren’t so friendly yourself."
Hiccup stated protectively.

"Miss communication? He damaged the books, fell to sleep when I was only trying to help him, wasted my time, insulted Meatlug and—"

"Hold up!" Hiccup raised his hand to mute Fishlegs. ‘‘Firstly, Kalster was looking at the books - he didn't mean to crease the pages; in case you hadn't noticed he struggles to use his fingers, and even has trouble using a spoon. Secondly, you were reading from a book that didn't answer his direct questions. He never meant to fall asleep; he has been shot recently, in case you forgot, so I’m not surprised he was tired. And from what I hear, you yelled at him first." Hiccup defended.

"How would I notice he had trouble using his fingers? I never see him, and he still insulted Meatlug!" Fishlegs insisted getting angry. Hiccup clenched his fists, but then took a deep breath remaining relaxed - yet firm.

"You yelled at him for falling asleep, accusing him of wasting your time. He admits to saying that you were just reading a pile of boring Gronckle shit. That was never an insult to Meatlug, just a reaction to you shouting at him first and his very strong opinion on the content of the book. You and him both ended up in an argument, both of you! And you could have been a little more patient Fishlegs. I already informed the village that Kalster was new here, and that he was not use to socializing. From what I hear, you also shoved him out of the Great Hall knowing full well he was injured. When I returned home, he was in a lot of pain. You had exacerbated his wounds."

"You’re sticking up for him!" Fishlegs sulked, crossing his arms.

"He’s a very good friend of mine Fish, you both are!" Hiccup snapped.

"You haven't even known him that long!" Fishlegs insisted. Hiccup had to bite back from announcing he had, but he closed his eyes for a moment - taking a deep breath.

"Fishlegs, I insist you come over to my house later - at sundown! You and Kalster need to make amends. I'm sure once you get to know each other you will get on. This is important to me, and I don't want two of my best friends arguing with each other." He insisted, using his best authoritative tone.

"Fine! I may have overreacted a little." Fishlegs admitted, shuffling his feet.
"Thank you. I will see you tonight then." Hiccup said, then he turned to see himself out.
Chapter 19 - A new plan

As the sun started to set, Hiccup was nervously preparing Toothless for Fishlegs's arrival. Toothless was no longer listening to him and was instead, on the floor with Trid making faces at the baby and playing with him.

"As much as I enjoy talking to myself, it would be nice if you took this seriously!" Hiccup stated getting frustrated and pacing a trench into the floor.

"Hicc, chill! I get it. Say sorry and be nice. How hard can that be?" Toothless said looking up at Hiccup.

"Oh Thor, I really didn't think this through. Fish could ask you about your life… well, Kalster’s life … and you can’t just sit there in silence!" He stated, wishing he never invited Fishlegs over.

"Hicc! It’s going to be fine!" Toothless said wincing as he stood up carefully. He put his hand on Hiccup's shoulder to stop him pacing. "Trust me! Can you do that?" Toothless asked.

Hiccup took a deep breath and sighed looking into Toothless's eyes before nodding. "I trust you!" Hiccup replied, hugging Toothless. "Just be careful bud, Fishlegs isn't an idiot." Finally pulling away from Toothless his face became serious again. "And remember, no hugging or anything while Fishlegs is here!" He finished.

"Why would I want to do a stupid thing like that?" Toothless played. Hiccup punched his good arm making Toothless pout.

"Useless reptile!" Hiccup muttered

"Erm ... Human! Or do you need me to get naked to remind you?" Toothless bantered back with a smirk.

"I might like that.-." Hiccup started bravely, but the door knocked. "Saved by the door!" He finished. Hiccup opened the door and invited Fishlegs in. Fishlegs and Toothless exchanged looks.

"Sorry I erm ... accidentally damaged the books, and said you were reading Gronkle shit." Toothless apologized first because even though he was stubborn, he would do anything for Hiccup.

Fishlegs sighed. "Sorry for overreacting and shouting at you. I was tired and stressed but that's no excuse. And I’m sorry for hurting you, the chief told me.” Fishlegs apologized.

"Thank you, guys. Fishlegs I keep telling you to call me Hiccup. Especially as a guest in my house." Hiccup stated picking up Trid who was about to start screaming from lack of attention.

"He is getting big!" Fishlegs announced smiling at the baby.

"If you mean big personality I agree! He should be sleeping but decided he was far too important for that." Hiccup replied sitting at the table looking at Trid.

Toothless immediately saw the issue of only two chairs and opted for sitting on the table, receiving a weird look from Fishlegs. "Three people, two chairs. I'm fine here!" Toothless stated smiling.
Fishlegs sat down on the other chair while Hiccup moved his chair slightly so they could all see each other. Hiccup hadn't thought about seating arrangements and was thankful Toothless enjoyed sitting on things and hadn't argued over the chair.

"Does he always sit on the tables?" Fishlegs asked with dipped brows.

"I am here you know! Hello." Toothless mocked, waving at Fishlegs.

Hiccup let a chuckle escape. "Sorry, but he has a point." Hiccup said trying not to laugh.

"Yes, I do! I like it up here!" Toothless answered.

"Here, hold him." Hiccup handed Trid over to Toothless.

Toothless looked shocked "If you want scrambled baby, and I only have one working arm!"

Hiccup wasn't taking no for an answer and Toothless had no choice but to hold Trid across his legs. "You know, I keep telling you that you're good with him!" Hiccup reminded him, going to fetch drinks for them all.

Fishlegs was just staring at them. He could already see the friendship there, and although Kalster was abrupt and strange he may not be all that bad - just misunderstood. Kalster was bouncing Trid on his lap gently and protecting him with his right arm. The baby was snuggling up into his stomach, gripping his tunic, and falling to sleep. Fishlegs thought it was actually rather cute and very obvious that Trid trusted him - as did Hiccup, after all Hiccup was very protective of his only son.

"He seems very content!" Fishlegs commented just as Hiccup walked over with the drinks on a metal tray.

"How ... How do you do that?" Hiccup asked in disbelief. Toothless just shrugged with a smirk on his face. "Unbelievable! I try for ages but you- You know what, that is actually really cute. At least he is finally asleep." Hiccup stated and smiled shaking his head. Hiccup took Trid to his crib upstairs so not to wake him up with the talking. Fishlegs and Toothless were downstairs alone.

"So, where did you live before you came here?" Fishlegs asked Toothless, sipping his drink.

"Just some random island. No one lived there, so if it got named, I don't know what it was. South of here and just me and the dragons." Toothless answered easily. He had already figured out his story with Hiccup, over and over again.

"Dragons? You lived with dragons?" Fishlegs asked with genuine interest.

"Well yeah. We lived on the same island so it was better we lived peacefully together."

"Hiccup said you had a Deadly-Nadder..." Fishless added curiously, prompting Toothless to go on.

"Yeah, Vanity. She wasn't really mine, just a friend that agreed to travel with me." Toothless informed him.

"She? And why did you leave the island?" Fishlegs asked.

"Yeah, Female Nadders are more curious. Males tend to just run off, but females will investigate and attack if needed. Vanity kept watching me so eventually she trusted me and we just bonded" Toothless explained. "As for leaving-." Toothless had started but Hiccup had come down.
"What did I miss?" Hiccup asked drinking from his mug.

"Nothing really. I was just telling Fishlegs why I left that Island."

"Didn't you get bored of living alone?" Hiccup asked, playing along.

"Yeah. After you guys visited, I spent ages wondering what it was like to be around other Vikings. I didn't know where Berk was so … I was just flying north when Vanity acted strange - we crashed landed before she took off." Toothless finished.

"You seem to know a lot about dragons. Maybe you could tell me what you learnt so I can add it to the-." Fishlegs hesitated looking at Hiccup.

"It's ok Fish, Toothless knows about the book of dragons." Hiccup replied. Toothless glared at Hiccup with wide eyes, before playing it casual.

"Toothless?" Fishlegs asked confused.

"He does that sometimes! He even called Trid, Toothless yesterday. I think he really misses his amazing Night-Fury." Toothless quickly chimed in. Hiccup was greatly relieved for the save and didn’t miss Toothless’s playful ego.

"I miss Meatlug so I can understand that." He said taking a moment. "So, will you tell me what you know about dragons? I will teach you to read!" Fishlegs offered in exchanged.

"Really? I'd like that." Toothless replied excited. He went to get his drink but knocked it over. "Shit!" He shouted.

Hiccup jumped up helping Toothless down, before the drink soaked him - the spill spreading across the table fast. Fishlegs moved back to avoid the liquid now dripping on the floor. Hiccup collected a rag to clean up the spill. Toothless felt guilty and stupid.

"Sorry Hicc. I guess I still need practice with these things." He stated lifting his right hand. "Let me do that!" He wanted to help.

"You’re hurt bud, just sit down on the chair and let me do this." Hiccup told him.

Once everything was cleared up, the conversation continued quite easily. As Hiccup expected, Fishlegs had a million questions, but true to his word Toothless had answers for all of them. Hiccup was actually impressed; who knew his dragon was such a great liar.

Fishlegs started to warm up to Toothless, and he was impressed with his knowledge on dragons. Toothless was curious about dragon classes and wanted to know what his numbers were.

"What's my ... I mean Toothless's speed?" He asked excitedly

"Oh, that's easy, 20! One of the fastest dragons I know. The Typhoomerang also has a speed rate of 20, but I still think Toothless is faster." He answered enthusiastically. "Hiccup? Maybe you and Toothless could race Torch. We could see who's faster ... when he returns that is." Fishlegs added suddenly realizing he may upset the chief by reminding him of Toothless.

Hiccup just nodded and smiled, he was too busy mentally face palming at how vain Toothless was being.
"What about the Night-Fury fire power?" Toothless asked.

"Fire power 14! Of course, there are other dragons with more fire power like the fire worm queen. You weren’t here when Toothless took down a Bewilderbeast though and became alpha. That was amazing!" Fishlegs squeaked. "Although that was a plasma blast not so much fire!" He added.

Toothless looked really smug and was practically beaming. "Armour?" He asked enthusiastically.

"That's 18, of course the Gronckle has an Armour of 20. You really should read the book of dragons Kalster. I can teach you to read maybe … every evening after dinner. I can do a few hours each night, we’ll have you reading in no time.‘’ Fishlegs looked over at Hiccup. ‘‘I know you don't come to the Great Hall for dinner anymore chief … Hiccup, but nearly everyone else does. We light the main fire pit and share the food. Kalster you’re more than welcome to join us for dinner, and then follow me after for reading lessons.’’ Fishlegs said excitedly and hopeful; Kalster might teach him more about the dragon’s he had seen, and he now had someone else to talk to about them that actually seemed interested.

Hiccup had agreed it was a good idea, but secretly he was worried how Toothless would fit in. There were still a few villagers that would rather see Toothless gone. The fact was, Toothless couldn't stay locked up forever, and even though he would miss him in the evenings he encouraged Toothless to try it. It would be good for him to learn to read at least and who knows, he might make some new friends. If he had time and felt up to it, Hiccup would start going to Great hall for dinner again to keep an eye on him where he could … at least initially.

Fishlegs had left in a very good mood that evening, especially as Toothless had told him that there were dragons he knew about that even Hiccup didn't know, and that he would tell him about some of them tomorrow. Hiccup was feeling somewhat jealous that Fishlegs would get to geek out with Toothless, but his dragon deserved the chance to learn. Overall the evening went very well; it was a relief to Hiccup, that Fishlegs was now another person looking out for Toothless - even if he didn't know who he really was.

Hiccup and Toothless were upstairs, and while Toothless was laying on the bed, Hiccup was sat at his desk looking at some notes. Trid was still asleep.

"What you doing Hicc?" Toothless asked.

"Just thinking. You know you told me about the caves or tunnels leading through the volcano - the ones with the Ogthantarth markings?" Hiccup put his pencil down and turning to face Toothless.

Toothless sat up and dipped his brows. "Yeah. What about them?"

"I think we need to plan a trip out there and take a look. I have been thinking about this since you mentioned them. We will wait until your shoulder is better - and your ankle, but I really need to see if we can locate them markings."

"Hicc, I really don't know if I could find them. It was ages ago, and even as a dragon it must have been at least ... four-moons worth of flying. Constant flying - like all day and only stopping to sleep. I didn't go straight from there to here either; I traveled to many different places since then so that's just a guess. We would never get there by ship, and I can't change back so it's hopeless!" Toothless explained - firmly.

"I think that it is worth a try bud! I don't have anything else to go on. Look! I'm thinking we can sail to Dragons edge and hope that it is still as we left it. I know some of the huts got destroyed, but
the island is a good a place to leave a ship. I think it should take two … maybe three days to sail there. Then if I’m right, you should be able to change into a dragon again, meaning we can fly the rest of the way. Even you said it was like something on this island was causing the problem.”

Hiccup was trying to convince Toothless to agree with him, he couldn't stay on Berk and do nothing.

"I still think that … but what if it isn't and I go insane again?" Toothless stressed.

"Unless we are ready to accept that the dragons won’t came back … we have to try! I will be there to make sure you become human again if that happens."

"I don't know Hicc. It is a really long flight, even from Dragons edge. You will be away for ages and it might all be for nothing. What about Trid … and the village?"

Hiccup went to sit on the bed next to Toothless - placing his hand on Toothless's leg trying to reassure him. "I know it’s a big risk. The village will be fine if I can get mum and Gobber to hold down the fort while we’re gone. I know between Mum and the Hoffersons that Trid will be well cared for."

"It could be dangerous! And like I said, what if I can't find it?" Toothless asked. He was so nervous that Hiccup was putting his faith in him to find somewhere he hadn't been to since he was really young. He didn't want to let Hiccup down.

"Of course I do! But … I don't want to let you down!" Toothless admitted looking anxious.

"You won’t bud. Even if you don't find it. I promise you that if we don't find anything I won't be disappointed in you. I mean sure, I will be upset that we couldn't find anything but everyone is already upset." Hiccup tried but Toothless still looked scared. Hiccup tried a new angle. "You know my dad must have traveled to find that dragons nest a hundred times. Each time he failed he was disheartened but he never stopped trying - no matter the damage or the cost. He was never disappointed in his people when they failed because they tired. We need to try. At least this isn't a hunt to destroy a nest, and we will have each other."

"You’re not going to change your mind, are you?" Toothless asked, already knowing the answer. Hiccup shook his head and smiled. "This is a Hiccup plan, and you know what I think about these!"

"Why does everyone insist my plans are bad or fail?" Hiccup asked generally curious for once, but the look on Toothless face made him regret asking.

"Red death - lost a leg, flight suit - me save your arse a hundred times, eel island - nearly got strangled by an eel and I accidentally ate one, diving bell - nearly drowned, mission to destroy the dragon root - was a trap that Snot saved us from, same again with Dagur but hunter ships, the plan to convince Drago to be nice, the plan to stop Astrid flying whilst pregnant, the-"

"Okay, okay! When you put it like that, I really am a useless leader but surly I had some good plans." Hiccup insisted looking deflated.

Toothless kissed him then smiled. "Lots of good plans, but ... I never know which way they’re
gona go. So, sorry if I have my doubts." He smirked.

"Is it always going to be this way, you telling me my flaws and then thinking a kiss makes it better?" Hiccup asked.

"Yep!" Toothless smiled, very sure of himself.

"I may need another one!" Hiccup incited playfully.

Toothless grabbed Hiccup's tunic - yanking him closer, and they shared a quick but passionate kiss. Hiccup loved it when Toothless pulled him like that - it was a huge turn on.

"Better?" Toothless asked.

"Much" Hiccup replied with a huge smile. "You know that won't always save you!"

"I like my odds" Toothless replied.

"Do you even know what that means?" Hiccup asked shaking his head.

"Yep ... Spent too much time around the twins!" Toothless grinned.

"As long as you don't start blowing everything up. So, do we have a plan?" Hiccup asked hopefully.

Toothless thought about it for a while and then nodded. "I guess so!"

"When do you think we'll be ready to leave?"

"Well after Gothi had finished hitting us both for not seeing her sooner, she said that you seem to heal unusually fast. You heard what she said though, the arrow didn't go in that far and you were lucky. I checked the crossbow and the string was loose. The whole thing was poorly serviced, so it makes sense that the arrow didn't penetrate deeper. The arrow head was small and not very sharp, so the arrows were out of balance."

"Once a blacksmith always a blacksmith!" Toothless interrupted. "You know It makes zero sense to me and I don't feel so lucky. I only got, 'not sharp and small' … and for something 'not sharp and small', it still fucking hurt... a lot!"

"Sorry." Hiccup honestly apologized. "Basically, it caused some bad bruising and you lost a fair bit of blood - which is why you passed out. The wound is healing very fast so I'd estimate a few weeks at least, and then you'll be good to go, but we'll just have to wait and see. Does it feel any better? Can you move it at all?"

"It feels a little better..." Toothless said, wincing only slightly as he moved his lower arm and elbow. "...I can move this part, but it hurts a bit." He explained. He then hissed loudly in pain, screwed his eyes shut tight, and clenched his teeth as he moved his whole arm slowly at the shoulder. He stopped moving it and waiting for the pain to subside. "Argh, that really hurts. Guess I can't move that arm yet. Now it feels worse!" Toothless croaked his voice strained.

"I'm so sorry bud, I shouldn't have let you do that – it's only been two days. Are you okay?" Hiccup mentally face-palmed. "That was a stupid question, but is the pain easing off at least?"

"Yeah, I'm good. It's fine until I move it or knock it. Don't worry Hicc, if I can get thorough a tail
"being ripped off, I can survive this." Toothless assured him, and gave him a smile.

"I am sorry though. We’ll plan this trip for when you can move your shoulder. If it is like that and you change back, you won’t be able to walk. I mean a bad ankle and a bad shoulder, you can’t exactly walk on two legs." Hiccup concluded.

"No that would be a bit difficult!" Toothless chuckled then remembered something. "What did I do with my shoulder as a dragon, you know when I changed in front of Valka after being shoot?"

"To be honest I didn't pay much attention. You were trying to break through the wall and the door. You may have been limping really badly but if you were in pain because of it, I wouldn't have known because of the way you reacted having changed into your dragon form." Hiccup informed him, recalling back to that evening.

"I really think pain is different when I'm a dragon. It's easier to handle … but I can't explain it."

"I just hope you get better soon. Ever since you have been human you have been injured some way or another. How are your bruises anyway - the ones you got from falling in the cove?"

Toothless lifted his tunic, you could see the slight yellow patches from the left-over bruises.

"They look funny to me but they feel okay. What about yours Hicc? You had a bunch from the battle."

"Not that sore anymore. Besides didn't you know, I love pain - it’s an occupational hazard." Hiccup joked.

"That explains a few things" Toothless mumbled, but smiled.

Toothless leaned against the headboard of the bed - still sitting upright. Hiccup lay down, angled on the bed with his head in Toothless lap. Toothless was playing with the ends of Hiccup’s hair and they laid there for few minutes before Hiccup spoke again.

"Toothless! I want to keep the plan a secret. I mean … I will talk it over with mum at some point nearer the time, and I will let Gobber know we are planning a trip on the boat and leave it at that. If the village find out, you can be sure they will protest … and the gang will want to come with us - you won’t be able to change if they insist on coming. I really wouldn't put it past the twins or Snotlout to somehow sneak onto the ship, even if I ordered them to stay."

"Yeah, I can see that." Toothless agreed.

"So, don't say anything about this to anyone okay? We can inform mum together at some point when the times right. We won’t even announce our departure; we’ll basically just sneak out in the night when everyone is asleep."

"Okay, sounds like a plan. A Hiccup plan but … at least it’s a plan I guess."

"Glad you have so much confidence in me bud!" Hiccup replied sarcastically.
Don't fight it

Chapter Notes

Please make sure you read the last chapter (19) - it was a message from me explaining my lack of updates due to unexpected surgery ... but it is now a full chapter. x

Chapter 20 - Don’t fight it

~Five-week time skip~

Hiccup was leaning against the mast of the ship with his arms crossed against his chest. The ship was sailing away from the docks; he was looking at the shrinking figure of his mother and child as they disappeared into the distance. Toothless was sitting on the higher deck and noticed Hiccup looking unhappy. Toothless climbed down and slid his left arm behind Hiccup's back, pulling him close to his side - hugging him with his head rested on Hiccup's shoulder.

"Hey, you okay?" He whispered. Hiccup smiled slightly.

"Yeah! Just going to miss them." He nodded towards where the docks had vanished from sight.

"Me too Hicc. We could always go back." Toothless honestly suggested. He still had his doubts about the trip, but he didn't want Hiccup feeling depressed and useless because he wasn’t doing anything to get the dragons home. Hiccup had been happier lately - despite the situation, and his anger was fading.

"No bud. We have to do this, and I'm looking forward to spending time with you - without having to look over our shoulders all the time." He leaning closer into Toothless, not expecting him to lick the side of his neck and cheek lovingly.

"Toothless!" He exclaimed wiping his neck and turning to face him.

"At least it washes out!" Toothless laughed, being cocky.

Hiccup nodded his agreement smirking before kissing him on the lips. "I love you! Thanks for doing this with me."

Toothless yanked him in closer for a longer, more passionate kiss that gave him goose-bumps. The feeling of Toothless’s arms wrapped around his waist, compelled him to run his own hands through Toothless’s messy black hair - tugging the small hairs at the nape of his neck.

Over the last five weeks, things had been ... interesting!

Hiccup become a little paranoid that someone would see them kissing, hugging, sharing a bed together, or discover their secret. He set up the downstairs bedroom for Toothless to avoid any suspicions from visitors - which was now essentially his own room and personal space, complete with bed and furniture. Hiccup had also reinforced the front door by adding a second lock, and he’d fixed new shutters and extra curtains to the windows. The villagers were concerned about this odd behaviour from their chief, but it was Hiccup - he had always been an usual boy so they shrugged it
Toothless has a random collection of books on the small shelf above his desk - including ones that Hiccup isn't such if he should be concerned about or not, such as: 'Dragon traps - How not to trap the trapper' a guide to trapping and killing dragons, 'Dancing and the dreaming' explains Viking relationships and weddings, and 'Vikings guide to murder' which Hiccup is too scared to even ask about.

Toothless’s reading skills are quite remarkable - with the exception of more difficult words. He started learning how to write but at present his writing is uneven, too big, barely recognizable, and he forgets what letters and numbers should look like sometimes.

Hiccup had also decided that Toothless needed an outlet for his frustration - after he broke the eighth pencil and stormed out of the Great hall one night. Fishlegs had been very patient with Toothless and they got on really well, however, that night even Fishlegs had a right to be angry after he threatened to shove a pencil up his arse if he told him he was making good progress one more time. That outlet became sword fighting. Hiccup made the decision knowing that Toothless needed a way to protect himself without his dragon powers, but he wasn't doing very well; Toothless’s reflex skills were astonishing, so whilst he had yet to wield a sword correctly, he could avoid being hit at least. As Toothless became more adapt to his human body his agility and reflexes had also increased immensely, but his sword skills didn’t seem to be improving.

Toothless had fully recovered - all the bruises from both him and Hiccup had healed, they had therefore, made the plans as discussed and explained everything to Valka. Now they were sailing away from Berk on their way to Dragons edge. Gobber and the Hofferson's were the only ones that knew he was leaving Berk with Kalster, although Valka was the only one who knew the truth. Hiccup had told them he was going to find information that could be vital in solving the mystery of the dragon’s disappearance, and since Kalster was accustomed to living in the wilderness he could be of help. They had also been the witnesses he needed - to watch him sign the 'temporary chief hand over' parchment giving his mother full handover until his return to Berk.

Later that evening - after they had eaten, Hiccup and Toothless were on the deck of the ship with their swords. Toothless had stamina and strength, but had seemed clumsy with his blade and lacked skill to control the weapon.

Toothless ran forwards and tried to strike Hiccup from above, but Hiccup had swiftly dodged it causing Toothless to fall flat on his face. Hiccup was chuckling as he spun his sword round in his hand and prepared for a second attack.

"Oh, you are so dead Haddock!" Toothless threatened, pushing off from the ground with his hands and got straight back into his fighting stance.

"You have to hit me first. Useless reptile." Hiccup mocked playfully in an attempt to get Toothless riled up.

Toothless charged, but Hiccup blocked the attack. He spun his sword around and disarmed Toothless. Toothless rolled smoothly across the deck, grabbed his sword, and jumped back onto his feet. Hiccup smirked as he watched Toothless getting worked up.

"It’s so on!" Toothless growled. His frustration and determination to succeed threw out thought to his actions.

The swords clashed and Hiccup was astonished at the sudden force and determination of the blows.
Toothless was counter attacking with more skill than Hiccup had yet seen him achieve. Hiccup ducked down and span his leg round knocking Toothless of his feet - who groaned as he landed. Hiccup hadn't used that move on Toothless yet, so he was caught of guard by it.

"H-how did you do that?" Hiccup asked as he helped Toothless up.

"What, fall on my butt?" He groaned. "It's a skill I have gotten rather good at." He still had the sword in his hand.

Hiccup was staring at the sword and mentally face palmed. How had he not seen it, him of all people. "Toothless, are you left-handed?" He asked.

"What handed?" He asked bewildered.

"Left-handed, I think you might be. This explains so much ... why didn't I see this?" He was practically bouncing as he ran off towards the cabin. Toothless followed him confused.

When Toothless entered the cabin, Hiccup was finding parchment and ink. "Toothless come here!" He ordered. "Use your left hand and write something!"

"O'kay." He replied, confused to where this was going. He sat down and wrote 'Hiccup is being weird' on the parchment and smirked at him. Hiccup raised his eyebrows and rolled his eyes before placing a journal with Toothless's normal writing down for comparison.

"Ha, I was right! Look bud, your writing is more even and readable." He stated excitedly.

"Thanks!" Toothless added sarcastically.

"No seriously, this is a good thing! It would explain why you keep dropping things and have trouble writing. You haven't been able to use your left arm because of the injury, and Fishlegs would have assumed you to be right-handed like everyone else." Hiccup paused in thought before continuing. "We started sword fighting before your shoulder was fully recovered so we had to used your right arm … you're definitely left-handed, you need to use your left hand." Hiccup was excited and relieved to know that Toothless wouldn't get so frustrated - he was sure he would do a hundred times better with his left hand.

"Nice to know I'm not even a normal Viking - person." Toothless mumbled.

"I'm left handed! Well technically I can use both hands but that's just because dad forced me to use my right hand growing up, and I got shoved about for it by the others. But I am left-handed, I really can't write or draw adequately with my right hand." Hiccup told him. "Besides, you're worried about being normal? You're a dragon - a Night-Fury turned into a human and in a secret relationship with talking useless fish bone!"

Toothless stood up and kissed him. "You're not Useless! You know, I think being normal is actually really boring!" He smiled at Hiccup before pushing him with his left hand playfully.

Hiccup caught a look at the back of Toothless hand as he lowered it, seeing the small scabs over his knuckles. "You decked Snot with that hand, didn't you?" He asked.

Toothless nodded. "I guess I am left-handed … but you know he deserved that!" Toothless said sitting down on the bed.

Hiccup followed him and laid down on his back with his hands behind his head. "I can't believe you did that!" He chuckled.
The gang were at the dragon arena about a week ago, using the space for weapon training. Hiccup and Toothless went there to practice with swords. Ruffnut was currently holding Tuffnut in a head lock, and shouting at him for using her hair oil on chicken. Fishlegs was sitting by the weapons cart, and Snotlout was being a self-righteous moron - insisting he didn't need to practice because he was already the best. He had spent all afternoon insulting and belittling Toothless and Hiccup, and this time he was rambling to Fishlegs while laying against the cart.

"Of course, Kalster needs all the training he can get. I'd offer my expertise but it would just be a waste of my precious time. I mean what can that fishbone teach him ... he is just as useless!"

"Snotlout, Hiccup is our chief!" Fishlegs warned.

"I know that! Unbelievable right. He should stick to 'chiefing' and leave the fighting to the actual Vikings!" Snotlout went on and on with same rambling.

In the middle of the arena, Toothless had just fallen over for at least the twelfth time. He groaned in frustration as he landed on the hard ground, the sword clanging across the arena as it left his hand.

"You will get there, you just need more practice!" Hiccup encouraged.

Snotlout was laughing. "I'd give up now! Unless you're practicing falling ... because you're awesome at that!"

Toothless was fuming. He had heard everything that Snotlout had been saying all day. He hadn’t done anything but lounge around and throw insults to everyone - including himself and Hiccup. Toothless marched over to him.

"You think you can take me!" Toothless snapped.

"Kalster, just ignore him!" Hiccup tried as he pulled Toothless away.

Snotlout stood up. "That ... thing! Thinks he can take on the Snotmaster? He is worse than you ever were, useless." Snotlout shouted.

Toothless flew for Snotlout. He punched him in the face so hard that his noes started bleed, he fell down with a noise like injured cattle.

"Hiccup is a thousand times better then you!" Toothless screamed at the now stunned Viking.

Snotlout quickly went from stunned to angry. He had gotten up after feeling the blood on his face and took a swing at Toothless with his fist. Toothless tackled him to the ground and a brawl had started, both Snotlout and Toothless were rolling on the floor throwing punches at each other.

Toothless had - at some point bitten Snotlout's arm, and the twins were placing bets on who would emerge victorious or what injuries they would suffer. Toothless was furious and had no fear or hesitation in his actions. Snotlout soon learnt that Toothless was a lot stronger than he looked and that he could hold his own in a fight. Hiccup and Fishlegs both had to pull an angry Toothless off Snotlout.
Snotlout was covered in blood, bites, and bruises, with a black eye and a broken nose. Seeing Toothless being restrained he had seized the cowardly opportunity to punch Toothless in the gut while he was being pulled back. Hiccup had wasted no time stepping in front of Toothless, punching Snotlout straight up and into his jaw, knocking him out cold in an instant.

"That felt good." Hiccup sighed shaking his fist. "That coward! Fishlegs can you get this mutton head home please and make sure Gothi sees to him."

Fishlegs carried the unconscious Snotlout out of the arena. The twins were standing there with their jaws hanging.

"Thor's mighty hammer strikes again!" They said in unison, squealing and cheering in excitement. They announced that Kalster was now their best friend.

"Spitelout was fuming!" Toothless recalled.

"I may have put him straight by informing him that Snotlout bragged he could take you on after insulting us both, that his son should stop bragging because one day it might be an opponent twice his size. And of course, I told him he insulted his chief and should be lucky I didn't put him in the cells. I reminded him, we're Vikings it's an occupational hazard!" He winked at Toothless.

Spitelout hadn't kept his feelings about the 'outsider' a secret during the argument, and he had demanded action against Kalster. Hiccup had put his foot down by telling Spitelout his son was a coward, and that both he and Kalster had fought each other because of the insults his son had aimed at his chief and fellow tribe members. It was by no means a malicious attack. He added that Snotlout was his friend, and because of that he tolerated his insubordinate behaviour and his lazy egotistical personality, but he sometimes overstepped the line and had to deal with the consequences. If Snotlout couldn't handle the outcome of his actions then to learn to keep his mouth shut. Either he accepted that or he could have a fair trial and be convicted of crimes against the chief. The Jorgenson’s had relented because they knew if they pushed the matter it could amount to much more serious consequences for Snotlout. Hiccup was only being lenient because he was a fair chief, and despite his flaws, Snotlout was his friend and a valued member of the tribe.

Toothless laughed "No one insults you in front of me Hicc! Besides he was annoying me!"

"Who said I needed protecting?" Hiccup asked.

"I am always the first person you call when you’re in trouble!" Toothless reminded him smirking.

Hiccup sat up. "Who wouldn't want the 'unholy offspring of lightening and death it's self' coming to their rescue." He asked pinning Toothless to the bed and leaning over him.

"So, I am only good enough for you as a dragon. I see how it is!" Toothless played.

Hiccup kissed Toothless and looked into his bright lime green eyes. The outer iris was Turkish-blue, and every damn time he looked at them he got mesmerized. He had to avoid Toothless eyes when other people were around or he would get caught staring at him with lust. Toothless saw Hiccup staring and opened his eyes wider.

"You’re a great dragon, but a damn hot human!" Hiccup replied tracing a faint kiss on his lips. "And my best friend, who I happen to be in love with." He pushed his lips into Toothless's.

Toothless slid his hand behind Hiccup's neck, pulling him closer and deepening the kiss as Hiccup climbed on top of him. This was the first time Hiccup was really able to get lost in the connection -
without worrying about being seen or heard.

Toothless pulled the back of Hiccup’s hair while nipping his upper lip. Hiccup let slip a quiet moan. Their tongues met and Toothless felt a shudder before a moan escaped his own lips. Hiccup's hand slid down under Toothless tunic … and up across his lean chest as he continued the kiss. He felt the firmness of Toothless's abs, and the smooth skin under his fingers.

"Hicc?" Toothless whispered and gasped.

Hiccup persisted in the kiss, moaning to signal his acknowledgment at being called. Toothless place his hand over Hiccup's through the tunic and Hiccup stopped.

"Take it off." Hiccup breathed desperately. His breathless and quiet voice breathed into Toothless ear, begging him to remove the tunic

Hiccup tugged at the material of Toothless’s tunic … but his lips had already returned to Toothless’s neck. He licked in circles below his ear … his tongue sliding up the salty skin and nipping at the delicate area.

Toothless moaned and breathed heavier as he felt excited and amazed, his hormones were all over the place, and the blood rushed unexpectedly to his cock. Hiccup had never done this to him before, never begged him to remove his tunic, or kissed his skin this way. He felt Hiccup's dick press against him through their clothes and he worried that Hiccup would feel his own growing cock. Surely it was alright if Hiccup was in the same position?

"Take it off. Please!" Hiccup begged again in a breathless whisper.

Hiccup had been desperate to take things further with Toothless for a few weeks, he just didn’t have the courage to admit it, or the courage to do it. It was almost torture being around Toothless and only kissing him when he had other desires burning to be appeased.

Toothless couldn't deny the pleasure it was giving him and he wanted to give Hiccup what he wanted. He sat up and helped Hiccup remove his tunic - throwing it across the cabin before laying back down onto his back. Hiccup continued licking his neck and nipping the sensitive skin. His eyes rolled into his head and he was swallowed by the new sensations Hiccup was causing, drawing from his new human body. Hiccup started grinding into his groin, he grabbed the bedding in his fists feeling something start to build. *Gods this is amazing, what’s he doing to me?* He thought as broken moans escaped his lips, deep and expressive of his pleasure.

"Hicc?" Toothless stuttered, gasping as his cock twitched involuntary. He shuddered and fidgeted, Hiccup responding by kissing him hungrily. Toothless grabbed Hiccup's neck, eagerly deepening the kiss at the reassurance.

Hiccup hadn't stop grinding … he could feel Toothless's hard cock through his clothes as it reached its peak. He didn't care, this is what he wanted and no one would ever know. He pushed harder against Toothless's groin as he continued to gyrate into him, grinding their enlarged cocks against each other’s body. The groans from Toothless’s wet mouth only made him crave more friction; he moved faster against Toothless, getting as close as he could as they enjoyed the sexually intense kissing.

"Don't stop!" Toothless shockingly found himself gasping, begging for more.

Hearing Toothless begging him, moaning for more, was so arousing that Hiccup moaned in return. He wanted to take thing further … but he wasn’t ready yet. What they were doing right now was
amazing, and he was finally doing something to meet the sexual desires he had bottle up. It wasn't penetrative sex, but he would take it. Toothless already looked like he couldn't take much more.

Hiccup continued to grind faster into Toothless's groin, pleasing both their aching members. He ran his hands over Toothless chest and bit the skin on his neck before sucking and kissing the sensitive skin. His hand slipped down and rubbed the top of Toothless's cock through his trousers.

Toothless was moaning louder, overwhelmed with new sensations, sexual sensations he didn't know humans were capable of feeling. His breathing was a mess, his heart raced, and he dug his fingers into Hiccup's shoulders. He was desperate for more of whatever Hiccup was doing, yet at the same time it felt like he was about to break ... like something had to give because he couldn't take anymore.

"Hiccup? What's..." He stuttered, trying to ask what was happening through his shuddered breathing. As the build-up grew in his cock and his balls tightened, his left hand rushed down between himself and Hiccup - to grab his sensitive member. It almost felt like he had to urinate really bad - in a weird way, and yet, the only way to bring relief was by continuing whatever this was.

"Don't fight it!" A breathless Hiccup whispered, removing Toothless hand and pinning it above his head dominating him. He kissed Toothless passionately as he continued to grind and rub against him.

Toothless didn't want to argue or to stop him, the building pleasure was inexplicable. He didn't know what was happening or what Hiccup was actually doing to him ... but he trusted him, and Oh by all that was holy ... this was fucking amazing and he needed more.

Toothless moaned through the kissing as he felt his cock contract. "Fuck!" Slipped out from his lips as his body tensed, and his back arched involuntarily. Another contraction made him stop returning Hiccup's kiss as he felt wetness forming below. The release was mind bowing, and he shuddered as the third contraction past. He moaned in pleasure and was lost in the euphoric, mind blowing sensations.

When the contractions stopped, and Toothless suddenly became more aware of what he felt in his pants, he was worried... had he pissed himself?

Hiccup knew what had happened and could see the panic in Toothless eyes. He kissed his lips softly and looked into his eyes with love. "Its ok bud! I think you just came!" He smiled at Toothless knowingly as he sat up, looking down at Toothless's leggings which now had a wet patch where his cock ended - a cock that Hiccup could see going flaccid.

"Huh?" Toothless gulped as he too sat up, but he couldn't help relax as Hiccup reassured him it was alright.

"You came bud, you ... released your seed. " He told him gently rubbing Toothless's flaccid cock through his trousers – ignoring his own needy member. Toothless moaned slightly at the contact trying to figure out what Hiccup was telling him. When the penny dropped, he was more confused.

"I did? Wait, how? We didn't mate? I ... I didn't mean-." He mumbled looking at his wet patch.

Hiccup chuckled and kissed him again, running his hand through his thick black hair. Toothless completely relaxed at the gentle touch. Whatever that was felt amazing and Hiccup wasn't mad, so everything was okay.

"You have a lot to learn bud! Get changed, I'll be right back." Hiccup smiled getting up. Hiccup's
cock was still very hard and he needed its own release, especially as a moaning - squirming Toothless was still vivid in his mind.

"Where are you going?" Toothless asked as he stood up. He had so many questions.

"Need to pee!" Was all he said before he left with a huge grin across his face.
Chapter 21 - Dragons edge

They had been sailing for two days and were expecting to see Dragons edge soon. Hiccup was out on deck looking in the distance for any signs of land while Toothless was actually reading in the cabin.

Toothless had been improving remarkably well at sword fighting and writing since Hiccup had pointed out he was left handed. Hiccup had even used the few tools on board to make a small metal plate that he could put into his pocket - with letters and numbers carved onto it, so Toothless had something to remind him what they should look like when writing.

"Hey bud, learn anything new?" Hiccup asked him, smiling as he entered the cabin and sat down on the bed opposite Toothless.

"Yeah, I learnt how to disabled dragon traps and set them, might come in handy." He replied cheerfully. "I remember when Gobber was trying to teach you guys to disable dragon traps. Remember that, Tuff got caught in a trap himself and Torch showed up." Toothless rolled his eyes at the memory of Torch.

"If you teach the other dragons this then the dragon hunters are going to be in for a huge surprise. It will be funny to watch." Hiccup chuckled. "And yeah, I remember that. What was it with you and Torch anyway? He really wasn’t that bad, he was kinda … cute." Hiccup said, remembering the baby Typhoomerang he found and how Toothless didn’t like him.

"He was a manipulative brat. He stole my jobs, ate all my food, wanted my bed and bit my tail. You didn’t even notice because you had goo goo eyes at him. You were too busy geeking out to see what he was doing behind your back. At least he grew up and helped us out in the end."

"I did not have goo goo eyes! And really? I always though he was sweet." Hiccup admitted. Toothless rolled his eyes and gave the ‘Typical Hiccup’ look. "Well … I’m sorry. I didn’t know that bud. I should have paid more attention to you back then but now, now you will always have my attention. Even if I’m busy I will make time for you." Hiccup sealed his promise with a kiss and looked back at the book Toothless was reading.

"Question … What does In-nar.-vay-shone mean?" Toothless suddenly asked.

"Show me!" Toothless pointed to the sentence in the book and Hiccup read, "...Dragon hunters rarely show innovation when it comes to new dragon traps, why would we we’re Vikings, however..." Hiccup rolled his eyes. "It means Vikings don't use their heads and create new ideas for dragon traps. They think because the traps work there is no need for anything new or different. Typical really. Innovation basically mean introducing new things. Like new ideas or better solutions." Hiccup explained.

"Sounds about right." Toothless agreed. Vikings were typically so stubborn they were never open to change, even if it was for the better.

"You looking forward to flying again?" Hiccup asked.

"Yes and no. I'm kinda worried to be honest. I don't want to go berserk and hurt you ... or worse." Toothless said looking down in worry.
"Hey, You won't!" Hiccup stressed holding his hands. "It will be fine, I was thinking that if it is safe for you to change on the edge then there must be other dragons living there still. We can look for other dragons before you change if you're that worried." Hiccup suggested.

"And what if there aren't any other dragons?" He asked.

"Then we deal with it then. One step at a time bud." Hiccup reassured him. Toothless looked up at Hiccup, sighed and nodded. Hiccup wrapped his arms around Toothless reassuring him with a loving hug.

The ship reached shallow waters by late afternoon and had stopped where they planned to anchor it. Hiccup and Toothless lowered the anchor and had unloaded the few supplies they had brought with them. A few of the huts they had built had been destroyed, but Fishlegs's old hut was still usable.

Astrid and Hiccup had traveled there for old times’ sake just over a year ago and had seen the damage assuming it was either rogue dragons or hunters. It certainly wasn't the same without the gang but he had Toothless.

Hiccup sat on the end of one of the platforms looking out over the sea. This was where he had first really kissed Astrid, and the edge was where he had really fallen in love with her - where they had declared their love for each other. No matter what happened to the huts they had built, there would always be so many memories associated with this island.

"You okay Hicc?" Toothless asked when he saw Hiccup lost in thought and looking slightly dismal.

"Oh. Yeah never better." Hiccup replied a little too fast without moving. Toothless sat down next to him.

"You know you're a terrible liar right." Toothless said nudging Hiccup who signed.

"So I've been told." He replied.

"You miss Astrid don't you. It’s okay, I know you loved her. I miss her too but she was your mate. I don't know what I would do if I lost you and ... you must feel really bad because I would feel horrible if lost you. I'm ... not really helping, am I?"

Hiccup smiled slightly, closed his eyes, and softly sighed.

"I love you as much as I loved her. You and me have been through a lot together and ... you were my friend when no one else was. If I hadn't met you, I would never have had the chance with Astrid or become a father. Dad would never have told me he was proud of me, and the dragon raids would never have stopped. I probably would never have become chief. I owe everything to you." Hiccup admitted, feeling his eyes well up with tears. "I don't know how to became as great, as brave, or as selfless as my father, and ... I don't think I ever will, but I promised him I would try. When Astrid died, I didn't know how to be a father but I promised her I would try for our son. I promised her I would always love her, and meet her again in Valhalla one day. That I couldn't possibly love other like I loved her and ... to wait for me." Hiccup wiped his eyes with his sleeve and sniffed. "I feel like I betrayed her bud … because I feel in love with you." Hiccup chocked, tears silently falling and he covered his eyes with his hands.

Toothless wrapped his arm around Hiccup and pulled him closer. Hiccup leaned against him and squeezed Toothless hand - grateful for his comfort.
"Hiccup, I don't think Astrid would blame you. I think she would want you to be happy. If you want to stop being my mate then-

"No! No no no no bud. I can't do this without you." Hiccup stressed, almost begging grabbing his hand tighter and staring into his eyes.

"You will always have me Hicc. I’m not going anywhere, but we don't have to be together as mates if it makes you sad." Toothless told him, holding his cheek and looking back into his eyes. It would break his heart having to go back to the way things were, but he would do it if it was what Hiccup wanted.

"No! I want you, all off you! I love you and can't go back to just being friends. I can't do that!" Hiccup stressed.

"That's okay then … because I don't want that either. I would! If you wanted me too, but I really don't want that because I love you too." Toothless admitted.

Hiccup hugged him tightly, too afraid to let go, as if he would lose him too if he did. Toothless hugged Hiccup back and felt him silently sob into his chest. Toothless didn't understand human grief very well, but he could imagine how painful it was because he didn't think he could bare it if he lost Hiccup. Each time he had come close to losing him - before he got to be a human, it felt like his heart would stop. Now he had an even deeper connection with him, it would be torture.

Hiccup had barley finished grieving over his father when he lost Astrid so unexpectedly; he still had nightmares some nights, waking up sweating from seeing his father’s death or Astrid lying in a pool of her own blood from child birth. The wall that held him up making him strong, had been broken and rebuilt so many times it was fragile. The life he thought he would have, had been ripped from him unfairly, cruelly even, and everything he knew was gone. Hiccup had become angry as a coping mechanism, but now he had managed to control his anger it left him without a shield to hide behind. He was able to put on a brave face and get lost in his job as chief, or his duty as a father. Here now - with no duty or job, there were no distractions to keep his mind away from the pain and guilt he had been avoiding. He had shared his pain with Toothless, revealing his weakness and vulnerability to the man he trusted and loved.

"I really miss her bud." He sobbed; his voice broken.

"It's okay to miss her. You sure you want to do this trip? There is still time to go back." Toothless checked.

"Yes! We need to do this." He took a ragged breath. "It might be just what I need ... to get away for a bit ... with you! Thank you for understanding Toothless." Hiccup told him sitting up. His breathing was ragged and broken for a while until he managed to stop quietly sobbing and wipe his eyes.

Toothless didn't really know how to comfort Hiccup but he hated seeing him so depressed. He pulled Hiccup close to him and he rested his head down on Toothless lap. Toothless rubbed his fingers through his Auburn hair and over his back gently, and they just stayed there for a while in comfortable silence.

They had decided to spend the rest of the day at the edge planning for the next stage of the trip. Toothless had been looking at maps with Hiccup trying and figure out which direction to fly in. They both knew they had sailed in the opposite direction to reach dragons edge, but it was the only location they trusted to leave the ship - and even that was hopeful thinking because it could still be
Toothless had tried to recall where he had been since he ended up on Dragon Island, and he could only surmise that it was south west of Dragons Edge. They had agreed that they would fly to Slitherwing Island and then south west to Dragon Island to avoid flying anywhere near Berk. That was if their assumptions were right - and that Toothless could change back to his dragon self away from Berk.

It wasn't long before night came and Hiccup and Toothless were asleep in the same bed. The sun hadn't even started to rise when Hiccup was woken up by the sound of someone going through their bags. Hiccup reached for inferno on the bedside table, and activated the sword and flame to see who had intruded into the hut.

"Toothless wake up" Hiccup whispered urgently, nudging him awake. Toothless groaned and rolled over. "Toothless, someone is here!"

"What?" He asked, sitting up and looking around.

As Hiccup lifted the sword higher to illuminate the room, he saw a white Night-Terror hiding behind Hiccup's bag. Hiccup relaxed and attached his metal leg.

"Smidvarg! Toothless it's Smidvarg." He exclaimed excitedly. "Hey, it's me ... remember me little fella?" He spoke to the Night-Terror. Smidvarg inched forward sniffing Hiccup's out stretched hand before placing his snout up against it. "Toothless if Smidvarg is here you can change. You can fly again bud!" Hiccup reminded him excitedly, rubbing Smidvarg's head.

"That's ... great!" Toothless didn't look to excited.

Hiccup sat next to him on the bed while Smidvarg left the hut through the bottom of the door - which was broken off. "Toothless? I thought this was what you wanted." He asked.

"I guess. I just like being able to talk to you. I think I got too used to being human." Toothless admitted biting his lip.

"You can still be human! You get to be both. I would love to be a dragon bud. Maybe you just need to try it, remember what it feels like to be you!" Hiccup suggested.

Toothless sighed and thought about it. "Okay ... but you need to lock me in the pens!" Toothless stated, giving in.

"What why? Smidvarg is okay and-"

"In case something goes wrong! I'm not taking the risk of hurting you. You lock me in the pens or I won't do it!" He stated firmly, crossing his arms.

Hiccup didn't like doing this and felt it unnecessary, but it was what Toothless wanted. Once they were ready, they walked to the pens and Hiccup found one that still looked strong and functional.

"Guess I will see you on the other side bud!" Hiccup smiled.

"If I go crazy, please don't do anything stupid. I'm serious Hiccup. Get away or go back to Berk. Last time I lost control I-" Toothless begged him remembering Drago and the time he was forced to kill Hiccup, hitting Stoick instead.
"You won't." Hiccup promised sternly.

"That wasn't very reassuring." Toothless told him with fear in his eyes. Hiccup grabbed Toothless and kissed him passionately on the lips. "That was nice but … still not reassuring."

"Just get in there." Hiccup told him, pushing him into the pen. Toothless kissed him one last time before Hiccup locked the pen.

Toothless started to undress and Hiccup started smirking as he looked at Toothless lean figure and slight ab muscles. He hadn't been as embarrassed seeing Toothless naked, but then it wasn't something he saw often. Toothless had stripped down and noticed a pair of forest green eyes looking at his lower region. Toothless swayed his dangling cock grinning.

"You obviously like what you see." Toothless played.

"Toothless!" Hiccup exclaimed embarrassed, he turned around so Toothless wouldn't see his erect cock trying to be known under his own leggings.

"Hiccup, if it goes okay, I won't be able to talk to you. I won't be able to warn you when I turn back so you're going to see me like this. You sure you want that?" Toothless asked.

Hiccup turned to face Toothless and nodded. "That's fine bud. You're my boyfriend now so we should be able to ... see each other naked. It's fine, really! Are you ready?" Hiccup asked, trying to ignore his sexual thoughts.

"Okay, ready!" Toothless said shuddering. He closed his eyes and morphed back into the cute black Night-Fury he was.

Toothless looked at himself and spun in a circle before looking up at Hiccup and wriggling his entire body happily. Hiccup smiled as he rushed to unlock the pen. He had barely opened the door when he got pounced on. Toothless knocked him down and licked his face constantly.

"Toothless ... Toothless!" Hiccup managed to say pushing the dragon off him. "Oh, come on bud! You know that doesn't wash out when you're a dragon." He said flicking off the dragon saliva before tackling him and hanging off his neck.

Toothless laughed and nuzzled Hiccup. He could now smell something in Hiccup's pants - a lingering faint scent he always had before he mated Astrid, but It was going away so he shook it off.

"Well how does it feel being ... you again!" Hiccup asked. Toothless spun round and ran outside looking at the sky then back at Hiccup. "Go for it Bud!" Hiccup told him smiling. Toothless looked at Hiccup again and nuzzled his hand, looking back at the sky. "You want me to come with you?" He asked. Toothless nodded then ran ahead of Hiccup dragging out the saddle. "Okay!" Hiccup said lighting up in excitement as he fixed the saddle.

Once they had taken off, Hiccup and Toothless felt amazing and free. They didn't know how much they had missed this until Toothless flew up into the clouds and soared through the sky. Toothless had his dragon senses back and knew Hiccup was elated and relaxed. Toothless glided over the sea, raced back into the sky, and pulled off twists and turns as if it were yesterday. It felt good to be able to fly again, and the best part for Toothless was knowing that Hiccup was happy.

Hiccup laid forward and hugged Toothless before speaking. "You’re amazing bud. So ... want to catch me?" Hiccup asked.
Toothless grumbled and rolled his eyes. He couldn't deny Hiccup what he wanted so he flew up high into the clouds at shocking speed. Hiccup held on tightly and shouted "Whoa, bud what?" When Toothless stopped gaining altitude he suddenly flipped and descended upside down towards the ground. Hiccup catching on laughed and unclipped himself, jumping away from Toothless and yelling his enjoyment as he plummets. They spiraled through the air, face-to-face, both feeling the same rush of adrenaline and immensely happy. All the weight on Hiccup shoulders, the emotion, the pain, it had all gone in that exhilarating moment. Toothless was enjoying it just as much and the fact he had a real tail again meant that he wasn't as worried about Hiccup. He knew he could catch him and fly without Hiccup's help - which gave him a sudden devious idea.

"Whoa, this is amazing!" Hiccup announced loudly as the sea below started to get closer. "Time to go up bud!" He instructed.

Toothless made a noise which to Hiccup sounded like 'I can't be bothered', before flying away from Hiccup. "Toothless! Now really isn't the time to go feral bud! Toothless!" Hiccup shouted as he got closer to the sea. Toothless showed no signs of coming to catch Hiccup and he was beginning to panic.

"Toothless!" He screamed, closing his eyes waiting for the bone shattering, body breaking, crash into the sea. He was going to hit the water surface too fast to have any chance at surviving this.

Toothless rush underneath Hiccup catching him so close to the water that his paws created waves either side of them. Hiccup opened his eyes and was trying not to have a heart attack. "Cutting it a bit close there bud!" Was all he could say as he had watched his life flash before his eyes, bringing back dark memories.

Once his heart stopped racing, he slapped Toothless firmly on the shoulder. "Was you trying to kill me?" He asked shaking his head. Toothless laughed, and eventually … so did Hiccup.

Coming back towards the edge Toothless fired a plasma blast into the sky and looked at the explosion in pride of himself. As they came into land, they were shocked to see dragons starting to appear from all around them.

"I think they saw your plasma blast bud. You're their Alpha remember!" Hiccup reminded him as they landed. Toothless had actually forgotten that small detail.

All sorts of dragons were arriving but the most shocking and reassuring ones were: Hookfang, Fanghook, Meatlug, Barf and Belch, Cloudjumper, Stormfly, Grump, and all the other dragons from Berk.

"They came here … they all came here!" Hiccup breathed in awe as they all bowed to Toothless when he landed.
Chapter 22 - Wreck reef

Hiccup was immensely relieved to see all the dragons safe and coexisting with each other harmoniously. He had given each dragon he recognized - and a few others that trusted him some attention, while Toothless seemed to be communicating with them still in his dragon form. If it wasn't for the fact that they were only there as a means to continue their journey he would have stayed with them. Instead he had gone to make arrangements to leave and prepare for the long flights ahead. Toothless had stayed with the dragons doing what Hiccup could only assume were his duties as Alpha, and he was most likely playing with his old friends as well.

Toothless told him a few weeks back that he didn't actually have to do much as the Alpha dragon. He just had to make sure they were safe and sort out any fights or disputes they couldn't resolve themselves. Dragons had often flown to Berk in distress seeking Toothless's help, and either Hiccup had gone with him to assist, or he had attached Toothless automatic tail to him. It was worrying when Toothless left on his own, sometimes returning with a few wounds, but Astrid had always comforted his concerns. 'A chief protects his own' In this case a dragon. It was amazing how alike and similar their lives were. Both alone and scared at first, too quickly judged, then fighting to protect their own kind and now … both chiefs in their own rights.

Hiccup and Toothless had planned to leave early that afternoon to make the flight to Melody island. It was a day away and going to be a long journey considering there were only a few islands in between. Hiccup needed to think carefully about the supplies Toothless could carry - as well as himself. Thanks to Hookfang and Barf and Belch, he was able to restock up on canisters for his sword 'Inferno'. He had his shield, clothes, a few light weight tools, limited food supply and drink. He also packed a light weight blanket, Toothless's sword just in case, and a few other random or necessary things.

A while later Toothless bounded in excitedly signalling Hiccup's attention. Hiccup frowned. "You want me to follow you?" He asked.

Toothless nodded excitedly and Hiccup followed him. The dragons all parted, leaving a gap for them to walk through and his eyes lit up when Toothless stopped. "Oh wow! I-it's a Shivertooth!" Hiccup breathed.

Hiccup knelt down on his knees to show the Shivertooth he meant no harm while Toothless seemed to be communicating with it. Toothless then nudged Hiccup's hand. "You sure bud?" He asked nervously, but Toothless nodded. He closed his eyes, looking away as he slowly lifted his hand. A few nerve-racking seconds later and the Shivertooth placed its snout on his hand - he sighed in relief.

The dragon was blue and purple, had a pelican like mouth, and was similar in size to the monstrous nightmare. It has gem-like spikes lining its back, thin and sharp claws and an arrow-shaped tail tip. It belonged to the sharp class category of dragons, and was said to the have the sharpest claws that could slice clean through a Viking. Hiccup had never seen one and he had read about them being unpredictable tricksters; where the Thunderdrums were said to get their power from Thor its self, the Shivertooth was said to be a dragon of Loki.

Toothless ran off towards the huts leaving Hiccup to marvel and geek out at the amazing chance to meet the dragon. Hiccup pulled out the pad of parchment he carried on his flight suit and started to
draw the dragon and make notes. He had just about finished when he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Thought you'd get a geek out over him?" Toothless said smiling - still putting on his tunic with nothing on his feet.

"Toothless?" Hiccup said in surprise turning around.

"Yep! Forgot what I look like already?" He played nudging Hiccup.

"No! And ... he is amazing, thank you for coming to get me." Hiccup thanked him sincerely, putting the finishing touches on his drawing.

The Shivertooth didn't recognize Toothless and growled thrashing its tail unexpectedly. Toothless recognized its fear immediately, "Hiccup!" Toothless shouted knocking him to the ground quickly, as the tail just missed them both. Stormfly had followed Hiccup and had rushed in to protect him, growling back at the Shivertooth. Toothless jumped up and put his hands out to the enraged dragons.

"Whoa Stormfly!" Toothless shouted, going in between the two dragons, he then stood in front of the Shivertooth looking up at him. "Easy Alouwile! I'm a friend." The dragons head flinched and Hiccup had gotten off the floor staring between Toothless and the Shivertooth. "Come on Alouwile, chill out ... Stop it!" He ordered firmly.

Hiccup didn’t think just commanding the dragon would work - you had to gain their trust first and show you wasn’t a threat, which was why he was shocked when the dragon froze and bowed instantly almost cowering before Toothless.

Stormfly approached Toothless and sniffed him - causing him to turn around. Stormfly roared to the sky and then bowed as well. Other dragons came out of hiding and follow suit, gathering around them. Hiccup looked at Toothless and noticed his eyes were dilated and slightly bluer around the iris. If he hadn't spent weeks staring into those human eyes, he may have missed the changed.

"T-toothless ... your eyes!" Hiccup stuttered.

"My eyes?"

"They changed a-and the dragons … there bowing to you." Hiccup pointed out shocked.

"Yeah, I am Alpha right?" He said as if it was normal.

"You’re ... human!" Hiccup stated, still in shock. Toothless looked at his hands and he remembered he had changed back and was talking to Hiccup. Toothless mentally face palmed.

"Right … yeah that is weird. Guess my secret is out!" He said and smiled. Shrugging it off.

"With the dragons … at least not to anyone else! H-how did they know?"

"I should ask them!" Toothless replied suddenly stripping off. "This is annoying, keep getting dressed and undressed." He complained.

Hiccup barely had time to answer or respond when Toothless changed back into his dragon self. He was thinking his life just got a whole lot crazier. Toothless was communicating with the
dragons again right now, but he was thrown for a loop. This was going to be hard to explain to the people of Berk if the dragons returned. Dragons bowing to Toothless, to Kalster, in front of his whole tribe. Hiccup rubbed his face and then remembered Toothless calling the Shivertooth, Alouwile. Was that his species, or perhaps it was his name. While Hiccup was wondering Toothless changed again and stumbled.

"Whoa, getting a little dizzy all this changing ... and hungry." Toothless said, standing up naked. He reached for his trousers. Hiccup had instinctively gone to help him but he seemed okay now.

"You need to go easy bud; you obviously can't keep changing like that." Hiccup fussed. He was getting dizzy just watching the switching, and the undressing and redressing.

"Right! So apparently my scent changed when I got defensive and ordered them to stop. They said they also felt faint Alpha commands like ... I guess they felt like they had to do what I said." Toothless explained with a shrug. "Before you ask ... I don't know, and no I don't know how." He finished now putting on his tunic.

"How do you know what I was going to ask?" Hiccup asked, frowning as they walked back to huts.

"Because you're you!" He replied smugly before seeing Hiccup's raised eyebrows. "Fine, you were going to ask, how does that work and if I can control it? To which I answered - I don't know and no, I don't know how!"

"Why do you have to be a smart arse?" Hiccup signed. Toothless grinned proud of himself.

"Useless reptile!" He added, mumbling.

"You know you keep calling me that, but firstly … human!" He said indicating to himself with his hands. "And secondly, you wouldn't have met Alouwile without me!"

"Alouwile? Is that a name or something?" Hiccup asked, ignoring his smug smile.

"Yep! He is a Skarpisskelmir, or Shivertooth as you call it!" Toothless told him.

"I'm not even going to ask!" Hiccup replied rolling his eyes.

Hiccup and Toothless had eaten - mainly because Toothless wouldn't stop whining and because they wanted to eat before the journey. They now had plenty of food because a handful of dragons including Stormfly, Barf and Belch, Hookfang, and Meatlug had showered them with fish. Even stranger, was when Toothless walked off after dinner and Hiccup went to find him a while later; he was being followed by dragons or bowed to by them.

"T-toothless? Where'd you go?" Hiccup called for the hundredth time.

"Sorry." Toothless apologized when he appeared, getting dressed again. "I was just saying bye." He explained, sadness evident in his voice. He was putting on his tunic and gave a small smile towards Hiccup.

Hiccup noticed how Toothless looked tired and was a little unsteady on his feet at first, and even though it shortly passed he was still concerned.

"You really have to go easy with the changing." Hiccup told him, but a dispirited Toothless didn’t respond. "I know it’s hard Toothless, but we have to believe that we can get the dragons home." Hiccup was trying to encourage Toothless but he sighed.
"I told them we were trying to make Berk safe again..." Toothless explained slowly and with a downcast tone. "...That I would come for them when it was. They are okay here for now and together they make a good team against any enemies. They work together ... Cloudjumper and Stormfly seem to be their leader for now, so I told them that sounds good - for everyone to listen to Cloudjumper and Stormfly."

"See! Things are okay, and before you know it Berk will be moaning about the destruction again." Hiccup smiled trying to lighten the mood.

"I hope you’re right Hiccup." Toothless said with a small smile.

They walked silently back towards the huts. Halfway there some of the dragons were still following them, so Hiccup asked.

"Toothless? When you were gone, the dragons ... they bowed to me." Hiccup told him, hoping he might understand why. There was a short pause and Toothless sighed before responding.

"When they found out I could change into a human they knew I gave my life for you. That I died but ... that I came back a sort of hybrid? Well, some of them remember the ancient magic that confirms what I thought. One of the old Switten-. Erm, Deadly-Nadders told me something today I didn't know." Toothless admitted.

"What did they tell you?" Hiccup asked with curiosity.

"Well, no one is really sure exactly of the details, so it's all just a theory. You know I told you that a dragon has to give their life for a human, that it has to be someone you share a strong connection with?" Toothless asked. Hiccup nodded. "Well she said ... she was told that when humans first started to appear on the land dragons and humans lived in peace, but that all changed. The story goes that a magic was placed, so that if one day peace became possible again - and dragons and humans learnt to value each other as equals, then it would act as a means to communicate between the two species; thus, prevent history from repeating. If there became a bond great enough where two souls from each species became one, and the dragon was willing to give their life for that human, knowing that human would do the same thing, the dragon would be reborn and given a second chance to live with the human they valued above all else. Creating peace between our two species." Toothless explained, he looked at Hiccup with uncertainly.

"So ... what? You’re here to bring peace between both humans and dragons, and act as a translator?" Hiccup asked, he had suddenly stopped walking.

Toothless looked nervous but stopped to face him. "No Hicc. If it is true then we’re both meant to be the ones to do that, together! We already kind of do, do that. That's why the dragons bowed to you. You are the one I gave my life for, so ... if the legend is true then our bond was great enough to prove that peace is possible. The dragons see you as the first person to honestly treat us as equals and now they believe it - because I physically changed. I am the living proof of that. The Deadly-Nadder said that only a true unbreakable bond could have released that magic and brought me back. I may be able to communicate between dragons and Vikings Hiccup, but you had to have knew me enough when I was just a dragon ... when I died. I wouldn't be here if you didn’t." Toothless explained looking at Hiccup with admiration and love; hoping Hiccup didn't react badly.

"But ... I can't ..." Hiccup stuttered.

"Thank you!" Toothless said hugging Hiccup tightly.

"T-T-Toothless ... air!" Hiccup gasped, and Toothless released his grip slightly. "What for?" Hiccup
asked, hugging him back now he could breath.

"For being my best friend and saving me when I died. I knew you was my best friend and would give your life for me but ... If you hadn't loved me enough, like an equal ... I wouldn't be here right now." Toothless told him.

When Hiccup pulled away, he saw a tear escape Toothless's eye and gentle wiped it away with his thumb.

"You're such an idiot." Hiccup said gently, hitting his arm. "You gave me the greatest gift in the world the day you ... didn't kill me. You mean everything to me!" Hiccup was thinking back to the day he shot Toothless down, finding him the next morning and freeing him from the bola. Toothless sniffed and then took Hiccup's hand.

"You made your choice; you choose to let me live. I choose to let you live because your eyes held no threat - not that I go around tearing humans to shreds, but I also heard what you said that day; it sounded like you were just trying to please your father, just like I was trying to please the Red-Death. You chose my life over your own that day too, I just didn’t know it yet. I guess you were always more than my best friend, you became a part of me I never wanted to lose. We were connected from that very first day.''

‘‘I never thought of it like that before. I still thank Thor for you every single day and I owe you my life. I love you!’’ Hiccup reminded him.

They embraced affectionately before Hiccup got a little embarrassed. He realized they still had an audience of dragons watching them. Toothless chuckled as Hiccup coughed awkwardly, and then they continued walking. They had only gone a few paces when Hiccup thought of something.

‘‘When did you become so strong?’’ Hiccup suddenly asked.

Toothless thought about what Hiccup meant, then he laughed when he realized. "You mean the hug, right?” He shrugged. ‘‘I don’t know.’’

"Damn! A good looking, intelligent, and a strong boyfriend. I got lucky. Guess I shouldn't be so surprised; you do seem to have slight traces of your dragon self even as a human. Sure you can't fire plasma blasts from your hands or something?” Hiccup asked sarcastically, but then he stopped again. "You can't do that can you?" He asked hesitantly, waiting for the answer with wide eyes.

"No! Not that I know off." Toothless replied.

"Oh, thank Thor. That would too hard to explain." Hiccup sighed in relief.

"You ready bud?” Hiccup asked once everything was packed and they were ready to leave.

"Yeah, I guess so." Toothless said sadly.

"It will be okay; the hardest part is leaving but once we get going the sooner we can try and make things right." Hiccup embraced his boyfriend lovingly before urgently kissing him like it would be his last. Toothless pulled Hiccup closer - getting lost in the moment, and before he knew it, it was over.

"W-what was that for?" Toothless asked, still beaming from their show of affections.

"Doubt I’ll get to do it for a while. love you!” Hiccup smiled.
"Love you too Hice!" Toothless rolled his eyes before removing his clothes and turning into a
dragon again.

Once Hiccup had packed his clothes - and loaded the last of the supplies, he climbed onto the
saddle. He checked with Toothless that he was okay with the weight, Toothless nodded. They then
tried to take off … but a herd of dragons had followed them into the sky. Toothless had to turn
around and land again, telling them all that they needed to stay.

It had been extremely difficult watching Toothless telling - ordering his friends not to follow them.
Hiccup had flinched at the growls and roars that sounded. It looked like they were arguing,
especially when Toothless started to glow blue and roared extremely loud. Hiccup concluded it
was him putting his foot - well, his paw down. Hiccup had climbed back into the saddle when
Toothless nudged him hard, and then Toothless had taken off with more haste than before. Hiccup
could see the sadness and pain in Toothless’s eyes as they flew away from Dragons edge. It didn't
help when all the dragons on the edge roared what Hiccup hoped were goodbyes.

"It's okay bud, I know. But you did the right thing." Hiccup tried to comfort him. Toothless just
huffed and looked down as he continued flying.

Toothless had been unresponsive for the journey and flew with immense dedication. After a while,
Hiccup had fallen to sleep so Toothless made sure to fly as evenly and as straight as possible.
Toothless was used to flying for extremely long periods of time, and he could sort of fly in a rested
state, but he was thinking about his friends and the mission ahead.

They had been flying for about 9 hours and it had gotten dark as they approached the small snow-
covered island called Wreck Reef. Toothless woke Hiccup up with a mixture of roaring and a
sudden decline in altitude. Toothless landed where the snow seemed less dense and was sheltered
by pine trees. Hiccup climb off and stretched before looking around.

"How long was I out? This looks like .... Wreck Reef?" Hiccup asked. Toothless nodded, he
remembered it from the maps he had looked at with Hiccup. "We should take a break. I'm just
going to go stretch my legs, wait here yeah." Hiccup then walked off.

When Hiccup returned with some sticks for a small fire, Toothless had already melted a big patch
of snow away leaving bare ground. He had curled up with the supplies still on his back and had
fallen to sleep. Hiccup had chuckled and removed the bags and saddle so he could be more
comfortable. He laid the sticks out and went to reach for inferno, but Toothless made him jump out
of his skin by lighting it with a small plasma blast. Toothless laughed at Hiccup’s reaction.

"Yeah laugh it up! I thought you were asleep!" Hiccup told him, taking a swig of his drink he had
packed.

Toothless stood up, stretched, then flew off leaving Hiccup confused. He had no idea where
Toothless went and hoped he hadn't upset him. It wasn't long before he returned carrying a nice
catch of fish in his mouth.

"There you are, you had me worried. Don't just wander off like that!" Hiccup said in relief.

Toothless sat down, dropped the fish and then rolled his eyes before changing to his human form -
he looked really tired and weak.

"You said to get the fish, remember?" Toothless sassed, instantly starting to shiver. Hiccup grabbed
Toothless's clothes. "Don't worry Hiccup, I am going to change back ... I-it’s warmer. I just wanted
to t-t-tell you that I stopped so you could r-rest. I do f-f-feel a bit weak to be h-honest." Toothless admitted, shivering.

Hiccup had gotten the blanket and wrapped it over Toothless, rubbing him with his hands to warm him up as he continued speaking. It wasn't very warm but it helped.

"I can s-scratch the ground three times if I am getting w-wood, fish, or something else we n-need, and four t-times if it’s something else and I will be right b-back. Like to get myself a d-drink or something. Is that okay?" Toothless finished.

"That sounds like a good plan, but you’re freezing bud." He rubbed Toothless's arms and back faster. "If you’re not going to get dressed then change back before you get ill!"

"Well snow is c-c-cold" He chuckled. "I'll g-get more wood in a bit. That f-fire won't last long. I love you." He finished before changing back into a dragon again.

"Love you too bud!" Hiccup said, watching Toothless warm the ground with his fire and then lay down on the heated soil.

Hiccup laid the blanket over Toothless’s body and realised how much he already missed his human company. It was better for Toothless to stay a dragon right now though, and he did provide more warmth this way.

Toothless ate his share of the fish raw while Hiccup cooked his on the fire - on a stick. Hiccup was thinking of Toothless admitting he felt weak and could only assume it was due to all the changing back and forth that he had done.

"Toothless, you need to take it easy bud. You must have changed at least what ... eight times today. It is obviously having a negative effect on you." Toothless grumbled at Hiccup's concern. "Okay fine! I’m sorry I was worried that you could actually pass out or get ill ... or worse!" Hiccup retorted.

Toothless got closer to Hiccup and laid down behind him, nudging him gently to assure Hiccup that it was fine and he was grateful for his concern. As the fire started to dim, Toothless stood up and scratched the floor 3 times with is claw. Hiccup nodded; he knew Toothless was going to get wood.

"Please take it easy bud." Hiccup pleaded out of concern. Toothless made a noise that sounded a lot like ‘Yeah yeah yeah!' As he turned and left.

It wasn’t too long before Toothless returned with an entire tree about 12ft tall and as thick as Hiccup's leg. Hiccup watched Toothless curiously as he used his fire, teeth, and strength, to break the trunk down into sections and snap off smaller branches. Hiccup finally understood Toothless's plan and took out inferno.

"I see the plan bud! If you weaken the sections I can cut through it with this."

Together they had enough wood to create a decent size camp fire, and it was burning brightly providing a good amount of warmth. Toothless fell asleep like a log to the soothing crackling sounds of the fire once it was ablaze. Hiccup wrapped the blanket around himself and leaned close against Toothless’s warm side to get some sleep himself.

He had hoped to fly during the night and get to Melody Island by morning, but Toothless was still sleeping heavily and obviously exhausted. He decided it would best to leave early in the morning instead, and he realized that Toothless was right; this was going to be a very long and hard trip.
When Hiccup was asleep Toothless subconsciously wrapped his tail and wings around him protectively.

Hiccup woke up as the sun started to rise and noticed Toothless was missing. He was about to panic when he saw a section of the snow that was circled by melted snow - revealing the soil around it. A paw print was placed in the circle with four lines scratched next to it. Relieved, Hiccup chuckled and started packing up. When Toothless returned he dropped a mouthful of fish, ate one, and then nuzzled the rest to Hiccup.

"I thought four scratches were you doing your own thing, and three were for supplies and stuff?" He asked. Toothless rolled his eyes and grumbled. "What?" Hiccup asked. Toothless huffed and made three scratches, attempted to draw a plus sign with his claw, and then drew four scratches.

"I don't see what... Oh you did your thing and got supplies. Sorry bud." Hiccup apologized, rubbing his chin when he finally realized. Toothless hit him round the back of the head with his tail. "Ow, I apologized!" Hiccup complained as he rubbed his head. "We just need to find some clean water then we can leave" Hiccup thought out-loud.

Toothless suddenly got excited, and signaled Hiccup to load up the supplies onto him and get the saddle. Hiccup wondered what Toothless was thinking, but he had learnt it was better to just trust him.

Toothless had flown him to what appeared to be a small watering hole at the base of a mountain that angled about fifty degrees over them. The way the mountain angled allowed the watering hole to be fed from a drip falling from the formation above them. Toothless had drunk from it earlier and knew it would be okay for Hiccup. "Thanks bud! This is perfect." Hiccup praised him. After checking they had everything and were all ready for the next long flight ahead, Hiccup mounted Toothless and they took off.

Another nine/ten long hours later, they finally landed on Melody Island. Toothless had to be very careful because of the Death-song dragons that lived here, or one in particular that they remembered from before. Toothless being the alpha dragon should be able to control it, however, they wanted to avoid any conflict and move on as soon as possible. Once Toothless was unloaded he went to collect some more fish before changing into his human form - just to be safe. Toothless couldn’t help giving Hiccup a death gripping hug before getting dressed. Hiccup had missed him like wise - even thought he technically never left.

Once they had decided on a safe place to rest for a couple of hours, they sat down to eat. Hiccup and Toothless ate some of the bread they had packed while waiting for the fish to cook on the small fire. Toothless, forgetting he was human, had gone to eat the fish raw before Hiccup could stop him. Hiccup had laughed so hard as Toothless spat out the fish and turned pale.

"You could have warned me!" Toothless grumbled, still spitting on the ground and making disgusted faces, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You never gave me a chance, you tried to inhale it!" Hiccup laughed.

"I'm hungry!" Toothless whined strongly, before sulking.

"You’re such a big kid. Here I think these two are done. You have these." He offered as he put the other two on the fire.
Toothless took one and insisted Hiccup had the other, that he wold wait for his second one at least. "I can always catch more and eat them raw when I turn back." He argued, sticking his tongue out before devouring his fish.

"I'm sure you can!" Hiccup replied, chuckling as he watched Toothless rip his fish to shreds and swallowing before he could even chew it.

They were laughing during the food - playfully teasing each other. Once they had eaten, Hiccup was about to start packing up but Toothless sat closer to him, looked at him and staring.

"Can I help you?" Hiccup asked playfully staring back.

"Maybe." He said, in what he considered a suggestive tone, licking his bottom lip before biting it, and catching Hiccup's eyes with raised eyebrows.

Hiccup had been able to hold back his urges due to the fact Toothless kept shifting between dragon and human. He felt conflicted because he loved Toothless no matter what form he was in yet ... he only felt any physical attraction to him when he was human - something he felt too ashamed to admit to him but it made sense. The more they joked and laughed together as humans, the more he wanted to feel that physical connection again.

Toothless was still staring at him, obviously wanting the same thing. He couldn't resist the look he was being given and relented. Hiccup leaned forward and pushed Toothless down on the ground hard while kissing his lips passionately.

Toothless gasped, shocked at the sudden dominant display of affection. He opened his mouth allowing their tongues to meet and dance, as he moaned softly into it. The kiss deepened, and Hiccup felt his sexual arousal increasing as Toothless started to dominate Hiccup's mouth in response.

Toothless grabbed Hiccup, and rolled him over so that he was on top instead. Toothless continued to dominate the kiss taking Hiccup by surprise. His hands were on Hiccup’s shoulders as he licked the side of his neck.

Hiccup wanted this but he was giving himself to Toothless, and for the first time he was at his mercy. He could stop it and say no, but he didn’t want to. Toothless pressed close against Hiccup's groin, smiling mischievously. He felt his cock protruding and twitching through his pants, against Toothless’s equally as eager member.

"Oh Thor." Hiccup breath as Toothless slowly started to grind into his waist, reading Hiccup's reactions.

When Hiccup arched slightly, and dug his fingers into Toothless's neck moaning in pleasure against his own will, Toothless knew Hiccup liked this as much as he did. He started to grind harder into him, his own cock fully hardened, and he was desperate to feel that release - the one Hiccup had given him before. Toothless felt every ounce of his body come alive and he started to kiss Hiccup’s neck - like he had done to him on the ship. It was amazing, almost hypnotic? He wanted to copy what Hiccup had done to him, duplicate it and feel it all over again. He wanted to give Hiccup the same feeling.

Toothless suddenly stopped and looked up almost listening for something.

"Toothless?" Hiccup breathed. "Please ... don't stop!" He begged. His desires had overwhelmed his reasoning.
Toothless snapped out of it and continued kissing Hiccup desperately on the lips. He pushed faster against Hiccup’s waist, gyrating and teasing them both equally. Toothless removed his vest and tunic, and tugged Hiccup's flight suit almost ripping it off. Hiccup sat up and began to remove it with their lips still locked together where it was possible.

Toothless stopped again and shook his head, but this time Hiccup had heard it too … the Death song! It was closing in on them. Groaning loudly both Toothless and himself rushed to get dressed.

"That thing has impeccable timing." Hiccup moaned fixing his flight suit.

"We best get out of here … wait I should be getting undressed." Toothless realized his mistake, remembering he needed to changed back into a dragon.

"It’s getting closer!" Hiccup realized as the sound got louder. "Toothless can you fight that song?" He asked suddenly turning to see a naked Toothless with a very hard cock. Hiccup gulped. "And that’s just great!" He said sarcastically, gathering their belongings and trying to focus on the threat at hand and not his sexual desires.

"Possibly! We’re about to find out." Toothless shouted and changed into his dragon form.

Hiccup gathered up all the supplies and items quickly, and had barely shoved them back into the bag when the Death Song shoot amber at Hiccup … missing him by only a few inches.
Chapter 23 - Dragon's island

The Death-Song’s attack missed Hiccup by an inch, causing Toothless to roar at it threateningly and turn into his alpha form. Toothless's markings on his back, fins, spines and forehead, glowed blue as he protected his mate - jumping in front of Hiccup.

"Toothless? You still with me bud?" Hiccup called out worried, as the Death-Song tried to use its melodic call. It landed in front of Toothless challenging him.

Toothless shook his head trying to ignore the song's effects, roaring again at the Death-song.

"Toothless?" Hiccup shouted, approaching him from behind and trying to get closer to him.

The Death-Song saw Hiccup moving and fired amber at him again, but Toothless saw the signs before it could take the shot. He hit Hiccup hard and fast with his tail, protecting him from the blast just in time. Hiccup flew into a tree and landed with a thud, groaning in pain but making no attempt to get up.

Toothless had whipped his tail out of the way just in time and focused all his might into one loud roar directed at the Death-Song exclusively, followed by a warning plasma blast. Toothless was pissed that Hiccup had been hurt and that the stupid dragon was ignoring him, enough was enough! Glaring at the Death-Song it finally recognized Toothless as his alpha and bowed it's head. Toothless then growled at the Death-Song showing it his extremely displeasure and anger, before it looked over at Hiccup, back to Toothless, and finally took flight leaving them alone.

Toothless ran over to Hiccup and nudged him with a guilty whimper. He had calmed down and no longer glowed blue, instead he felt guilt for hitting Hiccup so hard.

"What happened?" Hiccup asked, standing up with a slight groan. He was more concerned about Toothless. Toothless put his head down and walked back to the bags. Turning human he wrapped a blanket around himself.

"I'm so sorry Hicc, but I didn't want her to hurt you! I shouldn't have hit you so hard!" Toothless apologized.

"I'm good!" Hiccup told him. "Takes more than that to keep me down, you should know that." He added wrapping an arm around Toothless's shoulders before continuing. "I was worried about you more than anything ... it brought back ... memories." Hiccup admitted taking a deep breath before sighing.

"Oh Thor! Hiccup I'm so sorry! I didn't think, I just reacted." Toothless said rubbing his face, remembering the last time he had jumped in the way off an attack. "I can't help it. When I see you in trouble, I just have to do something."

Hiccup thought about it for a moment; even though he hated Toothless risking his life for him he would do the same thing in a reverse situation. It was what Toothless did, he couldn't let the Ogthantarath destroy who they were. Hiccup had the same flash back when Toothless confronted the Shivertooth, but Toothless was protecting himself that time and not just him. He had also been distracted by the fact that Toothless commanded a dragon as a human - which had shocked him out of the dark memory.
"You save me, I save you ... right!" Hiccup said, trying to convince himself more than anything.

"Right!" Toothless confirmed, giving Hiccup a small smile.

"What happened though? Why didn't the Death-Song listen to you the first time?" Hiccup asked him.

"We're in her territory. Vikings have been here and scared her ... treated her badly. She was more focused on you then me. Her song almost had me but it was weak and I remembered you to keep me sane. Was just annoying mostly. She was angry and it took a bit of ... yelling, to get her to calm down. You sure you're okay? You hit that tree so hard I heard it." Toothless asked, checking Hiccup was alright.

"I'm fine bud! Just a little sore, really!" Hiccup confirmed, hugging Toothless tighter then he meant to. Toothless didn't miss the way Hiccup held him, as if he was scared something would happen to him. Toothless hugged him back reassuringly, and the blanket fell.

Hiccup chuckled. "I guess we should get out of here ... I'm sure we’ll find more dragons to attack us son enough." He smiled nervously, before turning away so that he wouldn’t get any more ideas on account of seeing Toothless naked. His previous arousal was dead but he was now starting to worry about how far it might have gone if they weren’t interrupted.

Iron Island - the home to the fearsome Armorwing was their next stop. Before Toothless landed he made sure that the Armorwing scent was faint, indicating they were far enough away to avoid scaring her. He landed near the cover of trees and Hiccup woke up yawning.

"Hey we made it." Hiccup sleepily mumbled as he jumped down to the ground. Toothless huffed in annoyance. "Okay! You made it. Thank you very much for your services." He corrected patting Toothless head and unloading him.

Once he had finished unloading Toothless, he sat on the floor rubbing his eyes. "I’m so tired bud." He admitted with a half chuckle, before yawning again. "Let’s just sleep. I want nothing more right now then to just pass out. What do you think?" He asked hopefully.

Toothless watched Hiccup trying to keep his eyes open and almost swaying on the spot, so he laid down comfortably and made room for Hiccup besides him. Hiccup smiled and cuddled up besides his body; in a matter of seconds Hiccup was out cold and Toothless wrapped his wing and tail around him firmly. Once he was sure Hiccup was warm and safe, he fell asleep likewise. If anyone had looked - even in day light, you wouldn’t know Hiccup was even there.

Toothless woke up feeling Hiccup climbing out of his protective hold late that morning. He moved his tail so Hiccup could get up easier and gave him a questioning look.

"Morning to you too bud. I’ll be right back, nature calls." Hiccup explained, but before he could leave, Toothless run in front of him and scratched 3 marks into the tree bark. Hiccup nodded and Toothless took flight.

A short while later, Toothless found Hiccup with a small fire made with fallen sticks and logs he had found nearby. Toothless dropped the fish he had caught and changed back into a human. Hiccup tried not to stare at Toothless naked body and tended to the fish instead.

"Guess you don’t need me for that." Toothless commented, pointing to the small fire as he went to the bags to get his clothes on.
“I found the wood over there, I think a dragon past thru at some point.’’ Hiccup pointed to the broken tree branches and tress not far from them.

“Probably the Jarbry … I mean the Armorwing. Her scent was faint but she was here, two moons ago maybe.’’ Toothless informed him, pulling on his tunic.

“Another dragon, dragon name? And she?’’ Hiccup asked curiously as he caught a sneak peek at Toothless tight arse and smirked. When Toothless turned he went back to putting the fish on sticks and mentally snacked himself.

“Yep! I was gonna say the Jarbryjavenga, I think that’s right, but then its easier to just say Armorwing. And yeah, didn’t you know she was a female?’’ Toothless asked “She gave Snotlout a hard time when she stole that axe, but you were more psyched to meet a new dragon, like always.’’

Hiccup rolled his eyes. ‘‘That’s names a mouth full, and no I don’t think she would have appreciated me checking out what’s between her legs babe.’’

“Wait? What did you just call me?’’ Toothless asked smirking. He slipped on his vest and then went to sit next to a blushing Hiccup.

“Erm. I … called you bud! It’s what I always call you, w-why would I call you anything else.’’ Hiccup stuttered turning to face the fire.

“Oh really! Then that fish is extremely lucky to be called babe, you must fucking like that fish!’’ Toothless smirked and raised an eyebrow. ‘‘Or maybe you’re going crazy.’’

Hiccup had gone mute and turned a shade of scarlet. Toothless took the stick of fish from his hand and stuck it into the ground before leaning in closer to Hiccup’s face.

“You’re a terrible liar!’’ Toothless whispered slowly, and Hiccup felt the goose bumps raising on his arms. ‘‘You’re also the same colour as Hookfang nearly.’’

Toothless pulled away and sat back down next to Hiccup. ‘‘I guess I’m not that important after all.’’ He manipulated.

“What?! Of course, you’re important to me. I love you!’’ Hiccup exclaimed now facing Toothless, the fish forgotten.

“Then say it!’’ Toothless demanded. He felt special when Hiccup just called him babe, he wanted to hear it again.

“‘Toothless … this is ridiculous I …’’ He didn’t know why it was so hard to say the damn four-letter word. He had already expressed his love, and had worse conversations than this with him. He had shoved his tongue down his throat and dry humped him for crying out loud. Whenever he used the word babe, he did think of Astrid and the way the word rolled of her tongued when she called him that, it sounded right, but something else was holding him back. Maybe it was the finality almost, calling Toothless ‘babe’ meant he was comfortable being Toothless’s partner, something he was sure every Viking would shame or kill him for. He loved Toothless enough that it shouldn’t be embarrassing, but the reaction he was getting from his boyfriend was making him nervous and giddy at the same time.

“Please!’’ Toothless begged, with the saddest eyes.

“H-how am I-. You’re putting me on the spot here. I just … Oh, fine!’’ He relented. “‘At least stop looking at me like that!’’
Toothless had the most accomplished, smug smile ever plaster across his face as he waited for Hiccup to call him babe once more. “Well?”

“I love you, babe.” He said so fast it could have been one word.

Toothless chuckled as he kissed Hiccup on the lips, but he stopped before Hiccup could reciprocate it. “Wanna try that again, because it sounded like you had your head under water.” He smirked.

Hiccup huffed before taking a deep breath. “I love you, babe.” He repeated, and leaned forward to get more of them delectable lips, but Toothless pulled away and tried not to laugh.

“I love you to Hicc, but I’m starving!” He whined and lifted the fish back into the fire, getting a punch in the arm in the process. Toothless just smirked.

They never ran into the Armorwing on Iron Island, but they hadn’t stayed long anyway. It was nearly a full day’s flight to Dragon’s island, but they both remembered an unnamed Island they had past once from travelling from Berk to Wingmaiden Island. They had stopped there before as a rest stop but for some reason had never named that particular Island. If memory served them correctly - and the map was right, they would also fly over it on the way to Dragon’s island if they took the course far enough west. That was the plan anyway, to go as far around Berk as possible and stay away from the Northern Markets. Hopefully Berk was still far enough away to not affect Toothless.

Luckily things went according to plan, they landed on the Viking devoid island a few hours after nightfall. A while later - as they were eating, Hiccup had his map out to the side and asked Toothless a question.

“What do you think we should name this Island?” Hiccup asked as he looked up at Toothless. He took a bite of his food and then picked up his pencil.

“I swear if you call it after something I’m doing again, I’ll shove then damn pencil up you’re a-.” Toothless sass playfully.

“Okay! So, sass Island it is.” Hiccup interrupted him and wrote it down.

“Hey! What did I tell you about that pencil?” Toothless reminded him playfully.

“You wouldn’t dare!” Hiccup said getting ready to hide his pencil.

Hiccup didn’t get any warning before Toothless basically pounced onto him, pinning him to the ground by sitting on him, and fighting to get the pencil from his hands. Toothless couldn’t pry Hiccup’s hands open so he started tickling Hiccup instead. With Hiccup in fits of laughter, he dropped the pencil trying to make Toothless stop tickling him.

“Toothless stop, stop! You win.” He gasped out while laughing. Toothless stopped tickling his sides and kissed Hiccup instead before getting up. While Hiccup was trying to get his breath back, Toothless snagged up the Pencil and wrote on the map ‘Loser Island’.

“That’s hilarious, babe!” Hiccup sarcastically retorted, still regaining his breath.

Toothless and Hiccup both laughed and finally went back to their food and normal conversations. As it got later Hiccup began falling to sleep against Toothless. Toothless was in his still in his human form but he felt fine, so he decided it was only logical to keep travelling.

“Hicc, why don’t we load up and get going. I’m fine to keep flying and you can sleep during the
flight.’’ Toothless suggested, nudging Hiccup awake to get his attention. He knew Hiccup would be safe sleeping on him, he had done it loads of times before and was clipped into the saddle anyway. Even if he did fall, Toothless would catch him now he could fly solo.

Hiccup rubbed his eyes ‘‘Don’t you need to sleep?’’

‘‘Nope. I’ve been the useless reptile I am more again lately so I’m used to long flights. Besides, I can fly for like … two or three days without sleep. It’s hard to explain … but I can zone out and rest during flights too yet still be aware of what’s going on.’’ He explained.

‘‘You’re not useless.’’ Hiccup mumbled quietly, rolling his eyes.

‘‘Out of everything I said, you only heard that didn’t you?’’ Toothless accused.

‘‘No!’’ Hiccup answered, standing up to take Toothless up on his offer. ‘‘But you know I never really mean it when I call you a useless reptile … right?’’

‘‘Of course, do you even have to ask?’’ Toothless said as he helped to pack up. He wanted to make a clever comeback, but Hiccup look really tired and if they didn’t get going he would fall asleep before they were in the air.

Hiccup shook his head and smiled ‘‘I guess not!’’ He yawned.

Once they were finally back in the air - and Hiccup was clipped to the saddle, Hiccup fell asleep as expected. The wind and motion of the flight was soothing, and he wasn’t cold against Toothless’s back under his flight suit. Toothless flew smoothly towards Dragon’s island and he remembered the shit that went down there. The Red-Death, Hiccup losing his leg, and even that time Hiccup had left him there because Mildew was a treacherous, cantankerous, ugly old, eel sliming, yarxeyed! He had blamed him for torching the armoury and then had him and the other dragons outcasted essentially. Of course, his Hiccup had cleared his name.

Toothless smiled at that last memory. The things Hiccup had done for him over the years. Most of the bad situations he ended up in were because Hiccup had gotten them into it in the first place, but he always made it right in the end. The times spent together, protecting other dragons from hunters or just exploring new islands, had all been worth every second of it. If it wasn’t for Hiccup, he might still be a slave of the Red-death, or killed by hunters like the rest of his kind. Life would be boring without Hiccup. He never would have imagined he would be this happy, with a human as his mate, and the ability to be human himself at will. Maybe it was all a gift from the gods for being the last of his kind, or maybe he was just lucky. Whatever the reason, he was grateful for everything. Now he had discovered what it was like to be in love, to be human, and he had the best of both worlds. He could feel human emotion and pain, learn new things, and talk to humans, whilst at the same time he was still an alpha dragon - as annoying as the job was sometimes.

A few hours into the flight, Toothless looked back over his shoulder and wing to see Hiccup still asleep and safe. He couldn’t help but wonder what would happen when they returned to Berk. He would have to be careful to keep the secret again, and only be close to Hiccup when they were alone. Would the village really outcast them, or kill them if they found out? It seemed so stupid. Why couldn’t Vikings just be free to love whoever they wanted, what harm were they doing to anyone. It was certainly unconventional but him and Hiccup felt right together. In fact, life was only right when they were together.

The sun was already up as Dragon’s island appeared in the distance. Hiccup woke up, yawned and
stretched his back out. He had become a little stiff sleeping for so long lent forwards over Toothless like that, and his neck was aching a bit, otherwise he felt good.

“Morning bud. Is that Dragon’s island?” Hiccup asked, squinting to try and see in the day light - blinded by the sun. Toothless warbled to his rider. “Perfect timing. I bet you need a good sleep after we land, you deserve it. You’re amazing bud!” Toothless smiled at the praise, but he wouldn’t mind a good sleep now.

When they finally landed, they located somewhere to hold up for a while - they ended up north of the island. There were very few trees, but enough to be able to make a fire with some of the branches and twigs. They set up between a cluster of huge boulders and rocks - underneath a single tree where they were hidden from sight and blocked from aerial view. Hiccup had originally suggested going inside the volcano caves, but Toothless refused to fly in that direction.

Toothless stayed in his dragon form to help collect wood for the fire and fish for dinner. He then changed into his human form to explain to Hiccup that a few dragons still lived here and he didn’t want to fly straight into their home and cause panic. If Hiccup really wanted to go into the volcano caves, then to at least let him go in first and survey the area - check out what dragons live here apart from the scents he had already picked up on, and communicate with them that Hiccup was not a threat. Hiccup had agreed to stay north of the island where they had already set up - unless it rained or stormed and they needed better shelter.

Hiccup was cooking the fish when he noticed Toothless had fallen asleep against the rocks. He was still in his human form and had clocked out mid conversation with Hiccup - while waiting for his breakfast bless him. Hiccup smiled and decided to make Toothless more comfortable. He placed a small pillow on the ground and carefully pushed Toothless onto his side - so his head landed onto it. Toothless stirred and shifted position, but he didn’t wake up. Hiccup had to hold back his chuckle when Toothless rubbed his face with the back of his hand and curled both his hands like a cat over his face. Covering him over with the blanket, Hiccup couldn’t help but remember that no matter what form Toothless was in, he would always be a dragon at heart.

Going back to the cooking fish, Hiccup smiled over at his secret boyfriend and started questioning his relationship. Did that make his love for Toothless worse - that he would always be a dragon? It would always be strange that he was in love with one but he never felt this way when he was just that - a Dragon. If Toothless had never changed - but had never died either, he would still only love him like a brother. Hiccup breathed out a love-sick sigh and thought to himself how badly he was in love with him, and how everyday only strengthen and confirmed that. He hadn’t stopped thinking about how - if it wasn’t for that Death-Song on Melody Island, he may have done more then make out and dry hump with Toothless. It was an interruption he had been secretly grateful for once his desires had calmed down - he never mentioned it again or tried to get it off with Toothless since then.

He was a man - a man with sexual desires that used to be satisfied amazingly by his wife multiple times a week. Whenever Toothless was in his human form it made him easily susceptible to sexual thoughts and desires, and why wouldn’t it? He loved him, they were a couple, and certain things Toothless did or when he was naked made him highly aroused. He wanted to take things further with Toothless so desperately that caught in the moment his desires overrode his logic. As much as he wanted to, there was no coming back from that if he did. Toothless would lose his virginity and he would have essentially fucked a dragon.

That wasn’t even considering the fact they were both boys, and Toothless still didn’t know how gay sexed even worked. Hiccup knew because it wasn’t uncommon for outcast or other tribes to fuck slaves in the rear, or pay sex houses for this pleasure whether or not they had a wife at home.
He had been forced to learn about the customs and behaviour of other tribes because he was always the next in line to be chief. That’s how men who liked other men got their pleasure he assumed, because as long as they had a wife or a girlfriend to go home to it was overlooked as a bit of fun. That wasn’t the case on Berk though. On Berk you never committed adultery, and same sex couples weren’t allowed in anyway shape or form. Well that’s what his dad taught him. Hiccup wondered if it was ever a written law of Berk, but the shame alone made him fear what would happen if anyone ever found out about him and Toothless. It was almost like when he had first shot Toothless down and was too scared to admit he had befriended a dragon, only now the consequences could be much worse and he had Trid to think about too.

It was late afternoon and Toothless had been asleep for a good four, five hours. Hiccup left a note for Toothless in case he woke up, from a page in his journal to say he had gone down to the sea to wash and wouldn’t be long.

Hiccup had stripped down and gone into the cold sea water - soon wishing he was still at home and could use the tub with warm water instead. He had a small bar of soap and quickly started washing his body and hair. He dived under the water and when he came up - after wiping his eyes clear of the salty water, he saw Toothless wave to him from where he sat on the gravely grey sand.

‘‘It’s freezing!’’ Hiccup shouted over to him, his body hidden by the sea water from his waist down. ‘‘What you doing up anyway? I thought you would be asleep for a while.’’

‘‘Guess I felt you gone and missed you.’’ Toothless smiled. He started to undress, his vest and tunic being shed first.

‘‘W-what are you doing?’’ Hiccup stuttered.

‘‘I haven’t had a bath in human before! I’m curious, if I clean as a human will my dragon self be clean, or if I clean as a dragon does my human form get clean?’’ Toothless pondered almost to himself before shrugging. He stripped of his pants and ran down to the sea, missing the nervous look Hiccup had on his face knowing they would both be butt naked in the sea together.

As the sea started to come up to Toothless thighs and lower region he swore. ‘‘Fuck that is cold! I think my balls and cock just froze or shrivelled up.’’ Toothless stopped moving to get use to the temperature change and the feel of the waves gently pulling in and out. That comment mixed with the faces he was pulling had Hiccup in hysterics. ‘‘This is so not funny. H-how are you still in here? It’s like ice!’’ Toothless stuttered, unimpressed with Hiccup finding his discomfort humours.

When Hiccup stopped laughing so hard, he dived under the water and swum closer to Toothless. He then did the cruellest thing and splashed Toothless furiously - soaking him in the process. The look of horror on Toothless face had Hiccup in fits once more. Toothless honestly thought ‘‘Fuck it’’ at that point, he dived into the cold water. Only thing he didn’t consider … was that he didn’t know how to swim in human form.

Toothless panicked as he tried to find his footing again - to stand back up. Hiccup had seen his struggle and had gone to help him but Toothless had saved himself; luckily he knew not to breathe under water and to hold his breath so there was caused for concern.

‘‘Guess I should learn to swim first.’’ He stated, chuckling embarrassedly.

‘‘It’s not much different from swimming as a dragon I don’t think, but stay where you can stand just to be sure. The waves make it a bit difficult even if they are calm today.’’ Hiccup told him.
“Right! It’s still freezing … but it feels like it got warmer.” Toothless commented.

“Yeah, that’s just your body adapting. Don’t stay in too long though. Here!” Hiccup handed him the soap bar. “Try not to drop it, we only have a couple.”

Toothless took the soap and then splashed Hiccup. Hiccup ducked under the water and when he re-emerged Toothless pouted. “No fair!”

Hiccup laughed. “I’m going to get out now.” He informed Toothless.

“Aww, can’t you wait till I’m done?” Toothless asked trying to be cute, pouting for extra effect.

“I guess, but hurry up its cold!” Hiccup told him. It was cold - especially in the sea, but he also wanted to get out so he could get dried and dressed away from a naked Toothless.

Hiccup stayed and swum around to keep as warm as possible. Toothless made a great attempt to get clean and he was doing fine until it came to washing his hair. He ended up getting the soap in his eyes, then salt water. Hiccup helped him wash his hair and persuaded him to go under the water to rise it off.

When Toothless was done he gave the soap to Hiccup before grabbing him in a hug. Hiccup was shocked at the suddenly display of affection and froze up stiff. Hiccup could feel their naked bodies against each other and he gulped. He was about to pull away when Toothless started kissing his cold blue lips.

Hiccup melted into the kiss and eventually had his hands pulling at wet, thick black-hair. Toothless was holding onto Hiccup’s hips, keeping their bodies pressed close together. As the kiss became more passionate and erotic, they both felt each other’s cocks against the other. Hiccup stopped the kiss and inhaled deeply.

“Let’s go get dried.” Hiccup smiled, but as he pulled away … Toothless pulled him back. He wasn’t finished kissing yet.

Toothless grabbed onto the sides of Hiccup’s face with both hands - getting ballsy for the first time, and he forcefully pulled Hiccup’s head up and kissed his already wet and slightly swollen lips. The salt water taste lingered but it was still Hiccup’s taste, still his soft delectable lips. He ran his teeth over Hiccup bottom lip … biting the sensitive skin - the colour returning to them from the stimulation. Hiccup moaned and Toothless took that as he que to force his tongue into his mouth.

Hiccup pulled Toothless’s hair, and used his own tongue to drive Toothless’s back. As Hiccup licked inside of Toothless’s mouth, it became Toothless’s turn to moan. Hiccup sucked Toothless’s upper lip before their lips locked again and they kissed more passionately, slowly, lovingly.

Hiccup realised how fiercely aroused he had become and was about to find an excuse to end it, but before he could leave Toothless’s lips however … Toothless pulled back first. Breathless and flushed, Toothless asked something Hiccup wasn’t ready for.

“Hicc, What’s sex like?” Toothless breathed out through his deep inhales. Eyes burning into Hiccup’s filled with lust, longing and curiosity.
Chapter 24 - Love

"Hicc, what’s sex like?’

It wasn’t just a question. Toothless’s deep broken breaths were laced with a powerful longing, a burning curiosity that needed satisfying like an itch you couldn’t reach.

It was a request.

The sea pulled in and out gently spraying them both - the sound almost mute to Hiccup’s ears over the deep breathing they both made. The contrast between the cold water and the heat of their naked - aroused bodies was sensual, forbidden, torturous.

Hiccup felt like time had suddenly frozen around him, his senses heightened and he noticed Toothless’s warm erotic breaths made slight clouds into the cold air between their wet stimulated lips. Toothless’s hands were still firmly gripping his cheeks, and no more than a few inches separated their faces.

The most dangerous of all … were the two green eyes burning into his own forest green orbs, anticipating an answer.

“I…” Hiccup forced out, but he could say no more.

A part of himself wanted to ignore morality and circumstance, and longed for Toothless to already know the answer, and to take him there and then. To violate his body and drive him insane with pleasure, but Toothless had no idea what to do and it made it even more confusing and forbidden.

Ironically enough, just like a dragon in heat, Toothless’s body knew what it desired but his mind didn’t get the information it needed to deliver. Hiccup wasn’t another dragon he could take. He needed Hiccup to show him and to consent to it, he wanted more than just kissing and cuddles.

“Show me!” Toothless demanded sexually. His lust riddled voice sent chills down Hiccup’s back.

“I want this…” Hiccup forced out in a whisper, needy but conflicted almost to the point of tears, his breaths ragged and desperate. “…but, Toothless! There’s no going back … I can’t … I’m not-”

Toothless leaned forward and let his lips gently fall onto Hiccup’s like a teasing taste. He exhaled slowly and licked Hiccup’s bottom lip before kissing him again. Hiccup closed his eyes and reciprocated the kiss as Toothless’s hands ran down his back to his waist … lower, and without warning his hands slid under his buttocks and he was lifted of the ocean floor.

Hiccup gasped at the sudden lift, but Toothless refused to break the kiss. Hiccup had instinctively wrapped his legs around Toothless waist, and his arms wrapped around Toothless’s neck. There in Toothless’s hold, he started wondering what Toothless would do to him. Right now, in this very moment, he didn’t want to lose the connection between them … but his earlier dilemma wasn’t forgotten and he had other reservations.

Toothless carried Hiccup to the where the sea broke and the waves barely reached the gravelly grey sand. He sat Hiccup down and moved the stones and gravel to leave a smoother surface.

“Lay down for me.’’ Toothless told him. Hiccup hesitated.
“Toothless … I can’t … I-.” Hiccup stuttered trying to find order in his mind and express his hesitancy and aversions.

“Please. Babe, please show me.” Toothless begged, his eyes glinting with desire and love.

Between his own erection, his desires, his love for Toothless and the eyes begging him for that connection, Hiccup was coming undone. Toothless had called him babe for the first time and he shuddered, it was so sincere. Even still he tried to get out of it once more.

“I-It’s cold. Let’s go back and-”

“Don’t make excuses, I don’t feel that cold anymore. I just want you!” Toothless said as he crawled closer and leaned over Hiccup.

Hiccup put his head into his hands to avoid Toothless’s stare and started sobbing, the confliction was tearing him apart. Hiccup never used to cry like this, he usually had more patience or got angry, sarcastic, or walked away, but ever since Astrid passed and he stopped being so angry, he was fragile.

Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup and pulled him close to comfort him. He was worried he had over stepped the line and had really upset Hiccup. “Hey, what’s wrong? Babe, I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m so sorry. Please talk to me?”

“I-I want to Toothless … I really do! It’s just … Astrid … Trid … Dad … you-.” His voice broke off with his sobs, and he couldn’t find his voice, humiliated that he had broken down over this.

Toothless hugged Hiccup tighter and put his chin on Hiccup’s head. “You feel like you’re betraying them still?” Toothless asked.

“It’s not just that.” He admitted nodding. He inhaled deeply and wiped his eyes before looking out across the island, he couldn’t look Toothless in the face. “The tribe … and … there’s no going back if we do this. You haven’t … done that before and well, neither have I. Not with a guy anyway … and … you’re a dragon Toothless!” He admitted, before sobbing again. He felt ashamed and was scared Toothless wouldn’t understand.

“Hey, stop that! You think I don’t think that too. Hicc, look at me…” He demanded. Hiccup slowly turned to face Toothless with a shuddering breath. “I was just a dragon. I had to get used to being human, used to human needs and emotions and shit … I still am! Yes, I think it’s bloody strange that I want to mate - or have sex with you. You’re a Viking! A human! But I do want that. So, you know what, fuck it!” Toothless expressed firmly wiping Hiccup’s eyes with his fingers. Hiccup chuckled ever so slightly. “I am human now. No one is here to see us. No one needs to know. But I need you to want that too, and you don’t have … erm … female parts so…” Hiccup blushed and chuckled once before sniffing. “So yeah, I think it’s weird, but who gives a flying fuck, because I love you! You said people have sex to express their love. You also said it was fun … I’m up for fun! I also have … this crazy weird need, like I’m starving for something I can’t have, I really want you … My cock certainly does!” Toothless blushed smirking, looking down at his groin area that was amazingly, still solid. Hiccup looked away and Toothless continued. “I may not know exactly what to expect, but what you did to me on the ship was amazing, if it gets better than that … I want it! I know you do too.”

Hiccup nodded slowly, but he had legitimately started to get too cold. “I am actually g-getting cold now, maybe when we get back to-”

He had tried to finish his sentences but Toothless put his hand behind Hiccup’s head and pulled
him in for a passionate kiss. Toothless couldn’t deny they were cold this time, they had both started to shiver. Releasing Hiccup, he ran over to their clothes and grabbed them.

They dressed in silence and then Toothless hugged Hiccup. ‘‘If you really don’t want to Hicc I understand, you know that! Just promise me you’ll talk to me.’’

‘‘I do … I will. I mean-. Yes, I want that, you have no idea know how much. I just feel like a Zippleback trying to go in different directions. You’re right though, you are human now - sort of, but you’re still my dragon. I also don’t know how to … erm, explain to y-you how to-. what to-. well it’s kind of embarrassing.’’ Hiccup admitted shyly.

Toothless grinned guilty. ‘‘I may have a confession. One of the books I found … well, it did talk about men doing it up other men’s arseholes.’’ Toothless waited for a response but Hiccup was speechless so he continued. ‘‘Kind of went into shocking details involving money, mead and some sort of sex house and other stuff. I was shocked but had a hunch. My guess was, minus all that other crap, that’s how … we would … you know. Am I right?’’ Hiccup just nodded awkwardly, his cheeks turning red. ‘‘The other stuff was probably true to then.’’ He confirmed, more to himself.

‘‘Wait, what other stuff?’’ Hiccup asked worriedly.

‘‘Don’t matter. Let’s just say that book was … erm … rather interesting.’’ Toothless smirked awkwardly. ‘‘Anyway, let’s get back to the fire.’’ Toothless took Hiccup’s hand and they started walking back. ‘‘Hey now you don’t have to tell me what happens exactly … do you think?’’ He asked hopefully.

‘‘Toothless!’’ Hiccup slapped his arm and laughed.

When they got back, their stuff was still there untouched and the fire was burning really low. Hiccup added some more sticks and broken branches to get it going again. Sitting by the fire with Toothless next to him, he started to talk.

‘‘Toothless, what will dad or Astrid think of me if we … you know.’’ Hiccup asked and sighed.

‘‘I think they would want you to be happy, or at least I think that’s what they should want. I think Astrid would axe your father in Valhalla if he didn’t.’’ Hiccup chuckled and Toothless continued. ‘‘Honestly, I wouldn’t worry about what they think. You’re worried about them finding out about me, right? But you still became my friend behind there backs because you wanted to, and you felt it was the right thing to do.’’

‘‘I see where you’re going with this but … this is different Toothless, this time it isn’t just me that gets the noose. If the tribe finds out then it will affect you and Trid too.’’ Hiccup stressed.

‘‘Then we make sure they never find out.’’ Toothless told him, as if it was that simple. Hiccup still looked worried ‘‘Listen, we’re already together right? So, if they find out either way it’s bad … but if this is what you want then stop letting fear stop you. Whatever happens, I love you and we will deal with it together. Right now, no one is even here. It’s just you and me!’’

Hiccup nodded but still had other concerns. ‘‘I know you said its weird for you too - that we’re both boys and you’re a dragon, but are you even ready to … to lose your virginity?’’ Hiccup blushed slightly.

‘‘Virginity? Sounds like a bad name!’’ Toothless questioned, confused.
“Guess that book was far to ‘interesting’ to teach you about purity.” Hiccup stated sarcastically.

“Purity? Wait, there was something in that book ‘Dancing and the dreaming’, that said Viking brides were chosen for their purity … among other things, and that a woman who had already laid with another man would be considered tainted. Is that what you meant?” Toothless asked trying to recall more of the book.

“I guess it is more important to women. A virgin is someone who hasn’t had … sex. Once you do, you lose your virginity and are no longer a virgin … or pure.” Hiccup explained. Toothless burst int fit of laugher.

“That’s the biggest pile of steaming Gronckle shit I’ve ever heard!” Toothless gasped though his laughter, trying to get the words out. “Vikings are so messed up! Hiccup this virginity crap means nothing to me. Imagine if dragons gave a shit about that crap. Mating season would be fucked.” Toothless was slapping the ground as he howled in fits, it was ludicrous, and he was getting dizzy with lack of oxygen … so he tried to calm down. Finally chuckling at random intervals “I would only ever do it with you anyway, and I certainly don’t care that I wasn’t your first. In fact, if I don’t do it with you then I’ll die a … Virgin.” Toothless was in fits of laughter again, holding his sides and kicking his legs.

“No pressure then!” Hiccup sarcastically retorted. Here he was worried about Toothless and he just finds it hilarious. “Useless reptile!” He mumbled, but couldn’t hold back chuckle or two himself.

Toothless finally stopped laughing and managed to calm down. He sat right next to Hiccup and stared at him.

“What?” Hiccup asked.

“That crap was so funny. So, any other reasons … or excuses?” He asked with a smirk.

“No, but I-” Hiccup was cut off and gasped as Toothless held his head, and started to kiss him again.

Toothless’s tongue danced over Hiccup’s lips as he sucked them slowly and firmly. As Toothless continued the kiss, Hiccup was caught in the spell once more and mirrored his lips perfectly. ‘Thor! Toothless is getting to good at this’, Hiccup thought. ‘Dangerously good.’

Toothless pressed his tongue inside Hiccup’s mouth and heard the hot quiet moan escape his lovers’ lips that he loved to hear. The sound of wet smacking and sucking was all that could be heard over the cracking fire. Their hungry breaths between kisses becoming louder and erratic as the world seems to no longer exist. It was just them, and the love that had grown for each other.

Toothless pulled Hiccup into his lap and stopped to part lips. A trail of saliva broke and Toothless whispered, “I love you.”

Hiccup melted, everything felt safer, warmer, and better when Toothless was by his side. It always had! “I love you too!” He whispered back. His eyes damp with tears, the expression of love he couldn’t say, could only feel. So, he leaned forward taking Toothless’s face in his hands again, reconnecting their lips tenderly. He couldn’t get enough of his addictive lips.

When Toothless tried to remove Hiccup’s vest and tunic, he allowed it. Their lust and love filled eyes met briefly in silent consent.

Hiccup lifted Toothless vest and tunic over his head, throwing in onto the ground with his own. He
trailed kissed down the side of Toothless’s neck; wet licks traced over the flesh leading into more sensual sucking, leaving red marks where he had been to eager. Toothless’s sounds were so arousing, the way he moaned so quietly or took silent deep breaths and then shudder on the exhale, they sent the heat rushing between his legs and demanding attention.

Toothless’s hands ran over Hiccup’s soft shoulders, roaming until they settled on his waist. The way Hiccup made him feel was indescribable, he wanted to return the sensations. He licked the side of Hiccup’s neck and nipped at his ear, eliciting a deep moan that was rewarding to Toothless’s ears. He planted kissed down his mate’s neck, suckling and marking the skin, just as Hiccup had done to him.

Hiccup was sitting and rubbing against Toothless’s hard and stimulated member with his arse as he worked on Toothless neck. Toothless shifted positions, taking back Hiccup’s mouth with his lips, his hands undid and loosened the opening of his own pants and he sighed in relief. He felt an involuntary need to massage his cock and moaned into Hiccup’s mouth. It was still so new to him and he didn’t know what Hiccup would think if he started rubbing himself, so … he fought to hold off and focused on Hiccup’s lips.

One of Hiccup’s hands pulled at the hair behind Toothless’s neck, the other hand started rubbing his cock over the fabric.

‘‘Hicc, Ahh.’’ Toothless gasped at the sudden contact and broke the kiss. It was sensitive from the sensual stimulations and the previous grinding from Hiccup’s arse. He wanted this, but wanted to make sure Hiccup wanted this too.

‘‘It’s okay baby.’’ Hiccup whispered into Toothless ear, nipping it gently after his reassurance.

Hiccup slowly pushed Toothless down until he was laying on his back. Toothless felt Hiccup pulling his pants down and helped him, his cock exposed and under the stare of two forest green eyes.

‘‘Do you trust me?’’ Hiccup asked, sexually and eagerly.

Toothless nodded, shaking from anticipation and desperation, then his eyes widened as he watched Hiccup lower his head and take his erect dick into his mouth. Hiccup licked the tip and gently closed his lips around the mushroom head, and then … he slowly started to suck.

A higher pitched ‘‘Fuck!’’ escaped Toothless lips and he gasped as Hiccup’s lips sunk down his shaft, and back up, and down, and back up trailing his tongue over the sensitive flesh before coming off with a pop. Hiccup licked Toothless head again, around the tip, and then went back down before he started to bob his head. The caverns of his warm, wet, perfect mouth, the movement of his tongue running his length and the sucking sensations of his lips were unbelievably incredible and sexual.

Hiccup had received a blow job before but never given one, it was fucking amazing and so damn hot to be pleasuring his boyfriend instead. The sounds Toothless made, the gasps so different from his quiet moans, they had Hiccup reaching for his own pants. He untied himself and slide a hand down to rub his own hard and needy member, while he slowly continued to tease and suck Toothless’s cock.

Toothless remembered this feeling from the ship, but it felt more sensual and more amazing in every way. The build-up was climbing like before but never reached its peak. He wanted, needed more.
“Hicc, oh Thor … More, please!” He begged and gasped. His eyes rolling back as he bit his lip.

Hiccup smirked as he licked the precum from Toothless swollen cock, licking his lips before glancing up into Toothless eyes. Instead of continuing, he moved over Toothless body and kissed him. It was so sexy and he wanted to make Toothless last longer this time. To really make him feel and erupt into a mind-blowing orgasm later.

As Hiccup’s lips left Toothless’s, he started sucking his lovers’ neck and trailing kisses all over his torso. He gently rubbed the top of Toothless cock with one hand while planting kisses and circular licks across his collar bone, down his chest, lower, lower. When he reached Toothless lower abdomen Toothless whined. ‘‘Hiccup, please!’’ He begged, gyrating his hip up into Hiccup’s waist.

Hiccup stopped pleasing Toothless and stood up. He dropped his own pants … his erect cock finally released and on view for Toothless to see. For a moment he felt embarrassed, but caught up in the heat of arousal he knelt down over Toothless’s legs and gently rubbed his own aching dick.

‘‘Do you want me to … show you, or do you want to-?’’

‘‘Show me!’’ Toothless nodded, desperate for more. Seeing Hiccup’s cock like this both scared and aroused him, it was perfect.

Hiccup, continuing to massage his own cock while precum leak out, looked into Toothless’s eyes.

‘‘You sure? It might hurt.’’

Toothless just nodded, mesmerized by Hiccup’s hand moving up and down as he pleasured himself. It made him want whatever Hiccup could give him … he needed something, anything.

Hiccup moaned before he stopped pleasing himself, then he looked directly into Toothless desperate and lust filled eyes.

‘‘Okay, get on your hand and knees for me!’’ Hiccup told him, slightly breathless.

Toothless did as he was told, realising what Hiccup was going to do. He was a little scared but he trusted Hiccup, He took a deep breath to brace himself.

Hiccup took a deep breath likewise as he looked at Toothless’s tight arse-hole. He cupped the firm butt checks before him - needing them in his hands. The anticipation of what he was about to do made him so aroused; he was about to fuck his boyfriend in the arse and it was too fucking hot to put into words - his cock wept with pre-cum. He had never been so worked up before, never done this before, and his cock was begging for more attention. He had to remember to go slow and not hurt Toothless - especially as this was his first time being penetrated. He didn’t exactly know what he was doing, or what it would feel like for either of them, but he took his cock into his hand and placed it against Toothless arse-hole confidently - it just felt right.

‘‘Ready baby?’’ He asked.

‘‘Yeah!’’ Toothless squeaked and nodded.

‘‘Relax, and breath!’’ Hiccup told him, as he slowly pushed his cock forward into Toothless’s arse.

‘‘Whoa!’’ Toothless shouted and moved forward, but Hiccup grabbed his waist and held him there.

‘‘I’ve heard it hurts a bit a first, but try to relax. Let me know if you want me to stop okay?’’
Hiccup both assured and asked.

Toothless nodded, and Hiccup pushed in a little deeper. He waited for Toothless to start breathing steadily again, slowly pushing in a little more each time. Toothless was tight, so tight, his arse fighting against the foreign object being inserted. Hiccup’s precum leaked and made it easier for them both as he slowly, and finally, penetrated Toothless arse completely.

When Hiccup pulled out and slowly went back in, Toothless gasped.

‘‘Do you want me to stop?’’ Hiccup asked, worried.

‘‘No! Please don’t … Fuck!’’ Toothless whimpered. It felt really good, the new sensation almost promising something amazing, even thought it was slightly painful and strange.

Hiccup pulled out and moaned as he pushed back in. The way Toothless muscles squeezed at his cock was so stimulating and amazing, he worried he wouldn’t last long himself.

Hiccup slowly started to gain a slow rhythm and it was so hard holding back the speed. Toothless’s butt checks slapped against his thighs and stomach, and the moaning escaping Toothless lips was insanely rewarding.

Toothless laid his arms on the ground and rested his head down on them. ‘‘Oh fuck! Hiccup, faster!’’ He demanded. Hiccup didn’t need telling twice and started picking up speed. ‘‘Fuck! Holy king of dragons.’’ Toothless gasped. His prostate had been stimulated from the constant thrusts and he could feel that amazing build up from before - making him desperate for release.

‘‘Please don’t say dragons babe!’’ Hiccup breathlessly chuckled and winced at the reminder of what he was fucking.

‘‘Sorry! Oh Fuck, Hiccup-. Damn!’’ Toothless gasped, the sensations growing with each thrust.

The sounds of pleasure from Toothless and the sensation from fucking his arse were building to his own climax, and fast.

‘‘You going to come baby?’’ Hiccup asked breathlessly, anticipating his own release soon. His breathing was increasing from the exercise and from the immense pleasure.

‘‘I think so … Oh damn! Fuck … I haven’t … had much … experience!’’ Toothless almost shouted thought his heavy breathing. His heart rate rising and he legs going weak. He didn’t know how long his legs would hold up, or if he was going to cum soon or not, but he wanted it badly and it felt like it was coming. He needed to cum, the pleasure was too much, too much-

Toothless bit his lip, the rising waves of pleasure took over his body he whimpered as his climax finally hit. ‘‘Hiccup!’’ He gasped, almost inaudible. ‘‘Fuck!’’ His cock twitched involuntary and his seed shot out onto the ground under him. His mind went white, black, and blank … and as his eyes rolled into his head, he felt every muscle in his body tense and relax. His cum finished shooting and the last bubbled out and trickled down to the ground. It was the most amazing feeling he had ever experienced in his life - it was euphoric and mind-blowing, and topped the feelings he felt on the ship.

Hiccup had sped up his thrust in that last moment to bring on his own orgasm. He finished a few seconds after Toothless had. His own immense pleasure was better then he could remember ever experiencing. It had been ages since he last had sex but he didn’t want to think about the past. He had made love to Toothless and he felt tears building in his eyes. He was just so happy, almost enlightened to the point that it was too overwhelming.
Hiccup slowly pulled out and Toothless rolled over and laid onto his back. He was still breathing heavily and smiling, lost in pleasure with a warm fuzzy after glow. He didn’t think he could walk if he tried, his legs were still shaking and his body felt heavenly.

Hiccup smiled at Toothless and wiped his eyes, he laid down next to him and put his head on Toothless’s chest.

“Fuck yes! You know were doing that again right?” Toothless managed to say, and sighed the last of his energy out.

Hiccup chuckled. “That was amazing babe.” he admitted. “Who knew fucking my dragon would be so mind-blowing!”

“Human!” Toothless breathed out.

“Hybrid!” Hiccup argued.

“How about, boyfriend!” Toothless asked.

“Amazing, sexy arse boyfriend!” Hiccup exclaimed, kissing Toothless passionately. “Seriously, if I knew fucking you would be so epic, I might have done it sooner.” Hiccup admitted.

“Fucking? As in-’’

“Sex baby, fuck means sex!” Hiccup educated him.

“So, every time I say fuck-.’’ Toothless started laughing and Hiccup joined in.

They laid there for a while, the heat of the moment coming down. They both felt deeply connected with one another after their intimate love making. Love radiated of them both like a blazing fire and they didn’t want to move, but they couldn’t deny the fact it was starting to feel cold when they both started to shiver.

“Maybe we should get cleaned up.” Hiccup suggested as he and Toothless shared another passionate kiss.

Toothless pouted but agreed nonetheless.

Laying together, cleaned and dressed by the fire, felt so right. They didn’t want to leave the loving hold of each other’s arms. The peaceful, stress free moment between the couple was beautiful. Hiccup had his head on Toothless’s chest and played with the fabric, while Toothless’s arm was wrapped around him.

“You know … before we got here, I was thinking about all the shit that went down on this island.” Toothless told him.

“You mean the Red-Death?” Hiccup asked.

“That, and Mildew getting me sent away here, and Alvin showing up later for the … ‘Dragon conqueror’.” Toothless smirked.

“Oh, yeah. Totally my fault. Well you know what … I totally conquered you today.” Hiccup smirked and kissed Toothless.

“Yes, I suppose you did. And we did that here … on Dragon Island.”
‘‘When you put it that way … I will never think the same way about this place again!’’ Hiccup told him, and chuckled.

Toothless chuckled and sighed. ‘‘Wow! I still can’t believe how amazing you were.’’

‘‘Well It’s not like I had a choice, Alvin was trying to—’’

‘‘I wasn’t talking about Alvin.’’ Toothless cut him off and raised an eyebrow.

‘‘Oh, Oh! You mean-. Right, I didn’t really know what I was doing.’’ Hiccup blushed and looked down.

‘‘Well you did great! Especially when you—’’

‘‘Toothless!’’ Hiccup covered Toothless’s mouth with his hand and chuckled as he felt the heat raise in his cheeks. ‘‘It was amazing. Let’s just leave it at that shall we.’’

‘‘You can do that, but can’t talk about it?’’ Toothless asked when Hiccup removed his hand.

‘‘I-It’s kind of … kind of in the moment thing.”

‘‘Right… Well, I kind of want to suck your cock now!!’’ Toothless admitted shamelessly.

Hiccup went scarlet and coughed. He buried his head in side. ‘‘What have I done?’’ He mumbled. ‘‘I could have gotten you addicted to anything but no … I get you hooked on sex.’’

‘‘You’re right though, sex is fun!!’’ Toothless smiled and bit his lip, in anticipation of the next time.

‘‘Oh Thor!’’ Hiccup said and sunk his head deeper into Toothless’s side.

‘‘Hiccup, seriously though, you’re being cute – like a hatchling.’’ Toothless gushed as he watched Hiccup try and disappear into his side.

Hiccup didn’t feel any better and kept his face hidden so, Toothless rolled over his body and started to tickle him.

‘‘Toothless! Stop! No …. Please …. Toothless, no more!’’ He shouted between fits of laughter.

Toothless stopped and looked into the forest green eyes staring up at him. He had come to truly realize what this feeling was, it was love and he wanted to be with Hiccup forever. ‘‘I love you babe!’’ He told Hiccup sincerely. ‘‘I really … fucking love you!’’ He emphasised and took a deep breath. Loving Hiccup and actually realizing he was in love with him different, emotional, but he was happy.

Hiccup’s eyes glazed with tears, he had never seen such conviction in Toothless’s eyes when he’d said that before, the sincerity was immense and even though Hiccup knew he meant it before this time was overwhelming.

‘‘I love you too babe.’’ He choked, holding back the tears, and smiling at Toothless like he was the most precious thing in the world.

‘‘You okay?’’ Toothless worried at the threat of tears in Hiccup’s eyes.

‘‘Yeah, Yeah!’’ He wiped his eyes. ‘‘I’m just really lucky. After everything that’s happened, everything we have been through together, I get to love my best friend. I know I have said it a million times but you really do never cease to amaze me.’’
Toothless shared a deep and passionate kiss with Hiccup. The two of them lost in each other’s hold … and the world around them unimportant and forgotten.
Chapter 25 - Long flight

It turned out to be an amazing day on Dragon’s island and by the time they had eaten, and were thinking about their next flight plans, it was getting dark.

Toothless had convinced Hiccup that they should leave during the night, because Toothless had no idea how far the next Island was and it would be better if Hiccup slept for the journey. Hiccup had previously taught Toothless about time and sundials back on Berk, and Toothless had insisted that it could be well over eighteen hours before they got to land anywhere, maybe longer.

Toothless could only guess he came from the south west of Dragon Island, so that’s the direction they would fly in. With a bit of tweaking, utilizing, and invention making, Hiccup had managed to make a bracelet of sorts, like a watch, but with the spare compass attach to it. Toothless could wear this around his leg and check they were still on course, even after Hiccup had fallen to sleep. It didn’t take long to teach Toothless how to read the compass, and Hiccup was assured enough that he was finally on-board with this plan.

Once they were ready to leave, they shared a loving hug and a passionate kiss before Toothless changed into a dragon.

“I know you had that nap bud, but do you still feel fine? Like you said, it’s a long flight. I wouldn’t want you dropping out of the sky on me.” He checked, but Toothless huffed and rolled his eyes.

“Okay, don’t say I didn’t ask.” Hiccup said as he attached the compass to his leg. “How’s that, can you read it okay?”

Toothless checked and nodded, then Hiccup loaded him up and finally put on his flight suit and climbed into the saddle. Clipping himself into place and checking everything was good to go, he exhaled a deep breath.

“Okay bud, lets go!” He ordered.

They took off and watched as Dragon island started to shrink into the distance. They were traveling 260 degrees south west and on course.

Toothless had vaguely remembered huge clusters of islands that spread out for miles, that took hours to fly across. He didn’t know if that’s where the caves were, but he hoped he was leading Hiccup in the right direction. His stomach started to drop at the thought of failing Hiccup, and failing the other dragons. Hiccup noticed the change of expression in Toothless face, and the slight speed change.

“You okay Toothless?” He asked. Toothless came out of his thoughts and gave Hiccup a slight smile before facing forwards again.

“You’re not still worried about finding the caves, are you? I’ve told you before, we can only try our best. I thought we talked about this.” Toothless made a small moan, as if to say I know.

“Listen, we’re together … let’s just see where we end up. If you don’t recognize anything in a few days or something, then we will go back. Sound like a plan?”

Toothless agreed and Hiccup patted his head. Both of them really hoped Toothless would recognise
something. Going back without answers would be so depressing, and Toothless was worried how Hiccup would cope if they went back empty handed.

Hiccup didn’t fall asleep for many hours, and by the time he did, it was well past midnight and going into the early hours of the morning. The sun wasn’t up, so it was still dark, but it was only a few hours away from rising.

Toothless had been flying for the best part of twelve hours before he fell into his resting flight mode. He had to remember to check the compass ever so often. He was pleased to see he was very good at flying in a straight line even when he zoned out. It was now day light and he had to keep an eye out for ships, so he stayed above the clouds where possible.

Hiccup woke up eventually and stretched, wishing a good morning to Toothless, who snapped out of his rest mode and chirped back happily. ‘I wonder how long I was out.’ Hiccup thought out loud. ‘You doing okay?’

Toothless grumbled and rolled his eyes, and to emphasis he was fine, he did a loop in the air. ‘Okay feeling fine, I get it.’ Hiccup chuckled.

As they continued to fly smoothly heading south west, Hiccup uncorked and sipped from the water jar. He knew better then to drink on long flights but it had been hours and he was thirsty. Toothless assured him before leaving that he would be fine without fluids until they landed, one of the perks of being a dragon, but he still worried about him.

Hiccup kept a look out for land but it still hadn’t appeared. Unbeknownst to them, it was now approaching twenty hours into the flight. Hiccup legs had gone asleep and he felt stiff, so he swung his legs trying to wake them up and shifted his weight as he warmed up his muscles and stretched.

Toothless mumbled in concern so Hiccup reassured him. ‘It’s fine bud, my legs just decided they no longer wanted to cooperate.’ Hiccup groaned again and cracked his back and neck. ‘Yep, just gotta wake up the ol’body.’ He squinted, his head mildly aching from slight dehydration.

Finally returning to the saddle, Hiccup debated with himself whether to have more to drink or hold off on account of himself already needing to urinate. He amazingly enough wasn’t desperate - just uncomfortable, he hadn’t drunk much so he decided a little more water couldn’t hurt. He took some of the nuts from the bag, and one of the fruits they had found on sass/loser Island. He still felt bad for Toothless, he must be shattered and hungry at least.

‘You sure you’re okay bud?’ Hiccup called down to him, only to get dragon sass and more eye rolls.

Wherever they where it was starting to get dark again, Hiccup shifted in the saddle and moaned as his bladder started to become more painful then uncomfortable.

Toothless could hear Hiccup and feel his movements. He assumed Hiccup was just uncomfortable, but when he started moving more and making more sounds … he realized. He winced in memory of that time stuck in the house and wanted to help Hiccup, but he didn’t know what to do - he couldn’t make land suddenly appear. Toothless was thinking about a solution when he had an idea.

Hiccup sighed desperately and kept telling himself it couldn’t be much longer till some sort of land, sea stack, or abandon bloody ship appeared - that he could wait like a real Viking, when
Toothless caught his attention.

Toothless looked back at Hiccup and made deep warbling like sounds. He caught Hiccup’s stressed fake smile, and dipped brows, and knew he was right. Toothless flew right down so his feet were about a foot above the ocean. Hiccup was confused. ‘‘What’s going on bud?’’ He asked.

Toothless looked back at him in sympathy and then looked at the ocean and made another noise. Hiccup frowned, still confused, so Toothless did it again. Hiccup didn’t know what Toothless was trying to tell him. ‘‘Bud, I don’t…’’

Toothless looked at Hiccup with wide eyes and then pointed with his head to the ocean once more, almost growling to try and get Hiccup to understand. ‘‘You want to go fishing?’’ Hiccup asked.

Toothless breath out a puff of hot air and repeated his actions. ‘‘You want to go swimming?’’ Hiccup guessed again but Toothless growled in annoyance.

Hiccup flung his hands and was getting frustrated. He never usually got angry but his bladder was making him agitated and snappy. ‘‘Bud, I don’t get it!’’ He yelled, and then moaned as he held himself. The position he was sitting in the saddle didn’t help either.

Toothless growled and looked at him, and then the ocean again firmly. This time Hiccup got what Toothless was trying to say. ‘‘Oh Thor, I’m so sorry bud. I can’t do that…’’ He told him firmly, ‘‘…I’ll be fine!’’ Toothless huffed as if to say ‘yeah right’ and flew back above the clouds.

It couldn’t have been more than thirty minutes later when Hiccup yelled loudly and suddenly into the sky. He was dehydrated and had water but he couldn’t drink it right now, his head hurt and felt tight, he felt a little dizzy, but worst was the fact he really had to pee bad and the only option was the most embarrassing solution Toothless had. At this point, he really didn’t have a choice.

‘‘Toothless! I might have to take you up on that offer!’’

Toothless wasted no time going back down to the sea, he slowed his flying down to a slow glide and made noises to encourage Hiccup it was okay. Hiccup unclipped his flight suit and started to untie the various buckles on the legs and waist. He never remembered it ever taking this long before.

‘‘Okay, please keep it steady bud. I didn’t bring my ocean pass.’’

He winced as he awkwardly slipped a stiff leg over the saddle, so he sitting sideways instead of front facing. Hiccup carefully managed to untie his pants and proceeded to piss in the ocean. He felt so embarrassed, having to pee off the side of your dragon wasn’t what he expected to be doing when he begged Toothless to come on this journey with him. It wasn’t easy either, between balance and direction of travel, he swore some of his urine hit Toothless back leg. He tried to apologies, but Toothless grumbled at him loudly that it wasn’t necessary - Hiccup wasn’t sure if he was annoyed at him or his apology.

Hiccup could only wonder what would have happened if Toothless hadn’t convinced him to do that; would he have asked or would he have… he didn’t want to think about that. After putting himself away he swung back into the saddle. He didn’t bother to buckle up his flight suit straight away, he could still clip himself to Toothless. He instead lay forwards over his dragon and patted him.

‘‘What would I do without you bud. Thor, that feels better.’’ He sighed.
As time progressed and more hours past, Hiccup was glad he did what Toothless told him to do instead of being stubborn. Still he couldn’t help but wonder where they were. The compass on his sleeve was still showing that they were traveling south west and on course but it had to have been an entire day or more. He felt tired again and hoped that Toothless was okay. Toothless eyes were halved closed and he seemed to zone out, but his flying never faltered. Hiccup wondered if this was the ‘rest flying’ he talked about before, but whenever he asked Toothless would just huff and roll his eyes - so he knew better than to keep asking questions right now.

Hiccup eventually drifted off to sleep again, his flight suit buckled up once more. Toothless glided smoothly in his rest state, saving his energy. Finally, Hiccup was woken up by Toothless roaring at him to get up. Hiccup shot up awake expecting trouble, but sighed in relief as he saw the island. It still looked miles in the distance, but it was there … land! It was day light again, if Hiccup had to guess it was about midday.

‘‘That’s great bud! You don’t know how relieved I am to see solid dry ground.’’

A while later and Toothless finally chose to land by a small stream near the cover of trees. Hiccup immediately jumped down off Toothless and didn’t anticipate his legs failure to co-operate. He fell to his knees and groaned, but rolled over onto his back and laughed as he threw of his helmet. Toothless started licking Hiccup’s face and was pushed away as always.

‘‘Ah, come on bud!’’ He moaned through the laughter. He really didn’t care that much, he was on a flat surface and could kiss the ground in relief.

Toothless laughed and bounded over to the stream to drink the cold liquid. Hiccup sat up and moved his legs to get the feeling back in them. He then stood up, still a little shaky but he managed to walked over to the stream and knelt down. He splashed the water into his face and ran it through his hair.

‘‘Do you think it’s safe for me to drink bud?’’ He asked. Toothless sniffed the water and nodded.

Hiccup collected his water jar and filled it with fresh water. It tasted really clean and cold. Once he had drunk enough, he filled the jar and corked it, and proceeded to fill up his second jar.

‘‘Do you think we should rest here?’’ He asked.

Toothless surveyed the area carefully, he kept sniffing and checking like he wasn’t sure about something. Finally, he sat and nodded that it was okay here. Hiccup unloaded Toothless - who stretched out before changing into his human form, and he almost knocked Hiccup over with a death hug. He passionately kissed him … and then slapped his arm hard.

‘‘Ow! what was that for?’’ Hiccup asked bewildered.

‘‘For asking me a hundred times if I was okay, for almost peeing on my saddle because you’re a bloody stubborn mutton head that wouldn’t listened to me, and for not listening to me.’’ Toothless complained and pouted, crossing his arms.

‘‘I-I wanted to make sure you were okay, I guess I won’t worry about you next time and … I wouldn’t have done that, but thank you. I’m sorry If I…’’ Hiccup trailed off embarrassed.

‘‘What, got pee on my leg?’’ Hiccup went scarlet at the confirmation, ‘‘Hey it’s cool, you sucked my cock, a bit of pee doesn’t bother me.’’ He said matter of fact, like it was perfectly natural, and he smiled. ‘‘Besides, you’ll have to do that again on the way back to Dragon’s island, so don’t let it get to you.’’
“I really hope not!” Hiccup mumbled, trying to forget about the whole thing.

“You’re a useless human, with a useless human body. You’re gonna have to take a piss on a long flight like that. Don’t be stupid! I know how bad that shit hurts, and I keep telling you to listen to me.” Toothless stressed. He then smiled again. “I missed you though!” He admitted hugging him again.

“Wait, I must have been flying another dragon then, because I could have sworn I was riding the unholy offspring of lighting and death itself … but if it wasn’t you then—”

“I missed this…” Toothless cut him off with a kiss. “I missed talking to you.” He kissed him again. “I missed being human.” He admitted before his third kiss. “And I missed telling you I love you.” He explained with love filled eyes, and kissed Hiccup again because he missed doing so.

This time when their lips stayed combined, Hiccup realized exactly what Toothless meant. When Toothless was a dragon, it was almost lonely, he missed the deeper connection they shared now, their conversations, and the touch from a simple hug to that long awaited and ravenous kiss he was experiencing right now.

He hadn’t known it before Toothless’s urgent tongue breached his lips and slipped inside his mouth, but now, now he realized how much he had missed this too, and how much he needed it - like falling into an airless abyss and suddenly realizing you can’t breathe because your air is gone. Warm breath from Toothless’s mouth resurrected his senses, even with his eyes closed his vision was still a dizzy mess. He moaned in pleasure as his lips sucked at the soft flesh he had been missing. He wouldn’t want any other lips except the ones that had the ability to awaken his senses and breath life into his soul; no other lips except Toothless’s would be good enough for him.

When they finally parted, Hiccup let out a broken sigh. “I love you.” He told Toothless sincerely before resting his head against Toothless’s chest. Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup and held him close.

“We should try and find some food, and you should get dressed.” Hiccup said smirking, as he left Toothless arms and went to the bags.

“I’ll go get the fish first, be right back.” Toothless eagerly announced before Hiccup could argue. He changed in to his dragon self and took of just like that.

Hiccup sighed and chuckled to himself.

Wherever they were, it looked untouched by Vikings or people in general. The plant life was flourishing, the water was clean and natural, and the forest they were in looked thick with trees. Where the stream was you could see the sky, but it looked like the further into the trees you went the denser it became.

By the time Toothless returned with a huge catch of fish Hiccup had taken off his flight suit, unpacked Toothless clothes and laid them out, and had found plenty of wood and leaves for a fire. It was a small fire, not yet lit up but had stones in a circle filled with broken branches, twigs and a few dried leaves. Toothless dropped the fish, lit up the fire and changed back to human.

“Wow babe! Let me invite the entire tribe along for dinner, I think we might have enough.” Hiccup chuckled. Before Toothless had changed into his human self, he had dropped about six fish from his mouth and had more balanced in his front paws.
“I guess I’m kinda hungry.” Toothless shrugged, slightly guilty. “I may have already eaten a few raw fish.” He admitted as he slipped on his tunic. Hiccup rolled his eyes but he wasn’t surprised.

“Only you babe, only you! I guess these are all mine then.” He teased. He knew Toothless would probably still be hungry.

“No! I’m still hungry, I just couldn’t help it. There’s mackerel there, and some other fish I swear I’ve had before … a long time ago.” Toothless started to think to see if he could remember.

“Some of these fish look different to what we catch nearer home. I hope they’re okay to eat.” Hiccup thought out loud.

“Yeah, I’m sure there fine. But if you’re worried stick to the others and I’ll eat them next time I’m dragon.” Toothless smirked.

“Alright, there’s certainly enough.” Hiccup said as he finished pushing a stick through two mackerel. He balanced it over the fire between the supports he had just made either side, by crossing two larger sticks and pushing them into the ground.

Toothless finished getting dressed and joined Hiccup by the fire. “Oh, by the way … you’re gonna geek out big time.”

Hiccup felt a twang of excitement in anticipation. “What, why?” He said looking around.

Toothless grinned. “I picked up some different scents that I remembered. One was the Lagalogaror, and another was a Grutregrasvattir.”

“Come again?” Hiccup frowned.

“Dragons! Ones you haven’t seen before. The Lagalogaror are a bit like small blue sheep, they like shallow water and are pretty harmless but watch out for their head butt. The Grutregrasvattir are different depending on if their male of female. The male is entirely green and the female is blue and green with pink wings. They have like … tree bark growing off them and their scales look a bit like leaves. They are really respected, so if you see one bow. Like seriously! They care for the forest and are like guardians. If you pissed one off, they will poison you or put you to sleep and kill you. Your body will be used to nourish the trees.” Toothless explained smiling.

Hiccup gulped and turned the fish, but he was ‘geeking’ out internally. “Do you think we will get to see them?” Hiccup asked trying to remain cool.

“Yep! I think there will be lots of new dragons for you to meet here. I have to warn you though … I won’t really be alpha here. I mean I have alpha powers but if I had to guess … there will already be an alpha dragon here.” Toothless explained.

“Wait, so there’s more than one alpha?” Hiccup asked, Toothless laughed.

“Of course! How do you expect me to lead every dragon on every island that exists? Besides didn’t I already tell you the Oghtantarh used to lead the alpha’s … as in more than one.”

“Actually … you did say that. That makes sense though. No one even knows how far the land goes.” Hiccup agreed.

“Right, so be careful. I mean it Hiccup! We will meet new dragons but there might be some really dangerous ones here, no clever ideas. In fact, just don’t have any ideas at all!” Toothless stressed.
‘‘Tyrant!’’ Hiccup accused and crossed his arms playfully.

‘‘There’s one idea you can suggest, that I wouldn’t mind’’ Toothless smirked.

‘‘Wow, that’s amazing! I get one whole idea, do tell me … what is this great idea I could possibly have?’’ He sarcastically and dramatically asked.

Toothless sat on his lap suddenly, he took Hiccup’s face into his hands and kissed him. When he pulled back, he had a suggestive look on his face and a raised eyebrow.

‘‘Of course you’d want that. Toothless you’re killing me.’’ Hiccup sighed.

‘‘You telling me you don’t want it?’’ Toothless wriggled his arse into Hiccup’s groin.

‘‘N-no. I mean… Oh come on!’’ Hiccup exclaimed. Toothless suddenly frowned and sighed in annoyance.

‘‘Toothless, just because I don’t seem like I want—’’

‘‘It’s not that.’’ Toothless told him and stood up.

‘‘Then what? Did I upset you or…?’’

‘‘No! I just have to go.’’ Toothless explained with a smile, starting to walk away into the forest.

‘‘Go where?’’ Hiccup asked bewildered.

‘‘To find somewhere to piss of course. Better not pee up the trees or on the plants though, what with the Grutregrasvattir around.’’ He sighed. ‘‘I’m fine one minute, and then when I turn human it kinda creeps up on me suddenly after a bit.’’ Toothless explained. ‘‘Guess drinking from the stream didn’t help, be right back.’’ He said, and ran off.

‘‘Right, and I’ll wait here.’’ Hiccup said to himself as he watched Toothless run off and disappear into the forest.

_________________________________________________________________________

Hiccup was writing in his journal at first but soon found himself sketching Toothless as he slept. Things really did catch up to him when he turned back into a human. This time it was what Hiccup had concluded was about a day and half flying, along with being awake for over two days. Toothless seemed fine at first, but after his fourth cooked fish he had started to fall asleep trying to make out with him and couldn’t keep his eyes open. Hiccup found it hilarious having to force a horny Toothless to lay down. Hiccup had been laying over him as they kissed each other when he finally fell asleep. Whether it was the full stomach, the lack of sleep, or the long flight after their ‘activities’ on Dragon’s island … Toothless was passed out cold.

Toothless had his hands behind his head, his face turned slightly towards Hiccup, and his peach coloured lips delicately parted. Even though his eyes were closed, Hiccup had them memorised to detail. He could visualise the way the lime green spreads from his dark pupils like a splash of paint over a lighter green. The mesmerising lines and patterns like a priceless masterpiece, and the unusual blue outline around his iris that gets slightly wider, and brighter when he controls the dragons as a human.

Hiccup invested more time drawing the details of Toothless’s eyes, as if he were awake and watching him. It was almost hot and arousing drawing the feature of his boyfriend he loved the most, that had the power to turn him weak at the knees and could demand anything of him. He had
been coming undone under them eyes, becoming aroused a while ago before Toothless passed out.

When he had finished, he stared at his work. It was his best drawing yet and he could almost feel Toothless watching him from the page. He closed his journal and sighed before looking over at the real thing. Toothless was so innocent when he slept.

Feeling lonely, Hiccup walked over and gently laid down besides him. He resting his head under Toothless’s arm and nestled into his side, his arm gently wrapped over his waist and he closed his eyes. Toothless subconsciously rolled over to face Hiccup, his arm wrapped over him. Hiccup held his breath not wanting to wake him up, but when he realized Toothless was still very much asleep, he smiled and sighed happily. Toothless always did that, even as a dragon he would wrap his wings and tail around him. Hiccup’s heart fluttered, whatever happened they had each other.

Hiccup must have been asleep for just over an hour when he woke up to the sound of splashing and noises coming from the stream. They were only about fifteen feet away from the water, just under the first few trees, and he could see the source of the noise clearly from his position.

Three little blue dragons no bigger than sheep, with horns like a ram, and small white like growths on their back - resembling clouds only hard like scales. They had small tails, two tiny blue wings, and white scales on their chest. They were fascinating to watch as they playfully jumped around in the water, splashed each other, and sprayed water like a game.

Hiccup quietly crawled over to his journal and grabbed it with his pencil. He went back to Toothless and started drawing the dragons. He made his quick sketch and then gently shook Toothless awake.

As Toothless woke up he went to moan, Hiccup put his hand straight over his mouth and pointed to the three playful dragons. Putting his finger to his lips, Hiccup motioned that Toothless be quiet. Toothless smiled at Hiccup and then watched him add more details to his drawing.

When Hiccup had finished, Toothless whispered. ‘‘There Lagalogaror, let me go say hi.’’

Toothless quietly removed his clothes and changed into a Night-Fury. The Lagalogaror didn’t hear them because they were far too busy playing and splashing. Hiccup watched as Toothless approached them slowly and nervously.

Toothless lowered his head as he approached them, he then looked up when they stopped playing. Hiccup had to hold back a chuckle when Toothless made a cute friendly face and started jumping in the water with the other dragons.

It looked like they had accepted him as a friend because they allowed him to join in the fun. Hiccup was starting to feel a little jealous when Toothless must have mentioned him because they all turned to face where Hiccup was watching from.

‘‘Hey!’’ He waved nervously.

Toothless bounded over, licked Hiccup’s face and then pushed him out and into the stream.

‘‘Toothless!’’ He exclaimed, all wet and now sitting the stream. Toothless laughed and the three little dragons got excited.

One of the Lagalogaror with a strange shaped horn, sprayed Hiccup with water and laughed. Toothless splashed it back with his tail and encouraged Hiccup to join in.
He was already soaked, and they were having fun, so he joined in the splashing game. All five of them jumping around in the water, splashing or spraying each other. Hiccup’s laughter filled the forest and he felt so young again.

The noise had attracted the attention of something that moved too fast to be seen, leaving a trail of wind as it speed past. Toothless stopped and looked around, he thought he smelt something.

Toothless was too distracted to see Hiccup being ganged up on by two Lagalogaror, they were pelting him with their water spray. Hiccup was on his knees in the stream shielding his face by the time they stopped. The one with the unusual shaped horn came closer to him. Hiccup closed his eyes and looked away as he held out the flat of his hand, as the dragon was about to gently nuzzle it back there was a mighty loud roar.

The three Lagalogaror ran into a group and bowed, Toothless ran to stand in front of Hiccup - glowing blue in his alpha form, and Hiccup gulped at the large size of the angry white and blue dragon standing no more than eight feet in front of Toothless downstream.

The dragon was bigger the a Deadly-Nadder, pure white with blue wings and chest. It had blue spines down its neck, back, tail. Two longer spines at the end of its tails, and one on each back leg. Its piercing blue eyes had blue scales around them and were framed back leading to two spear shaped spines. Each of its wings fanned out into five sections at the ends - the top larger than the bottom.

The dragon roared at Toothless and each of is blue spikes glowed blue. Its wings glowed a bright white colour making Hiccup squint. He could just see Toothless turn off his alpha mode and bow to the dragon in front of him.

The large white dragon went to walk around Toothless to get to Hiccup, but it was blocked by his protective boyfriend. It wasn’t happy and fired a plasma blast directly at Toothless. Toothless had no choice but to dodge the attack. It was so powerful; the blast landed in the stream creating a massive wave which knocked Hiccup over. It left a large hole in the stream floor.

The dragon was so fast that before Hiccup could even sit up to breathe he was being pinned under the water by the weight of the dragon’s left foot, its claws breaking the skin of Hiccup chest. It powered up another plasma blast aimed directly at him.

Toothless was glowing blue once more and he shot his own plasma blast at the dragon. The dragon spun round in anger but seemed unharmed, it released its shot at Toothless. Toothless had no time to dodge and used his wings to shield himself from the attack.

The shot burned Toothless wings and knocked him backwards hard.

The white dragon turned to face Hiccup once more, intent on ending his life as it powered up its plasma blast once again. Hiccup couldn’t breathe, still trapped under the water knowing it was useless to struggle. His life flashed before his eyes. Toothless and his one amazing intimate time with him. Trid and how he would be fatherless before he even spoke his first word. Astrid … he might get to hold her again now along with his father. He wouldn’t see his mother again - whom he had only known for a short time. All his friends - even Snotlout and the twins. He thought about and all the times he should have cherished and been grateful for everything he cared about and loved. He hoped Toothless would be okay without him, and would watch over Trid like a father in his place.

‘‘NO! Please stop! I love him!’’ Toothless shouted as he tried to run over to the dragon.
The dragon snapped its head around, and almost let lose its shot when Toothless fell to his knees and stared up into its eyes crying. The dragon released its plasma blast into the air and looked back at Toothless’s tear stained face, burn marks on his shoulders, and slightly glowing eyes where the blue iris circled the green.

“Please! He can’t breathe.” Toothless begged.

The dragon removed its foot from Hiccup’s chest and Hiccup shot up out of the water and gasped, coughing violently, and almost throwing up water in his desperation for air.

Toothless cautiously stood up and watched the white dragon eyes burning in to him as he moved. He wasn’t being stopped so he ran over to Hiccup and rubbed his back until he was breathing better again. Toothless painfully hugged Hiccup tightly and sobbed into his shoulder.

“I thought I’d lost you … I tried-.” He sobbed. Hiccup could see the burns on Toothless back and shoulders. The skin was burnt deep, and it was bright red and angry.

“ Toothless?” Hiccup coughed. “Baby, you’re hurt!” He was so worried, his voice strained and weak, and tears filed his eyes at seeing Toothless this way.

Toothless just sobbed into Hiccup’s shoulder, he had almost lost him and now he couldn’t fly Hiccup home. His wings were burnt and torn from the blast.

Hiccup looked over Toothless’s shoulder and up at the dangerous dragon still watching them, he gulped wondering what it would do next.
Chapter 26 - Great Guardenia

The white and dark-blue dragon was contemplating her next course of action. Humans were not allowed on this island and were forbidden from touching any dragon here. They knew the consequences of violating the ancient promises set to protect the delicate order of things. This was an exceptional circumstance; the human boy had clearly been touched by the frithvineradreki magic, and this Loightakalean was his sal-binda.

‘I shall not punish the dragon. Acacia should be able to reverse the damage I inflicted. I shall consult with her on my next course of action.’ The white dragon thought, before roaring loudly into the sky. The three Lagalogaror that had fled behind the trees during the attack, decided it was time to leave and flew away through the forest.

Toothless released Hiccup and turned to face the white dragon. He tried to hold back his sobs and streaming tears to brace himself; he knew that call - he knew more dragons could be coming. He would die all over again if he had to … he would protect Hiccup until his last breath.

“‘She is calling for others.’” Toothless whispered shakily, his body shook from the pain of the burn and his voice was hindered by the tears. He looked back into Hiccup’s eyes and took his hands firmly. “‘Hiccup? Promise me … promise me you will run if I tell you to. Run and don’t look back. Don’t even come back … just try to find a way to safety, to home!’” He scrunched his eyes, looked down, and clenched Hiccup’s hands as he broke out into sobs once more - the thought of never seeing Hiccup again tore him apart.

“‘No! I’m not leaving you here. There’s no Hiccup without a Toothless. Where I go, you go!’”

“‘Hiccup … I-I don’t think … I can fly anymore.’” He sobbed and felt like he had failed the one person he loved more than anything.

“‘Baby look at me!’” Hiccup demanded, he felt his own eyes filling with empathetic tears.

When Toothless slowly looked up at him, silent tears fell down his cheeks. The shattered soul looking into his forest green eyes - begging for mitigation from judgment, the pain, and whatever the coming wrath of dragon behind brought forth was heart-breaking and wrapped in fear. Toothless’s eyes were blood shot - like lightening intended to strike its victim, jagged red lines reaching out for his beautiful lime green iris’s. The colour, less vibrant then he remembered, was replaced with fear, pain, and flooded with tears cascading down his face.

“‘We will find another way. You’re stuck with me. I love you!’” He leant forwards and kissed Toothless tear tainted lips. It was a promise that he would love him no matter what happened. That he would never leave him.

When the kiss broke Toothless tried to speak, but he was interrupted by the sound of a new dragon arriving at the scene. “‘It’s a Grutregrasvattir.’” Toothless’s broken voice whispered before he painfully bowed his head. Hiccup’s eyes widened and he bowed like wise.

The new dragon was a little bigger than Toothless. It was sky blue mostly, with random green growths over its body that looked like bark or leaves. There were clusters of green spines on its head and at the base of its tail - the tip of its tail looked like pink flower bulb. The dragon had pretty pink jagged wings that finished into a point, and two vines like growths framing them. It had
grass-green spines growing from its head down to the end of its tail. The dragon also had two
curved dark-green horns, and white scales on its belly and chest. Hiccup assumed it was female,
because Toothless told him before the females have pink wings.

The white-blue dragon roared at Toothless and commanded him to change into a dragon again.
Toothless wasn’t sure what he was being asked. He took a deep shaky breath to steady his
breathing. ‘‘I’m not sure what you’re asking me to do, could you…’’ The dragon roared again and
made low roaring sounds. Toothless sighed sadly. ‘‘I really didn’t want to do that-’’

He had tried to protest, but again it was insisted he obey.

‘‘What’s going on baby, you understand her?’’ Hiccup asked, worried about what Toothless was
being asked to do.

Toothless nodded at the dragon once before answering Hiccup. ‘‘Sort of. When you’ve been a
dragon for … well, all your life, you don’t forget certain sounds, body movements, or facial
expressions and stuff. She wants me to change back babe. I have to do it, she is the alpha here …
but please … please don’t worry when you see my-’’

Toothless’s scrunched his eyes as more tears fell, he couldn’t finish his sentence. When he went to
turn away Hiccup grabbed his hand and kissed him.

‘‘I love you, always remember that!’’

‘‘I love you too.’’ Toothless replied nodding, and slowly stood up against the pain.

Toothless walked a few steps away from Hiccup, towards the dragons, and knelt in the stream. He
changed back and held his wings close to his body - to ashamed for anyone to see, and too painful
to open.

‘‘I am assuming your name is not baby?’’ The white and blue dragon asked.

‘‘It’s Toothless!’’ He replied, the white dragon considered the name strange.

‘‘This is Acacia…’’ Toothless bowed his head to Acacia. ‘‘...She is the elder Grutregrasvattir.
I am Visskara, the alpha dragon of these lands.’’ Toothless bowed his head again. ‘‘Your sal-
binda is strong with that human. Had you not taken your new form when you did … you
would have lost your sal-binda and perhaps, your second life as well. We do not allow
humans on this island and they are forbidden, punishable by instant death, from touching
any dragon here. I recognise this is an exceptional circumstance, and we are willing to hear
you out before we reach a final decision. Firstly, follow me and command your human to
follow.’’ Visskara ordered without room for negotiation.

Toothless did as he was told - he painfully signalled Hiccup to follow him with his head. Hiccup
immediately went to Toothless’s side and they slowly followed the other two dragons onto dry
land - It was the opposite side of the stream to where Hiccup and himself had been sleeping not
long ago.

‘‘I want the boy to stay back there.’’ Visskara ordered looking back further into the forest.

Toothless whimpered as he nuzzled Hiccup back enough distance, and signalled him to stay put.
Hiccup tried to stay by his side at first, but begrudgingly he sat down. He was about twenty feet
away from where Toothless was now standing - defenceless in front of the two dragons. He felt
completely useless and vulnerable - like an odd wheel, the only human present with no idea to what
was happening. Toothless eyes filled with pain, and his wings, even closed against his body didn’t look good.

“**You are to open your wings now.**” Visskara commanded.

“**I don’t know if I can … they hurt-**” Toothless whimpered.

“**You have two choices. Refuse, and never fly again. Or open them, and let Acacia see if she can assist in the healing process. I know which option I would choose, but it is your choice and I haven’t got all day.**” Visskara spoke with importance and authority. Acacia had yet to speak because she hadn’t been permitted to as of yet.

Hiccup had been watching with trepidation and worry. He could see them communicating but wished he knew what they were saying. When Toothless roared in pain and opened his wings Hiccup gasped, covered his mouth with one hand and clenched his other. The plasma blast had burned right through his left wing and burned the right one very badly. Blood was fresh and dropped to the ground in a slow drip, the fine bones fractured and bruised. It was irreversible damage and Hiccup blamed himself; if he hadn’t begged Toothless to come here, they would be safe and back on Berk, Toothless wouldn’t keep getting hurt for him, and he wouldn’t be suffering right now.

Toothless whined in pain and fell to the floor, his wings spread out as much as he could manage. Visskara nodded at Acacia once.

“Wow, that plasma blast of yours never gets any weaker does it. You keep me on my toes with all the work I have to do around here, fixing up after you. I’ll tell you that…” Acacia rambled on as she examined Toothless wing. “…For once, would it kill you to show a little respect for the forest and the creatures living in it. I had to heal that poor little Lagalogaror you blasted a few mani’s ago, poor thing, what was his name? Oh, yes. Signerdrop, that was it. He didn’t know what hit him when you decided to-”

“Acacia! That’s quite enough. Can you help him or not? I don’t think he can last much longer.” Visskara asked. She could see the pain was taking its toll on Toothless - his body shaking from the trauma and weakness as he became faint.

Acacia breathed out a web of blue smoke and Toothless fell to sleep instantly. She started breathing a pink and green like substance over Toothless wing.

Hiccup panicked when Toothless fell unconscious with his wings still spread out. Against better judgment he went to run up to Toothless calling out his name. Visskara growled at him and Hiccup stopped.

“I-I just want to check he’s okay.” Hiccup gently tried to explained - his hand out to calm the dragon as he tried to edge forward towards Toothless. “P-Please don’t hurt him, it’s my fault we’re here in the first place. Vikings … humans took control of a dragon. It attacked my village - a-an Ogthantarh.”

At the mention of an Ogthantarh Visskara’s ears peaked and she became very interested in what this human boy had to say. Hiccup noticed her calming at his voice and continued - he wasn’t sure how much she even understood.

“…You’ve heard of it, haven’t you?” Hiccup asked but Visskara didn’t move. “Well, my village … we protect dragons, they live with us in peace. Something forced them to leave the island and
we think it has something to do with when the Ogthantarth died that night.’’

Visskara looked angry at the news of the Ogthantarth’s death and Hiccup quickly tried to explain before she attacked him again.

‘‘N-No one kill it, it-it just died on its own. It just disappeared. We came here because Toothless remembered some caves that might help us understand. I asked him to come here, so please...’’ He begged. ‘‘...Just let me go to him.’’

‘‘As long as he just sits there, I don’t see why not.’’ Acacia chimed in before Visskara could respond.

Visskara huffed and stepped back to give Hiccup the okay. Hiccup slowly, and cautiously, walked over to Toothless’s face and sat down with him. He was relieved to see he was still breathing.

‘‘A-are you h-helping him?’’ He asked Acacia hopefully. Acacia nodded once and continued her work. ‘‘Thankyou!’’ He told them both, bowing his head.

He stayed quietly stroking the raised scales on Toothless head, hoping the two dragons didn’t try and hurt him; he had no chance at surviving if they decided to attack him now. He watched as Acacia walked to a nearby tree and scratched it with the curved horns on her head, she broke of the bark and used the claws on her feet to scratch at the tree. She ate the fallen bark and the sap before returning to Toothless, and then proceeded to spew something green coloured onto his wing. She then went to work on his other wing.

‘‘Will it heal?’’ Visskara asked.

‘‘It won’t heal all at once - it will take rest along with sol and mani’s great light. This will take the pain away and stop the bleeding. It will feed life into the broken skin and encourage rebirth. I will need see it again tomorrow, and I may also need Storrkeldan to help me.’’ Acacia explained.

‘‘Very well, I will leave that in your capable hands then. What do you think of the boy?’’ Visskara asked.

‘‘I like him, skinny little thing though. His sal is troubled but he has a kind heart. He cares for this Loightakalean very much, and he respects you already.’’ Acacia explained smiling.

‘‘His respect is out of fear. If he wasn’t scared of what I might do to him or his sal-bində he wouldn’t show much respect to either of us.’’ Visskara insisted.

‘‘And I thought you were wise. You know very well that the fact these two are even sal-bində’s in the first instance, means he has great respect for dragons.’’ Acacia argued her point. She brought her tail over Toothless wing, it was shaped like a large flower bulb and opened into a bright pink flower. She gently shook her tail and pink dust feel down and settled on top of the green substance already coated on the burnt wing.

‘‘He could have respect for this one alone.’’ Visskara argued.

‘‘You know the ancient stories - I taught them to you myself. Passed down through Grutregrasvatir’s since that very time. This Loightakalean would be dead if this boy didn’t respect us just as he did for his own kind. I’m certain of it! His life force is true, pure, but I sense remnants of anger. It is faint, but I feel he has been tested. Just like a flower deprived of
water and nourishment, passing through its trials and adapting to survive - but it will never be the same again without a little help, and the passing of time. The boy needs his sal-binda to heal." Acacia explained. She looked sadly down at Hiccup as she finished her work, he had his head rested against Toothless’s but he looked up when he heard her move towards him.

Hiccup looked nervous and had no idea what was transpiring. Between whatever they were doing to Toothless, whatever they were saying, or what they would do to him … he really wished Toothless would wake up.

The Grutregrasvattir looked at him and nodded once before bowing to the larger dragon. She then walked to the stream and drunk the water before she flew into the sky and left. The white dragon laid down on the ground and seemed to be watching them both carefully. Hiccup gulped and took a deep breath.

“He will wake up … won’t he?” Hiccup asked. The dragon nodded. “So, you do understand me?” When he got another nod, he wondered how much she understood. “Do you … understand most of what I say or just a bit, o-or maybe everything?” He mumbled nervously.

Visskara, rolled her eyes and huffed. She could tolerate sensible questions, but she was going to get annoyed with this human if he didn’t stop rambling and asked something she could actually answer with a nod or huff.

Hiccup realised he couldn’t expect her to talk to him, he had to be more specific. “Okay.” He sighed. “Do you understand everything I say?”

Visskara thought about it and realised there were going to be things she didn’t understand so she huffed gently.

“I’ll take that as a no. So, most of what I say?” He asked, and received a nod. “Okay, I can work with that. So … are you going to kill me?” He asked nervously.

Visskara looked directly at Hiccup and saw his fear. She noticed the wet ripped vest and tunic that her claws had sunk though, and the dried blood where the wounds were visible. She knew she couldn’t kill the boy now she had discovered who he was, so she huffed and Hiccup sighed in relief.

Hiccup noticed her still staring at his chest and he looked down; he hadn’t been thinking about himself at all. He lifted his tunic and looked at the four new gashes there. Thankfully the dragon’s claws had just broken the skin and had stopped bleeding for now, however, where she had pushed down to keep him still, it had left four deeper holes that were still trying to bleed - they weren’t gushing blood though. It stung, but Hiccup knew he would heal as long as it didn’t get infected.

“C-can I…” He pointed to the stream, Visskara nodded. “I’m just going to … get my soap … to clean this with.” He explained.

Visskara watched as Hiccup walked to the stream and went across to the other side. She could see him with her heat vision - going toward what was probably a died off fire, then he eventually walked back with something in his hand and set it down her side of the stream next to Toothless.

Hiccup removed his vest and tunic and put them on the ground next to the bag he had carried over. He took out a small bar of soap and knelt down in the water to wash his chest carefully. The soap stung and he hissed, but he continued to clean it; Gothi always insisted that you cleaned up a wound or it would get bad. He rinsed the soap off by splashing water onto his chest before he walked back.
He took out a drying cloth from his bag, and dried down his arms and shoulders before dabbing at his chest gently. He eventually slipped on his clean clothes and returned to Toothless side.

“I assume he will be asleep for a while, so I brought over some things.” Hiccup explained as he took out his journal and pencil.

Visskara watch curiously as Hiccup moved something - like a stick, across the flat surface of that brown thing in his hands. It made a light scratching sound, and he would keep looking at her and then back to his whatever he was doing. It made her slightly uncomfortable.

Hiccup was drawing the white and blue dragon in front of him, and hoped she didn’t have any grudges against what he was doing. Getting killed for a drawing couldn’t happen … right? But his need to sketch every new dragon he met override any fears he had about drawing her. When Hiccup was done, he looked over at the dragon again and decided to show her. He slowly turned his journal around.

“I-I like to draw. I hope you don’t mind.”

Visskara looked at it and was surprised to see another Leitatilsynum - it looked like her. She tilted her head and thought about how the boy kept looking at her as he made the marks. He had made marks of her … ‘draw’ he called it.

Hiccup noticed her peculiar expression and decided to show her some other drawings. He opened the journal to a drawing of Toothless asleep as a dragon.

“This is a drawing of Toothless. I did it a while ago.” He explained. Visskara looked and thought it was a good ‘drawing’, she wondered how he made marks with that stick. Hiccup then found another drawing to show her.

“This is my mother with Cloudjumper, a Stormcutter. He’s my mum’s … friend. Oh, I think Toothless called him a … a cre-fluxeon or something.” Hiccup explained.

Visskara vaguely remembered seeing a dragon of that species - it was a Krefjorirtaleon. She laughed to herself at his attempt to use the proper species name. She was even more curios to his ‘drawings’ now, so she signalled him to come closer using her head. She looked at him then at the space beside her.

“Y-you want me to … to sit there?” He asked, pointing to the space next to her. She nodded at him, making him gulp. “Why not? I’d love to sit next to the dragon that tried to … and never mind!” He said as he watched her expression change from curiosity to annoyed.

Hiccup did as he was asked and went to sit down next to her cautiously. He had no problem sassing or being sarcastic around enemy’s, but this dragon demanded respect and he realised two things; one, she might not understand and take it literally- and two, he really didn’t want to give her a reason to kill him - especially in the circumstances.

Visskara rolled her eyes and then looked at the weird brown thing in the boy’s hands - she wanted to see more drawings and nudged the brown thing.

Hiccup opened his journal and a drawing of Trid asleep in his crib caught his eyes - he missed Trid and wondered what his four-month-old son was doing right now. Visskara had obviously heard his sad sigh as she made a coo noise - like she was asking him about the drawing.

Hiccup turned the page and a drawing fell out from the back. He picked it up to slide it away, but Visskara was curious and made another curious sound. Hiccup sighed and opened it to show her. It was a bigger drawing, it had all the riders and their dragons together on Dragons Edge.

“This one is special to me. These are all my friends and their dragon friends.” Hiccup explained and started pointing the person, or dragon, he was talking about. Occasionally, he would glance up to read her expression as he talked.

“This is Fishlegs and Meatlug. Meatlug is the Groncke … or an Arollkender? I think. This is Snotlout and his dragon Hookfang. Toothless called him a … Fayieringree. He also sometimes calls him a yarxeyed, but I have no idea what that means and he refuses to tell me.”

Visskara huffed a chock like sound and had wide eyes, she hadn’t heard that insult for years. For a dragon to be calling another dragon that … she was quite shocked.

“I’m guessing that’s not a great word” He chuckled. “Sorry. Toothless and Hookfang get on just fine, it’s just … well Snotlout can be an egotistically idiot sometimes and Hookfang seems to take after him. Hookfang does like to set his pants … clothes on fire though.” He chuckled. Visskara’s eyes opened a little wider and she looked bewildered.

“Yeah, that’s not the weirdest thing thought. This is Ruffnut and her twin brother Tuffnut, and their Zippleback … or fay-something-jagon Barf and Belch.” Hiccup explained. Visskara huffed again at the ludicrously absurd names. “Yeah, I know right, great names. But, these guys like blowing things up and causing trouble. I’m the chief … leader of Berk. Berk is my home, my village, my island. These guys …” He pointed at Ruff and Tuff again. “…Always cause destruction and like to give me more mess to clean up or sort out.”

“So, he’s a leader of an Island. Sort of like an alpha among human … interesting.” Visskara thought.

Hiccup pointed to the last of the riders and sighed sadly. “This is Astrid. She was my wife … erm, my mate. Amazing fierce woman. She would have been an amazing mother to Trid, but … she died.” Hiccup ran his finger over the image of Astrid. ‘I miss you so much Astrid. I still love you … I just love Toothless now too. I hope you can forgive me.’ He thought and sighed shakily.

Visskara made a low warble sound.

“Oh right, sorry” He coughed awkwardly and pointed to the drawing. “This is Stormfly, her Deadly-Nadder … or Switenbelprowlus. Stormfly is like Toothless’s best dragon friend, along with Cloudjumper - but he is too proud to play around. And that’s me and Toothless. We used to fly to this island we called Dragon’s edge. That’s where we were in this drawing. We would stop the dragon hunters and free the dragons, or help them if they were injured. That’s sort of how Toothless became the alpha.”

Visskara scoffed.

“Oh, come on! You know exactly what I mean. You glowed blue and white earlier, so, I’m assuming you’re the alpha here.” Hiccup guessed. Visskara put her head up proud for a moment and then looked back at Hiccup and nodded “Toothless told me he wouldn’t be alpha here. We never wanted to upset you. Anyway … would you like to hear the rest?”

Visskara nodded, from what she did understand she was very interested.

“A very evil man called Drago Bludvist took control of a Bewilderbeast…” Visskara made a sound
in confusion. ‘… King of dragons? No? Erm … Oh, it controls dragons with its mind, very big, like huge! Has tusks and spits ice.-’ Visskara’s eyes shot open in disbelief. ‘Yeah, I’m pretty sure that was our exact same reaction. We were friends with a white one, but then Drago came with this darker one and tried to enslave all the dragons. The white Bewilderbeast tried to fight, but the darker one killed him.’ Visskara looked down in shock.

‘Yeah it gets better … I remember his words ‘He who controls the alpha, controls them all.’ He was a mad man, and had to be stopped. The white Bewilderbeast was the alpha at the time … but when the darker one killed him it became the alpha instead. Drago had the black Bewilderbeast under his control out of fear, so he had all the dragons under his control too … even Toothless. Toothless was ordered to kill me but my dad … my father. Well, he jumped in the way of Toothless’s plasma blast to save me. He died. Toothless still blames himself for that. He doesn’t have to, I don’t blame him, it wasn’t his fault! He just won’t believe it. Anyway … all the dragons including Toothless left with Drago to attack my island - Berk. We had to ride the baby dragons back - they were the only ones left because they listen to no one. It was a … interesting flight. Eventually we got back and I managed to snap Toothless out of the Bewilderbeast’s alpha control.’

Visskara had been listening intently, the story was devastating and tragic, but she’d realized this boy’s bond with the Loightakalean must be extremely strong to break a Elgooriesstoorvovor’s control - or a Bewilderbeast’s as the boy called it. She wondered if the frithvineradreki magic had already passed before this tragic event, or after it.

‘The Bewilderbeast was ordered to kill me again, but Toothless saved my life. We were encased in ice, but Toothless had shielded my body with his own. He started glowing blue, and when we broke-out he challenged the Alpha. He won and the Bewilderbeast left with only one tusk. Drago disappeared into the ocean along with him - I think it’s safe to say he won’t be leading an invasion anytime soon. I assume he drowned but his body was never recovered. All the dragons bowed to Toothless after that, and there were so many dragons. It really was an amazing sight and I was so proud of him - still am actually. We both became leaders that day.’

Hiccup finished his story and sighed as he looked over at Toothless. He wondered how much the white dragon next to him understood from his story - he was sure Toothless would explain if she asked him.

‘Toothless will be okay right?’ He asked. Visskara nodded. ‘I wish I knew what the … Gretregra-vat-ir … did for him. Sorry if I said that wrong. She was amazing though. I really am thankful you helped him and decided not to kill us.’ Hiccup looked down nervously. ‘You know, Vikings usually come up with names for new species of dragons. I was thinking … the Great-Guardenia for her - at least until Toothless can help me out.’

Visskara nodded and then lay her head down on her front legs before closing her eyes. Hiccup decided to leave her to rest and went to sit with Toothless again for a while, it would be getting dark soon anyway.

The moon was glowing in the star littered sky, it glittered and danced over the moving stream. A few moon beams broke through the thinner trees and cast shadows where the light failed to reach the darkness. The breeze gently swayed the leaves but otherwise, the forest was silent.

Hiccup had managed to bring across the rest of their stuff while the white dragon slept. The night wasn’t as cold as he expected for this time of year, but without a fire he was still thankful to have the blanket. He didn’t want to try and light up a fire for two reasons; one, he didn’t want to anger the dragons, and two, he worried if he pulled out his inferno sword the white dragon would get
threatened. He didn’t want to wake the white dragon either to ask if he could make a fire.

Hiccup was sitting on his blanket near Toothless, when a bright green and pink light caught his attention. It was mainly coming from Toothless’s wings, but a few trees and plants also glowed around him in certain sections of the forest. The damaged tree bark glowed pink and slowly healed. Flowers started to grow at the base of the tree - glowing a mixture of pink and green. As the green glow grew stronger, the flowers and trees grew taller or wider - sprouting new buds or flowers.

Looking back at Toothless, he watched in shock as the green and pink light continue to glow on his wings. The white dragon was still sleeping, so Hiccup assumed it was nothing to worry about. Apart from their presence in the forest, he assumed this was normal here; intelligent, powerful dragons and glowing forests - that grow plants at impossible speeds … why not? He went to get his journal; as crazy as this all was, as unfamiliar and nerve wracking … this was far too fascinating to not write about. The Grutregrasvattir, or the Great-Guardenia as he had named her, was related to this astonishing phenomenon somehow. Hiccup really wanted to share this experience with Toothless. He wanted to asked him about the Great-Guardenia, in fact, just hearing his voice again would make him feel so much better, happier, and relieved.

When Hiccup finished with his journal, he put it away and took the blanket over by Toothless’s head. The forest was still glowing around him when he wrapped himself in the blanket and resting his head and arms over Toothless’s head like a pillow. He stroked the raised scales on Toothless head. “Night Toothless.” He whispered, hugging his head tightly. “I love you, and I need you wake up soon.” He sighed sadly. Hiccup stayed in that same position until his eyes grew heavy, and he fell to sleep.

Hiccup, Toothless, and Visskara slept soundlessly as the glowing continued. After a short while, Acacia quietly appeared. The sight of the sal-binda’s asleep together made her smile. She broke of one of the green growths on her body with her teeth, and dropped it by Toothless left win - the one that was burnt the most. She blew green mist onto the fragment and it started to root. Vines grew and wrapped around Toothless’s left wing, slowly encasing it completely.

Visskara looked up from her sleep and the two dragons nodded to each other before Acacia silently left. Visskara looked over at the sal-binda’s and walked down to the stream before taking to the air. She would be back in the morning, hopefully before either of them woke up, but it didn’t matter. With her hearing, vision, and great speed, if they left or tried to run and hide … she would find them. Toothless wouldn’t get far either way in his condition.
Chapter 27 - Knowledge

The soft splash of feet sounded as Visskara landed in the stream. The sun hadn't long risen into the sky and everything was as it should be, everything except the boy who didn't belong on the island. Visskara walked through the trees and noticed the pained voice of the boy mumbling. She hadn't been paying attention before but now, as she walked and sat down a few feet away from the Sal-Binda's, she could see the pained expression on the boy's face. He was sleeping but clutching onto Toothless head, his breathing was broken and he seemed to be panicking.

"Listen to me … No, not again … No, No dad! Get away!" Tears fell from Hiccup's closed eyes.

Visskara heard a noise and looked up into the forest trees with her heat vision. She nearly rolled her eyes.

"I can see you Acacia." Visskara announced.

"I'd be worried if you couldn't!" Acacia replied as she walked over next to Visskara. Looking down at Hiccup still clutching tightly to his dragon, mumbling and in obvious stress, she voiced her thoughts. "He is haunted by his past. Visions in his mind remind him of the tests and tribulations he has faced so far."

"Should we wake him?" Visskara asked.

"No! Sleep visions help him work through his troubles. They may be painful but they are a necessary evil." Acacia explained.

They both listened to Hiccup as he randomly mumbled in his sleep.

"Astrid. No, no, no … No!" His hand tried to grab deeper into Toothless scales and ears, gripping as if he might fall if he didn't hold on tight enough. "…Toothless? Where … W-where are you? Toothless? No! No…"

Toothless's eyes flickered open, he could feel Hiccup griping onto his head and ears - Hiccup was having another nightmare.

"Ah, right on time." Acacia announced as she looked towards the sun and then back at Toothless who was now wide awake.

Toothless nuzzled Hiccup, cooing, and his boyfriend woke up startled, inhaling sharply, and blinking away the tears. His heavy breathing shuddered and he looked into the eyes of his Nightfury. They were open and staring back at him in knowing sympathy.

"T-Toothless!" He shouted and hugged his head. A wet tongue licked across his face happily. "Oh Thor, you have no idea how happy I am to see you awake."

Toothless tried to move, but he was pinned to the ground by the vines that wrapped around his wings and body. He assumed it had something to do with Acacia, so he didn't fight it.

When Hiccup lifted his head, he wiped his eyes with his sleeve. Toothless noticed the other two dragons and bowed his head from his position laying on the ground. Hiccup observed the scene
and saw the dragons, he quickly bowed his head to the ground likewise. Acacia on the other hand, started laughing.

"As much I as appreciate the gesture, it isn't necessary. I don't know what you have heard Loightakalean, but no one has bowed to us for a long time." Acacia informed him through her mirth. Toothless lifted his head in mild confusion.

"I was always taught to show my respects to the forest protectors, but please forgive me if I have insulted you." Toothless apologised.

"Nonsense! Whoever taught you that?" Acacia asked.

Hiccup could hear the dragon's converse - of what was once again a mystery, and he sat up watching silently. He noticed Toothless's body was firmly wrapped in vines, he would have panicked it wasn't for the fact Toothless seemed okay for now. It was uncomfortable being surrounded by new dragons that knew more then he did, while he just waited for something to happen. The anticipation and unknowing was nerve wrecking; he felt like he was sitting in a meeting all about him and he wasn't invited.

"I don't remember much from when I was younger, but I do remember an elder Changewing that used to teach me." Toothless explained.

"An elder Changewing?" Acacia asked, confused at the name.

"Shit! I-I mean sorry!" Toothless corrected himself quickly. "Erm ... An elder Bregoasveial, her name was Groaldrid ... I think."

Acacia seemed to be searching her own memory. Her expression changed to one of shock and realization. "Oh, my sweet pollen and nectar! Could it really be? There was a Takarolmagi that tried to take a Bregoasveial's eggs as its next meal - many ar'tios ago, it met its fate. A few mani's later, a Finnafrithdal found what we assumed was left of its nest - over on the other side of the island by the great caves of fire. All the eggs were returned to the dreki that laid them, all but one. One was given to the Alpha-"

Visskara, who had been listening contently but silently, suddenly spoke up. "I have never been given an egg-"

"It was before your time as Alpha. In fact, it was your mooir before her sal was returned to the earth." Acacia explained.

"Mooir?" Toothless asked.

"The one that lays your egg and teaches you before the leave the nest. I believe the boy would use the word ... Mother." Acacia explained. Toothless motioned that he understood with a slight head nod and acacia continued. "That one hatched, oh yes he did! It was a Loightakalean. A while passed and that particular Loightakalean was a quiet handful, never stayed in one place or did as he was told. I remember the day he was sent to live under the strict teachings of the Bregoasveial ... Groaldridax was her name. I was the one that suggested the Loightakalean be placed in her care after he burnt down half the forest trying to catch something that caught his attention, a bird ... I think. I didn't see much of that Loightakalean after that, but Groaldridax grew quite fond of him and I believe he calmed his ways ... to
some degree. She told me he was still a handful at times and that he had far too much curiosity. Her time came, she returned to nature as is the order of the things. It wasn't long after that, that the great fire erupted from the mountain peak and many drekis left the island. I did wonder where that Loightakalean went but I assumed he left … until now."

Toothless's eyes opened wide. "Y-You think that was me?" He asked. It made sense. What little he did remember added up with what she told him. Acacia nodded. "I need to change back and tell Hiccup, he will-"

"Have to wait! You can change into your other form when I have finished treating you."

Acacia explained sternly.

"But … he must be scared. He doesn't know what's going on, or anything." Toothless argued. "He needs my help and-"

This time Visskara spoke up. "You will settle down! The boy is fine as you can see. I will make sure no harm comes to him. You can explain things when we have had a chance to talk, and when Acacia is happy with your wings. Unless you would prefer to lose them."

Toothless calmed down and gave Hiccup a look of reassurance. Hiccup felt a growing worry when Toothless looked excited and then things seemed to tense up between the dragons. He would give anything to know what they were saying.

"Okay, I will wait. I would like to be able to fly again … I am grateful but I miss being human." Toothless admitted.

"You prefer your human form?" Visskara asked, bewildered.

"Well, yeah! I get to talk to Hiccup and … other stuff." Toothless admitted, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

"Hiccup? Is that the boy’s name?" Visskara asked. Toothless informed her it was and she frowned at the unusually strange names Viking gave their younglings. "Unusual indeed."

"What erm … When can I move again?" Toothless asked. He was still wrapped in the vines that had rooted deep into the ground.

As if on que, a male Grutregrasvattir landed by the stream and walked over. The conversation halted to await his approach. Toothless and Hiccup bowed, getting an eye roll from both the male and female Grutregrsvattir’s.

The male was all green, but different shades in places. He was chubby and stocky, with two green wings three different shades of green. Darker green scales on his chest and stomach, and scales shaped like leaves and bark down its back and tail. Two short horns sat either side of its head, and layered growths grew at the tip of its tail like a dense Asparagaceae plant of some kind. Like the female, it had random small green growths dotted over its body.

"You're late!" Acacia told him; displeasure evident in her voice.

"You’re early! I’m never late." He replied.

"Thank you for coming Storrkeldan." Visskara nodded to him.
Storrkeldan looked at Toothless and Hiccup. "These here must be the sal-binda you wouldn't stop going on about, fascinating. Well let's get to it shall we." Storrkeldan announced.

"W-what are you going to do." Toothless asked nervously.

"You'll see!" Storrkeldan offered in his way of an explanation. "Might be best if the boy moves!" He announced looking at Hiccup.

Hiccup had been sitting close to Toothless's face, patting his head and listening to ‘dragon talk’. If two unknown dragons weren't enough, he now had three to be weary of. These dragons weren't like dragons back at home, they seemed far more intelligent for one and they were making decisions together - or so he guessed.

He was wondering what was going to happen when the big white and blue dragon suddenly nudged him with her front foot. Hiccup looked at Toothless in fear who signalled him to go with her. Hiccup was directed out of the way and sat down against a tree to watch what was happening. The white dragon sat next to him.

"What's happening. Are they still trying to help him?" Hiccup asked. When the dragon nodded, he sighed in relief.

Hiccup sat in silence and watched. The male Grutregrasvattir - he had named the Great-Guardenien instead of its female counterpart the Great Guardenia, was walking around Toothless as if he was analysing something. The Great-Guardenien thumped his tail to the ground by the tree and it took root. The vines around Toothless started to die and the Great-Guardenien’s horns glowed a bright green colour. He then breathed out a thick green mist that started to glow over Toothless’s entire body, especially his wings. When the glowing stopped the vines were gone.

Toothless stood up slowly with his wings still opened. His left wing still had a hole and small rips, but it was smaller. The blood was gone and his right wing looked virtually healed. Toothless didn't look like he was in as much pain at all - in fact, he seemed okay as he closed his wings against his body.

Hiccup watched as Visskara walked over to the other two dragons. He didn't know if he was allowed to move yet, so he watched as the dragons conversed again. It wasn't long before the two similar dragons left together. Toothless bowed to the big white dragon - who then laid down on the ground, and Toothless walked over to Hiccup, barley able to contain himself. When he got closer, he changed into a human.

"Hiccup." He smiled, happiness sparkling in his lime-green eyes.

Hiccup flew off the ground and hugged him like he hadn't seen him in years. Toothless wrapped his naked body around Hiccup's tightly. Hiccup felt completely safe for the first time since the white dragon had attacked them, and he sighed in relief, tears threatened his eyes. Toothless planted a slow passionate kiss on Hiccup's lips, and Hiccup reciprocated lovingly.

Visskara would have raised her eyebrows if she had any, instead she looked away to give them their privacy and pretended to be taking a nap.

Toothless dressed and explained everything to Hiccup, well everything he knew. Hiccup was in shock, and awe, and had more questions the he had just gotten answers. Toothless laughed at Hiccup's enthusiasm, he could barely sit still and had even grabbed his journal. He had written and sketched so much that Toothless was amazed his hand wasn't aching.
"Hiccup slow down babe!" Toothless tried.

"Toothless, this is where you came from! You’re basically Visskara's brother if her mother adopted you. 'Well, sort of.'"

Visskara huffed her disagreement at that. Toothless noted he still had to talk to her and needed to turn back into a dragon for that.

"Dragons don't quite see things that way. I was stolen by a Takarolmagi and dumped on someone else to look after, that's all."

"The Takarolmagi is the egg snatcher, right?" Hiccup asked. Toothless nodded. "You were gonna be its dinner. You're lucky it got killed and a dragon found you when it did. Toothless, I don't think you understand how lucky you are!"

"I suppose. Listen Hiccup, I still need to talk to Visskara okay."

Hiccup sighed sadly. "I'm glad you're okay though. I just can't help feel like this is my fault for bringing you-

Hiccup was cut off as Toothless kissed him. He enjoyed being about to halt his boyfriend’s ramblings this way, plus, it was deliciously a great feeling - Hiccup’s lips against his own.

"Shut up Hicc! Everything is gonna be fine now. That shit wasn't your fault. I love you, and-"

Hiccup stomach grumbled and he blushed with an awkward smile. Toothless frowned.

"Hiccup, why haven't you eaten? There’s still some fish left right?"

"Right well, erm … you see … I-I didn't know if I could light a fire and I didn't want to make Visskara angry." He explained, the last part blurted out.

Toothless didn't think twice before shouting over to Visskara, making Hiccup shrink into himself embarrassed.

"Visskara? Can Hiccup make a fire so he can eat?" Visskara shifted positions and agreed that was okay. "See, no problem!" Toothless smirked. "Anything else?" He asked.

"I-I need logs or something to burn … I don't want to piss of Acacia." Hiccup stuttered. Toothless rolled his eyes and shouted over to Visskara again.

"My useless human needs something to burn!" Toothless shouted. Hiccup smacked his arm.

"Let's all just shout at the alpha dragon, that's a great idea! Why don't tell her to go fetch fish too while you're at it." Hiccup sarcastically suggested.

"That's not a bad idea, OW!" Toothless was saying when Hiccup punched his arm.

"Baby, I love you! But I'm pretty sure that's the worst idea. She is your alpha here!" Hiccup stressed.

Visskara smirked, she was beginning to like this boy. Maybe Acacia was right, he did have respect for dragons. She decided to assist in getting him food and suddenly flew off.
"See, you and your big mouth!" Hiccup accused.

"She'll be back, but you don't complain about my mouth when it does this." He kissed Hiccup again, his tongue boldly trespassing into Hiccup's mouth.

Hiccup and Toothless were making out when Visskara returned with some fish. She dropped the fish and roared to signal her return. Hiccup blushed and Toothless removed his tongue from Hiccup's mouth.

"T-thanks, Visskara." Hiccup thanked her and bowed his head in respect. "I did already have a few left." He admitted.

Visskara made various noises and Hiccup frowned at Toothless. "Translation?" He asked.

"Not sure. But I think she wants me to eat too … possibly." Toothless shrugged.

"You definitely should eat too. I just need to get some stuff for the fire then-"

Visskara decided to help with that too. She roared loudly into the forest, blue energy pulsed out through the trees and travelled out of sight.

"She is calling for someone." Toothless explained.

"A new dragon?" Hiccup asked, torn between squealing like an excited child and nerves at what it could be. Hopefully something that didn't want to kill them. He was getting tired of things trying to kill him and Toothless lately.

Sure, enough a new dragon eventually appeared after a few minutes. It was dark green with a cream chest and stomach. It had an unusual shaped head, a pointed nose and mouth, slanted eyes, and the top of its head was like a flat triangle hat - the point between its eyes being the base of a fin shaped horn on the very top of its head. It had four wings like a fly, but the scariest part that made Hiccup think of sharp class dragons were the massive blade like growths on its tail and front legs.

"Whoa, what is that?" Hiccup asked, wide eyes and uncertain.

"A dragon!" Toothless answered quickly, but he shrugged at Hiccup's unamused look. "The fuck if I know dragon! I'll ask Visskara and tell you later." Toothless informed him.

The green dragon had quickly sliced through the tree branches like a hot knife through yak butter. It had thrown them into the air and used its 'blades' to slice the branch into pieces. Visskara had then ordered Toothless to give it one of the fish. Toothless gave it one they didn't recognize and it seemed overjoyed at the payment for its work. It left in a hurry with its prize in its mouth. Hiccup could have sworn it didn't look hungry, but it was salivating profusely.

That was a short while ago. Hiccup had already built a fire and Toothless had asked Visskara if she would please light it up - which she did with a cough of a plasma blast. She had set the small fire up in a blaze and knocked Hiccup back almost singed. Toothless was beside himself in a fit of laughter.

"Thanks, Vissy, but I'd prefer Hiccup uncooked!" He laughed holding his sides.

Visskara growled at the nickname and insult. She didn't exactly go around lighting fires for humans now did she. Viking's and dragons stayed on their own islands. Toothless was too busy
laughing to offer an apology or to even notice her annoyance.

"I think he must have hit his head too hard." Hiccup told Visskara as he prepared to cook the fish.

When Toothless had calmed down he changed back into his dragon form. Visskara sat closer to the fire because Toothless didn't want to leave Hiccup. Hiccup gave two of the unusual fish to Toothless to eat raw and then waited for his to cook on the fire. Visskara refused the offering of raw fish when Hiccup asked, but she noted his offer; he had hardly no means of catching his own food on this island, and Toothless would likely eat them all if he could, yet he did offer.

Hiccup was thankful for the food. He had been so worried about Toothless he didn't realise how hungry he had been feeling until that first bite passed his lips and sank to his stomach. He had gathered fresh water from the stream and was sitting back with Toothless, eating more cooked fish, and listening into a dragon conversation wondering what was they were talking about.

"I think you seek the fire caves at the other side of the island. It appears that is where you were raised. I will accompany you both there once you can fly again. For now, you and your sal-binda are welcome to stay here under my protection but I implore that you both make plans to leave as soon as you have found what you are looking for. Hiccup maybe welcome on the Viking Island however - not too far from here if you wish to stay, however, you will have to leave him there. Dragons do not venture onto those lands just like the humans do not cross over onto ours.''

"Where Hiccup goes, I go! Thank you for letting us stay but we will leave as soon as we can. We don't wish to cause trouble. It was about two moons straight flying to get here, which is a very difficult flight for a human.''

"Moon must be the word human use instead of Mani, am I correct?" Visskara asked and Toothless confirmed. "I don't know much about humans, but if you say it is a difficult flight then you should both rests and prepare well for your journey home. I will not force you off the island, many of the others here will be honoured to meet you and your Sal-binda but everything can return to its natural order after you have left.''

"Why do you keep referring to me and Hiccup as sal-binda's ... what does that even mean?" Toothless asked.

'I am surprised you do not know. Hiccup is your sal-binda, and you are his. It means that your souls are forever bonded, tied to each other even in death.'" Visskara explained. "Your own death awoke the frithvineradreki magic. A sorcerer was said to have seen the end of all dragons - a vision that showed us going into hiding and eventually would be lost forever. Before she died, she released her magic into these lands - the frithvineradreki magic, which spread out across the ocean. It must have reached the other lands as well or you would not be here. The magic was the last hope for dragons. We will all die one day, and maybe we will be no more. If the day comes when we have to hide from human kind you will get to stay with your sal-binda. You will just have to stay in your human form and keep your true dragon form secret. You can create younglings with a female human, and although I do not know what that would mean for the youngling itself ... it means a part of you gets to live on and procreate likewise. You are only the second to be touched with this magic, so I doubt many dragons will be blessed with this gift. It is a rare and truly magnificent gift.'"

Toothless was just thinking that he would never mate a female Viking, he was Hiccup's! When
Visskara words sunk in. "Wait! Second?" He asked.

"Yes, the sorcerer herself! It was long, long ago. No dragon alive today would have lived back then. The story has been passed down through many teachings that it is uncertain, we cannot be sure of the facts. It is said however, that she bonded with a Grutregrasvattir. When she was attacked by humans trying to kill her, the dragon gave its life to protect her. Their bond was great enough that it activated an amulet she wore, and the Grutregrasvattir became her sal-bindá with two forms - just like yourself. They had younglings together - or so the story goes. If they did, it is unknown who they were or if they had younglings of their own and so forth."

"How do you know all this? I was told ... erm, different." Toothless asked.

"I know because Acacia told me. The Grutregrasvattir are the ones who passed down this knowledge. If you have heard different then I feel you were misinformed. It started with a Grutregrasvattir, they would be the closest to knowing the true birth of the frithvineradreki magic." Visskara explained.

"I was told the bond had to be great already. That you shared a strong connection with the human..." Toothless looked at Hiccup who was now just sitting there writing in his journal. "... trust them, even love them ... or it wouldn't have worked."

"Love is a human emotion, but yes that is true. If you were not ... compatible as sal-bindá's, if your souls were not already crossed in a deep connection, then you would not have been gifted by the frithvineradreki magic. This is why it has only ever happened twice. Humans and dragons cannot co-exist peaceful together without wars starting, without deaths, pain and fighting. Most of us chose to avoid the risks, and keep to ourselves and to our own ways. The few dragons that venture into human lands aren't safe, and even fewer make friends with the Vikings. To possess a deep enough connection, the human and dragon alike is said to have respect for each other's kind as they would their own. They also need to value each other above their own lives, and yes, your souls must be crossed and alike at the core. You understand?"

Toothless nodded and was processing all he had learnt. Was this the true story, or just another story?

"I will leave you two alone until the great sol bows down to the great mani." Visskara announced as she stood up. Hiccup noticed Visskara’s movement and put down his journal. He watched them assuming Visskara was leaving.

"Oh, erm ... can I ask you something before you go. Well a couple of things?" Toothless asked.

"Very well."

"What is that funny red fish I was eating earlier, and what was that dragon that cut the tree for us?"

"The fish was what we call a 'red seabream'. The dragon you speak off was the Hraorskerahoggve." Visskara answered.

Toothless said the name in his head on repeat until he was sure it had sunk in.
"Hraorskerahoggve?" Visskara nodded. "Why are our species names so hard to pronounce?" Toothless moaned.

"I did not know the elder ‘Changewing’ you were left with, but I am beginning to believe that she had her work cut out for her with you!" Visskara smiled and went to walk away.

"Wait! Hiccup will want to know about the Hraorskerahoggve, what they eat, where they sleep, how fast they are, and what they can do and stuff." Toothless said almost begging for answers. He was curious himself, but he loved watching the light in Hiccup's eyes spark to life when he could teach him new things about dragons.

"We can talk more when I return. For now, I will tell you this: The Hraorskerahoggve lives up trees, they eat the leaves but greatly favour fish. They cannot swim, so they cannot have fish unless another offers them one. You have seen what they do, other than that, they breath green fire. Now I must go! Enjoy your time with your sal-binda before Acacia returns, and do not leave this area. You may go to the stream but I implore that you stay here." Visskara ordered.

Toothless nodded and Visskara walked down to the stream. In a flash of blue light … she was gone. The gust of wind she left behind her blew at the trees and made them bend, leaves cascaded down, and the stream water splashed in a wave up the sides. 'Wow that's quick.' Toothless thought to himself.

Hiccup had barley been able to contain himself. With the new dragon information, the prospect of finding the volcanic caves, and having Toothless back to talk too all had Hiccup acting and feeling like he was sixteen again.

Toothless had spent hours talking to Hiccup, answering his questions and filling him in on everything once more. Hiccup had sketched the Hraorskerahoggve and the male Grutregrasvattir from memory, and listed the new dragons. He had even started giving them Viking names making Toothless laugh and roll his eyes. So far Hiccup had:

Grutregrasvattir: The Great Guardenia/Guardenien called Acacia and Storrkeldan.

Leitatilsynum: The Rapid Blue-wing called Visskara. (Alpha dragon.)

Lagalogaror: The Watershu.

Hraorskerahoggve: The Treecutter.

Finnafrithadil: Blue Artemis. (Toothless vaguely remembered then as blue tracking dragons.)

Takarolmagi: The egg eating Helheim shit bucket. (Because he couldn't think of a good name for the beast that stole Toothless when he was only an egg.)

And he had even noted the Changewing as a Bregoasveial called Groaldridax - The second adoptive mother/teacher of Toothless.

There was information he had gathered randomly written all over the pages of his journal. Hiccup already had plans to organize the information into a book when he got back to Berk. He was thanking Thor he had brought a spare journal, because his first one was going to be full soon. A huge space of the journal was occupied with information about the Great-Guardenia and Great-Guardenien. The way they had healed Toothless wings so far was amazing, astonishing,
Toothless didn't know what they had done to heal him - as he had been asleep. He only knew that Storrkeldan had taken life from the vines wrapped around him and essentially transferred that life into his wings. When he had asked Storrkeldan, he had explained that his wings had lost their life force from the burn. That he couldn't just give them new life form nowhere, only take the life force from somewhere else and use it to encourage regrowth. Acacia made a point of telling him that they couldn't heal something that was reclaimed by the earth, something that was dead. There also had to be a life force there already to encourage regrowth. If Toothless had understood correctly, the skin left on his wings was dying, the life force was fading. With the new life force, it could reverse the damage somehow and his wings would stop dying and start healing instead. He had explained this all to Hiccup but ended up with a headache.

"Babe, please put the journal away. My head feels like a Gronckle eating rocks." He whined, laying on his back on the ground initially, but he ended up wincing due to the burns and sitting back up carefully. "Ow!" He complained.

Hiccup hadn't been paying much attention and figured Toothless was just whining. So, when Toothless went to get the blanket and laid on his front with his head on his arms and his eyes closed; he put away his journal concerned.

"Baby? Are you okay?" He asked going to sit next to him.

"Yeah. My head really does hurt though, and fuck laying on my back." Toothless he groaned. Hiccup went to get the water jar.

"Here, drink this. You haven't drunk anything today have you?"

"No, but-" Toothless was saying as he sat up and took the water.

"No butts! You have to remember to drink as a human Toothless. I'm sorry, I should have been paying more attention." Hiccup was trying to remember the last time he saw Toothless drink something. "Babe, the last time you drank something was yesterday. I know you were a dragon but you only had that one drink at the stream after what … two days of flying. So … so in nearly three days you've had one drink, on top of nearly dying. No wonder your head hurts!"

"Hicc, don't you think your overreacting?" Toothless asked rubbing his head.

"No! Drink all of that, and then lay down for a bit. Are you hungry?" Hiccup asked.

"Not really." Toothless shook his head and winced.

"Yep, you must have hit your head when Visskara attacked us. The Toothless I know would never turn down food. Drink the rest of that water." Hiccup said and walked over to the fire.

There were three fish left - a red seabream, and two large salmon. Hiccup prepared the salmon for the fire that was still burning low and put in on the cooking spit he had made. He then added more wood to the fire to get it heating back up. Toothless had finished the water, moved the blanket over next to Hiccup, and laid back down on his front with his head resting on his arms.

Turning the fish occasionally, Hiccup ran his fingers through Toothless's hair gently. Hiccup looked out towards the stream and guessed it was late afternoon, maybe a couple of hours until sunset, maybe less. Toothless would have to be a dragon again tonight, but hopefully he would be able to fly again tomorrow.
When the fish was cooked, he made Toothless sit up and eat it. Toothless moaned and pouted - he liked having his hair played with and was comfortable laying there. Hiccup broke off a piece and fed it to him. Once Toothless had eaten a few pieces he took the fish and fed himself. Hiccup smirked knowing Toothless never turned down food. Toothless broke of a piece and fed it to Hiccup who laughed. He insisted Toothless finish it though because he would cook the other one for himself later.

When Toothless finished the fish, Hiccup made him drink more water. Toothless's head felt a lot better and he thanked Hiccup.

"Thanks, I guess I should … listen to you … a little bit more often." He said hesitantly, not wanting to admit he was an idiot.

"Oh, you know that's a terrible idea." Hiccup smirked.

Hiccup knew Toothless was very grateful that he was looking out for him. He was just too stubborn to come out with a clean thank you, without the indirect feigning insults.

Toothless smiled at Hiccup and tapped the blanket next to him. Hiccup got up and went to sit there, but Toothless grabbed him and lay over his body smirking into his forest-green eyes.

"Toothless?" Hiccup asked with a slight warning edge to his voice. He was looking up into two fucking gorgeous, mesmerizing, seductive lime-green eyes. Whatever Toothless wanted to do, he would be like snow over a fire to them eyes.

Toothless pressed his index finger against Hiccup's bottom lip and trailed it slowly, gently across the peach coloured flesh, back and forth. He stared at Hiccup's mouth as it opened a little wider and a shaky breath escaped his lips. Toothless's finger fell between his teeth and gums, wetting from the saliva. It ran over Hiccup's teeth and tongue and Hiccup sucked it. Toothless gently removed his finger with a small pop.

Toothless continued to play with Hiccup's lips, running two fingers over the wet flesh and Hiccup shuddered, aroused by the sensitive touch playing with his mouth. Hiccup found himself kissing and sucking Toothless’s wet fingers with his eyes closed, and moaned under his breath. The fire between his legs was heating up and he wanted Toothless to touch him, but he couldn't find the courage to admit his dirty desires.

The fingers left and were replaced with hungry lips, teeth nipped the flesh and Hiccup could feel the wet heat of a tongue brush over them. His senses really heighten and ablaze now, he knew what he wanted. His eager hand travelled down to the front of his pants ready to add fuel to the desperate fire there, but Toothless grabbed his hand and pinned it above Hiccup's head.

"Baby!" Hiccup begged though the hot kisses, shifting his legs. "You're killing me!" He said as Toothless pressed his weight down on Hiccup's groin.

Toothless gyrated and rocked his arse as he started to lift off Hiccup's tunic. Hiccup hesitated, the cuts from Visskara still fresh, but he needed skin contact with his lover and so the tunic and vest came off.

"Hiccup, why didn't you tell me about this?" Toothless asked concerned. He was going to fuss and anger stirred in his beautiful lime-green eyes.

"Can we talk about this later? Now really isn't the time babe." Hiccup moaned. He pressed his groin up into Toothless arse desperately longing to get through the fabric of his pants.
Toothless gently ran his fingers down Hiccup's chest, and dropped the issue ... for now. Right now, he had more pressing issues.

Toothless leaned forwards and Hiccup felt a warm wet sensation going up his neck setting his skin alight with a tingling sensation that made his cock pulse like lightning. His butt tensed and his hand once again tried to loosen his pants. Toothless shut him down by restraining his hand to the ground.

"Toothless! Please..." He begged through his irregular breathing. "Just let me..."

Toothless grinded back into his groin, gyrating a few times before stopping.

"Please what?" He asked deeply and seductively.

Hiccup saw the dilated eyes staring down at him, wanting him to say the words ... to express his desires. He couldn't speak, too embarrassed to say anything. Toothless suckled on Hiccup's neck, and when he nipped at the delicate ear lobe Hiccup moaned desperately, trying to free his left hand.

Toothless sat over Hiccup's cock and hips, blocking it from Hiccup's hands. He slowly undid the tie to his own pants and pulled out his own erection. He smirked over at Hiccup who was now staring at his dick.

Toothless's hand moved up and down his own shaft, massaging the head and stroking all along the bumps and ridges that Hiccup remembered sucking. Hiccup's cock was firmly restrained by Toothless weight and it ached for contact, for release from its confines. Toothless's arse moving slightly, grinding into him, teasing him, made his legs twitch as he moaned. His hand tried to reach the band of his pants but it was blocked by Toothless arse.

"Please baby!" He begged.

"What do you want ... babe? Please what?" Toothless asked again. He gyrated his arse as he wanked over Hiccup's stomach, sending shivers like currents through Hiccup's body.

Hiccup's breathing was so erratic he could barely speak, but as the minutes passed, he realised that Toothless had won. "Touch ... me!" He breathed out, embarrassed.

"Please baby, touch my cock ... Say it!" Toothless demanded. Hiccup's face was on fire. Toothless rocked on Hiccup's groin when Hiccup didn't comply to his demand.

"Please ... Toothless!" Hiccup begged. He was too old to come in his pants - he wasn’t a teenager anymore, but Toothless had the ability to make him feel like one. Toothless’s gyrating arse was enough to send heat to his member, keeping him a hairline away from climaxing ... but just not enough to offer relief. He was still very much confused and tightly restricted by the weight pressing down on him. Toothless taking control, ordering him, restraining him, it was all adding to his sexual climb ... but he needed to be touched.

"Please - baby - touch - my - dick!" Toothless repeated each word clearly as he gyrated each full circle.

"Oh Thor!" Hiccup gasped as his cock tried to pulse but was being squished. "Please baby! Touch ... my dick!" He forced out, scrunching his eyes in embarrassment. Toothless leaned his chest forward and kissed Hiccup's lips slowly.

"No!" Toothless told him as he lifted his head.
Sitting back up, his full weight pressed into Hiccup groin again, he continued wanking his own cock. Toothless moaned in pleasure, pleasure Hiccup desperately wanted. He made sure Hiccup could see his cock and hear his moaning as he gyrated his arse down.

"Toothless … baby … Please! Suck my cock!" Hiccup begged desperately. Toothless stopped and smirked at Hiccup who just realised his mistake.

"Suck your cock?" He asked smiling, clearly pleased with Hiccup's brain malfunction and slip up with the difference between touch and suck.

"I-I-I … I-I meant…" Hiccup tried to correct himself, but Toothless's hungry green eyes made him melt with embarrassment.

Toothless had wanted to suck Hiccup's cock since Hiccup had sucked his. He untied Hiccup's pants slowly, and kneeling either side of his legs Toothless finally yanked down Hiccup's pants. His cock sprung up, freed from is confined squished prison and already wet from pre-cum.

"T-T-Toothless…" He stuttered, voice choked in his throat as he watched Toothless lick his lips and waste no time plunging down to suck Hiccup off.

Hiccup's hand clutched at the blanket he was laying on and he cursed.

"Fuck!" He gasped. His cock was receptive to ever touch, every lick, every kiss and all the sucking Toothless was doing as he bobbed up and down his shaft.

Toothless's saw Hiccup shudder as another loud moan escaped his lips.

"Toothless? Please don't stop … You're killing me!" He begged; he had been so close.

"I want to fuck you babe!" Toothless bluntly admitted. Just like that.

"W-W-What?" Hiccup asked, hardly daring to believe his ears.

"I want to put my cock in your arse-hole!" Toothless admitted fiercely. "I want to dominate you and mate you. I want to hear you moan as I fuck you … Hard!"

The bluntness was like double edged axe shocking Hiccup speechless. The growl at the back of Toothless throat as he made his demands, and his black dilated eyes were scary, but Hiccup's arousal was going into over drive and he found himself wanting it desperately.

Toothless didn't wait for a verbal response before he was flipping Hiccup over and yanking down his own pants further. A yelp escaped Hiccup's lips but he lifted his arse in consent and rested his head onto his arms, nervously anticipating what was coming next.

Toothless grabbed Hiccup's waist and without any warning he started to penetrate Hiccup's arse … a little too roughly.

"Toothless fuck!" Hiccup gasped and tried to pull away, but Toothless had him tightly held in his hands.

Hiccup's heart pounded in his chest, he was scared but still pre-cum leaked from his cock. Toothless tried to go deeper.

"Ahh! Toothless slow down … Stop!" He shouted, tears leaking from his eyes.

Toothless didn't seem to hear Hiccup, he was being led by desire - a primitive instinct that had
taken over, and he pushed into Hiccup deeper - forcing his way inside Hiccup's protesting arse.

"Toothless! Stop ah!" Hiccup cried out in pain. Toothless heard him that time, he stopped but seemed panicked and confused.

"Fuck! Hiccup are you okay? I'm so sorry." He apologized. He went to pull out, but Hiccup pressed back into him.

"No! Don't pull out! Just wait … Just wait a minute." Hiccup said, trying to adjust to the new sensation and calm his breathing.

"I didn't mean to hurt you!" Toothless told him, he could see the pained expression on Hiccup's face and was angry at himself for losing control.

"I'm okay … go on!" Hiccup nodded. "Slowly!"

Toothless sighed but continued with Hiccup's direction, once he was fully penetrated and going at a steady rhythm, his eyes rolled into the back of his head. His dick was being stimulated by Hiccup's tight arse, and his breathing was fast and erratic. He was so lost in pleasure that he forgot his mistake and was enjoying every moment.

"Toothless … faster!" Hiccup begged. His dick was aching, the build-up reaching a climax higher than he thought was even possible.

Toothless got faster and pounded into Hiccup's arse, the pleasure was better than dragon nip, overwhelming his senses and taking control of him. His mind was wiped and his eyes could only see a blur of colours. That familiar growing feeling between his legs was reaching new heights.

"Oh Thor!" Hiccup gasped as the never reaching peak of his orgasm finally hit and he came like a tidal wave hitting the shore. It felt like that in his body, his ears, and in his cock and balls. His eyes glazed over with tears from the immense pleasure.

Toothless rocked Hiccup's weak and spent body until he came seconds later. His muscles contracted and pulsed, he legs shook and he gasped. His head shot back as he finished, and then it fell to his chest in relief. Gasping for air as his mind slowly returned and his vision adjusted to the beautiful scene in front of him. He slowly pulled out and collapsed on his front besides an equally exhausted Hiccup.

"Fuck baby! Whoa! What happened?" Hiccup asked. Still breathless and on cloud nine. Toothless rolled onto his side and his eyes looked guilty.

"I'm so sorry Hicc!" He said fast, almost mumbling. "I don't even remember getting inside you, only-"

He was cut off by the kiss Hiccup had planted on his lips.

"It was amazing! You were amazing! A little rough … sure, but I loved it. I love you!" He assured Toothless honestly, and proved it with another kiss before collapsing back onto his back again. "I don't think … my arse … will ever be the same again!" Hiccup admitted chuckling, feeling sore.

"You sure you’re okay? I really don't know what came over me." Toothless's was still feeling guilty and confused.

"Did you enjoy it?" Hiccup asked with his eyes closed.
"Fuck yes!" Toothless admitted. "That was fucking amazing. I still don't think I can see straight. My legs are shaking and … wow!"

"Then next time … and there will be a next time! We work on your … entrance!" Hiccup chuckled. Hiccup shuddered and sighed. "My Gods baby! You teased me like … fuck!" Hiccup exclaimed.

"Yeah, I did do that. Did I go too far?"

"No! It was like torture, but it made it amazing in the end. I've never felt that good before." Hiccup admitted, chuckling in pleasure.

They both lay there smiling in complete bliss and euphoria. Toothless could see the happiness in Hiccup's face and didn't feel guilty anymore, but he wondered what happened. Hiccup really didn't care anymore, the end of the rocky ride was beyond amazing, and he knew he wanted it again.

When they both came down from their high, they went to clean up in the stream. They knew it wouldn't be long until Visskara returned and Hiccup really didn't want to be caught laying there naked when she did.
Chapter 28 - Tormented dreams

Toothless walked back to the camp site that morning and found Hiccup falling asleep. His head was balanced on his right fist, and his left hand was rested on the fire spit. He was meant to be turning the fish that Visskara had kindly provided to them that morning, but he had stopped. Deprived of sleep due to the dreams that plagued his unconscious mind, he hadn’t been able to rest. When his hand fell, he jolted awake and started turning the fish again.

“You didn’t sleep, did you?” Toothless asked, sitting down next to Hiccup and wrapping his right arm around him knowingly. Hiccup sighed slowly shaking his head in despair - he leaned into Toothless’s comforting hold. Toothless placed his chin on Hiccup’s head as he held him, he knew the dreams that troubled and tormented Hiccup’s mind, and he rightfully assumed why he hadn’t slept. No words were necessary, all Hiccup needed was for him to be there.

Hiccup would dream of his father’s death and how he had pushed Toothless away, but in his dreams … anger, blame, and hate had all festered and prevented him from saving Toothless from Drago and the Bewilderbeast. His entire tribe - including his mother, would tell him: “You failed him. You let him die. You don’t deserve to be chief.”
His mother voice would echo along with his father’s: “You’re not my son.”
His dreams would morph to the day Astrid died, blood soaking the blankets on the bed, dripping down the walls and pooling on the floor. Hiccup would rush to her side and squeeze her hand, begging her not to leave him, telling her she would be okay. Standing in a rising pool of blood with his hands and clothes covered in it, crying and begging. Astrid would look at him: “You failed us. You don’t deserve to be husband. You don’t deserve to be a father. You’re useless.” He would be left looking at the cold, pale, dead corps of his wife soaked in blood. Disappointment frozen in her face staring at him and holding a dead Trid in her arms. Her last words revolving his mind. Again, his dreams would morph, this time to Berk the night Toothless died - the night Coaldron attacked. Screaming and searching for his dragon in the village. The villagers would tell him. “Toothless is gone. You threw him away. You don’t deserve to be a dragon rider!” Tears streaming down his face, he would watch hopelessly as everyone in his village died. His mother would look over to him as she took her last breath. “You’re nothing without him.” Alone, surrounded by death, blood and destruction, he would see the dead body of Toothless lifeless on the ground. He would clutch at Toothless and bury his face into him, trying to hold onto the last one he had left. When he opened his eyes, he would be sinking into an ocean of blood … words revolving his head as he slowly drowned. “You’re not my son.” … “You failed him, you let him die, you don’t deserve to be chief.” … “You failed us all.” … “You don’t deserve to be husband. You don’t deserve to be a father.” … “You’re nothing without your dragon.” … “You’re useless.” Hiccup would try to argue, yelling ‘no!’ The words drowned out by the sea of blood suffocating his lungs. No one to listen to him, no one to hear him. Just words and images repeating over and over again in his mind until he woke up.

Toothless knew that the nightmares were getting better, less regular, so the fact Hiccup had them twice in a row now - and bad enough to affect his sleep, he was getting worried. Hiccup always doubts himself after his nightmares, and starts to become fearful and anxious.

“I don’t want to lose you or Trid … o-or anyone else in my life.” Hiccup spoke quietly and rubbed his tired eyes.

“I can’t promise that you will never say goodbye to more people Hiccup. People die eventually,
and you can’t save everyone - or every dragon. You can only protect the ones closest to you as best as you can.” Toothless explained, trying to offer comfort without making false promises. They had almost gotten killed by Visskara the day they arrived here, two moons ago. It seemed they were just magnets for trouble.

Hiccup left the comfort of Toothless’s arms to remove the cooked fish from the spit. He prepared two more fish in silence and set them to cook before he spoke again.

“I don’t know if I can lose anymore people Toothless. My job is to protect the tribe but … I-I can’t even protect the ones I love. I couldn’t protect dad … or Astrid. I couldn’t even save you. If it wasn’t for some weird sorcery, I’d have lost you forever.” Hiccup said as he focused on turning the fish. Tears pooled in his eyes and he blinked them away.

“Stoick was my fault! I don’t care what you say. I wasn’t strong enough to fight the control. I wasn’t strong enough to see who I was attacking, and your father stopped me from killing you.” Toothless firmly told him.

“That was Drago’s fault, not yours.” Hiccup corrected, with a sideways glance.

“Okay, say it was Drago’s fault. The point is, it wasn’t your fault Hiccup. Astrid died giving birth, you couldn’t do anything about that and it wasn’t your fault.” Hiccup tried to interrupt but Toothless lifted his hand to stop him. “Before you say, ‘you got her pregnant’, remember how happy she was when she found out. She wanted a baby Hiccup, you couldn’t deny her a child and you had no way of knowing what would happen. Even if she knew, I think Astrid would have still chosen to have that baby. Trid is going to be an amazing man! As for me … I made the choice to protect you. It was my choice! Just like it was your father’s choice. You are loved, people love you, and I couldn’t live knowing I didn’t do everything in my power to try and save you. I did die … but you have such an amazing heart that some wacko magic worked and I’m still here. People die, dragons die, but in the end … it isn’t your fault! All you can do is try. Someone I love tells me … It’s an occupational hazard.” Toothless finished and smiled at Hiccup’s tired, tear flowing eyes.

“I think I may need to re-think my occupation.” Hiccup sobbed.

“Oh, come here you.” Toothless said as he wrapped his arms around Hiccup and pulled him in for a hug. “You really need to get some sleep. You think about way too much crap when you’re tired, and you leak more!” Toothless told him, wiping Hiccup’s eyes with his fingers.

Hiccup wiped his own eyes and chuckled weakly. “When did you get to be so wise?”

“Wait! You haven’t noticed my superior wisdom before?” Toothless feigned shocked.

“If by superior wisdom you mean a total smart arse … then yep … I’ve noticed that.” Hiccup smirked.

“Shush you! Or I won’t tell you what Acacia and Storrkeldan did to heal my wings.” Toothless threatened him with an unimpressed look and squinted eyed.

Hiccup chuckled and wiped his eyes dry. Toothless took one of the cooked fish to eat, and Hiccup ate the other one while more cooked.

He had been plagued by another nightmare last night that had woken him up after a couple of hours sleep. He hadn’t been able to get back off, and Toothless was affected by the sleeping gas from Acacia to assist in the healing process. Hiccup assumed the attack from Visskara had caused the nightmares to return. They would stop, they always did, but he was afraid that more people in
his life would die or leave, and that he would lose everything. He feared he would fail to protect everyone, and like trying to hold onto water, he worried that it would all trickle away no matter how hard he tried to clench onto it.

A small part of him wondered if the people he loved would still be alive had he never been born, or never befriended the dragons. There were a lot of paths he could have taken, a lot of if’s and maybes. Ultimately this was his life now; the path he walked had led him here and now he had to keep going forwards. Looking at Toothless happily eating his food he was reminded of what he did have: Friends that battled by his side loyally, a mother he once thought was lost forever, a tribe that respected him, a son he couldn’t love more if he tried, and Toothless. Toothless really was the glue holding him up when he needed it, the one who understood him the most and loved him unconditionally.

Visskara returned early afternoon to escort them to the fire caves. Acacia and Storrkeldan also decided to go with them; they never usually ventured to the caves because plant life was scarce and nothing grew inside of them, but they agreed to offer their wisdom. They were to travel light and leave everything at camp for when they returned.

“Babe, if you want to know something just ask and I will give you the answers when I change form. Maybe write the … hundreds of questions down in that Journal you love so much more than me.” Toothless reminded him smirking. He had already been given what seemed like hundreds of things to find out and ask, Toothless was prepared for more questions.

“I have a new question. Please … ask my boyfriend why he thinks I would love this…” He said holding up his journal. “…When it can’t love me back, or fuck me in the arse?” Hiccup smirked.

“You sure we have to check out the caves right now? I can think of something better to do.” Toothless whispered seductively into Hiccup’s ear, eliciting a slight moan as he started to become aroused from his suggestion.

Knowing Visskara and the others were waiting for them to leave, Hiccup didn’t have a choice but to refuse the offer. He had a feeling Toothless was only being a tease, and Thor it had worked, especially when Toothless worked his mouth with his lips and tongue.

When Toothless stripped his clothes, Hiccup felt like he was being teased further by the way Toothless slowly removed his tunic and vest, then bent over to remove the trouser legs. Toothless smirked at him before changing and couldn’t help but show off his wings. There was some light scaring there, and a small patch that looked a little sore still remaining on his left wing, however, Toothless had insisted it didn’t hurt and Acacia said it would heal on its own - but she wanted to hurry it along later today.

Hiccup was still aroused as he fixed the saddle to Toothless - under the watchful eyes of Visskara, Acacia, and Storrkeldan. He was wearing his flight suit and felt like he was being judged.

“What is that?” Visskara asked.

“A saddle! Hiccup made it himself specially. It is actually quite comfortable. The first ones he made weren’t, but he kept tweaking them until he knew it didn’t bother me. It makes flying safer and more comfortable for him - and stops him falling off, especially when we go really fast or do loops. He still likes to fall off though and have me catch him.” Toothless explained excitedly to the three confused and bewildered dragons. Hiccup was telling him to calm down but he couldn’t wait to get back into the air.
“He sure has some usual clothes.” Storrkeldan commented, as Hiccup put on his helmet.

“He made that too. It’s a flight suit! Means I can go really fast and the wind won’t turn him into a block of ice. The hat thing allows him see better and the suit attaches to the saddle so he can’t fall off. Oh, and he has wings so he can fly … well glide!” Toothless explained as Hiccup climbed up into the saddle and moaned slightly. Toothless smirked, he knew it was either Hiccup’s sore arse or that he had teased him real good … maybe it was both.

“Wings?” Visskara asked bewildered.

“Yes!” Toothless shouted as soon as he heard the clip connect Hiccup to the saddle. The second that clip had closed, Toothless had taken off fast. He climbed into the sky without waiting for directions.

“Woah Toothless!” Hiccup screamed initially - getting thrown backwards, he finally grabbed the saddle. “Woah! Yeah baby!” He screamed in enjoyment before realising they were flying alone. “Erm, where are the others?”

Toothless looped over and changed direction to head back to the ground.

“I see why he needs that weird suit thingy.” Storrkeldan commented.

Storrkeldan, Acacia, and Visskara, hadn’t left the ground. Toothless had flown in the wrong direction and Visskara wondered how far they would get before they realized.

“He flies fast, especially with a human on his back.” Acacia voiced out loud, but caught Visskara’s expression. “Obviously he could never fly as fast as you Visskara, but you can’t deny his speed is impressive, seeing as he isn’t a Leitatilsynum.”

Visskara didn’t answer and Toothless landed on the ground in the front of them. Hiccup was confused but didn’t say anything, he was getting used to just going with the flow. He didn’t really have a choice on a dragon island surrounded by intelligent dragons.

“Now that you have that out of your system, maybe we could travel together, and in the right … direction.” Visskara told him.

“Sorry!” Toothless apologised.

Hiccup got to see just how big the island was as they flew over it. It was massive, and bigger than he had ever seen before. The thick forest below was so green and undisturbed. Some of the trees were taller and bigger than he had ever seen, and the land raised and fell in different places. The stream travelled and weaved through the land, varying in size and eventually reached out to the sea. Hiccup snatched out his Journal and sketched the view.

“Hey bud, do you think you could ask how they keep the land so undisturbed? How they keep humans off this island? It’s huge!” Hiccup asked Toothless who agreed, and seemed to do just that.

A while later, after the journal was safely away, Hiccup had fallen to sleep without meaning too. He was amazed at the view, but the soothing motion of the flight had lulled him to sleep.

“He sleeps like that?” Storrkeldan asked suddenly, bewildered and shocked.
“Yeah. He didn’t sleep last night. He sometimes has nightmares and can’t get back to sleep.” Toothless explained.

“Nightmares? You mean sleep visions?” Acacia asked. When Toothless told her they were horrible, dark sleep visions, she wondered if it could perhaps shed some light as to what plagued his sal-binda. Even now, as he slept on Toothless, his life force wasn’t as strong as it should be, and there was a disturbance at the core. “Has he told you what he sees in his sleep visions?”

Toothless hesitated to answer but he did so with pity and sadness in his voice. “He sees the people he loves die. All of them. Ones that have already gone … and ones that haven’t. But he sees it happened differently or worse than it actually did. They tell him things they would never or have never said before. He blames himself for not protecting them … and he fears that he will lose everyone.”

Visskara had been listening carefully. Hiccup had shared the story of his dad’s death with her, told him his mate had died and that he had a youngling he missed. Visskara had observed humans when she was younger, and learnt enough from her teaching to know that most humans mate for life and that younglings stay with their mooir and faoir. Humans communicate with one another more than dragons do.

“What does he see differently about the day you killed his father?” Visskara asked.

“H-he said that?” Toothless was shocked, hurt evident in his eyes.

“He said it wasn’t your fault! The Elgoorissstoorevor had you under its control. You were ordered to kill your sal-binda but his father, his faoir I assume, got in the way and took the hit to spare his life.” Visskara explained as she recalled what Hiccup had told her.

“Ya blow up his faoir and he still trusts ya with his life?” Storrkeldan chimed in, in disbelief.

“I didn’t mean to … I never would have…” Toothless tried to explain but in honesty, he wondered that very same thing. He just knew Hiccup loved him and didn’t blame him for what happened. Didn’t stop him blaming himself.

“Hush you! Now look what you’ve done.” Acacia scolded Storrkeldan before addressing Toothless. “My young Loightakalean, I only have to see you two together to know that you are true sal-binda’s. It is the trials and tribulations that create and test the bond you share. Tests like those dig deep for our true nature, they can be cruel and unkind, but they plant the seed for new things to grow. Often better things.”

“What better things came from me killing his father?” Toothless asked. He didn’t think Acacia would have an answer.

“Your bond was tested and became stronger because of it. I’m sure many other things happened because of that day. You have to look deeper to see the ripples that one event has on our lives - and on that of everything that has a life force. If you hadn’t killed his father, you may not be here, your sal-binda may not be alive today, and it may be rain instead of bright sol light.” Acacia smiled.

Toothless didn’t understand and was confused. How does Stoick’s death change the weather.

“I’d still like to know what Hiccup see differently in his sleep visions - about the day you
killed his father.’’ Visskara reminded Toothless of her question. Acacia and Storrkeldan looked curious as well.

“In his dreams, when he pushed me away, he blamed me. He never saved me from the Elgoorisstoovvorvor’s control and I left. His friends would tell him he failed, that he doesn’t deserve to be chief - to be a leader, or a dragon rider.’’ Toothless wasn’t comfortable sharing Hiccup’s dreams without him agreeing to it or knowing about it, but when they left the island the truth would stay there.

“How did his mate die?’’ Visskara asked. That question peaked Acacia’s attention.

“She died birthing their youngling.’’ Toothless answered.

“And in his dream?’’ Acacia asked.

“The same thing, except … it was much more tragic, there was more blood everywhere, and his youngling also died. Before his mate died, she told Hiccup that he had failed them both, and that he doesn’t deserve to be her mate or a father. That’s not what happened at all.’’ Toothless explained. He was getting annoyed.

“Then everyone around him dies?’’ Acacia asked remembering what Toothless said before.

“Yes. In his dreams, it was the night the Ogthantarh attacked, but instead having me to fight by his side and winning the battle … they all died. He was left alone surrounded by the death and the destruction of his village - his island. He finds my dead body and starts to drowned in blood. Voices keep telling him he failed and that he is nothing without me. He would wake up after that.’’ Toothless explained, hoping there would be no more question on the subject.

“As tragic and painful as loss is, something else troubles your sal-binda.’’ Acacia stated as a question, expectant of answers.

“Fucking shit loads!’’ Toothless snapped, but corrected himself after sighing. “I mean a lot … a lot troubles him.’’ Toothless admitted, trying to control his frustration. He didn’t understand why they had to keep prying into Hiccup’s life.

Acacia smiled. “Anger runs in you too, but It comes from a good place. You are protective of your sal-binda-’”

“His name is Hiccup!’’ Toothless corrected, annoyed at the sal-binda crap and the confusing difference in language. Visskara growled in anger at his behaviour and Toothless apologised. “Sorry. Hiccup is my best friend and I love him, so yeah, I protect him! I save him, he saves me. That’s how its always been!”

“If you don’t wish to answer, you can say no. I am only curious to what troubles him, and what trials you have both faced.’’ Acacia gently tried to draw out the information she was curious to know. Toothless sighed.

“We have been through a lot together. I attacked his village, he shot me down and I lost my tail. We became friends and he made it so I could fly again…”

Toothless told them the story, even explaining how Stoick disowned his son before going to find
the dragon’s nest. How the others belittled him because he was different and smaller. He mentioned the Red-death - the Mykerstorrdrottning, and how he had saved Hiccup’s life but he had still lost his leg in the explosion. He proudly explained that because of Hiccup, his father and the tribe made peace with the dragons and everyone started to respect him. He mentioned Dragon’s edge, the riders, the hunters, saving the dragons, and finding new islands. How they made allies with Vikings that protected or worshiped dragons, like the wing maidens or the defenders of the wing. He explained some of the battles they’d faced together. Toothless covered how Hiccup found his mother, and briefly recapped the story involving Drago. He spoke of Astrid, the wedding, the birth of Trid, and hesitantly admitted Hiccup’s dark moment on the cliff when he jumped. Toothless finally reached the time Coaldron and the Ogthantarth attacked - how he had died from the kill shot and Hiccup had killed Coaldron in a rage.

“…He hated himself for a while, but I managed to snap him out of it eventually … after I scared the crap out of him by changing into a human.” Toothless explained.

Visskara, Acacia and Storrkeldan were speechless. Torn between shock, confusion, horror, bewilderment and disbelief. They had never heard of anything like it before.

“No wonder his life force is tormented.” Acacia mumbled. She looked over at Toothless and gathered her thoughts before speaking. “Your sal-binda … Hiccup, has great compassion and a good heart. He has been forced to make hard choices and take actions - sometimes against his beliefs and morals, that he cannot forgive himself for. No matter how justified those actions were, he will always regret taking the life of another, such is the consequence of having a pure heart. The lives lost to spare his own will always weight heavily on his soul, because he sees more value in others then he does of himself.” Acacia paused before continuing. “His sleep visions appear to represent what he believes - maybe subconsciously, that he himself cannot protect and lead his tribe. That his achievements are only because you were there to make them possible. Grief can create the roots for anger on its own, but with the belief that he failed them … it has allowed the anger to grow. This in turn, has allowed fear to plague his mind. If he isn’t a strong leader without you by his side, then how can he protect and lead his people. Should they one day realise that his achievements are only because of you, he will lose everyone and everything in his life. The worst, he faces more death because he couldn’t provide and protect. Fear is hard to get rid of once it has rooted, but as his sal-binda, you must help him. Remind him that his achievements grew from his own choices and actions, and not just because you are in his life. You may have played a part, but everything plays a part in what we say or do.”

“I … I think I understand.” Toothless replied, trying to take in what Acacia had said. “But if his dreams represent what he believes, then why did he push me away, or see Trid’s death? He doesn’t believe that stuff!”

Acacia thought carefully before she answered his question. “If he blamed you and pushed you away after you killed his faoir - even if he realised it wasn’t your fault and came for you, the guilt from his initial blame could still haunt him. He believes that you should never have forgiven him, but had you not, he would have lost you. Losing you is one of his greatest fears. As for his mate, he could wish the youngling had never been created, thus his mate would never had died.”

“No! He loves Trid, he loves his son!” Toothless stressed.
“Has he never blamed himself for her death, blamed the seed that started the life of the youngling?” Acacia asked. Toothless’s reaction was all she needed as her answer. “I don’t doubt he loves ... his son as you called him. I am saying deep down ... the guilt for wanting his mate at the cost of his son’s life causes a war to blaze inside of him and his heart, a battle he cannot win. Seeing the death of his son in his sleep visions only reminds him of what he has to lose, and perhaps, seeing the youngling everyday reminds him of the mate he has already lost. It is possible that he believes he doesn’t deserve be a father, because he has such thoughts, and because he blames himself for the death of Trid’s mooir. Humans are complex creatures. As his sal-binda you know what he needs more than anyone, and you can help him find peace and strengthen his life force ... but only time can settle the disturbances that plague his mind, and only he can work though that as time passes. All you can do is talk to him, be there for him and continue to do whatever it is you have been doing.”

Acacia smiled at Toothless and nodded before she left to fly beside Storrkeldan. Visskara announced their approach to the fire caves and Toothless could see the volcano peak in the distance. Due to their conversations, he hadn’t been paying attention to the scenery until now.

There were trees, but far less dense and sparse as Acacia had explained they would be. The ground was drier like a rocky terrain, rocks and boulders replaced the trees and plant life. The closer they flew to the dormant volcano the more Toothless’s mind seemed to dig for memories he had long forgotten.

---Toothless’s flash back---

A younger Loightakalean was catching fish in the stream, not far from the fire caves, and enjoying each of his catches one at a time. His ears peaked when he heard someone approaching and he hoped it wasn’t Groaldridax. He went to hide but a pinkish purple gas made him see flying, talking fish. He was initially freaking out but had a thought; Fish don’t talk or fly, so there could only be one explanation.

“Gorahiroa, I swear if that’s you then cut it out!” The Loightakalean demanded as he ran up and down the stream to escape the fish now trying to bite him.

Gorahiroa appeared and walked into the stream laughing. He was a dark purple dragon, about the same size as the Loightakalean. He had a pinkish purple chest, feet, tail and wings. His wings were spiky at the tips and he had sharp spines on the end of his tail. He was rough and untidy looking, like spiky hair but scales instead.

“Gora you faifuh!” The Loightakalean exclaimed as he hid behind Gora and closed his eyes. He knew for a fact now, that the flying, biting fish were just illusions, visions to trick his mind, and created by his friend’s trickery. He had to wait for the effects to wear off. Gorahiroa laughed and teased him.

“Aww, but it’s so much fun watching you freak out Kalean, you looked like a total torht splashing around.” Gora laughed.

“You promised you’d stop practicing on me.” Kalean whined and pouted.

“Fine! So how comes you’re here anyways, shouldn’t you be with Groaldridax?” Gora asked.

“I was hungry! And I didn’t want to learn about the life force of trees. Eugh!” Kalean
complained.

“I don’t blame you. Wanna go cause some chaos?” Gora asked.

Kalean was about to decline when Groaldridax appeared. She had been camouflaged into the nearby trees.

“Offer going in 3…” Gora whispered.

“Youngling, your lessons are most…” Groaldridax started her lecture.

“2…” Gora continued his count down.

“…I will not tolerate…” Groaldridax went on with her lecture.

“I, See ya!” Gora finished and flapped his wings to beat it out of there, before he fell victim to the lectures as well.

“Wait for me!” Kalean shouted and took off after his friend, leaving a very displeased Groaldridax behind.
Caverns and dragons

Chapter 29 - Caverns and dragons

Visskara directed them down towards the entrance of the fire caves. Toothless blinked away the flash back he had been having- he couldn’t believe he had forgotten about Gorahiroa.

Gorahiroa was a Hugreaetlavafi, and Toothless’s first best friend when they were younger. He still had so many lost memories but he’d never questioned or worried about them. The fact he’d forgotten about Gora however, made him wonder for the first time in years … what else he had forgotten? He didn’t get much time to ponder his thoughts because Visskara had instructed that they follow her - they had reached their destination. They glided into a top opening - in the side of the volcano mountain, and descended down to a huge opening in the caves.

“Coming Trid…” Hiccup mumbled as Toothless touched down. Toothless laughed as Hiccup sat up and remembered he was travelling on his dragon to the caves, and certainly not on Berk being woken up by a baby. Hiccup removed his helmet and looked around. “Whoa, this place sure is something bud.” It was spacious enough for the three dragons right now, but he doubted there would be as much space further inside of the tunnels. The rays from the sun provided light from above and into their current location. He rightfully assumed that was how they had entered the caves, through the openings in the cave ceiling, but he doubted they would have light further in.

Visskara explained to Toothless, that when the great fire raged it poured out through these lower tunnels and many dragons evacuated their homes here because of it. A lot of plant life was destroyed in the surrounding area but after a while, the rock eating dragons helped to restore the tunnels inside of the caves and make up the vast network of tunnels that they will be traveling thru today. Many dragons live here once again and therefore, they were to stay with Visskara at all times.

Hiccup had climbed off Toothless’s back and they were walking behind Visskara, Acacia, and Storrkeldan through the tunnels. Soon it went pitch black, just as Hiccup had predicted.

“Could you give us some light please bud?” Hiccup asked, and Toothless opened his mouth so it glowed with the colour of his plasma shoot. Hiccup took out inferno, but didn't activate the blade, or the fire. “Do you think the others would mind if I used this?”

Toothless shut off his plasma light and once again it went dark. “Visskara? Hiccup can’t see like we can. He has a … thing that creates fire in his hand. Can he use it please?” Toothless asked.

“‘Toothless, what’s going on bud?’” Hiccup asked, not being able to see anything.

“Show me this thing … then I will decide.” Visskara answered.

Toothless opened his mouth to light up the caves once more and nudged inferno. Hiccup activated it and Visskara jumped along with Acacia and Storrkeldan. Toothless closed his mouth to stop his plasma light.

“Oh my! That certainly is something, I’ll say that. If I didn’t know this boy to be his salbinda I wouldn’t like that one bit.” Storrkeldan voiced his opinion.

“I think it’s fascinating. But it looks like a human weapon which may scare some of the other dragons here.” Acacia said as she stared at the fire glowing on the blade.
“Hmm. How does he have the power to wield fire?” Visskara asked.

“He makes stuff, and this has Fayeringree gel from Hookfang … A friend of ours.” Toothless explained. He didn’t really know how it worked other the that.

“Very well, he may use it. However, if I tell you to turn it off you will do just that, immediately, and without any questions, you understand.” Visskara informed him.

“Right! I will need to … change to explain that to him.” Toothless informed them.

“Very well. It may also be wiser to have Hiccup ride you. The caves drop and rise, sometimes we will have to fly up to reach the other tunnels, and it will be safer that he remains with you should anything happen.” Visskara informed him.

Toothless nodded and changed into his human form. The saddle fell down to the ground due to his decrease in size.

“Hey Hiccup. Sleep well?” Toothless joked with his trademark grin. Hiccup shook his head.

“You changed just to point that out?”

“No!” Toothless replied. He then explained the real reason for changing.

Toothless explained what Visskara had said about the caves, how the volcano erupted and boulder class type dragons helped restore the tunnels. He told Hiccup that other dragons live down here again and they are to stay with Visskara at all times. He finally explained Visskara’s terms on keeping inferno out - as it may scare the other dragons.

“How will I know if she tells me to put it away?” Hiccup asked.

“I can just shoot it-” Toothless recommended easily, but Hiccup looked livid at the thought of inferno getting blown to bits. “Or not. How about … I whack you around the back of your head with my tail?”

“You could do that … but how about something that’s a little less violent, like … oh, I don’t know, nudging inferno with your head, or-..” Hiccup was suggesting.

“You’re no fun! But fine, I'll nudge your arm with my head and growl and give you the ‘crap we’re in trouble look’!” Toothless told him, smiling when he had finished like he was pleased with himself. Visskara growled impatiently. “Okay! We're coming.” Toothless told her. “Impatient much, I’m cold anyway … Oh, by the way, you might be better off in the saddle. Visskara said we have to fly at certain points, that the ground is uneven, and that your hot, sore arsehole should stay on my back.” Toothless smirked, rubbed a hand down his cock, and then changed back into a dragon before Hiccup could respond.

Hiccup blushed. He fixed the saddle back to Toothless and whispered to him. “You! You are playing a dangerous game keep on teasing me like this. There will be consequences!” Hiccup flicked Toothless’s ear as punishment, then groaned ever so slightly as he climbed back into the saddle. Inferno still in his hand providing light. Toothless had a pleased look on his face.

Just as Visskara had explained, they did indeed have to fly to reach the tunnels higher up, or to avoid the sudden drops. To Hiccup’s amazement, they had just flown through a wide, spiky tunnel, and entered a huge underground cavern. The first thing Hiccup noticed were the dragons living
there that he had never seen before. Hiccup instantly recognized the Gronckles hiding behind the 
rocks to the left of the cavern. There appeared to be six of them; a blue one, two purple, and three 
green ones. There were also two Hotburples - but their bumps look different.

Among the ones Hiccup didn’t recognize: There were three cream coloured dragons about the 
same size of a Triple-Stryke, and one that was obviously a baby and hiding behind what Hiccup 
assumed as its mother. They resembled the appearance of a wolf and had two small pointed horns 
on their heads, and nine burning flames on the end of their tails. Their wings also had burning tips. 
Hiccup instantly decided on a name for them, ‘Flame-Tip’.

There were two black dragons watching them from the shadows, smaller then Toothless but bigger 
than a night terror. They had small black wings, and if it wasn’t for the spirals or wisps of fire on 
its tail, body, and head, or it’s pointed ears, it would look similar to the Night-Fury. Hiccup decided 
to call this one the ‘Night-wisp’.

Standing by the small underground lake - and now looking at them, stood a dragon that reminded 
Hiccup of the Gronckle. Well, a Gronckle that had lost tons of weight and grew taller with bigger 
wings. Its face was also more yak like than rounded like a Gronckle’s, and it was brown with 
pointed ears, and a lighter brown chest and stomach. Hiccup quickly gave it the name ‘Stronkle’ 
because whilst it didn’t look as heavy or possess that brute force of a Gronckle, it looked like a 
much stronger flier.

And finally, on the right side of the cavern - high up on the stack of boulders was a dragon covered 
in spikes. If it rolled up into a ball it would resemble a round mace. It was mostly grey with light 
purple running from its neck all the way under its stomach and along the underside of its tail. It 
was slightly smaller than a Gronckle but looked heavy. He didn’t know what to name this one, and 
wasn’t given a chance to think about it as Visskara had started to glow a bright white and blue 
colour. She was now making various growling and other sounds, obviously communicating with 
the inhabitants of the cavern.

Hiccup immediately shut off his inferno and put it away, there was no need for the light down here 
anyway; even without Visskara’s bright alpha light the caverns emitted a blue-green colour from 
the walls, and the floor of the lake seem to glow blue. The green moss that grew randomly around 
the cavern glowed slightly, and the Flame-Tip’s wings along with the Night-Wisp’s fire provided 

Hiccup didn’t want to scare the dragons away either, this was an 
amazing discovery and he had four new dragons to draw if he had the chance - along with that 
different Hotburples.

With Visskara seemingly communicating, and nothing attacking them, Hiccup pulled out the 
journal from his suit and started making very quick sketches. He didn’t want to forget what these 
dragons looked like and was hastily flipping between pages, adding new details to each one a bit at 
a time in anticipation of them leaving before he could finish. It was taking a lot of willpower and 
restraint to remain quiet and not freak out excitedly. He wanted to get off Toothless to get closer, 
but dared try anything that stupid here.

While Hiccup was drawing, the dragons were in the middle of a discussion that seemed to get 
heated. The dragons were all making noise and many of them had gathered by the lake.

“**We demand proof, prove to us what you say is indeed the truth!**” A female Flame-Tip 
demanded.

“**Are you questioning my own eyes Runisalith?**” Visskara threatened. “**Acacia and 
Storrkeldan have also witnessed the Loightakalean change many times.**”
“The names Toothless … Just saying.” Toothless interrupted, but he got ignored.

“We’re not q-questioning you … y-your greatness. We just wanna see the change!” A green male Gronckle chimed in.

“If that boy is his sal-binda and what you say is true, let me see him. This is the one time I’ll get to meet a human and know I won’t be attacked.” A female Night-Wisp shouted.

Most of the dragons mumbled in agreement and excitement, except a few that protested. Visskara growled loudly to demand silence.

“Kirnottdra! Humans are not permitted to touch the dreki’s of this island.” Visskara reminded the Night-Wisp.

“All due respect, he is riding one. They’re not allowed on this island either but here he is!” The Night-Wisp Kirnottdra argued.

Again, most of the dragons mumbled in agreement.

“Kirnottdra? That’s a human, are you thort.” The male Night-Wisp challenged its mate.

“I am not crazy you rock headed faifuh! Think about it and tell me that boy doesn’t make you curious. The first to be affected by the Frithvineradreki sorcery. That’s proof of the legend and obviously that boy means no harm if it is true. You think he would be a threat to all of us down here anyway?” Kirnottdra argued looking around at all the different dragons.

“His names Hiccup! Again, just putting that out there.” Toothless tried but no one was listening to him among the ruckus.

“I agree with Kirnottdra! Let us see the boy and witness this great sorcery. We won’t get another chance.” A male Fire-Tip yelled. Much to the disapproval of his own mate who was hiding their hatchling.

“Moor, what is that weird thing on that dreki’s back? I want to see it.” The hatchling Fire-Tip questioned its mother and whined as he was being pushed away and told to hush.

“Very well!” Visskara shouted. The dragons all went silent. “As most of you seem so interested in this boy, I will allow you to see him and for the Loightakalean to change-”

“My names Toothless! His name is Hiccup!” Toothless shouted, then gulped and added. “Just saying … we do have names. Sorry … but erm, no one has asked us what we think, or we want.” Toothless added.

“What is it you want?” The Flame-tip Runisalith asked. The mother Flame-Tip was still moving her hatchling away from the lake to safety, but stopped to hear Toothless speak.

“Well … we came to see the Oghantharth markings like Visskara said, that’s the only reason we’re here. But … I know Hiccup. We have been together for seven years, or seven … ar’tios?” Toothless tried to remember the dragon word for cycle of all four seasons. Visskara, Storrkeldan, and Visskara nodded so he continued. “Hiccup loves meeting new dragons … new drekis. I know he will be honoured to meet you all. I bet he is trying to contain his excitement as we speak, however, he has been instructed by Visskara to stay with me. He doesn’t want to
scare any of you, or anger any of you. I know you do not need to fear him, he is an amazing human and has saved and helped many dreki. We once helped a scauld … a Vatnabraorabit for example. It had a broken wing and was stranded on the sand, left to die. We helped its wing and it was able to swim again. That’s just one example of many, many times we have saved or helped drekis. Hiccup even lost his leg helping dreki’s, and he would do it all again for all of you if he had too. I guarantee that if anything were to threaten any of you right now, Hiccup would risk his life to save each and every one of you. The point is, we’re not a threat to any dreki. We don’t have to stop here, if you wish for us to leave, we will. I don’t mind changing into a human either - I can tell Hiccup what you are … what makes each of you special. I haven’t been here for a long time, not since the great fire erupted. My memory isn’t all that great and I have forgotten about two of your species, so … forgive me for that. Hiccup and myself already have friends that are Alrollkender’s and a Hofgijarnsofna. But … I know if you all will allow Hiccup to meet you, he will be really happy. Just don’t get scared if he gets excited and smiles like an idiot - like a faifuh.” Toothless explained feeling very self-conscious by the end of his speech. He just wanted to stick up for Hiccup, seeing as his boyfriend couldn’t hear what they were saying about him.

The dragons all mumbled their thoughts to each other. Mostly shocked and amazed that the boy would do so much for the dragons, other disbelieving it. Only a few were still hesitant or opposed to meet him however.

“He’s met me before?” The blue Gronckle asked dumbly, and very surprised.

“Not you, you quiazule! Another Alrollkender.” A green male Gronckle corrected him.

“Aww, I wanted him to be my friend.” The blue Gronckle sulked. The green one rolled its eyes at him.

“Very well, it is decided then. Toothless, instruct your … Hiccup, to stop drawing and climb down.” Visskara told him.

“Erm … As much as Hiccup would like to meet everyone, it might be best if we just did this one at a time … or a few at a time. I mean, think about it - if you were surrounded by lots of humans you didn’t know anything about, that were bigger than you, no matter how friendly they were … well, you might get a bit scared or overwhelmed.” Toothless explained to Visskara.

“That is a fair point.” Acacia agreed with Toothless. Visskara sighed and nodded to Acacia that she agreed. She then spoke to all the dragons again.

“ Toothless and Hiccup will come to the lake. Toothless will change into his human form and I will call the species of dragon that may go and see them. You will then retreat when I tell you to, in order for the next species to approach. Is that clear?” Visskara asked.

The dragons all agreed and moved away from the side of the lake that Hiccup and Toothless would be positioned at. Much to Hiccup’s confusion, they then went closer to the lake with Visskara, Acacia, and Storrkeldan.

“Erm … bud, what’s going on?” Hiccup asked, tucking away his journal and pencil. Toothless signalled for Hiccup to get down and he complied, still confused and a little scared if he was honest.
Toothless looked at Visskara. “Just give me a moment to explained to him what’s going to happen. Then we’re good to do this.”

“Very well.” Visskara agreed.

Toothless then changed into a human, and smiled at Hiccup knowing he was going to be so excited. All the dragons expect Visskara, Acacia, and Storrkeldan looked speechless and shocked. They had just seen a Loightakalean turn into a human. The frithvineradreki sorcery was real, and they were sal-binda’s.

“Hey, guess what?” Toothless asked with a smirk on his face.

“This should be interesting. Do I wanna know?” Hiccup asked looking around. He was uncertain because the dragons suddenly started getting loud and unsettled, like they were communicating about something. Most likely the fact that Toothless just changed forms.

“This you will really wanna know.” Toothless told him smiling, and wrapped his arms around Hiccup’s waist.

“Well, whenever you’re ready, we have all day … oh, wait.” Hiccup sarcastically replied.

“You know … you should be nicer to me.” Toothless told him, and gently pushed Hiccup. “The things I do for you, like argue you’re an amazing person, defend you to all these new dragons, and make it so you can stay here for a bit and meet them all - well the ones that want to meet you that is.” Toothless told him. “But … I’ll just go and tell Visskara you don’t want that and we should get going, seeing as we … don’t have all day!”

Hiccup’s face lit up as Toothless expected. “M-meet them. You mean … b-but I thought … Oh Thor.” Hiccup was torn between excitement and slight fear. He didn’t know anything about some of these dragons, and when they met the Lagalogaror they got attacked by Visskara. On the other hand, he had Visskara - the alpha dragon, on his side this time as long as he didn’t mess this up.

“Hicc babe, chill! Some of the dragons wanted to meet us so Visskara said we could. She’s gonna send some over now so just be calm, because most of them have never met humans before. Oh, and no touching the dragons unless they specifically let you. Can you do that babe.” Toothless asked.

“Be calm, right yep got it!” Hiccup said a bit too fast. He was almost bouncing with anxiety and excitement but managed to remain calm and composed.

“You’ll be fine, you have me!” Toothless told him and kissed Hiccup.

Most of the dragons went silent and tilted their heads in shock as they watched the two humans kissing. They didn’t know it was called kissing or what it meant exactly, but a few thought it looked like affection and something mates would do. Visskara huffed and rolled her eyes.

“We better get this moving or we might get jumped by impatient dragons.” Toothless smiled and raised his eye brows. He could hear the ruckus starting up again between the others. “Do you have them clothes still, it’s bit cold?” Toothless asked, rubbing his arms.

“Right … clothes! Yep I have them in here.” Hiccup said as he pulled out a tunic and pants from his bag.

The dragons were staring at Toothless as he got dressed in his tunic and pants. It was just as fascinating to most of them, as it was for Hiccup to discover what new dragons could do. They didn’t understand clothes, didn’t even know what they were.
When Toothless was dressed he gave Visskara to go ahead. The Gronckles were the first to fly over - the blue one last to land by Hiccup and Toothless, as it missed Visskara’s orders. When the Gronckles edged closer, Hiccup ended up backing into Toothless as he remembered being told not to touch them. A Purple Gronckle was about an inch away from Hiccup and sniffing at him, it then licked Hiccup’s hand.

“Erm … babe?” Hiccup nervously voiced his uncertainty on what he was allowed to do.

“Go on, say hi.” Toothless told him, and pushed Hiccup forward so his hands fell on to the Purple Gronckle’s face.

Nothing bad happened, and Hiccup relaxed. He eventually got to stroke all the Gronckles in turn and they seemed really happy to meet him. There were six, just like he thought: one blue, two purple and three green ones. When Hiccup started fussing the blue one it excitedly knocked Hiccup over and tried to sit on him. Hiccup yelled and Toothless had to intervene so that his boyfriend wouldn’t get squashed to death. Toothless tried pushing the Gronckle away but it was far too heavy, the green Gronckle tried to help as he realised what was happening.

“Off, you over grown lump!” Toothless shouted urgently, getting slightly angry. Hiccup couldn’t breathe very well and was turning a nice shade of blue himself.

Visskara growled at the Gronckle but it was too stupid to understand what it was doing wrong.

“Alrollkender! Move your fucking fat arse before you kill him!” Toothless shouted loudly, and suddenly there was uproar and confusion among the dragons.

The Gronckle finally moved and looked guilty when he saw Hiccup having a coughing fit and gasping for air. The green Gronckle bashed into his friend angrily for being a dumb arse, and then quickly bowed along with the other Gronckles. “No! No no no no, Drofrolk! I am not the alpha!” He told the green Gronckle urgently, and wiped a hand across his face wincing. Toothless then noticed all the other dragons either getting angry or bowing, and Visskara was roaring loudly to calm the drama he had just caused. Toothless knelt down to check Hiccup was okay. He really had to put this mess straight before the others thought he had challenged Visskara and he would be bound to fight or die.

“Hiccup? You know when I yell at the dragons … and they know I’m alpha even in this form?” Toothless asked nervously.

“Oh Thor!” Hiccup exclaimed, finally back to normal.

“Yeah. If you’re okay, I really need to sort this out fast.” Toothless explained as he stripped off his clothes.

Hiccup nodded and Toothless changed back into a dragon. He winced as he listened to the drama he had caused. Hiccup stood up from the ground and stood by Toothless’s side. ‘Why could nothing they do ever be straight forward?’ He thought to himself.

“The Loightakalean challenges you and you just stand there? The rules state that-.” Runisalith the Flame-Tip was shouting.

“He isn’t challenging Visskara, he was protecting his sal-binda from that quiazule.” Acacia shouted back, giving the dragon in question a glare of displeasure.

“I’m not challenging anyone!” Toothless shouted. All eyes suddenly fell onto him, realizing he
was a Loightakalean again. “Hi!” He added nervously.

“Explain yourself!” Visskara demanded. She didn’t look at all happy, but she was relatively calm.

“There is no alpha challenge! I would never challenge Visskara! I really didn’t mean to do that, it’s just … I haven’t been human for long. We only found out that happens about six mani’s ago. I don’t know how to control it, I don’t even know when I’m revealing my alpha form as a human, or how you all know that I’m an alpha dragon now.” Toothless stressed.

“You mean Alpha dreki?” Storrkeldan corrected.

“Dreki, dragon, same thing!” Toothless snapped.

“Calm yourself!” Visskara told him. “You do not realise that your scent changes, that your eyes and body glow blue?” She asked. Toothless was shocked.

“Wait, I do what? I knew the scent thing, and Hiccup told me my eyes changed slightly when the Shiver … I mean Skarpisskelmir attacked me before … but I didn’t know I glowed blue. Hiccup didn’t see that - I don’t think … No! He would have said something. And I didn’t see that either, I’m not seeing it now?”

“Yes, you glow blue. Your alpha powers are not on anymore but perhaps only dreki’s can see it. Since you were not a dreki at the time, it makes sense that you could not see it for yourself.” She informed Toothless before addressing everyone else. “There you see. The Loightakalean-”

“ Toothless!” He interrupted, to correct her. Visskara cleared her throat, slightly annoyed.

“ Toothless, wasn’t challenging me. He has no control over what he did, however, I suggest he learn to gain control. He accidentally allowed his alpha identity to show when he was protecting his sal-binda from Tusiain. I am sure we can all agree that it would be a terrible shame to lose a human blessed with a dreki sal-binda because some quiazu Alrollkender sat on him. The human … Hiccup, is obviously too fragile to take the weight of an Alrollkender. I suggest that anyone else that wishes to meet the boy refrains for sitting on him.”

“Or hurting him in general.” Toothless added.

“Or hurting him!” Visskara added and huffed.

“So, he is an alpha dreki. Isn’t that against the rules? Only one may be an Alpha here.” The male Night-Wisp questioned.

“ Toothless is an alpha dreki that rules an island far away from here. He will not be staying here on this island, but whilst he is here, he follows my orders like each of you.” Visskara informed them.

“I really am sorry for that. But Visskara is right, me and Hiccup follow her word and command. I may be an Alpha dreki, but here I am not the alpha!” Toothless confirmed.

The dragons accepted this new information and calmed down. Toothless got to change back into a human - getting dizzy the more he changed form, but he redressed and explained to Hiccup what
had happened. Hiccup wasn’t reassured completely, but he agreed he would still like to meet the other dragons if they wanted to meet him.

Things went smoothly as they met one of the female Hotburples, the male one didn’t want to go near Hiccup. Toothless had given him the name of the two Gronckles already, Tusiai and Drofrolk, but he didn’t know the Hotburple’s names.

The Flame-Tips were next up, but only the adult male one approached Hiccup. It slowly inched forward, its cream coloured wings a blaze with fire making Hiccup nervous. Hiccup noticed it had the ability to set its wings and tail on fire, but could only turn the fire down and not off completely. It was rather majestic looking. Toothless told him they were Furollesernain and like to howl, but it hurts your ears when they do it and it’s one of their attacks, warnings, or cries for help. A bit like the Screaming-Death’s sonic roar only higher pitched and like being stabbed in the ears or smacked in the head with a hammer. Toothless also told him that they are very intelligent dragons and one of the very few to mate for life, and that this one’s mate was keeping her distance to protect their hatchling. Toothless admitted he only knew the older Flame-Tip’s name, which was Runisalith, and she was over the other side too.

The male Flame-Tip finally turned down its fire and allowed Hiccup to rub its face and behind its ears. The hatchling, seeing its faoir happy wanted to investigate the strange creature everyone was calling ‘the boy’ or ‘Hiccup’. He managed to escape his mooir and run around the lake towards them. The mother Flame-Tip suddenly howled to alert its mate of their incoming hatchling. Hiccup instantly understood what Toothless meant and cover his ears. He felt like his head would explode, and he fell to the floor in immense pain. Visskara growled loudly and activated her Alpha abilities. The howling stopped but the mother Flame-Tip was flying across the lake to get to her hatchling. The hatchling dodged its mother and bounded past his father then dived straight into Hiccup’s lap - knocking Hiccup backwards onto his back.

Hiccup froze and dared move as he was being looked at by the hatchling. His hands were flat on the ground. ‘Toothless?’ He asked, worried he was about to be flame roasted alive by two angry parents. The mother had stopped beside him, towering over his form, wings and tail fully ablaze, and very angry. The hatchling was licking Hiccup’s face and he tried to move. The father Flame-Tip quickly picked up the wiggling hatchling in its mouth and moved away as the mother roared loudly, threatening Hiccup.

Toothless quickly stood in front of Hiccup. ‘‘He wouldn’t hurt your hatchling. It ran to us, Hiccup didn’t have a choice!’’ Toothless told her firmly, but hopefully not too forceful that he went alpha again.

‘‘Sorry!’’ Hiccup apologies from the ground, for all the good it would do.

The female Fame-Tip roared again but was silenced by Visskara. The Flame-Tips all retreated to the other side of the lake.

‘‘Oh Thor!’’ Hiccup breath out the breath he was holding. ‘‘As fun as this all is, I don’t know how much more I can take.’’

‘‘If you want to leave now babe, we can.’’ Toothless informed him, helping him up off the ground.

‘‘I-I’m good. I-I’d actually like to stay. It’s not every day you get attacked by new dragons.’’ He smiled. ‘‘T-Thanks for having my back though babe.’’ Hiccup admitted and thanked Toothless as he brushed himself down. He didn’t want fear to stop him learning more about the other dragons he hadn’t seen yet.
“Always!” Toothless told him. He hugged Hiccup and nodded to Visskara. Acacia and Storrkeldan decided to fly over to them, in case anything else decided to go amiss.

“Erm, what’s?” Hiccup asked, wondering why Acacia and Storrkeldan had come over.

Toothless looked at the two dragons for a moment trying to work out what they were saying to him. “I think they just want to be here to help, in case something else goes wrong.” Toothless told him.

“T-That might not be bad idea c-considering.” Hiccup said, refraining from voicing his other thoughts with the dragons listening. Toothless however, had no issues voicing his.

“Could have helped us out before, instead of watching… Ow!” Toothless exclaimed as Acacia whacked him around the head for his cheek.

“I think Acacia and Gothi would get on.” Hiccup chuckled. He felt a little dizzy but assumed it was just from all the chaos and excitement. Toothless noticed Hiccup wobble slightly but assumed the same thing.

Visskara signalled the last four dragons to go if they wished. The two Night-Wisps did, the female went straight to Hiccup in a blink of an eye and without hesitation, like it disappeared and reappeared next to him. Hiccup jumped as it nuzzled him, the male kept its distance and walked over slowly. The Stronkle walked over too, but the grey and purple dragon didn’t move from its boulder.

Hiccup carefully gave attention to the female Night-Wisp - to avoid the wisps and spirals of fire. When Hiccup’s hand moved to close to one of the flames, he hissed in pain. The Night-Wisp realized why Hiccup was hurt and turned off her fire.

“Oh wow, it can turn of its fire” Hiccup observed excitedly. He was happier to have smaller dragons around him instead of boulder dragons or big fire breathers. The Stronkle wasn’t small but there was just the one and he or she was quite calm.

“They’re Demyrkanotts. That one is a female called Kirnottdra.” Toothless explained in relation to the Night-Wisps.

Hiccup seemed a lot happier again and Toothless smiled. He felt warm inside, and loved the feeling he got when he made Hiccup happy. He explained that the Demyrkanotts have the ability to move at lighten fast speeds within a very short distance, just like she did a moment ago, but they can’t keep doing it. They are intelligent dragons but don’t fly that fast, and they prefer night flying. They have extremely sharp teeth and go for the neck to bring its target down fast. Hiccup gulped at that knowledge. Toothless also explained that they can producing a thick smoke to blind others - in order to sneak up on things or escape them. As if on que, Kirnottdra produced her smoke and Hiccup couldn’t see anything it was so thick. Hiccup and Toothless started coughing, and Acacia flapped her wings to clear the smoke. The male Night-Wisp had finally decided he wanted to get closer, and Hiccup eventually got to fuss him too.

When Hiccup finally redirected his attention to the Stronkle, Toothless admitted he didn’t know anything about that dragon. He promised he would ask Visskara later if he didn’t get to find out sooner. It really did look like a tall Gronkle that had lost tons of weight, and had a thinner face.

“What’s that dragon babe?” Hiccup asked Toothless, pointing to the grey and purple dragon asleep on the stack of boulders. The way it was curled up asleep reminded Hiccup of Tuffnut’s macey, but much bigger and a different colour.
“No idea! Sorry Hicc. I can find out for you though.” He admitted.

“That would be amazing-.” Hiccup was saying as he continued to stroke the Stronkle, but he suddenly felt really dizzy and almost lost his balance as the cavern started moving.

“Whoa Hicc! What’s wrong?” Toothless asked, worried as he held Hiccup to make sure he didn’t fall.

“I’m fine babe!” Hiccup yawned. “Okay maybe I’m just a little tired.” He amended when Toothless gave him that ‘really’ look.

“Sit down for a moment!” Toothless instructed him.

“I’m fine dad!” Hiccup replied, and refused to sit down.

Hiccup was fussing the demanding female Night-Wisp - Kirnottdra again, when he started to get a little breathless. Toothless was getting increasingly concerned.

“Hiccup something isn’t right with you.” Toothless observed. He noticed the sweat forming on Hiccup’s forehead, and his breathing rate increasing.

“I’m just a bit tired Toothless, I’m-”

Hiccup didn’t get to finish his statement, he had wobbled, passed out, and fallen - Toothless just caught him just before he hit the ground.
Chapter 30 - Hiccvdown

Toothless caught Hiccup’s limp body before it hit the ground. Kneeling on the floor with Hiccup rested against his chest - in the safety of his arms, he felt the beads of sweat forming on Hiccup’s abnormally hot forehead and down his flushed face. Toothless didn’t know what to do. This was foreign ground, unknown territory and he needed Hiccup to wake up.

‘Hiccup? Wake up!’ Toothless shook his shoulders trying to get a response. ‘Come on Hicc! Don’t do this to me! I don’t know what to do babe. Hiccup! Damn it! Come on!’

Visskara flew over to join them, concerned for Hiccup and confused about the new turn of events. She landed next to Acacia and commanded that the other dragons give them some space and move away. They did as they were told, but kept watching the scene to see what was happening … even the spiky grey and purple dragon that hadn’t moved since they arrived sat up to watch.

Acacia gained Toothless’s attention, he had tears of worry and panic forming in his big green eyes when he looked up. She was trying to communicate with him but he couldn’t decipher what she was saying.

‘I don’t know what you’re trying to say. I don’t know what’s wrong with him, he was fine earlier. He just didn’t sleep. Can you help him?’ Toothless asked desperately, blinking his eyes hard to clear his vision from the teary blur that set over them.

Toothless still wasn’t sure what Acacia was asking him, and Hiccup still wouldn’t wake up so he laid his limp and unconscious boyfriend down onto the ground gently. He quickly started to undress, and he was still silently crying when he changed into his dragon form; Visskara was a little taken back at seeing a Loightakalean with tears in his eyes.

Toothless was scared more than anything, he didn’t know what to do. He knew Hiccup needed help, Gothi kind of help! He just didn’t know what was wrong and the only others he could turn to were the dragons here. Like the dragons had any clue about human illnesses. If they couldn’t help him, his only hope would be to somehow carry Hiccup the four-ish days straight to Berk as fast as he could. He was told by Visskara that Dragons weren’t allowed in the human - Viking village near the island they were on now, and what if they were hostel to Hiccup? It would have to be Berk. Then there was the issue of no dragons on Berk, what with the head pain and confusion stuff. He could only hope he would last long enough to at least drop Hiccup of, even if he left afterwards. He would have to force himself to do that much for Hiccup, he’d have to! Or maybe … they could go to Wingmaiden Island instead - that might be better … if he could remember the way. The map! He could use the map and compass somehow. The flight would be just as difficult, and there was still the risk that Hiccup would get worse on the way there … or worse still. He was snapped out of his panicked thinking by Acacia and realised he had been pacing.

‘Toothless! Please calm down … In order to help him I need to know what’s causing this.’’ Acacia explained. Toothless started pacing again, trying to think.

‘I don’t … I don’t know. I was asleep last night because of your gas stuff, when I woke up, he was fine. He had that nightmare … didn’t get much sleep, but we have dealt with this shit before and this has never happened. Between Trid and work, he has been fine on less sleep then this.’’ Toothless explained panicking.
“Calm down!” Visskara tried, but Toothless roared in frustration and started glowing in his alpha form - he didn’t care right now about dragon hierarchy.

“Calm down? How the fuck can I calm down. He isn’t right! Something is very wrong. He is sweating, he is hot, and he isn’t awake! Gothi isn’t here, no one is fucking here! And no one knows what’s wrong with him!” Toothless shouted.

The dragons kept their distance, but they were not happy with Toothless’s alpha mode in front of Visskara, or his insolence towards the alpha. Runisalith roared loudly but Visskara spoke up before it could escalate.

“Quiet! All of you!” Visskara shouted in her own alpha form, her blue wings out-stretched to emphasis her dominance. “Runisalith quiet down! I seem to recall how your moods were less then tolerant when your mate was ill, and when he died. You will do well to remember that stress and fear cause us to behave in ways that we might regret later. Toothless means no harm I can assure you!”

Toothless was taken back by the word ‘died’. Hiccup couldn’t die! No, he wasn’t dying, he wouldn’t let him die!

“The Loightakalean defied your orders, and they’re not mates!” Runisalith argued somewhat desperately.

“He is my mate!” Toothless shouted before he could stop himself. His emotions were still raging from his human form. Emotions that dragons didn’t feel - or at least not to this extent, yet even now as a Dragon his feelings hadn’t subsided, lessened or changed. That pure emotion and love for Hiccup carried in his voice, and it startled the dragons into silence.

Runisalith shut up fast seeing as she no longer had an argument to cling to. The other dragons started mumbling and talking among themselves at this new information. Toothless found the lack of shouting or arguing deafening. He would rather the arguments then the whispered gossip right now. He had to focus on Hiccup.

“I’m sorry okay!” Toothless apologised loudly, but he calmed down enough to stop glowing blue. “I love him! He is my sal-binda or whatever the fuck you guys say, but he’s also my best friend. And yes, he is my mate! I just want someone, some-dreki to help him. Please!” Toothless begged. The last thing he wanted was a fight to break out.

“I thought as much.” Visskara voiced out loud.

“You knew?” Toothless asked.

“Yes, I had my suspicions when I saw you two … Never mind. I just guessed. Acacia, is there anything that can be done?” Visskara asked her.

Acacia didn’t look hopeful as she still had no idea what was causing it. Storrkeldan looked at Hiccup and voiced his suggestion.

“Maybe … if you take them clothes things off the boy, I say it might … reveal some new facts to this apparent mystery. Worth a try at this point, right? Seeing as we’ve nothing else to go on.”
“The wound…” Toothless whispered in realisation, and quickly changed back into a human.

Toothless staggered in his human form; all the changing between forms was really starting to affect him badly, and he missed the concerned looks from the other dragons who were now hoping it wasn’t contagious. He didn’t even register when they started voicing this to Visskara - not that he would have understood them anyway. He quickly knelt beside Hiccup and started to remove his clothing. The suit was frustrating - he didn’t have much practise with buckles and there were a lot of them. Finally, he managed to remove everything from Hiccup’s waist up. He was left looking at the scratches Visskara had given his boyfriend.

The four scratches down his chest, and the deeper openings where Visskara’s claws had pushed down, were much redder then when he and Hiccup had sex yesterday. Now, yellow-green shit had appeared in the cuts - especially the deeper ones, and it didn’t look like it was healing. In fact, it looked worse … much worse! The redness had spread across his entire chest, and when Toothless touched it the skin was hotter than Hiccup’s forehead. Initially he could feel anger boiling in his veins, Visskara had done this! Visskara had caused this and he wanted to let her have it … but he had to stay calm or Hiccup would suffer because of his actions.

“‘This is much worse.’ Toothless panicked, trying to hide his anger ‘‘It wasn’t like this yesterday. This must be what’s wrong!’’ Toothless stressed to Acacia and Storrkeldan, hoping they could do something to help now instead of just standing there.

Acacia and Storrkeldan went closer and Toothless was made to move. He hesitated, but stood to the side and watched. With the three dragons communicating, Toothless was getting frustrated not knowing what was going on, he changed back into a dragon and fought his own symptoms to listen.

“Right!” Acacia agreed to something Storrkeldan had said, and he left immediately.

“Storrkeldan has left to gather the Tawari tree bark. Visskara you are the fastest. If you could perhaps persuade an iss dragon to come here as fast as possible, they could maybe be of some help. I will be able to help Hiccup if you can get a Vengilfare to come back with a few Lapacho leaves covered in honey, and bring back some Echinacea plants and Cordoncillo. It is his only chance before the invasion spreads.” Acacia informed Visskara, hoping she would agree to get what Hiccup needed.

Visskara had grown rather fond of Hiccup over the last two days so she agreed to do all she could to help. She could also sense Toothless’s anger and thought it best to give him some space. She made it clear to all the dragons in the cavern before she left, that they were to stay away from Hiccup and that she would be back shortly. They weren’t happy being left with a human in their home, but they had no choice other than to respect their alpha. Visskara flashed away in a blur nearly knocking Toothless over.

“Invasion?” Toothless asked worried. Secretly relieved that Visskara had left and that something was being done for Hiccup now.

“Yes, we call it an invasion because it somehow gets into the body through cuts and wounds. It destroys the healthy skin and plagues the body like an invasion, until death is certain if left untreated. It always goes the same green or yellow colour. It is usually a slower process however, I have not treated a human before so it may be different. I am hoping treatment will work the same way for him as it would for you or me. I don’t see any reason to believe it wouldn’t. Humans and Dragons both have blood, skin and hearts, we just have wings and scales too.” Acacia explained.
“I think … I think humans call this an … an infection or something. When Hiccup lost his leg, I heard Gobber telling Stoick - his father, that Gothi said to keep it clean or it would get infected. I have heard that word a few times as a dragon, and as a human too. I just never though to ask anything about it, but it’s always said when another dragon or human had a cut.” Toothless blurted out. Acacia was a bit confused but got the point regardless.

“You know humans more then I do. You said he was hot. How warmer is he to what he should be?” Acacia asked.

“A lot! His heads hotter than it should be and he’s sweating - he shouldn’t be sweating. Humans do that when they are too hot, or exhausted like they have been running. His chest felt far too hot!” Toothless explained - worried. He didn’t feel like he was helping at all.

Toothless laid down near Hiccup’s head and wanted to lick away the sweat. He asked Acacia about his saliva’s healing properties but she shook her head and explained that the invasion was too deep. Hiccup had been through worse - he couldn’t let something like a few scratches take him down. All the dragons were still watching and gossiping, Acacia was just sitting there waiting, and he could only focus on the lifeless form before him. He just wanted Hiccup to open his eyes instead of lying there quiet, still, and blinking. Blinking?

Hiccup’s eyes blinked open and he mumbled barely coherent. ‘‘T-t-oth-ess’’ His breathing was slightly heavier now that he was awake.

Toothless quickly changed back into a human - this time however, he landed on his knees, weakened, tired, and dizzy; changing multiple times that day was draining him fast. He crawled over to Hiccup taking his hand in his own.

“I’m here babe. Acacia said you have an invasion in the skin. I think Vikings call it an infection … but I’m not sure.” He explained.

“In-In-fection?” Hiccup asked, trying to keep his eyes open and sit up. The last thing he remembered was telling Toothless he was just tired and not to worry.

“Lay down and rest babe, Acacia is gonna help you.” Toothless said, restraining Hiccup from getting up. “Your chest is really bad, Visskara did this!” Toothless’s anger was evident in his voice.

Hiccup lifted his head to see his chest. He was just as surprised as Toothless had been upon seeing the infection there. Gothi would usually whip up some paste or just burn the infected area, or both. He remembered feeling weak earlier, but he just assumed it was due to a lack of sleep.

“ Toothless, don’t get mad at Visskara - she was just protecting her island. Help me sit up … Please.” Hiccup asked. He tried to sit up but Toothless had his shoulders pinned down. “Toothless please. The ground isn’t exactly warm or friendly on my head.” Hiccup begged, his breathing becoming more laboured as he tried to sit up.

Toothless relented and shifted position, he then lifted Hiccup’s head onto his legs. “Is that better? You need to rest. Visskara … Visskara should be back soon with what you need.” He informed Hiccup, trying to stem his anger and rage. If anything happened to Hiccup, he would fight Visskara to the death. He couldn’t lose him because of her. Hiccup nodded and coughed a bit, he looked so weak, so ill, and incredibly tired. “Tell me what you feel like, what hurts and shit… Acacia might need to know.”
“Honestly, it feels like I have eel pox with out the delusions or the sneezing. I feel cold, and my chest…” Hiccup winced. “Let’s just say I’ve been better!” He smiled weakly.

Toothless kissed Hiccup’s head. “Why do you always scare me like this Hicc? Seriously!” Toothless sighed. He was slightly relieved that Hiccup was talking again.

“You know me, I just have to keep things … interesting.” Hiccup answered breathlessly. He still had uneven breathing and had started shivering.

Visskara landed with some pink Echinacea plants and Cordoncillo leaves in her mouth. She dropped them and made a disgusted expression before drinking from the cavern lake.

“I need to find out what’s happening babe.” Toothless told him, now folding up Hiccup’s tunic. He rested Hiccup’s head gently onto it. “I know you feel cold, but your body is far too hot. Just rest until I turn back. I promise you … you will fine!” Toothless told him, and kissed him gently.

Hiccup really didn’t want Toothless to be a dragon right now, he wanted to stay in his warm safe arms, but he also didn’t want to be seen as weak and pathetic. Vikings never showed their weakness after all. He watched as Toothless changed into a dragon, but grew extremely concerned when he failed to stand up.

“ Toothless!” Hiccup yelled, trying to sit up unaided. His chest hurt and his head started spinning, so he was forced to stay laying down.

“Fuck!” Toothless muttered screwing his eyes. The room was spinning for him now too, and he felt so weak his legs could barely support his weight. He moved over to lay by Hiccup’s side.

“ Toothless, you have to stop … changing!” Hiccup forced out through deep breaths and heavier breathing. He reached out a hand to feel his dragons’ body, resting it on Toothless’s side

The dragons in the cavern were getting worried that whatever the boy had was contagious. A debate had broken out and Toothless started to listen.

“They must leave before we all get what they have!” The male Night-Wisp shouted.

“I agree. You seem to be rather fond of this boy Visskara. You risk our lives by bringing him here and defending him.” Runisalith argued.

Toothless spoke to Acacia, who was the closest. “I’m not sick! It happens when I change from Dragon to Human … and Human to Dragon too much.” Toothless weakly explained. “It drains my energy or something. I just need rest, sleep, it passes on its own. I promise I don’t have what Hiccup has.”

Acacia nodded. She had never known the ‘invasion’ to be contagious. “Visskara?” Acacia called to her.

“Quiet! All of you!” Visskara ordered. Once everyone had closed their mouths, she turned to face Acacia.

“The invasion is not contagious. Toothless just explained to me that he is suffering from the effects of changing form too many times. It weakens him, he is tired but otherwise healthy.” Acacia explained.

Visskara looked at Toothless who nodded confirmation, she then explained this to the other
dragons. By the time she had finished explaining, Storrkeldan returned with Tawari tree bark in his mouth and landed beside Acacia. Hiccup had fallen back to sleep from exhaustion - and from the effects of the illness.

“What’s happening?” Toothless asked trying to stay awake.

“We are just waiting for a Vengilfagre, then we can start helping the boy.” Acacia explained.

“Kaarefagret will be coming, she should be here soon. I explained the situation briefly. The same with Norrissaden although he is a slower flier.” Visskara explained.

Toothless was getting impatient but he had no choice other than to wait. He was fighting the drowsiness trying to force him to sleep. It seemed like ages until Kaarefagret arrived. He heard Visskara say she was a Vengilfagre, but he couldn’t remember her species. She was smaller then Stormfly, but bigger than him. She was grey mostly, lighter grey on her undersides. She had a curved beak like mouth and nose, and two long thin ears that stuck up. Her tail wings were blue, but her main wings where bright yellow, blue and red. Identical to each other and patterned quite beautifully. It reminded him of a butterfly. Kaarefagret bowed, left her leaves, and then moved to watch from a distance, curious of the boy but following orders from Visskara.

Toothless looked over at Acacia and Storrkeldan. Acacia was chewing the Tawari tree bark, the pink Echinacea plants, and one of the Lapacho leaves covered in honey that Kaarefagret had brought with her. She spat the mixture onto one of the other Lapacho leaves. Toothless winced, disgusted at the mushy green sticky mixture - he had been human too long.

Hiccup started stirring awake again as Acacia was using her pink mist on his chest and face. Hiccup didn’t say anything, he was too weak and he trusted Acacia - he didn’t really have a choice in the matter either.

“Can you change once more Toothless? I need you to rub this into his chest and lay the leaf over the top.” Acacia asked.

“I think so.” Toothless nodded. “But I think I will pass out soon. Please, keep him safe until I wake up.”

“You have my word as Alpha, that no one will hurt either of you, and Acacia and Storrkeldan will do their best for Hiccup!” Visskara told him.

Toothless had calmed somewhat in relation to his anger at Visskara. She had been protecting the island after all, and right now, she was helping Hiccup. He still wasn’t happy with her though.

“It will be best if he sleeps. Are you okay with that?” Acacia asked Toothless when she had finished with her pink mist.

Hiccup blinked and tried to smile at Toothless, but he looked so unwell. Toothless nodded in agreement and forced himself to move.

“Just don’t give him too much! Humans needs to drink water a few times a day and eat … that stuff is so strong it will knock him out for days!” Toothless explained.

Acacia nodded and used her blue mist to make Hiccup sleep. Hiccup’s eyes closed instantly and he looked peaceful.
“Is that it? What ya trying to make sleep, A rat? I didn’t take you as a yenho.” Storrkeldan commented at the tiny puff of blue mist Acacia used.

“Oh, hush you! Before I used it on you and drop you into the ocean! Then we will see who the yenho is indeed.” Acacia threatened.

“Yes flower!” Storrkeldan submitted, and smiled hopefully.

“Wait. Are you two mates?” Toothless asked. He was preparing himself to change into a human … but he was curios.

“Yes. We have been mates for a long time.” Acacia informed him. “Although I don’t know why sometimes.” She gave Storrkeldan a look.

“So … Grutregrasvattir’s mate for life?” Toothless asked.

“That’s right. You had forgotten that?” Acacia asked.

“I guess so. Or … I was never taught.”

“You were taught. You asked me that same question over twenty ar’tios ago.” Acacia explained. Toothless looked surprised at first, but he looked down at Hiccup.

“Will he be okay now? I can’t talk to you as a human and I don’t think I will be able to change back for a while.”

“I have used my pink healing on him, and you need to apply that mixture to stop the invasion and prevent it from spreading … but it won’t be until the great mani rises into the sky tonight that it will take effect and aid the healing process.” Acacia explained.

A Kveykvaissnio suddenly arrived, landing a few feet away from them.

“Oh, Norrissaden. Thank you for coming.” Visskara greeted him as he walked closer.

Norrissaden was about three feet tall and mostly light blue. He had a darker blue chest, tail tip and feet – as well as his ears and small spines down his back. His tail tip was shaped like a curved diamond shape. He had two whiskers and flaps on the sides of his head like he was wearing a hood. The hood like sides protected his eyes from snow storms and increased his hearing range.

“Whoa, gods of iss! Is that the human, the dreki’s sal-binda?” Norrissaden questioned, sniffing at Hiccup eagerly. Toothless gave a low growl to tell him to back off. “Hey chill! Chill? You get it? Cos I’m an iss dreki … no? Never mind then. So, what can I help with?” He asked almost pompously.

Toothless huffed. He still had to change and apply the mixture, but he was suddenly feeling very protective.

“ Toothless said the boy … Hiccup was too hot. I was hoping you might assist in cooling him down, if that’s okay.” Acacia explained.

“Frozen human coming right up!” Norrissaden announced excitedly.

Toothless growled loudly at him, Acacia and Visskara shouting at him to stop as he forced himself
to stand over Hiccup protectively.

“‘You freeze him you fucking faifuh and I’ll blast your fucking head off! Get it!’” Toothless threatened, finding energy he didn’t know he had left. His alpha abilities were threatening to activate, but they would kill any new found energy of his and cause him to collapse onto Hiccup - he had to be careful.

“No! Not frozen. Just a light chill if you will. A small cold puff will suffice.” Acacia explained quickly.

“How about no! And you can piss off and shove the cold air that’s coming out of your arse back up it!” Toothless shouted at Norrissaden.

“Wow I learn something new about myself everyday hot head. Need me to cool you off?” Norrissaden retorted making Toothless angrier.

The other dragons in the cave were inching to start shouting along, but they were also enjoying the scene play out like it was a show being put on for their entertainment.

“Enough!” Visskara shouted.

“And we got ourselves a couple of hatchlings.” Storrkeldan chimed in.

“Thankyou Storrkeldan, for that very informative remark!” Visskara sarcastically snapped at him, making him bow his head. “‘Toothless, I suggest you take a step back and calm yourself, no one will be hurting your … Hiccup. Norrissaden, you’re no better!’” She paused to collect her thoughts. “‘Toothless you need to change into your human form and apply that mixture before Hiccup gets worse. As for the cooling down idea … maybe it is best if we avoid that.’” Toothless nodded, he didn’t want to change with Norrissaden still there but Visskara was right, he did need to treat Hiccup and soon. He also knew Hiccup was still burning up, and he remembered seeing Hiccup placing a cold cloth onto Astrid’s head when she was ill. That gave him an idea.

“I have an idea. If we can get Hiccup’s stuff then we can use his drying towel. We can get it wet and then freeze that instead, then I can place it onto his head.” Toothless explained hesitantly. He didn’t want to ask Norrissaden for help but this was for Hiccup after all.

Eventually everyone agreed with Toothless’s idea and Visskara flew away to get the bags. She was only gone about five-ten minutes - perks of being a Leitatilsynum. Toothless waited for her return before changing form, he still didn’t trust Norrissaden, and didn’t know how his body would react to changing again. If he only got a few minutes before he passed out, he wanted to make the most of his time. He checked again with Acacia and Storrkeldan for instructions on what he was supposed to do, then he thanked them all for their help before changing into a human.

As expected, the room spun violently and he had to fight hard to stay conscious. He barely crawled over to Hiccup and applied the mixture. Acacia nodded that he had done it right as he lay the leaf flat over the mixture and wound. She used her tail with more pink mist before ‘talking’ to Visskara and Storrkeldan. Toothless felt as if his entire body had been depleted of all energy and he felt almost like he hadn’t slept in weeks. He was so dizzy and out of it yet, he managed to dig deep to find some energy - from Thor only knows where, to get himself dressed, to lay a blanket over Hiccup’s lower body, and to clumsily get out the drying cloth for Acacia and Norrissaden to wet and freeze. When he had pulled out the drying cloth, half the contents of the bag fell out and
starled some of the other dragons but he didn’t care. Norrissaden flew to the other side of the cavern, and Acacia gave the frozen cloth to Toothless.

As Toothless lovingly dabbed Hiccup’s head, face, arms, shoulders and neck, he tried to remember how many times he had changed today. It must have been over twelve times - that was a record for sure. He was pushing it past the eighth or ninth time, so to reach twelve … it was amazing he hadn’t already collapsed. Wiping Hiccup’s head, he didn’t care that all the dragons were watching him. He just couldn’t think anymore, he was too far gone to think. His eyes were so heavy, and he had already nearly passed out a few times as he cared for Hiccup. He lay the drying cloth over Hiccup’s head and kissed him gently on the lips. ‘‘I love you Hiccup’’ He whispered to his sleeping mate.

Too exhausted to care about the other dragons, Toothless lay down close to Hiccup with his own blanket - his head nestled into Hiccup’s neck, and his arm gently resting over Hiccup’s waist carefully so not to disturb his wound.

In a matter of seconds, all the dragons could see were two sleeping humans. Acacia explained that she and Storrkeldan had to leave for now but would be back tonight to check on Hiccup. They took their leave and Visskara laid down not far from the two sleeping boys - keeping a close eye on them.

‘‘That’s it … You’re just going to let them stay here?’’ Runisalith the elder Flame-tip complained.

‘‘Yes! They have my safe passage through this Island until they leave. You will do well to respect my guests and my decision.’’ Visskara told her sternly.

‘‘You’re going soft Visskara, letting strangers on the island, and humans!’’ Runisalith pressed.

‘‘The Loightakalean isn’t a stranger. He was hatched on this very island. My Mooir cared for him a very long time ago until he was sent to live in these very caves and caverns with Groaldridax - the elder Bregoasveial at the time. He left when the great fire raged, and he seems to have lost many of his memories. As for the boy … Hiccup. They have been chosen and gifted with the Frithvineradreki sorcery, and they are sal-binda’s. You know how much we respect the ancient magic and laws here, the ones set in place to protect us drekis. What would you have me do? Let his sal-binda die, force them off the island. The very same Island the Frithvineradreki sorcery was born. Or maybe I should just kill them. Do you think the gods - dreki or not, would be happy with that choice? To kill the first true sal-binda’s since the sorcerer herself and her Grutregrasvattir that saved this island.’’ Visskara asked, more to point out her logic and reasons for protecting Toothless and Hiccup then for an answer.

The other dragons were listening intently, and they agreed with Visskara.

‘‘When you put it like that…’’ Runisalith started, but her memory reminded her of the past. ‘‘Wait … I remember a Loightakalean when I first sought shelter here with my herd. You mean that Loightakalean is the same one from all those ar’tios ago?’’ Disbelief evident in her voice.

Runisalith remembered being attacked and wounded by Vikings - barely escaping their weapons and traps, and traveling to this island with her own Mooir, mate and younglings. Visskara was just a hatchling at the time, but her Mooir - Kalvissmari the Alpha, had helped them and given them a safe and permanent home here. She didn’t know the Loightakalean well, but she remembered his
trouble making with that Hugreaetlavafi - Gorahiroa. Runisalith was one of the few dragons that never left the island when the great fire erupted. She knew first hand what humans were capable of, and she and her pack were safe on this human devoid island - she would never leave unless there was no other option. She had lived further inland - in the forest where the lava never touched, until it cooled down enough to return. It had been hard, the fire from their wings and tails burned the trees and plants, but eventually they were able to rebuild and remake the caverns and caves their home again. Many drekis had already - foolishly in her opinion, left the island.

“‘That very same. I wonder how much the gods played into the lives of these two.’” Visskara voiced aloud, looking at the two sleeping boys. All the other dragons silently listened, including Runisalith who had finally accepted Visskara choices to aid Toothless and Hiccup. “‘Toothless should have fallen victim to that Takarolmagi and never hatched, but he did. He ended up being raised here by my mooir nonetheless. He was then taught by Groaldridax until her time passed and the great fire erupted. Then he left and eventually crossed paths with his sal-binda, Hiccup. I believe together they have saved many drekis from humans who wished to do them harm. Toothless became Alpha of his own island by protecting many drekis. During a great battle to protect drekis and humans alike, he gave his life for Hiccup and was blessed with the Frithvineradreki sorcery. From what I have learnt of the boy, Hiccup has faced many trials and tribulations in his short life. Yet together, as true sal-binda’s, they find themselves both here where it all started. I do not question the will of the gods, but it does make me wonder what is next for those two. How much have the Gods guided or assisted the path that has led them to the here and now.’’

The grey and light purple Hirjotabjarleggia, spoke for the first time from his boulder. He stood up and his words shocked all the dragons in the cavern.

“‘They are blessed with ancient sorcery, and the gods watch over them closely. Hurt them at your own risk! Visskara … you should hope the boy recovers well, or wrath may descend upon us all.’” Gorrolketir boldly pronounced in his loud deep voice before laying back down to sleep.

Visskara knew why he had said that, but the other dragons wanted answers to what sounded like a threat.

“‘Gorrolketir, what do you mean by that?’” Kirnottdra asked impatiently. The other dragons agreeing they too wanted answers.

“‘Visskara knows. My last words are this; For all our sakes, we must not take the risk of harming the Loightakalean or his sal-binda!’”

All the dragons looked at Visskara expectantly, but she offered no explanation and just ignored them. They finally settled down and carried on with their own things. Left alone to her thoughts, Visskara didn’t know if she truly believed that harming Toothless or Hiccup would bring forth the gods wrath. She had already hurt them both and nothing bad had happened. Still, she didn’t want to risk what might happen if one of them died because of her - or because of any other dreki for that matter. The chance that what Gorrolketir said might be true was a risk she wasn’t prepared to take, and who knows what other sorcery ran though these lands. That wasn’t the only reason though, she had grown fond of them both and would feel bad if Hiccup died because of her. It was amazing just to bear witness to the first - and maybe last, sal-binda’s blessed with the frithvineradreki sorcery that the sorcerer had left with her dying breaths. She got to meet a human boy capable of viewing the drekis as equals, yet who respected them and their ways with kindness and patience.
Visskara looked over at the two boys. She had heard the anger in Toothless’s voice when he told Hiccup she had done this to him. She heard the way Hiccup had stood up for her, even weaken and suffering from her actions he still held no anger or blame towards her. He had understood why it had happened and respected her for doing her job. Most drekis weren’t even capable of that level-headed thinking or respect when it didn’t involve fear. No, most drekis would attack, place the blame, or hold a grudge. She could understand Toothless’s anger towards her, and she was grateful that he too had restraint and listened to Hiccup. They were both unique and special individuals.

Lost in thought and going over everything that had happened, she realized she would be sad to see them leave … but that is how it must be. For now, she would keep them safe and hope Hiccup would be better when the great sol rises. She trusted the Grutregrasvattir’s ability to grow, heal, and protect, so she trusted the boy would be okay. Whilst they were here, she would like to make amends with Toothless. After all, her own mooir had cared for Toothless a long time ago, they were both Alpha’s, and both the same ar’tios in age. It was a shame she had forgotten about Toothless, and couldn’t remember him at all, but maybe she could help him remember some of what he had forgotten at least.
Anger and fear

Chapter 31 - Anger and fear

Small breaks in the ceiling of the cavern, where the walls were closer to the outside of the mountain, allowed rays from the sun or the moon to stream down onto the water of the small lake. So, when Toothless woke up that morning he knew it was before sunrise. He felt rested mostly, but some tiredness still lingered and he wasn’t sure how changing form would affect him right now. He refused to sleep anymore because he wanted to be awake for when Hiccup woke up. Visskara and the other dragons watched him as he moved around the cavern, tended to Hiccup, fetched water from the lake, and then returned to Hiccup again drinking his water. Hiccup’s chest still glowed faintly pink from Acacia’s treatment, and he couldn’t see the wound under the leaf and paste like stuff. He assumed it must be working though, as Hiccup’s forehead felt normal again at least and he was no longer sweating. Toothless just sat there thinking, until Visskara looked over at him and made a noise to gain his attention.

“I’m not changing Visskara! I have nothing to say to you, and I don’t want to hear what you have to say either.” Toothless told her bluntly before sipping at his water.

Visskara sighed and understood why, but she wanted to try and make amends at least. The other dragons that overheard were not so pleased with Toothless’s attitude. They didn’t know how Hiccup had gotten injured and therefore, just saw his rudeness and insolence. Toothless didn’t have to be able to hear their words to know how they felt about him.

‘‘You all think I’m being rude and disrespectful? Maybe you should ask the Alpha why Hiccup is hurt!’’ He told them all loudly, before looking straight at Visskara accusingly.

Visskara didn’t look pleased at all. When she looked away, she had no choice but to explain what he had meant to the other dragons who were now questioning her. Toothless soon picked up on the change of tone, the change in the atmosphere, when Visskara told them the truth about Hiccup’s wounds. After quite a stir up, everything soon became silent in the cavern. Toothless wasn’t sure what had been said between Visskara and the others, but they weren’t angry or giving him accusing looks anymore at least.

Not much time passed before Toothless heard - and felt, Visskara leave the caverns in a gust of wind. He was looking at Hiccup’s journal as he had nothing else to do except wait for him to wake up. He found his emotions unsettled - especially as a human, and the journal was almost a piece of Hiccup himself. All his notes on the new dragons he had meet since leaving Berk, drawings of them and of the new island. Hiccup had some folded-up parchment with drawings of his friends back home and of him and Trid inserted into the back.

It was the drawing of his friends - especially Snotlout, that made him remember Hiccup’s forgiving nature. Snotlout had been the biggest bully and plifigen to Hiccup when they were younger, but Hiccup still forgave him. Toothless reflected on his own ability to forgive. He had forgiven Berk for attacking him, forgiven Hiccup for shooting him down, so why couldn’t he forgive Visskara? Why were human emotions so complicated? He had changed since he had become human, and he was learning that humans feel things on a much deeper level then dragons. Dragons have emotions - certainly, but it was like they had been intensified greatly. He had to control his emotions and be careful of his actions. Hiccup told him not to be angry at Visskara, but he couldn’t just stop his feelings, he could only try his best to control them … for Hiccup.

It wasn’t long before Visskara returned with a catch of fish, and dropped them next to Toothless.
“Hiccup’s right. You were only trying to protect this island and I get that, but you acted to Hiccup like Vikings act to us dragons. You shot first and didn’t even give us a chance to explain. You knew Hiccup was with me, but you didn’t even listen to me begging you to stop. You saw Hiccup as the enemy that had to be killed before learning why we were even here in the first place. You have rules on this island, I get that too, but how do you expect us ... expect Hiccup to know your rules. How do you expect humans to see us as good beings when you just attack them for no reason? I don’t hate you Visskara, I will continue to respect you as the Alpha, but right now … right now I am angry and I don’t like you very much!” Toothless admitted.

Toothless’s words stung because they were true. She had acted without question and he was right, how were they to know the rules of the island. Had Toothless not spoken true words … she would have been angrier at his refusal to forgive her mistake. As alpha she had never needed nor wanted forgiveness, but for some reason she wanted Toothless to like and respect her for reasons other than fear or authority. If Toothless wouldn’t change form then she couldn’t communicate with him, she would just have to wait until he did change. Maybe when Hiccup woke up, Toothless would be less angry and more willing to accept her apology.

Visskara walked away from Toothless for now. Toothless sighed and put his mouth next to a sleeping Hiccup’s ear.

“Wake up Hicc! I need you to wake up … or I may lose it and end up doing something stupid.” Toothless whispered. He kissed Hiccup’s head and when he sat up, he felt all the eyes following him. ‘Fucking drekis, surely they had better things to do then ogle and stick their snouts where they didn’t belong.’ He thought.

He soon grew annoyed with all the eyes watching them, all the judging and gossip he knew was floating around. Being on show by the lake didn’t offer them much privacy either. He told Visskara he was moving Hiccup over there - pointing to an area of the cavern by some boulders to the right that would give them some concealment to wondering eyes. His voice almost dared her to try and stop him, but she just nodded and watched as Toothless moved their stuff and then scooped Hiccup into his arms and moved him too. Toothless gently laid Hiccup back down and made him more comfortable for when he woke up. Toothless left the fish behind on purpose and Visskara noticed. She waiting a while before trying again, and took the fish over to them.

“I’m not hungry!” Toothless told her abruptly. Visskara looked at Hiccup as if to make a point. “Yeah, I’ll just stuff it down his throat while he’s asleep!” Toothless snapped sarcastically. He then signed and calmed himself. “Look! I’m just angry okay, and worried. I really don’t want to say something I’ll regret. Thanks for the fish … but I can’t cook it. Hiccup does the cooking and he don’t eat raw fish … neither do I in this form. We’ll need sticks - wood, and a fire to cook it on when he wakes up anyway. I won’t leave him until he wakes up.” Toothless explained.

Visskara left again, but it wasn’t long until she returned with a large bunch of thick sticks in her claws. She dropped them by Toothless and he chuckled so half-heartedly it was almost a huff.

“I know you’re trying to get me to forgive you, but I just need to know Hiccup’s okay first. He means so much to me and if anything happens to him … well I just don’t know what I would do.” Visskara warbled and made noises. “I’m not sure what you’re saying but I won’t change yet. I’m too tired for one thing and I’ll … I’ll talk to you when he wakes up.”

Toothless had somehow, and at some point, accidentally drifted back off to sleep. He woke up annoyed with himself, until he heard a familiar voice and noticed Hiccup wasn’t lying next to him.
He scrambled onto his feet but paused when he heard what Hiccup was saying.

‘‘…been my best friend ever since I was fifteen, seven years now. I know what he’s like, and even as a dragon he has a bit of an attitude. He really doesn’t like anyone hurting or offending me … or my friends. I would be exactly the same way if anyone offended him...’’ Hiccup was saying to Visskara.

Toothless looked round the boulder and saw Hiccup sitting next to Visskara with his feet - well foot, in the lake. He looked a lot better, maybe a little weak but he was fully dressed with his trousers rolled up to his knees. Toothless was curious to what else he had to say. He had to be so quiet - Visskara had super hearing.

‘‘… point is I love him … and I love the way we look out for each other. I don’t know what he has said or done but I bet most of it was just because he was worried about me, and because he was tired. I’m sure he will be alright when he wakes up.’’ Hiccup sighed. ‘‘He really needs to stop changing so much, he is so stubborn sometimes.’’

Toothless let slip a huff of his own and Visskara heard him. She looked back and saw Toothless hide behind the boulder. Hiccup saw Visskara’s look.

‘‘Did you hear something?’’ Hiccup asked. Visskara nodded once. ‘‘Toothless?’’ Hiccup called, he got not response. ‘‘Must still be asleep’’ Hiccup thought out loud, but Visskara huffed. ‘‘Or not! Toothless?’’ Hiccup tried again.

When Hiccup got no answer Visskara shoot a plasma blast at the boulder, not a strong one, but enough to make Toothless run out.

‘‘Hey! You trying to kill me too? You could have … Hey Hiccup!’’ Toothless shouted angrily, but finished with an innocent smile at Hiccup instead.

‘‘Was you ignoring me?’’ Hiccup asked.

‘‘I-Ignoring you? N-No, why would I ignore you? No, I-I was erm … sleeping!’’ Toothless stuttered and then smiled. Hiccup gave him a ‘really’ look. ‘‘Okay! I was listening to you talking to the enemy.’’ Toothless said walking over to Hiccup. He was so relieved Hiccup was awake.

Visskara huffed.

‘‘Toothless, Visskara isn’t the enemy … and I think you know that.’’ Hiccup told him. Toothless rolled his eyes and helped Hiccup stand up. He hugged Hiccup tightly. ‘‘T-Toothless, not so tight!’’ Hiccup strained out. Toothless let go quickly and Hiccup caught his breath. He coughed a few times from crushed lungs, and his chest still hurt. He wasn’t fully cured but it was safe to say he wasn’t dying.

‘‘Sorry Hicc, but I was so worried about you. Are you okay?’’

‘‘I’m good babe, not totally healed but a lot better. I just need you to sort out whatever is going on between you and Visskara. I know you blame her for … for what happened to me, but she was just doing her job. I’m fine now, but I’d feel a lot better if you weren’t angry at the alpha.’’ Hiccup told him.

Toothless had fussed over Hiccup a lot, and they had kissed and hugged a few more times before he finally agreed to talk to Visskara. It had taken a lot of prompting on Hiccup’s part, but he changed into a dragon and went to talk to her. Hiccup had seen the fish and the fire materials, so he
started making a fire to cook on.

Hiccup noticed that Toothless had also been talking to some of the other dragons, the Night-Wisps, a couple of the Flame-Tips, a few of the Gronckles, the two new dragons he didn’t know, and possibly some of the others. Acacia was there earlier, looking at his chest and communicating with Visskara, but she had left again before Toothless had woken up.

Toothless had eventually changed back to his human form and gotten dressed. Hiccup was feeling really tired again, or worn out at least, so he was resting against one of the boulders when Toothless sat next to him.

“You okay Hicc? Sorry I was gone a while.” Toothless asked concerned.

“Yeah, it’s fine. I’m fine. I guess I just don’t have as much energy as I thought I did. Guess I’ll have to reschedule my Gronckle wrestling.” He told Toothless, who gave him a ‘really’ look.

“Last time you said you were fine, you passed out on me. Visskara also said that Acacia wants to treat you again later so your obviously not fine.” Toothless reminded him.

“Well … I feel much better. I’m probably just a bit hungry, that’s all. Visskara and Acacia didn’t have any issue with me getting up so I’m good, really!” Hiccup assured him.

“And you call me stubborn! Well … I’m hungry too. I’ll see if Visskara can help light the fire and I’ll try and cook you some fish.” Toothless announced getting up and walking over to Visskara before Hiccup could say anything or argue.

The male Flame-Tip actually lit the fire, which surprised Hiccup a bit. He learnt from Toothless his name was Ardeneldr. Hiccup watched painfully as Toothless tried his hardest to cook for him. Toothless kept insisting that Hiccup do nothing, that he could do this. Somehow Toothless had managed to cremate two fish, skewered two others until they fell apart, and burnt his hand three times yelling that he had never ever worried about being burnt before on a small fucking camp fire - he was a dragon! Visskara had kindly gotten them more fish, and Toothless had stubbornly kept trying until he managed to serve them both two cooked fish each. Hiccup was actually proud of Toothless, he had learnt what to do by just watching Hiccup before, and he had stuck with it even though he was losing his patience. The fish was good too, even if he was getting sick of nothing but fish to eat.

“Teach my dragon to cook fish on a camp fire, check.” Hiccup joked as he ate his fish. Him and Toothless both chuckled.

“Do you have a check list hidden in your journal somewhere I should know about?” Toothless laughed.

“Not really, but I’ve mentally checked of cooking, sword fighting, writing, reading, using a spoon, and … other things.”

“What fucking?” Toothless smirked.

“’Toothless! I was going for discreet … but why don’t you just shout that a bit louder!” Hiccup blushed.

“Fucking!” Toothless shouted loudly, the word even echoed. Hiccup blushed hard and most dragons had turned to look their way. Toothless just laughed. “Relax baby! Dragons don’t know what the word fucking means, I certainly didn’t.”
Hiccup covered his eyes with his hands.

Hiccup and Toothless had talked about what happened when Hiccup passed out, about the new dragons; the Vengilfagre Hiccup had called the Bright-Wing, and the Kveykvaissnio Hiccup called the Bliceal. Toothless told Hiccup new things about the dragons he had learnt, and they were currently talking about Norrissaden the Kveykvaissnio. Hiccup remembered Toothless mentioning that species before, but right now Toothless was complaining about him being a furinq plifigen.

“Wait, a what?” Hiccup asked bewildered.

“Dragon insults, basically he’s annoying arsehole!” Toothless explained.

“Don’t you think, maybe you’re being a bit mean. He can’t be that bad surely. Maybe you just need to get to know him more.” Hiccup tried, but Toothless wasn’t having none of it.

“What part of ‘he tried to freeze you’ don’t you get?” Toothless asked, but didn’t wait for an answer. “Besides, he called me a hot head. That fucking skelirex plifigen!”

“Okay, calm down! Maybe teach me these dragon insults before you start using them.” Hiccup tried to change the subject.

“I told you, he is a trouble making annoying arse-hole!” Toothless snapped getting irate. He realised he was getting angry and took a deep breath. “Sorry, he just really pissed me off, and that arsehole is still sticking around here just to annoy me.”

“I must have missed that part.” Hiccup sarcastically remarked. “I mean it’s not like you’re snapping at me or anything.”

“Sorry Hicc.” Toothless apologised.

“Don’t let him get to you. I have to deal with trouble markers, arseholes and idiots on Berk every day. If I let it get to me, I’d always be angry and pulling my hair out.” Hiccup told him.

“You’re right babe. I am sorry.” Toothless took a deep breath.

“Explain the insults to me, one at a time though. I am actually curious. I’ll write them down so I don’t forget this time.” Hiccup said showing him his journal and pencil. Toothless shook his head at Hiccup but caved.

“Okay. Erm … Faifuh means idiot or stupid. Quiazule mean total stone, really dumb or retarded. Like that Alrollken … erm Gronkle that sat on you.”

“That’s a bit harsh, I’m sure he didn’t mean-”

“No, he really is a quiazule. All his friends call him that anyway. He doesn’t understand things. Anyway … Noxa means … mean or unkind. Let’s see … erm … Torht mean weird, crazy or loony. Furinq means really annoying or obnoxious. Yenho is a dragon with weak or limited powers - or powers that they can’t control. Then there’s … Fatorp, which means disgusting, smelly, or gross. Oh, and Skelirex which means Trouble maker.” Toothless listed off from memory.

Hiccup finished writing and asked. “What about plifigen or that other one you called Hookfang … a yarxeyed?”

Toothless’s face dropped. “Well, a plifigen is an arsehole - or someone that acts like one. I still
ain’t telling you what a yarxeyed is Hiccup.’’

‘‘Why not? You called Hookfang it, you said you called him that all the time as a dragon.’’ Hiccup reminded him.

‘‘And I do call him that, but he knows I’m only joking. Hookfang isn’t the type of dragon that cares what you call them, but you would never use this insult otherwise. It’s just a really bad insult Hicc and it might upset you.’’ Toothless stressed.

‘‘Why is it so bad? Toothless just tell me!’’ Hiccup pushed.

‘‘It means … a dragon that should…’’ Toothless hesitated

‘‘Go on Toothless, you’re just explaining what it means you’re not calling anyone it.’’ Hiccup encouraged.

‘‘One that … should … No! I’m sorry Hiccup, it’s too dark to explain. Maybe one day I’ll tell you but please Hicc, just change the subject okay!’’ Toothless begged.

Hiccup tried to get it out of Toothless but his lips were sealed tight and he refused to explain this one insult. Hiccup was more curious at his reluctance and managed to push him too far. He shouted at Hiccup to let it go, changed out of his clothes, turned into a dragon, and then angrily flew out of the cavern. Hiccup was left feeling guilty and confused. Sitting alone by the dimming fire he realised he had pushed Toothless away, he had messed up. He couldn’t follow him and what if Toothless never came back?

The fear of Toothless never returning overwhelmed him so suddenly. Images started flashing in Hiccup’s mind. The day his father died - when he pushed Toothless away. Hiccup clenched onto his hair tightly, pulling at his hair trying to yank out the memories. ‘‘No!’’ He screamed, but flashbacks of his nightmares started revolving in his mind. ‘‘You’re nothing without your dragon… You’re useless.’’ Hiccup felt like something was stuck in his throat and he clenched at his neck, gasping for air. ‘‘You failed him, you let him die, you don’t deserve to be chief.’’

His heart beat raced as his hands grew sweaty. He was losing everything, he couldn’t hold on to it, he was losing Toothless now too. He grew dizzy and wanted to cry away the images and stop the words revolving in his head. His vision blurred and saw a huge blue and white shape coming towards him, to kill him for failing. His panic only made him dizzier as he tried to move, to escape, but something hard was behind him. The shape left, but he could see others. They were surrounding him, enclosing him in a tight space and he couldn’t escape, he couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t see.

‘‘Hicc? Oh, thank Thor!’’ Toothless exclaimed as Hiccup came around in his arms, laying across his lap. Toothless gripped him tightly and kissed his head.

‘‘Toothless, what happened?’’ Hiccup asked confused, his throat and eyes were sore. He noticed Visskara and Acacia watching them - and a few of the other dragons weren’t far. He was grateful they were near the boulders and were mostly secluded.

‘‘You don’t remember? Visskara came for me, she said you were shouting, panicking and acting strange. Acacia came and said you were troubled, scared of something and that … she couldn’t help issues of the mind.’’ Toothless reminded him gently, stroking his hair and worry evident in his voice. Hiccup could tell from Toothless’s eyes that he had been crying too.

‘‘I … You left.’’ Hiccup choked, tears gathered in his eyes as he started to remember. ‘‘I made you
Hiccup griped Toothless for dear life and cried into him, shuddering as tears streamed from his eyes. Toothless had never seen Hiccup like this before and it scared him. He had been distraught before, but never over something so minor as him walking or flying away for a moment for some air.

Visskara and Acacia left and made sure they had privacy. Toothless was grateful for that but he had no idea why Hiccup was acting this way, it had him feeling really unsettled. There had to be something else upsetting Hiccup, apart from him just flying away for a bit.

"Hiccup, you have to talk to me baby, you’re scaring me." Toothless admitted, a tear slipped down his cheek onto Hiccup dishevelled auburn hair.

Hiccup held his grip on Toothless and couldn’t stop crying, but he nodded letting Toothless know he would. He cried for what seemed like ages before he wiped his eyes and sat up looking at his very concerned, confused, and very worried boyfriend. He felt so foolish, weak and pathetic. All that panic felt foreign to him now, like it wasn’t him who just experienced it, yet it was so real. The feeling that he was losing everything was still so real. He was losing it, going mad maybe.

"I-I’m okay." Hiccup lied and sniffed. He had bloodshot red puffy eyes.

"Baby, please don’t lie to me. Don’t give me that fucking crap and expect me to believe it. You’re not okay, you haven’t been okay for a long time Hiccup. I know you’re doing the best you can, I know what you’ve been though, and I know you’re trying, but you need to tell me what happened after I left." Toothless firmly told him.

Hiccup looked away from Toothless. When he spoke, it was so quiet and his words came out slowly and broken. "You left. I don’t know what happened … I just couldn’t get the visions out of my head; the words wouldn’t stop."

"What visions, what words?" Toothless asked, stroking Hiccup’s back.

"Things that happened before, things from my nightmares.” Hiccup admitted sadly, almost shamefully.

"It’s okay … what happened next?" Toothless prompted gently.

"I just panicked. I don’t know why but … I thought I’d lost you, that maybe you wouldn’t come back. I thought I was losing everything - that you would be the first to go just like in my nightmares. Then everyone else would realise I’m nothing … and it would all slip away. I felt like I couldn’t breathe Toothless, like I was trapped. I really don’t know what happen, it’s never happened before, I just remember being so scared.” Hiccup admitted shamefully.

"Hiccup, listen to me! Listen to me really hard!" Toothless told him, holding Hiccup’s arms and turning him to look into his eyes. ‘‘I would never walk or fly away from you with the intention of never coming back, never! I love you. I got angry because you wouldn’t drop something I said no too. I just needed some air, and I felt guilty for shouting at you. Hiccup you are not nothing without me. You’re amazing all on your own! You have done so much - just you! Together we are stronger, yes, but that doesn’t mean we are useless on our own.’’

"I am useless on my own.” Hiccup whispered on the verge of tears again.
“No! Hiccup you are not useless! You are different in a good way and others don’t understand different. Any idiot that calls you useless can meet my fists! Or plasma blasts - depending on how fucked up you want me to leave them.” Toothless firmly told him. Hiccup gave a small chuckle, but he still looked so depressed and dejected. “You made my tail yourself and are great in the forge. You spoke to your tribe and encouraged them to befriend dragons. You trained the dragons. You got the dragons back that one Snoggletog without me. You lead the tribe amazingly now. When I go away for my alpha stuff you still lead the tribe amazingly. You can wield a sword damn fucking well. You came up with the ideas to do things and make improvements. You increased the allies to Berk. Everything we do together, you lead! I could go on babe, but please, just believe me when I tell you … You are not useless on your own. Or at least try to see that because you are amazing!”

“I guess … I’ll try.” Hiccup agreed before hugging Toothless tightly. Toothless hugged him back protectively, but there was no mistaking the love he had for Hiccup.

“And I will keep reminding you, for as long as it takes. Forever if I have too. I love you Hiccup, you’re stuck with me. Just talk to me okay, about everything. Don’t keep things to yourself because you think that’s what Vikings do, or because you’re ashamed of something. Don’t try and be like other Vikings because you’re great at being you.” Toothless told him.

“I-I promise. I love you … y-you’re the only one I’ve ever felt … really felt able to share things with.” Hiccup told him.

“I think we still have a lot to talk about. Things you haven’t told me, or things you should talk to me about that will help. That can wait for now babe. You need to rest Hiccup, you’ve been through a lot and you’re still not fully better from that infection thingy.’’

They shared a kiss and stayed in each other’s arms for a while. Hiccup felt more relaxed and safer in Toothless hold, he knew Toothless was right. There were things he should talk to Toothless about - maybe it would help. He felt so emotionally and physically tired that sleep came easily.

Toothless was happy that Hiccup was getting some sleep now. He didn’t know much about human emotion but he was learning, and he knew a lot about Hiccup. Hiccup had changed since the death of his father, and again when he lost Astrid and became a father himself. Maybe a part of that was because he was older now and a chief, but a lot of that change was because of everything he had been though over the last two years. The Hiccup he had met seven years ago, the Hiccup he remembered from three years ago, he was still in there and Toothless was determined to set him free again. He knew that somethings would never be the same again, but now and then the happy, confident, and determined Hiccup would surface. Toothless wanted to see Hiccup smiling again - not just now and again, but like he used to.

All the loss in Hiccup’s life, all the drama, the stress, the work, it was affecting him badly and Hiccup couldn’t cope. Ever since arriving here it had just been one disaster after another, and that certainly wasn’t what Hiccup needed on top of everything else. Toothless missed the Hiccup from their days together on the edge. Their quality time together was only a fraction of what they used to have and Hiccup just wasn’t the same. He was a chief and a father, and while that came with necessary changes something was still missing. It was like the spark that made Hiccup … well Hiccup, was fading or glowing less and less. Toothless could protect him from physical dangers but now he had to find a way to protect him from things he couldn’t see or touch - the things inside Hiccup’s mind that were hurting his mate and destroying the person he loved.

Toothless had obviously fallen asleep again - with Hiccup on his lap, because he was rudely woken up to the sound of Visskara roaring loudly at them both.
“For fuck sake Visskara! What is you’re fucking prob-.” Toothless paused. Visskara was obviously trying to tell him something - something important, so he listened hard. “Oh crap!” He stated, rubbing his eyes and trying to make out Visskara’s urgent rumblings.

“What is it Toothless?” Hiccup asked worried.

“I’m not a hundred percent sure but I think there’s a storm coming. Don’t worry Hicc, I’ll find out.” Toothless told him, quickly getting undressed and changing into a dragon.

“What is it Vissy?” Toothless asked. Visskara gave him a glare at the nickname but she ignored it otherwise.

“There is indeed a storm approaching. Karisonita has alerted us all. Toothless! You and Hiccup have two choices; stay here and wait out the storm, or leave now before the storm hits.” Visskara told him.

“We can’t leave, we haven’t learnt anything about the Ogthantarth and Hiccup isn’t okay to fly all that way yet. We’re not even prepared.” Toothless told her.

“Then stay, but be warned! This cavern as well as others surrounding the great fire mountains will now become temporary shelter for all dreki that need it. I cannot be in two places at once no matter how fast I am. You need to keep Hiccup with you at all times and stay out of sight where possible. Until I can explain, some dreki will not understand Hiccup’s presence here and he will be seen as a threat. This is an island emergency, things could get very chaotic.” Visskara informed him.
Chapter 32 - Cavern territory

After Visskara departed to do her duty as alpha in view of the promised storm, Toothless had licked Hiccup’s face in his dragon form, scratched three marks into the ground, and then flew off before Hiccup could question him. Hiccup had no idea what was happening - that only made this worse. Why couldn’t Toothless explain things to him before he took off?

The longer he waiting for Toothless’s return the more his stomach churned. He paced back and forth, playing over all the possibilities. It could be a storm like Toothless thought, but what if it wasn’t the weather and he had translated it wrong as a human? What if it was a storm? They could be separated for weeks! Toothless could get hurt and wouldn’t be able to fly back to him. Stuck out there in the rain, starving, and cold, while aggressive winds tore him apart. What if he…

Hiccup clenched his fists; his body was shaking and he tried to shut down his thoughts. He took deep breaths and exhaled by blowing out the air slowly. He sat down leaning against the boulder, rocking his body as he rubbed his face and eyes. He had to calm down … he had to stop tormenting himself with ‘what ifs. He just couldn’t stop the worry building inside, leaving negative thoughts in his mind. Fear was trying to take control once again - to consume him, and he felt sick. They had been though worse things … so why was this effecting him in such a way? He looked at his shaking hands. ‘What’s wrong with me?’ He thought, scared and ashamed of himself. His eyes stung with restricted tears but he couldn’t allow himself to come completely undone; He was a chief Viking, a grown man, and he was breaking down, going mad, losing it and becoming a failure.

Hiccup finally saw Toothless fly into the cavern and relief flooded him, but he was shocked and confused when Toothless flew straight past him with five other dragons. They were all boulder class dragons - well he assumed that much. There was that grey and purple dragon that had been sitting on the boulder from before, the spiky one that reminded him of a mace when it curled up. Two green and one purple coloured Gronckles flew behind Toothless, but the most shocking of them all bringing up the rear was the Catastrophic-Quaken. Toothless didn’t stop - didn’t even look his way, instead he flew with the dragons to the back of the cavern and disappeared behind the huge boulder like cave formations. What on Helheim was he doing? His curiosity only grew when he could hear almighty smashing and crashing sounds coming from the direction Toothless had disappeared in, it was amazing the entire cavern did cave in.

The noise eventually stopped and Toothless finally returned - the boulder class dragons he had accompanied had left the cavern. Toothless motioned for Hiccup to get the saddle and to climb on - which he did. Flying to the back of the cavern, Hiccup got to really appreciate just how big it was down here. He also noticed the lack of dragons in the cavern now, there were certainly more of them earlier on.

Toothless landed and motioned to a very dark cave hidden by some boulders in front of it. In fact, only a very small dragon or a human could fit between the gap and get into the cave. Without much warning, Toothless left Hiccup there and flew off again leaving Hiccup bewildered and confused. Toothless returned with some of their stuff and then left again … returning once more with the last of their things. When he scratched three marks into the ground Hiccup grabbed Toothless before he could leave.

‘‘Toothless! What’s going on?’’ Hiccup asked.
Toothless motioned for Hiccup to enter the cave and licked him before leaving. Hiccup figured they were staying here now - why he didn’t know. It was so dark inside and he couldn’t see anything. Trying to keep it together, he heard Toothless return and leave a few more times before finally deciding to stay. Toothless activated his alpha powers to give them light, that’s when Hiccup noticed they now had enough wood for about six fires, and enough fish for maybe three days depending on how hungry Toothless got. Toothless encouraged Hiccup to make a fire, and by the time Toothless changed forms they pretty much had everything they needed for a shut in.

“T’m sorry Hiccup, I did want to explain, really! But I’ve changed six times today already and I didn’t want to keep doing it. I figured I only get eight good changes before I start to get effected. I did about fourteen yesterday and passed out after you were treated.” Toothless explained as he hugged Hiccup before getting dressed. He noted the force of Hiccup returned hug but didn’t say anything.

“You never told me that.” Hiccup’s voice expressed his concern.

“Sorry … I just didn’t think too. Besides, before you give me the lecture … I am trying to be careful. That’s why I had to sort all this stuff out first before I explained. Come on, once we get all our stuff in here, I will explain. I promise.” Toothless said.

Their very small fire at the back of the cavern was kept low - mainly just for its dim light, and Toothless wouldn’t let Hiccup leave the safety of their new ‘accommodation’. Toothless collected the rest of their things from outside the cave entrance, where he had initially left them. Hiccup was actually surprised at the size of the cave - it was much bigger inside then he first thought.

Toothless was worried about the smoke from the fire exiting into the cavern - attracting unwanted attention, but this was close to where steam pockets whistled from the ground. The Gronckles also lived at the back here and they liked to lay in hot lava pools of their own making, as did the Hotburples. They had assured Toothless they would keep them safe, or at the very least, would alert them to any danger.

Finally sitting down with Hiccup, Toothless explained everything. He confirmed that there was indeed a storm coming, and that it was expected to last two days starting tonight after sundown. Very strong winds, extremely heavy rain and possibly thunder too. He explained Visskara’s warning to keep hidden and that he had asked the boulder dragons to smash out this cave that they were now in.

“So, the dragons made this cave today?” Hiccup asked, amazed at that knowledge.

“Yes, I got Gorrolketir, Drofrolk, Leggjakon, Jakoma and Storrloisen to help me blast this bad boy out. Cool huh?” Toothless explained, only baffling Hiccup more.

“Who comes up with these names?” Hiccup asked.

“Their mooir or faoir. Mum or dad.” Toothless answered as if it were obvious. “That’s why I don’t think I was ever given a name.” He sighed.

“I meant the names are really … unusual.” Hiccup explained frowning.

“Really? I suppose Snotlout, Fishlegs, Gobber and Hiccup are good old common names, nothing unusual about them at all.” Toothless sarcastically shot back smirking.

“You may have a point there… So, I’m just expected to stay here until the storm passes?” Hiccup asked. He really was looking forward to being confined.
‘Not necessarily. I just want to be safe babe. There will be loads of dragons in the cavern - not just this one but all the caverns, tunnels and caves surrounding the volcano - at least until the storm passes. Visskara told me to keep you out of sight, and myself as a human too until she can explain why we’re here. The other dragons will most likely freak out if they saw humans here on the island, and believe me … too many dragons in one place during a storm is bound to cause enough problems without us making it worse.’ Toothless explained. Hiccup took a deep breath and sighed, it was a while before he spoke.

‘Toothless, you wanted me to talk to you right?’ Hiccup asked hesitantly.

Toothless nodded and noticed the sad expression across Hiccup’s face. He moved and sat closer to Hiccup, wrapping his arm around him.

‘What’s on your mind babe?’ Toothless asked.

‘I just feel so out of place here. In the village - before I met you … I really didn’t fit in. Now here with all the dragons … I just feel like the boy that needs protecting again, like I used to feel back then on Berk. Everyone talking about me but never to me. Everyone telling me to keep out of the way because I only cause trouble or make things worse. M-Maybe I just miss home. I do miss Trid … and I miss being around humans. It’s like I’m going backwards Toothless.’ Hiccup admitted and shook his head sadly.

Toothless thought carefully for a moment. He wanted to tell Hiccup he was being stupid and that he still had him, but he could understand why Hiccup was feeling that way.

‘Hiccup, this is only temporary and we will be going home soon. Once the storm passes … we will find out about the Oghantarth and leave okay. I am so sorry if I made you feel left out. I try to tell you everything the other dragons say and include you in any decisions. Unfortunately, you’re not a dragon Hiccup. You’re an amazing person, a great father, the chief of Berk, the man I love and my best friend, but unless you can turn into a dragon … I’m afraid I can only do my best to make you feel less excluded. Tell me if you want me to do anything differently and I will babe.’ Toothless told him, hugging him for reassurance.

‘You’re not doing anything wrong. It’s just how I feel. I can’t help but thinking the dragons don’t want me here either.’ Hiccup admitted.

‘Some do!’’ Toothless told him firmly.

‘Not many, right?’ Hiccup asked, more to point out he was right.

‘They don’t know how amazing you are. They don’t understand you … us! Some have bad experience with humans, with hunters. You know there’s a rumour going around that this storm is because Visskara hurt you and you’re the chosen one.’’ Toothless told him trying to change the subject.

‘Wait what?’ Hiccup asked. ‘‘That’s just great, I always wanted to be offered up to some dragon god as a human sacrifice.’’

Toothless laughed. ‘‘Hiccup, that’s not what they think at all. In fact, it’s the opposite. They are worried that hurting you or me will make the gods angry. It’s actually quite funny. Runisalith was shitting herself thinking that they would strike her down for arguing against us before.’’

‘Really? Wait is that why the boulder class dragons helped you make this cave, to protect me?’’ Hiccup asked.
“To protect us, and yeah probably. Hiccup don’t think to much about it. We’re here together, waiting out a storm, away from angry confused dragons that don’t know their head from their arses at the best of time. It’s best we just lay low and stay safe … both of us. Besides, according to Acacia, I used to be a trouble maker too. Apparently, I destroyed half the forest once chasing a bird.” Toothless said, laughing at the thought of himself doing that.

“I-I can see that.” Hiccup smiled weakly. “You really don’t remember your past do you?” Hiccup asked him.

“Not really Hic, but it doesn’t bother me.” Toothless smiled at him.

“You don’t ever wonder where you came from. How your egg ended up here or what you were like back then?”

“I never even thought about it until we came here and I found out this was where I was raised. I guess I wonder what else I have forgotten but really … I’m not bothered by things I can’t remember. Curious maybe, but not enough to go searching for answers.” Toothless honestly told him.

“Is it bad that I’m curious? You know a lot about me. Where I come from, my parents, my past … but I never get to know about you. Only the stuff I’ve learnt about you from being my dragon, and these last, what? Seven weeks with you as a human.”

Toothless moved from sitting next to Hiccup, to laying on the ground with his head on Hiccup’s lap looking up at him. Hiccup was a bit thrown at this.

“C-Comfortable?” He asked Toothless, who smirked up at him.

“What? You still have aversions to your sexy damn hot mate being this close to you? Hmm? Cos if you do, after everything we have already done … then Hiccup, I’m sorry but you’re totally screwed!” Toothless sassed.

Hiccup blushed. “O-of c-course not. I was just a little … It was just a little … unexpected. That’s all.” He stuttered. He wasn’t uncomfortable, but he was a little turned on.

“Right…” Toothless smirked and winked. “Well, I do remember stuff from before I met you just not as far back as this island. Ask me anything you want … unless that lump in your pants - poking my head, has others ideas. You know I’m always game!”

Hiccup felt his face redden. Why was he always so damn embarrassed? Maybe he could pretend he hadn’t heard Toothless. He smiled what he thought was a casual smile.

“O-Okay, s-s-so did you have many f-friends.” He stuttered. ‘Great, Hiccup the useless stuttering mess strikes again, so much for keeping it casual.’ He thought.

“Not really, I preferred to be alone. Didn’t much like sharing things … food especially. I got on with most dragons just never stayed in one place for too long. Besides, dragons don’t really mix with other species that much and well … one of a kind me!” He smiled and shrugged. He then moved his head, rubbing the back of it over a certain mass protruding underneath.

“Y-you was-wasn’t lo-onely.” He asked, the volume of his voice failing to stay at a consistent level. He bit the inside of his lip.

“Nope! Not really. I’m certainly not lonely anymore. I have you to keep me company. So, anything else you would like to know or do you have something else in mind to past the time?” He
smirked, moving his head again teasingly.

Hiccup was trying not to look Toothless in the eyes. They were trying to keep a low profile after all and what Toothless was suggesting wasn’t going to be quiet. If he looked at Toothless eyes he knew he would become an avalanche of uncontrollable emotion, lose his composure and get caught up in the heat of the moment again before he could stop it. He had to find a way to get out of this one.

“N-no, nothing comes to mi-ind. I-I’m feeling a bit wo-worn out and ti-ired to be honest.” Hiccup tried. ‘Gods damn it Toothless, stop teasing me.’ His mind screamed, but he smiled and rubbed his eyes. It wasn’t a complete lie; his emotional breakdowns had drained him.

Toothless sat up and took Hiccup’s face into his hands tenderly. He knew Hiccup was avoiding his eyes so he turned Hiccup’s head to face him. Hiccup now had his eyes closed so Toothless moved his thumb to gently stroking Hiccup’s cheeks. He moved slowly closer feeling the nervous air escape Hiccup’s mouth before trapping it with his lips. The kiss wasn’t the usual quick peck he often gave Hiccup and vice versa; this one was slow and intended to encourage Hiccup to respond to him.

Hiccup felt the warm wet tongue slowly slide over his lips as Toothless tantalizingly started to suck them. He took a deep breath and let out a shuddered sigh before giving into the kiss. He felt Toothless straddle him and his own hands felt up the back of Toothless tunic. The kiss slowly built up until it became more heated.

Hiccup could feel Toothless leave his mouth and start sucking at his neck, moving down to his collar bone. A quiet moan escaped his lips. Toothless reached down to lift up Hiccup’s tunic… but Hiccup stopped him and scrunched his eyes closed. He couldn’t believe he was about to refuse what he so desperately wanted now that Toothless had worked his magic.

“T-Toothless. We c-can’t baby!” Hiccup stuttered, opening his eyes and looking down to avoid whatever look Toothless was now giving him.

“Course we can Hiccup!” Toothless told him - trying to resume his previous actions, but Hiccup put his hand on Toothless chest and pushed him back.

“We have to keep a low profile remember. Toothless you know I want to … but that’s not the type of noise we need to be making right now. Please don’t make this harder than it has to be! I love you, you know that. Please, just … just stop.” Hiccup told him before taking a deep nervous breath.

Toothless climbed off Hiccup’s lap and sat next to him against the cave wall. He wasn’t mad but he looked disappointed.

“Toothless please don’t be angry with me.” Hiccup placed his hand on Toothless leg.

“I’m not! I just wish we were somewhere we could … you know.” Toothless said as he looked up at Hiccup and smiled. “Still, I’m pretty tight down here … it’s kind of uncomfortable now. How do I make this go away?” He asked pointing to his protruding problem.

Hiccup laughed, and quickly covered his mouth. “Sorry, you’re not the only one though. Just stop thinking about it and it will go on its own.”

“I doubt it.” Toothless moaned. He waited all but five seconds and moaned again. “I can’t stop thinking about it.” He whined.
“How about-.” Hiccup was interrupted. A loud almost aggressive roaring could be heard from somewhere inside the cavern, and more roaring was soon followed by explosions. “What is that?” He was concerned and unsettled.

“Sounds like two dragons having a massive disagreement.” Toothless told him. The noises were getting louder and Toothless listened before rushing to his feet. “Hiccup, stay here… Please! I’m not going anywhere except just outside. It sounds really bad out there and I can change into a dragon if I have to, you can’t! It’s not because you’re useless, you … just weren’t born with wings.”

“Be careful babe!” Hiccup understood, but he still couldn’t help feeling completely useless all the same.

Toothless nodded, then rushed to give Hiccup a kiss before creeping out of the cave. He saw a few dragons hiding near their cave entrance - mostly Gronckles and some babies, but he recognised the purple female Gronkle not far away and whispered her name.

“Debrega.” He whispered a few times but got no response. He looked around and saw a large stone which he threw at her, she turned abruptly and her eyes went wide. She moved over to him. “What’s happening?” He asked her. Debrega made noises and expressions to fast for Toothless to even begin to work out. “Whoa! Calm down. Slowly tell me what’s happening.”

Toothless did his best to translate. “I’m guessing there’s a fight, an argument?” Debrega nodded and continued to explain.

“A fight over … food? No okay, erm … Territory?” Debrega nodded. ‘Of course, it was always bloody territory!’ Toothless thought, but then he realised Debrega had more to add. “A fight over territory and … wait, are they enemies? Do they dislike each other?” Again, Debrega confirmed this. ‘Fucking fantastic!’ He thought sarcastically.

It took a while to piece together the information, and the noise was getting louder if anything. He could hear dragons in distress and in pain too. Toothless had now sussed out that there were two herd of dragons - which species he didn’t know yet, but they were having a huge fight over where to stay in the cavern and they weren’t exactly the best of friends. He’d dealt with stuff like this countless times before as alpha but he was never stuck in a cavern because of a pending storm. He also wasn’t technically the alpha here.

“Where’s Visskara?” He asked. Debrega obviously didn’t know and things sounded really bad out there now.

“‘Toothless?’ Hiccup’s nervous and panicked voice called from inside. Toothless went back into the cave and saw the cause for Hiccup’s panic. Three baby dragons had snuck into the cave out of fear and were laying by Hiccup’s side. All three of them look scared but he wasn’t surprised - what with the fight taking place in the main cavern. The baby Flame-tip was there along with two green baby Gronckles.

“Aww babe, I didn’t know you were expecting?” Toothless chuckled.

“‘Toothless, can we try to stay focused here … even if just for a second. What do I do?’” Hiccup asked.

“Right, sorry but … you’re really gonna hate me because … I have to get out there and help. Just don’t move! The babies are scared, no one will hurt you in here and they are adorable with you” Toothless said backing out of the cave as he removed his tunic.
‘“Toothless! Don’t you dare leave me in here … Toothless!”’ Hiccup shouted, but he quickly stopped shouting when he heard the babies whimpering. Toothless had stripped his clothes and gone. ‘“It’s okay, you’re safe in here. Toothless was just being … well, Toothless.”’ Hiccup fussed the babies and they relaxed. Hiccup was far from relaxed and seriously hoped that Toothless wouldn’t get hurt, or that one of the baby’s mothers didn’t come for his entrails. ‘What was going on out there?’

Toothless had left the cave and changed into his dragon for as soon as he could. He flew to a space up high to see what was happening. The cavern was filling up with dragons but luckily it didn’t look to full yet - there were still many dragons here though. Some dragons he recognised, and some he didn’t, but he could now see the cause of the issue. There were five Hraorskerahoggves - or Tree-Cutters as Hiccup had named them, and three dragons he didn’t know…

---Toothless’s flash back---

‘“Wait up Kalean.”’ Gorahiroa cried out as he tried to keep up with his friend.

‘“Faster Gora! Come on, move your yenho backside!”’ Toothless encouraged as he turned mid-air and fired a plasma blast at the two dragons that were chasing them both.

The two dragons were light woody-brown in colour with red stripes. They had long bodies, necks and tails, had six legs with very sharp claws, and they had large bladed beaks. Unfortunately, they were also extremely angry at the prank Gora and Kalean had just pulled.

‘“Thanks, Kalean.”’ Gora breathlessly thanked him as he caught up to Toothless. ‘“You think we went too far?”’

‘“You think?”’ He snapped at his friend. ‘“Just hurry up, we can lose them over there.”’ Toothless said, aiming for the thick trees and plant growth below. ‘“What are they Gora? You said you knew them but they don’t look too friendly now.”’ Toothless asked as he dodged a fire ball.

‘“Trebitalehogg!”’ Toothless muttered to himself, snapping out of his sudden flash back the blue Trebitalehogg whipped Runisalith across the cavern and straight into the lake - it only caused the fear and panic to rise. The Trebitalehogg had fighting with the Hraorskerahoggves, and they didn’t take to kindly to interference in their dispute.

Toothless flew down and roared loudly to the blue Trebitalehogg, turning on his alpha mode in the process to boost his powers.

‘“Enough!”’ Toothless shouted and fired a warning shot between the fighting dragons.

The cavern almost froze for a moment in total silence. An alpha dragon was here but it wasn’t Visskara. Questions and gossip then spread like wild fire.

"Who is he? Where did he come from? Where was Visskara to accept his challenge and stop this chaos? What could he do? Weren’t Loightakalean’s extinct?"

Some of the dragons that knew who he was had started to explain to some of the other dragons, but Toothless was more concerned in stopping the fight. The Trebitalehogg and the Hraorskerahoggves rounded on him.
“Fuck!” Toothless muttered. He knew he was faster than them so he quickly flew up high and shouted. “You can trust me, I’m friends with Visskara. Get out of here until this is sorted. Go find Visskara … your alpha!”

Toothless didn’t have time to argue, he was forced to dodge the Hraorskerahoggve that tried to slash him down. Damn they were fast but he could still out manoeuvre them - out fly them. The blue Trebitalehogg tried to bite down on his leg, but Toothless spun around fast - slapping him in the face hard with his tail in the process. Toothless then flew to the ground spinning before pulling up just above the lake to hover.

A lot of the dragons had refused to listen to Toothless and were still there. At least with the problem distracted now they could help the injured. As Toothless move quickly to dodge another slash from the sharp green blades of the Hraorskerahoggves, he heard the female Furollesernain - or Flame-Tip as Hiccup called them, speaking up. He was still dodging attacks from six angry dragons but he could still hear her words.

“He is right, Visskara and him are friends. Listen to him!” Balinkeri the Flame-tip shouted. She was with Acacia and the other Flame-Tips that were trying to help Runisalith - who’s flames were all but out. “The storm isn’t here yet so get out while you can, or move to another area!” She shouted.

There was quick chaos as most of the dragons fled to safety. Toothless had to dodge the multiple fire balls heading his way from the Trebitalehoggs. The Hraorskerahoggves were getting closer to him again as he flew up so he dived down over the lake once more. Multiple blast of green fire sweep past from the Hraorskerahoggves, so he twisted and flew around the cavern landing on the rocks closer to Runisalith.

“Acacia, where is Visskara? Toothless shouted at her. Acacia didn’t know and Toothless barely had time to dodge a fire ball. “I just got that wing back you fucking plifigen!” Toothless shouted to the angry beige coloured Trebitalehogg as he flew up higher.

Three Hraorskerahoggves then took their chance and blasted their green fire streams at Toothless. He managed to dodged most of the fire attack but still got hit. It did some damage but not enough to slow him down. Toothless turned and fired angrily at the one that had gotten him. The plasma hit him head on and he fell to the ground - out cold in a crash. He then growled at the other two trying to establish his dominance.

“You can’t win against us all, Loightakalean! Let me make your kind extinct once and for all!” The blue Trebitalehogg shouted at him, his ‘friends’ hovering menacingly by his side.

Toothless now knew who the main problem was. He could smell the stench radiating off him, the stench of an arrogant arsehole with a leadership complex. A bully that felt superior and commanded others out of fear. If he could knock that Trebitalehogg down a few pegs things should become more controllable.

“What? Got mad because someone took away your favourite spot, or maybe you’re like a heaping pile of crap; no one likes you and your shit stinks!” Toothless shouted and fired a plasma blast at him, hitting him in the side. ‘Make him made and get him to chase you.’ Toothless thought as he dodged a fire ball from the arsehole in front and another from behind.

Toothless looped and flew fast in a circle around the cavern. He noticed the Hraorskerahoggves had landed now and were holding back. The blue Trebitalehogg he had pissed off was now hot on his tail. Toothless kept his speed even to him but never let him get closer. He fired again and
Toothless dodged. ‘That’s it, keep firing, you’ll soon run out you piece of shit.’ Toothless thought. He sped around the cavern once again.

“You’re just too slow to keep up you Quiazuule? And I thought this was going to be a challenge.” Toothless shouted, winding him up further.

That did the trick; the Trebitalehogg sped up until he couldn’t go any faster. Toothless flew straight towards one of the massive - yet very solid, cave formations. He popped out his extended spines that run down his back and just when he was a split second away for the formation, he dived down using his speed and agility.

Smash!

The blue Trebitalehogg crashed straight into the formation. He had crushed his face straight into it and slid down landing in a heap on the ground. Toothless chuckled but it was short lived. The other two Trebitalehoggs were not pleased and they fired their fire balls at Toothless in anger… One hit its mark. Toothless felt the blast collide with his left shoulder, blocking his vision, and he fell. He just managing to correct his position before he hit the ground and landed on his four feet. He quickly leaped back into the air and flew over to the other side of the cavern.

“Do you want to end up like your buddy there?” Toothless shouted.

They fired again but Toothless quickly dodged them … however, he wasn’t expecting the blade that nearly sliced his side into two pieces. He managed to avoid most of the Hraorskerahoggve’s attack but he still had a pretty nasty cut to his side. Toothless faltered in his flying but he still managed to stay airborne.

“Oh, we won’t … but you will!” The orange-brown Trebitalehogg said as he fired a fireball at Toothless.

Toothless barley dodged it but he had to keep flying as the last two Trebitalehoggs chased after him. The other four Hraorskerahogges had now re-joined the fight and it was getting hard to avoid being diced into several pieces. He was getting tired fast, but he wouldn’t give up for the sake of the other dragons … and for Hiccup’s. He just hoped Hiccup had stayed in that cave and was still safe. He also hoped Visskara would turn up soon, he didn’t know how much energy he had left to keep playing with these fucking plifigens.

'Some fucking dragon had to have reached her by now. How had she not heard anything at least?’ He thought as he dodged another attack from the orange-brown Trebitalehogg trying to bite down on his wing. The beige Trebitalehogg tried to whack him down with his tail … but he missed.

“Don’t you know it’s rude to interrupt a dispute of territory between two dreki species? Some Alpha you are!” A Hraorskerahoggves shouted as they too chased after him.

“That maybe right, but when the Alpha calls all dragons to one place, they must forfeit the right to claim territory!” Toothless shouted back. “Or is your berry sized brain too small to remember that one!”

Toothless had to dodge more fire attacks from the angry Hraorskerahoggves, and a fire ball barely missed his back. He heard the beige Trebitalehogg complain he was out. ‘Finally!’ Toothless thought. He just had to keep up his speed now and think of a plan. The dragons chasing him were fast - especially the Hraorskerahoggves, one wrong move and he would be sliced in half.
Toothless was thinking about trying to get them mad enough to follow him out of the cavern. At least that way he would have more space to outfly them, or have more obstacles to break them up at least. During his thoughts, and his focus to avoid the Hraorskerahoggve’s sharp blades, he forgot to focus on the last two Trebitalehoggs.

The beige Trebitalehogg went to bite his wing, but as he dodged the attack he moved straight into the path of the orange-brown one. Its spiky tail came down fast and hit Toothless straight in the back. Luckily the spikes missed, by the impact sent him crashing into the ground.

Toothless stumbled as he tried to get up. He knew he had to move fast so he forced himself to stand. He quickly forced his body back into the air just before one of the Hraorskerahoggve could carve him up like a piece of meat. He was just about to prepare another plasma shot when he heard a vaguely familiar roar.

The Hraorskerahoggves had suddenly stopped chasing him and had started … what looked like … dancing in mid-air. The last two Trebitalehoggs landed on the ground and started staring into space rocking from side to side like cobra snakes. Toothless came down for a landing - exhausted and hurt, and noticed the dark-pink and purple Hugreaetlavafi standing there.

"Thought you could use some help.” The Hugreaetlavafi stated with a very familiar smugness about him. “Never did like them Trebitalehoggs.”

Toothless blinked. “G-Gora?” He asked, trying to regain his breath.

Gora smiled. “Hey Kalean. What took you so long to drop in?”

“What took me so long? What about you, cutting it close there don’t ya think? I was almost sliced up and blasted into oblivion.” Toothless complained.

“I think I’m right on time. You were doing pretty well on your own. Why were ya on your own anyways, and when did ya become alpha?” Gora asked.

“That’s a long story. I sent the other dragons away until the fight was over. The storm hasn’t started yet has it?” Toothless asked, turning off his alpha form.

“Nope, but it’s picking up. I heard some rumours going around that there was a Loightakalean fighting off some Trebitalehoggs and Hraorskerahoggves that didn’t know how ta behave. I ‘ad to come see if it was you … and to be honest, I wanted an excuse to show up them Trebitalehoggs. That blue one over there, out cold … that’s Aflgeir. He’s a total plifigen. Always causing trouble. Taking him down was a good accomplishment, not many can take him on. Then there’s-.” Gora was saying before Toothless cut him off.

“You haven’t changed much Gora. You still don’t know when to stop talking!” Toothless laughed. Gora just smiled. “How long will they stay like that?” Toothless asked, referring to the Trebitalehoggs and the Hraorskerahoggves.

“Not long, I suggest we-”

A gust of wind caught their attention and Visskara entered - shocked at the mess, standing right next to them both.

“Well, now you’re here Vissy … I’ll just leave this one to you.” Toothless tried as he went to back away, hoping to get some rest and wanting to avoid an earful from her greatness.
“Toothless! Firstly, my name is Visskara. Secondly ... What in the name of the Great drekis happened here?"  

"Toothless?" Gora asked in a whisper, leaning closer to his old friend.  

"Long story." Toothless whispered back wincing.

Toothless explained everything to Visskara about what had happened. She wasn’t angry at all that he had used his Alpha form to help the dragons and had somehow prevented a bigger catastrophe for happening then what had already happened. She was actually blaming herself for not using her head; how could she have mess up so badly as to somehow send both the Trebitalehoggs and the Hraorskerahoggves to the same cavern. Toothless had told her it was mistake that she had made from being stressed. Unfortunately, she was now even more stressed because things were further behind in her plans and the storm would be here after sundown.

She dealt with the Trebitalehoggs and the Hraorskerahoggves while Toothless was seen to by Acacia. A few dragons came and took the Hraorskerahoggves to another cavern under Visskara’s command before they came around from Gora’s effects. Gora was a lot stronger than he used to be ... but then again so was Toothless - they had both grown up.

Visskara had explained why she hadn’t been near the caverns or heard about the chaos. Some humans had tried to anchor their ships and find shelter on this island away from the coming storm, so Visskara had warned and scared them away. She had then felt bad for them - knowing they wouldn’t make it back in time on a ship. So, she had pulled their ships closer to their own island. She then added, that she had roared at the humans angrily for good measure before returning.

Visskara would never admit it, but Toothless words had affected her. ‘How do you expect humans to see us as good beings when you just attack them for no reason?’ Toothless had also expressed his opinion once he knew Hiccup was safe, that we drekis are half the problem when it came to reasons why the humans feared us and attacked without question, because that’s exactly what the drekis do to humans.

Visskara had gone to see Runisalith next and was relieved to hear she would be okay after some rest. Until now the Flame-Tips had all been too worried about the fight - or so focused on Runisalith, that Balinkeri hadn’t even noticed her hatchling was missing. She went back to where she had told him to stay put, but when she looked … he was gone.

Gora had so many questions for Toothless, and he was already pounding his head with dozens of them when they heard Balinkeri screaming her hatchling’s name I panic.

“Olinlogi? Where are you?” She rushed back. “He’s gone, Ardeneldr Olinlogi is gone!” She frantically told her mate.

“Actually ... I think he’s quite safe.” Toothless hesitantly told her.

“Safe? Where is he?” Balinkeri demanded.

“Please don’t get mad. He just wondered in when the fighting escalated and he was scared. Some of the other hatchlings went in as well to stay safe.” Toothless explained.

“Went in where? Where is my Olinlogi? If you don’t tell me right now I will-.” Balinkeri was shouting, her flames growing brighter with every word.
“Do nothing!” Visskara suddenly interrupted. She had figured out what Toothless meant.

“ Toothless? Where is Hiccup?”

Toothless chuckled nervously. “In a cave at the back of the cavern. The Gronckles ... I mean the Alrollkenders and some other dragons helped me make it ... to keep us out of sight like you said.” Toothless explained.

Visskara used her heat vision and clearly made out Hiccup still sitting on the ground with six hatchlings now asleep next to him. “I see Olinlogi, he is very safe Balinkeri. It seems the hatchlings decided Hiccup was a much safer option than being out here in the open alone while the fighting commenced.” She informed her. “And I agree with them! I think Olinlogi has a very good judge of character.” Visskara smiled at Toothless who was relieved.

“Who’s Hiccup?” Gora asked.

“Long story.” Toothless chuckled nervously again.

“Seems like I’ve got till the storm passes for ya to tell me all these ... long stories.” Gora replied.

“I want to see Olinlogi ... Now!” Balinkeri demanded.

“Very well. Toothless!” Visskara ordered.

Toothless nodded and flew off to the caves. Visskara told Gora to stay put for the time being. When Toothless landed in front of the cave entrance he noticed a few Gronckles still back here. One Green female one approached him.

“Shh! You’ll wake up my hatchlings - and the others. Cute little bundles. Sibresta told me the boy was your sal-binda, he is just as tired as the little ones.”

“I’ll be quiet, I just need to get Olinlogi before his mooir kills me.”

The female Gronckle smiled and waddled to the other Gronckles. Toothless changed into his human form and had to blink a few times - he felt the effects of the changing making him slightly dizzy now. He looked at his side and put a hand over the cut he had received in the fight. The wound spread out longer than the length of his hand but it had mostly stopped bleeding thanks to Aciaca, however, the change between forms had started it bleeding again slightly. It felt much more painful as a human too, and he noticed he ached all over and felt bruised in his left shoulder. His head was trying to pound its way out of his skull making him wince and squint his eyes.

Toothless slipped into the cave and Hiccup was sleeping with the babies. He did indeed have six there now. Olinlogi was curled up in Hiccup’s lap - his flame not yet permanently active. Two green and one beige coloured Gronckles were sleeping on Hiccup’s left side nestled together. A baby green LAGR boyfriend - with red growths on its head and back, was sleeping at the bottom of Hiccup’s right leg and using it as a pillow. The last of the babies - a Deadly-Nadder, was sleeping under Hiccup’s right arm. Hiccup even had his hand resting on the Deadly-Nadder’s head.

Toothless smiled at the scene; he was kind of jealous of the hatchling’s but he knew they would have been perfectly safe with Hiccup. He quickly, but quietly got dressed through the pain and aches that littered his body. The blood that dotted his tunic was hidden by his vest, and it looked like it had stopped bleeding again. He gently picked up Olinlogi into his arms - he was heavier than he thought he would be, and he stayed fast asleep. Poor thing must have tuckered himself out
from all the activity of the day. Hiccup stirred but he didn’t wake up either.

Carefully Toothless left the cave and cautiously edged out. He saw many dragons had returned and wondered where the Deadly-Nadder’s and the Lagrborkertre’s mother was. He hesitated to come out any further - he would start to get spotted by the other dragons in his human form. Visskara watched Toothless with her vision and spoke to Balinkeri. Balinkeri flew over to where Toothless was once Visskara told her she could go.

“He was asleep with Hiccup. Some of the other hatchlings are still in there. There’s a Lagrborkertre, some Arollkender, and a Switenbelprowlus.” Toothless told her as she took her hatchling from him with her mouth. She gently nodded before leaving, understanding the message that their mooir’s would also like to know the location of their missing hatchlings.

Toothless felt bad for leaving Gora without an explanation, but as a human now he couldn’t just walk out with all the dragons filling up the cavern again. Guiltily, he turned to walk back into the cave but before he went in, he heard Visskara roar to gain the attention of everyone. He wouldn’t have understood what was being said even if he tried - not really, so he went inside and slumped against the wall - sliding down it and collapsing on the ground exhausted. He rubbed his face and eyes sighing in relief.

He sat there for a while - occasionally glancing at Hiccup and smiling, but eventually he decided to get some rest. He grabbed the blanket and rolled it out onto the floor by Hiccup then achingly laid down on his back. He closed his eyes with his hands rested on his chest and let sleep consume him.

Meanwhile in the main part of the cavern, Visskara has been taking control as the alpha and had explained what had happened. After calming the dragons - assuring them the threat had passed and apologising for her error, she made sure the preparations for the storm could get back on track. Some of the dragons were not so willing to accept two alpha dragons on the same island and Visskara ended up talking about the Frithvineradreki magic.

She told them all that the Loightakalean Toothless - while an alpha of a different island far from this one, had no desire to challenge her and would follow her command like every other dreki here. He would not be seen as an alpha dreki on this island and that responsibility was hers alone. She then reminded them that Toothless had risked his life for theirs today, and explained that he could change forms - that he was indeed blessed with the Frithvineradreki magic, and he had his human sal-bindha here with him under her protection. She decided to explain everything to them in as little words as possible, and had been backed up by Runisalith, Acacia, Storrkeldan, and some of the other dragons that had already met Hiccup. She gave her word that they both meant no harm and would cause no issues. She also told them that any dreki wishing to harm Toothless or the boy could either leave now or die later by her powers. Now it was imperative that she went back to preparing for the coming storm and re-delegate certain jobs. She promised that she would explain it in more details tonight when every dreki was safe and accounted for.

When Visskara left to go about her work, gossip and questions started floated around as the dragon continued to prepare for the storm. Gora was standing there frozen with his eyes widened like he had been stung by a speed stinger. When he finally blinked, he looked in the same direction he last saw ‘Toothless’ vanish off to - towards the back of the cavern.

“Hypnuch Kalean! We seriously have some talking ta do ya sneaky piece of shit!” Gora chuckled and shook his head.
Hiccup was awoken by a crushing pain in his thighs - pins and needles to boot, his brain then registered the hard and heavy mass in his lap … it was breathing. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he could finally make out a small baby Gronuckle asleep nestled into his lap. He wouldn’t have minded but this hatchling weighed a ton and was crushing him.

He couldn’t feel his legs let alone move them, and he had no idea how long he’d been asleep or what time it might have been. He must have fallen asleep sitting up against the stone wall of the cave waiting for Toothless to return while watching the hatchlings. The embers of the fire were only giving off a faint glow since the fire had died out, but he could just about make out
Toothless’s sleeping body in the dark next to him.

He silently thanked the gods for Toothless’s safe return and sighed quietly in relief. When he tried to lift the Gronickle he could barely lift it more than an inch. As much as he would rather let his boyfriend sleep, he needed his help. He reached over and shook Toothless’s arm. Toothless grumbled, turning over in his sleep and refused to wake up.

“‘Toothless, wake up! I could really use some help here babe.’” He told him. It was typical for Toothless to be a heavy sleeper, especially as a human.

“Gora … It’s too early.” His groggy voice moaned. Toothless had just been having a dream - a memory in his sleep from when he and Gora were younger and used to wind each other up.

Hiccup chuckled and wondered for a second who Gora was. Toothless might have been funny mumbling as he started to come around, but Hiccup’s legs didn’t find any humour in the situation so he kept shaking his boyfriend until he woke up.

“‘What?’” Toothless’s deep raspy voice groaned as he rubbed his eyes.

“‘Oh, nothing much. I just wanted to let you know that your boyfriend might not have legs anymore, thanks to a baby Gronickle using me as a pillow.’”

Toothless looked at the Gronickle sleeping on Hiccup’s lap and chuckled. He managed to lift the small bag of bricks from his mate’s lap and laid her with her two brothers that were still there sleeping next to Hiccup. The other babies had all gone now - assumingly back to their mothers, or so Toothless hoped. Toothless had winced in the process, and bitten his lip to hide his pain and discomfort, but luckily the cave was dark and Hiccup had assumed it to be from the weight of the Gronickle. Toothless didn’t mind the dark and laid back down onto his bruised back. Hiccup on the other hand, woke up his legs and added some sticks to the fire so he could see again.

“‘I’m surprised you lifted that baby Gronickle so easily. I think any longer and my legs would have fallen off!‘” Hiccup looked over at Toothless who had his eyes closed.

“‘You mean apart from the one that already did?’” Toothless asked with a small smirk.

“‘My leg didn’t fall-. Never mind. That little thing weighs a ton for something so small.’”

“‘They’re Gronckles. They eat rocks. What did you expect?’” Toothless replied yawning.

“‘Wow, where’s my journal? I’ve never seen a Gronickle before!’” Hiccup feigned amazement. “I should write that down in case I forget.” Hiccup just got a ‘mmm’ from Toothless so he continued talking. “‘I wonder why they’re still here though. What was all that commotion about earlier?’”

Hiccup went to collect two fish from a make shift crate. He had made it with some of the wood Toothless had brought to the cave earlier - and with a pile of rocks and stones he had found, to stop the babies from trying to eat the fish they hadn’t already stolen. The Gronckles had tried to eat the rocks and stones too.

“Just a bit of a fight, but it’s sorted now. I guess they just feel safer in here with you.” Toothless told him, pointing to the Gronckles he was speaking about before closing his eyes again.

“‘Is that okay though? I don’t want a herd of angry Gronckles smashing into the cave thinking I stole their babies.’” Hiccup told him as he started cooking the fish over the small fire. He could only cook one at a time because it was so small.
“Nah, we’re good. I think I spoke to their mother earlier and she told me not to wake them up. She knows where they are.’’

“That’s good. So, you were saying … about the fight?’’ Hiccup pressed for details.

Toothless was trying to avoid telling Hiccup the details of what went down earlier, but unfortunately, Hiccup wanted the details. Toothless didn’t lie but he avoided mentioning some of the facts - mainly about being hit a few times and his injuries. He toned down the seriousness of it all, and finished by saying another dragon had helped him in the end and that Visskara dealt with the rest. By the time he finished explaining the first fish Hiccup had been cooking was done.

“It’s a good thing you didn’t get hurt. Here, want this one?’’ Hiccup passed Toothless the cooked fish on a stick.

“No, I’m good Hicc. I’m not that hungry to be honest.’’ Toothless said and smiled. He was actually starting to feel sick because he hadn’t corrected Hiccup and admitted he had been hurt. Hiccup seemed okay now but after what happened earlier, he didn’t want to worry him or give him a reason to breakdown like that again.

“Are you okay Toothless?’’ Hiccup asked. Whenever Toothless turned down food it was always a sign something was wrong, and he could have sworn that there was a slight look of guilt about him.

‘‘Yeah, I’m good!’’ Toothless lied and put on a fake smile.

Hiccup decided to take his word for it - Toothless would tell him if anything was wrong. He still couldn’t shake this nagging feeling that he was missing something though. Maybe Toothless was just tired from all the changing he had been doing these last few days.

The Gronckle babies eventually woke up, and Hiccup fussfed each of them before they left the cave. For some reason, having the baby dragons there with him after Toothless left made him feel useful again - and they had helped to distract him from worrying about what was happening outside the cave. They hadn’t spoken much since Hiccup woke up, and it was like Toothless was avoiding any conversation he tried to start. Right now, he looked like he was sleeping again.

“Toothless, you asleep?’’ Hiccup asked.

“Yeah.’’ His raspy voice replied.

“I didn’t know sleeping people could answer questions?’’ Hiccup retorted with raised eyebrows.

“I’m super talented! Didn’t you know?’’

Hiccup was going to respond with some sarcastic remark when a Night-Wisp entered. The light from her flame wisps burned brightly in the dim lit cave. Hiccup was startled at first but he recognised her as she came closer.

“We have an unexpected visitor.’’ Hiccup announced. Toothless opened his eyes and looked up at Kirnottdra who was standing about a foot away from him.

“What’s up?’’ He asked her, trying his best not to wince as he sat up.

“Acacia needs you both to come out of the cave this instant so she can heal your wounds. She is outside waiting with Visskara and says the great mani will be at its highest point in the sky
soon.” Kirnottdra explained.

“I think she wants you to go with her Hicc.” Toothless told him. He had understood that Visskara was waiting to treat both of them so he guessed that meant Acacia was there too.


“Visskara wants you. Acacia probably wants to check your chest. Better get a move on babe, she’s waiting for ya. I’ll just wait here. Yell if you need me.” He smiled at Hiccup.

“You too Toothless!” Kirnottdra growled at him.

“What was that about?” Hiccup asked. He was surprised that Toothless didn’t want to go with him, and Kirnottdra didn’t sound too happy.

“She says you better hurry up! Best not keep Visskara waiting.” Toothless quickly lied. Hiccup walked to the cave exit and cautiously left. Toothless gave Kirnottdra daggers. “I don’t want Hiccup knowing I got hurt!” He whisper-yelled at her. “I’m staying here!”

Outside the cave, past the boulders blocking the entrance, Hiccup saw Visskara and Acacia to the right about eight steps away. Some boulder type dragons were watching him as he approached their alpha. Hiccup bowed in respect to Visskara before standing up and smiling.

“Hey Visskara, Acacia.” He greeted them politely.

As Toothless had said, Acacia had wanted to check his chest and help it along in the healing process. Apart from the wound itself being sore, and the fact he felt a little rundown, he was feeling okay. He was sure he would recover fine now without further help but it was probably better to be safer than sorry … and he didn’t want to argue with Acacia or Visskara.

The other dragons around them stayed calm, and most continued what they were doing, but he felt like they were talking about him and gossiping. He hated not being able to understand what the dragons were saying, it made him feel anxious and isolated.

Kirnottdra came up from behind him as Acacia was looking at his chest, and she appeared to be telling Visskara something.

“He won’t come out, says he doesn’t want Hiccup to know he is hurt. He outright refused.” Kirnottdra explained.

“He needs to be treated, especially now he has changed form since I last saw to him. Without my help that cut of his could get worse.” Acacia chimed in, having heard Kirnottdra.

“Please tell him, if he refuses to come out, I will have Storrlomisen smash into the cave and I will drag him out myself.” Visskara said, giving Kirnottdra the message.

“Hiccup is gonna hate me!” Toothless complained to Kirnottdra as he stood up and achingly followed her.

When Toothless reached Hiccup, Acacia, and Visskara, he looked guilty and nervous. Visskara gave him a disapproving, disappointed glare, and Hiccup - who had just finished being treated, gave him a look of confusion.
“I’m sorry babe, I just didn’t want you to worry.” He apologised. “Please don’t get angry.”

“Why would I get angry … What’s-.” Hiccup was asking, but Toothless slowly removed his tunic and hissed slightly as he tried to hide his pain and discomfort. The cut was the first thing that Hiccup saw, then the bruises that were now appearing - especially the one on his left shoulder. He would have been concerned and worried for Toothless had it not been for the lies he had been told. Anger and hurt overrode his emotions and his fists clenched as he looked away.

“Hiccup … please don’t-” Toothless tried to reach out to touch Hiccup’s arm, but he pulled away from him.

Without a single word Hiccup went back to the cave. Visskara tried to stop Toothless from following him - to at least get seen by Acacia first, but he loudly refused to stay and ignored the noise of protest he got as he went after Hiccup.

Hiccup was leaning against the cave wall - his weight resting on his forearm, facing away from Toothless with clenched fists. Toothless tried to apologise. “Hiccup, I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, I-”

“You lied to me! We’re supposed to be a team Toothless. You’re supposed to be my boyfriend.” Hiccup accused. The hurt evident in his tone.

“I am! Hiccup, I love you. That’s why I didn’t want to tell you - to protect you!” Toothless argued, stepping closer behind him. Hiccup turned around, his anger growing.

“To protect me?” Hiccup repeated in disgust. “I don’t need protecting Toothless. I need you to have my back … to be honest with me.” Hiccup’s voice grew louder.

“What, and have you breakdown again?” Toothless snapped, the words slipping from his lips. There was a pause, a moment of painful silence that passed before Toothless realised what he had said. Before he could try and take his words back Hiccup scoffed. The look of betrayal he caught in Hiccup’s eyes before he turned away from him only increased his guilt tenfold.

“I thought you were better than that.” Hiccup started to walk away.

“Hiccup I’m sorry! That didn’t come out right.” Toothless grabbed Hiccup’s arm to stop him.

Hiccup was so angry, he felt hurt and betrayed by the one person that he loved and trusted beyond all else, the one person he never thought would hold his failures or weaknesses against him. He shoved Toothless away and left the cave.

Toothless hissed in pain as he was shoved. the cut on his side jolted from the sudden movement, but he was more worried about Hiccup - he had run from the safety of the cave and into a cavern filled with stressed dragons.

Hiccup was running away from the one person he trusted the most - but it wasn’t Toothless back there. Toothless never lied to him, never thought he was too weak or too fragile to handle the truth. The confines of the cave had made him feel trapped and he couldn’t breathe with the thick clouds of tension building up inside, he became overwhelmed with the need to escape.

He ran past the startled boulder class dragons, past the boulders and cavern formations that offered him some concealment. He didn’t care where he was going, or pay any attention to the dragons that he passed along the way. His mind was only focused on running. Running away from his anger, from the hurt, the stress, and all the other emotions he had been bottling up inside.
Hiccup ran until he was no longer hidden in the shadows, no longer in the darker more isolated section of the cavern, or shielded from sight by the formations and rock structures that littered the area he was just in. The dragons that sought shelter from the storm had arrived and Hiccup gasped when he saw them. Species of dragon’s he had never seen before, and species he did know - some with unusual colours, were all making use of their temporary home. It was fairly crowded, but not overly … the dragons could still fly and move around comfortably.

At the sudden intrusion … many of the dragons were now staring at him. As if a button could change his emotions at a simple push, his anger was suddenly replaced with fear and self-scolding. Running from the cave was certainly not his best idea and he could sense the commotion about to happen. He heard Toothless calling his name urgently and turned to see him disappear behind a horde of Gronckles that had gathered. There were other dragons gathering, such as the two Bright-Wings that had just landed in front of him. A blue and purple dragon he didn’t know - with red growths on its body and unusual but pretty looking wings, walked over curiously. On his left, a blue and black dragon with a spine on its head, chest, and some smaller ones on its legs moved closer.

Hiccup put his hands up, like he had done many times before trying to calm dragons and show them he wasn’t a threat. None of them looked like they were going to attack … until two different coloured dragons - with long bodies, necks, and tails, with six legs and very sharp claws, landed behind him with a loud thump. They had very large bladed beaks and were definitely not friendly.

The blue and purple one was about to fire at him, but a pink and purple dragon - with spiky wings and jagged scales in various places, landed in front of him. At the same time, he felt two human arms grab him tightly from behind. Hiccup didn’t know it, but the pink and purple dragon was Gora. Gora roared at the hostile dragons and swung his tail at them hard, warning them to back off.

“Hiccup are you okay?” Toothless asked, his voice filled with worry as he checked Hiccup for injury with his eyes. Hiccup didn’t respond and looked down ashamed, remnants of anger creeping back into his mind.

Visskara landed and roared her commands. The Dragons that had tried to hurt Hiccup were the Trebitalehoggs. They had learnt from Visskara’s speech that night, while Hiccup and Toothless were in the cave, that the boy was Toothless’s sal-binda. They decided that hurting him would hurt Toothless, and they were still angry that they had been attacked by him earlier. Visskara was pissed off to say the least. Things didn’t look good for the Trebitalehoggs that now cowered in fear before their alpha.

“Thanks Gora! I owe you.” Toothless thanked his old friend. Gora knew Hiccup had been Toothless’s sal-binda, so when Toothless had spotted him and yelled at him to help, he had done so without hesitation.

Hiccup looked up suddenly at the pink and purple dragon. His eyes had glossed over with the threat of tears, but none fell. He was curious to who Gora was but his questions never found their way to his lips. With everything that had just happened he was too overwhelmed with emotion to ask them.

“Come on Hiccup, lets go back to the cave.” Toothless guided Hiccup forward and they silently started walking back.

Hiccup noticed Toothless was walking slower than usual, and he occasionally made a stifled groan holding his side. His fists curled, angry at himself for leaving the cave like he had done. He had overreacted, been foolish and gotten them both into a situation that could have resulted in a worse fate. Toothless had come after him like he’d always done, despite his own injuries, and even after he had pushed him away. He was still hurt by the lies, and the words that Toothless has said to
him, but he now felt guilty and ashamed of his reactions.

Gora had been following them, to keep them safe as they approached the darker area of the cavern. He was focused more on Toothless - taking in how his childhood friend looked now he was in his human form. Toothless stopped and turned to talk to him like he had known him for years.

‘‘You can go now you overgrown skelirex. We’ll be fine from here.’’ He smirked. Gora grumbled and Toothless chuckled at him. ‘‘I need to talk to Hiccup right now and go get some sleep. I’ll come find you when I wake up.’’ Gora huffed and Toothless caught most of what his friend had just grumbled. ‘‘Hiccup is my mate Gora! My best friend now. You’re just gonna have to live with coming second.’’ Toothless sassed.

Gora’s shocked reaction to learning that Hiccup and Toothless were mates eventually faded, and he grumbled his feigning displeasure at having to wait to talk to his long-lost friend before he took off.

Sitting down together by the crackling fire, Hiccup found his voice.

‘‘I’m sorry Toothless. I shouldn’t have reacted like that.’’

‘‘I shouldn’t have lied to you. I never meant to-’’

‘‘But you did! You hurt me Toothless. Why didn’t you just tell me?’’ The hurt in Hiccup’s voice was evident.

‘‘The truth is … I was worried about how you would react. I know it’s no excuse but I’m still learning to figure out my own human emotions. Seeing you so broken earlier … well, it really got to me. I just wanted to protect you from feeling like that again. Not because I thought you were useless, but because I love you. I know you have been through a lot and you’re still trying to work through that, and you don’t need my stupid actions and dumb arse mistakes making you feel worse. I was just trying to shield you from that worry on top of everything else. We protect each other, that’s what we have always done. I know how to watch your back when Vikings start fighting, when we’re in a battle, or when dragons get a stick up their arse. I just don’t know how to protect you from the things that are inside your head, or how to have your back then. I guess I just went about things the wrong way. I fucked up big time, I know that! I’m just … I’m still learning okay. I got it wrong, I was a total idiot and I’m sorry. Really sorry!’’

‘‘Just don’t lie to me anymore Toothless. I trust you more than anyone, don’t destroy that.’’

Hiccup implored him. The thought of not being able to trust Toothless made him feel unsettled.

‘‘Oh, gods Hiccup. Never!’’ Toothless was relieved when he wrapped his arm behind Hiccup and he didn’t pull away from him. Hiccup leaned against his shoulder and he suddenly hissed in pain.

‘‘Sorry!’’ Hiccup apologised, quickly sitting back up. ‘‘You should go see Acacia.’’

‘‘It’s too late Hiccup. Acacia’s probably in another cavern by now. I’m okay, really! Just a bit banged up. I’m sure she will come back in the morning and have a few things to say about me refusing her help.’’ He rolled his eyes.

‘‘What really happened out there Toothless … The truth?’’

‘‘I think I had them Trebitalehoggs and the Hraorskerahoggves myself but Gora definitely came at the right time. He used his hypnotizing or confusing gas on them. They either started dancing or
went into some kinda trance. Visskara turned up after that.’’ Toothless finished his truthful recount of events.

Hiccup knew he was being irrational when the fear of losing Toothless surfaced. He was here next to him and very much alive. He just couldn’t shake the overwhelming thoughts of a life without him, especially with everything he had been through or was dealing with now. Toothless could tell by Hiccup’s body language and the lack of comment that something was still wrong.

‘‘Hiccup, say something. Talk to me!’’

‘‘I-I’m okay.’’ Hiccup lied.

‘‘Look who’s lying now! I’m not mad, I know you’re just trying to pretend you’re good and deal with whatever it is alone, but cut the crap with me babe!’’

‘‘I’m messed up okay! Is that really what you want to hear?’’ Hiccup snapped.

‘‘No! Of course it isn’t, but it’s what I need to hear.’’ Toothless asserted.

Hiccup rubbed his face and sighed out his frustration. Toothless was just trying to help, but he didn’t want to keep talking about his shortcomings, or the lack of control he had over his emotions and feelings. Still, he decided to give Toothless what he wanted.

‘‘I’m scared of losing you… Again!’’ Hiccup admitted. He could remember the life leaving Toothless’s eyes the day he died. The scene of that night - that moment, was scarred deeply into his mind. It had almost happened again when they arrived on this island, and again today.

‘‘I know Hiccup. I didn’t want to worry you but I had to help. It’s what I do. I would have regretted it had something happened to one of the dragons and I did nothing.’’

‘‘I know that, and you did the right thing. I think … I think I’m just losing it Toothless. You know I blame myself for everything that has happened, I just can’t help it. Between the grief of losing dad and Astrid, the guilt, and stress … I’m just scared.’’

‘‘What stressing you out right now?’’ Toothless asked.

‘‘You mean apart from this conversation?’’ Hiccup sighed, he paused for a moment before continuing. ‘‘Being the only human here for one. I’m stuck in a whole dragon community that obviously don’t want nor need me here. I hate being stuck in this cave, hiding away and protected. I feel like a damn child. I miss Berk, I miss being around more then one person that I can talk to, and I miss Trid. I’m sick of breaking down every time I can’t control my fucking emotions!’’ Hiccup’s voice had grown louder until he was shouting.

‘‘Come here!’’ Toothless told him, painfully pulling Hiccup into him and adjusting himself so that the pain was tolerable. Hiccup had gone to pull away - out of fear of hurting him, but Toothless insisted. Hiccup calmed in his embrace. ‘‘We will be going home soon. Just try and keep it together until we leave okay. Do you think you can do that?’’

‘‘I-I don’t know … I can only try.’’ Hiccup stuttered.

‘‘That’s all I’m asking for babe. Just keep talking to me, tell me when you think you losing it. Talk to me when your stressed or whatever. I can handle it.’’

‘‘You’ve always been good at listening.’’
“Is that your way of telling me something” Toothless asked with raised eyebrows. He had a feeling Hiccup was implying he had been a good listener because as a dragon he couldn’t talk back. Hiccup chuckled, confirming his suspicions. “I’m sure Gora would enjoy listening to me if you’ve had enough of my voice already.” Toothless teased.

“Never!” Hiccup exclaimed. Looking up into Toothless’s eyes he was reminded of why he loved him. Toothless always knew how to make him feel better. It wasn’t very Viking to talk about feelings, personal problems and such, but it didn’t seem as wrong sharing them with Toothless.

“You know I love you right?”

“Of course! And I love you.”

They kissed until Toothless’s stomach decided it had an announcement to make. Toothless bit his lip in embarrassment as Hiccup pulled back and laughed at him.

Hiccup had gone straight to cooking up some fish for Toothless seeing as he was apparently ‘starving’ now. That meant Hiccup finally got the chance to ask him about Gora - who and what he was. Toothless explained he was a Hugreaetlavafi and his real name was Gorahiroa. He had the ability to confuse or hypnotise others like he did to the dragons earlier. He explained how he had forgotten all about Gora until yesterday. That he had started to remember him and they used to be best friends after he was sent to live with Groaldridax. He told Hiccup everything he could remember, but it wasn’t that much - just bits and pieces from his flash backs or dream memories. Hiccup had decided to call Gora a Hypnofuse and was writing in his journal. Toothless had just finished eating his third fish.

“Better?” Hiccup asked when Toothless laid down on his blanket, presumably to sleep.

“Yeah, I could still eat more though.”

“The babies got hold of a few fish earlier. We’re going to have to make what we have last until the storm passes. You can’t just eat all the food babe.” Hiccup told him, knowing he would if given a chance.

“I’m good for now but I’ll get Vissy to go fishing is we run out.”

“Mm hmm, cos I’m sure she would love fishing in a storm.”

“She’s a Leitatilsynum, the storm won’t affect her. Besides, there are other dragons on this island that can deal with the storm just fine.” Toothless explained.

“I still think it’s best we try and make the food last. We really need to name this island. Do the dragons have a name for it already?” Hiccup asked as a second thought.

“Not that I know off. Keep me out of naming this one baby. I don’t think tired, battered Toothless wouldn’t sound right.”

Hiccup chuckled before voicing his thoughts out loud. “Well, Dragon Island has been used already. It still amazes me how intelligent the dragons are here. Its not everyday you wonder onto a dragon island filled with dragons that work together like a community. They all seem to have unusual abilities as well - like Acacia and Gora.”

“Yeah, but it’s not that unusual.” Toothless spoke after a moment of thought. “A lot of the dragon species here are going extinct, hunters would kill to find this place. Dragons like Acacia, Gora and even me … well let’s just say were worth a lot in trade and gold pieces. So, they stay here away
from humans and protected by Visskara. They work together because it’s for the best and it keeps
them safe.”

“Where did you learn all this?”

“Reading. And by paying attention.” He yawned.

Hiccup chuckled to himself. He knew Toothless was the smartest dragon here but he wouldn’t feed
his ego and admit that to him. Looking over at Toothless, he watched him falling to sleep. He
would leave him be and let him sleep, gods new he needed it. Hiccup thought of what to name the
Island and finally decided on Sanctum Island. It was after all a private, safe place for the dragons
to live. They had their own culture, beliefs and rules that made it work and kept them safe. This
island was their Sanctum.

“Kalean come on!” Gora shouted desperately amidst the chaos and falling debris.

Dragons were fleeing the underground tunnels that trembled as the Volcano growled awake.
Most of the dragons had already evacuated, but Toothless had flown back to help a stray
Strarollkender hatchling that had gotten separated from his mooir.

“Go on ahead, I’m quicker than you. I’ll catch you up!” Kalean shouted.

Gora hesitated and moan his indecisiveness, but a loud explosion caused the tunnels to start
caving in. “You better!” He shouted before speeding away in fear.

Gora vanished from sight and Kalean carried the heavy hatchling in his claws. The weight
slowed him down some and the thick smoke was filing the already dusty tunnels.

He zig-zagged, dodging rocks and stalagmites that fell until eventually … he flew into the air
outside. Thick clouds of smoke billowed from the mouth of the volcano darkening the sky.

He had no time to see where the other dragons had gone, no time to find Gora or decide where to
go next because the hot red lava spewed violently in bouts from various places in the mountain,
raining down rock from above. Dodging the hot pieces of fire that fell he flew ahead with as
much speed as he could muster.

Lava continued to spew from the ground, spitting angrily and destroying anything in its wake. A
lava geyser broke through the earth in front and halted his path - altering his trajectory. More
geysers continued to brake through the ground in violent outbursts, but Kalean was making good
progress - travelling away from the danger. When he thought he was safe and slowed from
exhaustion of carrying the hatchling, a piece of rock fell and crashed into his skull
unexpectedly.

Kalean immediately fell unconscious…

In the cave lit by only glowing embers of the fire, Toothless woke up startled and sat up tense and
sweating. Hiccup was startled awake at the sudden movement, he could hear Toothless’s deep
laboured breathing.

“T-Toothless what is it?” Hiccup’s hand reached out and found Toothless’s arm. Once his eyes
adjusted to the darkness, he could see Toothless rubbing his face and calming down from what he
now assumed to be a nightmare.

‘‘I-I remember … The day the volcano erupted.’’
With the fire resupplied and Toothless feeling better than he did when he first woke up, he shared his new memories with Hiccup. More memories from when he was younger had returned to him, along with the memory of the day he had lost them. Hiccup was passing him a drink of water as he finished his recount of that day.

“I remember waking up, being confused and a bit scared. I just saw an erupting volcano - hot lava getting nearer, and no one around. I’d obviously lost my memories - although at the time I was just scared and wanted to get away from that volcano, so I flew off the Island. I just remember flying for such a long time I must have zoned out. Young dragons can actually fall asleep when flying, not yet able to control that zone between sleeping and being awake. I guess that’s what I did.”

Toothless explained. He took a sip of his water before a thought crossed his mind. “I hope that baby Strarollkender, erm … Stronkle, managed to find its Mooir.”

“I’m sure it did, it was a long time ago. You risked your life to help that Stronkle. It wasn’t there when you woke up right? So, it must have been okay.”

Toothless checked Hiccup’s reaction to hearing the fact he had risked his life - even if it had been years ago, but it was a relief to see he didn’t appear to be affected by it. “I wonder where he went though. If another dragon found him why would they leave me there?”

“I don’t know babe, maybe he just wondered of or hid somewhere until he was found.”

“Maybe … I’m going to go and see if the sun if up yet, see what’s going on out there.” Toothless moved and groaned as he got to his feet. Every muscle ached and his shoulder was stiff from the bruising, but his side stung and made him wince.

Hiccup had a feeling Toothless didn’t want to talk about it anymore, and was leaving to avoid his questions. On top of that, he wanted Toothless to rest. “You sure that’s a good idea?”

“I’m fine Hicc. You could come with me but … I’m going to change so I can fly over to the lake. With this … I don’t know if carrying you will be a good idea.” He explained, pointing to his side. “I won’t be long.”

As soon as Toothless flew from the dark areas of the cavern - past the stalagmites and boulders, he could see the lake. As he flew down to land by the waters edge, he noticed it had risen slightly. Small slow drops dripped from various points in the cavern roof. Over at the back - right side, where the cracks usually let in small rays of light, trickling water wept down the cavern wall and fed the lake. He could hear the storm from this section of the cavern but it was too difficult to tell what time of day it was. The sky was obviously darkened by grey clouds that no light streamed through, only the cool drafts of wind wafted in now.

He ignored the other dragons or the looks they gave him as he drank from the lake. It was like they wanted to ask him a hundred questions but had decided to just stare at him instead - or pretend they weren’t. He had planned to return to Hiccup, but he was spotted by Gora who landed beside him.

“Came outta hiding then.” Gora grinned.
“Who says I was hiding?”

“We’ll, ya did sneak of pretty fast last night an’ after Aflgeir and his goons decided to cause trouble.” Gora reminded him. “Ya never even told me you were cursed, ‘ad to find that out from Visskara last night.”

“I’m not cursed you faifuh. I just died and … came back again.” Toothless noticed the other dragons listening to them. “Let’s move somewhere else, I need to get back to Hiccup anyway.”

“Oh no you don’t Kalean! You’ve bailed on me twice already … and left me back all them ar’tios ago. I never got an explanation then, I want one now.”

Before Toothless could argue Visskara landed.

“Good, you’re awake. I have spoken to everyone here and they are aware that you have a human form and that Hiccup is your sal-binda. You should both be safe here for now, but do try not to cause any more chaos. I am assuming Hiccup is okay after yesterday?” Visskara asked.

“Yeah, he’s good. Do you think it will be okay for him to come down to the water, being stuck in that cave is driving him crazy?” Toothless knew they would gain a lot of attention from the other dragons, but if it made Hiccup feel better, he could deal with that.

“Very well. Just know that I won’t be here all day. I still have my duties to attend to. Aflgeir, Akslital and Lemjatavi have been dealt with, however, they are still in this cavern and it would be wise to avoid any trouble.”

“I’ll keep him out of trouble.” Gora chimed in.

Toothless gave him a look of disbelief. In all his memories of Gora, he was the mastermind of trouble. Come to think of it, he would get on well with Tuff and Ruffnut if he was the same Gora he knew from all those years ago.

Toothless looked back at Visskara. “I’ll be careful.” He assured her.

Visskara nodded and went to leave, but she stopped as if she had remembered something. “Oh, and Toothless! When Acacia returns later, you will allow her to treat you. Do I make myself clear?”

Toothless nodded. He really wouldn’t mind some of that healing watchamacalits if he was honest. Visskara left and Toothless turned to Gora.

“So… Want to know what it feels like to fly with a human on your back?” Toothless smiled hopefully.

It took some convincing, first with Gora to agree on being Hiccup’s ride, then with Hiccup to get him to understand his message. He had not only asked Kirmottdra to fetch Hiccup from the cave, - being too big to fit inside himself, but he had also tried convincing Hiccup in his dragon form. Once he managed to communicate his plan, Gora lowered his body and Hiccup hesitantly climbed on using his spines as handles.

“Finally, the human gets it!” Gora remarked playfully.
“It’s Hiccup you faifuh, and don’t forget that’s my mate you’re carrying.”

“How does that even work?” Gora asked as they walked through the cavern to the wider area that would allow them to fly.

Toothless stopped and picked up the clothes he had left from before when he had changed form. He got Hiccup’s attention who took the clothes with confusion written all over his face.

“Don’t ask!” Toothless warned Gora.

“But he’s a he right? Unless you became a girl-”

“Like I said, don’t ask!”

They flew to the lake, over to where the walls of the cavern and water glowed the brightest. Not many dragons chose this part of the cavern to dwell. Most of them were boulder types, or types of dragons that preferred dry darker areas. Expect for the energetic hordes of Lagalogaror’s splashing about and the dragons that past by now and again. A Vengilfagre rested on the stack of rocks that emerged from the water, and there were two other dragons nearby sleeping. Yesterday, Toothless hadn’t recognized their species, but he remembered them now. They were Manifagreiths, dragons that enjoyed basking in the moonlight. Their black and white wings were their proudest feature - the intricate patterns and layers stood out rather beautifully. They had a purple body with blue legs and tail, and two long antennae like ears.

The short flight on Gora felt amazing compared to the dark solitude of the cave, even if he couldn’t fly as smoothly as Toothless. The birds eye view of the inhabitants felt beguiling to Hiccup. Climbing down from Gora’s back, he noticed the eyes that followed him and wondered why they had stopped here. “T-Toothless, why are we here?” Hiccup was cautious about being out in the open again after last time, and with the curious prying stares he was getting, it was unsettling. Toothless on the other hand didn’t seemed bothered. He laid down with Gora sitting next to him and motioned for Hiccup to do the same. “Well, it sure beats sitting in the cave.” Hiccup voiced allowed, He sat down scratching Toothless neck.

Gora observed the pleasurable reactions Toothless had to being scratched. Deciding he wanted some of the attention he moved closer to Hiccup and nudged hi

“Oi you, get your own human!” Toothless protested.

“Unfair!” Gora huffed as he laid down. “Besides, where do you expect me to find a friendly one anyways. I don’t see any around here, do you?

“You could come back with us.” Toothless suggested after a moment’s thought. Gora looked shocked.

“And leave this crappy island, no thanks. I’ve heard what humans do out there. I’m rather attached to my head ya know.”

“They’re not all bad Gora. We live on an Island called Berk - lots of my dragon friends live there … Well, they used to.” Toothless’s smile left his face and he suddenly looked grieved.

“What happened to them?”

Hiccup had realised that Toothless wanted to catch up with his childhood friend - and probably
didn’t want to leave him alone wondering where he’d gone. Luckily, he had been writing in his journal when Kirnottdra had essentially pushed him out of the cave earlier, therefore, he still had it with him. Right now, he was drawing a picture of Toothless and Gora while they ‘talked’. Occasionally Hiccup and Toothless would exchange glances, smile at each other or Hiccup would pet him. A few times he noticed Gora’s shocked face, or other expressions that made him wonder what Toothless was telling him. It was nice to be out of the cave though, and even the other dragons that had been watching them had stopped staring - now used to his presence by the lake. He could hear the storm from this part of the cavern as he continued to draw, he was thankful to be sheltered from its wrath.

“Hypnucha Kalean! You certainly ain’t had a boring life have ya. Makes me wish I’d been there … well, for some of it at least. Why did ya leave?” Gora asked him.

Toothless had already told him how he first met Hiccup, and about Berk and the dragons there. He had told him about the Ogthantarth, how he had died, figured out he could change forms, and then seven days later the dragons left the island. He had even told him about the Mykerstorrdrottning - or the Red-death as Hiccup called it, and some yarx called Drago, but he hadn’t yet told him why he had left this island all those ar’tios ago.

“I lost my memories that day Gora.” Toothless admitted. “Something hit me in the head … hot fiery rock, I think. When I came to … the first thing I saw was the thick black clouds of smoke and the hot molten lava. I just fled the island.’

“I knew something was wrong when you flew off and didn’t come back.”

“Wait, you saw me leave?”

“Yeah. But you didn’t hear me calling. I couldn’t get to ya cos my mooir wouldn’t let me leave after she found me. We went further into the forest until the great fire stopped raging. It was a Hypnucha mess to say the least.” Gora remembered.

“Do you know what happened to that baby-hatchling, that Strarollkender?”

“The one ya saved? Yeah sort of. Its mooir was frantic with worry, so I told her you had gotten him out and they looked for him. Soon found the little thing. It had been hiding. That was after I saw ya leave though. So, what? You forgot everything … including me?”

“That about sums it up, yeah.” Toothless felt better knowing the Stronkle had gotten back to his Mooir.

Gora didn’t wait to remind Toothless about some of the antics they had gotten up to as younglings. Toothless noticed the way Gora made him out to be the originator of their foolish plans - he debunked each one. His memory was slowly returning as they recounted their earlier days together, and he knew they were both just bored youngling back then trying to find a way to keep themselves entertained. Unfortunately for the other dragons on the island, that meant pulling pranks, winding them up, or just generally causing trouble when they weren’t exploring. Even their exploring had a habit of ended in catastrophe or chaos.

“Hey Toothless…” Gora laughed. “Remember that time on Iss mountain, when you landed face first in that snow pile trying to do that double twist lift thing. You were stuck for ages until you managed to plasma blast your way out.”
“Oh god’s, don’t remind me! That one can stay forgotten.”

“It was hilarious though!” Gora howled in laughter. “You managed to bring on that avalanche … and then a whole heard of angry Skioleggissval chased us.”

Hiccup looked over perplexed and curious; Gora seemed to find something hilarious and Toothless had his paws over his eyes. “And I have no idea what you two are talking about.” He voiced aloud. Toothless glanced over at him for a second.

“Groaldridax and Kalvissmari were so angry Gora!” Toothless reminded him.

“We had so much fun though Kalean, it was worth it.”

“We did have some good times … didn’t we?” Toothless reminisced and sighed. “I better spend some time with Hiccup now, as a human. He only has me to talk to but you’re welcome to stay though. I’ll get him to show you that picture of our friends I was telling you about.”

“Bailing on me already?” Gora teased as Toothless stood up. Hiccup closed his journal anticipating them leaving or something.

“Not on your life! I just got you back you faifuh.” Toothless was about to change forms when a female Lagrborkertre landed and bowed her head as a way of greeting him.

She was a small green coloured dragon, with jagged red growths on her head and down her spine. She had darker green growths on the top of her body and along her back, with a spiked club-like tail tip.

“I just wanted to thank you for looking after Sessavior during that fight. I heard from Balinkeri that she was with you. Sessavior said your sal-bindia was very funny.” She looked over at Hiccup who was standing next to Toothless, cautiously keeping his wits about him.

“Sessavior must be your hatchling. Yeah, a few hatchlings found their way into the cave, Hiccup comforted them while I tried to stop the fight. When I returned the hatchlings had all fallen asleep. Sessavior couldn’t have been safer than with Hiccup.”

“My name is Groenneta, by the way. I will leave you now, I left Sessavior asleep. Thanks again.” Groenneta then flew away.

“Someone’s popular.” Gora quipped.

“See you on the other side.” Toothless smiled as he changed - ignoring Gora’s comment.

“I will never get used to that.” Gora thought out loud as he watched his friend change from a Loightakalean to a naked human being.

“Hey Hiccup!” Toothless smiled as he picked up his clothes and dressed. His bruises were turning a black-blue colour now and he winced as he continued his task.

“H-hey Toothless.” Hiccup stuttered, swinging his arms around.

“Why you so nervous Hicc?”

“Me? I’m not! I’m just happy to see you again … human again.”
“Mm hmm” Toothless didn’t believe him but continued dressing. Once his pants and tunic were in place, he took Hiccup gently into his arms and kissed him. “So, why you really nervous?”

“If you must know, I’m just relieve that dragon didn’t come to cause any trouble, plus … we have an audience.” Hiccup pointed to the dragons that had started staring again, some had even stopped or had moved closer to get a better look.

Apart from the Vengilfagrre, Manifagreiths and the clueless Lagalogarors that were already there, a purple Deadly-Nadder and a Finnafrithadil had been watching them. Toothless turned and raised his eyebrows.

“It’s like they’ve never seen a dragon change form before.” He sarcastically commented. “Piss off you bunch of nosey plifigens!” He shouted, waving his arms at them. Gora roared to back up his friend. The Deadly-Nadder and Finnafrithadil left while the others turned away and stopped staring. Toothless turned to look back at Hiccup - ready to kiss him again. “Don’t mind them, they just have nothing better to do.”

Hiccup just laughed.

Hiccup had shown Gora the drawings of the gang with their dragons: Hookfang, Meatlug, Barf and Belch, and Stormfly. He had also shared other drawings, such as the other dragons on Berk and of his son Trid. Toothless let Hiccup tell Gora about them and tried his best to relay any questions Gora had. Toothless discovered that he could translate Gora better than any of the other dragons - especially now his memory was returning, he still couldn’t completely translate everything he said though. It was actually nice to have his memory back, or at least more of it; What he didn’t remember at this point he put down to the fact that it was such a long time ago he had simply forgotten.

Toothless shared some of his and Gora’s past antics with Hiccup, who was pleased to know that his memory had all but returned. He was also relieved to learn that the baby Stronkle had been found in the end, and not just because it was safe, but because Toothless would no longer worry over what happened to it.

Toothless was sharing the time Gora managed to set two catastrophic-Quakens after them - after he got caught using his hypnotising ability to make the Gronckles paranoid. Apparently, Gora had tried to confuse the Quakens too, but he quickly discovered that wasn’t strong enough yet to control a dragon of that size and it back fired - they ended up fleeing for their lives. Toothless and Hiccup were chuckling, but when Hiccup looked over at Gora, he had a strange red glow in his eyes and was fixated on something. Hiccup followed to what Gora was looking at, he was shocked to see about eight Lagalogarors trying to stack on top of each other like a badly built tower. They would topple at any moment and surely fall into the dragons sleeping on the rocks.

“Erm Toothless?” He pointed to the Lagalogarors, speechless. Toothless punched Gora’s leg.

“Cut it out Gora.” He chuckled. “Just because they’re easy to pick on don’t mean you should. You haven’t changed at all have you?”

Gora rolled his eyes - Toothless had ruined his fun. The Lagalogarors woke up from their trance and sure enough … they toppled causing one of them to hit the Manifagreiths. The Manifagreiths woke up started, and one of them reacted by breathing out a blueish purple gas at his intruder.

“Time to go!” Toothless announced loudly, dragging Hiccup to his feet in a hurry. Toothless hissed in pain but seemed more focused on getting them out of there. “Gora, do you mind?” He
Before Hiccup could question them on the big rush, they were on top of Gora’s back and flying away from the lake. Toothless gripped onto Hiccup’s waist so he didn’t fall off. If Hiccup had turned around, he would have seen the look of shock and uncertainty that appeared on his boyfriend’s face.

“What was that all about?” Hiccup finally asked.

“Oh, you know, just Gora causing more chaos. Like always hey Gora?” Toothless looked back quickly at the Manifagreiths - and the now passed out Lagalogarors. Gora huffed his feigning displeasure at being blamed. They dipped slightly and Toothless snapped his head around to face forward again, holding onto Hiccup tightly. ‘That Manifagreith - Moon-Chitter as you called him, let slip some poison gas. The dragons will be fine after a bit, it wasn’t a lot but I don’t know what that stuff will do to humans.’

Gora landed over by the darker area of the cavern to the left, and Hiccup jumped off first. He helped Toothless down - who seemed to have a little trouble. Toothless’s side had been irritated in the haste to get away from the gas, but he also appeared to be a bit stunned as well. Hiccup wondered if he had been scared of flying, but Toothless being stubborn and headstrong was adamant he was fine.

‘Thanks Gora, that was close you faifuh!’ Toothless chuckled when he had both feet on the ground. Gora communicated with various noises. ‘Yeah yeah, just like old days.’ Toothless agreed. ‘I’ll see you later. I’m getting hungry so me and Hiccup should get something to eat.’

Gora nudged Toothless with his head and received a quick single pat from him, and a wonderful scratch from Hiccup before he flew away.

‘Stay out of trouble you skelirex!’ Toothless shouted after him and laughed. When Gora was out of ear shot Toothless let the act slip and sighed in relief. ‘So that’s what it feels like to ride a dragon?’

Hiccup laughed at Toothless’s perplexed and shocked expression. ‘No, but that is what it feels like to ride Gora!’

The cave didn’t seem so dreary or dismal after their morning by the lake with Gora. It was nice retreating back to the privacy of the cave, to enjoy being together by the glowing fire - just the two of them. After eating, Hiccup broke out his second journal to record his new learnt information on the dragons.

Hiccup was leaning against Toothless’s good side as he wrote or sketched in his journal. They would occasionally smile at each other as Toothless patiently answered every question he was asked. Right now, Hiccup was trying to figure out what class to place the dragons into.

“If the Moon-Chitter doesn’t fit into strike class either … looks like we have another addition to the mystery class category.” Hiccup concluded out loud.

“Hold on Hicc! Moon-Chitters, as in Manifagreiths right?” Toothless asked, a thought had crossed his mind. Hiccup nodded curious to where this was going. ‘I think, you might need a new class babe. Hear me out.’ He told Hiccup who sat up to listen. Toothless went through the journal with Hiccup and explained his reasoning for a new class. ‘You have Moon-Chitters the Manifagreiths. Vengilfagres the Bright-wings. Grutregrasvattirs the Great-Guardenia or Guardenien.'
Hraorskerahoggves the Tree-cutters. And the Lagrborkertre the Barktrees. All these dragons have two things in common, trees and plants. Like the boulder class, expect … trees and plants. Why not make a new class to place them into, you have the Tree Cutters down as sharp class, which I don’t disagree with.’’ Toothless paused to touch his side. ‘‘You could place them arseholes in two different classes. Sharp class and the new plant class.’’

‘‘Toothless that’s genius! Why didn’t I think of that?’’ Hiccup enthusiastically proclaimed. He was now on his knees writing frantically in his journal.

‘‘Because I’m just too good!’’ Toothless bragged.

‘‘Smart arse!’’ Hiccup quipped.

‘‘Ouch!’’ Toothless pouted, feigning hurt. ‘‘But what would you do without … all this?’’

‘‘You just gestured to all of you.’’

‘‘Exactly! What would you do without all of me?’’ He smiled.

Hiccup stopped writing in his journal and suddenly looked troubled. He sighed sadly and put down the pencil. ‘‘I don’t know.’’

‘‘Fuck. Hiccup I’m sorry. That was a stupid thing to say.’’ Toothless moved closer to Hiccup, not sure what to expect.

‘‘It’s okay Toothless.’’ Hiccup said, but his voice didn’t sound very convincing.

Toothless pulled Hiccup closer and he laid his head on his boyfriend’s lap - playing at the fabric of his trousers. The contact reminded Hiccup that Toothless was there with him now and he shouldn’t be worrying about the what if. The truth was, he really didn’t know what he would do without Toothless, but he had been able to push his fear away this time.

‘‘Don’t think about it!’’ Toothless consoled, playing with the stands of hair at the back of Hiccup’s head.

Hiccup didn’t want to ruin what had been a good day so far, and he didn’t feel as affected by the topic as Toothless seemed to think. He rolled over, looking up at Toothless to assure his boyfriend he was actually okay, but he noticed a stifled moan escaped his lips. ‘‘Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt—’’

‘‘You didn’t!’’ Toothless replied a little too fast, shaking his head.

‘‘Then why…’’ Hiccup tried to hide the smirk that sneaked onto his face as realisation hit him. His horny arse boyfriend was getting turned on, payback would be so sweet. Hiccup moved his head to test his theory, pressing down as he pretended to adjust his position. He was too caught up in his moment of revenge - from all the times Toothless had wound him up, that he forgot what they had just been talking about.

Toothless shifted position to allow Hiccup to get comfortable. ‘‘Good?’’ He asked with a smile when Hiccup stopped moving, and more importantly, stop pressing down on his manhood.

‘‘I’m not sure. Is something wrong?’’ Hiccup feigned his concern, purposefully pressing his weight down onto a certain location as he sat up. Toothless failed to stifle another moan.

‘‘What are you up to?’’ Toothless’s eyes squinted as he looked into Hiccup’s devious eyes.
“Nothing! There’s just this lump in my way.” Hiccup feigned innocence as he pressed down on Toothless’s hardening cock once more.

“‘That’s your fault!’” Toothless accused, his voice slightly strained as he tried to keep his composure. “‘Maybe you should make it go away … seeing as it was your fault.’”

Hiccup pressed his lips into his boyfriend’s hungry ones. His hand leaving its teasing location - to rest on Toothless’s right shoulder. Toothless still couldn’t get enough of Hiccup delectable lips, the sensations still so new to him. Each time they made out it was like a new amazing discovery, and each and every time it made him shiver in new ways.

“I’d just like to see how it plays out, if it’s all the same to you.” Hiccup eventually replied. His plans to tease Toothless had started to back fire after that kissing - he had succeeded in arousing his own sexual desires.

“What happened to, ‘we have to be quiet?’” Toothless leaned closer to retake back the lips that had left his tinging for more, but he was denied.

“Well … when you put it that way.” Hiccup went to get up but was pulled back down into his lap.

“You’re not going anywhere!” Toothless asserted, and took back those lips he had been refused.

The luscious erotic sensations of each other’s taste only worked to fuel their more sexual desires. Lips alone could no longer satisfy their hunger, and Hiccup found his hands undoing Toothless’s trousers while never leaving his boyfriends lips. Toothless shifted his weight to push his trousers to his knees as Hiccup removed his own - only breaking the kiss for moments to fling his across the cave along with his tunic. Hiccup went to lift Toothless’s tunic but he was stopped.

“Leave it” Toothless’s breathless voice breathed between the kissing.

Hiccup complied and knew to be mindful of his injuries. He took Toothless cock into his hand and rubbed it as Toothless sucked his neck - his skin feeling more sensitive as he licked and kiss every inch of flesh he could find. The gravelly moans from Toothless, and the drips of precum that fell onto his hand were his que. He guided Toothless cock to his opening, and with one hand rested on Toothless right shoulder he worked to penetrate his own arse as he pressed down onto Toothless hard erection.

Toothless gasped caught between shock and enjoyment - they had never done it in this position before. He held Hiccup’s arse cheeks as his boyfriend worked his way down his shaft. “Mm, Hiccup!” He exclaimed, voicing his sexual pleasure as he squeezed the small round chunks of fat in his hands. The process of total penetration only fuelling their sexual needs.

Toothless rubbed Hiccup’s swollen cock with one hand as he watched him adjust to the size of his own. The groans from Hiccup only elicited his need to be satisfied further, the restraint to not flip Hiccup over and fuck his arse was like a bursting dam. Something about Hiccup naked and on top - lowering onto his pulsating cock, made him crazy. It was breaking his resolve to stay in control of his actions.

“Hic … Hiccup!” Toothless ground out through clenched teeth, his fists now clenched by his sides as Hiccup bounced in his lap - rocking his balls in the process. “‘Hiccup, stop!’” When Hiccup stopped, he noticed Toothless’s breathing was heavy with seriously dilated eyes. “Just give me a minute!” Toothless breathed, calming himself of his overwhelming need to dominate the man he loved.
“What happened Toothless?” Hiccup wrapped his arms around the back of Toothless head - his arse still fully penetrated. He wanted desperately to keep going, but he wouldn’t unless Toothless wanted him to.

“You just … drive me crazy.” Toothless admitted

“You want me go on?”

“Can I…” Toothless hesitated.

“You want to take the lead?”

“Yeah.” Toothless admitted nodding. “But, Fuck Hicc. I can’t control it.” He confessed; he was worried about being too rough like last time.

“Then don’t. I’m ready. Either you fuck me now or I’m jacking off.”

Toothless heard the words ‘fuck me now’ and that was all the permission he needed. Hiccup laid on his back with his knees bent wanting to see his boyfriends face as he came inside him. Toothless’s hard cock slipped in with little protest and he fucked Hiccup like he had wanted to from the start. Each thrust only building the stimulations that would eventually be their release.

“Mm, Toothless, that’s it baby.” Hiccup breathlessly moaned, rubbing his cock as Toothless worked his arse. The thrusts became deeper and faster as Toothless got lost in the sexual act. “You … with me?” Hiccup ground out. “Toothless?”

Toothless snapped from his trance and caught Hiccup’s forest green eyes. They grounded him, kept him conscious in the moment and only reminded him that this wasn’t just sex, it wasn’t simply a matting ritual, it was what two people did when they were in love … just like Hiccup had told him.

“I … love you!” Toothless breathed. “Fuck Hicc, I think I’m-” Toothless’s voice broke off and he gasped. His thrusts coming to a slow and his breaths ragged.

Hiccup was already dangerously close when he felt Toothless’s cum warm his insides, so it only took a few quick rubs to bring on his own mind-blowing release. Toothless slowed his breathing and waited for his dizzy intoxicated stated to calm before pulling out.

“I love you too babe.” Hiccup chuckled as Toothless all but collapsed next to him. “You don’t think anyone heard us … do you?”

“If they did, they can piss off! Besides, it’s not like dragons get a room when they do it.”

“And that’s one image I didn’t need to be thinking about right now.”

“Then don’t think about it.” Toothless said as he leaned over and kissed Hiccup, running his hand through his auburn hair.

“Pass me a cloth from the bag babe!” Hiccup asked when they separated lips.

Toothless found a cloth from one of the bags next to him, wincing as the aches in his body seemed to return post sex. It was as if the heat of the moment had acted like a pain alleviation. He passed the cloth over to Hiccup who wiped his hands.

“We really didn’t think this through.” Hiccup complained as he tried to clean up with a dry cloth.

“I could always change into a dragon and lick you clean!” Toothless smirked.
“‘Toothless! That’s disgusting!’” Hiccup exclaimed, disgusted at the thought of his dragon - Toothless or not, cleaning up his spunk with his tongue. Dragon saliva was sticky enough, he certainly didn’t want it going south.

“‘What? You swallowed mine that one time.’”

“‘You weren’t a dragon!’”

“I’m always a dragon, well … kind off.’”

“‘Toothless, no! Just … no.’” Hiccup put his foot down. He got up to find some water to clean with before getting dressed.

Toothless followed suit and they both managed to clean up pretty well with what they had. They decided to get some more water from the lake in a while, for now they just wanted to relax together, enjoying each other’s company in the privacy of the cave.

“‘The storm should be over soon.’” Hiccup voiced aloud, sitting against Toothless.

“‘Yeah, then we can get what we came for and leave right?’”

“‘Right. You don’t sound happy about that.’” Hiccup noticed.

“‘I am! I just … well I just found Gora after all this time and-’”

“‘You don’t want to go just yet?’”

“‘I want Gora to come with us … but I don’t think he will.’” Toothless admitted.

“‘Even if he agreed… Toothless, Gora wouldn’t be able to come to Berk unless we figure out what’s going on and fix it, none of the dragons can come back.’”

“‘I know Hicc, but according to Gora … he’s the last of his kind.’”
Ancient markings

Chapter 35 - Ancient markings

Toothless and Hiccup returned to the lake last night. It had taken a while to get there on foot, but they ended up meeting with Gora again for a bit. It was obvious how happy Toothless was in having remembered - and found, his best friend from long ago. Hiccup found himself thinking of ways to make it possible for Gora to come with them if he wanted, but it always ended with the fact that Berk was still a no dragon zone. He never said anything, deciding to wait and see if the cave markings could bring them any closer to solving that mystery. That way he would be closer to knowing if it was at all possible for Gora to even come to Berk. The last thing Hiccup wanted was for Gora to be stuck on Dragon Edge, he would be safer staying here with Visskara if Berk proved to not be an option altogether.

Acacia had found them at some point last night and treated Toothless’s wounds while he was in his human form, before they returned to the cave. Having no idea what time it was they didn’t get to sleep until the early hours of the morning, it wasn’t surprising therefore, that they had slept past sunrise.

Hiccup and Toothless had woken up in alarm that early afternoon - to loud sounds of smashing rock and vibrations that were causing dirt and small rock fragments to fall. Dusty debris had filling the air, and they woke up coughing. They rushed from the cave to see what was going on. Three Gronckles and the purple and grey Grunt-Smasher were smashing down the cavern walls, while the other three Gronckles carried the smashed rock fragments away in an orderly fashion.

‘‘Gorrolketir?’’ Toothless shouted over the smashing. ‘‘What the fuck is going on? You couldn’t have warned us first?’’ He coughed.

Gorrolketir the Grant-Smasher, stopped with a loud grunt, and turned to face Toothless. ‘‘Should have woken up then. The great sol finally returned, time to mend the damage and re-stock the food. Best you move out! Alright Alrollkenders…’’ He bellowed, turning back to the others to continue his commands. ‘‘…More force. Tusain! Stop eating the rocks you quiazule and get back to moving them! That’s it Drofrolk, that’s the way we roll!’’

Toothless couldn’t make much sense of what Gorrolketir just shouted at him, he was quite startled and just stood there blinking in shock.

‘‘Toothless?’’ Hiccup asked. The smashing had resumed and he was expecting some explanation - or translation.

‘‘Erm … A-All I got from that was … T-Time to move out!’’ Toothless stuttered over the noise and rubbed his eyes. ‘‘Let’s grab our stuff quick and get out of here before the cave falls in. I think everyone is getting ready to leave the cavern babe. Well, everyone that don’t live down here anyways.’’ Toothless explained, getting over the shock of being rudely woken up and then shouted at.

Toothless flew them and their stuff to a safer location within the cavern before returning to his human form. Toothless’s side was now just a scar, and the bruises were already fading. Whatever Acacia did was astonishing - even Gothi couldn’t heal wounds that quickly.

Not many dragons remained in the cavern now that the storm had passed. The Gronckles and
Grant-Smasher were busy doing what they did best. The Hotburples and Stronkles were nowhere to be seen - Toothless presumed they had moved to a different cavern. The Flame-Tips were laying together to the far-left side of the cavern by the stalagmites, although they still had company of a couple Deadly-Nadders. The Night-Wisps were sleeping to the far right, curled up together. The only others in the cavern, was Gora down by the lake, and themselves setting up in the south area.

“I thought the storm would last till tonight.” Hiccup asked, as they sorted out the wood that they had saved from the cave - to be used for the fire later on.

“That’s what Karisonita said. Sometimes they get it wrong.” Toothless shrugged.

“Karisonita?” Hiccup asked.

‘Yeah! The Aheitavattaid I was telling you about.’’ Toothless reminded him.

‘Oh, the Tidal class dragon, I remember.’’ Hiccup nodded.

Gora spotted them and decided to fly over.

‘Hey Gora!’’ Both Toothless and Hiccup greeted in unison as he landed.

‘You sticking around?’’ Toothless asked. He got onto his feet and bashed into his friend playfully. Gora just pushed Toothless away with his foot looking bored. He obviously felt Toothless was too weak in his human form to be bothered by him. ‘‘Just wait till I change Gora, I bet I can still beat you!’’ Toothless goaded, trying to wrestle him with his arms around Gora’s neck.

Gora chuckled mischievously and his eyes glowed red. Toothless suddenly starting running around the cavern, screaming like a mad man and taking off his vest and tunic in the process.

Hiccup’s jaw dropped in confusion and shock as he watched Toothless throw his vest and tunic across the cavern … then he proceeded to undo his trousers. ‘‘Gora!’’ Hiccup shouted accusingly, but he couldn’t help chuckling when Toothless tried to fly in his human form - flapping his arms around and still screaming very loudly.

Gora ended up rolling on the floor in fits as Hiccup tried to contain his own laughter. With Gora distracted, Toothless was no longer under the effects of the hypnotism. He stopped running and looked down just as his trousers dropped to the ground exposing his arse. Hiccup burst into laughter - no longer able to contain himself.

‘‘That’s it Gora! You asked for it!’’ Toothless shouted once he realised what had happened. He removed what was left of his clothes and changed into a dragon, tackling Gora immediately after the change.

Hiccup was still trying not to laugh as he watched his Night-fury and a Hypnofuse play-fighting around the cavern - tackling each other like teenage boys. They almost hit into a red and blue Deadly-Nadder as it was leaving, which gave Hiccup a look of exasperation as it huffed away.

‘‘Sorry, he just… Yeah.’’ Hiccup didn’t really know what to say as he watched it leave.

When he looked back at Toothless, he saw Gora had gone to whack him with his tail and had missed - hitting a stalagmite instead. Hiccup winced as he watched the stalagmite fall, nearly landing on top of Runisalith who was minding her own business for once. She flew over towards Hiccup - to get away from their destructive games and to glare at him like it was his fault.
“I am so sorry Runisalith.” Hiccup covered his eyes in embarrassment. “He’s not usually like this.”

“Now I’m beginning to remember those two.” Runisalith sighed, of course Hiccup couldn’t understand her. She vaguely remembered the gossip of a Loightakalean and a Hugreaetlavafi, from many ar’tios ago, that always cause trouble on the island. Come to think of it, she remembered more in regards to when the Loightakalean use to be under Kalvissmari’s care, along with Visskara when they were hatchlings.

Over by the lake, Toothless was immensely caught up in his game with Gora and had just activated his alpha mode. Runisalith gave Hiccup a very strong glare of disapproval.

“Oh, that’s just … I-I have nothing to do with this!” Hiccup told her - throwing his hands up, defending himself from getting blamed. He received a huff and a disapproving eyeroll nonetheless.

“Gora! I command you - stop attacking me!” Toothless firmly ordered, roaring to assert his dominance as he hovered in front of Gora.

“That’s so unfair you cheating plifigen!” Gora shouted, trying to hypnotise Toothless to go for a swim.

Toothless nearly ended up nose diving into the lake, but his alpha mode made Gora’s hypnotism weak. He managed to break the hold Gora had on him and land on the rocks protruding from the lake instead.

“Stop hypnotizing me and I’ll stop commanding you! What’s the matter Gora? Still can’t take me without them powers of yours?” Toothless goaded.

“Oh, I can take you Kalean!” Gora boldly assured him, flying straight for Toothless as fast as he could.

As Gora got closer, Toothless went to take off. Gora spun at the last moment and managed to whacked him with his tail. They both splashed into the lake.

“Gee Gora…” Toothless spat the water out at him. “…If you wanted to go for a swim you should have asked.” Toothless quipped.

“Where’s the fun it that, you torht?” Gora tried to Hypnotise Toothless again, but he got splashed with water by Toothless’s tail - breaking his concentration. Gora returned the water attack using his own tail.

Gora and Toothless were still playfighting - and insulting each other for good measure, when Visskara flew into the cavern. She spotted them and hovered over the lake.

“Gora! Toothless! That’s quite enough! Toothless, your alpha mode isn’t welcome on this island without my consent, I shouldn’t have to remind you of that. I have something to tell you if can manage to grow up long enough to hear it.” She then flew over to where Hiccup had been watching, Runisalith was still there.

“Ooo, you got told Kalean!” Gora gibed, once Visskara was out of earshot.

“Shut it you plifigen!” Toothless smirked, turning off his alpha mode and splashing Gora for
good measure.

“**You love me really!**” Gora teased.

Toothless and Gora got out of the lake and returned to where they had left Hiccup. Visskara was there talking to Runisalith when they landed, she turned to speak to them.

“**I can’t begin to imagine what you two were like as younglings.**” Visskara voiced aloud and sighed. **“I wanted to let you know that I will take you to the section of the caves you seek in the morning, after the great sol has risen. I am needed elsewhere on the island today assisting clean up after the storm. Please do try and stay out of trouble.”**

Toothless and Gora nodded their assurance, but when Visskara turned around to continue her conversation with Runisalith, Gora wacked Toothless with his tail. Visskara turned to face them again before Toothless could retaliate, seeing their feigning innocent faces looking back at her she huffed. Hiccup was trying not to chuckle, he had assumed correctly that Visskara had reprimanded them and behind her back were doing the opposite of what she wanted. That face off Toothless’s used to work with him, but he doubted it would work with Visskara.

“**Don’t force me to separate you two. I’d have expected better from you Toothless, being an alpha dreki nonetheless. I have enough to deal with as it is without cleaning up after you two hatchlings.”** Visskara warned them.

Toothless and Gora nodded again, assuring her they would behave. With her back turned Gora mimicked Visskara’s accusation that they were behaving like hatchings. Hiccup covered his mouth to stifle his chuckles. Toothless whacked Gora upside the head with his tail.

Gora and Toothless had failed to reel it in when Visskara left, continuing their mischievousness and tomfoolery. They had tired each other out by the time Toothless changed form to spend some time with Hiccup. Toothless was still breathless as he pulled up his trousers and went to find the vest and tunic he’d thrown from before. Gora laid in a heap near Hiccup, still breathing heavy himself from chasing after Toothless.

“Who won?” Hiccup asked when Toothless sat down beside him, sighing in relief at being able to rest.

“Me! Did you have any doubt?” Toothless’s smug smile reeked of his ego. Gora huffed in disagreement. **“Don’t know what you’re huffing about, you couldn’t catch me you yenho!”** Gora grumbled and rolled his eyes. **“Yeah, I’ll give you that one.”**

“**What did he say?”** Hiccup asked, smiling at his boyfriend.

“**That he isn’t such a yenho anymore. I used to call him that when we were younger, back when he couldn’t get his confusion or hypnotism to work like he wanted. He’s a much better opponent now, right Gora?”** Gora had a smug look about him after hearing Toothless agree he had gotten stronger. **“Don’t let it go to ya head, you’re already a massive plifigen!”**

“**You always call each other names?”** Hiccup asked.

“**Well, I was the torht and he was the yenho. Weirdo and weak-shit in case you forgot. Now he’s just an arsehole!”** Toothless chuckled. Gora rolled his eyes and looked like he was trying to sleep.

“**Looks like you had fun.”** Hiccup chucked. He leaned in to kiss Toothless and whispered **“I was
Gora had actually done them the favour of fishing for them, after he had returned with his own share of red sea bream that evening and Hiccup had announced that they needed more fish themselves. Shockingly enough, Gora had found Hiccup and Toothless a two-foot Tambaqui. Even Toothless was impressed at the catch.

“Fuck me Gora, I ain’t seen one of them in years!” Toothless exclaimed.

“What is it?” Hiccup questioned, poking it with a stick.

“Babe … It’s dead!” Toothless laughed.

“J-Just checking, that thing has teeth.” Hiccup pulled the stick back and shuddered.

“It’s a … Tambaqui I think. Really hard to catch and tastes great raw if I remember right, bet they taste just as good cooked.” Toothless was almost dribbling as he stared at the fish.

“You sure it’s safe?” Hiccup asked. He was hesitant to even touch the massive fish, let alone eat it.

“Just cook it! I’ll eat it if you won’t.” Toothless pressed. He was starving, especially after his mischievous endeavours earlier on with Gora.

Toothless had sent Gora to find a big enough stick to stake the Tambaqui on. He came back with a few suitable ones and Hiccup just about managed to pierce the thing though the middle. It was really heavy and certainly wasn’t an easy task. Toothless helped Hiccup make the fire, they then stacked some rocks to act as a cooking spit to rest the fish on. Once it was finally cooked Toothless seemed over eager to start eating.

“Mmm. It’s so good!” Toothless mumbled with his mouth full, trying to shove more in. Hiccup hesitantly placed a piece into his mouth and his face lit up.

“Mmm. This is great! It tastes vaguely like boar … makes a nice change from the other fish we have been eating. Thanks Gora.” Hiccup thanked him, truly appreciative of the change.

After dinner, Hiccup found himself thinking about what Berk would be like with both Toothless and Gora there. He didn’t know if the villagers could handle both of them together. After today though, he really didn’t want to make Toothless say goodbye to his childhood friend.

“What’s on your mind Hicc?” Toothless asked, knowing Hiccup was in deep thought about something.

“I’m just hoping we can get the dragons back to Berk.”

“That reminds me, Visskara said she would take us to find them markings tomorrow - after the sun rises.” Toothless informed him.

“That’s great. If we can get the dragons back, do you think Gora would come to Berk.” Hiccup looking over at Gora who was sleeping.

“I haven’t asked him since last time. I sure don’t want to have to say good bye though.” Toothless admitted.
“Well, you know where this island is now so you can always visit. It won’t take you as long to get here on your own.” Hiccup reminded him.

“That’s true, and I always have you on Berk.” Toothless smiled at him. “I’ll ask him what he thinks after we have seen the markings tomorrow. You never know Hicc, we might be one step closer to getting the dragons off the edge and back home.”

“Yeah, I’d like that. I’d like Trid to grow up with the dragons around him. To teach him everything I know. He might grow up to outshine me.”

“No one could replace you Hicc. You had to figure out we weren’t evil beasts yourself, you did that with everyone telling you otherwise. At least Trid will grow up knowing the truth, he has a great father after all.” Toothless wrapped his arm behind Hiccup.

“And he has you too!” Hiccup reminded him.

“He does indeed?” Toothless smirked. Hiccup chuckled, but then he looked troubled.

“I just hope I don’t have to tell my son I failed, that I couldn’t bring them home.” Hiccup sighed. “Berk will never be the same without the dragons … and the riders.”

“You can’t fail if you tried Hiccup. You can only do something that’s possible. If there isn’t a way to bring them back then at least you can say you tried your best. I bet we will find a way though. Don’t worry about it tonight, let’s see what we find tomorrow yeah?”

Hiccup nodded, but he still couldn’t help imagining having to tell the village he came back empty handed. Toothless knew Hiccup was still thinking about it, so he pulled Hiccup closer to him and they laid back together.

“What do you think of Gora?” Toothless asked.

“I think you two would destroy Berk!”

“It’s possible.” Toothless chuckled. “No, we wouldn’t do that. Just scare a few locals maybe.”

Hiccup punched Toothless. “And this is convincing me how?”

“He’d get on great with the twins.” Toothless remarked.

“Yep, he isn’t coming!”

Toothless rolled on top of Hiccup and pinned him to the ground. “Is that so?” Toothless asked him, leaning forwards to press his lips into Hiccup’s, almost as if to say ‘but you love me’. The kiss that transpired was slow and loving before Toothless lifted his head to look down into Hiccup’s eyes, his own lime-green eyes doing their best at feigning innocence. “You would deny me my best friend?”

“I thought I was your best friend?” Hiccup asked.

“You got promoted to boyfriend, remember?”

“Well, I do have to put the needs of Berk first, just saying.”

“And where does that leave me?” Toothless asked.

“Oh, somewhere up there with Trid.” Hiccup smiled.
“So, If I really wanted him to come back, would you say no? More importantly, could you stop him oh mighty dragon trainer?” Toothless looked over at Gora who was still asleep, before returning to look at Hiccup.

“I, erm…Well, er…” Hiccup stuttered

Toothless chuckled and kissed him. “Didn’t think so.”

When Toothless let his guard down Hiccup managed to flip him over and sit on top of him.

“Let me get this straight. You would invite Gora to Berk and destroy my village - giving all the dragons under your command a bad name, where I’ll be forced to evict them from Berk altogether because you decided to undo all my training. Oh, mighty alpha dragon.” Hiccup smirked.

“Well, when you put it like that, I-I… erm…” Toothless stuttered.

“Didn’t think so.” Hiccup smiled.

Hiccup had been taught from a very young age how to negotiate for the sake of peace treaties and such, which is one thing Toothless didn’t have. He could manipulate well, gods only knew where he learnt that but Hiccup had the upper hand on this one and Toothless knew it. Toothless resorted to the only thing he could think of, he tickled Hiccup sides.

Hiccup pleaded with Toothless to stop, but he ended up pinned in Toothless lap being tickle assaulted. Toothless only let up when Hiccup couldn’t breathe.

“Sorry Hicc, but you’re so cute when you laugh.” Toothless chuckled.

Hiccup sat in Toothless’s lap until he regained his breath, he then turned around to kiss his boyfriend. As they shared a kiss Hiccup smirked and caught his boyfriend off guard, he tickled him back right under his arms where he was weak. Toothless was stronger than Hiccup but under the tickle assault he could only squirm, laughing as he tried to plead with Hiccup to stop, he occasionally got in some tickling of his own.

The two boys continued wrestling, tickling, and horse-playing around. The laughter woke up Gora who looked at them puzzled at their game. He could tell they were happy, excited, and just having fun… but it provoked his curiosity and he went to investigate. He started sniffing Hiccup’s arse, essentially ramming his nose right up there as Hiccup was tickling Toothless. Hiccup was startled at the sudden intrusion and yelled as he spun around to see who his assailant was.

“Whoa! What the…” Hiccup suddenly shouted, startling Gora in the process who wondered what he had done wrong. Toothless was breathless from being tickled as he looked up at Gora, and then back to Hiccup. Hiccup was now sitting next to him, guarding his backside. “Okay, Let’s not do that again.” Hiccup told Gora.

“What happened?” Toothless asked when he had his breath back.

“Oh, you know. Gora just wanted to say hi… The dragon way.” Hiccup explained, he didn’t enjoy having a dragon up his arse.

It took Toothless a moment until the penny dropped, but then he started laughing again. Hiccup just frowned at him, wondering what was so funny about having his arse assaulted by a dragon.

“Oh, that is so mature” Hiccup stated when he realised the joke, he couldn’t help chuckling though.
“Gora, that arse is all mine.” Toothless managed to say before laughing again.

Gora was rather confused to say the least.

The next morning, true to her word, Visskara arrived to take Hiccup and Toothless to the section of the volcano mountain that pertained to the Ogthantarh markings. Toothless was in his dragon form, the saddle fixed into place with some of their things. Hiccup was in his flight suit and sitting upon Toothless as they flew through the cavern, leading to the tunnels that lead deeper into the mountain. Gora followed, wanting to stay with Toothless but also curious to what they were going to find. Acacia also joined them, she didn’t know much about the Ogthantarh markings - that was Groaldridax’s area of teaching, but she had been around long enough to perhaps be of some help.

They travelled for a while, flying past stalagmites, over large drops inside the mountain and through new caverns. Some were homes to other dragons that Hiccup had never met, nor was he going to apparently. Word had spread through the volcano mountains of Toothless and his salbinda Hiccup, so the dragons just watched as they flew through, bowing in respect to Visskara as they passed.

They flew through a smaller cavern, glowing with gems and crystals. They passed two different species of dragons that had Hiccup turning to get a second look. Toothless warbled at Hiccup’s excitement. One of the species were grey and white, shaped like a Stronkle but covered in what looked like diamonds or clear crystals. The other species of dragon were purple, with spikes and covered in gems of all different colours. Hiccup didn’t get long to look as they turned to climb up into some other tunnels.

“You know what we’re talking about later, don’t you bud?” Hiccup patted Toothless head, Toothless rolled his eyes.

“How’s he so interested in them rock loving faifuhs.” Gora asked Toothless.

“He likes to learn about new dragons, and them rock loving idiots as you call them, they like rocks that are worth a lot to humans.” Toothless explained.

“But there just rocks!” Gora protested.

“Humans call them gems, crystals, or gold. They like to wear them, or give them to women to wear at least. The men sometimes give them to their mates, to express their love and loyalty. Seems to make them happy. They can also swap rocks like that for other things, like weapons or food. You know … trade that stuff for something else.”

“Kalean! I think you’ve been human to long!” Gora exclaimed.

“Everyone is unique Gorahiroa…” Acacia imparted her wisdom after overhearing their conversation. “…for what one may like, another may not. This is the law of things that keeps everything else in balance. I am different to you in many ways, but that is what makes me great at being a Grutregrasvattir and you a Hugreaetlavafi. The great dreki gods made us different for a reason Gora. There is no shame in being different, only shame in seeing different as wrong.”

Gora looked like his head was going to explode in confusion as he glanced over at Toothless. Toothless chuckled at him. Visskara soon stopped and made them all land as she plasma blasted through a blocked section of the tunnels.
“We should be nearly there. Looks like no dreki has come this way since the great fire erupted.” Visskara informed them as they pressed on.

True to Visskara’s observation, the tunnels eventually got harder to travel and they had to fly in single formation. Occasionally they had to blast their way through the tunnels or past the sharp stalactites and stalagmites. It was extremely dark, but Visskara glowed in her Alpha form and allowed Toothless to do the same for Hiccup’s sake. Gora had a strange pink-purple glow when his mouth was open and Acacia’s wings and tail glowed a faint pink colour.

“How does Visskara know the way?” Hiccup asked Toothless.

“I have been here before, although my memory is vague my mooir showed me these tunnels not long before the great fire erupted. It is also my job to know every inch of this island. I can also see the cooler air pockets with my vision.” Visskara explained to Toothless, knowing he would relay her reply to Hiccup later.

They finally reached a cave opening where Visskara stopped, informing them they had arrived. Toothless used his echolocation to observe their location … it looked safe enough. Visskara nodded her head to the cave walls where various markings were etched deeply into the stone. Hiccup jumped down from Toothless and pulled out inferno.

“ Toothless, is it okay if I?” Hiccup asked, showing them what he wanted to do. When he got a nod from Toothless, he activated the blade and flamed it up. The flame engulfed some of the darkness well, illuminating a third of markings in front of him. Hiccup stood in total awe at the engraved drawings and the ancient writings that covered the entire length of the wall. “Oh, Thor! Toothless, t-these are h-human markings. They predate anything I’ve ever seen before. This is amazing bud!”

Hiccup found some rocks to use, to balance inferno between like a touch, he then scrambled for his journal and pencil. “I can’t make out these markings but I think they’re some form of ancient writing. These drawings are remarkable though, I should be able to figure out what they mean at least.” Hiccup voiced his thoughts before turning to Toothless. “ Toothless, ask Visskara and Acacia the last time humans were here?” Hiccup asked as he copied the markings and drawings onto his parchment. Getting them all down would take some time.

“We haven’t had humans on this island since the great sorcerer herself. I have no idea how many ar’tios ago that was. It is safe to assume it would have been over a thousand ar’tio ago. Grutregrasvattirs live over three hundred ar’tios, I am already over two hundred ar’tios myself. My mooir’s mooir, used to tell me the stories of the sorcerer when I was a youngling - that she lived hundreds of ar’tios before her time and even her mooir wasn’t alive when the sorcerer died. Only the stories that have been passed on remain to honour the memory of the sorcerer, and this island remains devoid of human life because of her.”

“T-Three hundred?” Toothless asked, he was still shocked at the life span of her species.

“Yes, that is right. Only the drekis of old live for such a long a time. The Grutregrasvattirs being one, the Oghantharth I believe was another. Although as far as I am aware, Grutregrasvattirs are the last to live such long lives. Then again, I believed the Oghantharth was extinct until you and Hiccup explained how one had attacked your island.”

Hiccup was still busy laying out parchment and copying the markings. Occasionally he would pause to try and work out what each part meant, or to check his drawings matched with the markings on the wall. When Toothless finished talking with Acacia, he changed into his human
form and relayed the information onto Hiccup as he put on his clothes.

“T-Toothless, do you know what this means?” Hiccup excitedly asked him, once Toothless was done repeating what Acacia had told him.

“Let’s pretend I have no idea.” Toothless smiled.

“Humans may have been around longer than we thought. These markings are like nothing I’ve ever seen before. The drawings I can maybe figure out but … the writing is like a whole new language Toothless.” Hiccup wiped the sweat from his forehead onto his sleeve and continued working.

Toothless noticed Hiccup was getting hot, and now he was in his human form it did feel quite warm and stuffy down here. He watched as Hiccup copied parts of the markings onto the parchment. When he had finished with that section, he moved his inferno over to copy some more. By the time Hiccup was only half way through copying the markings he was sweating so heavily he had to remove his flight suit.

“It’s it hot down here babe, or is it just me?” Hiccup asked.

“No, it is quite warm. Maybe you should take off your vest and tunic too Hiccup, you’re sweating.” Toothless suggested.

“I’m okay now. You could pass me the water though … please.”

Toothless passed the water over to Hiccup and he watched him work. Hiccup had decided to focus on copying the drawing and writings down, leaving the translation until later. Toothless felt a bit useless just watching, but the engravings were fascinating to look at. As more time passed, Toothless was starting to sweat as well and his tunic clung to his back so he took it off. Hiccup on the other hand was soaked in perspiration and breathing heavier.

“Hiccup, are you okay? I think we need to … think about getting a move on.” Toothless expressed his worry.

“Not yet Toothless. Some of these markings are missing. Down here, the lower section of the drawings are gone.” Hiccup said, pointing to the lower part of the wall.

“They must have been erased when the volcano erupted.” Toothless suggested.

“No! no, there must be more. There has to be-.” Hiccup was saying before he starting getting a bit dizzy.

“Hiccup! If you have copied it all down, we need to get going!” Toothless stressed.

“I’m fine!” Hiccup snapped him. Checking that he had all the marking accurately copied. He knew he probably wouldn’t get a chance to see this amazing discovery again, and a part of him wasn’t ready to leave yet even if he had copied everything down.

Toothless was at least trying to get Hiccup to take off his vest and tunic when the flame on inferno started going out.

“No, Argh!” Hiccup complained as he changed the Monstrous-Nightmare canister, but the same thing happened and the flame refused to stay lit.

The dragons started to feel the air change and Visskara announced it was time to go. Toothless started collecting parchment and forced Hiccup to pack up and leave.
“Babe, if we die down here these marking won’t mean anything. Let’s go!” Toothless told him.

Hiccup gave in realising he had no choice, it was now becoming harder to breath and he felt too dizzy to concentrate on his drawings. Toothless stripped and changed form once the bag was packed. Hiccup quickly fixed the saddle into place, stuffed the clothes into the bag and jump on with his flight suit in his hands. As soon as he was on the saddle, Toothless took off.

Toothless felt okay back in his dragon form but Hiccup didn’t seem to be feeling much better. He didn’t want Hiccup to pass out and fall off, so he used his echolocation to navigate the tunnels and zoomed ahead of the others. Visskara could have kept up with Toothless very easily, but she had to make sure Acacia and Gora could find their way back safely.

Toothless kept flying, trying to remember the way back when he eventually flew into the wider sections of the tunnels and heard Hiccup coughing.

“‘Toothless, I’m okay now! You can slow down bud and wait for the others to catch up.’” Hiccup told him, breathing easier as the air seemed to thin and was cooler here.

Toothless slowed and landed as he waiting for Visskara to catch up, he warbled in concern at Hiccup.

“‘It’s okay bud, thanks for having my back. I think I got everything.’” He patted the side of Toothless’s head.

“Care to explain why you just took off like that?” Visskara asked when she and the others caught up to them.

“Hiccup wasn’t doing so well. When I was in my human form, it was too hot and difficult to breath. I had to get him out of there.”

“The air did change, we all felt it. Maybe humans suffer worse than us drekis.” Acacia voiced.

“Very well, but stay with us until we get back. There are many tunnels leading to many places down here. I wouldn’t want you to get lost.”

Toothless nodded and flew behind Visskara and Acacia - alongside Gora.

“So, your human is kinda weak then.” Gora thoughtlessly remarked.

“Hiccup isn’t weak you faifuh!” Toothless snapped, growling at Gora.

“Geez! Don’t Insult the human, got it!”

“His name is Hiccup! And I’m sorry Gora I didn’t mean to snap. Hiccup is one of the strongest people I know. Yeah, he might not be the biggest and when you start comparing him to dragons … well of course he isn’t gonna look like much, but that’s where you’d be wrong. I haven’t told you much about him, but Hiccup has been though a ton of shit Gora. He certainly isn’t weak and I love him. You might not get that … the whole love thing, and until recently neither did I. But it means we work as a team, and together were stronger, happier. We look out for each other and when you insult him you insult me!”

“Got it! Hiccup really means a lot to you huh?”
“Yes, he does. I have already died for him once, didn’t that tell you anything?” Toothless asked.

“Yeah, I get you really like him and want to keep him safe and all, but damn Kalean, I never realised just how much he meant to ya.”

“How much we mean to each other. Gora, I don’t own Hiccup, he isn’t mine in that respect. His opinions matter to me as much as his life. We were best friends like you and me, but when I got to be human we realised we loved each other and that what we have is greater than friendship.”

“It’s just really weird, ya know? And sometimes you act like you own him.”

“I get that. I know it’s hard to understand. Right now, we’re just trying to get the dragons home and he doesn’t want to fail them. That’s why he wouldn’t leave the cave markings and I had to drag his butt out of there. Back on Berk he is the leader. I guess because he is the only human here … it might seem that way.”

“Why’s it so important the drekis get back to Berk. Why don’t they come here or go somewhere else without humans?” Gora asked.

“Because it’s their home Gora, they have human friends there that would protect them with their lives. The people on Berk miss the dragons, and the dragons miss their lives on Berk. We protect each other, look after each other. It just works Gora! If we can get the dragons back, you should come and see for yourself.”

“Humans make me nervous Kalean … but I’ll think about it.”

They eventually got back to the cavern where they had been staying. Hiccup jumped down and removed his vest and tunic, sighing in relief as he took the bags off Toothless and took out his water jug. Toothless changed into his human form just as Hiccup was walking down to the lake, it wasn’t far from where they landed. Toothless threw on his clothes and ran after Hiccup.

“You okay Hicc?” Toothless asked once he caught up to him.

“Yeah, I’m good. Just gonna get some fresh water and cool down. I can’t believe how hot it was, it’s usually quite cool in caves.”

“Well, we are on a volcano.”

“I guess there is that … Thanks for having my back, back there.” Hiccup thanked him.

“That’s what I’m here for - to stop you doing something stupid.” Toothless sassed, Hiccup rolled his eyes.

When they reached the lake, Hiccup splashed his face and filled his water jug. He downed the drink before refilling it and offering it to Toothless. Toothless drunk some - nowhere near as thirsty as Hiccup had been. Hiccup then washed his tunic in the water and wringed it out.

“Want me to do yours?” Hiccup offered.

“Erm… sure.” Toothless answered, removing his tunic for Hiccup to wash. “You know, there are
other reasons to get naked together.’’ Toothless’s voice was very suggestive.

‘‘Toothless, I think you’re getting worse.’’

‘‘But you love me, right?’’

‘‘Of course! But that don’t mean I want to … you know, all the time.’’

‘‘Why not?’’

‘‘Well … Firstly we have company down here, and secondly, I still have to study them markings.’’ Hiccup explained. He wringed Toothless’s tunic out and they started walking back together.

‘‘We could go somewhere more private, and the markings can wait.’’ Toothless tried his luck.

‘‘Oh no! Toothless, we’re not doing that! Visskara probably wants us to stay here anyway.’’

‘‘I could ask her.’’

‘‘Don’t you dare!’’ Hiccup warned him.

‘‘Fine. You’re no fun sometimes.’’ Toothless pouted

‘‘But you love me!’’ Hiccup smirked, and smacked Toothless butt before running ahead.

‘‘That’s not fair Hiccup.’’ Toothless whined, chasing after him.

After Hiccup and Toothless had changed into their spare clothes, Toothless told Visskara that they would give her an update on the progress of the markings tonight. He didn’t want to change into a dragon just to go over it all again later. When Visskara left with Acacia, Hiccup got straight to work on the markings with Toothless’s help.

‘‘See this Toothless…’’ Hiccup pointed to a drawing of the Ogthantarh above the sun, above drawings of people kneeling below the sun. Then he showed him a second drawing, where there were multiple dragons below the Ogthantarh and the people were now holding weapons. ‘‘…I think this means the Ogthantarh was the very first dragon. The Ogthantarh came, then others came. People worship dragons once, but then they started attacking them for some reason. What do you think?’’ Hiccup asked.

‘‘You’re better at this than me, but I remember Groalridax telling me it ruled over all the dragons because that was the order of things - not because it was the alpha or because it came first. It had the power to cause great pain directly into the minds of other dragons though, so maybe it controlled them out of fear. Why do you think people would suddenly turn on it, if they worship it before though?’’

‘‘I don’t know. I can’t transliterate this writing - maybe Fishlegs would have better luck there. All I know is that people went from kneeling before it to attacking it. That’s what the drawing illustrates anyway.’’ Hiccup explained.

‘‘What’s next Hicc?’’ Toothless asked.

‘‘Right … erm, here!’’ Hiccup pointed to a new drawing with an Ogthantarh egg in the middle of three other drawings. One had its parent presumably, breathing fire onto the egg. Another dropped the egg into a volcano. The third drawing, had two dragons of importance breath fire onto the egg followed by dropping it into a volcano. ‘‘I’m guessing this has something to do with how the eggs
were cared for … or hatched.’’

‘‘Wait! I remember something…’’ Toothless squinted his eyes trying to remember. ‘‘…Argh, why didn’t I pay more attention to Groaldridax. She was trying to teach me something about the eggs.’’

‘‘Take your time.’’ Hiccup encouraged.

‘‘Acacia told me earlier that the Ogthantarth lived for like three hundred years, but I already told you that. No … this was about the eggs. They only get laid… once or twice in the Ogthantarth’s life. That’s it! … and they can only be hatched one of three ways. These must be the three ways. Let me see Hiccup!’’ Toothless said turning the page. ‘‘Okay, so their mooir - or mother can hatch the eggs with their own fire power. Volcano?’’ Toothless mused looking at the drawing. He gasped slightly as he remembered. ‘‘Groaldridax said the eggs can live hundreds of years, there were two ways to activate the hatching process if it didn’t have its mooir. The first one was … to leave the egg through all changes in a great fire. So, for a year inside an active volcano.’’

‘‘Okay that makes sense, what was the third one? Do you remember?’’ Hiccup asked. Toothless looked at the drawings of the two dragons and the volcano, but shook his head sadly. ‘‘I wonder why these two dragons are drawn like they are important, maybe they are a certain type of species or perhaps Alphas.’’ Hiccup mused out loud.

‘‘I must have given Groaldridax the slip on that particular lesson Hiccup. I only remember her saying that the powers of an alpha dragon had no affect on the Ogthantarth, and the Ogthantarth never possessed Alpha powers. I know that the Ogthantarth ruled the alpha’s and they ruled the rest of the dragons but … I don’t know if other dragons were ever connected to their eggs.’’

‘‘Alright so we can come back to that…’’ Hiccup told him, going to another drawing. ‘‘This one seems to show the Ogthantarth using fire and ice powers, and you said it could cause great pain in the mind. We also saw it for real that night.” Hiccup paused for a moment but continued before Toothless could interrupt him. “so, we know what it could do, how long it lived for, and some bits about the eggs. Wait, did you say it only lays one egg in its life?’’ Hiccup asked

‘‘Yeah, that’s what I remember being told. They could only lay one or two eggs in its entire life time. Considering they lived to be like three hundred it explains why it went extinct right.’’

‘‘That would create a problem for their species… especially if humans started killing them.’’ Hiccup agreed.

Together they continued trying to piece together as much information as they could from what they already knew and from the drawings. They couldn’t figure out the other way to hatch the eggs, but it involved not only a volcano but two other specific dragons as well. They had just reached the drawings that pertained to its death, Hiccup was shocked that the drawing was illustrating its immediate death should it take the life of another.

‘‘That must be why it died that night. What mum says coexists with these drawings. It died because … it killed you!’’ Hiccup realised.

‘‘Are you sure? I mean how did it protect itself back then if that was the case?’’ Toothless asked. Hiccup looked at the drawings and nodded.

‘‘I’m sure. It looks like they didn’t need much protection though. They were quite fast for their size, very strong, had scales tougher than a Gronckles and it was followed by all the dragons. I think humans are the reason it became extinct. They must have known that the worst it could do was hurt them, that if it killed it would die. It was its major fault.’’ Hiccup sighed, sitting back on
his knees. “If it didn’t … If it hadn’t … killed you that night. We might have lost Berk.”

“Hiccup, don’t! You know it would have killed someone else, or another dragon. You can’t keep thinking about what ifs remember.” Toothless stressed.

“I-It did kill another dragon. It killed Bloodsbane!” Hiccup stuttered.

“I think Bloodsbane died later that night Hiccup, probably after I did. Come on, let’s look at the other drawings, don’t focus on this too much. You’re only going to upset yourself.”

“I know, but if I’m right … your death ended the battle … your death saved Berk.”

“That’s not true Hiccup. If it wasn’t me someone else would have died. You could have died! We worked together that night. Please Hiccup, stop focusing on this.” Toothless pleaded, as Hiccup looking troubled.

“W-What about the dragon. C-Coaldron must have had an egg. It’s the only way … H-how did he even know how to hatch it? Toothless, it probably didn’t even know what it was doing, it must have been young … I-It was forced to kill. Did Coaldron know it would die? W-Was I the target?”

Hiccup stuttered.

“Hiccup stop it! It wasn’t your fault! Hiccup?” Toothless held onto Hiccup’s arms facing him, shaking him gently. He appeared to have zoned out and was looked extremely troubled as Toothless tried to get him to respond.

The scene played over and over in Hiccup’s mind. He knew he shouldn’t be winding himself up but, the Oghthantarh could have been hatched just to be used as a weapon to kill him. The very last Oghthantarh egg, used in such violent means, it was sickening. When Hiccup though of how young the dragon could have been, his stomach churned. The image of Toothless’s dead body flashed in front him. The blood pouring from Coaldron’s chest as he plunged in his sword was too vivid in his mind that his stomach pulled back like a sling shoot.

Hiccup’s face turned pale just before he came back to reality. He pulled away from Toothless and ran over to the boulders heaving up the contents of his stomach. Toothless rushed to his side rubbing his back, and Gora had walked over to see what was going on. Some of the other dragons in the cavern even looked up from what they were doing.

“It’s fine Gora, leave us alone for a bit yeah!” Toothless got him to leave right before Hiccup threw up a second time. “Why do you do this to yourself baby?” Toothless sighed.

Hiccup spat out the last of the vomit and shook his head. “I-I’m sorry Toothless. Those images … t-the memories of that night. I can’t understand how someone could be that cruel, just to hatch a dragon for the sake of killing.” Hiccup rubbed his face.

“Come here!” Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup. “You don’t know that Hiccup. Coaldron could just have been another Drago, another evil low life shit bucket that wanted what he couldn’t have. That Oghthantarh could have been older then you think, but it’s over now, it’s done! You can’t change what happened. I’m still here, Trid and Berk and everyone else are safe. Why don’t we go down to the lake, get you feeling better, then we can look at the rest of them drawings if you’re up to it.”

Hiccup nodded and sighed. “Guess we’d better throw some water over the contents of my stomach back there.” Hiccup told Toothless as they walked to the lake.

“I’ll do you one better and get Gora to fry it instead.” Toothless smiled at him, and Hiccup
chuckled.

Gora cremated what Hiccup had brought up, so much so that it had been obliterated. Toothless had
managed to convince Hiccup to come for a swim with him. He had been a bit hesitant to strip off
with the other dragons watching, but eventually decided to go for it.

Gora had gone down to the lake after seeing Hiccup and Toothless having a splashing fight,
deciding he wanted to join in. They had all goofed off in the lake for a long time before they all
decided to get out. Hiccup and Toothless got dried and dressed before they finally returned to the
drawings in better spirits.

“You sure you’re up to this?” Toothless asked Hiccup.

“Yeah! I feel much better, thanks for convincing me to do that.” Hiccup thanked him, glancing up
at the lake.

“It was fun. Seemed like you needed some fun!” Toothless smiled, pushing him playfully in the
arm.

Hiccup nodded and chuckled as he pulled out another drawing to look at.

“So, what’s this one?” Toothless asked, looking at a drawing of what appeared to be a dead
Ogthantarth, with a spear through its body. “You sure you’re okay to do this Hicc?”

Hiccup sighed and nodded. “Yeah, someone has to do it. Okay, well there was two of these, both
showing a dead Ogthantarth. One seemed to indicate it actually being killed, the other I’m guessing
means it was killed by its flaw.” Hiccup explained, showing Toothless the other drawing with the
Ogthantarth standing over its kill followed by its imminent death.

“What about old age?” Toothless frowned.

“Right, I thought about that too. I’m thinking old age falls into the first one because if you look
here, you can see its bones. In this other drawing there are just stars - or dust maybe. Which is what
mum said happened to the one on Berk. There was no body or anything, just like it disappeared in
some kind of explosion. If it was killed, or died of old age, there would be bones left right.”

“I guess. So, we now have two different means of death. What do the drawings say next?”
Toothless asked.

“That’s where it broke off into two different sections. Both sections started with these plants and
some strange circles … but that’s where the cave marking started to vanish and there wasn’t any
more. This is all I have.” Hiccup showed Toothless the last of the drawings, disheartened that they
had nothing else to translate that would help them.

Toothless’s memory of the caves, from when was younger, tried to flash in his mind. The memory
was there buried deep, but he couldn’t hold onto it long enough to explain them to Hiccup or to
draw them himself. “I’m sorry Hiccup, I remember these drawings but I can’t remember them
enough to be of any help.” Toothless sadly admitted.

Hiccup sighed and turned the drawing back to himself. “It’s okay Toothless, we have a lot of new
information to work on … maybe Fishlegs can help me with the writing at least.”

“Grr! Its right there though, I just can’t … Aargh!” Toothless put his head into his hands and took
a deep breath. He kept trying to see the cave wall more vividly in his mind from when he was
younger.

Hiccup looked at the drawing and kept trying to piece together how flowers were related to the Ogthantararth. Maybe you’re supposed to plant flowers where it died, or maybe humans put them there anyway, he was thinking when Gora yawned. Hiccup suddenly looked at Gora, then back at Toothless like he had an idea.

“Gora!” Hiccup exclaimed suddenly, Toothless and Gora both jumped and looked at him.

“I’m sure Gora doesn’t know anything about—”

“No!” Hiccup interrupted. “Gora can hypnotise you to do anything right?” Hiccup asked.

“Yeah, I guess. But I really don’t want to end up running around naked again.”

“Maybe Gora can hypnotise you to draw what you remember, or don’t remember in this case.” Hiccup explained, ignoring his previous comment.

“Come again?”

“Remember when we hypnotized Fishlegs to think that he was Thor Bonecrusher.”

“I’d rather not! What with that Scauldron and then Gobber’s ear wax. Ugh.” Toothless shuddered at the memory of his saddle being polished in that stuff.

“Okay yeah, I could have done without that memory too. But seriously, if we could get Fishlegs to think he was fearless, maybe Gora can get you to remember what you’re having trouble remembering.”

“I don’t know Hiccup.”

“Would you at least give it a try, for the dragons, for me … please?”

“Alright.” Toothless sighed, giving in.

Hiccup and Toothless explained to Gora what they wanted him to try and do, to finish the missing sections of the drawings that he couldn’t remember. Toothless offered to change into a dragon to explain it, but Gora nodded that he understood. All prepared with some parchment and a pencil, Gora tried a shot at hypnotising Toothless to finish the drawings.

It was harder trying to hypnotise Toothless, maybe because he was an alpha dragon perhaps, but he did it. Toothless never blinked and looked like he was in some kind of trance as his hand worked on the pictures. Hiccup smiled excitedly, it was working! The drawings were a little unclear, but he could make out the shapes and pictures just fine. When Toothless finally stopped drawing, Gora ended his hypnotism breathing heavily.

“I guess it didn’t…” Toothless had assumed it hadn’t worked until he saw the finished drawings. “Did I do that?” Toothless asked in surprise, pointing to the drawings in front him.

“You sure did! So, no sudden urges to save a village or any anti-heroic feelings?” Hiccup asked.

“No, just this sudden urge to slap you.” Toothless replied.

“Okay, well let’s rain check that for … never! And let’s get back to the drawings shall we.” Hiccup looked at the pictures Toothless had drawn and frowned. “It appears to have worked, but do these looks right to you?” Hiccup asked
``I think so, but you had to have Gora hypnotize me to draw them so I can’t be totally sure. I mean I don’t remember do I. They do look familiar now though. Why’d you ask?’’

Hiccup was about to speak when Gora huffed loudly from the lack of appreciation and laid back down.

``Sorry Gora. Thank you for your help.’’ Hiccup thanked him, but Gora didn’t look too pleased.

``Ignore the grump!’’ Toothless told Hiccup, loud enough for Gora to hear. ‘‘What was you gonna say Hicc?’’

``These drawings, they seem to illustrate the growth of some type of flowers near to where the Ogthantarh dies. We searched Berk, loads of times, and there weren’t any flowers. I don’t get these circles either.’’ Hiccup explained his confusion.

``Two mani,’’ Toothless muttered.

``Two many what?’’ Hiccup frowned.

``No Hicc, two Mani! Two moons. The circles, what if it means two full moons?’’

``That … actually makes more sense. If the flowers need two full moons to appear then no wonder we didn’t see them.’’

``Hiccup, look at this one. Does that mean what I think it does?’’ Toothless asked, looking at the drawing that illustrated the death of the Ogthantarh followed by the departure of dragons.

``Oh, My Thor! Toothless, this means they were connected. There must be something here that shows us what happened next or what we have to do to get the dragons back.’’ Hiccup rushed to put the drawings in order.

``Slow down Hiccup!’’ Toothless chuckled.

``I could kiss you and Gora right now!’’

``I hope not! You’re all mine I’ll have you know.’’ Toothless kissed his boyfriend.

With new found confidence that they were actually making progress, Hiccup was eager to piece together the meaning behind the rest of the drawings. They had been making great progress but after hours of going over the same things … they hit a wall.

``Maybe we should take a break Hiccup.’’ Toothless yawned.

``We’re so close Toothless, we can’t give up now!’’

``I never said to give up. I said to take a break. Maybe will have better luck if we have something to eat and come back to it after food. Come on Hiccup, I’m starving!’’

``Alright, but we should get some more-’’

``Fish!’’ Toothless interrupted. ‘‘Already have that.’’ He pointed to another huge Tambaqui.

``When did you get that?’’

``I didn’t. I got Gora to hunt it down for us while you were distracted. Its been staring me babe, it wants to be eaten!’’ Toothless dramatically pleaded.
“Fine!” Hiccup relented, if he was honest … he could do with another break.

Food didn’t last long once it was cooked seeing as Toothless had eaten over half the Tambaqui himself. Hiccup could never figure out how Toothless managed to eat so much as a human - it still continued to surprised him. His father, being a big man, used to eat enough to last Hiccup the entire week and he was sure Toothless would do the same if he was given the chance.

They had just finished eating when Acacia and Visskara came into the cavern and landed. Hiccup nodded his head in respect to her as did Gora … but Toothless had to be different.

“Hey Vissy, nice of you to drop in.” Toothless smiled. He received daggers from Visskara, and a loud slap on the head from one of Acacia’s wing vines. “Ow! That fucking hurts.” Toothless complained rubbing his head. He gave Hiccup a look of disbelief in regards to Acacia’s assault.

“You’re on your own babe. Acacia’s a dragon version of Gothi and you did deserve that one.” Hiccup told him. Toothless pouted.

Visskara obviously wanted to talk to Toothless, so he moaned as he stripped off and changed into his dragon form.

“Ignoring your insolence, have you both found what you were looking for?” Visskara asked him, getting straight to the point.

“Not exactly. The drawings … markings we went to see, they are really hard to figure out. We managed to work out quite a lot already but now were stuck.” Toothless explained.

“What is it that you have … figured out so far?” Visskara asked.

Toothless explained that they could only assume what they had concluded from the drawings was correct, before he went into details about their findings.

That the Ogthantarh was the first dragon species to fly the skies. At some point in history humans turned on the dragons out of fear or lack of understanding, and they were most likely responsible for its extinction. The Ogthantarh could live for at least three hundred years unless it was killed. They had many powers including fire, ice, a way to inflict pain, and a blast of power that can kill on impact. They had extremely tough scales that many human weapons failed to pierce, and was so tough that other dragons would find it nearly impossible to attack and harm them - even in groups. Their wings were razor sharp and they could slice through trees like a knife to butter. They laid eggs only once or twice in their life time, and hatched their babies with their own great fire. If their mother was no longer around - maybe having left or died, then hatching the eggs could be done one of two ways. One of those ways included leaving the egg inside a volcano for a year. The other, perhaps, involves not only a volcano but two other specific dragons as well - although that part was still unclear. The Ogthantarh would die if they took the life of another, and it appeared like flowers would grow after two full mani’s to mark its final resting place. The drawings suggest that the type of plants to grow would depend on the circumstances of its death. That if it died of age - or had been killed, one type of plant would grow. A different version of that plant would grow however, if the Ogthantarh died because it had taken the life of another. The next course of action would depend on the plants that grew however, they assumed whichever plants did grow would be pertaining to its flaw in dying due to ending a life, his!

Toothless then said, that they had concluded, in order for the dragons to return to Berk two particular dragons must shed blood over the plants.
“We can’t figure out what type of dragons it is referring to. And we can’t figure out what other parts of the drawings mean.” Toothless finished.

“Amazing, all that knowledge hidden in marks on cave wall. Fascinating indeed. Unfortunately, I can’t be of any help … Acacia?” Visskara turned to look at her.

“It’s just like Groaldridax taught me all those ar’tios ago. The markings in the cave looked familiar.” Acacia said, as she remembered being taught about them herself.

“Wait you knew? You didn’t think to … oh I don’t know … say something, help us!” Toothless exclaimed.

“You never asked … and I don’t have much knowledge about the Ogthantaroth, that is true. My memory from that time isn’t as bright. What I do know is clouded in thick fog. What you have just explained has, shall we say … cleared some of the fog away. Maybe I can be of some help to you now. If you show me these markings, maybe I can brighten some of the shadows you cannot light up.”

Toothless huffed and decided to change forms to explain things to Hiccup. Once he finished complaining, they both showed Acacia and Visskara the drawings. Hiccup explained the parts he couldn’t make sense of, and Toothless was soon asked to changed back into a dragon for communication purposes. He was running out of turns for the day, exhaustion was staring to creep in affecting his concentration.

“These two drekis you speak of, the ones in the markings. I believe they refer to two alpha dragons.” Acacia explained.

“Alpha dragons? But that can’t be right. I’m an alpha dragon and I can’t be on Berk in my dragon form.”

“I may be wrong, but it appears your Alpha powers need to be on for you to return as a dreki.”

“Dreki what?” Toothless yawned.

“Dreki!” Acacia scolded him.

“Sorry. I think the changing is making me tired. I’m listening!”

“You should be able to be a dreki on your island, as long as you are in your alpha form.”

“So, the two dragons … there alphas?” Toothless asked.

“Yes. I believe they are drekis in their alpha forms. The plants from the markings, I believe they are Genislaile magnificen. My mooir told me a story once and I’ll never forget it. ‘A great dreki of old breathed his last breath, and where he walked, he shall lay to rest. The flowers of blue, oh Genislaile magnificen you grew, shall heed respect till the last petal blew.’ She told me that where the flowers grew no dreki could walk until the last of the petals had fallen… and the plants had returned to the soil. Maybe the fallen dreki of old in her story was an Ogthantaroth. It would fit very well into what you have told me already. In my mooir’s story however, the dreki died of age and the flowers were blue. She would tell me that the
Genislaile magnificen lasted hundreds of ar’tios before the last petals finally fell and the dreki returned to that land. From what you have told me, and from the markings you have there, your flowers may be slightly different … perhaps even a different colour.”

“Okay … So, what about the whole blood thing? An alpha dreki has to die on the plants?” Toothless guessed. Acacia chuckled.

“Okay, dear young one, I do not think it would be quite that dramatic. I do not know much more than what you have told me but I would conclude, that two alpha drekis must give blood to the roots of the plants. A cut, a few drops would most likely suffice. I believe it is more to show your respect to their resting place, not a sacrifice.” Acacia paused to collect her thoughts. Toothless was trying not to get a headache and retain everything he had been told. “Yes, that makes the most sense. The dreki died because it took the life of another, so I very highly doubt another life needed to be given.” Acacia finished.

“That makes sense, I think. Thanks Acacia, I better turn back and tell Hiccup. I just don’t want to have to change again tonight. To be honest, I don’t know if I could handle it.”

“We shall leave you alone tonight and return in the morning.” Visskara told him, she could see he was tired. “I will need to know your plans when I return. Whether you intend to stay here on this island for a while longer, or if you intend to leave. You are both welcome here, and I will admit that it will be a shame to see you leave. Even so, it will be for the best and I dare say you both would like to return home soon.”

“Yeah, Hiccup misses’ home … and his son. Thanks Vissy.” Toothless thanked her tiredly.

“My name is… Oh, never mind, I give up! I will see you in the morning.”

“Cool! You know it’s like Hiccup said … we kinda had the same mooir. So, we’re like family.” Toothless said, right before he changed form. He staggered a bit, but smiled as Hiccup helped him maintain his balance.

“You know very well drekis don’t-.” Visskara shook her head - she knew Toothless wouldn’t be able to understand her now.

“You can deny it all you want Visskara, but you have grown very fond of Toothless … of both of them.”

“Oh hush.” Visskara smiled as she took off with Acacia. She thought she remembered something from their days as hatchlings together - her and Toothless, but she shook it off.

Hiccup and Toothless watched them leave the cavern together. Toothless sat down and rubbed his face with his hands.

“You okay Toothless?” Hiccup asked him.

“Yeah, that’s the eighth change I’ve done today and it’s been a long day too. I’m so tired and my head feels like it’s being squeezed.”

“Just rest for a bit … here!” Hiccup said handing him some water.

“Thanks, but I have to tell you what Acacia said before I fall asleep and forget.” Toothless rubbed
his eyes yawning again, drinking some of the water.

Hiccup started massaging Toothless shoulders and neck as he repeated what Acacia had told him. Toothless was really enjoying it, but it was so relaxing that it was harder trying not to fall asleep. After everything they had done today and all the reading, he was wiped.

As Toothless was explaining that two alpha drekis had to drop some blood on the plants, Hiccup suddenly stopped massaging his shoulders.

“Aww, why’d you stop? Toothless complained sleepily.

“Two Alpha’s? Is that what the drawing of the two dragons meant?” Hiccup asked.

“Erm … yeah.” Toothless mumbled, half asleep.

“ Toothless … how many alpha dragons do you know expect you?”

“Err…” Toothless had to think for a minute because he was so tired. “…Just Visskara.”

“And there’s the problem! Toothless … we have to convince Visskara to come to Berk with us!” Hiccup announced.
Chapter 36 - Visskara’s reaction

“Hey dad!” A happy teenage boy greeted his father - Hiccup, as he sat down opposite him at the table for breakfast. He had Astrid’s azure-blue eyes and his thick auburn-brown hair was identical to his father’s. His mother’s axe was tied to his back, but it looked new and reflected the sun light coming through the window. He wore a lime-green tunic with a dark fur vest and leggings.

“Morning! Do you have any plans for today son?” Hiccup happily asked while passing him a bowl of porridge - bread and honey on the side.

“There’s a few trees mum never got around to marking, I think I’ll go sign them.” He said, patting his axe.

Hiccup chuckled and smiled at him. “You sure do take after your mother. I was wondering if you wanted to go for a flight with me if I can find Toothless, I haven’t seen him all morning.”

“Dad … not this again!” Trid frowned, the air in the house turned cold like it suddenly dropped 20 degrees.

“What?” Hiccup frowned in confusion, his breath made clouds as his spoke.

“ Toothless died dad!” Trid firmly reminded him. “You failed; the dragons don’t exist anymore.” His eyes were cold as he looked up at his father.

The words ‘Toothless died’ and ‘You failed’ resonated in Hiccup’s mind.

“That’s not true. Toothless is…” Hiccup could feel his world crumbling around him as his stomach dropped, it couldn’t be true because it didn’t make sense.

“Gone! Don’t you remember?” Trid asked him, standing up to walk to his father. He had an angry look in his face an there was malice in his tone.

“R-Remember what?” Hiccup stuttered. The house suddenly looked so bleak and he was confused.

“What you told everyone when you returned from Sanctum island, before you had your … breakdown.” Trid’s voice was cold and slightly sadistic.

“Trid I-.” Hiccup tried to talk but his son had just put the axe to Hiccup’s throat.

“You failed to bring the dragons home dad. You just weren’t good enough!” Trid spat at him.

“Mum wanted me to become a dragon rider like you, that’s what you said. You took that away from me.” He suddenly slammed the axe into the table. “You’re a disappointment! You ain’t my father!” Trid pulled the axe out of the table and went to leave.

“Wait! I-I-I don’t understand.” Hiccup stuttered. He was scared of his son … but confusion fuelled his desire to make sense of what was going on. Trid sighed sadly.

“No, you never do!” Trid turned to glare at his father. “You need to wake up and face reality! The dragons never came home. Toothless left and dragon hunters killed every last one of them. You weren’t Viking enough to deal with your failures so you lost it dad. You just go on about some crazy story you concocted, about Toothless being human now and how you were able to bring the
dragons back. You are just a pathetic excuse for a father, you’re dead to me!”

Flash backs of being on Sanctum Island with Toothless flashed in his mind, but he couldn’t remember what happened when they left. He had no memory of even leaving Sanctum island, and Trid was just a baby. What Trid was telling him couldn’t be true, it just didn’t make any sense.

“No!” Hiccup panicked and ran from the house. Something wasn’t right and he had to see it for himself. He ran into the village and crashed into Gobber.

“You alright laddie?” Gobber asked him, looking down at him.

“Gobber, t-the dragons?” Hiccup asked.

“Oh dear. Chief, I’ll see If I can talk some sense into him.” Gobber assured Trid, who was now standing there. Trid looked down disappointed and ashamed at his useless father.

“I’m the chief!” Hiccup argued.

“No dad, you lost that when you failed everyone, when you broke down, and when you failed me!” Trid then looked at Gobber. “Throw him off a cliff!” He demanded then walked away.

“Yes chief!” Gobber nodded. “Come on laddie, time to go for you last flight lesson.” Gobber grabbed Hiccup’s arm and dragged him towards the cliff. Gobber smiled and walked along like he was being asked to do something so simple, something normal like milking a yak.

“No! Gobber, something isn’t right. T-This isn’t right!” Hiccup protested in panic, trying to fight the grip Gobber had on his wrist. He fought so hard he stumbled, but Gobber just continued to drag him through the mud and dirt.

Gobber was singing on the way to the cliff, and he gave no mind to Hiccup as he hissed in pain or cried out in protest. “We’ll I’ve got my axe and I’ve got my mace, and love my wife with the ugly face. I’m a Viking through and though.”

Hiccup pleaded with Gobber as his trousers ripped from being dragged; they slipped down slightly and the ground grazed his buttock and hips. He tried to get back to his feet, but no matter how much he wrestled to get away, or how much he pleaded and cried in pain … it was futile. Hiccup’s protests got louder and more desperate as he was dragged higher up the hill. When they reached the top, Gobber yanked Hiccup to his feet and shoved him to the edge. Hiccup glanced over and gulped - he would never survive that drop.

“It’s for the best Hiccup. You’re just not the same as ya used to be lad!” Gobber told him, like he was killing a mad yak and putting it out of its misery.

“No, Gobber! No, please listen to me! T-T-This is wrong!” Hiccup was terrified as he pleaded for his life. A life that his son wanted to end because he’d failed him.

Gobber smiled as shoved Hiccup backwards of the cliff.

“ Toothless!” Hiccup found himself shouting on the way down.

“No!” Hiccup shouted - he’d woken up suddenly and sat up right. Toothless was right beside him, looking at him with concern. Hiccup’s breathing was laboured, and he was still trying to come down from the fear of falling to his death.
“Hiccup, it was just a nightmare! I’m here, calm down.” Toothless comforted, wrapping his arms around him.

Hiccup sighed and leaned into Toothless’s hold. The dream had made him question reality and for a moment he couldn’t tell what was real. He had been told everything was all just a story he had concocted, that Toothless had never been human and had died. Clenching onto Toothless he was reminded it was all just a dream, a manifestation of his fears and nothing more.

“I assume it was the same dream babe, but … do you want to talk about it?” Toothless asked. Hiccup shook his head before speaking.

“It wasn’t the same one!” He quietly admitted.

Hiccup was normally more reticent when it came to his thoughts and feelings, especially those pertaining to his own emotional troubles. Normally he would bottle them up, putting on a brave face like proper Vikings should, but Toothless was the exception. He found it easy talking to Toothless and knew he would never be judged by him. It was also a great comfort to have someone he trusted to share his burdens with.

He explained the dream in detail, and admitted it was most likely born from his fear that Visskara would refuse to come to Berk to assist them. He was scared they would not be able to see the dragons return without her, and he would become a disappointment to everyone on Berk. He really didn’t want to fail his people, or the dragons; how do you convince a dragon that has never been near humans, that possible hates them, to come to an island filled with Vikings. Visskara was also the alpha dragon and she had an island of her own to protect. He had nothing to offer her as payment for her help, no bargaining chip so to speak. It seemed very unlikely that she would come with them when, especially when she had nothing to gain, and he doubted she liked them enough to risk leaving her island unattended just to do them a favour out of the goodness of her heart.

Toothless hadn’t said much last night after realizing they needed to convince Visskara to help them. Between changing forms and the constant studying, Toothless had barely been able to keep his eyes open. He hadn’t realized how worried Hiccup had been over it, and to be honest… he didn’t even give it much thought until now. After getting a bit of sleep he could finally grasp their predicament with more clarity and understanding, knowing how difficult a task like this could end up being.

“It won’t be easy…” Toothless admitted. “…But I’m sure we can convince her somehow. If you can persuade people like your father, Eret, Alvin, and even Dagur to give the dragons a chance, then why can’t we get miss superiority complex to help us out.” Toothless paused as a thought crossed his mind and he smirked. “I’m sure she wouldn’t want to anger the gods by refusing to help … not after they sent us all the way here in the first place.” Toothless was hinting at manipulation, using her own belief to turn any persuasion in their favour. He raised his eyebrows at Hiccup once.

“You’re terrible … you know that.” Hiccup smiled.

“Well … A dragons gonna do what a dragons gotta do. In this case … I’ll do whatever it takes to get Vissy to Berk, don’t you worry Hicc! As alpha, I promised Stormfly and the others I would get them home. I have no intention of breaking that promise.”

Hiccup wasn’t as confident - or convinced, that Visskara could be persuaded to help them but he was prepared to beg if need be. As long as Toothless didn’t make Visskara angry enough to kill them, anything was worth a shot at this point.
“Looks like we both have a duty to our own.” Hiccup thought allowed.

“Yeah.” Toothless sighed before yawning. “Right now though, I have a duty to get back to sleep.”

Hiccup chuckled and snuggled under the blanket with Toothless. He couldn’t deny he was still tired, he’d only had a few hours sleep at best and the sun wasn’t even up yet. Having Toothless with him settled his nerves and he tried to relax back into sleep.

“Sorry I woke you.” Hiccup apologised.

“It’s okay babe. Its not like you meant to, so don’t worry about it!” Toothless mumbled as he drifted back to sleep easily.

Hiccup didn’t drift off for a while. He was thinking about Berk, the dragons, Trid and other things. If it wasn’t for the comforting sound of Toothless’s breathing… he wouldn’t have drifted back off at all.

Despite the fact that Toothless was the first one down last night, he was still the last one up that morning. Hiccup woke Toothless up and received complaints about having to get up so soon, but it was amazing how quickly his attitude changed when he mentioned food was almost ready. After eating, they went down to the lake to get freshened up for the day before recapping what they had to do to get the dragons home.

“Will the flowers have grown yet? How long has it even been anyway?” Toothless asked.

“Hmm… It’s been about fifty-nine days since the Ogthantarh … died. I’m not sure what the moon looked like back then, I just can’t remember. Based on that, and assuming our translation of the drawings are correct, the flowers should appear anytime between tomorrow and the next thirty days. Gothi is about the only one that would know for sure.” Hiccup explained after doing the math in his journal. He had tried to work out the moon phases, dating back to night of the Coaldron’s attack, but moon phases were not something he was good at.

“Damn! Have a I really been human that long?” Toothless was shocked, it seemed like only yesterday he woke up in the forest after he had died, confused and in his human form.

“You have come a long way. I think we both have!” Hiccup smiled. It was true, Toothless had learnt so much as a human and Hiccup was starting to overcome his own demons.

Hiccup was still grieving his wife, and in some ways his father too, and he was beginning to move on from killing Coaldron as well. He would never truly be okay with his rage fuelled decision to kill him for revenge, and he still didn’t know how he could act so cruel and merciless. The man he could become if circumstance drove him to it was enough to scare him and make him question his self-identity. Despite the guilt he still held for his actions, he was started to heal emotionally and move on. Now he just had to overcome is fears and deal with the problems at hand.

“How long have we been away from home?” Toothless asked.

“About … thirteen or fourteen days. I wonder how Trid is doing?”

“Will he have changed much when we get back?” Toothless wondered.

“I doubt it … but it will be his first Snoggletog this year.” Hiccup mused, thinking about how it will also be the first one without Astrid.
“When is Snoggletog?” Toothless asked. This would be his first one as a human and he didn’t know much about it, only that Vikings got gifts for the ones they cared about. He wondered what he could get Hiccup.

“I won’t know till we get back home, but it shouldn’t be for another three weeks at least.”

“Well, let’s hope we get back in time. I miss Trid too you know.” Toothless nudged into Hiccup.

Hiccup had no doubts they would get back before Snoggletog, he couldn’t miss his sons first one after all - even if he was too young to remember it.

Getting back to their plans they decided it was time to return to Berk as soon as possible. Visskara could fly so fast she could make the trip from Berk to Sanctum island in less than a day on her own. So, if the flowers hadn’t grown yet, she could at least leave and return later if she agreed to help them.

“How are we going to tell Visskara?” Hiccup wondered aloud, getting back to the big problem now that they had a plan if all went well.

“Leave it to me!” Toothless told him, he would just have to tell her and take it from there. He was worried she wouldn’t agree to help them… but he wanted to remain positive for Hiccup.

Hiccup nodded, but he felt nauseous with worry.

Visskara turned up later than they had expected. It was nearly lunch time when she arrived on her own. Hiccup was so nervous he had started stuttering and Toothless wondered if it was contagious. Toothless had assured Hiccup it would be fine, but he was just as nervous inside as he changed forms to talk to Visskara.

“H-Hey Visskara.” Toothless greeted, and bowed his head slightly. He was trying to be respectful for once considering he had a favour to ask her.

“You’re acting strange, should I be concerned?” Visskara had become expectant of being called Vissy by him, and he was usually less respective of her. He seemed nervous… and so did Hiccup actually.

“N-no! All’s good.”

“Very well…” She wasn’t convinced but continued. “… I would have been here sooner but I had matters to attend to. Do you and Hiccup know what you wish to do?”

“Yeah! Yep, we sure do.” Toothless smiled a little too much.

“Well?” Visskara asked.

“W-Well what?” Toothless stuttered.

If Visskara could face-palm, she would have done. “What are your plans?”

“Oh, plans … right! Erm, well we decided that we need to … get back to Berk sooner rather than later but…” Toothless chuckled nervously.

“But what?” She asked, her eyes narrowing.
“Here’s the funny thing … we think we know how to bring the dragons home but … we need another Alpha dragon to help us!” Toothless blurted out the last part.

“Another Alpha dragon… You mean me?” When toothless nodded, she continued. “And what exactly is it that you need me for?” She asked. She had started to remember what they had told her last night, and she had her suspicions to where this was going.

“Oh, nothing much. Just a … a very small trip - tiny really, to Berk to help me give some blood to some weird flowers. I hear Berk is great this time of year!” Toothless smiled hopefully but his insides were doing acrobats.

“Absolutely not!” Visskara firmly refused.

“Oh, come on Vissy… Please! We just want to bring my friends home. Don’t make me tell them you refused to help us so they can never see their human friends again.” Toothless pleaded.

“I will not have anything to do with humans and I can not just up and leave this island unattended! I won’t do it! You will have to find another way … or another Alpha!” Visskara told him.

Hiccup was watching, and he assumed Toothless had just dropped the news from their reactions. He moved closer to Toothless hesitantly, but he didn’t say anything. Toothless saw Hiccup move closer and he really didn’t want to let him down, he had to convince her somehow.

“Please! You talk about the sorcerer and the frithvineradreki sorcery - that she wanted humans and dragons to get on. Well, we do on Berk! In fact, there are many islands around Berk that do: Wingmaiden Island, Berserk Island and Defenders of the wing to name a few. We came all this way and I don’t know another Alpha. Perhaps this is what the dreki gods want. Please Visskara, there isn’t another way, you’re our only chance!” Toothless begged.

“Humans left this island because the sorcerer killed them or drove them away, she knew humans and drekis could not live in peace! What you think you have on Berk… it won’t last. That’s why the frithvineradreki sorcery allowed you to be human, so you could live with him.” She looked at Hiccup, then back at Toothless. “You should let the drekis leave! They do not belong with humans - they belong with their own kind.” Visskara argued.

“You’re wrong! Hiccup saved them, he gave them back their lives. On the other Islands Hiccup has convinced to befriend dragons, they protect them and won’t let other humans hurt us! There are other islands too that care, worship, or protect dragons. You’re just afraid!” Toothless shouted.

Hiccup was now getting concerned as he watched the two dragons growling - obviously not in agreement with each other. Visskara obviously wouldn’t help them and he didn’t know what to say as he felt disheartened.

Gora had heard the shouting and roaring from another section of the cavern, along with some of the other dragons. Gora flew over and landed besides Toothless, while the other dragons started to gather not far away to listen to the commotion.

“Only a fool wouldn’t be afraid of humans. They will be our undoing. I cannot, and will not leave this island!” Visskara shouted. “I suggest you prepare to leave as soon as possible!”
“You’re leaving?” Gora asked sadly, having over heard.

“Well the alpha obviously doesn’t want us here anymore!” He snapped at Gora. “She won’t help us. So, I have to upset many dragons that can’t come home - Hiccup will be crushed, it could destroy him.” Toothless then looked back at Visskara. “Hasn’t he been through enough without you making him go back to tell his village the bad news as well. You won’t help us because you’re afraid and selfish! If it was you asking us, we would do everything we could to assist you. Remember that!”

“I am not afraid! I have a duty to the drekis of this island and if that makes me selfish because I value their safety … then so be it! My answer is final!” Visskara spat before turning around and leaving the cavern.

“Whoa! Kalean, what happened?” Gora asked, he wanted to be filled in.

Toothless looked around and saw the many eyes looking at him and Hiccup - judging and gossiping. Even Hiccup looked anxious and disheartened.

“Not now Gora! I need to get Hiccup out of here. I’m going back to the forest. You’re welcome to follow us, but If I can’t get Visskara to help … we will be going home empty handed. Either way, we are going home soon.” Toothless told him.

Toothless changed back into his human form and couldn’t look Hiccup in the eyes. Hiccup just hugged him, deep down he knew Visskara wouldn’t leave the island, but the confirmation stung deeply. Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup returning the hug, but he wanted to get out of the cavern before Runisalith - or the other dragons, could voice their opinions.

“It’s not over yet Hiccup! I won’t give up yet but we need to pack up. I want to get out of this cavern!” Toothless told him.

Hiccup hadn’t argued as they packed in a hurry and left the cavern, and not just because he could sense the disapproving eyes following them but also because he was feeling quite despondent. Toothless really hadn’t said much about his argument with Visskara, only that she was being selfish and had refused to leave Sanctum Island.

As they flew out of the mountain and over the rocky terrain towards the forest, Hiccup couldn’t help feeling more relaxed. The wind blowing past them, being in the sky, it was his favourite place in the world. Hiccup sighed and laid backwards onto his dragon’s back. Toothless made a low humming sound at Hiccup, he too was pleased to be in the air and getting away from the confines of the cavern. Hiccup closed his eyes but Toothless decided to start climbing higher into the sky. Hiccup sat up and held on to the saddle as Toothless flew up and above the clouds before gliding in the sun light.

Hiccup sighed and enjoyed the view. He let his body relax for the time being, letting his trouble be forgotten for a while. “Must be great to spread your wings again, huh bud?” Hiccup patted his dragon. Toothless rumbled in agreement as Hiccup laid back again, soaking up the sun. It was warmer on this island than it was on Berk, it was the one thing he would miss when he got home. After a while Hiccup sighed as he thought of the other dragons again.

“What are we gonna do bud?” Hiccup voiced aloud. “I know you said you wouldn’t give up but… we can’t force Visskara to come to Berk.” Hiccup sighed again as he laid back in silence.
After a short while of their needed calm seclusion, they heard a roar from a fair distance behind them. They turned to see Gora trying to catch up with them and Toothless slowed down. ‘‘I wonder what Gora wants?’’ Hiccup wondered aloud.

‘‘You decided to stick with us a bit longer then?’’ Toothless asked when Gora caught up.

‘‘When ya said you were leaving soon, I realized … this crap island don’t need me! I thought some other island should be blessed with my awesomeness instead.’’ Gora acted all egotistical which elicited a ‘‘really’’ look from Toothless. Gora sighed and tried again. ‘‘Truth is Kalean … I don’t want to lose my best friend again! We’ve both changed, but I still think of you as my best mate.’’ Gora smiled at him.

‘‘You want to come to Berk?’’ Toothless asked, he was a little shocked.

‘‘If you’ll have me!’’

‘‘Gora, we would love for you for to come to Berk. I would love for you to come with us but … if we can’t get Visskara to help us you won’t be able to.’’ Toothless explained sadly after his brief excitement.

‘‘Then I guess we need ta convince her ta do just that. Fill me in!’’ Gora demanded.

Toothless explained what the plan was and why they needed Visskara’s help. While Toothless was explaining, he had landed down by the stream near the cover of trees - it was similar to where they were the first time they had landed on the island. Hiccup assumed correctly that Toothless was updating Gora, so he left them to it as he removed the saddle and bags from Toothless’s back.

It was warm enough that they wouldn’t need a fire for warmth - at least not until tonight, but they would need one for cooking. Hiccup interrupted Toothless to let him know they needed sticks for a fire - they ended up taking a walk through the forest to gather the wood together. Toothless and Gora helped as they continued their conversation - Hiccup just listened to the various sounds they made. By the time they returned to where they had left their bags, Toothless was ready to be human again.

‘‘I guess you filled Gora in.’’ Hiccup said.

‘‘Yeah, he wanted to know everything that happen. He’s gonna help me convince Visskara because he wants to come to Berk with us babe.’’ Toothless explained.

‘‘He does? That’s great!’’ Hiccup was excited for Toothless, but then he remembered their problem. ‘‘Let just hope one of you can get through to her.

As the day progressed, they hadn’t done much. Gora had gone fishing for them again and Hiccup had washed in the stream with Toothless. They had cleaned their dirty clothes and left them in the sun to dry. Hiccup had gone over his translation of the drawings and had another look at them again. They had dinner - with Hiccup forcing Toothless drink his water, and not long after they had finished eating Gora had suddenly flown off. Toothless told Hiccup he had gone to stretch his wings and catch some food for himself. Toothless then left to take a piss.

Hiccup was looking at his journal - wondering what he could add, when Toothless returned with a frown.
“Hey Hicc, I think the tie thing on these trousers is broken. The holes the tie goes through … it is ripped or something.’’ Toothless explained, showing him the problem. Hiccup had a look and Toothless was right, two of the holes had ripped.

“Slip them off and I’ll try and fix them. I think I brought the needle and thread with me.’’ Hiccup instructed.

Toothless removed them and Hiccup couldn’t help glancing at Toothless’s groin area. He was secretly getting turned on, but he decided to ignore it and focus on the trousers instead. He collected the small sewing kit and sat down to fix the broken hole, but his cock stirred as he pulled the needle though the crotch area of the fabric. As Hiccup continued working, he noticed that Toothless was just standing there with nothing on. His flaccid cock and balls hanging out, swaying slightly, made Hiccup smirk, but he tried to put on a straight face as he looked up at his boyfriend.

“Erm Toothless, why don’t you put some spare trousers on.’’ Hiccup suggested. He caught another look at Toothless groin area and bit his lip gently, hungry for a taste. Luckily Toothless didn’t notice.

“If it’s not gonna take long to fix then I’ll wait. Do you think it will take a while then?”

“It shouldn’t take too long.’’ Hiccup admitted. He shifted his legs in an attempt to lessen the discomfort between them, and then continued at his task.

Toothless decided to wait patiently and sat down on one of the blankets watching Hiccup work. Hiccup had a clearer view of Toothless groin area now and it didn’t help his arousal in any way. Toothless’s flaccid cock didn’t sit right with Hiccup - it should be firm and stood to attention if it was going to be on display. Usually he was more in control of his urges - and he was usually the one to turn down sex … but he had a sudden craving to suck his boyfriends’ cock, to wake it up and make it stand to his attention. Hiccup’s eyes got wide for a moment as he realised how dirty his thoughts were. Gods! Toothless was a bad influence on him. Knowing how much they loved each other, It was hard to believe they had only been intimate three times … well, four if you count making Toothless cum in his pants on the ship.

Once he had finally finished mending the trousers, he had a boner from all his sexual thoughts. The heat between his leg craved attention and his body wanted contact with his lover. He figured he had two choices: He could either pretend to go take a piss and wank it off, or just go for it and instigate what could well end up being full penetrative sex.

“Here you go!’’ Hiccup said handing over the trousers. When Toothless went to take them, Hiccup didn’t let go and had a vice grip on them.

“Hicc, you need to let them go if I’m going to put them on.’’ Toothless said with a frown. He wondered what had gotten into Hiccup.

“Right, sorry!’’ He let them go but found himself staring into bright, lime-green eyes which broke his restraint like fast melting wax. ‘Instigation it is!’ Hiccup thought as he crawled over and straddled Toothless’s lap, kissing him hungrily with his hands behind his lover’s head, pulling, twisting, and rubbing his fingers through spiky black hair. He moaned into the heat of their fiery connection.

It was all so sudden and unexpected. Toothless was so shocked that he dropped the trousers he had in his hands and instantly reciprocated the kiss with just as much fury. Feeling excited and welcoming this new sexual side to Hiccup, he watched as his boyfriend eagerly stripped off his
leggings. Being forced down onto the blanket with Hiccup sitting on his thighs, he could feel Hiccup’s boner. He watched as Hiccup grabbed his cock in his hands, and then … he took it into his mouth.

Toothless really wasn’t expecting this side of Hiccup at all, it was seriously sexy! ‘‘Damn Hicc!’’ Toothless moaned his approval.

Hiccup came off Toothless’s hard cock in one long suck before licking his lips. ‘‘I fucking love you!’’ Hiccup told him fiercely, then his mouth wrapped around Toothless’s cock again and he was merciless with his tongue, taking him deep into his throat.

‘‘Geez!’’ Toothless gasped as a shudder run down his spine. He leaned back onto his elbows, his head going back while the sensation passed. He then shivered and sighed as he watched Hiccup suck his dick. ‘‘Damn baby! Ahhh, that feels so good!’’ He moaned.

Even though Hiccup had just started, he seemed to know exactly what he liked. Even the early stage of being sucked off felt so good, it was getting better every second that passed. When pre-cum started oozing from his tip, Hiccup licked his lips and slowed down - drawing out his pleasure. Hiccup teased him as he sucked only the tip, his tongue swirled, flicking every so often.

Rubbing his own cock, Hiccup slowly sucked Toothless’s needy member at the same time. Hiccup’s lips were tight around Toothless shaft and he maintained a pace that kept him wanting more but never brought him relief.

Hiccup’s hands found Toothless’s neglected balls, kneading them gently as he pushed Toothless’s engorged member deep into the back of his throat, licking, sucking, twisting, and deep throttling. Hiccup was soon blowing Toothless off in a quick even rate, massaging Toothless’s balls with more purpose. The deep guttural sounds and moans he elicited from his lover drove him crazy with arousal - as did his own actions; pleasing his lover always started the build to his own climax - and made his pre-cum ooze out in anticipation, but he needed touch to reach his own orgasm.

‘‘You still with me?’’ Hiccup paused just long enough to ask, before returning his attention to Toothless’s delectable sexual organs.

‘‘Oh yeah!’’ Toothless nodded. ‘‘Not feeling very dominant yet, you’re safe.’’ He chuckled. He was breathing slightly heavier as his growing climax teasingly increased and decreased … but the pleasure he got from Hiccup sucking his cock was amazingly distracting.

Hiccup alternated the pace, keeping Toothless near his breaking point and squirming for as long as possible. Eventually he decided he wanted to taste his victory, so he placed his left hand on Toothless thigh and sucked his cock with one goal in mind … to bring Toothless to his full climax and spill out into his mouth.

‘‘Fuck! Oh Thor!’’ Toothless gasped. The world around him became non-existent as he felt the heat between his legs building like one of his plasma blasts, but this was so much more intense … and building so fast it made his muscles tremor. ‘‘Ah, Ahhh, Hiccup…’’ He gasped and threw his head back, clutching the blanket into his fists. ‘‘…Fuck! Hiccup… I’m… Ah…’’ He breathed trying to warn Hiccup. His eyes rolled back and his body convulsed as he rode out the waves of pleasure, his cum filled into Hiccup’s mouth in strong spurts.

Hiccup swallowed Toothless cum as it hit the back of his throat, like it was his prize and he loved it. He continued sucking Toothless sensitive erection until every last drop of cum had been milked from him.
“Fuck!” Toothless gasped, as he finished cumming into Hiccup’s mouth and watched him swallow every last drop. His body twitched and tensed, before he sighed and collapsed onto his back. Being sucked during his orgasm wracked his body with new unexplainable sensations and jolts of pleasure … it had been beyond amazing and he felt wonderfully satiated.

Hiccup leaned over his boyfriend’s body and kissed him.

“Hicc, that was … wow!” Toothless breathed, as he started to regain his normal breathing rhythm. Hiccup smiled at him, and Toothless could feel Hiccup’s boner pressing against the side of his thigh. “Need a hand?” He asked with a smirk.

“I can finish up.” Hiccup said, sitting up and stroking his own cock. Toothless watched and decided he wanted to return the favour. He crawled into position and pushed Hiccup’s hands away.

“Let me baby!” He told him, looking into forest-green eyes before wrapping his lips over Hiccup’s solid cock.

Toothless’s wet warm lips around his shaft were a welcomed treat, especially as he was already building towards his climax and was already very sensitive. It didn’t take long at all for Hiccup to grip Toothless hair in warning.

“‘Toothless … I’m gonna-.'” He gasped as his orgasm hit and he came into Toothless mouth. Just like he had done, Toothless swallowed each drop and kept sucking until his lover was all out.

It had felt sensational, unexplainable, but what made it exceptionally perfect … was that he shared it with Toothless. Hiccup reached for the back of Toothless’s head and kissed him lovingly before they laid down together.

“Hiccup, that was amazing but … where the fuck did that come from?” Toothless asked chuckling.

“Guess I was just … horny!” Hiccup chuckled. “I really needed that.”

“Maybe you should get horny more often babe, it was, it was … I have no fucking words! Just wow!”

Hiccup chuckled and was about to respond when Gora returned. He sniffed the air and tilted his head to the side looking at both of them curiously. Hiccup scrambled to get his trousers back on, cursing in embarrassment, but Toothless just lay there like he didn’t care. Hiccup threw Toothless’s trousers over to him but he just sat up casually and held them in his hand.

“Hey Gora.” Toothless greeted him. Gora grunted like he was asking something and Toothless chuckled. “No, we didn’t hypnuch you faifuh, not what you’re thinking anyways. We just had some fun!” Toothless smiled at him but Gora made another sound, like he didn’t believe him.

“You wouldn’t understand, it’s a human thing. Mind your own business!”

“He knows doesn’t he. That’s just great! Why don’t we get him to watch next time?” Hiccup was so embarrassed that he missed Gora’s reaction to the invite.

“No Gora! Hiccup was being sarcastic.” Toothless told his dragon friend.

“Of course I was being sarcastic! Oh, Thor help me.”

“Chill babe! Gora’s just being an idiot, he can just smell… you know. But really, he doesn’t know anything.”
Gora walked over to Toothless and sniffed again, nudging Toothless with his head - near his intimate region.

"Cut it out Gora! I might explain it to ya one day, for now, get out of it!" Toothless told him, pushing Gora away for groin area. Toothless decided to put his trouser back on now. "You useless reptile!" Toothless shouted at Gora.

Hiccup laughed at that.

A couple of hours later and the sun had set bringing in the darkness. When Toothless finished preparing the fire, he turned to face Gora.

"Gora, make yourself useful." Toothless pointed to the fire. Gora lazily lit the fire and Toothless thanked him casually. Gora then got Toothless's attention again. "Not right now! It's getting late, you can go if you want." Toothless answered him.

"What did he want?" Hiccup asked.

"To go flying. I’m happy here with you though." Toothless wrapped his arm behind Hiccup and put his head on Hiccup’s shoulder.

"How do you know what he’s saying? Can you teach me?" Hiccup asked. Toothless sat up and looked at Hiccup.

"I don’t think it’s possible Hiccup. It’s hard to explain … but I can only understand some of the things they say when I’m in human form, the rest is guess work. I understand Gora the most because we were really close friends for like … four years. Even then, it’s like my hearing changed and things just don’t sound right, I just can’t hear half the words anymore. Sometimes they just don’t sound right and I need to listen harder and pay attention to their body language and stuff." Toothless explained.

"Four years? Was that how old you were when you lost your memory?" Hiccup asked, shocked that Toothless was alone from such a young age.

"Yeah, four or five. That’s actually not that young to be honest Hiccup. I know on Berk, children live with their mothers for a long time but some dragons leave their Mooir’s … I mean mothers … at about two years old." Toothless explained. "Damn I’ve been here too long. I’m starting to speak like them again!" He complained as an afterthought.

"That’s still rather sad, being on your own with no memory at four!"

"Nah, I’d forgotten how old I was until your mum pointed it out, then I remembered when I got my memory back. Don’t worry about it Hiccup. I have you now!" Toothless reassured him, Gora huffed. "Yes, we all know I have you too. I also have other dragon friends you know." Toothless pulled a face at Gora.

"I wonder how he would have gotten on with the others?" Hiccup wondered aloud, nodding to Gora.

"I’m sure he will get on great with them. Don’t give up yet Hiccup, there’s still tomorrow… and me and Gora will speak to Visskara."

Hiccup sighed. "I wish I could understand the dragons, I hate leaving you to deal with this and it would be nice to know what you all talk about first-hand."
“I don’t mind being the translator Hiccup, not when it helps us out.” Toothless told him, thinking for a moment. “Why don’t I teach you some things about understanding dragons. You might not be able to talk to them the way you want to… but it’s something right.” Toothless suggested.

“Now that sounds interesting! And you never did get to tell me about the dragons in that cavern.” Hiccup suddenly remembered.

Toothless laughed at his predictable behaviour, but it was nice to see that Hiccup’s spark was still there - the spark that danced in his forest-eyes and lit up his entire face when he was excited about something.

Toothless first told him everything he knew about the ‘gem loving dragons’ that they had passed in that cavern. The Kliaissdai was the grey one that liked transparent rocks or crystals. It eats the rocks and they eventually grow on its skin through the scales. The other dragon they saw - the Esafnasteinnagloa, was the purple one that liked any coloured gems or stones. The Esafnasteinnagloa’s are very proud of their appearance, and they use a sticky like substance to glue the gems and stones to its body when it wasn’t eating them. Hiccup wrote it all down and sketched the dragons from what he could remember. Toothless helped him with the drawings by telling him if they looked right – and explaining the dragon’s appearance if they didn’t. Hiccup decided to group them into the Boulder class category because they both ate rocks or gems. He gave them new species names. The Kliaissdai he called the Cavern-Clearistal, and the Esafnasteinnagloa he called the Cavern-Gemilious.

After they had spoken about the new dragons, Toothless started to teach Hiccup about some of the different sounds dragons made or the body language they use to express or indicate what they wanted, their emotions, desires, or needs. Hiccup wouldn’t be able to translate words but he could use other means to figure out the basics. Toothless persuaded Gora to help and after a while Hiccup proved to be quite good at reading his body language. Their ‘lessons’ soon because more game-like.

“They don’t call me the dragon trainer for nothing babe!” Hiccup smirked after he had sussed out Gora ‘acting’ emotion.

“I was obviously just going too easy on you.” Toothless sassed

“Then bring it on!”

Toothless asked Gora to try and explain to Hiccup, that he wanted to go to the lake but was scared because territorial dragons were dominating it. Toothless was almost smug as he waked back to Hiccup and asked him to try and work that one out.

Gora looked at the lake and whined, then back at Hiccup with flattened ears.

“You want to go down there … to the lake?” Hiccup asked.

Gora gave the indication that Hiccup was right.


Hiccup noted the ears pinned back and the way the eyes flickered. His head was also slightly restless: it glanced at the lake and then twitched around looking at other things. “You’re scared?”

“That’s it Hiccup! But why is he scared?” Toothless asked. He was actually really proud of
Hiccup and the way he could observe Gora without being able to understand anything he was saying. Hiccup was trying really hard to complete his challenge, but Gora on the other hand was making Toothless laugh; even without understanding his friends every word, he could tell Gora was being elaborate and dramatic.

Gora gasped dramatically "Oh no, some big noxa plifigen drekis attack me every time I get down to the water! I just wanna get a drink, but their roar scares the crap out of me because I'm such a yenho an so small. They make me shake in my scales an refuse ta share. They hurt me an call me names too." Gora then used his normal voice to add. "As if!" Before repeating himself all over again, and trying to make Hiccup get the message.

At this point… all Hiccup could see was Gora acting really strange. He would stand on his legs, roar, and then cower on the floor with his tail tucked between his legs. Occasionally he’d roll his eyes and his lips would move like Toothless's would do when he was sassing him. He was sure this wasn't normal dragon behavior. "Erm, Toothless … I think Gora is broken. That or, he won't go down to the lake because he is having an emotional break down."

Toothless started laughing hysterically and Gora just stopped and huffed, at that same time, Acacia appeared from behind the trees.

““I think Hiccup is quite right Gora. You are very broken!”” She smiled.

““He made me do it! Wanted ta teach Hiccup how ta understand us or something.”” Gora protested.

“I see. Well if Toothless told you to fly backward with your eyes closed through a bad storm, would you?” Acacia asked.

“Well-.” Gora went to answer.

“Never mind.” Acacia sighed and turned to Toothless - Hiccup was standing next to him.

“Hi Acacia.” Toothless greeted her and bowed his head slightly. Hiccup did the same. “I’m guessing you want to talk to me?” Toothless asked hesitantly. Acacia nodded, so he sighed and took off his clothes to change forms.

“‘You think this is about Visskara?’” Hiccup asked.

“Yeah, I do. But there’s only one way to find out.’” Toothless sighed. He handed his clothes to Hiccup and then changed forms.

“Visskara is in a bad way you know.” Acacia told him, getting straight to the point. “‘I’ve been looking for you for ages, luckily I saw the smoke from the fire.’”

“Why was you looking for us, and what’s going on?” Toothless asked.

“Oh Toothless.” She sighed. “‘Visskara was very hurt by your words. You might not know this but she has become rather fond of you and Hiccup. She is just too stubborn to admit it.’” Acacia informed him. Toothless scoffed in disbelief.

“If she is so fond of us then why won’t she help.” Toothless grumbled in frustration.

“What you ask of her isn’t something she can easily decide, her instinctual reaction was to
say no. You have to understand that most of the drekis on this island have never seen humans … the ones that have only speak of the evil and suffering they bring. Visskara is the protector of every dreki on this island, often putting her own needs last. She works hard to keep everyone safe, to prevent dragon fights, and to keep the humans away. Who will do that if she leaves?"

“I don’t know. But I’m not always around to protect the dragons back home … although I try my best. Right now, I have my dragon friends - Stormfly and Cloudjumper watching over the others in my place. Couldn’t Visskara do the same? She would only be gone for about five days, I think? I’m sure most dragons on this island can take care of themselves for a few bloody days!”

“It’s not that simple. You obviously do things very differently back home.”

“So that’s it? I’m just supposed to accept that? She hasn’t even tried to find a way. She just shut me down and basically told me to get off her island. It’s five days, that’s all I’m asking. Hiccup had another nightmare last night in case you were wondering - he’s scared he has to tell Berk he failed, that his son will grow up to hate him for failing the dragons. I have to go back and tell Stormfly, Cloudjumper, Meatlug, Hookfang, Fanghook, Barf and Belch, Grump, Kingstail, Whip and Lash, and about fifty other dragons they can’t come home and will never see their riders - their friends again … all because Visskara can’t give me five damn days!” Toothless ranted, his voice getting louder.

Hiccup could see - and sense Toothless’s anger. He had no idea what was going on but assumed it was about Visskara. It certainly didn’t look like it was going very well and the last of his hope was being diminished. He could only watch and wait for Toothless to fill him in when he changed forms.

“Have you finished?” Acacia asked him firmly. Toothless looked down and sighed, but otherwise he remained silent. “Toothless, if Visskara wanted you gone you would be. She was hoping you and her would part on better terms, certainly not like this. And I think you are right, that she should help you. Right now, however, she is resting after taking out her frustration on half the forest. Myself, Storrkeldan, and the other three Grutregrasvattirs are having to reverse the damage. I believe she is conflicted, she wants to help you but feels she cannot. She is sad to see you leave but now feels guilty for not only letting you down … but also because you will be parting on such angry terms. She is hurt and angry that you insinuated she was selfish when she is far from it. The fact she is fond of you and Hiccup is what made it all ten time worse. Visskara may be stubborn, she may have a temper that needs to be tamed at times, and she may pretend to be strong and fearless but she is no different from you or I.”

Toothless looked guilty that he had obviously upset Visskara more than he intended – more than he even realised.

“I didn’t mean to make her so angry. We just really need her help. Me and Hiccup will do, or give you almost anything to persuade her to help us because this is really important to us. This is our lives, our friends! Berk just won’t be the same without my friends. Me and Hiccup aren’t the only ones who have bonded. Hiccup’s mother was taken by a Krefjorirtaleon that is now her best friend, and she lived under the rule of an Elgoorisstoorvovor for twenty years helping him protect all the other dragons in his care. Half the village have bonded with
their dragons, maybe not in the same way I have with Hiccup, but enough that their dragons usually sleep in their homes with them at night, or panic when their humans are in danger - doing anything to protect them. Visskara told me to let the dragons leave, that they should live with other dragons not humans. She doesn’t understand! No dragon of Berk - or human of Berk, will ever get over the loss of each other if I can’t bring them home.” Toothless sadly explained.

Gora had been listening this entire time. Hearing Toothless speak of Berk so strongly only strengthen his confidence and desire to go and live there with his best friend. He decided to speak up. “I want to go to Berk!” He announced. “I want to go there to live with my best friend Kalean and with Hiccup. I can only do that if Visskara stops being so stubborn and agrees to help. You already said yourself that she should. All we got to do is make that happen!”

Toothless smiled at his friend. Acacia sighed and thought carefully before Speaking.

“I will talk to Visskara once she has rested, and see if she can be persuaded to change her mind once she has had time to think. I cannot make any promises, but maybe we can come to an arrangement that works for everyone.”

“Please… Tell her I am sorry!” Toothless asked. He wanted Visskara to know he never meant to insinuate she was selfish, or upset her the way he had, he was just angry.

“I will.” She nodded. “Now get some rest tonight, tomorrow is a new day.” Acacia said before leaving into the night sky.
Chapter 37 - My Ameor

In a newly created forest clearing, Visskara woke as the sun shined down over her closed eyes. She slowly opened them and looked confused before her memory returned to her. She sighed sadly and raised to her feet looking around at her surroundings; Acacia and the others had worked hard to cover her damage.

Yesterday, where she had singed the ground and literally blown up the trees, today, was a new clearing with pear green grass and the promise of new life. New plant shoots grew along the edge of the healed trees, and the damaged ones were gone - perhaps the Hraorskerahogggves had taken them to build, or the other drekis had made use of them.

She really had to stop losing her temper … but Toothless had asked her to help in a way she could not and then, he really got under her scales! He had refused to see her reasoning, and instead of accepting her answer he had angered her with false accusations. She didn’t understand why it had angered her so much; the opinion of other drekis were insignificant and meaningless to her.

‘You like him. You like them both.’ Her mind told her. She could lie and pretend to others … but not to herself. There was something special about Toothless and Hiccup. When she was with them, near then, she was curious about things that had never peaked her curiosity before. Their bond with each other was admirable, and Hiccup was an amazing human. Unfortunately, he was just one … other humans were not to be trusted like she trusted him.

She also couldn’t stop thinking about the past and how her own mooir, Kalvissmari, had taken Toothless under her wing. She might have raised them both together if he hadn’t been sent to live with Groaldridax. Acacia had explained that Kalvissmari was as protective of Toothless as she was of her, and she treated them both equally as if they were both her real hatchlings. It was such a long time ago that she couldn’t even remember it, but Hiccup had called her … ‘Toothless’s sister’. Was that what humans called Hatchlings of the same mooir? Even Toothless had called her, ‘family’. Family was a human concept - and the dreki equivalent of a herd or pack. Toothless certainly wasn’t that and he didn’t even live on this island … so why did she feel unnaturally close to him?

Visskara thought about her mooir - what she did remember of her before she was killed, she could remember being taught the ways of a ruler - so she would be ready for the day she might take over as the next alpha. Kalvissmari was strict, she had rules for her hatching that had consequences when broken, and every day was a lesson … but she was a kind mooir really that protected her well. She’d let Visskara ride on her back until she grew too big, and she would wrap her wing over her small body when she slept. Any dreki that hurt her - or even tried to, would suffer Kalvissmari wrath … and it was a deadly wrath at that.

Visskara frowned, it reminded her of something … something vague and shadowed at first but it because clearer…

---Flash back/Memory---

Little Visskara sniffed at the trees in the dense forest. She had wandered away from her Mooir but could still hear her close by. The new smells and sights were so alluring - it was like a new adventure and she was overwhelmed at being away from their nest again. She bounced around the forest floor, sniffing all the new wonderful scents in her innocent childish wonder … until she
bounded right into something hard that wasn’t there a moment ago.

She looked up into two very angry yellow eyes. The dragon roared at her and she froze in terror. It was a Deadly-Nadder that was new to the island, but she didn’t know what it was at the time just that it wanted to hurt her. She finally found her feet and ran but the dragon chased her. She opened her wings to fly, but she wasn’t good at flying yet and kept falling.

“Mooir! Mooir!” She screamed as she ran. She tripped over the foliage and rolled.

The dragon behind her opened its mouth to fire at the tiny Visskara, but she was suddenly covered by her Mooir. Kalvissmari was so angry that even Visskara was scared of the way she shouted and roared at the Deadly-Nadder.

“Mooir?” A small voice of a Loightakalean called from the trees.

“Stay back young one, stay hidden!” Kalvissmari ordered, she then shot a warning at the Deadly-Nadder but it wanted to fight. “Visskara run!” She ordered.

Visskara did as she was told and fled. She could hear something following her and was scared until she heard him speak.

“Vissy, wait!” The small voice called to her. She stopped and turned in relief.

“Oh, ameor!” She shouted in relief at the hatchling Loightakalean as she ran to him. “Mooir’s angry, the scary dreki tried to hurt me! Mooir will be angry at me for wandering away.” She nuzzled up to her ameor, and her tiny body shook in fear. They could both hear their mooir’s attacks as she fought the Deadly-Nadder.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you Vissy, you’re my ameor!” The Loightakalean boldly assured her.

They both stayed hidden, Visskara and her ameor nestled close together until their Mooir called to them.

“Oh, Ameor.” Visskara sighed longingly, her heart twisted and she could have sworn her eyes were stinging. She remembered that one memory of Toothless, but it was a strong memory. Toothless used to be her ameor and he made her feel safe. Compared to her, Toothless was brave and bold as a hatchling … and he used to protect her.

Visskara was trying to remember what happened after their mooir had found them, but she was distracted by the sound of an approaching dreki. She quickly composed herself.

Acacia landed in the clearing and walked to sit in front of her, nodding in respect to her alpha before speaking. “We need to talk!”

“Tooithless, what are doing?” Hiccup frowned as he watched him climbing onto Gora’s back.

It had been a strange morning. Toothless - in his human form, and Gora, had horsed around during breakfast, they then started wrestling in the stream, and now … Toothless was on Gora back.

“Going for a ride!” Toothless shouted back as Gora took off.

“But you don’t…” Hiccup stopped shouting and sighed, it was pointless because they had already gone.
Hiccup could hear Toothless’s screams until they got higher into the sky. He couldn’t tell if they were happy-excited ones, or sounds of panic and fear. Hiccup ran to the stream to look up at the sky, he watched Gora doing all kinds of manoeuvres and loops. He was scared for Toothless’s safety, he had no saddle, no flight suit, not even a rope. As Hiccup continued to watch he quietly prayed Toothless would be safe, but his heart suddenly jumped into his throat as Toothless fell off Gora’s back.

“ Toothless!” He screamed.

Toothless was plummeting towards the ground - falling through the air, and instead of Gora catching him … he was now falling aside Toothless too. Hiccup couldn’t believe what they were doing, he recognised the freefalling he would do with Toothless himself - but it didn’t make him feel any better. The way Toothless was doing it was dangerous and risky.

“Come on Toothless, get back on Gora!” He mumbled as he watched them falling. His heart rate was increasing rapidly as the distance to ground shrunk, and his heart almost gave out just before Toothless changed forms and gained altitude.

Hiccup sighed in relief and fell to his knees thanking the gods. He felt faint and gripped his hair trying to steady his heart rate and breathing. He had almost fainted in fear of losing him again … now he was just angry at Toothless for being so reckless.

Toothless didn’t come back down immediately, he played with Gora in the sky for a while as a dragon. When Toothless did finally land down by the stream, Hiccup was still fuming.

“What in Helheim, was you thinking Toothless!” Hiccup shouted at him when he reached the stream.

“Kalean … You’re one dead dreki!” Gora announced as he moved backwards.

“Not helping!” Toothless said, then he changed forms. “What did I do?” Toothless asked Hiccup confused.

“What did you do? Let’s think about that shall we … Flying without a saddle – without so much a rope! Being reckless and scaring the Helheim outta me!” Hiccup voice was raised as he flung his arms around Toothless. Despite being angry, he was more relieved that his boyfriend was safely on the ground.

“Hicc chill, I was just having some fun. You do it all the time and in case you forgot, I can change into a dragon and fly!” Toothless argued.

“Yes, I am aware of that-.” Hiccup then he sighed and felt stupid. “I just … forgot. You scared the fuck outta me babe!” Hiccup shook his head.

“And I’m sorry for that. But come on Hiccup, remember all the times you scared the Helheim out of me?”

“You’re right, You’re right! I just…” Hiccup took a deep breath and sighed. “It’s fine. I’m sorry I ruined your fun.” Hiccup feigned a smiled.

“I know Hiccup. I know why you got so scared … I-I wasn’t thinking.” Toothless felt slightly guilty, he knew of Hiccup’s fears but he wouldn’t stop being himself. He walked over to collect his clothes and got dressed. “I won’t stop being me though Hiccup, just like I won’t stop you being you. I’m sorry babe, I am … but I can’t stop doing what I enjoy or believe in because you’re scared
of the what If’s. I’m not stupid, I won’t put myself in danger and I won’t go looking for trouble. Trouble finds us enough as it! But I wasn’t in danger, I could change into my useless dragon self and fly. Falling wasn’t an issue and Gora had my back anyways.’’

‘‘You’re right Toothless.’’ Hiccup agreed nodding, he then turned around and sat down. Toothless sat next to him. ‘‘I guess I still have things to work thorough.’’

‘‘Yeah, you do! I love you Hiccup, no matter what … but I miss the real you. The happy, confident, brave, and reckless you.’’ Toothless admitted, placing his hand onto Hiccup’s.

‘‘I miss that Hiccup too, but … I don’t know if he exists anymore.’’

‘‘He does! Look at me Hiccup!’’ Hiccup lifted his head to look into his boyfriend’s eyes.

Toothless touched Hiccup’s cheeks lovingly as he stared into his forest-green eyes. They spoke of tiredness from all the pain and grief he had endured, and the silent plea to be unburdened by weight was there … but so was Hiccup! The eyes he had looked at from the start were the same ones now. The spark was dim, but it was still there.

‘‘Still you babe!’’ Toothless told him, and kissed his lips lovingly. ‘‘You’re still the same loony Viking that friended a dangerous Night-fury. You just need to find happiness again … and you will, I promise!’’

It was hard to imagine being truly happy again, especially with everything going on, but he had to believe Toothless or there wouldn’t much left for him to hold onto.

Hiccup leaned forward and kissed Toothless to thank him for being there for him, for being his boyfriend, and for loving him no matter how broken he was. Yet what started as an innocent, loving kisses, soon became a little more heated. They laid back to enjoy their little make out session together but forgot Gora was still there. He watched them curiously as they ate each other faces off. He watched as Hiccup sucked Toothless neck, and he heard his friend’s moans of pleasure. Toothless did the same to Hiccup, and Gora thought it was rather strange.

It was afternoon when Acacia and Visskara turned up. They landed in the stream and waked into the forest where the boys were all seated. Everyone bowed their heads in respect to her, but Visskara had her eyes on Toothless - seeing him as if for the very first time.

Acacia explained that when Toothless was sent to live with Groalridorax, Visskara had taken it so badly that her mooir had the elder Hugreaetlavafi remove her memory of him. Kalvissmari never spoke of him again - even though it pained her greatly to let him go, but she would visit Toothless from time to time in secret, or check in with Groalridorax on his progress. In time the memories should have returned to her, but they never did. After the great fire erupted and Toothless left the island, he was forgotten about all together - especially after Kalvissmari’s death. As Acacia had recalled the connection she had shared with her Ameor - and recalled how they were as hatchlings, a few new memories surfaced. Each newly remembered memory showed her how close she used to be to him. Now she was looking at him for the first time in a long time as her ameor, not as an outsider.

‘‘Visskara, I’m sorry.’’ Toothless apologised, being the first one to speak. Hiccup then looked at Visskara.
“I know I can’t understand you Visskara, but please think about helping us. There must be a way to make this work … and I promise you as chief of Berk, no one will hurt you! If there is anything we can do for you in return, we will! Just … think about it, please!” Hiccup begged before bowing his head.

Toothless placed a hand on Hiccup’s shoulder and squeezed gently. “Hey, you just wait for me to change back okay. Everything will be fine.”

Hiccup nodded, and then hugged and kissed Toothless before he watched him strip his clothes and change form. Hiccup then sat down, he hoped that Toothless would have better luck this time.

“**Toothless … would you fly with me please.**” Visskara asked him kindly.

Toothless frowned, there was a hidden emotion there he didn’t recognise, and she wasn’t acting herself. Had he really upset her that much?

“Okay.”

He agreed, but something was different about her.

Toothless asked Gora to watch over Hiccup for him, and Gora promised he would. Toothless then managed to get the message to Hiccup that he was going to fly with Visskara. Hiccup was good at reading dragon signals - especially his own. He gave Hiccup a wet kiss, and then laughed when Hiccup complained that it wouldn’t wash out. Then he took to the skies with Visskara. They didn’t say anything at first, but Visskara eventually broke the silence.

“**Toothless … do you have any memories of when we were hatchlings together?**” She asked him in gentle way that was so unlike her. Her voice held hope.

“No, I’m sorry Visskara. Do you?”

“I didn’t until this morning. Toothless … do human hatchlings of the same mooir care for each other, do they share a bond?”

“Erm … Yes, they do - mostly. They’re not called hatchlings though.” Toothless answered, he wondered why she was asking all this. Her personality had changed dramatically and her voice was softer.

“I see. Do you really not remember me, at all?” Visskara asked him again with the same hopeful voice from before.

“I remember you with Kalvissmari, but you never showed any interest in me. I mean, I know your mooir looked after me for a while but then I was sent to live with Groaldridax. I don’t remember anything before living with Groaldridax.” Toothless explained.

“My mooir apparently had my memories of you erased.” She admitted.


Visskara sighed sadly, and lead him down to the clearing she has essentially created yesterday. She then explained everything she knew and remembered to him - which actually wasn’t that much. Toothless was speechless, he didn’t know how to feel about this new information.

“**Toothless … please say something.**” Visskara looked at him with saddened eyes, they shocked him.
“I-I don’t … I don’t know what to say. Are you saying you … care about me?” He asked unsurely.

“Yes, you’re my ameor! You protected me and we were close as hatchings. We are not of the same mooir, but we had the same mooir. I wish you could remember.”

“I’m sorry Visskara, I just don’t.” Toothless looked down feeling bad for her. Dragons never kept attachments to their ameors after leaving the nest. Visskara apparently, still held an attach for him as her brother essentially.

“Oh ameor, you used to call me Vissy!” Visskara turned her head and looked away, she looked very downhearted.

“Hey, I though dragons didn’t get upset like this, especially over others?” Toothless gently asked her when he saw her sadness, he was really confused. Visskara was acting so different to her normal, stern, superior self. On top of that, she was expressing almost human like emotions.

“They don’t.” She admitted sadly. “As drekis go, I have always reacted differently to most. For example: when I was younger, I got extremely upset once that a dreki said I was a slow flier. It wasn’t even true, and my mooir had no idea why I was so upset. She told me it wasn’t normal - especially for a Leitatilisynum. From then she worked to rid me of my unusual reactions or emotions, and toughen me up so to speak.” She explained.

“Is that why you reacted that way when I said you were … selfish? I didn’t mean it by the way, I was just angry.”

“It is okay Toothless … but yes, that is why. I become very strict and apathetic in some ways. I care for this island and the dreki’s safety very much, but apart from that I do what must be done. I take the words of others as insignificant and meaningless unless I feel it is important. However, when I met you and Hiccup … something changed. I haven’t cared about anyone since mooir died. Well, not until you and Hiccup came along anyway. Your words hurt because … there was something about you that I could shake off. Your opinion and friendship mattered to me for some reason, and now I know why.” She looked up at him with a small smile.

“You know … I like you better this way.” Toothless smiled at her.

“Why is that?” She curiously asked him.

“You’re easier to talk to this way. You remind me of Hiccup a bit.”

“In what way?” Visskara frowned.

“Hiccup isn’t like other humans; his drawings and inventions are seen as weird, and he is smaller than most Vikings. His father tried to make Hiccup more Viking - thank the gods he didn’t listen to him. If he had, he wouldn’t have become friends to dragons … to me!” Toothless explained. He gave her his Toothless smile and she chuckled slightly - quickly silencing herself.

“Well, don’t get too use to it! You may be my ameor Toothless, but I have a reputation to uphold.” Her voice held the authority he was used to hearing, but the small smirk she failed to
hide gave her away. She meant it, no other dreki was to know this side of her, but her pretence had been stripped away from Toothless eyes and could now see the real Visskara.

“Good to know. I least I know the real Vissy now.”

“You knew the real me since hatching-day. It is a shame you do not remember how close we were. I must admit, it was so long ago that the memories are vague. However, I remember looking up to … and seeking you for comfort as my ameor.”

“So, you think of me as your big brother then?” Toothless teased.

“Big?” She laughed, looking down at him. “And we are more or less the same age. Still, explain to me what exactly is a brother?”

Toothless ended up explaining human families to Visskara: siblings, brothers and sisters, and even parents. He also told her that humans say children, babies, daughter, or son, and that they don’t grow and mature like dragons. They are much more dependent on their parents, and they need their mothers or fathers for a lot longer than the dragons do.

“That is all rather fascinating. I must admit, I am very curious. You will have to teach me more about human ways and perhaps … I could meet Hiccup’s mother and son when we get to Berk.” She looked at him, awaiting his reaction.

Toothless eyes grew wide. “You mean?”

“I must admit, remembering you helped me decide. Acacia may have twisted my wing though. I will need to make preparations so you will have to wait a few more days … but yes, I will assist you in bringing your friends home. As long as I get to keep all my body parts mind you.”

“Oh, my gods Vissy! Thank you, thank you, thank you…” He repeated excitedly as he bounded around. He pounced at her in excitement and gratitude, but Visskara moved so fast he landed on the grass - groaning as he hit the ground. “Ow … that’s so unfair!”

“I’m you’re alpha, you should have more respect!” She told him sternly.

She was good! No one would have argued with her under that tone, even Toothless was about to bow his head to her and apologise. The way she could hide her true self was scary - as was the way she spoke as the superior dragon and alpha, but she had done it for many years and had much practise. She had trained her body and mind to remain stoic and in control at all times, at least now he had seen the real her.

“When we leave this island, I will be the alpha again you know.” Toothless sassed.

“True, but I will always be faster than you!” She baited. She zoomed to the other side of him and smacked him playfully with her tail. She then moved away quickly and smirked.

“Hey!” Toothless protested - shocked at the sudden change in attitude. Was this really Visskara? Maybe she had hit her head or he had broken her. She smacked him playfully again from behind and he decided to chase after her. Out of everyone he knew, Visskara was the last dragon he’d thought would fool around and roughhouse with him.
Visskara and Toothless started playing in the clearing. Visskara hadn’t played for many, many years and found it exhilarating. In fact, the last dreki she fooled around with was him - back when they were hatchlings if she remembered correctly. They both ended up rolling in the grass together when Visskara pounced at Toothless. Both of them soon started activating their alpha forms, and trying to see who had the strongest strength without plasma shots or speed. Toothless won in brute strength but he knew it would be nearly impossible to beat her in an actual fight, she was faster and had stronger plasma attacks then him.

They eventually collapsed in exhaustion on the grass, both out of breath and smiling. Toothless was panting with his tongue lolled out to the side. They regained their breaths and Visskara spoke first.

“Isn’t it rather funny how we both became Alpha drekis?” She asked.

“I guess. You became Alpha because of your mooir, I had to take down a Elgoorrisstoorvor to became one.” Toothless reminded her, but Visskara sighed sadly.

“Mooir didn’t just die Toothless. She was killed by another Leitatilsynum trying to gain her alpha title. I revenged her death and took the alpha title for myself.” She explained.

“That’s … awful! When did that happen?” Toothless asked, sitting back up to give her his full attention.

“About twelve ar’tios ago … I think. I think I was about ten myself.”

“That’s … I’m so sorry, I didn’t know.” Toothless looked down at the grass. He knew Kalvissmari was dead, but to hear she died over leadership shocked him, it was horrible! It was a risk every alpha took as a leader - that another dreki would challenge them to the death, but you just didn’t think about it.

“What’s done is done.” Visskara said, standing back up. “We should get back so you can give Hiccup the good news. I’m sure he needs it after everything he had been through lately.”

Toothless stood up and nodded. “I’m probably gonna be in trouble for staying away this long, leaving him to worry unnecessarily. He only has Acacia and Gora for company, and they don’t speak human.” He chuckled.

“Then we should get going before he sends out a search party.” Visskara joked.

“You don’t know Hiccup, he would do more than that.” Toothless told her.

Visskara looked at Toothless with a curious expression that had ‘really’ written all over it. Toothless chuckled and they took to the sky.

When Toothless and Visskara landed at the stream, Hiccup rushed to his feet to find out what happened - just as Toothless had expected. Toothless looked okay and Visskara was here, so that had to be a good sign.

“Good you’re back. The poor boy has been pacing a trench in the ground.” Acacia looked over at Hiccup. Toothless bounded over to him. “I trust there are no new clearings for us to work on tonight.” Acacia quipped.

“No Acacia, I think things will be alright now.” Visskara replied as she watched Toothless
change forms.

‘Well?’ Hiccup asked eager to get answers.

Toothless grabbed his tunic and threw it on. ‘Screw the trouser, I don’t know If I’ll have to change again or not.’ Toothless mumbled, ignoring Hiccup.

‘Toothless!’ Hiccup demanded, grabbing his boyfriend’s arms and staring into his eyes trying to read him.

Toothless faced him with a straight face, then sighed sadly. ‘I’m sorry Hiccup … looks like Visskara is gonna scare the crap outta Trid when she meets him, and Berk is gonna freak when two alphas show up.’ Toothless sadly explained, he then couldn’t contain the smirk that stole his serious expression.

Hiccup punched Toothless’s arm hard. His cries of pain were instantly stifled by wild lips clashing with own. Hiccup was so relieved and wanted to thank his amazing boyfriend for doing whatever the fuck he did to get Visskara to agree.

‘Why do they do that?’ Gora suddenly asked.

‘I believe it is a form of affection.’ Acacia answered him, watching the boys now using tongues. All three of them had tilted heads.

‘Affection? Hiccup just attacked him, now it looks like they are trying to lick each other’s faces off.’

‘Maybe we should leave them alone for a while. I have already seen where this leads once, I don’t wish to see it again!’ Visskara said turning around to leave.

‘Wait, what happens?’ Gora asked, but Visskara ignored him and took to the sky.

‘I suggest you go for flight Gora. It would be impolite to stay.’ Acacia advised him, also flying away.

Gora’s curiosity got the better of him … and he hid behind the trees to watch - ignoring Visskara and Acacia’s advice.

‘Okay, eating each other’s faces off, nothing I haven’t seen before.’ Gora thought as he continued spying on them. ‘Oh, there goes the clothes thingys, I wonder why they even wear them. What are they doin’ now?’ He suddenly stifled a chuckle. ‘They have such tiny dicks! … Wait what- Are they- Damn that’s wrong! Wait … No… Nooo… Oh sweet mooir of mercy, they can’t be-

Gora’s jaw dropped and his eyes suddenly rolled into the back of his head. He passed out, falling into a bush and hidden from sight.

‘Did you hear that?’ Hiccup stopped, breathless and aroused.

‘No!’ Toothless shook his head, hoping to the gods that Hiccup wouldn’t get put off. Hiccup only agreed to go this far because the others had left. ‘No one’s here!’

Hiccup decided he was hearing things and smirked at Toothless. ‘Where were we baby?’
“About to blow my fucking mind!” Toothless told him.

Gora came around briefly to the sounds of very active love making: laboured breathing, grunts, groans, and moaning. He caught a glimpse of the scene … and immediately passed out again when Toothless yelled in pleasure. This time, Hiccup and Toothless were far too deep in the zone to hear anything expect each other’s breathing.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 38 - Ameors forever

The sun was setting in the clear blue sky over Sanctum island; Visskara, Gora, Toothless, and Hiccup were flying back to camp for the night. Four days had passed since Visskara had agreed to make the journey to Berk with them, and they had spent all day learning about Sanctum Island, meeting new dragons, and preparing for the two-day flight to Dragon island. Their camp was now located in the clearing Visskara had essentially created five days ago, back when her emotions had gotten the better of her. It was much more open with the absence of the trees which allowed Visskara, Acacia, and Gora to join them more easily. Here, the dragons could fly in and out of the clearing with greater ease - compared to where they were staying before by the stream, and it allowed them the space to play or relax as they wished. Their location wasn’t far from the ocean, but Hiccup was more impressed with the nearby lake. The water was calm, clean, and reflected the sun and moon light, it was also so warm it reminded him of a mild bath; it relaxed his body, washed away the stress, and helped to loosen the shackles of fear that held him back from the man he used to be.

Right now, however, they were airborne, and had almost reached the clearing when Hiccup patted Toothless to get his attention. ‘‘Take us up bud!’’ Hiccup ordered, and Toothless gladly obliged.

Hiccup was now hopeful that Berk would see the dragons home - and they would have accomplished what they had set out to do. He was still healing emotionally … and perhaps he would always carry a part of that pain and grief in his heart, but over the last few days, Toothless saw the spark in Hiccup’s eyes flickering back to life. Now, as they were suddenly climbing higher into the sky and leaving the others behind, Hiccup was preparing to let go - in more than one sense of meaning. He was letting go of the irrelevant pieces of his past, letting go of fear, anger and doubt, and of course, his jump would pacify a particular type of yearning he had been having lately. Visskara grew so curious at their sudden climb in altitude and change of direction, that she dashed to fly alongside Toothless again - pulling up beside him in almost the blink of the eye.

‘‘What are you doing?’’ Visskara asked.

‘‘You’ll see.’’ Toothless smiled. He suddenly opened his wings and smoothly glided through the sky. Hiccup unclipped himself from the saddle and stood up on Toothless’s back - his knees bent and his arms out to steady his balance.

‘‘Here goes bud!’’ Hiccup took a deep breath and shook his body, preparing for something he had avoided for a while but recently craved. He rolled his shoulders, cracked his neck and then … he let go. Falling through the air with his eyes closed - no thoughts, just feeling with his senses.

‘‘Hiccup!’’ Visskara shouted, but she gasped when wings suddenly opened on Hiccup’s arms.

‘‘He’s fine!’’ Toothless gave her his toothless smile and flew behind Hiccup. He shot a plasma blast to keep Hiccup airborne for longer, so he could enjoy the freedom the sky gave him as he glided through the air.

‘‘That’s crazy! You are both quite insane.’’ Visskara yelled out to him, but she was amazed at
Hiccup’s strange new wings.

Toothless shot another plasma blast before looking back at Visskara. “**You coming?**”

Visskara followed them, but she was startled when they both started plummeting to the ground - just falling through the air.

“**What happened?**” She asked, thinking Hiccup’s wings had broken.

“**Nothing, we’re just falling. It’s fun Vissy, try it!**” Toothless encouraged her, but she looked at him like he was insane.

“I’d rather not.” She admitted.

“**Suit yourself!**” Toothless shouted back.

They continued falling, twisting in the air together on the way down. It was this rush that Hiccup missed, and the adrenaline that kicked in gave him reprieve from everything that burdened him. Toothless couldn’t be happier, but something about being able to fly freely took away the thrill of the fall. Without his need for Hiccup to control his tail, it just wasn’t the same. Even so, it was still an exhilarating and amazing experience, and being with Hiccup made it a hundred times better.

Hiccup eventually signalled that he wanted to return to the saddle. It was sooner than Hiccup usually ended the free-falling but Toothless didn’t care because Hiccup was happy. Hiccup was trying to stop his fears from controlling him, and by doing this, he knew he was on the right path.

“**Whoa baby!**” Hiccup shouted punching the air from the saddle. Toothless warbled happily at him.

Toothless accompanied Gora fishing while he was still in his dragon form - so he could spend time alone with his friend and because he had changed forms a few times already today. When Toothless asked if Visskara needed food, she ensured them that she would catch her own in a while. They both knew Acacia would be okay as she didn’t eat fish, her diet was purely vegetation based.

When they eventually came back, Hiccup was with his journal and Acacia had left to do her work in the forest. Toothless dropped the fish and changed forms; Hiccup didn’t miss the wince that appeared on his boyfriend’s face before he smiled down at him.

“**Well I take it you’re not wincing because the suns in your eyes.**” Hiccup glanced up at the blackening sky. The midnight blue deepening, and the stars starting to dominate the endless blanket of darkness that formed over them.

“I make that six. Just a slight headache from the change … it’s gone now.” Toothless yawned as he passed to collect his clothes.

Hiccup chuckled and returned to his drawing. “**I’ll get the fire on in a moment, I’m just finishing this.**”

“I can do that! You have fun today?” Toothless asked him while he was getting dressed.

“Sure did! I was just sketching the new dragons. What do you think?” Hiccup showed him the one he was working on.
It was a Aheitavattaid he’d met today called Karisonita - the same dragon that informed Visskara of the storm last week. She was a thin, purple, tidal class dragon - with blue fins and pointy ears. Her tail split into two parts and was razor sharp at the ends. They could produce various sounds depending on their intentions; A luring call that attracts the fish when they want to eat, and one that repels danger away confused. They are like the Thunderdrums of the ocean, because they can also produce a shrieking sound wave powerful enough to shatter a ship if they so desired. They can read weather patterns and predict storms, and Toothless said they like to sing under water - but it sounds painfully awful outside of it.

“‘That’s great, looks just like Karisonita. So, I guess no one will see you for a couple of weeks when we get back to Berk then. You said you were gonna make a separate book of dragons - just for this island.’” Toothless sat down and threw some wood onto the fire, Gora helped him by lighting it up. The crackling of the fire filling the quiet night, along with the faint scratching sounds of the pencil in Hiccup’s hand as it moved over the parchment.

“‘Yeah, you can have Trid for me.’” Hiccup replied, with feigning seriousness. He was adding the final touches to his Aheitavattaid drawing and never took his eyes away from the parchment.

“‘What? You can’t be serious!’” Toothless’s eyes were wide in disbelief, and he had a deep frown.

“‘Yeah! I mean … I’m sure you will do just fine with the night feeds, the diaper changes, oh - and the vomit.’” Hiccup smiled at him, but he was still pretending to be serious.

“Hiccup … You can’t leave me with a baby! Do you hate your son or something?’”

“‘Don’t you think you’re overreacting, you’ll be fine! I have faith in you. I’ll even give you a list.’”

“‘A list?’” Toothless repeated in disbelief. “‘I’d need a fucking book … Hiccup I can’t-.’” Toothless suddenly stopped his argument when he saw Hiccup smirking at him. He shoved Hiccup who chuckled in response. “‘Fuck you Hiccup … you’re messing with me.’”

“‘As much as I trust you with my son’s life babe, I wouldn’t put Trid through that kind of torture.’”

“‘That’s it Hiccup!’” Toothless exclaimed. He shoved Hiccup to the ground, poking his sides and tickling him. Hiccup laughed and squirmed - dropping his journal and pencil as he tried to push Toothless’s hands away.

Hiccup begged Toothless to stop, but he was being merciless. Gasping for breaths between his laughter, Hiccup managed to shout out desperately that Toothless had won. Toothless stopped and kissed Hiccup before he had much chance to regain his breath. “‘You know I love Trid, I just wouldn’t know what to do with him.’”

“I know babe.” Hiccup breathed out, slightly dizzy from his attack. He chuckled, looking up at his boyfriend and smiled. When he got his breath back, he pulled Toothless in for another - longer kiss.

Gora hadn’t admitted to anyone what he’d witnessed Hiccup and Toothless doing four days ago. He’d woken up and snuck away before he’d been caught. Watching them eat each other’s faces off again made him shudder, so he used his hypnotism to break them apart. Toothless suddenly got up and walked into a tree … Gora just looked away innocently.

“‘Ow, what the fuck?’” Toothless rubbed his head confused. Hiccup blinked in confusion as he sat up.

“I saw that Gora!” Visskara informed him.
“Don’t know what you’re talking about.” He lied.

Toothless and Hiccup looked at each other, then straight at Gora. ‘‘Gora!’’ They both shouted in unison.

Once they’d all eaten, Hiccup reviewed the plan again with Toothless. Visskara and Gora were listening but they knew the plan inside out - they had heard it many times already and it was simple enough. They were to fly the two-day journey to Dragon Island where they would rest up. They would then leave Gora there while the rest of them flew to Berk. The plan was to find the flowers, draw blood, then return to Dragons Island to stay with Gora. The drawings seemed to indicate that the plants would die after a couple of days - once the blood was spilled onto them. Visskara would return home as soon as the plants had died, having prepared to be away from Sanctum island for eight days. That way - if she was delayed, she wouldn’t have to worry about her island.

Hiccup knew there was a chance that the flowers had not yet appeared. If that was indeed the case, Visskara had agreed to return to Berk when they had. Gothi should know the moon patterns quite accurately, therefore he would be able to tell Visskara how many days to wait before her return.

While Visskara was away, Acacia would watch over the forest with Storrkeldan, and Runisalith would watch over the fire mountains. Karisonita had duty over the ocean surrounding the Island with the rest of her kind, and they would alert the island to any danger that approached from the sea. Visskara had dragons watching the ice mountains, and others were ordered to patrol the island from the skies while she was away. Only the dragons with delegated jobs would know of her absence - so no dragon got any ideas while she was gone.

“Everyone good with the plan, or-or should I go over it again?” Hiccup asked. Visskara closed her eyes, and Gora gave off a low groaning sound as he rolled his.

“We all know the plan Hiccup. Stop worrying! It’ll be fine.” Toothless pushed the map away from him, and straddled his legs so he could no longer make any more planning. “Are you ready for the trip babe?”

“I cannot say I’m looking forward to the two-day flight, but I am happy to be going home.” Hiccup admitted, casually fiddling with the hem of Toothless's tunic.

“The trip isn’t easy … for you especially. Just worry about yourself babe, make sure you have enough food and water. I’ll be fine, I’m a dragon.” Toothless told him.

Hiccup sighed gently and put his hands on the small of Toothless's back - his fingers caressing tenderly. “You sure you’re good to fly all that way. You haven’t exactly been a dragon much lately, and I didn’t plan on taking any swimming lessons.”

“I can assure you I haven’t forgotten how to be a dragon Hiccup.” Toothless chuckled.

“I’m just saying … you might be bit rusty.”

“I’m not rusty! If anything, it’s Gora I’m worried about … and Vissy a bit. They have never left this island, never flown for longer than a few hours. I know they’ll be fine because it’s a dragon’s built-in ability to fly for days, but it’s gonna be tough on em.” Toothless explained.

Hiccup nodded and leaned forward so his head was resting on Toothless's chest. “‘We’re going home baby.” He whispered, a part of him freaking out and nervous about what that would mean.
As it got later, Hiccup and Toothless rolled out their blankets ready to sleep. Gora was already out cold, but Visskara watched them wistfully. Toothless was on his back, his hands behind his head before he moved his left arm out for Hiccup to rest his head on. Toothless’s hand wrapped around Hiccup’s shoulder, and he rested his own head into Hiccup’s auburn hair – a small smile of contentment donned his rose-coloured lips.

After a while, Visskara couldn’t suppress her desire to lay next to her ameor anymore. She quietly walked over alongside Toothless, and wrapped her wing over both the boys, lowering herself down to sleep beside them. She had been fighting the urge to do this since she remembered who Toothless was, but tonight, she couldn’t help herself any longer. Hiccup was already sleeping but Toothless felt the warm dragon body against his back and the wing that rested over them both. He opened his eyes a fraction, seeing it was who he assumed it to be - Visskara. It didn’t surprise him that much; Visskara had been trying to get closer to him over the last few days and they had developed a great friendship - even if she did keep up the pretence of being stoic and hid her real nature behind her alpha mask most of the time. Toothless closed his eyes and chose not to say anything. It was actually rather nice, and something seemed vaguely familiar about it.

As Toothless started to drift… his mind relaxed, the familiarity of Visskara’s hold and scent played with his semi-consciousness, drawing at a memory he had long forgotten.

---Memory/flashback---

“Yes Mooir!” Visskara and Toothless answered in unison sadly.

They both looked at each other completely gutted, feeling as if they had been dealt a great injustice. It wasn’t fair, but they wouldn’t argue with their mooir so they obediently walked to their nest. They'd been happily playing together and hated the sudden halt to their activities; there was still so much more to do - and much more fun to be had. Sleep was overrated anyway, and they were sure they didn't need it.

“Yes! We can have a lot of fun together ameor, and never get told when to sleep.” He smiled at her, excited for the future.

“Yes, when I get bigger, I’m staying up for as long as I want. I’m going to go on so many adventures.” He smiled at her, excited for the future.

“Vissy, when I get bigger, I’m staying up for as long as I want. I’m going to go on so many adventures.” He smiled at her, excited for the future.

“Vissy, do I have to?”

“Please ameor … For me?”

Toothless cuddled closer to his ameor, wrapping his wing around her body protectively. He sighed as he gave in, like he did every night. ‘Ô-kaaay’ He yawned again, and shook his face.
When he started to sing their mooir didn’t mind. It was part of their own night-time ritual and they always fell asleep soon after. Toothless's voice was quiet like a whisper - very innocent and hatchling like. He had made up the words himself a while ago when their mooir was dealing with a dispute. Visskara had been so scared, and that’s when he’d accidentally discovered ‘singing’. He didn’t know it was called singing at the time, and it certainly wasn’t something dragons typically did… but it helped comfort his ameor and she had liked it very much.

Toothless’s sleepy voice sung to his ameor in a slow, soothing tempo. His words slightly high pitched and lightly murmured. “Let the wind carry us, to the clouds hurry up, alright! We can travel as far as our eyes can see. We’ll go where no one goes, you and me, Vissy. We’ll slow, for no one … so get out of our way!” Toothless's voice grew quieter as he fell to sleep singing to his ameor.

---Memory/flashback ends---

As Toothless continued to fall into a deep sleep, he mumbled the last words of the song out-loud. “…so, get out of our way!”

Visskara’s eyes shot open and she looked at the now heavily sleeping Toothless. Her heart warmed in her chest and she sighed happily. He remembered their song ... he remembered her! Laying her head back down, she wished she could hear him sing to her again… but she was older now and no longer needed her ameor to comfort her. With a warm heart, she fell to sleep thinking of Toothless as she played the small collection of memories she had of him over and over in her head.

When everyone awoke the next morning, Toothless had the song stuck in his head. He couldn’t think where he had heard it before, and he replayed the song over and over again in his mind until it was driving him insane. It felt as if he had dreamed about something important, something big! Yet he couldn’t remember what. It was right at the tip of his mind - wanting to come out, but lingered just out of reach, toying with him. Visskara kept looking at him strangely, almost like she was hopeful… but then she would look disheartened. He didn’t question her about it and he wasn’t even sure if his observations were correct.

After breakfast, Toothless and Hiccup planned to go down to the lake to bathe - wanting to make the most of the warm water before the long flight home. Toothless was still fixated on the song when they reached the lake. Hiccup removed his clothes and jumped in … but Toothless had just remembered where he had heard that song - he stood there with wide eyes, frozen as the newly remembered memories were erupting in his mind. The blessing of remembering his ameor was suddenly plagued with another tormenting one, one that shook his entire core and made his heart sink.

“‘Toothless, you coming in?’” Hiccup asked him with a smile when he re-emerged from the water. Toothless’s eyes were still wide - but this time in guilt and sheer fear. He failed to answer Hiccup. “‘Toothless? You okay baby?’” Hiccup frowned at him and swum over to the edge.

“I-I just … r-remembered something.” Toothless managed to stutter, his voice bursting with worry, fear, and trepidation. He turned around, running back towards the clearing to find Visskara. Memories suddenly raging to break free from a cursed void in which they'd been imprisoned long ago, and his head surged with pained as if in warning - he had to find Visskara.

Breathless, and ignoring a sharp pain in his side he’d never felt before, he ran as fast as his legs
would carry him until he reached the clearing. No one was there, even Gora had disappeared. Toothless rested his hands onto his knees, leaning over and trying to regain his normal breathing - but there was nothing he could do to help his aching heart, and his guilty conscience. The pain in his head pulsed, screaming for his ameor.

“Vis… Vis… Vissy!” He tried to shout, holding the cramp in his side as he winced, and his head in his other hand. He put his head down, still trying to get enough breath into his lungs before he passed out - he had never run so fast as a human before. After a small coughing fit, he managed to call for his ameor. “Vissy!” He shouted.

Visskara hadn’t been far away, she was still doing a few last-minute checks of her island despite her sudden head pain, when she heard him calling to her. She flew to the clearing worried for his - and Hiccup’s safety. When she landed, she saw him doubled over and still breathless. She sniffed him to check for injury and then gave him a concerned look when she found none.

“I’m okay.” He nodded, but his voice broke and he took a deep breath. He looked up at her and blinked as tears tried to pool in his eyes.

“**Toothless, what’s wrong. Talk to me! Is it Hiccup?**” She panicked, ignoring the growing head pain.

He suddenly threw himself at her and wrapped his arms around her neck squeezing her tightly. As his head brushed against her scales, the scent of her body released the tears he had been fighting back and he sniffled.

“**Toothless?**” Hiccup’s breathless voice called out to him as he ran into the clearing, pausing to get his breath back. He was still dripping wet and wearing just his trousers - obviously having ran after him in concern. He observed Toothless crying into Visskara’s neck and immediately walked over to him. “**Toothless what is it?**” Hiccup reached out to pull him away and comfort him, but his grip on Visskara was firm and he wouldn’t let go. Hiccup had never seen Toothless like this before and it shocked him deeply. He was immensely worried as he looked up at Visskara, searching for answers but finding none.

“**Ameor. Ameor, I’m so sorry. Vissy, please forgive me.**” Toothless wept quietly as he muttered into Visskara scales.

“**Toothless? Are you remembering, do you remember me?**” Visskara searched for his face, but he was firmly burrowed into her neck, tightly gripping to her and mumbling for her forgiveness.

“**Toothless? Baby, come on talk to us. What’s going on?**” Hiccup attempted to try and pull him away again … but this time Visskara growled from the back of her throat at him threateningly. Hiccup pulled his arm back startled, even more confused than before. He only wanted to help the one he loved fiercely with all his heart, and he didn't know what was happening. He was scared.

Visskara liked Hiccup very much - and she would never hurt him now that she had gotten to know him, but Toothless was clinging to her, not him! He was also extremely upset and still wept silently into her, mumbling incoherently. She moved away from Hiccup slightly and decided to lay down, as she did, Toothless re-positioned himself but stayed wrapped around her neck - refusing to let go like a child having to leave its parent.

Toothless sniffled, and started muttering the words of their song into her neck quietly. “Let the wind carry us … to the, clouds hurry up. We … can travel as far … as our eyes, can see.” He stifled a sob. “Forgive me ameor, I didn’t mean to…”
Hiccup sat on the grass feeling useless, he could just about make out some of Toothless's words - but they didn't make any sense to him. Whatever was hurting his best friend, his boyfriend, was enough to break his spirit. Toothless had always been the strong one but now the tables had turned on him. To make it worse, Visskara wouldn’t let him near Toothless. Every time he heard a sniffle escape his boyfriend’s nose or his shoulder shook as he held back sobs, Hiccup felt as if someone was stabbing his own heart.

Visskara had heard the words of their song, but there was a silent plea in her ameor’s broken voice, begging her to forgive him. Although she didn’t know what for, it shattered the rock that she had wrapped around her heart - piercing right into it. She tried to nudged Toothless gently, whining to get his attention. Desperately, she pushed him back using her paw with just enough strength to force him from her neck. Toothless fell to his knees, his green eyes tired - assaulted by blood roots growing over the white, and they were drowning in tears; when he looked up at her face, she could see her own ocean blue eyes reflecting back at her in the pools gathered there. She felt a tightness in her throat at seeing her ameor like this, and her own eyes started to sting.

‘‘I’m sorry’’ He muttered guiltily, his voice hoarse and broken. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to stop more tears leaving them. ‘‘Don’t you remember? Binda-heit ey-ast ameor.’’

A strange wind blew through the clearing so suddenly, the trees rustled as it swept through. Hiccup felt it, but it passed as quickly as it came. Assuming it to have been a strong gust of wind and nothing more, he stayed focused on Toothless. He desperately wanted to run to his side but it was obvious this was about them - all he could do was wait until Toothless was ready to leave Visskara and talk to him.

Visskara blinked in confusion, then her vision seemed to haze right before a sharp pain surged through her already pounding head. She was forced to close her eyes as she writhed on the ground in pain. In a wave of agony, panic and darkness, memories flooded her mind overwhelming her senses. Memories - like lightning hitting its target, flashing in angry bouts of light, and lightening up the darkness before leaving its marks behind in her mind.

‘‘I’m so sorry Vissy!’’ Toothless sobbed as he tried to comfort her. He was shocked at the reaction his words had caused and he was unable to contain the pain and guilt he felt watching her suffering. His shoulders shuddered as the tears fell, and even though he was on his knees, he could barely stay upright.

Hiccup ran to Toothless’s side and held him tightly in his arms. Tears in his own eyes were born of empathy and great concern. Toothless gripped him so tightly that Hiccup winced, he was sure Toothless’s nails had broken the skin on his back and bruised him with his strong grip. Sobbing on Hiccup’s shoulder he started convulsing.

‘‘Toothless?’’ Hiccup shouted. Fear threatened to paralyse him as he laid Toothless body onto the ground, still holding him so he didn’t hurt himself as his entire body jerked and shook violently. Visskara was no better as she too seemed to be convulsing. Desperately Hiccup screamed out for help. ‘‘Gora! Acacia!’’ He shouted until his throat felt as if he had swallowed a dozen blades.

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**The Past- about 22 years ago.**

**Visskara and Toothless about 7 months old/younglings.**

(Human mentality of 8 years old)

‘‘Vissy!’’ Little Toothless whispered, waking up his ameor.
“Ameor, I’m still tired.” She groaned, rolling over sleepily in the nest.

“I know, but you have to come see this! Shh, mooir’s asleep over there.” He looked at where Kalvissmari slept.

“Why aren’t you asleep, we should both be sleeping?”

“I woke up and had to go.” He admitted, looking slightly abashed. Visskara rolled her eyes.

“You’re such a hatchling.”

“No, I’m not! I can’t help it Vissy. Anyway, while I was outside … I saw the bright dots in the sky flying.” His big round lime-green eyes danced with excitement and awe.

“You’re playing tricks. That doesn’t happen!” She told him confidently.

“Have I ever lied to you Vissy?”

“No.” She agreed. “But they’re called stars. Mooir told us, you would know that if you paid attention.” She quipped.

>Please come outside and look … Please! For me!” He pouted.

“Okay. But I better see flying stars or you’re in trouble!” She warned him, slowly rising to leave the nest.

“Deal!” Toothless smiled excitedly.

They crept away from the nest, and Visskara followed Toothless the short distance - until the trees became less dense allowing for a clearer view of the night sky. Toothless’s eyes lit up as he saw more flying stars falling past the bright still ones, past the smaller still ones, and past the bright great mani.

“See Vissy … Flying stars!”

“Wow!” Visskara gasped. “There are flying stars in the sky.”

“Told you!” Toothless nudged into her.

“They’re so pretty.” Visskara awed. Then she shook her head. “Don’t tell anyone I said that!”

“I won’t, but Vissy … you shouldn’t pretend to be somedreki you’re not.” Toothless told her.

“Mooir says I’m too old to act this way anymore.” She sadly reminded him.

“Well, I think mooir’s wrong! I think you’re special just being you. You’re the best ameor in the whole sky, in the whole forest, and in the whole … everything!” Toothless enthusiastically told her. Visskara had tears in her eyes and smiled at her Ameor with a slight chuckle.

“You’re the best Ameor too! I hope we’re always together. I don’t ever want to lose you like other ameor do.”

“Then we won’t. Let’s tell the flying stars and the dreki gods, that we will always be together.” Toothless proudly decided.
“Like a … like a binda-heit?” She asked.

“A what?”

“Do you ever listen to mooir?” Visskara gave him a disapproving look.

“Sometimes.” Toothless answered truthfully, and smirked.

“Mooir taught us about the binda-heit. It is a promise that cannot be broken.” Visskara told her ameor, walking further into the clearing for a wider view of the sky. Toothless followed her.

“Really? What happens if you break it?”

“Hmm … Mooir says it depends on the promise you make. It’s not a good thing though… you can go blind, lose your memory, suffer the wrath of the god’s … even die!” She remembered, suddenly wondering if this was a good idea.

“Let’s do it!” Toothless nodded eagerly.

“Really? Are you not scared something bad will happen if we break the promise?”

“I will never break it Vissy, so we don’t have to worry!” Toothless assured her.

The two eventually agreed to make the promise, and Visskara told him what she believed they had to do. Their Mooir had told them all about the binda-heit for educational purposes only, never imagining her younglings would be foolish enough to try it.

“You have to let me bite your ear, then you have to bite mine.” She explained. ‘But don’t bite too hard!’

“Okay, go for it!” Toothless said, bending his head forwards. Visskara hesitantly bit Toothless’s ear, just enough to draw a tiny amount of blood. ‘OW!’ He yelped.

“Sorry. I’m so sorry ameor. Maybe we shouldn’t do this after all.” She panicked - guilty for hurting her ameor.

“It’s okay now Vissy, only stung for a bit. I’m fine, I want to do this! Do you still want to?” He asked his ameor honestly. He’d never force her to do it, but he couldn’t deny he wanted her to say yes. When Visskara took a deep breath and nodded bravely, he smiled.

“I can do this!” Visskara convinced herself. Toothless smiled his gummy smile at her, making her giggle. Then he gently took her ear between his teeth, and quickly bit it. “OW! That stings.” She whined.

“It won’t for long, I promise.” Toothless assured her, licking her ear to soothe her and clean the small drips of blood.

Once the stinging stopped, Visskara thought hard about her lessons before telling Toothless what they had to say.

“Binda-heit ey-ast ameor.” Visskara said, making Toothless repeat it.

“What does it mean?”
“Erm… binded blood promise, forever ameors.” She explained after some thought.

“Okay, let's do this! You’re gonna be my ameor forever Vissy, and I’ll never leave you!” He practically shouted, in proud proclamation to the gods, the sky, and the flying stars.

“You’re gonna be my ameor forever, and I’ll never leave you. Never ever, ever, ever!” Visskara emphasised loudly.

They counted to three, then said the words three times together for good measure.


When they stopped, a strange eerie wind howled through the trees blowing around them fiercely. It scared Visskara, and Toothless suggested they go back to their nest now. Toothless was being strong for his ameor, but that type wind was rather creepy to a youngling. Visskara started shaking a little, so Toothless started singing quietly as they walked back to the nest. Visskara stayed very close to Toothless’s side.

“Let the wind carry us, to the clouds hurry up, alright! We can travel as far as our eyes can see. We’ll go where no one goes, you and me, Vissy. We’ll slow, for no one, so get out of our way!”

Chapter End Notes

The song in this story belongs to 'How to train your dragon' I think, well, dream works or something, But definitely NOT me. It is called 'Where no one goes' sung by Jonsi. As it is on the HTTYD sound track, I used the lyrics and pretended Toothless made the words. XD
Chapter 39 - Binda-hei

One of the worst feelings in the world is having to watch a loved one suffer - even worse when their life hangs in the balance, being able to do absolutely nothing but watch helplessly in fear and trepidation. Worse, when you’re alone and can’t do anything but scream for help, and you scream and scream until your voice breaks and you start to believe no one is coming. When help arrives, you still feel your heart being squeezed by an unknown force, your throat tightens, and you forget to breathe. The world slows to nothing but heightened sounds and smells, and vague moments of awareness that come in waves. Throughout it all, fear has its grip tightly dug deep into your mind and it consumes you.

That’s how Hiccup felt, especially as he witnessed Acacia, Storrkeldan and Gora’s horrified expressions. He was tipping into another panic attack, clinging onto reality like a floating stone, trying to pull himself together but being thrown against the feral waves.

Toothless had stopped convulsing now, but his body twitched in random spasms every few moments. Gora whined sadly at his best friend. Visskara’s body was now lying motionless on the ground, Acacia was by her side with Storrkeldan trying to make sense of the situation.

Hiccup’s hyperventilating breaths were shaky, he clenched his fists into the ground with his eyes tightly closed; Visions of death threatened to consume him, but this time he had to fight his fears head on. He wouldn’t succumb to his panic, he couldn’t afford to! Only Acacia could help them, but to do so, she would need him to be strong. He kept trying to force the dark images from his mind and think of Toothless, Toothless needed him to be strong! Gora nuzzled Hiccup’s clenched fist and whimpered quietly.

Taking two deep breaths, Hiccup opened his eyes and looked at Gora. He breathed out slowly and sat back on his legs, one shaky hand rested on Gora's muzzle. It was Gora’s eyes pleading with him that helped him focus, and the feel of his snout under his hand that prompted him to look at Toothless’s unconscious human body.

‘‘Thanks Gora!’’ Hiccup’s voice cracked when spoke, tears failing to be restrained. Now was the time to be a man, to be a Viking! Not a broken mess. He looked over at Acacia, and then back down at Toothless. ‘‘You’re going to be fine baby!’’ He exclaimed firmly, kissing his boyfriend’s sweaty brow.

Hiccup stood up on his shaky legs, determined to be strong for as long as he could. He called to Acacia, and when she turned, he took a deep breath. ‘‘I don’t know how, but we have to help them! Toothless said he remembered something. I found him crying to Visskara, he was distraught, inconsolable, and kept asking her to forgive him. I didn’t know what was happening, Visskara wouldn’t let me near him. I could only watch as Toothless broke down in front of her. He kept saying sorry, he was calling her ameor and he said something right before they … reacted this way. Binda-hei... eyst ameor, I think.’’ He finished, choking on his words.

Acacia’s eyes opened wide and she looked between Acacia and Toothless quickly, then nodded sharply at Hiccup before snapping into action. Hiccup knew his words had meant something to her and he felt slight relieved - hoping Acacia knew what to do now.

As Gora started to drag Toothless’s body towards Visskara, Hiccup rushed to help him. He assumed correctly that his boyfriend and Visskara needed to be together for some reason, so they
laid Toothless next to her. Hiccup wanted to stay by Toothless's side, but Gora gently pulled Hiccup back and he accepted it… for now.

The barrier of communication between Hiccup and the others was inconvenient at the best of times, now it was just sheer torture. This was the second time he had to stand back and allow Acacia to help Toothless, but last time he knew why Toothless needed treatment at least. Hiccup fell to his knees, his legs felt numb and his hands shook as he watched nervously - trying to keep his mind calm and his tears at bay.

Acacia suddenly bit Toothless's arm drawing blood, while at the same time, Storrkeldan bit Visskara's ear hard. Hiccup gasped and shouted - demanding to know what was going on, but Gora nuzzled him blocking his view. Panicking, he tried to get around Gora and see what was happening, anxiety threatening to consume him once more.

Hiccup became wild with panic and frantic with worry, he wouldn’t stop fighting Gora to get to Toothless. Gora did the only thing he could think of… he hypnotized Hiccup to stop.

Acacia had made Hiccup sleep with her own powers - to spare him of what he would have otherwise had to witness, and because he had become hysterical trying to reach Toothless. Gora laid next to Hiccup protectively, he knew how much Hiccup meant to Toothless, and Hiccup was his friend now too.

Toothless had deep bites all down his arms, the blood spilled from each wound freely turning his skin pale. Visskara was the same, her white scales stained dark red.

“Storrkeldan, again!” Acacia ordered. “Toothless is far too weak in this form, he will not be able to take much more of this. I pray the great dreki gods accept it this time, or I fear the worst.”

Acacia and Storrkeldan looked up at the sky and chanted for the fourth time. “‘Uror uilk Bindaheit meaol ameors lofa lauss. Uror uilk Bindaheit meaol ameors lofa lauss, Uror uilk Bindaheit meaol ameors lofa lauss...’” They kept going, hoping it would work because if it didn’t, Toothless would certainly die in his human form.

Acacia and Storrkeldan eventually stopped… it wasn’t working. They looked at each other sadly knowing that one of the ameors would die… Toothless would die! Toothless had lost too much blood to survive.

Tears built in Acacia’s eyes, tears that she had never felt before. Storrkeldan nuzzled his mate.

“What are you doing? You can’t just stop!” Gora shouted at them, knowing they had given up.

“It is too late Gora. There is nothing more we can do. Toothless is gone, his body will return to the soil.” Acacia explained. She knew that with Toothless’s death the binda-heit would end, and Visskara would wake up. Acacia would heal her alpha once she had given her respects to Toothless.

Gora roared in grief and anger, he wouldn’t accept it! He had just gotten his best friend back and he couldn’t be dead. He ran over to Toothless's human body and nudged him constantly, whining and whimpering with a foreign feeling in his eyes… tears. The blood spilling from Toothless’s body had slowed, but the thick red liquid that pooled in the grass trickled down and mixed with Visskara’s. A gush of wind took Acacia and Storrkeldan by surprise as it whipped the trees and
blew them back. Gora was still whimpering and nuzzling Toothless’s lifeless body when it suddenly shifted into its dragon form - his clothes tearing in the process.

“Kalean! You can’t die ya thort, I need ya! You’re dreki’s back home need ya, Hiccup needs ya!” Gora demanded, having seen Toothless change form. Toothless’s chest rose and fell slightly as he took shallow breaths.

“Do ya think it worked?” Storrkeldan disbelievingly asked his mate.

“Impossible.” She muttered, before rushing to Toothless’s side. “We must start healing him immediately. I don’t know why now though. We tried; it wasn’t working.” Acacia said, getting immediately to work. “Gora, he should be okay now. In his dreki form he should have strength enough to cope with his wounds. Go stay with Hiccup.” Acacia ordered him.

“You better not die Kalean!” Gora told him, walking away begrudgingly to watch over Hiccup.

Acacia was relieved to discover just how resilient and strong Toothless’s body was. It was that, or the dreki gods really did favour him. Logically, Toothless had lost too much blood in his human form, but his body was now getting stronger – perhaps being so close to death had elicited a subconscious change of form. Toothless and Visskara had been treated, their bleeding had ceased altogether, and now they could only wait and prey that they both woke up - there was no reason they shouldn’t, but the binda-heit was unpredictable sorcery. Like all sorcery left behind on the island, much was still shrouded in mystery.

Acacia, Storrkeldan and Gora, had been laying on the grass in silence when Visskara’s eyes blinked open.

“Ameor?” Visskara mumbled, looking for Toothless.

She saw him unconscious beside her, and nudged him gently with her snout. The sickly-sweet metallic scent of blood filled her nostrils. Toothless’s blood covered his ripped clothes - and stained the grass along with her own blood. She longed for Toothless to wake up, but he stayed unconscious and unresponsive to her touch.

“Visskara, it is good to see you awake.” Acacia's relieved voice filled the air. She had only taken a few steps towards Visskara when her head snapped round with an angry and accusing death stare. Visskara growled faintly in the back of her throat, making Acacia cease her advancing.

“You!” Visskara growled. “You did this!”

“Visskara! We had to ask the dreki gods to reverse the blood promise you two had made, the binda-heit - to spare you of your punishment, it had to be done.” Acacia insisted, referring to the condition Toothless was in.

“You made mooir send him away. I told you both not to take him from me, but you didn’t listen. You took him anyway!” Visskara growled loudly in her alpha form. Acacia backed away in fear, she had not seen Visskara this angry before.

“I didn’t know you had made a binda-heit with him. I wouldn’t have expected Kalvissmari to teach you about that at such a young age. You never told us about such a promise. Visskara, please see reason, how was I to know?” Acacia begged her.
Visskara plasma blasted at Acacia's feet, warning her to leave. Gora had quickly shielded Hiccup's body with his wing from the explosion. The blast had created a large bowl-shaped hole in the ground, sending grass and soil erupting into the air; smoke rose from the burnt hole, and Visskara breathed deeply in anger. Acacia and Storrkeldan had no choice but to leave. Gora watched them take to the sky before he saw Visskara wrap her body around Toothless protectively, and possessively.

“Visskara?” He hesitantly called out to her, but she didn’t respond. He was grateful Hiccup was still asleep, he had never seen Visskara act like this before.

The night crept in almost suddenly that evening. Visskara still hadn’t moved - except to lick Toothless's face and partially heal wounds, or nudge him every so often. Gora got no response from her when he tried, and Hiccup had yet to wake up.

“Vi-Vissy?” A weak voice mumbled from under her wings, groaning in discomfort and pain.

“Ameor?” She nuzzled, relieved that he was waking up.

“I’m sorry Vissy. I’m so sorry.” His weaken voice broken and tainted with guilt.

“Shh, you did nothing wrong ameor.”

“I-I … I left you!” He stuttered. “Please, forgive me.”

“There’s nothing for me to forgive, you were sent away against your will. You never left me. You just forgot about me.”

“That sounds worse! Vissy I’m sorry.” Toothless went to stand up and groaned, deciding to stay down for a while longer. He felt weak, tired, and whilst his front legs stung slightly from the bites, it was nothing compared to the throbbing stampede in his head.

“It was not your fault. I believe when you were taken away you lost your memory because of the binda-heit. I was meant to recover my own memory, but it never returned how it should have. Toothless, I forgot about you too because of the binda-heit being broken. I am so sorry Ameor, I should never have let you taken the blame that day.”

Toothless nuzzled under Visskara’s neck, and Visskara licked his ears.

“I will always protect you Vissy. I didn’t want to let mooir punish you anymore, and I would do it again.” Toothless told her. There was a pause before he continued. “What happened Vissy?”

“I don’t know. I think we were punished for breaking our promise. I told you we shouldn’t have made it.” She gave a weak chuckle.

“I never would have left you Vissy, ever! At least, not by choice. The gods should know that!”

“Maybe that is why we are still alive. Death was one possible consequence for breaking such a promise, remember.”

“I remember. I remember everything! Argh … but my head feels like I’ve flown into a sea
“I know how you feel, mine is more … tolerable now though. I woke up a while ago, before the great sol bowed to the great mani. I … feel weakened, but I am otherwise okay.” She paused. “Oh ameor, why now? Why after all these ar’tios? We could have been punished at any time, so why now?”

“I don’t know Vissy. We lost our memories of each other, wasn’t that punishment enough? Maybe Acacia will know.” Toothless said, but Visskara growled under her breath. “What’s wrong?” Toothless frowned.

“She did this! She had you sent away. If she hadn’t told our mooir to send you away, blamed you for all that damage…”

“Vissy, please don’t blame Acacia. She didn’t know about our promise and you’re my ameor. I wanted to take the blame for you.”

“I shouldn’t have gotten so angry and blown up the trees though, and I shouldn’t have kept quiet when you got scolded for it and sent away.”

“Why does everyone I love have anger issues… Wait, where is Hiccup?”

Toothless forced himself up and winced. “Whoa easy Kalean!” Gora spoke up with a smile- immensely relived his friend was awake. He had been listening in on their conversation with great curiosity. “He freaked out a bit earlier, so Acacia made him take a little nap. He’s right here, been asleep for ages.” Gora said, moving so Toothless could see his mate. Toothless sighed in relief and laid back down.

“Explains why he wasn’t fussing over me when I woke up. Thanks Gora.”

“Anytime! Now … is someone going to tell me what the hypnuch is going on?” Gora shouted, making both of them wince.

Toothless and Visskara decided to be honest with Gora. He was surprised to know how close Visskara and Toothless had been, especially as Toothless wasn’t really Kalvissmari’s egg; they had explained how they had never cared that they were different species, and Kalvissmari raised them equally- except for when it came to their teachings. Toothless never showed any interest in learning back then, and Visskara was to be the alpha after their mooir, so as they got older, Kalvissmari became quite strict with Vissy.

Gora found it weird witnessing a softer version of Visskara, but he understood why she hid this side of herself - especially seeing as she was the alpha and had to demand respect and authority. He was also curious about the promise they had made to each other - the binda-heit, he didn’t know such a thing existed. They shared the story with Gora when he asked - about the flying stars and how they made their promise, including how Toothless was dragged away from Vissy to go live with Groaldridadx.

“Only a few Drekis are taught about the binda-heit, because of the nature of the sorcery, and the severity of breaking such promises. My mooir wanted me ready to be alpha after her, so she taught me everything from a young age.” Visskara explained.
“She was always stricter with Vissy too. That’s why I took the blame for her that day, or she wouldn’t have been given a break from the teachings at all, and wouldn’t have been allowed to play.” Toothless added.

They shared the story with Gora, how Visskara had blown up the trees in the forest because their mooir had scolded her for not listening. Kalvissmari had Vissy up early every day for teachings that didn’t cease till well into the evening. She was just too tired, and struggling to absorb all the information. One day Kalvissmari asked Visskara to repeat what she had learnt, but she failed to correctly answer her questions. Kalvissmari wasn’t at all pleased and had scolded Visskara - who then ran off nearly crying into the forest. She found Toothless and explained why she was so upset, but in her anger, she had blasted at the trees and damaged the forest.

“‘It wasn’t the first time he had taken the blame for me … but it ended up being the last.’” Visskara looked at Toothless sadly. Toothless nuzzled Visskara.

“‘Mooir was unfair to you sometimes Vissy, I regret nothing!’”

“‘When did you forget about Visskara then?’” Gora asked.

“We were hypnotised by the elder Hugreaetlavafi, because me and Vissy refused to leave each other. We probably should have been honest about the promise we made, but I thought I could visit her at least and that it would be okay. One night I snuck away to try and find her, but I made the mistake of going too fast. Mooir heard me from the sound and found me before I could get to Vissy. She forced me to go back to the caves and said I wasn’t to speak to Visskara anymore because she didn’t remember me, that it would only hurt her if I tried to make contact. I didn’t know it back then, but it seemed Visskara was affected with a stronger hypnotism then me. I was confused - I remember that much. I asked her why … she said it was for the best, that if I wanted what was best for Visskara I would leave her be. I agreed, but secretly I was planning to sneak out again at some point to find her. Only … my head was hurting for the rest of the night and when I woke up … I had forgotten.” Toothless looked at Visskara sadly and nuzzled into her. “‘I still don’t know how I could ever forget about you Vissy.’”

“‘It’s okay, there were bigger forces at play. Bigger than you or me, it wasn’t your fault.’” Visskara nuzzled the side of Toothless’s face.

“‘You two still act like a couple a hatchlings together.’” Gora observed, watching them find comfort in each other like hatchlings do in the nest.

“‘Yep!’” Toothless smiled. “‘We’re different, who gives a fuck!’”

They talked for a while, and Gora finally explained what happened to them before they woke up. What he saw when he first arrived at the scene - having heard Hiccup shouting for them. How Hiccup had reacted, and what Acacia and Storrkeldan had done. Toothless was thankful Hiccup was sleeping during it all - it would have fucked with him seeing all the blood, watching him being bitten multiple times, and not being able to understand what was happening. Hiccup would have broken down at the thought of losing him again, and according to Gora, he was at deaths door as it was. Thankfully he managed to be obstinate about walking through said door. He wasn’t looking forward to telling Hiccup, but he had no choice. He was hurt, and he would never lie to Hiccup again after last time.
Hiccup woke up in the middle of the night, encased in black wings protectively. He recognized the familiar scent, the comforting warmth, and the rise and fall of the dragon’s chest. It took him a moment to remember what had happened, but he gasped slightly when it flooded back to him.

“ Toothless? ” He called, wriggling free of his dragons hold. Gora was fast asleep on the other side of Hiccup, it was like he had been loosely sandwiched in between them. Visskara was nuzzled up very close behind Toothless, with her head resting on her amoe’s neck. Hiccup thought it was extremely cute, but he wanted answers. Were Toothless and Visskara okay? And why was Toothless so sorry - so full of guilt earlier?

“ Toothless? ” Hiccup whisper shouted, shaking his body. He saw what looked like bites down Toothless’s front legs, but he wasn’t sure because of the faint pink glow that remained over the spewed-up substance. Obviously, Acacia had worked her magic, but she did this. Why? What the helheim had happened?

Hiccup persisted in his pursuit to raise Toothless from his sleep, and finally his eyes blinked open. Toothless made a quiet - but happy warbling sound as he nuzzled Hiccup. Gora had woken up, but he closed his eyes again. Visskara only stirred slightly.

“Hey bud… what happened? ” He whispered, hugging his dragon tightly.

Toothless figured the moon had reacted enough with his wounds that it was safe to change forms now. When he changed, Visskara’s head suddenly hit the ground with a loud thump and she groaned. Toothless winced at her pain, his own pounding headache had alleviated to a dull aching throb since earlier.

“ I’m so sorry Vissy. ” Toothless apologized. “ I need to talk to Hiccup, go back to sleep yeah. ”

Visskara slowly sat up instead, she looked at the sky trying to deduce when the great sol would grace the sky. Hiccup flung his arms around Toothless tightly.

“ God you scared the Helheim out of me babe? ”

“ I’m okay Hiccup. It’s over now, everything is good! I know I have to tell you what happened, but … you won’t like it baby. ” Toothless admitted, rubbing Hiccup’s back gently.

Hiccup looked up into Toothless's eyes, and sighed. “ Maybe not, but I can handle it! ” He assured his boyfriend. Toothless was alive, he said everything was okay now, so whatever happened was in the past and over with. No matter how bad it had been, it was all okay now - that was the reality, the facts that he had to remind himself to stay grounded.

“ Alright. ” Toothless nodded, sharing a kiss with Hiccup before continuing. “ Let me get dressed first, then I’ll explain everything to you. ” Toothless stood up - along with Hiccup, and he sighed knowing it was going to be a really long conversation. “ God’s there’s a lot! ” He exclaimed, as he walked to the bags.

“ Okay, sounds like a plan. ” Hiccup agreed, fidgeting on his feet. “ I’ll be right back … I really have to pee. ” He groaned, dashing off into the forest.

Toothless chuckled as he watched Hiccup disappear behind the trees, he then continued to get dressed.

When Hiccup returned, they decided to go down to the lake. It would soothe Toothless’s arms and head, wash away the dried blood, and help Hiccup relax as Toothless explained everything to him.
Toothless relaxed into the shallow end of the lake - against the edge because he couldn’t swim yet as a human. It was so tranquil and soothing that he didn’t want to explain anything yet, he just wanted to enjoy the warmth of the water under the last of the night sky. Hiccup couldn’t argue how amazing it was, the slight ripples of the water gave of a faint steam against the cool night air, and the glow of the moon glittered over the surface, but he was desperate to know what happened.

“Babe!” Hiccup touched Toothless shoulder and squeezed it. “Just tell me… like ripping an arrow straight out.”

“Didn’t I technically already do that … well, Gothi did anyway.”

“It was cut out… and I forgot about that.” Hiccup winced slightly, remembering the arrow in Toothless shoulder from Fingal.

“Nice to know someone did.” Toothless sassed.

“Yeah okay, I’m a terrible boyfriend. Listen, you’re obviously gonna tell me that you almost died again. You wouldn’t be so hesitant to say anything otherwise. I’m grateful you don’t want to upset me… but I can take it Toothless, I promise.”

“It could be considered … worse than nearly dying.” Toothless mumbled.

“Well … you’re not dead. So just tell me!”

Toothless sighed looking down at the water, his hands creating slow waves as he gathered his words.

“I did something when I was younger - something with Vissy. It kinda came back to bite us in the arse…”

Hiccup knew that Kalvissmari had taken Toothless in. He knew Visskara and Toothless were essentially siblings, and they had been getting on much better these last few days. He hadn’t known however, about Visskara remembering him five days ago. Toothless explained that personally, he’d had no memory of them being ameors prior to yesterday, so he just didn’t see the need to mention it until now.

Toothless shared his revived memories of Vissy with Hiccup. Their unusual bond as dragon ameors, what they were like together, how they played or comforted each other, stuck up for one another, and about the Binda-heit they made. Toothless explained how he was taken away from Visskara to live with Groaldridax, that a hugreaetlavafi - a Hypnofuse, had temporary hypnotised him in to leaving because he fought as hard as he could to remain with his ameor. His memory of Vissy was stolen from not long after that, by some unknown force - even before he lost all of his memories in that volcanic eruption.

Toothless eventually covered everything he could think off, up to the part where he remembered their binda-heit yesterday and he’d ran back to find Visskara.

“My head was exploding with memories - pounding, like they had been caged and were fighting to break free. Vissy was all I could see, all I could think about. I knew something bad was coming - I could feel it, in here.” Toothless said, putting his fist to his stomach. “I felt sick, I just knew it was bad.”

“I saw you babe; you weren’t exactly engaging in a typical happy reunion with a long lost relative.”
Toothless nodded sadly. ‘‘I wish it had been that easy … but I broke our promise - our Binda-heit. Whether I meant to or not something bad was going to happen, the consequences were owed. It was like … I had to remember Vissy before I could be punished. Like … remembering her just to be taken away from her again was the ultimate punishment.’’

‘‘What happened?’’ Hiccup encouraged, letting Toothless know he was ready to hear more.

‘‘I reminded Vissy of the promise we made. As soon as she remembered, she… Well, you saw! I just remember the memories flooding my head in flashes, it fucking hurt. Everything was gone … everything except the visions, the memories, and the pain. My head felt like it was splitting down the middle.’’

‘‘You had some sort of seizure babe. I remember holding you, calling for Acacia, Storrkeldan or Gora. I…”

‘‘I know Hiccup. You don’t have to explain, Gora told me.’’ Toothless informed him.

Toothless took Hiccup’s hand under the water, and looked into his eyes checking he was okay to hear the rest. Hiccup looked more ashamed with himself for losing it yesterday - for having to be sedated while Toothless was being treated along with Visskara, but he was being strong now, and he was ready to hear everything.

Acacia had explained things to Gora - who had passed the information onto him and Visskara, now it was Toothless’s turn to explain to Hiccup. There are two ways to end a Binda-heit: to beg the gods to grant mercy and remove the promise, or in death. If two dreki’s make a binda-heit and one dies, the other is granted permanent reprieve from the stipulations regarding said promise.

Toothless explained why they had to be bitten, why they had to spill blood. It was the process in begging the gods, the procedure necessary to lift the binda-heit and remove the promise, but there were no guarantees that it would work. Acacia and Storrkeldan had done all they could but it appeared to not have worked. They believed that he had died, because in his human form he couldn’t endure the blood loss and the pain. Somehow though, he changed forms and held on to life.

‘‘I guess I refused to go anywhere. Acacia and Storrkeldan patched me and Vissy up.’’ Toothless finished, observing Hiccup closely. Hiccup felt his throat tighten, but he finally remembered how to swallow. He sighed rubbing his face before speaking.

‘‘Please tell me there’s nothing else in your past to bite us in the arse!’’ Hiccup sighed deeply, shaking his head.

Toothless was expecting Hiccup to react differently, to panic or become anxious at least - but he was calm. He looked into his boyfriend’s forest green eyes - they were restless… but mainly filled with relief. He slowly took Hiccup’s hands and placed them on his own waist. Closing the distance between them, he cupped Hiccup’s face tenderly in his own hands before kissing his lips.

Any negative thoughts that remained in Hiccup’s mind, ran screaming for the hills when Toothless took his hands and looked into his eyes. The last of his fear and anxiety was stolen and dumped into the lake forcefully when Toothless pressed his lips into his… and then, he worked his magic. Oh, those lips were very much alive, and totally present as Hiccup reciprocated the unspoken expression of love. It didn't last long, but then… it didn't have to. The message was received loud and clear, he was loved, and Toothless was proud of him for not losing his shit.

‘‘Are you okay?’’ Toothless asked, when the kiss broke.
“I should be asking you that.”

“I’ve already told you how I am. I’ll ask again … are you okay?”

“I think so. I think I owe that to Gora and Acacia for the nap. I tried to keep it together, I really did … but I love you. I didn’t know what was happening and you wouldn’t talk to me. At least I know why now.”

“I’m so sorry Hiccup. I didn’t mean to push you away, my own mind decided to fuck up yesterday but you know I will always need you. I know Vissy got protective, but she was just … erm … victim to a fucked-up mind too.” Toothless smiled. Hiccup chuckled slightly.

“So, I have to compete with your sister now?”

“And Gora!” Toothless added.

“Great! I’m getting cheated on by a Litetilsyndom and a hugreatleaf!” Hiccup joked, failing to pronounce the names right.

“Babe! Stick to Rapid-blue wing and Hypnofuse. It’s Leitatilsynum and Hugreaetlavafi by the way.” Toothless smirked. Hiccup splashed him with the water.

“I’d punch you, but your arms look sore.”

“Thanks!” Toothless flicked water back at Hiccup once he had wiped his face with his hand.

“They’re not too bad though, just sting a bit. I feel fine otherwise … just a little tired.” Toothless admitted. “Sorry we fucked up the plans to go home. I should be okay later as long as Vissy is.”

“No! You need to rest. It can wait a couple of days longer.” Hiccup then thought for moment.

“Babe? What are you and Visskara gonna do now?”

“I expect Vissy will want to visit from time to time, and I’ll probably have to visit her here.” Toothless explained easily.

“You won’t stay together?” Hiccup asked. He was worried the answer would be what he didn’t want to hear, but he had to ask.

“There’s nothing forcing me and Vissy to stay together anymore. She will always be my ameor, and I’ll really miss her… but we have different lives now. We’re not hatchlings or younglings anymore, and I have you and Trid now.” Toothless smiled, his lime-green eyes sparkling in the moon light. Hiccup nodded - relieved and more than happy with that answer, but he had a nagging question.

“There something else bothering me.”

“What’s that?”

“You said … If one of you died the binda-heit would end right?” Hiccup asked, Toothless nodded. “You already died, that’s why you can be human now. So, why was the promise not terminated?”

Toothless thought for a moment and then he realised Hiccup was right, he had died! There shouldn’t have been any binda-heit left. Maybe they weren’t being punished and that’s why Acacia and Storrkeldan thought whatever they were doing wasn’t working. So why had they suffered that way when he reminded Vissy of their promise?
“Could it be that my death wasn’t permanent?” Toothless asked.

“I don’t know, it’s confusing.”

“This island is full of sorcery we may never understand, and the dragons still follow the ancient laws. I remember things from my teachings now, not a lot seeing as I … never paid much attention or constantly ran off. But the sorcerer that died here, she died to protect drekis, erm, dragons. So, the sorcery she left behind continues to watch over us, and it works in mysterious ways. Maybe I should have paid more attention.”

“It’s hard to believe you were like that. I can’t keep you away from books at home.” Hiccup smiled.

“They’re interesting! At least I can read them when I want to and don’t have to listen to rubbish. Besides, I was a youngling and everything was new to me. I wanted to explore and go on adventures.”

Hiccup laughed. “You certainly got that wish!”

“And I don’t regret a single moment of it!” Toothless smiled, so sure of himself.

“Not even when you swallowed that eel?”

Toothless shuddered and growled under his breath. “Don’t remind me!” He watched Hiccup chuckle and then added. “But no! I saved your stupid arse, didn’t I?” He smiled smugly.

“I guess you did.” Hiccup wrapped his arm behind Toothless back and leaned his head onto his shoulder. “You know, all the dragons on this island act more … human, than they do back home. Or am I imagining it?”

“I understand what you mean, and yes, they do. I might not have listened to Mooir but I did listen to Vissy often. After Vissy would tell me of for never listening, she would tell me things she had learnt at least. This island used to be home to humans and dragons, but apparently there was a great war. I only liked this story because of the war part…” Toothless chuckled. “…Anyway, the sorcerer ended it by choosing to side with the dragons. Apparently, many lives were lost on both sides, but more humans died than dragon. The dragons stayed here on this island, and the humans that lived fled to the other islands. That’s how it stayed, even today. The humans left their mark on the dragons though, their intelligence was shared - such as the knowledge that the light in the sky is mani or sol. The ancient language for moon and sun. Or that falling water is called rain. And the sorcerer had a sal-binda like us - a Grutregrasvattir, so, things like … healing knowledge was shared between humans and dragons alike through them. That knowledge has been passed down through teachings. The Grutregrasvattirs and the alpha dragon will pass down that knowledge to their younglings, and sometimes they will share knowledge with other dragons. The other dragons pass down what they know to their younglings.”

“So, dragons like Stormfly are basically … uneducated?” Hiccup asked.

“Hey! Stormfly’s not stupid.” Toothless protested, but Hiccup gave him a ‘you know what I mean’ look. “Yes! Basically. But there are still some dragons, like the Lagalogaror - the Watershu as you called them now, that just don’t understand. They don’t speak much either, and they repeat the same words like ‘water’, ‘splash’ or ‘fish’. Just repeat it constantly as they prance around. Other dragons fall somewhere in between, like the Zippleback.” Toothless explained.

“Barf and Belch?” Hiccup asked.
“All Zipplebacks really. You can teach them, but you need more patience. I remember telling them that As... erm, never mind.”

“What?” Hiccup frowned. Toothless sighed and hesitated to answer.

“Astrid... I remember telling them - along with the others, that she was with child.”

“Oh.” Hiccup ran his hands through the water and sighed. “It’s alright, honestly. I’m curious now though, what did they say?”

“Well, you told me she had a baby - a hatchling in her stomach. That Astrid wouldn’t lay an egg, she would give birth to it instead. I had already figure out that humans don’t lay eggs because I’d never seen one, and because of Rodan. He was inside Malie’s stomach - Valka told me when she went to see Malie, and me and Cloudjumper tagged along that one time when you were busy in the Great Hall. Then she gave birth and I could hear her screaming, soon there was a baby crying. There was also that other time … when Rana was born. I could hear Rodina screaming, and later there was a baby crying. Back then I thought, either the eggs hatch really fast, or there were no eggs at all.”

“You’re very perceptive of things. But god’s … Rodina Larson sounded like cattle being strangled.”

“I know right! I think my ears bled. That’s why the dragons flew off, remember that? Only a few of us stayed. I would have left, but I didn’t have a full tail wing.”

“I’m sorry.” Hiccup held back his chuckle, he felt bad that Toothless had been forced to stay though. “At least when Waiola gives birth, you’ll have your human ears.”

“Thank Thor.”

“So, how did the dragons react?” Hiccup asked, getting back to the previous topic.

“Oh yeah! Well, I told them what I knew from my awesome perception, and from what you told me. Astrid had already told Stormfly, but when I explained it to her, she finally understood as much as I did. Meatlug understood in the end, but at first, she was too excited just knowing there would be a hatchling from you and Astrid. Hookfang really took a while to understand. At first he didn’t want to know, but he eventually got curious enough to listen as Astrid got bigger, and eventually he got the idea - after I had to repeat myself twenty times. To this day, Barf and Belch still think you laid an egg.”

“Me?” Hiccup chuckled.

“Yep! I don’t understand them though. They understand directions pretty well, and are generally able to understand the twins, but other than that, it’s like teaching a tree to move.” Toothless shook his head, Hiccup laughed.

“Can’t say I’ve heard that one before. Well babe, you can now teach the dragons - pass down the knowledge that you do remember to them, and the stuff that you read and learn yourself.”

“I guess I could do that.” Toothless’s thought about it… and then caught a look at his hands and frowned. “My hands have gone funny Hicc.”

“That’s what happens when you stay in the water too long babe.” He chuckled, showing Toothless his own hands. “We must have been in here for hours. The sun will be rising soon.”
“‘You wanna get out?’” Toothless asked.

“‘Actually, no! I like this.’” He wrapped his arms around Toothless’s neck and massaged the area there, moving down his neck to his shoulders.

Toothless closed his eyes and moaned as he relaxed. “‘You keep doing that babe and I’ll fall asleep.’” Toothless warned him with a tired smile.

“‘You almost died again Toothless. Let me take care of you for once, turn around!’” Hiccup told him. Toothless turned and Hiccup started massaging his back and shoulders. Toothless leaned onto the bank, his head resting on his arms. “‘You know… one of these days my actual death is gonna happen because of you almost dying.’”

“‘Better not. I love my Hiccup… he isn’t allowed to die.’” Toothless mumbled sleepily.

“‘Neither are you!’” Hiccup firmly reminded him and sighed. He continued to work on Toothless’s back and shoulders, and glanced over to the horizon. He saw the first orange and blue hues breaking through, casting new colours over the warm lake and lighting up the dark sky. “‘The suns rising babe.’”

Hiccup got no response, Toothless had fallen into a much-needed sleep. Hiccup didn’t want to wake him up but he couldn’t sleep here the way he was. Hiccup then wondered if Visskara would help - if she was awake.

“‘Visskara, you awake?’” Hiccup quietly called. He knew she had extremely good hearing and would be able to hear him from the lake. “‘If you are, erm … Toothless fell asleep and I wondered if you could give us a ride back.’”

Visskara walked out from the cover of trees. She had been there nearly as long as the boys had been in the lake, watching and listening to their conversation. She flew over closer to them.

“‘Hey. Y-you … been there long?’” Hiccup asked. She nodded at him. “‘Not creepy at all. Could you, erm … give us a ride back, please?’”

Visskara nodded once and Hiccup managed to scoop Toothless into his arms bridal style, then he carefully laid his body on the bank of the lake. He was going to ask her to turn around as he got out, but decided to just get dressed quickly. He patted himself down with the drying cloth and threw on his trousers. He then gently patted Toothless’s chest and back dry, and managed to get his tunic onto him.

“‘It’s too early.’” Toothless mumbled without waking up, he was so exhausted.

“‘Can you get down really low, he is heavier than me.’” Hiccup asked Visskara.

Visskara laid as low down onto the ground as she could, and Hiccup just about managed to lay Toothless over Visskara's back. Toothless half woke up, and he tiredly crawled onto Visskara with Hiccup’s help and direction. As soon as he was laying between her shoulders, he nestled his head into her scales and fell back to sleep. Hiccup threw on his own tunic and grabbed Toothless’s trousers before climbing onto Visskara himself - sitting behind Toothless ready for the short ride back to the clearing.

The flight on Visskara was smooth and flawless, and he suspected she was being careful so Toothless wouldn’t fall off. When they landed back at the clearing, Hiccup gently coaxed an extremely sleepy Toothless down onto the blanket. He helped Toothless get his trousers back on before covering him with the other blanket. Toothless mumbled in a barely coherent whisper.
“Thanks, ameor. I love you Hicc.”

Gora huffed from the lack of recognition from his best friend, who received a strange noise from Visskara - if Hiccup had to guess, it was something like ‘shut it’.

“I’m sure he loves you too Gora.” Hiccup chuckled. “And thank you. You really help me out earlier.”

Gora rose to his feet, walked over to Hiccup, and started licking his face. “You know that don’t.-.” Hiccup caught himself remembering it wasn’t Toothless. He flicked the saliva back at Gora, who laughed at him. “I really hope that washes out. You are just like Toothless. No wonder you two are best friends.” He sighed and chuckled, but was surprised when Gora smiled at him and then looked at his back. “You … you want me to get on?” Hiccup asked. Gora nodded enthusiastically. “You’re a bit bigger than Toothless so the saddle won’t fit, but if you promise not to drop me … I’ll get on.”

Gora was quite persistent, so Hiccup climbed onto Gora’s back.

“Gora! Toothless would personally kill you if anything happens to Hiccup. Then I will personally kill you again for upsetting my Ameor.” Visskara warned him. She had laid down beside Toothless to get some more sleep herself, but a little fear to keep Gora from doing anything stupid wouldn’t hurt.

“He’ll be fine!” Gora said, like anything happening to Hiccup in his care would be ludicrous. He wouldn’t let Hiccup get hurt, he liked him.

Gora’s rough and uneven take-off nearly threw Hiccup from his back before he’d even reached the sky. Hiccup threw himself forward, grabbing Gora’s neck for dear life and gripping on tightly with his knees.

“Gora!” Hiccup shouted. He remembered Gora being an unsteady flier from before, but this was worse.

Gora laughed. ‘This is gonna be fun.’ He thought.
Recoup and re-plan

Chapter 40 - Recoup and re-plan

Hiccup awkwardly dismounted Gora when they had returned to the clearing that afternoon. Looking dishevelled, he winced in pain as he wobbled over to sit on firm ground. For once, he was immensely grateful that there were no other humans around; his reputation as a dragon rider would have been in shreds if they saw him waddle from the back of one - he would have never heard the end of it. At least he was still in one piece … just! Without a saddled there wasn’t any padding between his legs, and his thighs ached from the tight grip he constantly had on Gora’s sides. Gora’s flying skills hadn’t left much to be desired at all. Gora’s uneven sudden changes in trajectory almost threw Hiccup into the air multiple times, and he had a habit of over twisting his body when he turned. Hiccup also swore that Gora needed a lesson on how to glide, because he flapped his wings almost constantly. Sometimes it had been like riding a wild boar, never mind an intelligent dragon.

Despite the nerve-wracking flight, it turned out that Gora had good intentions at least - and his company was greatly appreciated. He had taken Hiccup to a sparse section of the forest, where the trees were thin and tall, and their naked branches only lightly scattered with dark leaves. Gora had bounded ahead, encouraging Hiccup to follow him. They soon climbed down the root bound ruins of old steps - that once declined proudly down to an ancient building. Half of an arch remained overgrown in climbing plants and moss, and only pitiful remains of what could have been a grand building were left. Hiccup had never seen anything like it, the details in the arch that refused to bow to decay was magnificent; the last traces of humanity that once lived there spoke of a creative culture, that built amazing structures with great thought and care. Hiccup would have loved to have seen the building in all its glory, at its proudest time, when people’s lives echoed from the four walls. He had wished that he’d had his journal with him.

Back at the clearing, Hiccup quietly sketched what he could remember of the ruins, slowly picking at the fish he had cooked a while ago. The fire still crackled as two salmon started to brown over the low flames. Hiccup leaned forwards and turned the fish over, returning to his drawing.

Toothless and Visskara were still sleeping soundly, obviously drained from their trauma yesterday; and Gora had gone to catch more fish after Hiccup suggested it. Visskara had no one to care for her, and Hiccup had pointed out to Gora that she shouldn’t have to worry about hunting food today. Gora returned with a variety of fish, and Hiccup abandoned his journal long enough to thank him. He scratched the sweet spot under Gora’s chin - his tongue lolled out as he collapsed onto the grass in a euphoric state of bliss. Hiccup chuckled as he returned to the fire, adding to his sketches as the fish finished cooking.

Hiccup staked the fish into the ground safe from the flames of the fire, and checked his pocket sundial. He stood up and walked over to Toothless, kneeling besides him, and gently removing the tunic he had placed over his eyes to shield them from the sun. Gently stroking the messy black hair from Toothless’s pale face, he coaxed his boyfriend awake.

“‘Toothless! You need to wake up for a bit.’” Hiccup shook Toothless’s shoulders until he got a response.

“‘Do I have to?’” He mumbled, screwing his eyes tightly closed from the light and groaning sleepily. He rubbed his eyes, yawning, and wanted to roll over and go back to sleep.
“I have food and water. I just want you to eat and drink something and then you can go back to sleep.” Hiccup didn’t give in until Toothless groggily sat up and winced when he tried to open his eyes.

“I’m not hung-”

“ Toothless, just eat!” Hiccup cut him off, shoving the fish into his hands and putting the water down next to him. “And drink all that, you haven’t had any water since yesterday.’”

“Yes dad!” Toothless sassed, picking at his fish.

As expected, Hiccup watched Toothless polish off both salmon and drink all his water.

“Not hungry huh?” Hiccup smirked. Toothless childishly poked his tongue out at Hiccup. “I’d have let you sleep if you were in your dragon form, but you’re not! So, you need to drink at least. You feel any better?’”

“Yeah. Slight headache, sore arms… but otherwise okay.’”

Toothless decided to stay awake in the end, but he agreed to take it easy and let his body rest. He was still feeling weaker than usual, and a little tired, but he wanted to spend time with Hiccup. There wasn’t much to do except wait for Toothless and Visskara to recuperate anyway, and even Gora had been on his best behaviour.

“Gora took me for a flight today.” Hiccup decided to inform Toothless. They had been talking about Toothless’s past, but the conversation had hit a pause and Hiccup felt it was a good time to mention it. Gora stood up and looked over at them.

“Really?” Toothless glanced over at Gora, then back to Hiccup. He was surprised, but curious.

“It was a once in a life time kind of experience. Emphasis on the once.’”

“Yeah.” Toothless chuckled knowingly. “Gora’s flight styles a bit erratic. Hugreaetlavafi’s tend to fly that way, but Gora’s right wing got broken when he was younger. It was healed… but it wasn’t the same. He adapted a flight style that suited him best, he just stuck with it after that even as the wing grew and strengthened.’”

Gora walked over and sat next to Toothless, head butting his arm. Toothless awkwardly patted Gora’s head a few times before retracting his hand back to his lap.

“What happened?” Hiccup looked at Gora with a sympathetic expression, but Gora was headbutting Toothless’s arm again - persistently.

“I’m not petting you, you quiazuile! I’m your best friend, not your damn rider. Cut it out!” Toothless scoffed. “Go and see Hiccup if you want that shit … or show him your wings!” Toothless suggested. Gora huffed and moved away from him, sitting by Hiccup’s side instead - his back turned to Toothless to make a point.

“I guess that might be a little strange. It would be like me petting Fishlegs.” Hiccup looked at Toothless and they both laughed. Hiccup then looked at Gora. “I didn’t see any damage to your wing earlier. Would you show me?’”

Gora moved so he had the space, then he opened his large spiky pink-purple wings. They were rough looking and untidy as always - some of the scales faced the wrong way or seemed to grow
up instead of laying flat, but Hiccup could now see the very slight tilt of his right wing. It didn’t stand out straight like the left one, and was partially crooked. Hiccup stood up and approached Gora.

“Can I?” Hiccup asked him, pointing to his wing. Gora gave him permission, so Hiccup took a closer look. There was a scar on the underside that Hiccup slowly ran his fingers along. The bone had healed in the wrong place, but it wasn’t so deformed that you could tell without really looking at it. It could however, explain his over exaggerated turns during flight, and his preference not to glide. If he tried to ride the wind he would probably pull slightly to the left; flapping his wings kept his flight path on the correct course. “How did you manage to do that?” Hiccup asked him, now scratching Gora’s neck and shoulders.

“There’s an area down at the sea where the rocks stick out of the ocean.” Toothless explained. “It used to be deserted, quiet, except for the waves crashing against the rocks. Gora decided to go fishing there, the sea was a little rough so you couldn’t really see what you were doing. He managed to hit a Vindasmaleiptra - a tidal class dragon, I’ll explain later. Anyway, it wasn’t happy with him, gave him a nasty lightning type shock and he hit the rocks hard, crushed his wing on impact. He managed to swim to the shore but couldn’t fly. I was flying overhead - trying to hide from Groaldridax, when I heard him whimpering. He put on a brave face when I got there though, it was actually the first time we met.”

“Oh wow, so … what happened?” Hiccup sat back down next to Toothless.

Toothless watched as Gora lay down next to Hiccup without hesitation - his purple head in Hiccup's lap causing him to frown at Gora, shaking his head in disbelief as Hiccup proceeded to scratch his neck absentmindedly. His ‘friend’ was stealing his Hiccup, but he continued his story. He was very aware of Hiccup’s hand moving, rubbing, scratching, massaging Gora’s head and neck, and he saw the pleasure in his friends face at the attention he was getting. ‘Erm … I went to find help. I told Groaldridax and she alerted Kalvissmari, my mooir… well, she wasn’t exactly my mooir anymore by this time. I think Acacia healed his wing the best she could. It healed, just wasn’t the same. Gora found me a few days later, wanted to thank me. We became friends after that.” Toothless explained. He caught another look at Gora, milking the attention. “He won’t be my friend much longer though, Oi! That’s my Hiccup!”

Gora huffed and grumbled as Hiccup chuckled, but when Hiccup scratched behind Gora’s ears again, he purred leaning into the contact.

“You told him to come to me.” Hiccup reminded him, scratching Gora’s neck with both hands to wind up his boyfriend.

“I didn’t expect him to get this comfortable!”

“You want me to scratch you too, is that it?” Hiccup teased. “Is the big baby jealous?”

Toothless huffed and pouted with his arms crossed. “No!”

Hiccup chuckled and scratched Gora’s weak spot, making his eyes roll and his tongue loll out like before.

“Happy now?” Hiccup asked, seeing as Gora was temporarily rendered incapacitated. Toothless kept pouting so Hiccup got up and patted Toothless on the head patronizingly.

“That’s actually nice.” Toothless admitted, causing Hiccup to stop in disbelief.
“I give up! You weren’t supposed to like it.” As Hiccup went to sit back down, Toothless grabbed him - causing him to gasp as he fell into his boyfriend’s lap instead.

“So, what did you and … Gora, do today without me?” Toothless asked with his eyebrows raised. Hiccup told Toothless about the ruins, and his boyfriend frowned in thought.

“You said you drew them. Can you show me?” Toothless asked. Hiccup got the journal and showed Toothless his sketches. “Me and Gora used to play there when we were younger. It was quiet there, the other dragons stayed away fearing it to be cursed or something - because it’s what humans built.’’

“Oh wow. I guess that’s why Gora took me there. I imagine the buildings used to be quite spectacular back then - if the ruins were anything to go by. The patterns and designs were really intricate.’’

“I’m going to have to keep an eye on him… and you!” He poked Hiccup. “He’s acting like you’re his rider, and then he takes you to our old special place without me.” He pouted.

“You fell asleep in the lake. I had Visskara bring you back and you were out of it. I would have been bored, but maybe next time I’ll remember to hoist you along with some rope. I’m sure you would have seen so much with your eyes closed.’’ The sarcasm made Toothless’s eyebrows go up. “Gora’s been great you know, you should be thankful he kept me company. Jealousy really doesn’t suit you babe.’’

Toothless huffed, but a smirk crept over his lips and he shook his head. He placed his hand slowly into Hiccup’s hair and planted a possessive kiss on his lips. “Mine!’’ Toothless reminded him, in a whisper.

“All yours!’’ Hiccup assured him, leaning forward to reconnect their lips for a more passionate kiss.

Visskara woke up a little before sunset, and had eventually accepted the food offering that Hiccup presented to her. Toothless may have had something to do with it though, when he basically scolded her for being so stubborn. Hiccup and Gora had exchanged glances, but neither dared to say what they were thinking out loud - that Visskara would have blasted anyone else into a thousand pieces if they tried telling her what to do like Toothless just did. In the end she had been very appreciative of the meal.

As the sun was setting, Hiccup was thinking about the dragons that had been tasked to watch over the island - did they know Visskara was still here? Then there was Acacia; Toothless told him that Visskara was angry at her for having them separated all those years ago, but it really hadn’t been her fault. He had been thinking of a way to ask about Acacia again, when Runisalith landed in the clearing - her tail scorched the grass where it laid on the ground behind her. Toothless had been near Visskara at the time, but he walked over to him, leaving Runisalith to talk to his ameor.

“What’s going on?’’ Hiccup whispered.

“Shhh, let me listen. ’’

“Acacia spread the news that you were injured. I hope it wasn’t his fault!’’ Runisalith growled looking at Hiccup.

Toothless growled in the back of his throat, his lips twitching. Hiccup was shocked, to see
Toothless react this way in his human form was somewhat disconcerting.

“‘No! This has nothing to do with Hiccup, and it certainly doesn’t concern you!’” Visskara snapped.

“‘Toothless, what is it?’” Hiccup asked again, but he got ignored. Toothless was trying to work out what was being said.

“‘We assumed you had left the island. The others want to know what is happening. Are you still fit to be alpha, are you still going to leave the island, and what are the plans now?’” Runisalith pressed for answers.

“‘Of course I’m still fit to be alpha! You will do well to remember your place!’” Visskara growled. “‘I will be leaving as planned - it has simply been delayed. I will inform everyone tomorrow.’” Visskara heard other dragons gathering in the surrounded area - and saw them with her heat vision. “‘I know you’re all there, show yourselves… or mind your own business and leave!’” Visskara shouted.

Toothless dragged Hiccup over to Gora, he had heard enough to know there were more dragons gathering around the clearing. Sure enough, a few dragons made themselves known whilst others fled from Visskara’s possible wrath. Acacia, Storrkeldan, the Night-Wisps Kirnottdra and her mate, and the other two Flame-Tips with their hatchling appeared. The conversation continued as Toothless turned to Hiccup, sandwiching him between his human body and Gora.

“I think Runisalith and the others want to know what the plan is.’’ Toothless explained.

“‘Why did you growl at Runisalith, why are the dragons so tense?’”

“‘I think she accused you of doing this - of hurting Visskara. Vissy seemed to correct her anyway, but, not important. Just stay with me or Gora and you’ll be safe. If it’s okay with you, I’m going to let Vissy know we can leave whenever she’s ready. I think tomorrow evening might be a good idea.’”

“‘But you need to heal, so does Visskara!’” Hiccup protested.

“I’m fine to fly, honestly! I will be much better tomorrow too. If Vissy is okay to fly, then we go … right? I need you’re okay on this one babe, you’re the one that has to sit in the saddle for two days. I’m going to change forms and back my ameor on this one.’’

“‘Okay. Just be careful! As much fun as it is watching you get hurt, I think I’d rather keep my sanity this time.’”

Toothless kissed Hiccup and started to remove his clothes. “‘You too Hicc. Stay with Gora … please!’”

Hiccup nodded and watched Toothless change forms. He knew Toothless wasn’t insinuating anything by having Gora watch over him, but it still felt debilitating and annoying being the most vulnerable one there.

“‘Vissy, Hiccup has agreed that we can leave whenever you’re ready from tomorrow evening.’” Toothless informed her, sliding up next to his Ameor.

“‘Vissy? You let him disrespect you like that?’” Runisalith snapped.
Visskara gave Acacia a look, she had respected her privacy enough to not share the reason behind her ‘illness’ and delayed departure. She turned to Toothless and sighed at him. “Toothless!” She moaned, expressing her slight annoyance at being called Vissy in front of everyone.

“Sorry Visskara.” Toothless bowed.

Visskara suddenly didn’t feel right making her ameor submit to her. No! He was her ameor and he was not going to be made to bow to her like the others. “No! Toothless, you are my ameor. You may call me Vissy… and never bow to me again!”

Runisalith and the other two Flame-Tips gasped - as did the Night-Wisps. They knew Visskara’s mooir looked after Toothless at some point in the past, but they weren’t real ameors seeing as Kalvissmari never laid Toothless's egg. Even if they were, ameors held no connection once they became mature drekis, once they became adults.

Visskara turned to them. “My memory recently returned to me; I remember my ameor-Toothless now. Whilst I am still the alpha here, Toothless is important to me and therefore has my permission to speak his mind. The rest of you do not! You will treat Toothless with the same respect you show me, and you will all learn you’re place!” Visskara’s voice suddenly boomed with authority - her alpha light glowing, causing the others to bow their heads. Visskara breathed in to compose herself before continuing. “As it stands, I think it’s safe to say that I will be leaving in two manis - including the one that shines bright tonight.” Visskara announced, looking up to the darkening sky where the moon was starting to appear.

“Two? We can leave tomorrow if you want.” Toothless reminded her.

“Yes, but I think I need time to re-plan for my absence. I can make the arrangements tomorrow and then we can leave the day after-.” Visskara was explaining when a small yelp caught everyone’s attention.

Everyone turned their heads to find Hiccup had fallen backwards onto his buttocks - a small hatchling Flame-Tip had jumped at him in fear when Visskara had shouted, and it was now nuzzling into his chest whimpering.

“H-Hey Olinlogi. I-I think you best get back to your mum before I become a fried Hiccup.” Hiccup stuttered nervously.

Suddenly Olinlogi’s mooir - Balinkeri, howled causing everyone except the other Flame-Tips to wince in pain falling to their knees in agony. Olinlogi burrowed under Hiccup’s tunic.

“Stop that at once!” Visskara bellowed, firing a warning plasma blast an inch away from Balinkeri’s feet. Balinkeri stopped but she growled at Visskara - who was not intimidated by her at all. “Next time I will not miss! If you wish to see your hatchling fly the nest, I suggest you keep quiet!”

Hiccup groaned as he rubbed his ears and temples, he then felt the very warm Olinlogi disappearing under his tunic and gulped – he looked nine months pregnant with twins. “Ta ta rah, I’m dead!” He said as Balinkeri rushed over and huffed in front of him angrily. Suddenly Gora pushed in front of Balinkeri.

“All the screaming scared him ya faifuh pile of shits!” Gora firmly spoke up, keeping his voice normal. “The only one your hatchling felt safe with was Hiccup, what does that tell ya huh?
Calm the hypnucha shouting down. No one invited you to this little get together anyway. Don’t know what rank thing died in your head, but you felt it a good idea to bring your hatchling along.” Gora scoffed. “You’re to nosey, that’s your problem. You only came here because you’re afraid to miss out on some gossip… Leave Hiccup alone or you can go through me!”

“And me!” Toothless announced.

“Your hatchling isn’t in any harm Balinkeri, and I agree … If you wish to harm Hiccup, you will have to go through me as well!” Visskara informed her.

The Flame-Tips and Night-Wisps gasped. As Balinkeri was about to argue they heard Hiccup’s breathless voice speak.

“Olinlogi … It’s okay.” Hiccup comforted the hatchling taking off his vest and stretched tunic - how the hatchling had forced his way under it was a mystery. Hiccup was sweating and breathless, luckily Olinlogi’s flames hadn’t come in yet, but his body was radiating such heat. “Hey!” Hiccup gently scratched his little neck, and stroked the smooth cream coloured scales down his back. Olinlogi licked Hiccup’s face, and he chuckled in response. “Okay Olinlogi, if you like me and don’t want your mum - you mooir to hurt me, you need to go back now.” Hiccup tried, but the hatchling kept licking his face and wanted to play. “Babies listen to no one.” Hiccup sighed.

Balinkeri suddenly relaxed, Hiccup had protected Olinlogi in the cavern from the Trebitalehoggs and the Hraorshkerahoggves fight, along with the other hatchlings, and she couldn’t deny he was being gentle with Olinlogi now. He meant no harm, she could relax and trust Olinlogi’s judgment - her hatchling obviously felt very safe with Hiccup, and he had sought the human out because he had been scared of them.

“You’re right, he is safe.” Balinkeri finally admitted. As she sat down, her tail once again scorched the grass. Acacia shifted uncomfortably, but remained silent.

“Are you mad!” Runisalith suddenly shouted, causing Olinlogi to whimper and hide behind Hiccup. Balinkeri saw the way her hatchling shook in fear and she growled at Runisalith.

“You’re scaring him! My hatchling is none of your concern! I suggest you leave Runisalith, I will join you soon. I don’t think Visskara has any more to say to us tonight - she has explained that she is well, that she will be giving us our orders tomorrow, and will resume her Alpha duties when she returns from her trip.” Balinkeri bravely told the leader of their pack.

“You dare speak to me this way!” Runisalith seethed.

“My mate is right. We should all leave if Visskara has no more to say.” Ardeneldr spoke up, protecting his mate - Balinkeri.

“I have said all I will for tonight. Runisalith, you may be the leader of your pack but I am the alpha. Balinkeri will stay here until her hatchling is ready to leave, the rest of you will retreat back to your homes. Except you Acacia, I wish to speak to you. Storrkeldan you may stay as well if you wish.” Visskara ordered, giving them all the final word.

Acacia and Storrkeldan bowed their heads to acknowledge her request. They had been hoping to speak with her, to not only make amends but also to check on her and Toothless’s wounds.
“I will wait for you at the cavern Bali.” Ardeneldr told his mate, nuzzling under her head before leaving with an angry Runisalith.

Kirnottdra walked up to Hiccup, turned off her fire and nuzzled him. Hiccup was a little shocked at first, but he assumed she was saying goodbye as they would be leaving the day after next. “Bye Kirnottdra.” He told the small Flame-Wisp. “It was really good meeting you, I’ll miss you.” Hiccup gently hugged around her neck, and although she was shocked at first, she licked the side of Hiccup’s face. Hiccup smiled, and before he could blink, she was gone along with her mate.

“Wow … so fast.” Hiccup chuckled.

“Moor, he’s funny!” Olinlogi’s small voice spoke, coming out from behind Hiccup and bouncing on him.

“His name is Hiccup, and we must be going now.” Balinkerì told her hatchling.

“No! Me stay. Me play. Me like Hiccup, he’s funny!” Olinlogi refused to leave, he bit and pulled Hiccup’s shoulder length hair.

“O-okay, I guess I could do with a haircut.” Hiccup winced as he was pulled backwards. Olinlogi then jumped on his chest and licked his face constantly. “Oomph!” He exclaimed being winded. Hiccup heard Toothless laugh. “Not helping bud!”

“Everyone steals my Hiccup.” Toothless suddenly muttered, shaking his head as he watched Olinlogi licking Hiccup’s face excitedly. Gora shifted his position, but Toothless caught his downward glance.

“Yeah, I’m watching you!” Toothless told his friend.

“A little- Oof! Help please.” Hiccup called to anyone who would listen. He lifted Olinlogi away from his face, finally containing the little bundle of energy who squirmed and wriggled in Hiccup’s hold fiercely. “You’re not a handful at all.” Hiccup sarcastically told him.

“Put me down, put me down, put me down!” Olinlogi wriggled, his body temperature increasing. Hiccup felt the heat through his hands and had to let Olinlogi go before her got burnt. Hiccup spun onto his knees and curled up - burying his head under his arms to shield himself from the assault of hatchling kisses. “I see you. I get you!” Hiccup called, as he was being attacked by a tiny bundle of heat.

“I think my mate needs to be rescued… Balinkerì?” Toothless looked up, expectant of her to collect her hatchling now.

“Olinlogi, say good bye! We’re leaving now.”

“No! Me stay. Me play!” Olinlogi defied his mooir, continuing to bounce all over Hiccup, and still attempting to get at his face.

“Now!” Balinkerì ordered loudly, stamping her paw onto the ground and huffing.

Olinlogi stopped and whined. His little head downcast with wide sad brown eyes looking up at his mooir. His ears were flat to his little wolf shaped head. Hiccup felt the sudden respite, and heard the depressing sounds Olinlogi made. He turned around and sat up, seeing a firm Balinkerì, and a very sad Olinlogi.

“I guess you have to go now huh?” Hiccup asked him. Olinlogi looked up at Hiccup, then back to
his mooir sadly, a small whine escaped his maw before he looked at the ground. ‘‘Don’t be sad. Maybe you will see me again one day.’’

Toothless nuzzled Olinlogi. ‘‘I’ll come back and visit you if you like, but it’s a very hard trip for Hiccup so he will have to stay at home.’’

Olinlogi smiled. ‘‘Bring Hiccup. Me like Hiccup!’’

‘‘Everyone likes my Hiccup!’’ Toothless whined. Visskara, Gora and Acacia chuckled. Toothless shook his head and looked back at Olinlogi. ‘‘Maybe one day. But say goodbye to Hiccup now, you made him all tired.’’

‘‘O-kay! Bye Hiccup.’’ Olinlogi sadly whined, looking up at Hiccup. He put his tiny paws onto Hiccup’s lap and nuzzled his chest.

Hiccup heard his small warbles and sounds, and scratched behind his ears. Without understanding what Olinlogi had said, he knew this was his way of saying goodbye. ‘‘By Olinlogi, you be good for your mooir.’’ Hiccup smiled at him and received a few quick licks to his cheek, followed by two very sad brown eyes, then he walked over to his Mooir.

Balinkeri nodded to Hiccup before turning to Toothless. ‘‘Toothless, I am sorry. Please tell Hiccup my apology extends to him likewise. When I was a little older that Olinlogi, I saw humans do unspeakable things to us dreki. My own mooir and ameors were killed. It has taken me far too long to trust your sal-binda, and I am sorry. I know now that he is not a danger to Olinlogi, to any of the drekis. I wish you safety on your flight home. I cannot imagine living with humans… but you are brave and selfless. Even though you are not the Alpha here, I can see you to be a great leader, and a great alpha back on your island. I would be honoured if we could part as friends.’’

‘‘I will do! And of course, Balinkeri.’’ Toothless nodded. Their cheeks touched each other’s, the dreki’s equivalent of a handshake, showing a mutual respect for one another.

‘‘Visskara!’’ Balinkerri bowed. ‘‘I am sorry to have intruded on your rest. I fear Gora is right, I only came to witness what Runisalith and you had to say. Forgive me.’’

‘‘Of course. I hope Runisalith has calmed when you return.’’ Visskara knew Runisalith’s anger would not bode well for Balinkeri, especially after the way she spoke to the leader of their small pack.

‘‘I can handle Runisalith, I have been doing so for over twenty ar’tios.’’ Balinkeri assured her with a slight smirk.

Visskara nodded her head and Balinkeri wished everyone a good rest. She picked up a squirming Olinlogi and took to the sky. Everyone sighed now that it was just Acacia and Storrkeldan left. Hiccup had returned to his feet, getting dressed in a far to baggy tunic, and he was trying to wipe all the saliva off himself from Olinlogi’s attacks. Toothless chuckled his dragon laugh at him, so Hiccup flicked some of the saliva his way. Toothless wiped it with his paw, grumbling at Hiccup who just smirked back at him.

‘‘I need to lay down!’’ Visskara voice out loud as she lay on the grass exhausted, letting her mask slip. ‘‘Acacia, Storrkeldan, please join me. I am sorry for yesterday, for blaming you, and I wish to put things right.’’
Acacia and Storrkeldan joined Visskara on the grass, and forgave her with out hesitation. They were used to Visskara’s temper, they had known her since before she had hatched. In fact, they knew her Mooir – Kalvissmari, before she even hatched. Toothless and Hiccup sat nearby, and Hiccup assumed correctly that Toothless wanted to remain a dragon to hear the conversation and partake. Even Gora joined them, sitting on one side of Toothless while Hiccup leaned against the other side of his dragon.

It was getting very late when Toothless changed back into his human form. Hiccup was relieved to know that Acacia, Storrkeldan, and Visskara were friends once more - although he had assumed as much from their body language. Hiccup was updated on the change of plans, to leave the evening after tomorrow - which he preferred, because it gave Toothless and Visskara more time to heal. Visskara’s and Toothless’s physical wounds were virtually healed, but it was the exhaustion that worried him. Visskara was weaker than she would admit, but it was clear she needed her rest. Toothless wasn’t much better - he would say he was good but then start dozing off mid-conversation, and he hadn’t been whining about his normally insatiable hunger at all. Hiccup had cooked - the fish courtesy of Gora, and Toothless had eaten, but he hadn’t eaten as much as Hiccup normally saw him devour.

Acacia had insisted that Toothless and Visskara benefit from her healing powers again before she left, and they had eventually agreed. Visskara had crashed to sleep soon after Acacia and Storrkeldan left, her ears and front legs glowed pink from the healing mixture. Toothless’s arms glowed the same rose-pink colour, which initially made Hiccup laugh. His boyfriend’s black hair and clothes really made the glowing pink stand out more than it should have in the dark. As a dragon the pink stood out against his black scales before - when his wings were being treated, but as a human, the two pink-glowing arms swinging around looked quite funny. Gora had even chuckled at him, and Toothless threatened to wipe it off until Hiccup announced he would be sleeping by himself if he did.

Toothless had shared some interesting theories with Hiccup - regarding the Binda-heit, that the dragons had discussed together. The one that interested Hiccup the most was that the Sal-binda he shared with Toothless had interfered with the Binda-heit he had made with Visskara; it had essentially overridden the Binda-heit, and allowed the reversal spell to work that Acacia and Storrkeldan had performed. Acacia believed - like Toothless, that it hadn’t terminated because Toothless’s death hadn’t been permanent - that the binda-heit would only excuse them if one of them remained dead. Visskara had asked when he had died exactly. Toothless remembered Hiccup telling him - about six days ago, that it had been about fifty-nine days since the Ogthantarth’s attack, so he had informed her that it was about sixty-five days ago. Visskara recalled feeling an empty sensation, a sudden sadness and pain around that time, but she had shaken it off. She didn’t know if it pertained to the same time of his death, or if it was just a coincidence, but Acacia was certain they were connected.

‘‘Why didn’t Acacia and Storrkeldan’s spell work at first. You said it wasn’t working, and you almost died.’’ Hiccup asked, a slight twitch in his voice at the word ‘died’.

‘‘We don’t know Hicc. The sorcery that runs through these lands is still a great mystery, that without an actual sorcerer to ask we may never know.’’

‘‘More unanswered questions, great! Just what I always wanted.’’ Hiccup sighed, throwing himself back onto the blanket he had been sitting on and looking up at the stars. ‘‘I really hope you guys are right ... that everything to do with the Binda-heit is now resolved. I really don’t want any more surprises ... God’s! They must get a right kick out of it. It’s like Odin and Thor just woke up, sauntered down to their great breakfast - assuming the gods even have breakfast. ‘What’s on the
‘Well son, we could wreak havoc on a traitorous village, bless a homeless family, or … I know, we could test that useless fishbone and his dragon again.’ ‘Let’s have at the last one dad, I wonder how far they can be pushed before they break … like a tiny eggs under my mighty hammer.’”

Toothless chuckled at Hiccup’s attempt to imitate the gods. ‘‘Everything is fine now baby, I’m sure of it!’’ Toothless reassured him, laying his head on Hiccup’s chest and facing him - his lime-green eyes heavy and red with strain. ‘‘I might be wrong, but I don’t think you should be angering the gods.’’ He yawned.

‘‘You’re probably right.’’ Hiccup ran his hands though Toothless’s hair, playing with the soft thick black tuffs that stuck in every direction. ‘‘Let’s hope this time, things go according to plan.’’

‘‘Mmm.’’ Was all Toothless had to say in his impending slumber. The gentle tickling sensation on his scalp from Hiccup’s fingers lulled him to sleep.

Hiccup looked over at Gora sleeping to their left, and then to Visskara still asleep on their right - the same side Toothless was on. He reached for the other blanket, gently lifting Toothless up with him as he sat up to cover his and his boyfriend’s body. Toothless mumbled, wrapping his arms around him possessively in his sleep, and falling gently to his side. Hiccup smiled, a part of him would have loved to have stayed on Sanctum Island with the new dragons, new adventures, and all the new places to explore … but he missed Trid and his mother, he missed Berk, and he missed being in a human civilization.

Hiccup closed his eyes and sought comfort in the thought - one more day on Sanctum island and they would be going home.
Chapter 41 - Homeward turbulence

The day to leave Sanctum island arrived, and soon enough sunset was upon them signalling it was
time to start the journey home. Hiccup was ready to be going back, Toothless and Visskara had
recovered enough to make the long flight, and Gora was excited to see what lay beyond the island
he’d grown up on.

Visskara worked tirelessly yesterday, re-delegating jobs, making sure the relevant dragons knew
the change of plans, and being bombarded with the same questions each time she went to speak to
some dreki-else. Toothless had informed Hiccup, that Visskara had extended the time she allocated
to be away from Sanctum island. It was now sixteen days instead of eight, and appeared she wanted
to spend more time with her Ameor; she was quite keen to see Hiccup’s island, although she was
extremely nervous knowing she would be around humans.

Hiccup fastened the last of the buckles on his flight suit. ‘‘All set!’’ He announced with a large
exhale, swinging his arms as he stood up. ‘‘And thanks for the fruit Visskara, shame you didn’t tell
us about them sooner, but hey … at least they will come in handy on the way back.’’

Visskara huffed slightly and Toothless slid up behind him, arms wrapping around Hiccup's
stomach as he kissed his neck. ‘‘She said you’re welcome … and to call her Vissy.’’

Whether or not that was what Visskara actually said, Hiccup didn’t know. Toothless continued the
attention on Hiccup’s neck and a small moan vibrated from his throat. ‘‘She said you’re welcome … and to call her Vissy.’’

‘‘You know, I’m not touching fish for at least a week when we get back to Berk.’’ Hiccup mumbled.

‘‘Mmm, cooked chicken, yak steak, even some bread and honey would be nice.’’ Toothless agreed,
whispering into Hiccup’s ear. Hiccup’s taste buds reacted in their longing for something other than
fish and he salivated slightly, swallowing it away.

‘‘A simple, ‘I agree’ would have sufficed.’’

Toothless was about to respond when Acacia and Storrkeldan landed in the clearing, they had
come to say farewell and were expected. ‘‘Looks like it’s time.’’ Toothless said, nodding towards
the two Grutregrasvattirs.

Acacia approached Hiccup first. She pulled three small seeds from her back and dropped them onto
the ground, nudging them towards Hiccup. ‘‘F-for me?’’ Hiccup asked, picking them up. He
watched as Storrkeldan did the same, but his seeds were larger and darker in colour, and he only
dropped two.

‘‘I believe they are gifts babe.’’ Toothless confirmed, nodding his thanks. Acacia was trying to
explain with Toothless’s interpretation. ‘‘Plant them, the leaves can be beaten- Ow!’’ Acacia had
smacked him in the head with her vine. ‘‘Eaten? Yeah, eaten. To … do something that… I have no
idea what you’re saying!’’ He gave in.

‘‘You could ask when you change forms, and tell me when we get to Dragon island. I’m assuming
Storrkeldan's gift is similar.’’ Hiccup asked after chuckling.

‘‘Yeah, that’s probably a better idea. And Storrkeldan’s seeds grow into trees, not flowers. That’s
all I know for now. I’ll go pack them.’’ Toothless took the seeds, and rubbed the sore spot on his
head as he walked to the bags. He put them safely inside, but when Hiccup wrapped his arms
around Acacia’s neck… he quickly took a small pouch from his own pocket. Toothless snuck the
pouch deep into the bag he knew Hiccup wouldn’t be using on the flight back - right at the bottom
under the clothes, and tucked into one of his vest pockets.

‘‘Thanks for everything Acacia, and for the gift. The seeds will be put to good use I promise you.
Stay safe yeah.’’ Hiccup moved back, a small glisten flicked in his eyes, the slight threat of tears
abolished with a deep breath and respectful nod. ‘‘Storrkeldan, you too. Look after Acacia, and
thank you for your gifts.’’ Hiccup gave him a small hug, before turning to find Toothless behind
him.

‘‘They’re in the bag babe, with the fragments of stalagmite the Gronckles gave us. I guess it’s time
for me to change form.’’

Hiccup nodded pulling Toothless close to his body, connecting their lips perfectly. Even though
Toothless would be with him as a dragon, he would miss the human side of him. Hiccup ran his
hands up Toothless’s firm arms, felt the curves over his shoulders and neck, and through his wild
black hair - he wanted to feel it all before his boyfriend changed form. The kiss broke eventually,
with Hiccup staring into his lime-green eyes, but Toothless leaned forward to whisper into his ear.

‘‘If you need to make use of the ocean. Let me know. I explained to Gora and Visskara, and they
will stay above the clouds so you don’t feel awkward.’’

‘‘Yep, I’m pretty sure that ship just sailed.’’ Hiccup placed a hand over his eyes shaking his head
in embarrassment. ‘‘Way to go Toothless for ruining their moment’. He thought to himself.

‘‘I mean it Hiccup; I’ll throw you in the ocean if I have to.’’

‘‘Duly noted!’’

Toothless and Hiccup shared one final embrace, they knew it was only for two days but they had
grown accustom to each other’s company this way. Toothless’s final kiss peeled away from his lips
slowly, and when he opened his eyes… Toothless had changed forms.

Gora and Toothless then said their farewells to Acacia and Storrkeldan, leaving Visskara to say her
goodbyes last. While Visskara was communicating with Acacia and Storrkeldan, Hiccup attached
the saddled to Toothless’s back, and the compass to his leg before mounting up and fixing himself
into place. Soon enough, everyone lifted into the air; Sanctum Island gradually disappearing
behind them, as they made their journey to Dragon island.

The flight went about as well as could be expected, only a few bumps along the way. That was
until it started raining just over a day and half into the journey. Luckily the flight suit provided
some protection from the downpour, but it didn’t stop Toothless worrying about Hiccup.

As the rain grew heavier; Visskara had started flying above them, acting as shelter for both her
ameor and his sal-bindia. It held off a huge bulk of the rain, but their speed and trajectory pulled in
the onslaught from the front, blowing it harshly into their faces. The morning sky plagued so thick
with grey clouds it was starting to look as if night was creeping in; there would certainly be a
thunder storm.

In their focus to press on through the worsening weather, they had failed to notice Gora’s rapidly
increasing struggle behind them. His wings ached severely from the constant flapping, and the rain
wasn’t helping. Each time he had tried to rest on their long journey, and attempt to glide alongside them, he would pull slightly to the left. When he did go into his resting state, he had ended up drifting away from the group and being rescued by Visskara. Toothless and Visskara had therefore agreed to take turns flying on his left side - to keep him on the right path, but every time he would bump into one of them and their own resting state had been interrupted. It was no wonder that Visskara and Toothless were now getting very tired, but they never complained.

The rain eased off at one point, and Gora just about managed to stay with the group, but as they approached the final stretch of their journey, the heavens opened in a merciless rage. Huge drops drenched through Hiccup’s flight suit, sticking him to the saddle as he shivered to the cold that wracked his body. The heavy rain blinded Toothless and Gora’s vision. Visskara was the only one faring well in the storm - she could see and fly easily through it as a Leitatilsynum.

As lightning struck and illuminated the dark sky, Hiccup could just about make out everyone’s location around him. Gora wasn’t there.

Gora’s flying faltered, he couldn’t keep up with them and had dropped in altitude from exhaustion. “Gora!” Hiccup shouted. Visskara located him and suddenly dived down, flying under his exhausted body to keep him airborne.

“Thanks … but I don’t think I can-.” Gora’s voice was strained as he forced his wings to keep flapping.

Toothless sniffed the air, he could smell the familiar scent being carried in the wind. “Don’t you dare give up on me Gora! We’re not far now, you’ve got this!” Toothless encouraged through the storm, he flew closer to the sounds of his friends heavy breathing.

“I… I’m trying Kalean. This damn rain! My wing-.” He groaned, forcing his aching wing muscles to work. He was ashamed to admit he wasn’t as strong as the other two, and he was moments away from being overcome by exhaustion and pain.

Gora gave it everything he had, but his wings were giving out. Visskara couldn’t fly if he put all his weight onto her back - he was just too heavy and restricted her wing movements. Even with his flight helmet on Hiccup was struggling to see through the rain, and the sky was ravaged with thick grey thunder clouds. Lightening split open the sky again, and Hiccup briefly saw Gora’s weight pushing Visskara lower below them. “Toothless, we have to do something to help them!” Hiccup shouted.

“Toothless, he is too heavy!” Visskara shouted desperately. She was falling behind, her alpha form activated for strength. She had to fly out from under him or risk falling herself, but she tried to hold him in her paws and carry him. He slipped from her hold; his wings failed him as he suddenly plummeted down towards the sea. “Toothless!” Visskara screamed. In her tiredness she had been paralyzed from shock and fear, and had failed to act.

She watched as Toothless suddenly swooped down fast, used his echo location to locate Gora, and then grabbed his best friend’s shoulders in his claws right before he hit the water. His claws dug deep into Gora’s scales, ripping the skin and drawing blood; he roared loudly in pain as the blood dripped down his back and legs. “Sorry Gora!! But you’re not going anywhere!” Toothless told him firmly.

Toothless struggled to gain altitude and remain airborne. The weight he was carrying from Gora – as well as Hiccup and their belongings, had slowed him down, but he wasn’t about to let anything happen to his best friend. He activated his alpha form before plasma blasting into the sky, he then
roared loudly and blasted again. "Vissy, turn off your alpha form!" He instructed her.

Hiccup was low in the saddle - holding on tightly, had he not been strapped in, he would have been thrown from it when Toothless had suddenly dived to catch his friend. Hiccup sighed, praying to the gods that Gora would make it to dragon island and that Toothless could hold him long enough. He wasn’t sure what Toothless’s plan was, but he had a hunch, and he swore he recognised that roar over the sounds of the storm. Visskara’s alpha aura was turned off, and Toothless continued to struggle to keep going forward.

Gora could barely stay awake as he hung from Toothless’s firm grip, the piercing pain through his shoulders - where Toothless’s claws had pierced through his skin to hold him firmly, only added to that of his wings. It must have been the hardest five-ten minutes for Toothless - with Visskara trying to help keep Gora up, but eventually more dragons came. Three Monstrous-Nightmares, a heard of Gronckles, a Deadly-Nadder, a Thunderdrum, and even two Terrible-terrors had braved the storm in response to their Alpha’s call.

Under Toothless’s command, the biggest Monstrous-Nightmare took Gora in all four paws and carried him alongside them until they reached Dragon island.

Toothless cautiously weaved through the thick fog and heavy rain, until the island finally appeared. He flew straight past the remaining bones of the red death, and into the volcano opening Stoick once created - when he cracked the mountain wide open with catapults in pursuit of the nest.

"Was that-" Visskara went to ask, she had heard about how Hiccup and Toothless had defeated her, but seeing its bones left like that shook her very core and made her feel slightly nauseous.

"The Red-death, the Mykerstorrdrottning? Yeah. Stay close!" Toothless told his amelor.

Toothless ordered the Monstrous-Nightmare to take them to an isolated section, somewhere they wouldn’t intrude on another dragon’s territory. They finally landed and Gora slumped down immediately, exhausted and seized up in pain. Hiccup quickly dismounted Toothless and stumbled on his wobbly legs, forcing himself over to Gora.

"Toothless, the bags." Hiccup summoned his dragon closer, and took out the last jug of water. He made Gora drink some before he fell asleep, and then took out one of the blankets to lay over him.

"Is it safe here?" Toothless asked, speaking to the Monstrous-Nightmare. He was big for his kind, mostly a teal colour with darker stripes.

"Yup, you can stay till the sky better, or whatever." He bowed to Toothless. Visskara raised her eyebrows; the dragon spoke very strangely, but she was proud that Toothless had respect as the Alpha.

"Thank-you, will my rider be safe here?" Toothless checked.

"Yeah, I won’t eat him. Don’t like Vikings, sheep taste better … or fish! Yup he safe here, no others come here." The Monstrous-Nightmare then walked off, going deeper into the volcanic mountain.

Toothless looked over at Hiccup, he was stroking Gora’s head but turned to face him. ‘I think he’ll be okay. The bleeding in his shoulders isn’t that bad and I can clean them up. The most important thing right now is that he gets a lot of rest. I think he’s going to be in some pain for a while.’ Hiccup explained. ‘Ugh, I need to wake up my legs and get out of these wet clothes now!’
Visskara was rather surprised that the storm had already passed by the morning, she had expected it to last longer. They were less than a day ride away from Berk, and it was typical weather for this part of the archipelago. Since the weather had cleared up for now, Visskara stayed with Gora in the mountain while Hiccup and Toothless had gone to collect water, wood, and fish. Toothless had turned human not long after they had landed on the island, but he was once again in his dragon form.

“Right bud, I think we have everything. Let’s head back.” Hiccup put the list into his pocket, and check the bags were closed before they flew off. They didn’t see a familiar looking Zippleback—

When they got back to the volcano mountain, Gora was still asleep. Toothless flew off with Visskara to collect more fish as planned, leaving Hiccup to tend to Gora as best as he could. He re-cleaned the wounds that Toothless’s claws had inflicted before gently rubbing the jagged purple scales on his head. He noted that Gora felt colder then he should be, so he quickly started preparing a fire. It wasn’t long before Toothless and Visskara returned, dropping their piles of fish down. Toothless lit the fire Hiccup had just finished stacking.

“Thanks bud. Gora’s body feels a bit cold, but apart from that, he should be fine as long as he rests. We should stay here if possible.” Hiccup explained.

Toothless sniffed and examined his friend’s body. Upon realising that Hiccup was right, he yanked the blanket off and started heating up the ground around Gora instead.

“That’s one way to do it I guess.” Hiccup voiced aloud moving away from Gora, and more importantly, the hot ground.

Visskara laid down and started to eat her share of the fish, sniffing the ones she hadn’t tried first before deciding they were good. Toothless changed forms—smiling at Hiccup as he went to fetch his clothes, but before Toothless had even gotten his tunic on… a Zippleback flew over and landed. Visskara was on high alert and moved behind her ameor for protection. Toothless and Hiccup were shocked, especially as two blond-headed Viking-twins jumped down shouting excitedly.

“That was awesome! Can you do that? Oh, please say you can do that!” Tuffnut asked Belch.

“Yeah! Imagine the fun we could have if our dragons could do that! We could sneak them into anywhere and then BAM … total surprise attack.” Ruffnut had an ugly chuckle, and a big smirk across her lips thinking of the possibilities.

“Maybe they could attack in their human form and then-..” Tuff was just as excited as his sister, but he got cut off.

“W-what are you g-g-guys on about? What are you even d-doing here. H-how are you even here?” Hiccup demanded. His stomach had dropped at the realisation that the twins had seen Toothless change. He was doomed, he was dead, and his brain had turned to last month’s stew.

“Looking for you chief! So, how do we get our dragons to turn into Vikings?” Tuffnut asked eagerly, with the same huge grin as his sister.

“I-I have n-no idea w-what you are talking about.” Hiccup stuttered, trying not to hyperventilate with the growing fear.

“Come on Hiccup-chief.” Tuffnut wrapped his arm around Hiccup’s shoulders. “I know we see
things sometimes, but we saw that. There’s no hiding what we really saw, and we really saw it.”

“Yeah, we saw it alright! And we want to know how our dragons can do it too.” Ruffnut said examining Toothless’s lean and mildly toned body. “Me likey!” Her tone horribly not as seductive as she clearly thought it was. She made kissy faces at him and winked, nodding her head slowly with a huge smile. As she trailed her fingers over his firm biceps, he tugged his arm away.

“Me no likey … at all!” Toothless firmly rejected, stuffing his tunic over his head and moving away from her.

“Aww, come on!” Ruffnut pouted.

“Dragons turning into Vikings. That’s absurd!” Hiccup forced out a fake laugh. “You two must have hit your heads too hard, I kept telling you it was a bad idea … b-but did you listen to me. O-Obviously not! Kalster is just an ordinary guy and Toothless is most likely … still on Dragons edge. H-How did you two find Barf and Belch by the way?”

“Uh ah, don’t change the subject Chief!” Ruffnut poked his chest. “We saw Toothless changed into Kalster.” She winked at Toothless again and he shuddered.

“Yeah! Not very smooth H, not cool! But in our very calculated conclusion, we concluded … that Toothless is Kalster!” Tuffnut finished with a smug smile.

“Guys, I think you’re just confused-.” Hiccup tried, going very pale.

“No not confused, are you confused?” Tuff asked his sister.

“Nope! But he clearly is if he doesn’t realise his dragon can turn into one hot Viking!” Ruffnut made kissy face again. Toothless gave her what he hoped, was an annoyed expression. Hiccup almost whined in disappear.

“Or blind… How many fingers am I holding up?” Tuffnut held two fingers right in his face.

“I’m not blind!” Hiccup shouted, pushing Tuffnut’s hand away from his face and moving away to breath. “Oh, Thor help me!”

“Hiccup?” Toothless rested his hand on Hiccup shoulder to comfort him, he could see how badly this was affecting him.

Visskara was keeping her distance nervously - the two weird Vikings were strange and loud, but Hiccup and Toothless obviously knew them. It didn’t look like it was going well though, and she had no idea what the two blond haired Vikings were going on about. Barf and Belch were too distracted by their riders to bother her.

“Were dead!” Hiccup said, as he slumped down by the fire, forcing himself to take deep breaths. “Kill me now, please!” He breathed, burying his head into his hands.

“Hey look, cool dragons!” Tuffnut exclaimed, suddenly bounding over to Visskara who growled in fear. Toothless grabbed Tuffnut by the back of his tunic - before he could even reach her, pulling him back so fast he hit the ground. Ruffnut had rushed over to see Gora, who despite the noise had remained asleep. Barf and Belch had gone to follow their own riders, but being one dragon, they ended up on a heap on the floor from trying to go separate ways.

“It’s okay Vissy, he won’t hurt ya… he’s just a mutton headed fool! Leave her alone, you go near
her again without my permission and I’ll plasma blast you straight into oblivion!’’ Toothless told him, forcing him up and shoving him down by the fire.

‘‘Weird name.’’ Tuffnut muttered, crossing his arms sulking.

‘‘Her name is Visskara! She hasn’t met humans before - except me and Hiccup, so leave her alone… and Stay!’’ Toothless ordered him, going over to collect Ruffnut.

‘‘Ohhh, you got told by a dragon!’’ Ruffnut teased. ‘‘Hey who’s this, and what’s wrong with-.’’ Suddenly Toothless picked her up - her kicking and whining futile as he ignored her, dropping her roughly down by the fire next to her brother.

‘‘Sit, stay, don’t move!’’ Toothless ordered her. Tuffnut laughed and got punched by his sister. ‘‘That’s Gora. We had a really long flight and he didn’t do so well, so leave him alone!’’ Toothless briefly explained, he was concerned about his friend because the noise hadn’t woken him up.

Toothless went to check on him, and Visskara moved closer to her ameor. ‘‘Barf, Belch, sit!’’ He ordered the Zippleback, pointing to the space behind the twins. It did as it was ordered, and sat down by Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

‘‘He’s so strong, and commanding… I like that!’’ Ruffnut waved her fingers at Toothless and smiled.

‘‘You disgust me!’’ Tuffnut told his sister, slapping her hand down to stop her flirtatious waving. They ended up having a short slapping fight before Tuffnut looked over at Toothless. ‘‘She never had goo-goo eyes for one, ‘Kalster the eccentric’. I’m onto you Mr, and your weird dragony voodoo!’’ Tuffnut pointed two fingers at his eyes then straight at Toothless.

Toothless just raised his eyebrows. Once he was sure Gora was alright and just in a deep sleep, he sat with Visskara to tell her about the twins and their dragon Barf and Belch. She had already heard about them before - back on Sanctum island, along with the other dragons from Berk, but Toothless wanted her to relax in their company - expanding on what she already knew wouldn’t hurt, and at least now Vissy had faces to go with the names. The twins were currently sat leaning against their respective dragon’s necks, and Barf and Belch were just resting.

‘‘Everyone on Berk is gonna-.’’ Tuff started.

Hiccup had his face in his hands this whole time thinking about how screwed they were, secretly panicking, trying to stop his fears consuming him, and playing over what if’s … but upon hearing Tuff, he suddenly looked up and cut him off urgently. ‘‘You can’t tell anyone about this!’’

‘‘Why not, this is amazing! Wait until-.’’ Tuffnut was saying but got cut off again.

‘‘NO! N-no one must know. Do you understand … that’s an order!’’ Hiccup shouted. He knew the twins were awful with secrets -sometimes letting things slip unintentionally, but he hoped ordering them as their chief would work.

Toothless wanted to support his boyfriend, hold and reassure him… but he didn’t trust himself to maintain an acceptable contact level for friends. He certainly didn’t want the twins finding out he and Hiccup were ‘together’.

‘‘Tyrant!’’ Tuffnut complained, folding his arms again.

‘‘Okay we won’t tell anyone geez! So, how can we get our dragons to change.’’ Ruffnut asked hopefully.
“You don’t!” Hiccup told them with a fierce finality, his multiple worries suddenly replaced by one pressing matter - the twins would keep on at him until he explained how it happen, and he couldn’t risk them trying anything stupid. He explained to the twins that Toothless died at the hands of the Oghthanarth, and came back a human because of the bond he shared with his dragon. He stressed that it was extremely rare sorcery that caused it to happen, and the twins were not to put Barf and Belch into any danger because his death would be final! The twins pouted, but after the realisation that their dragon wouldn’t be turning into humans sunk in, they explained how they got to Dragon island. Hiccup eventually cooked in silence, and they all ate while Tuffnut and Ruffnut shared their elaborated story.

They had been bored on Berk and knew their chief had sailed off somewhere. Valka and Gobber wouldn’t say where, but they had overheard them talking; he had gone to Dragons edge with Kalster to see if Toothless was there. If Toothless was there, then Barf and Belch might be too, and they had to get their dragons back. Apparently, they had stolen a small boat and managed to sink it not far from the island. Smidvarg and the gang had seen Ruffnut attempt to swim to the rest of the way - dragging her brother who apparently couldn’t swim, to Dragons edge. Smidvarg alerted Barf and Belch who came to their rescue. After messing around and causing Thor-only-knows what damage, they realised there was no Toothless, Kalster, or Hiccup. They decided to fly around looking for him, searching all the places they could think of. They had tried to get Barf and Belch to fly to Berk a few times but they refused to go, and that’s when they remembered Dragon island - landing here only yesterday.

Visskara had eventually relaxed into a deep slumber now that things had quieted down and she had calmed in the twin’s presence. The twins were under strict orders not to bother her or Gora. Toothless eventually sat with Hiccup - who was still so quiet and deep in thought. He tried to remember to keep contact to a minimum with the twins around but he could barely keep his eyes open - he kept falling against his auburn-haired boyfriend subconsciously.

Hiccup had calmed somewhat - forcing himself to remain composed, and he shared vague details of his trip with the twins. Eventually he explained the plan to get the dragons back to Berk, and the twins headbutted each other excitedly at the prospect of getting the dragons home. The loud clang of helmets - and the cheering, woke up Visskara and snapped Toothless from his drowsiness.

“Babe?” Toothless panicked. He realised it was just the twins, and luckily his voice was drowned out by Hiccup reprimanding them.

“Keep it down guys! There are wild dragons living in this mountain. Visskara and Gora… especially Gora, need their sleep!” Hiccup told them, glancing over at Gora.

“Is he okay?” Ruff asked, generally concerned.

“I think so. I think he just needs to rest. I’m surprised you mutton heads haven’t woken him up.” Hiccup looked at Toothless, his head drooped and his eyes struggling to stay open. “You should sleep babe-be buddy!” Hiccup corrected. The twins gave him a funny look but didn’t comment.

“I’m okay Hicc.” Toothless muttered, barely coherent. Hiccup on the other hand didn’t take no for an answer. He stood up and laid a blanket down next to Visskara. Then he essentially dragged the sleepy, protesting Toothless over to his ameor. “Hicc, I’m fine. I… Gora-.” He mumbled.

“Vissy, he’s your ameor, you deal with him!” Hiccup told her. Visskara squashed Toothless with her wing, preventing him from getting up.

“Oof! Not fair Hicc!” Toothless whined his complaint, but Visskara wrapped Toothless in her
It took all but twenty seconds till Toothless was out cold.

“Thank you Vissy. Get some sleep yeah.” Hiccup gently rubbed behind her ears, and she nodded. When Hiccup sat back down the twins were eyeing him curiously. “What?”

“How comes you get touch her.” Ruffnut sulked.

“Yeah, and what’s an ameor?” Tuffnut asked.

“Because she trusts me.” Hiccup then sighed, Tuffnut wanted his question answered and wouldn’t drop it. “You guys can’t repeat this, I shouldn’t even know this, but … ameor means sibling. Vissy is Toothless’s sister.”

The twin’s jaws dropped in unison. “What?”

“Shh! Toothless’s egg was found by Visskara’s mother. She raised them both for a while.” Hiccup explained.

He had to explain it a few times before the twins finally understood, and he told them how Toothless had lost his memory. He didn’t want to tell them too much though, because the more they knew, the higher the risk of them dropping him in it back on Berk - a fear that was slowly eating away at him.

Visskara soon drifted back to sleep, but her sensitive hearing against the twin’s loud tones wasn’t a great combination for a well needed, undisturbed sleep. Hiccup scolded the twins and threatened to allow Visskara to kill them if they didn’t shut up, or they could leave. The twins slouched but started to be a little more considerate.

Keeping the twins contained all day hadn’t been easy, but they eventually made it until it was time for them all to sleep. Hiccup had woken Toothless a few times during the day, to drink and eat, but he fell back to sleep quickly afterwards. As everyone laid down on their blankets, Hiccup missed having Toothless next to him. He couldn’t get to sleep no matter how hard he tried, and the twins snoring didn’t help. He tossed and turned sighing quietly, wondering if it was because he didn’t have Toothless, or because he was so fearful about the twin’s inability to keep a secret. The thought of what his village would do if they found out was enough to make him feel sick. As he rolled onto his front again, he heard Visskara warble quietly at him.

“What’s up Vissy?” He whispered. She looked at the space next to her. “Y-you want me to sleep there?” Visskara nodded, and he eventually gave in when she seemed adamant that he should sleep next to her. He quietly took his blanket and laid down with his head resting against her side.

“Thanks, Vissy.”

He still wasn’t convinced he would be able to sleep, but her breathing rhythm was almost identical to Toothless’s when he was in his dragon form. The steady rise and fall of her breathing, with the warm contact, eventually lulled him to sleep.

It wasn’t the nightmare he’d been having that awoke him the next morning - it was the sounds of low whimpering and nuzzling to his legs that ruptured the visions of death, desertion, and dereliction of duty. He rubbed his eyes and noticed Gora looked extremely anxious, and was showing signs of pain.

Barf and Belch were staring at Gora, inching closer to him curiously. Gora’s eyes flickered desperately with a red glow but his powers failed to work. As the Zippleback got nearer, he tried to
move closer to Hiccup and Viskarka - but his legs were weak and his shoulders surged with pain. Feeling defenceless and scared, Gora roared loudly waking everyone else up.

Hiccup rushed over to him and placed his hand on Gora’s snout. “Hey, it’s okay! Calm down Gora. It’s just our friends, Barf and Belch. They won’t hurt you.” Hiccup assured him. “Back up guys, go on!” He told the Zippleback, but it wasn’t listening to him.

The twins woke up mumbling. “…I’ll take twenty, there’s no boar pit without-.” “…and the chickens always right, eggs never go-.” They both blinked as they surveyed the scene. Gora’s body seem to tense up further.

Without thinking, Toothless removed his clothes. Ruffnut’s jaw fell open when his trousers came off, and Tuffnut covered his sister’s eyes with his hand. The twins ended up wrestling each other and fighting, and unaware of their reaction Toothless changed forms.

“Argh! I missed the transformation, it could have been agonising, bone snappingly horrifying! But you made me miss it sister!” Tuffnut complained, with their helmet horns locked together.

“I was enjoying the previous view, until you shoved your stinky huge hand in my face!” Ruffnut retaliated, pushing his head back.

“Yeah, well … You bent my stinky hand with your stinky hands… no wait… give me a minute… don’t rush me!”

“Give it up bro! We saw him change before, and it was not horrifying!”

The twins continued arguing, but no one was paying them any attention. Hiccup was kneeling beside Gora reassuringly, trying to calm him down. He watched as Toothless sent Barf and Belch away, then turned to communicate with Gora.

“You okay?” Toothless asked

“Yeah, perfect! You try waking up in a strange place alone, with eyes staring at ya, human scents ya don’t know, and the inability to move or use ya powers … yep! I’m fantastic … thanks.” Gora sarcastically grumbled through the pain.

“Hey, I thought you could do with the help.”

“Don’t strain yourself on my account!” Gora mumbled. Toothless rolled his eyes.

“Oh, Shut it! We all know you’re just being grumpy because you’re scared and hurting, drop the act you faifuh and tell me what’s wrong.”

The twins had finally stopped arguing and were now more interested in what was going on.

“I wonder what they’re saying.” Ruffnut wondered aloud.

“Wait, you mean dragons can talk, like actually talk?”

“Ugh! Do you ever pay attention bro. How do you think Toothless tells the dragons what to do?”

“Mind control my simple-minded sister, it’s all in the mind.”

Hiccup ignored them, he was too busy watching Toothless and Gora to pay any attention to the twin’s nonsense. Gora had tried to stand up but he was too weak, his wings shook when he tried to
open them and he groaned in pain.

“I’m telling ya Kalean, it’s no use. I’m screwed! Ya should ‘ave left me.” Gora groaned.

“You just need to rest! I’ve actually seen this before when we’ve done intense training with Hiccup. It happened to Meatlug once, she couldn’t fly for two days and was in a lot of pain. You’ve just seriously over worked your wings and shoulders. I’ve not seen it this bad though.”

“Great, just leave me here defenceless! My powers aren’t working either ya know… and did ya have to grab me shoulders so hard!”

“Gorahiroa! Stop being so dramatic. Had Toothless not grabbed you the way he had, you would be sinking to the depths of the ocean. You just need to stop complaining and rest!” Visskara scolded him.

“We won’t leave you like this Gora. We’ll wait until your powers return and you feel better.” Toothless assured him.

Toothless finally changed into his human form, much to the disappointment of Tuffnut who wanted to see blood-curdling horror. Ruffnut had smirked and stared at his naked body, causing Toothless to feel very self-conscious for the first time as a human. He ran behind Visskara - where he had last left his clothes anyway, and got dressed. Hiccup face-palmed embarrassingly and took a deep breath.

After talking with Toothless, Hiccup agreed that Gora had pushed his wings so hard that he was suffering from a serious case of muscle pain and stiffness, his wings had ceased up and he needed to rest. Hiccup had seen this in the past with Vikings after sudden physical activity, such as when they use to have dragon raids or after battles, and they would be stiff and aching the next day. In fact, he had experience it himself a few times. Gothi would recommend a gently massage, rest, and give them something for the pain. Gora’s lack of powers could only be put down to exhaustion, tiredness, and stress.

Hiccup sent the Twins with Barf and Belch to collect more supplies. Once they had left, he wrapped his arms around Toothless and kissed him. “I missed you last night.” He sighed longingly.

“I seem to recall you shoving me to bed, using my ameor against me.”

“You were really tired babe. You hadn’t slept at all after that long flight, and you were liable to say something that could get us both into trouble.’’

“Ahh, that’s the real reason you sent me to bed. The truth is out now people … or dragon-’’

Hiccup silenced him by re-connecting their lips. ‘‘Seriously though, I really missed you last night. I also noticed you trying not to get close to me and I hate it but … thanks. It’s bad enough the twins now know you can change forms.’’

“What’s so wrong with people knowing that I’m Kalster, or that Kalster is a dragon… is me. Yeah that.’’ Toothless frowned. Hiccup couldn’t help chuckling him, but his gut was still twisting at the thought of anyone finding out about them.

“Because… I-I don’t know what they’ll do.” Hiccup admitted.
“Well, your mum knows and she was fine with it. The twins know and they're okay with it. Maybe you're worried over nothing.”

Hiccup sighed. Toothless might be right but it wasn't a risk he was willing to take. There would be so many questions, and Vikings were unpredictable. “I just don’t want to risk anything. With the twins knowing though … it's only a matter of time. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t scared.”

“Don’t wind yourself up, we’ll deal with it.” Toothless embraced Hiccup trying to reassure him it would be fine. “Let’s focus on the now. We have a grumpy downed Gora that needs to get better. Vissy is quite close to killing the twins and she hasn’t even set foot on Berk yet. I dread to think what she will make of Snotlout… and we need to decide what we’re going to do next.”
Increasing risks

Chapter 42 - Increasing risks

Hiccup was trying to gently prise open Gora’s wings, but every time he got about one-third of the way to opening one of them Gora would growl or roar in pain pulling his wing back in tightly. Toothless was trying to help but it made little difference. Gora was being grumpy - his whole demeanour was shrouded in doom and gloom.

The twins were watching from their position, sitting against Barf and Belch. They had been told to stay so many times that lo and behold it was actually sinking in. Nonetheless, they kept complaining that it was boring, and Hiccup had pointed out continuously that they could stay and behave or leave. Hiccup was secretly hoping they would leave, but at the same time, he didn’t want to be the reason the twin’s destructive nature was unleashed wherever they went.

As Hiccup tried again to prise open Gora’s right wing, Gora growled louder and snapped his head at Hiccup baring his teeth. Hiccup let go quickly and jumped backwards. Toothless then yelled at his friend.

“Gora! Watch where you’re putting your fucking teeth. Hiccup’s only trying to help ya.” Gora groaned and put his head down guilty.

Hiccup sighed, walking round to pat his head. “No, it’s okay Gora. I’m sorry! I know it hurts but we have to get you back on your feet. If only we had something to help with the pain… the muscles are still ceased up tight.”

“What if I went to Berk and got Valka?” Toothless suggested.

“That might work… but it would take you two days to get there and back… and-”

“Hicc, without you in the saddle I could get to Berk in half a day.” Toothless interrupted.

“Mum has Trid, and she can’t leave Berk as acting chief… but, you could bring back something to help. I could give you a message. As long as you tried to stay out of sight because the village will be all over you the moment you land and-.” Hiccup was rambling, but Visskara suddenly stood up and got their attention.

“What’s up Vissy?” Toothless asked her.

“I’ll go.” She bravely offered.

“Vissy… did you just offer to go to Berk alone?” Toothless asked. He was rather shocked because she had been so nervous about being near humans. He wondered if he had translated her correctly, but Visskara nodded.

“Well duh! He is one.” Ruffnut pointed out.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and ignored them. “I don’t know if that’s such a good idea. The village and mum, will recognise you if they see you, but Visskara has never been to Berk before. Plus, she will have to be in her Alpha form and-”
“If Vissy goes, she can be there and back in half a day.” Toothless reminded him. He wasn’t sure if he wanted his ameor going to Berk alone, but it was the best option.

“Is she really that fast?” Hiccup asked, Visskara looked almost offended. “Sorry it’s just… Wow.”

“Yes, and she can move so fast no one will be able to see her… or catch her. If we write to Valka, explain the situation, then Vissy can bring back whatever Gora needs. If it turns out Alpha’s can’t land on Berk… then at least she can fly back quickly and let us know.”

Hiccup looked up at Visskara after thinking about it for a moment. “Are you sure about this Vissy?” Visskara nodded. “Alright, let’s think of a plan!”

Hiccup tied the letter for his mother to Visskara’s leg securely and she was now ready to leave. Toothless was in his dragon form, having wanted to make sure she understood the plan fully. Hiccup had shown her drawings of Valka, her house, Berk, and where on Berk his mother’s house was located. Vissy knew which direction to fly in, and had plans to go straight to the west side of the island by the mountains - where Valka’s house was located. Valka lived in solitary, so it would hopefully be quiet there. With any luck his mother would be home and not doing chief duties.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this and know what to do? Maybe I should show you the drawings again-.” Toothless growled with annoyance, and rolled his eyes. “Okay, shutting up now!” Hiccup turned on his heel and sat back down.

“At the risk of sounding like Mr worry fussy over there…” Toothless said, referring to Hiccup. “You are good with the plan, aren’t you?”

“Yes! If you and Hiccup trust this Valka, Hiccup’s mooir, then I will too. You said she lived under the rule of a Elgoorissstoovvor for twenty ar’tios.”

“That’s right, she loves dragons just as much as Hiccup. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t worried about you though; I know you’re nervous.”

“Yes, I am! But I can do this Toothless. Gora needs help and like Hiccup said, we can find out if the flowers have grown yet or not.”

“I am here you know!” Gora suddenly interrupted.

“I am here you know!” Gora suddenly interrupted.

“Really, I thought you left!” Toothless jibed sarcastically.

“That’s nice in-it, just rub it in!” Gora complained.

“I best be going. At least I will get reprieve from grumpy over there, you on the other hand… well, good luck!” Visskara turned and took to the sky, hovering before she left. Gora growled his displeasure at them, and Hiccup waved shouting at her to be safe.

“Thanks, Vissy! Love you too!” Toothless called up to her.

“Love is a human emotion Toothless…” Visskara started to fly away, but Toothless heard her last words before she was gone. “…but I love you too Ameor.”

Toothless smiled and looked at the space she had just disappeared from. He was worried that she would be seen, or that she would be too nervous to complete the task, but he had faith in his ameor.
He sat with Gora for a while, and even though he was being grumpy Toothless knew he appreciated the company. When he was ready to change back, he turned to Hiccup and nuzzled his clothes, glancing at the twins.

“Okay guys, turn around.” Hiccup told them firmly. Tuffnut happily turned, but Ruffnut wasn’t so pleased.

“Why does he get to see everything?” Ruffnut whined.

“Because Toothless is my dragon!” Hiccup answered easily, standing up and winking secretly to Toothless. He decided to hold up a blanket, just in case. Toothless changed forms, and mouthed to him, ‘Thanks babe’ before getting dressed. ‘Do you think she will be okay?’ Hiccup asked.

‘Yeah! I think Vissy knows what she’s doing.’ Toothless said, more to convince himself then anything. He sat down a little away from Hiccup. He didn’t trust himself to keep things casual in front of the twins because he really wanted to wrap his arm around his boyfriend - or just be close to him like they usually were. Having the twins here was the reminder, that things were going to go back to them having to hide their feelings for each other.

“I just hope no one ends up on the receiving end of her plasma blasts.” Hiccup thought out loud. Toothless and Hiccup exchanged a worried look but then laughed.

‘Hey, what did we miss?’ Ruffnut asked.

‘That’s a long story.’ Hiccup chuckled, glancing back at Toothless. He really hoped Visskara would be okay, and that nothing went wrong.

Visskara moved so fast across the sky that even if you were looking, only a blue flash would be seen. She hoped she was traveling in the right direction, but the greatest confirmation that she was on the right course, was the splitting headache that only increased the closer she got to Berk. Soon her head was threatening to split open from the high-pitched shrieking, it sounded like a hundred dreki’s screaming as they died in agony. She activated her alpha form and the pain ceased, but there was an eerie faint chanting in a language she didn’t recognise. The words like a whisper, mumbling incoherently in her head.

She eventually saw Berk and looked around the island, she took in everything quickly before landing on the west side. It was a strange place, with weird little buildings that Hiccup and Toothless called ‘houses’. She focused her eyes and could see human heat signatures inside them. Some humans were walking outside with weird clothes on and doing bizarre things, and she could see weapons that made her shudder. She could also see the training arena Hiccup and Toothless told her about, other buildings with food or supplies, and the huge building in the rocks that could be the Great Hall.

As she landed in the forest - near to the house that was identical to Hiccup’s drawing, she suddenly felt as if her paws had turned to stone. She gulped shaking in fear, wishing Toothless or even Hiccup was with her. Taking a deep breath and standing up proudly, she braced herself for meeting a new human - Hiccup’s mooir. She couldn’t let Gora, Hiccup, and Toothless down! She focused her vision on the house and noticed no one was inside the building - she would have to wait and stay alert because her alpha form would attract attention. She was glowing a bright white and blue colour, so would have to listen and look out for anyone that could be approaching.

Luckily it didn’t take long for Valka to return. She had Trid today because there wasn’t much to do
as Chief that Tuesday, and it was Trid’s three o’clock feeding time. As she walked back to her house, Visskara heard her footsteps along with the baby’s fussy sounds… but there was someone else with her.

“Ar’m just saying Val, what if some’in has happened ta him. It’s nearly snoggletog ’n we ain’t heard anythin.” Gobber limped along side Valka.

“He’ll be fine Gobber! I have faith in my son. He’ll be home soon, I’m sure of it.” Valka told him. She looked down at the fussy, hungry Trid. “In the meantime, I have to feed this hungry little one. You should get back to your orders in the forge.”

“I hope ye'r right, ‘n I ave more orders this year. Did ya know, Orrin has asked for a six-sided axe. They only come with da two sides, four at most. Can ya really call it ‘n axe at dat point. But he’s not ave’ in none of it.”

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out.” Valka laughed. “Vikings do tend to get a little crazy this time of year, but if anyone can make a six-sided axe it’s you Gobber.”

“Aye, well- What was that!” Gobber suddenly asked, having heard a twig crack in the forest. Visskara had moved away fast, but Gobber swore he saw a light and heard a sound.

“Just the wind I assume.”

“Some’in was in there. I saw it!”

“Well it’s gone now. Could have been a wild boar, or-’”

“Wild boars don’t glow! Not da last time I checked anyways.” Gobber cut her off, going into the forest. Valka rolled her eyes, Gobber had most likely had one too many to drink again. She walked to her house, up the steps and onto her small decking by the front door - Trid bouncing impatiently in her arms and making squealing noises.

“Okay Trid! I know you’re hungry, you’ll just have to wait.” She told the baby, before addressing Gobber. “Gobber! You’re looking for a needle in a hay stack. Whatever it was has gone now.”

Gobber came out of the trees. “Eargh, you’re probably right. Why din’t ye come ’n stay in the chief’s house. It’s not safe out ere isolated like this on yer own, ’n you’d be closer ta the village-’”

“We’ve had this conversation before Gobber, and my answer is still no! I like it here, the solitude makes me feel, free…” Valka closed her eyes and felt the wind blowing her auburn hair. She missed Cloudjumper and the open sky. She had been away from Berk so long that living among the villagers again had been a huge adjustment, but she had a family once more and that was worth it. Trid’s noises brought her back to reality. “…I’m perfectly capable of looking after myself you know.”

“Alright! Stoick certainly knew how to pick em. You’re just as stubborn as he ever was, that old fool wouldn’t be moved for love nor gold.”

Her steps faltered briefly at the reminder of why she left Berk. Stoick showed no signs that he would change, that anyone on Berk would. She had pleaded so many times to stop the fighting, to find another way, but no one had listened to her. She missed out on so much by staying away, and the last moments she had with Stoick were precious. She missed her late husband, yet the stubborn woman she was wouldn’t admit the true depth of her grief. “I’ll see you later Gobber!” Valka told him opening her front door.
“Aye, I’ll see ya later.” Gobber nodded, turning to leave. He glanced into the forest once more before disappearing down the path and out of sight.

Valka sighed and closed her front door. Leaning against the wood as she thought of her last moments with Stoick. He died saving their son - a true warrior’s death, but she wondered what would have happened if she had found a way back after Stormcutter took her that night. Would things have been different, would Stoick have listened to her in the end if she had flown in on Clouджumper and forced them to see what only she could; that they were intelligent gentle creatures, capable of loyalty, friendship, and love.

Trid wasn’t happy being ignored, he flung himself backwards making impatient crying sounds. “We’ll I have you and Hiccup now don’t I.” Valka reminded herself. Stoick maybe gone, but he lived on in all of them. She silently vowed to make up for lost time by being there for her son and grandson now. As she went to prepare the fire for Trid’s milk, she started singing quietly, softly.

“I’ll swim and sail on savage seas with never a fear of drowning, and gladly ride the waves of life if you would marry me. No scorching sun nor freezing cold will stop me on my journey, if you will promise me your heart and love me for eternity…”

Visskara watched with slit glowing blue eyes as the strange man limped down to the village. ‘That was close,’ she thought to herself. She remembered Hiccup and Toothless talking about a Gobber, with his wooden leg and missing arm. That had to have been him, but even though they said he was harmless, she was too afraid to meet anyone yet … except Valka. She had to get this over with now, being in her alpha form too long would drain her energy.

Visskara flew back to the house once she was sure no one else was around, and she could hear ‘singing’. She knew little of human emotion, but it sounded important… like it meant something to this human. In a way, it reminded her of when Toothless used to sing to her and she found herself listening.

“My dearest one, my darling dear your mighty words astound me, but I’ve no need for mighty deeds when I feel your arms around me. But I would bring you rings of gold, I’d even sing you poetry, and I would keep you from all harm if you would stay beside me. I have no use for rings of gold, I care not for your poetry, I only want your hand to hold, I only want you near me. To love and kiss to sweetly hold, for the dancing and the dreaming, through all life's sorrows and delights, I'll keep your laugh inside me.’’

The singing continued for a while, but when it stopped, she walked up to the front of small house hesitantly. Checking around to make sure it was still safe, she burnt through the material attaching the letter to her leg. The fabric left a burnt smell lingering in the air as the small scroll fell to the ground. She picked it up in her mouth and dropped it right in front of the door as planned. It took her a while to build up the courage to ‘knock’ on the door as Hiccup called it, but she eventually used her tail to hit the door a few times before zooming into the forest out of sight.

Visskara heard Valka getting up to see who it was, and she suddenly found herself wishing she hadn’t volunteered to do this. What if this human, this ‘Valka’ wasn’t to be trusted? Her heart was beating so loud the human might be able to hear it. There was no going back now, she had to be strong and swallow her fear.

“This had better be-..” Valka frowned as she opened the door and realised there was no one there. “How odd… Hello?” She called, looking around and seeing no one. Assuming she had heard things, she went to shut the door, but she double glanced at the floor seeing the scroll. Cautiously
she picked it up, and opened it looking around. Her breath hitched when she realised who it was from, and relief flooded her as she read the letter.

Hey mum, it’s me Hiccup.

I’m currently on Dragon island and guess who I bumped into - the Twins. Ruffnut and Tuffnut, found Barf and Belch on Dragons edge and made their way to Dragon island looking for me apparently. The dragons are all there and safe by the way - on Dragons edge, even Cloudjumper who is acting Alpha with Stormfly.

Anyways that’s not why I’m writing. I have a new member to our dragon family with me and Toothless. I have called him Gora and he is a new species I have called the Hypnofuse. We had a very tricky two-day flight and Gora is in alot of pain. He almost fell into the ocean not far from Dragon island because he has an abnormal wing, and he isn’t used to long distance flights. Toothless managed to get a Monstrous nightmare to carry him the rest of the way, but he can’t open his wings. I believe he is suffering from serious overexertion to the muscles. I would be traveling back with Toothless right now, but I can’t leave Gora until he can protect himself. Unless you have seen Visskara already, you’re probably wondering how this letter has reached you. We’ll I found out that Alpha dragons can land on Berk as long as they are in their Alpha forms, and I have a plan to get the dragons back. We met an alpha dragon on this new island and I called her Visskara - she is another new species I called the Rapid Blue-wing. I will fill you in when I see you but, in the meantime, Visskara has agreed to help us and we need two Alphas to get the dragons back to Berk. Visskara is extremely nervous being near Vikings or humans, so try not to get too excited when you meet her mum … and no touching. I know you will want to get to know her, but that can wait until we return. Visskara has never seen people before - her island is devoid of humans, but she agreed to bring you this letter to you as her flight speed is off the charts. Please don’t tell anyone she is there, I fear she will panic. Until me and Toothless return with her, you must keep her a secret. She is somewhat vain and proud, but she is extremely intelligent and will understand most of what you say. It took me a while to gain her trust but we have bonded now, and she is very close to Toothless.

Lastly, I need you to do me a few favours. I need somethings for Gora - to help with his pain and get him back on his feet. He also had some deep cuts that I’ve been keeping clean, but if you have anything that could help it would be most appreciated. I also need to know if any strange plants have appeared near where the Ogthantarath - the Spawn of Death, died. If you cannot find any new flowers, I need to know when the next full moon is. Again, I will explain everything when I return. If you can write back as soon as possible, and send whatever Gora needs back with Visskara, that would be great mum. I don’t think Visskara can be in her alpha form long so it’s imperative she leave Berk quickly. Oh, and due to Visskara speed, make sure whatever you attach to her leg is really secure - she is super-fast!

I am sorry I have been away so long, I really miss you and Trid and hope you are both well. I will be home soon - hopefully in the next couple of days, and I can’t wait to get back.

Remember; Visskara is really nervous around humans, so please go easy and remain calm around her.

Love you mum, and give my son hugs from his father, your son -
Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third.

xxx

Valka read the letter twice, occasionally looking around with her eyes expecting this new dragon - Visskara, to appear. She finally rolled up the letter and heard Trid squealing for the rest of his food. “Okay Trid, I hear ya. Just a moment.”

Valka put the scroll inside on a wooden unit by the door. Trid was sitting in a pile of pillows and blankets, shaking his little arms and trying to reach the bottle of milk Valka had put on the small table. “Grandma Valka will be right back.” She told him, then she returned back out onto the
decking, leaving the door open so she could hear her grandson.

Valka smiled; her son knew her so well. If this new dragon - this Rapid blue-wing was as nervous as Hiccup claimed, she would have to stay calm and keep her curiosity contained. ‘‘Visskara, are you there? I won’t hurt you. My names Valka, I’m Hiccup’s mother. Visskara?’’

Valka was beginning to wonder if she was even there, but Visskara nervously made her way closer. Her bright glowing light was the first thing that Valka saw as she emerged from the depths of the forest, eventually stopping about thirty feet away. She was in full sight, and Valka could see she was very apprehensive and jittery.

‘‘Oh my!’’ Valka put her hands over her mouth. She was magnificent. A little bigger than a Deadly Nadder but on all four feet instead of two. Her beautiful white body, with blue wings, chest, and spikes. Her eyes, wings, and spikes glowed blue in her Alpha form, with white glowing from her head and back. She had blue streaks patterned around her eyes moving down her neck like lightning. ‘‘You’re beautiful!’’ Valka whispered, lowering her hands. Visskara sat on the grass looking at Valka, tilting her head slightly. Valka just stared at her… until Trid screamed impatiently. Visskara got up scared and moved backwards. ‘‘No! No, that’s just Trid, my grandchild, Hiccup’s son. He is just a babe. I will get you what you need, please… don’t go.’’

Visskara was very curious amidst her fear and apprehension; Hiccup had told her all about Trid, and Valka seemed to be friendly enough. Visskara then bravely forced herself closer to Valka, sitting only a few feet away.

Valka wanted to stay and get to know her - to learn more about her species and powers, but she remembered the letter telling her that Visskara had limited time on Berk. ‘‘I-I have to go sort Trid, but it will only take a moment. Can you wait? I will find what you came for quickly, so you can return to my son - to Hiccup.’’ Valka asked. Visskara had no choice but to wait, so she nodded.

‘‘Wait, you really do understand me?’’ Valka asked, the awe clearly evident in her tone. Visskara could understand most of what Valka was saying to her, so she nodded her confirmation.

‘‘That’s… incredible. Hiccup said in his letter you would be able to understand, but this… I never expected.’’ Valka admitted, Visskara huffed her resentment. ‘‘Please, don’t take offence. Cloudjumper and Toothless for example, they are remarkable dragons with great intelligence… but just like Vikings, some aren’t as fortunate.’’

Visskara nodded, she could agree that some drekis lacked intelligence; some didn’t know which way was up even if you showed them.

‘‘Then I’ll be right back.’’ Valka promised her, going back inside her house and leaving the door open.

Visskara slowly edged forwards towards the house… until she was eventually looking in through the door way. Valka was feeding Trid and re-reading the letter Hiccup had written - so she didn’t see Visskara at first. Once Trid had finished, Valka stood up with the baby in her arms and saw Visskara looking at them through the door way.

‘‘All done, I’ll find what you need now.’’ Valka assured her, placing Trid into the high-chair Hiccup had made.

Curiosity overpowered Visskara’s fears, and she found herself bravely forcing her way inside. Valka had the house built big enough for Cloudjumper to share with her if he desired, so only half of the second floor covered the first to allow him to stand without banging his head on the ceiling. Cloudjumper could enter the house through the large latch in the roof - and could easily climb
down using the wooden supports to join her downstairs, but Visskara wasn’t ‘house trained’ for lack of a better term. The door frame creaked and split as Visskara pushed her way in, her bright alpha glow illuminating the space. Luckily the door was still intact - it would just need repairing.

‘And my son said you were nervous.’ Valka chuckled, collecting some wooden blocks for Trid to play with. She hadn’t expected Visskara to come into her house, especially with what her son had written about her being so anxious around humans.

The wood creaked under Visskara’s weight as she cautiously sniffed around the house. She could smell many different dreki scents - just like she did when she was outside, but here inside this strange building… the scent of the Krefjorirtaleon - Cloudjumper assumedly, was much stronger.

When Valka gave Trid the wooden blocks to play with, he put one into his mouth and banged the other one on his little table. Visskara jumped at the sudden noise and backed up hastily, knocking into the bench behind her. ‘‘Babies do make a lot of noise.’’ Valka chuckled, but Visskara quickly turned to see what she had backed into. Her tail knocked into a small book unit, and caught her by surprise as all the books toppled down. Jumping in panic, she managed to completely overturn the seating bench and the small table in front of it.

Trid squealed in delight at the chaos, his little arms shaking excitedly. Valka approached Visskara carefully with her arms up, trying to calm her down and reassure her that it was okay. ‘‘Visskara! Please… stay still, don’t- Oh dear!’’ She said as Visskara backed away from Valka in fear, crashing into the shelves under the stairs. Valka lowered her hands as all the books and other objects crashed to the floor. Visskara bounded over to the doorway about to leave, but she stopped and turned; she had knocked into the strange things, scared herself, and had probably destroyed the humans ‘house’. She always was good at destroying things.

Visskara sat down nervously, giving Valka an apologetic look. ‘‘Never mind Visskara, I know you never meant to cause any harm. I was planning to redecorate anyway; this place could do with a sort out.’’ Valka chuckled. ‘‘I’m sorry if I scared you, maybe try and move a little more carefully next time though.’’ Valka stood up the table and bench, replaced the pillows and blankets, then picked up some of the items off the floor before turning to Visskara. ‘‘There see, it will be as good as new in no time. I best get the ingredients your friend Gora needs: time is of the essence after all.’’

Valka walked to her kitchen area, over to the right side of her house. Many of the herbs and liquids that she used to treat dragons were in the dragon infirmary - alongside the dragon dentistry that Gobber worked when necessary, but luckily, she had everything she needed for a simple dragon pain alleviation remedy at home. She would however, still have to go out to get some of the other supplies.

Visskara soon found her confidence again as Valka organised everything she needed. Sniffing the air, she moved slowly towards Trid. ‘‘That’s Trid. I bet Hiccup has mentioned him a few times.’’ Valka smiled at Visskara.

She sniffed at Trid and could smell Hiccup and Toothless’s faint scent, but there were many other scents mixed with them. Trid suddenly grabbed her snout, she shook her head pulling away and sneezed. Valka laughed. ‘‘He likes to grab everything he can reach. He likes to grab at Toothless’s ears…’’ Valka paused. ‘‘I think he misses his father, and Toothless very much.’’

Visskara tilted her head sideways at the baby, but she kept her distance. She was fascinated by the small boy, and watched as he made loud noises trying to reach her. ‘‘Ay ay ay ay ahh.’’ Trid repeated, squealing.
"I expect Trid is fascinated by your alpha glow, he used to get excited when Toothless was in his alpha form. Toothless is very good with him, protects him like he was his own son." Valka explained, pausing to wipe the dribble off Trid’s face. Trid was now blowing raspberries and sucking on one of the wooden blocks that hadn’t already thrown onto the floor.

Visskara looked at Trid; Toothless used to protect her a long time ago too, and she suspected he still would. Her ameor was very protective of the things he cared about, and this human hatchling was no exception. Trid would grow surrounded by people that respected drekis, Toothless would teach him their ways, and he would grow up to be a remarkable human being. She had seen how much Toothless cared for and loved Hiccup, no wonder he cared for his ‘son’ just as much.

"Your friend Gora…" Valka suddenly checked. "…Hiccup said his wings were hurting because he flew too much, that the poor thing can’t open his wings."

Visskara nodded, then she watched as Valka grinded up herbs and plants with a pestle and mortar. Valka would add new plants and grinded them into a paste. It was similar to how Acacia did things - only the human wasn’t using her mouth. When Valka had finished, she looked over at her.

"I’m wondering how you will get the jars back to Dragon island. Would you let me fix them to your chest, around your neck perhaps… in a small bag?" Valka asked, showing Visskara a small jar. "There will be two of these, I just have to go fetch another one from the infirmary." Visskara could see the issue, it was too big to attach to her leg and she had to get it back somehow, so she nodded. She hoped she could trust Valka, being in her strange home was one thing - she could easily blast her way out, but allowing her tie something around her neck was worrying.

"I know you’re nervous, but I promise I won’t hurt you." Valka reassured her. "I’ll write down what to do with this so Hiccup knows, and I’ll need to go and see if the plants have grown like he asked. I think I heard a few of the villagers taking about new plants yesterday, but I didn’t think anything of it."

Visskara watched as Valka found a blank scroll, she wrote down the instructions before writing a letter to Hiccup. Valka then put on her coat - which Visskara thought looked like a dead animal, and proceeded to get Trid into his small fur jacket - wrapping him up in a blanket as well.

"I will be as quick as I can. Hiccup said you couldn’t stay in your alpha form for long, are you doing okay?" Valka asked her. Visskara nodded, so Valka picked up a bag and made her way to the door carrying Trid. "Will you wait here, or prefer to go outside? I’ll need to shut the door."

Visskara didn’t know what ‘shut the door’ meant, but she decided to wait outside to be safe. The door frame strained as she left the house, but it held up and Valka closed it with a firm tug. Visskara was shocked to find that it was getting dark out… she couldn’t have been there that long, could she?

"The nights are getting longer." Valka thought out loud - as if reading Visskara’s mind, looking up at the sky. "Your father will be home in time for Snoggletog Trid, but we have a job to do first."

Visskara was just wondering why the nights were getting longer… when a sudden squeal was heard. Visskara had been so distracted that she hadn’t heard the other human approach them. "T-T-There’s a dragon on Berk, and a new species!” Fishlegs yelled excitedly, closing the distance between them in a hurry. Visskara fled into the forest at lightning speed - hiding from the chubby round human.

"Wow, that’s the fastest dragon I have ever seen!" He squealed, almost bouncing excitedly. "And it was an alpha dragon, strike class … possibly, and-" He had excitedly pulled out a note book
from his pocket and had begun writing things down, but he noticed Valka’s annoyed expression telling him to keep quiet.

“Visskara?” Valka called a few times, but she got no response. “Visskara, if you can hear me, I will return soon… alone!” She then turned to a confused Fishlegs and grabbed his ear, pulling him away from the house and ignoring his painful protests. “I hope for your sake she returns, she was sent by Hiccup and—”

“Hiccup sent her? Where is he? Is he okay? How is there even a dragon on the island? Maybe she is a clue to solving—” Fishlegs started babbling, trying to free his ear.

Valka stopped and let Fishlegs’s ear go. “Keep quiet!” She firmly ordered him. She then pushed him forwards and dragged him away by the tunic. “Come with me! Hiccup says no one must know she is here. I’ll explain what I know on the way to the village, but this is between you and me… understand?”

Fishlegs nodded quickly, and listened silently to what Valka had to say as they walked further away from her house and down the path leading to the village.

Visskara had heard Valka, and she wouldn’t leave without what she came for. She just hoped Valka would return alone like she promised. Visskara recognised the fat podgy looking human from Hiccup’s drawing, and she wondered if it was the ‘Fishlegs’ he and Toothless spoke of. Either way, she hoped Valka wouldn’t be too long, she was starting to feel tired in her alpha form.

As it got later on Dragon island, Toothless paced back and forth anxiously awaiting his ameors return.

“Toothless, Vissy will be fine.” Hiccup tried for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“You don’t know that. She’s been gone ages!”

“It actually hasn’t been that lo—”

“For her it has. She should be back by now. What if something has happened?”

Hiccup stood up and grabbed his boyfriend by the arms, turning Toothless to face him. He was looking into Toothless’s worried eyes and he was about to touch his face when he remembered… the twins were still there. Quickly letting Toothless’s arms go he rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

“H-how about we go for a flight?” Hiccup asked.

“I really don’t feel like—”

“I think we should. Just the two of us!” Hiccup’s eyes went wide for a moment, trying to get the message across that he wanted to be alone with him, but Gora growled in worry at the thought of being left with the twins. “Come on Gora, if you’re going to live on Berk with us you need to get use to the twins!” Hiccup frustratedly told him. He just wanted Toothless to himself for a while.

“We are here you know… right here!” Ruffnut shouted.

“Yeah, and we’re totally awesome! Right sis?” Tuffnut looked at his sister for confirmation.

“We’ll I am, he is more… mediocre at best!”
“Exactly! Wait what?”

Gora grunted and whined desperately, pleading not to be left with them.

“It’s okay Gora.” Toothless sighed. “I won’t leave you alone with these two mutton heads without your powers.” Toothless assured him, going to sit down by the fire. “I’m fine Hicc, I’m just worried about Vissy.”

Hiccup gave in trying to get his boyfriend alone, and sat down next to him sighing. “I know you just got her back Toothless, but she is really fast, and no one would stand a chance against her if she decided to attack them. Maybe we should worry more about Berk then Visskara.”

Toothless chuckled half-heartedly. “Maybe… but we don’t know if Alpha’s can even land on Berk. What if whatever is driving the dragons away affects her, what if-”

“Someone told me not to worry about the what if’s!” Hiccup cut him off.

“Yeah, you’re right. I sound like a Hyperkit don’t I.”

“I think you mean Hypocrite, and she is your sister Toothless… of course you’re going to be worried about her. Just have faith in her, she will be back before you know it.”

“Sisters are annoying. Especially twin sisters, you’re lucky you don’t have one of them!” Tuffnut carelessly commented.

“Hey!” Ruffnut exclaimed and punched her brother’s arm.

“Vissy kinda is my twin sister, isn’t she?” Toothless frowned in thought. “I mean, I never thought of it that way before. We don’t look alike, but we are the same age. Does that even count?”

“Whoa! Who knew we’d have something in common with Toothless.” Ruffnut said, putting her chin on her hand and staring at him. She was fantasizing about them being together, and she was twiddling her one of her braids flirtatiously.

“She is basically your non-identical twin. I know you didn’t have the same Mooir, but Kalvissmari did care for you both until you got separated.” Hiccup said, looking up at Toothless and wondering what he was thinking.

“Wait, you got separated. That must have hurt. Like your insides suddenly ripping until your heart just falls it to your hands, like just… plop, and before your very eyes it screams nooooooo, as you fade into nothing.” Tuffnut dramatically acted.

Ruffnut nodded. “Yeah, I can’t imagine being separated from Tuff, even if he does smell like Reeknut boar, snores really bad, and steals all my stuff.”

“It’s a long story, but it did hurt being taken away from Vissy. We used to do pretty much everything together… except learning.” Toothless admitted. “But then I lost my memory of her, and I soon met Gora.”

“What’s Gora like, I mean he seems pretty grumpy.” Tuffnut asked.

“Yeah, cos being grounded with no powers, wings that hypnuching hurt, and holes in your shoulders is so much fun.” Gora huffed
“Love you too Gora!” Toothless called over to him.

“What’d he say?” Ruffnut asked.

“Something about his wings hurting, and me cutting his shoulder when I saved his life!” Toothless answered, loud enough for Gora to hear. “He is usually a lot of fun, he is just feeling down because his powers are out and he can’t fly at the moment.”

“Aww, I feel bad for him. It reminds me of Scauldy.” Ruffnut reminisced.

“Ah Scauldy, they grow up so fast. One minute they’re stranded on a beach, the next they leave to return to the ocean from which they came, taking your sisters hair with them.” Tuffnut added. Everyone else just looked at him and blinked.

“What powers does he usually have.” Ruffnut asked. Hiccup looked at Toothless and they shared a worried expression, the same question in their minds - did they trust the twins with that knowledge?

“Maybe he can turn you to stone by staring into your eyes.” Tuffnut hopefully suggested.

“Can he make your skull explode by roaring really loudly?” Ruffnut asked eagerly, punching her hand.

“Maybe he can turn you to stone first, then make your skull explode.” Tuffnut excitedly added.

“Okay enough!” Hiccup put his hands up to stop them before they gave anyone a headache. “I’m sure if Gora wants you to know what he can do, he will show you when he feels better. And no! He doesn’t turn people to stone or make their skulls explode.” Hiccup added pinching the bridge of his nose, the twins suddenly looked deflated and disappointed.

“Maybe I can make em walk into the rocks a few times until they passed out.” Gora suggested hopefully.

“We’d love to see that.” Barf admitted, Belch agreed banging his head into counterpart.

“Here’s an idea, why don’t ya take your riders and... leave!” Gora suggested with wide eyes.

Toothless tried listening to Gora talking to Barf and Belch, but too many words were missing for him to piece anything together that made any sense. Although he could have sworn Gora wanted them to eat rocks and ride until they left? Toothless shook his head, that couldn’t be right. Truth was, he didn’t really care; he was thinking about Vissy. He wondered what she was doing right now, where she was, and if she had been successful. He knew the twins were making idle chitchat, but the words were muted by his thoughts. He had to believe Visskara was alright, they would be going their separate ways soon so he couldn’t keep worrying about her like this. It was Berk though, alone on Sanctum island she was safe and in control, but on Berk she was most likely confused and anxious. That’s if she even made it to Berk and didn’t go the wrong way. The archipelago was still full of hunters that would give anything to catch a dragon like Vissy, and even though he and Hiccup had left a strong message that the dragons were off limits... it was still a very real concern.

“...Toothless?” Hiccup called, breaking his thoughts.

“Sorry, what’s up?” Toothless asked.

“You okay? You seem a little zoned out.” Hiccup had concern in his eyes as he looked at his
boyfriend.

“I’m good Hicc! Just wondering what Vissy is doing right now.’’ Toothless went to take Hiccup’s hand but quickly pulled it back pretending to be stretching. ‘‘So, what’s for dinner?’’ He asked, trying to change the subject and style his near slip up.

‘‘Hmm, let me just check the food stock… no steak, definitely out of bread, could do with some more dried fruit because… were out of that too, and-ow! Do you have to punch so hard?’’ Hiccup rubbed his arm.

‘‘Be grateful it wasn’t your face.’’ Toothless smirked. He heard Gora and the twins chuckling.

‘‘Oh, I see, so that’s how it’s gonna be is it?’’ Hiccup said before punching Toothless’s arm back.

Toothless forced himself not to show any pain, instead he just raised his eyebrows and continued to smirk. ‘‘Just wait Hicc, I’ll get you back for that when you least expect it.’’ His deep cool voice completely threw Hiccup for loop.

‘‘Ohhhh!’’ The twins said in unison, expressing their excitement at a possible showdown between Hiccup and Toothless. They started debating over who would win - their chief or the dragon man.

Toothless stared at Hiccup, his eyes burning playfully into his boyfriend. The twins missed the passion that flickered in Hiccup’s eyes as they were too engrossed in their debate, but Toothless didn’t. Hiccup’s lips were parted slightly and Toothless smiled, he knew the power his eyes had over his boyfriend. He flicked his eyebrows… and then stood up just before Hiccup could be completely immersed in his lime-green orbs. He knew how close Hiccup had been to closing the distance between their lips, to accidentally revealing everything to the twins. Getting the fish cooking was a good excuse to save them that drama.

Hiccup sighed awkwardly and rubbed the back of his neck - relieved that the twins hadn’t been paying attention. He shifted positions and could feel the heat rising in his face. ‘’That had been far too close’’ he thought. ‘It can’t happen again’. Rubbing his face, he remembered the predicament that returning home would bring them both once more. He would have to avoid Toothless’s eyes, forgo contact, and pretend they were nothing more than friends. In Berk, his desires were nothing more than foreign, repulsive, and unacceptable feelings that could amount to the loss of everyone and everything he cared about and loved. He had to go home because he was the chief - and he missed Berk, his son, and his mother, but a small part of him wanted to run away with Toothless, to be free to love the man he had fallen for - without consequences. He had almost kissed Toothless in front of the twins, had it been any other person his secret would have been revealed. He had to be more careful, or he would lose everything; he just didn’t know if being careful… would be enough. His fears were stirring in the pit of his stomach, churning, growing, and whispering in his head - feeding his anxiety.

Toothless was kneeling closer to the fire, positioning the fish over the spit. Similar thoughts rained in his mind, but he didn’t understand why Berk would react so badly if they found out about them. Was it so wrong that they loved each other? Either way, Toothless wouldn’t hurt Hiccup, he wouldn’t allow their secret to be revealed if that’s what Hiccup feared - in case it was all true. He hoped Visskara was okay and would return soon - he was still worried about her as she had been gone a long time, but now, he was also worried about returning to Berk. He wanted to go home, wanted the dragons to return safely, but then Visskara would return to Sanctum island and he would have to pretend not to love Hiccup in front of others.

Being a dragon and a human, was starting to pull him in different directions and he felt conflicted. He wanted to live a human life with Hiccup - free from judgement and secrets, but he also wanted
to be a good alpha. He wanted to protect the dragons, and rekindle that bond with Visskara- his ameor, and with Gora- his best friend. In truth, the unlikely bond he shared with his ameor- his sister, never wilted, never changed, never stopped - it had just been forgotten… until now. It was also true what he said before, they were older and had separate lives to live. He could part ways with Vissy and be content with visits in the knowledge she was okay, but what did his future hold? Vissy was an alpha dragon, a great leader, and she knew her duty. Toothless was also an alpha dragon, but he didn’t rule the same way as his ameor. He’d also gotten so annoyed at having to settle stupid, petty dispute between the dragons that he often avoided his duty unless it was important. Did that make him a bad alpha, a bad leader? He was also the lover - and best friend of a great chief, a great man. He loved Hiccup more than he ever dreamed was possible, and together they had brought peace between their two kinds… but there were still so many secrets. Only a few people knew he was Toothless, and no one on Berk knew about their love for each other.

Toothless turned to smile at Hiccup, but he lost his train of thought and frowned when he realised… Hiccup wasn’t there. “Where’s Hiccup?” He asked the Twins, but they shrugged. Clearly, they had still been going on about the bet to who would win in a fight between him and Hiccup, and they hadn’t seen him leave.

“Hiccup’s not here, but I am!” Ruffnut flirted.

“Watch the fish!” Toothless told them, ignoring Ruffnut and their questions as to where he was going. He walked past Gora, ignoring his protesting warbles at being left, and went in search of his missing boyfriend. Something didn’t feel right… for Hiccup to just leave like that something had to have been bothering him.

Toothless hadn’t gone far when he heard small stones being thrown, bouncing over the rocky ground or colliding with larger rocks. He climbed down the rocky slope, moving between the large stack of boulders and following the sound. When he reached the bottom, there sitting on the ground and leaning against a huge rock was his Hiccup. He looked despondent and in deep thought as he idly threw the stones.

“Not our typical sea stack retreat… but hey, it’s a good a place as any.” Toothless sat down next to Hiccup, making him jump slightly as his thoughts were interrupted. Toothless then moved an uncomfortable stone out from under his butt and threw it. “Not what I wanted going up there.” He winked, making Hiccup chuckle slightly.

“No, I guess not. And my flight to any good sea stacks has been temporarily grounded.” Hiccup replied, looking back to make sure Toothless was alone. “You left Gora?”

“You’re right! He has to get used to the twins… and from here I’d hear if he roared in distress. You didn’t say you were going for a walk, and I know you. What’s on your mind?” Toothless asked. Hiccup sighed sadly and took Toothless’s hand.

“I love you! But going home means we have to pretend were just friends again, and… I don’t know if I can do that. I almost gave us away to the twins, I can’t be that stupid on Berk.”

Toothless pressed his lips into Hiccup’s but he rejected the kiss. Toothless frowned as Hiccup pulled away and stood up. “Hiccup?”

“The twins could see us Toothless! I can’t take that risk… I can’t do this.” Tears welled up in Hiccup’s eyes as he turned his back to Toothless.

Toothless stood up and felt his stomach drop, he went to take Hiccup’s hand but he saw his fists
clenching. “What are you saying?”

“ Toothless… I love you. I’ll always love you… but we need to be more careful-”

“Okay, then we will-”

“No! Toothless just stop.” Hiccup interrupted him. He was fighting the tears and trying to keep his voice normal - despite the lump that was growing in his throat and the sobs that wanted to break out. “I need you to back off. I need you to stop looking at me like you love me-”

“But I do love you!” Toothless protested.

Hiccup’s breath faltered, then he sighed. Tears spilled down his cheeks, but his quite voice turned firm and decisive. “Then you need to do as I say! If you love me, you have to stop. We have to stop.”

“Stop? Stop what?” Toothless asked desperately, but he already knew. He just wanted Hiccup to say it, because he still held onto to the tiniest bit of hope that he was mistaken.

“ Toothless… Please! Don’t make me say it.” Hiccup begged, his voice breaking as he tried to remain strong.

“I need you too.” Toothless breathed, gulping. “I need to hear it, because I don’t believe you.”

“I-I… It’s over Toothless! We have to stop being together as a couple! You can’t be my boyfriend anymore.” Hiccup manged to firmly announce, before running further into the mountain. Tears were pouring from his eyes, and he had to get away from Toothless before he broke down in front of him. It had to have been the hardest thing he had ever done, but it was the only way to ensure nothing happened to anyone he loved… including Toothless. If anyone found out about them... the consequences could be catastrophic and devastating.

Toothless had just stood there processing Hiccup’s words as his ex-boyfriend disappeared from view, tears trailing down his face. He fell to his knees and closed his eyes, impossibly trying to stop himself from sobbing. He knew Hiccup loved him, he knew he was just scared, but the prospect of never having Hiccup in his arms again, never holding his hand, or kissing his lips… it was just too painful.

Toothless didn’t want to deal with the emotions as a human - he couldn’t, so he removed his clothes and changed forms… but even in his dragon form it still hurt. Why was their love so wrong? He wanted to destroy anyone that stood in the way of his and Hiccup’s happiness… but that would mean destroying Berk and he couldn’t do that. Toothless flapped his wings and flew out of the mountain - rage building inside him. It wasn’t fair that people would judge them. It wasn’t fair that Hiccup felt they needed to stop being together, and it hurt because that’s all he wanted.

He flew outside the mountain in a rage and fired a plasma blast at it… and again… and again. Toothless’s alpha mode was glowing brightly as he continued to take out his anger on the mountain, sending debris cascading down as a dust cloud swelled around the destruction. Toothless didn’t let up, and kept pounding the rock until he had no more energy left to give. Panting hard he purposefully crash landed on the rocky grey beach, hoping the pain would ease his emotional anguish… but it didn’t. Toothless’s green wet eyes blinked a few times before closing in exhaustion, he welcomed the sleep because he didn’t want to feel anymore.
Chapter 43 - Love or hate

Visskara had finally let Valka attach the bag over her head, and tie it down by threading the rope behind her front legs and over her back, looping it through the neck to keep everything secure. It felt weird, but nothing bad had happened and she could easily burn the rope off her body if she desired. Now ready to return to Dragon island she felt relieved; she didn’t want anyone else to see her yet, and her alpha form couldn’t stay on much longer.

“All set.” Valka announced, stepping backwards and looking up at Visskara. “I look forward to getting to know you when you return.”

Visskara nodded her head and turned to leave, opening her wings and thankfully finding they were not at all restricted. Trid was sitting on a blanket by the house, surrounded by cushions and blankets for support; Valka went and picked him up.

“Fly safe.” Valka called over to her. Trid looked up at the big white and blue dragon, and mumbled incoherent babble - his little arms outstretched trying to reach her.

Visskara was about to leave, but something made her approach Trid first; his innocent blue eyes, or the fact that Toothless cared for him had perhaps attracted her attention. She slowly walked closer, Valka frowning as she closed the distance between them. Valka was immensely curious as Trid and Visskara’s eyes stared into one another. Visskara’s snout gently leaned in, and Trid touched her nose. “Oooooo ahhh” He squealed. He then griped a little too hard and Visskara pulled back sneezing at the ground. Valka chuckled and watched as Visskara looked back up at Trid. When she tilted her head Trid copied her, tilting his little head and following her eyes.

“Just like his father!” Valka breathed, amazed at the interaction between Visskara and her five-month-old grandson.

Visskara then nodded at them both - bowing her head, and moved away. She slowly took to the sky - as not to blow her new human friends over, then suddenly she was gone in a rapid flash of light.

Trid squealed in delight, but then looked sad as he realised his new friend was gone. His wide azure-blue eyes filled with tears and his bottom lip trembled. When he started to cry Valka bounced him gently - but it did little to console him. Valka had been shocked at the immense speed that Visskara had shown as she left, she was an amazing dragon but her son made it clear that this wasn’t a social call. She was looking forward to seeing her son again, and not only would Visskara be returning there was also the Hypnofuse to meet once the dragons could return to Berk. She was excited, and filled with hope at being able to see her own dragon - Cloudjumper again.

“It’s okay Trid, you will see her again. Your father is coming back with her too.” She told the crying baby, she turned back into her house and tried to close the door. “I will need to get this fixed.” She chuckled, finally forcing the door close.

Up in the sky, Visskara flew as fast as she could away from Berk, the eerie chanting getting quieter the further away she flew. Eventually, when the chanting was less than a whisper, she turned off her alpha mode and sighed - she was tired and drained of energy, but she felt safe being in the sky once more. Slowing down, she glided above the clouds for a while before speeding up again. It wouldn’t take her long to get back to Dragon island now, and then she could rest.
Hiccup had finally decided to return to camp after he regained his composure - he had no choice. He still had to fly Toothless to Berk, and they still had to live together. Just because they couldn’t remain a couple didn’t mean they weren’t still friends. He loved Toothless so much, and that’s why he had to do this - to protect them both, and to make sure they could stay together. He also didn’t want his relationship with Toothless destroying Trid’s future, because no matter what happened his son had to come first. It certainly wouldn’t be easy, the gods knew how much his heart ached and how much he craved to take it all back, but he had to remain strong, and Toothless would have to move on. He hadn’t even been human long… maybe his love for him was because he hadn’t really met anyone else. If Toothless let him go, maybe he would fall in love with a pretty young woman, get married, and have children of his own. The thought was heart breaking, but if Toothless was happy he was sure he could live with that.

Determined to do what was right, no matter how much it hurt, Hiccup returned. He walked in on a very unusual scene; Barf, Belch, and Gora appeared to be… laughing, and they were watching Ruffnut and Tuffnut taking it in turns to slap each other’s face - their eyes out of focus, and they weren’t talking. The slaps were emotionless and strange, and neither one reacted to being slapped. It was like they were possessed… or hypnotised he realized - confirmed by Gora’s steady red glowing eyes.

“Gora, it’s great you have your powers back… but that’s enough!” Hiccup told him.

“Killjoy!” Gora mumbled. “Besides, you and me lying best friend left me alone with these four faifuhs.”

“Ow, I’m hurt, I am very much hurt.” Tuffnut exclaimed, falling to the floor with his hand on the back of his head.

“Ow, why does it feel like I fell out of a tree, then got crushed by it before walking back into it?” Ruffnut complained at the same time as her brother, also falling down and holding her head.

Hiccup watched as the twins examined the mysterious injuries, bumps, scratches, and marks, on their… well, everywhere. Hiccup moved closer to Gora and whispered into his ear. “You didn’t just make them slap each other, did you?” When Gora laughed, Hiccup shook his head and sighed. “Didn’t think so.” He then looked up at Barf and Belch. “You two should know better!”

“Wait, our dragon did this?” Tuff asked. Ruffnut looked up from examining the graze down her leg, a frown on her face.

“No! Not exactly… you see, erm… well, y-you really wanted to know what Gora’s power were. Congratulations, you just got to experience it first-hand.”

“No way, Gora can make injuries suddenly appear… that’s awesome!” Tuffnut shouted.

“Erm… No! That’s not exactly-”

“Sweet! Maybe he can give you a black eye.” Ruffnut told her brother smiling, cutting Hiccup off.

Hiccup face-palmed, then dragged his hand down his face taking a deep breath. He wasn’t in the mood for this, and where was Toothless? As the Twins were listing injuries that Gora could give each of them - and other people, Hiccup walked back over to the pink-purple dragon.

“Have you seen Toothless?” When Gora huffed looking confused, Hiccup sighed. He walked the short distance until he could see out across the jagged rocks, the multiple levels and slopes, and the various directions inside the mountain… but he couldn’t see anyone though - especially not
Toothless. He could faintly hear the twins still asking Gora to inflict more pain and injury on each other and he sighed - returning back to their small camp site to deal with them.

“Hey Gora… give Tuffnut a black eye, and break both his legs!” Ruffnut begged the pink-purple dragon.

“No, me first… Give Ruffnut a black face, and break all her fingers!” Tuffnut begged, illustrating with his own hand.

Gora suddenly hypnotised the twins to walk into the cave wall and lick it constantly, before chuckling along with Barf and Belch.

“The four faifuhs.” Barf laughed, obviously unable to count.

“Hey, make them lick each other!” Belch suggested.

“I like the way ya think!” Gora smiled, and did as Belch requested.

Hiccup suddenly walked in, and he couldn’t help but chuckle as he watched Tuffnut lick Ruff’s hair, while Ruffnut licked her brother’s hand and arm. Covering his mouth and trying to remain serious, he went to tell Gora to stop… but he changed his mind.

“Okay, as long as no one gets hurt… I don’t see the harm.” Hiccup chuckled again, deciding to let Gora have his fun for once.

He didn’t feel like dealing with the twins, especially when he saw the fish charcoaled on the fire along with the stick it was pierced on. He remembered Toothless had been hungry and he wondered where he had gone, where he was now. Hiccup was still wracked with guilt for what he’d done, but he had to do it, still, it didn’t make him feel any better knowing it was for the right reasons. He was really worried about Toothless… but his ex-boyfriend probably just needed some space and time alone. For Hiccup, just the thought of never showing love to Toothless again hurt more then he could have imagined, which was why he refused to even think about it. If he didn’t allow himself to think about it, to feel, then he could do what had to be done.

Visskara finally returned, and as soon as Hiccup removed the bag and ropes from her body, she was ready to sleep. Hiccup thanked her before she crashed out, and then proceeded to read the letter from his mother that he had found in the bag.

My son,

I’ll keep this short because I know I will see you again soon, that you are on your way home to us. Trid misses his father very much, and Berk needs their chief, although we are all doing just fine so don’t worry. Visskara is amazing, what a remarkable dragon and a beauty at that. I can’t wait to meet her again, and the new dragon you spoke of, Gora. Trid seemed fascinated by Visskara’s bright alpha light, I think he misses Toothless just as much as his father. Unfortunately, Fishlegs happened to see Visskara. I may have twisted his ear, quite literally, and he will not speak a word I guarantee it. It appears that new flowers have indeed grown behind the Thorston house, down the side of the cliff, and scattered on the same level as Styrbion’s house; It coincides to where the Ogthantarth perished. Fishlegs does not recognize the species of them and says they are new to Berk, but they are Red and white in colour, and quite alluring.

I hope I have given you all the information you need… be safe my son, and give my love to Toothless as well.

I eagerly await your return,

Love your mother, Valka Haddock.
A single tear dripped onto the page, and he quickly wiped his eyes before rolling up the scroll. He missed his mother and his son more than ever right now. His mother’s mention of Toothless only stung in his heart, and he wondered why he still hadn’t returned. It must have been a few hours since he told him it was over - if he wasn’t back soon, he would go looking for him.

Hiccup was glad the flowers appeared to have already grown - maybe they could see the dragons return to Berk before they left to lay their eggs, it was good news and he should have been happy, but he wasn’t. He went through the bag and found everything he needed to treat Gora, along with the instructions. Deciding to distract himself he got straight to work - all his thoughts dedicated on the task at hand.

He first made the drink Gora needed, and eventually got him to take it. He then applied healing poultice to his wounds, and the other poultice to the wing muscles before laying the material his mother had packed over the mixture. He encouraged Gora to get some sleep, and then waited until he had drifted off. His mother said the drink contained valerian root and other ingredients to induce drowsiness and sleep.

As it grew later, Hiccup looked over at the twins - they were playing some game with stones. Hiccup had deduced that the object of the game was to get their own stones as close to the big one as possible… but how they knew whose stone belong to who was a mystery - they all looked the same to him.

‘‘Hey guys?’’ He whispered to get their attention. ‘‘Keep quiet and let these-two sleep. I’m going for a walk.’’

‘‘What if he Hypnotises us again?’’ Ruffnut asked.

Hiccup had to explain what Gora had really been doing all this time, because when they stopped licking each other they wanted answers - they would have kept begging poor Gora to injure each other as well if he hadn't, not that he would put it past the twins to use his hypnotism for a similar outcome. It also turned out that the twins hadn’t listened, and instead of leaving Gora alone when he and Toothless were absent from the cave earlier, they had decided to ‘train’ him. Gora had gotten scared, and that’s when he had realised his powers had returned. Hiccup concluded that Gora and Barf and Belch, had been having too much fun with the twins as their puppets. He had no idea what the three of them had ‘talked’ about, but he was happy that they seemed to be getting along at least.

‘‘If you don’t wake him up… then he can’t. I suggest you keep very, very quiet!’’ Hiccup whispered. The twins nodded, and Hiccup left.

Hiccup returned to where he’d left Toothless earlier, and found his abandoned clothes thrown on the ground. Toothless was obviously in his dragon form… but where was he? ‘‘He wouldn’t have left, not with Visskara and Gora here at least… right?’’ He thought to himself. ‘‘No, Toothless wouldn’t have left him, and he wouldn’t have left knowing Berk needed two alphas to get the dragons back. So, where did he go?’’

Hiccup walked around for a while, carrying Toothless’s clothes tightly to his chest, the fact was however, that he could have flown off anywhere. When he ducked behind some rocks - to hide from a small group of wild Gronckles that flew overhead, he realised he had to get back; it was too risky wandering inside the mountain without Toothless, or a weapon at least - he didn’t even have inferno with him.
As he walked back to camp, he hoped Toothless might have returned… but he hadn’t. Thankfully the Twins hadn’t woken Gora, and Visskara still seemed to be asleep even with her sensitive hearing. Visskara really must have used a lot of energy today, she hadn’t even noticed Toothless was missing. Perhaps she assumed he had gone to collect supplies, food, or something else, but she had fallen to sleep only a few minutes after landing.

The dead of night crept in, and the twins had finally fallen to sleep. They had asked where Toothless had gone multiple times, but Hiccup replied with the same two word lie each time... “Alpha duties.” Even if he had bent the truth, and told them they’d had a falling out, he’d still be asked why? So, it was easier to lie, even if the twins did give him strange looks like they didn’t believe him.

With everyone around Hiccup now asleep, the silence was deafening. He couldn’t sleep with the pit of worry growing inside him - consuming him with anxiety, and conjuring up the worst-case possibilities for his mind to play on repeat. He was really worried, scared even; what if Toothless had been attacked, captured, or hurt? Eventually, he couldn’t take it anymore, he had to find him.

As he walked over to the bags to get Inferno, the noise woke Visskara up. She cracked open her eyes and watched him quietly until he was about to leave. As Hiccup moved quietly past her - thinking she was still asleep, she moved her tail to block his path and stood up slowly. Hiccup instinctively jumped into a defensive stance; he had almost activated his Inferno blade as he braced for an attack, but seeing it was just Vissy, he breathed again with a deep sigh and relaxed. Visskara however, hadn’t missed how on edge and tense he was being... like a hatchling scared of being caught doing the wrong thing. A quick glance told her that Toothless was not here, and a deeper look revealed he wasn’t nearby either. She sniffed the air, and it seemed he had not been here for a long time. About to ask Hiccup where he was, she saved her words because he could not understand her… instead she looked down at Hiccup with a look of puzzlement.

“I-I’m just going for a walk.” He lied, but Visskara saw right through the deception; she looked down at Inferno, wordlessly accusing him of lying. “Oh this? Erm... just in case... y-you know wild dragons, a-and fishbone here.” He pointed to himself. Again, Visskara wasn’t satisfied with that answer; she walked ahead, turning to look at him with wide eyes. Hiccup got the message, Visskara was almost asking him, ‘you coming?’, or possibly, ‘come with me!’ either way he followed her. They walked in silence and Hiccup felt safer with her beside him... but how long would that last when she realised; he had upset her Ameor, and possibly caused something bad to befall him because of it.

Visskara was using her vision powers, to search her surroundings for signs of Toothless, she felt like this was connected to her ameor... but she didn’t know why. Toothless was missing, it was late, and Hiccup was going to venture off alone with a weapon. Something didn’t feel right to her and she needed to find Toothless. Sniffing the air, she followed the scent, and her mind conjured up the past from the different scents left behind. Hiccup followed her down to where he had told Toothless it was over, and unknown to him, Visskara was using her scent to recall that past encounter. Visskara could tell that they were both here together, their scents illuminated their past movements. Hiccup had rushed off one way, while Toothless had stayed for a while before changing forms... he then flew off in the opposite direction. She wondered why?

Following Toothless's scent, they soon arrived close to the exit of the mountain. Hiccup just followed her silently, realising she was tracking something or someone - he hoped that someone was Toothless, in fact, he was quite sure of it. Visskara could tell the twins had been here with Barf and Belch, and the smell of burn and gas told her that they had been exploding rocks and boulders - confirmed by the debris. Toothless scent grew faint in the wind but she could still find him, quicker
if Hiccup wasn’t with her. Making her choice... she flew into the air and then swooped round grabbing Hiccup carefully in her paws.

‘‘Visskara?’’ Hiccup yelled, startled and shocked at the sudden choice Visskara had made to grab him this way. He had no choice but to hang from her hold - inferno still in his hands, as he realised, he was being carried back to the cave. ‘‘Vissy, we have to find Toothless! I was looking for Toothless.’’ Hiccup admitted, but she ignored him.

Visskara put Hiccup down close to their cave entrance within the mountain, before zooming off at full speed to go and find her ameor. Hiccup was trying to decide if he should continue his search alone, or wait and hope that Visskara was going to find him. He decided to put his faith in her and sat down where he was - against the rocks, waiting for her and Toothless to return. He sighed - he had promised never to push Toothless away… and he hadn’t! He never meant for him to leave - it was just that they couldn’t be together as a couple anymore, it was too risky. Toothless would still be his friend, his dragon; he still loved him, but it was for the best… for everyone. Still, he couldn’t forgive himself if he had caused injury or harm to Toothless, even if it had been indirectly or unintentionally.

Hiccup scoffed at himself; he had hurt him emotionally though - he knew that much. Maybe he should have been gentler about it, explained it more, and not ran off because he was afraid Toothless would make him change his mind. Had he not wanted to break down in front of him, maybe Toothless wouldn’t have disappeared like this. If Toothless knew how difficult it was for him to make this decision - how heart breaking it was for him too, then maybe Toothless would know he wasn’t the only one hurting. Toothless had to know he still loved him, but what if he didn’t… what if Toothless thought he no longer loved him and didn’t understand why Hiccup had made this choice. ‘Oh gods’, Hiccup thought, as silent tears slipped from his eyes. ‘Please let Toothless be okay.’ He clenched his fists and rested his head on them. This was why he didn’t want to think anymore - because it hurt too much thinking about what he could no longer have. His worry for Toothless’s safety - it only reminded him of how much he would always love him though. Looking down at his lap, he watched as the tears dripped onto his clothes.

Visskara had made quick work of locating her Ameor; her scent and sight was unrivalled, as was her speed, however, she was alarmed to see him laying motionless on the gravelly grey beach. Thankfully the sea was calm, and the tide hadn’t come in far enough to reach her ameor. She landed next to him and was instantly relieved when he glanced up, but his eyes shocked her. His eyes were red and filled with anger, hurt, and dejection; the soul of her ameor was no longer burning with the enjoyment of life, the unbending defiance to never be tamed, and the carefree spirit she loved about him… It was simply devoid of hope, and empty like he no longer cared.

‘‘Toothless?’’ She whispered, looking over his body for injury. He had a few scrapes and bruises - but nothing that should render him incapable of movement… that she could see. ‘‘Are you okay?’’

Toothless’s head slumped back down. He was about to tell his Ameor to leave him… but he couldn't; he didn’t want to push her away, and a part of him didn’t want to be alone. Was he okay? Physically he was fine, but he had been thinking about Hiccup so deeply he hadn’t moved at all; he was simply lost to his thoughts, a prisoner of his mind and emotions. Hiccup who loved him, who was his best friend, and who was scared of so many things because of the tribulations he had faced, had given up on them. Given up because of what Berk might think, or might do. He was so angry at Hiccup for giving up, angry at Berk for being judgmental dicks, and angry at himself for being so enraged. He had no idea what to do, or what would happen next, but Visskara’s question needed answering… Was he okay? The simple answer…
“No.” He admitted quietly, without so much as blinking.

“What happened?” Visskara asked, laying behind Toothless; her body was right up against her Ameor, offering her comfort to him. Toothless hesitated to answer, but in the end, nothing could be lost by telling her what she wanted to know.

“He gave up on us.” He mumbled.

“You mean Hiccup?” Visskara asked, her head tilted in confusion.

“Yes.”

“He gave up on us? Do you mean the drekis?” She asked.

“No. On me and him. As mates.” Toothless briefly explained.

“Why?”

Toothless didn’t respond for a long time. Visskara didn’t push or ask again, she had never seen Toothless like this before - then again, she had only known him when they were younglings, maybe he had changed more than she realized. She only knew that Toothless seemed to be the same ameor she had bonded with all them ar’tios ago, he was just older and wiser. However, he wasn’t as she remembered him to be right now, because he had always been the strong one before.

“He is scared… scared that his people will not except us as mates. That they will reject him as their chief, ban us from the isle of Berk… or even kill us - or me. That he would lose everyone he loves, and that Trid would suffer and grow to hate him.” Toothless finally answered, his words slow and his voice quiet. Visskara was shocked that Hiccup’s people would do such a thing, but humans were complicated creatures. She didn’t even know it was a secret that they were mates.

“Would they? Would they do such a thing if they found out?”

“I don’t know.” Toothless admitted. “But we were going to get through it together. Now he has given up on us… on me.”

“Oh Toothless.” Visskara laid her head over her ameors neck.

“I love him Vissy… I really do.” Toothless’s voice broke - even as a dragon, but it was harder to cry. Tears still stung his eyes as they slowly pooled and occasionally leaked out in single drips; it seemed that now he had been human, human emotions were still apart of him. “I just didn’t think his fear would make him give up on me… on us. I don’t know if I can do what he asks - to be near him… but not love him anymore.”

“You are his sal-binda, I believe you will both find a way through this… but only if you talk to each other.”

“I don’t think I can… I am so angry Vissy.”

Visskara had seen the damage to the mountain, it was new destruction; she could smell the remains of the plasma blasts and knew it had been Toothless’s doing. She chuckled once. “Forgive me my ameor, but it seems you and me have something in common; ‘anger destruction’ seems to be a trait we both share. I don’t think on this occasion however, that I need to take the blame for
you… or I would.’’

After a while, Toothless asked. ‘‘Are you admitting to being a bad influence?’’

‘‘Maybe… but I sense you do not lose your temper as easily as me. You are stronger than me in so many ways. Seeing you like this… makes me feel… oh, I can’t describe it…”

‘‘Useless? Like you feel unable to help. Sad… like you can feel what the other persons feeling. Worried… because you don’t know if they will be okay, and love… because you care about them more than yourself.’’ Toothless quietly interrupted her, recalling how he felt when Hiccup had been broken and depressed.

‘‘Yes.’’ Visskara whispered when she realized he was right. ‘‘How did you know?’’

‘‘Because I have felt the same way… for Hiccup. You’re not useless Vissy, you’re helping me right now… more than you know. I’m not okay right now… but I will be, I promise. I’m just learning to deal with these new heighten emotions. Ever since I turned human my emotions have been all over the place. Hiccup has been through worse though; if he can get through everything that has been thrown at him, then I can get through this. I’m still angry, and it still hurts… but somehow, I’ll be okay.’’

Toothless knew why Hiccup had done what he had, but knowing why didn’t make it hurt less - or make it right. He was so angry at Hiccup for choosing to give up on them, for letting his fears come between them, and for causing him emotional pain. He could deal with the rage he held for Berk, at the people who might refuse to accept that what he and Hiccup had was amazing - he just couldn’t deal with the anger he held towards Hiccup, because he didn’t want to feel that way about someone he still loved… but, he didn’t know how to simply stop being angry… and he didn’t know how to just stop loving him.

Visskara laid with him on the dark grey sand, and occasionally they spoke to each other briefly, but Toothless was glad his ameor was with him. He had comforted her so many times when they were younger, but now it appeared it was her turn to be there for him. He held no anger towards her, so her presence allowed him to calm down knowing he wasn’t alone. He had seen Hiccup’s anger directed at the wrong people, and he wouldn’t do that; he wouldn’t punish his ameor, or his other friends, because he wasn’t angry at them… and it wasn’t their fault.

‘‘Toothless… should we go back?’’ Visskara asked. She knew it was better if they returned, but she asked rather then told him; she knew telling someone who was angry what to do was never a good thing. Toothless had to want to go back on his own.

‘‘We should… but I don’t want to. Not yet.’’ Toothless admitted.

Visskara accepted that he wasn’t ready, and they stayed there for a long time. Toothless kept trying to think his way out of his anger, to rationalise the situation and find justification for what Hiccup had chosen; each time he found a reason to stick up for the man he loved, a voice in his head would remind him that Hiccup had given up on them because he was scared, that he hadn’t been enough. What Hiccup wanted from him was unfair, cruel and impossible. How could he look at the man he loved like he didn’t love him? How could he live on Berk and be tormented every day, knowing what he wanted was within reach but he couldn’t have it?

Anger… it masked his love. If he looked at Hiccup with anger, held onto it, then maybe he could give Hiccup what he wanted. It would be easier to hate him right now then it would be to love what
he could no longer have. Hiccup had given him a taste of a life with love… but then he ripped it all away. He could be angry at him for that! Hate him for letting his fears come first! Hate him for giving up on them! ‘But you love him’, a voice in his head pleaded. Oh, he did love Hiccup with ferocity, but his ex-boyfriend had chosen to end their relationship. Toothless could either love Hiccup… or be angry at him. Hiccup had made his bed, now he had to lie in it!

Toothless and Visskara had finally returned to the cave, and Toothless saw Hiccup’s small body asleep against the rocks. Hiccup looked cold and alone, but Toothless forced himself not to care; Hiccup had hurt him and no longer wanted his love… so he would give him exactly what he wanted. Gora was still asleep, as were the twins, so Vissy and Toothless laid together to sleep for the remainder of the night.

When Hiccup woke the next morning, he was so relieved that Toothless was okay, but his heart sunk when Toothless ignored him and refused to be near him at all. What hurt even more, was the way Toothless seemed so happy for Gora when he finally opened his wings, and the four dragons all left to go for a flight without any of their riders.

‘What’s up with Toothless, he seems angry at you?’ Tuffnut asked.

‘What did you do to him?’ Ruffnut accused.

Hiccup was wondering the same thing; he had made an extremely difficult choice, and understandably, Toothless was going to be heart broken - but to be this cold towards him… it ripped at his already broken heart. Surely, Toothless could understand why he had to do this, and maybe he just needed more time, but there was an anxious ball of fear and uneasiness in his gut telling him something wasn’t right.

‘Silence my friend, is a sign of a guilty conscience.’ Tuffnut accused.

‘Tuff. Shut the fuck up!’ Hiccup snapped. Tuffnut and Ruffnut gasped and exchanged glances.

‘Hey! No one speaks to my brother like that, not even you Haddock!’ Ruffnut shouted at him.

‘It’s okay sis-.’’ Tuffnut tried, but Ruffnut cut him off.

‘No bro, it’s not okay! Clearly you and Toothless are having friendship issues, but that don’t give you - or anyone, the right to disrespect us. I’m fed up of people thinking that because we are dim-witted at times, that we have no emotions. You used to be better than that… chief!’

Ruffnut was right; he may not have appreciated the accusations, but they didn’t know what was happening. He couldn’t tell them the real reason why Toothless appeared angry at him, but he could have handled it better. He tried to apologise, but got cut off. ‘‘Ruff… I’m sorr-’’

‘Save it! I suggest you figure it out, because this Hiccup… I don’t like him!’ Ruffnut then dragged her brother away, leaving Hiccup all alone.

This was going to be much harder than he thought it would be. He could only pray that Toothless would forgive him, and at least speak to him again. He couldn’t lose Toothless because of a secret forbidden love, and he didn’t want to lose everything else he cared about either. A chief had to make sacrifices for the good of the many; this was his sacrifice, and the gods knew how much it pained him… he just hoped he’d made the right choice.
Blood flowers

Chapter 44 - Blood flowers

The four dragons returned late morning, but whilst they were away, Toothless had shared everything with Gora - even Barf and Belch had listened but Toothless had no idea how much they actually understood. The Zippleback had however, promised him that they would always be his friend, and they had given Hiccup a very disapproving look when they first returned to the cave. Gora had been supportive yet very blunt - his mouth always ran free, so Toothless knew exactly what his friend thought of the situation. Whilst Gora mainly agreed Toothless should be pissed off, he also agreed with Vissy that he should speak to Hiccup and work it out. Toothless valued their advice and support, but Hiccup had requested that he stop loving him - the only way he could do that was to be angry and avoid him altogether. Toothless kept telling himself the same things on repeat until any justification was lost, until it was the only truth, and until the anger he felt had rooted:

'Hiccup gave up on us. He pushed me away. He demanded the impossible- "If you love me, you'll stop loving me.", and never even let me speak once. He took away the thing I loved the most and expected me to just accept it. It wasn't fair! I hate him! Hate him for making me believe it was all possible, hate him for showing me what love was just to rip it all away, hate him for asking of me the impossible. He's a selfish fucking arsehole, a noxa plifigen, and I hate him!'

This loop of thoughts only feed the anger Toothless initially felt. It allowed non-founded anger to tangle its way around his heart like weeds, suppressing his love for Hiccup. He hadn't been overcome with rage - he was still able to remain calm to some degree and enjoy the company of his ameor and best friend - even if he was hurting, but he was still withdrawn and quiet most of the time. Toothless could never use hate or anger to completely remove the love that's only reserved for Hiccup, but it was now the tool – the necessary action, that enabled him to not only give Hiccup what he wants, but also allow him to cope with the grief and pain of losing Hiccup's love and affections.

Hiccup was being ignored by everyone, even the twins were ignoring him unless it was necessary. He tried to approach Toothless, but the slitted pupils that looked at him angrily made him recoil; he barely managed to confirm that they were ready to travel to Berk.

Hiccup collected their belongings alone silently, putting them back into the bag; Toothless, Gora, and Visskara were sitting a fair distance away from him, like he was infected with something contagious. He had almost failed to keep his tears back, the guilt trying to break his resolve. It wasn't just the guilt though - the way Toothless had looked at him vibrated to his very core, shattering his determination to do what was right; by a very thin margin, he managed to keep it together.

Hiccup kept telling himself that Toothless would calm down eventually and realize this was for the best, and it had to be because the alternative could be losing him completely - he could lose more than Toothless if they were discovered. He knew he was a terrible liar, and not as confident as Toothless was; he didn't trust himself to not do something stupid, and he would have been the one to give away their sordid, forbidden relationship. He was foolish to think it would ever work out for them, and he was angry at himself for letting it get as far as it did - knowing that it was so wrong. He just had to focus on getting home for now, and maybe he could speak to Toothless when they were alone.
Toothless stood uncharacteristically still as Hiccup fixed the saddle and bags to his back, he didn't even make any noise. The tension in the air coupled with the silence, stole the joy away from the fact that they were going home, and it made the simple action of getting ready to leave immensely difficult. Even Hiccup didn't say anything until it was time to go.

"Erm… take it easy Gora, your wings still need to rest and-." He tried, but Gora snorted looking away from him. Hiccup sighed sadly.

Gora was confident being left with the twins now - because his powers had returned, and even though he still needed to take it easy with his wings, he could at least fly again. His mother's remedies were amazing; Valka had learnt to treat dragons in her time living with them for twenty years, and she had learnt more from Gothi - and various books she had read when she returned to Berk. He just hoped Gora's pain wouldn't return once the remedy wore off.

Hiccup turned to look at the twins knowing they were staying behind. They didn't want to part with Barf and Belch, and they were going to keep Gora company. Tuffnut and Ruffnut stopped what they were doing, and looked up at him from their position on the ground - sitting between their dragon's heads.

"Tuff, Ruff. I am sorry I snapped at you guys. Please… just look out for Gora and stay safe. Try not to do anything too destructive, and if this works, we will somehow let you know when Berk is safe for the dragons."

Ruffnut didn't look convinced, she knew Hiccup had to have done something pretty bad for Toothless to be this angry at him; she was still very much on team Toothless.

"We accept your apology Chief." Tuffnut suddenly spoke up for them both, standing up offering Hiccup his hand. Hiccup shook it, thankful for his forgiveness.

"Wait, we do?" Ruffnut asked in shock.

"Come on sis! Hiccup's our chief, and it's a Thorston's duty to accept the apology of the Hooligan chief."

"I've never heard that one before." Ruffnut folded her arms.

"You haven't? I could have sworn… no, it doesn't matter because Hiccup is our friend. Our friend and chief, we must forgive his wrongs so that he may prevail in his chiefly duties - to became better than he was before." He then leaned and whispered into Hiccup's ear. "You can thank us later."

Tuffnut then gave Ruffnut his 'please sis' look.

"Fine… I'll give you my forgiveness, but I'm keeping my eye on you." Ruffnut said, finally offering her hand to Hiccup.

"Thank you Ruff, both of you." Hiccup nodded with a small smile, shaking Ruff's hand. At least he had the twins talking to him again.

Hiccup forced his mind blank as he sat in the saddle on the way to Berk. His usual enjoyment of flying, the freedom of being in the sky, it was gone - he no longer felt connected to Toothless, no longer felt as one with his dragon.

Toothless was simply doing his duty to the dragons as alpha, and that included getting them home. He didn't want Hiccup on his back, but as angry as he was at him, he wouldn't leave him stuck on Dragon island. Yes, he could have flown on Vissy, but the saddle wouldn't fit her, and he didn't
They had left Dragon Island late afternoon - early evening, and Hiccup had fallen to sleep during the night. It was now morning - before sunrise, and Visskara's head had started to hurt her more than she could bare.

"The pain is getting too much Toothless." Visskara winced. Toothless didn't seemed to fazed by it.

"Good." Toothless answered absentmindedly. He was enjoying the effect getting closer to Berk had on him. The pain hurt, but it took away all his thoughts of Hiccup, and all his feelings.

"Toothless!" Visskara gasped in disbelief.

"Sorry Vissy. Activate your alpha mode. I'm fine for a moment."

A few moments later Visskara started glowing, but she was amazed Toothless was still in his normal form. 'What the helheim was he doing? How was he able to tolerate the pain?' She thought.

When Hiccup awoke a while later, he noticed Visskara was in her alpha form. The sun had only just started to rise - not enough to completely take away the night sky yet so her glowing was obvious, but if Visskara had activated her alpha form why hadn't Toothless? A quick observation made it painfully obvious that he was affected - the way Toothless winced, flinching and grunting under his breath confirmed that.

"T-Toothless… you need to change forms!" Hiccup couldn't help worrying about him. 'He could still change forms, right?' He questioned himself.

Toothless scoffed. He hadn't missed the tone of concern in Hiccup’s voice, but he didn't want it. Hiccup being concerned, or nice to him in any way, made his anger wither. He had to remind himself why he was angry at Hiccup, and he hated how his ex-boyfriend seemed fine with his decision to end their relationship. 'Maybe he didn't love me as much as I thought?' Toothless thought to himself. It gave him another reason to be angry at Hiccup.

"Toothless, if you are needlessly allowing the pain to avoid your feelings for Hiccup, then stop it! You need to activate your alpha powers right now, before you hurt yourself... and Hiccup. If you fail to remain in control because of the effects of that pain, you will regret it if Hiccup gets hurt... no matter how angry you are at him." Visskara scolded her ameor, trying to make him see sense.

Visskara had hit the nail right on the head, and Toothless knew it. "Fine!" He snapped at her, and finally changed into his alpha form.

Hiccup correctly assumed that Visskara had said something to get through to him, and he was relieved that Toothless had at least listened to his sister, but why hadn’t he changed into his alpha form sooner? Surely, he didn't want the pain... or did he? Was Toothless essentially self-harming because he had hurt him that much emotionally? 'Oh Thor!' Hiccup thought feeling wretched and guilty, the dagger in his heart twisting. Surely Toothless wouldn't be that stupid, but he had to talk to him - and soon.

Toothless could hear the eerie chanting, and like Visskara - he too could not recognize the language. "Sorry Vissy." Toothless whispered after a moment of silence. The pain in his head had
made him snap at her, and he felt guilty.

"It's alright Toothless, I'm just glad you finally saw sense."

Toothless sighed, he had no argument because she was right. "Do you hear that chanting?" He asked her, avoiding the subject - but generally wondering if she too could hear it.

"Yes, I heard it yesterday too. I wonder what it means?"

Toothless listened to the eerie chanting, it was hard to make out anything coherent. '… li bre sau … dreki … suein no aus … me su us li … haus li usoloa suus …' Was all Toothless could make out for now, and it made no sense to him. The repeating words a foreign language… or an ancient one.

"I can't make out anything, it's weird." Toothless looked at Visskara. "Did you hear it the entire time you were on Berk?"

"Yes, but it doesn't get much louder. I was able to ignore it most of the time, and I almost forgot it was even there." Visskara informed him.

Toothless nodded. He had changed into his dragon form twice on Berk, and although he hadn't been paying attention because of the pain and delirium, he didn't remember any chanting. He silently listened to the words over the next couple of hours, and by the time Berk was in sight, he had what he could make out memorized. It was like a song stuck in his head - but then again, the chanting literally was stuck in his head.

"Oh boy!" Hiccup suddenly breathed, it had only just dawned on him… everyone on Berk was going to go wild when he touched down, and he didn't just have Toothless with him… he had Visskara too, and they were both in their alpha forms.

"Okay, help me out here. We’re supposed to find our own food, light our own fire, and cook it ourselves… because you two don't want to leave this dark and dingy mountain." Tuffnut asked his dragon in bewilderment - both green heads nodded. They had woken up that morning to find Barf and Belch being unhelpful - he had refused to fly them to find fish, water and wood.

"Well that's just great! I say we drag our dragon outside and remind them who's boss." Ruffnut punched her hand.

"Great plan sis!"

The twins rushed behind Barf and Belch trying to push them, but to no avail. They tried using their backs, and even tried pulling their dragon's heads, but Barf and Belch wouldn't budge. Gora laughed and threw himself onto his back, rolling around in fits.

"Oh, just great. Even the purple spiky dragon is against us!" Tuffnut told his sister.

"Not cool Gora… Totally not cool!"

Tuffnut's stomach grumbled. "Ugh, what are we gonna do? I'm starving! I haven't been this hungry since our survive'o non-food'o challenge."

"Ahh, the no food challenge… you totally caved and ate about twenty pounds of yak steak."

"Then threw up twenty pounds of yak steak, along with the bread and the vegetables." Tuffnut added cheerfully.
"Yeah you were totally sick, it was awesome… the thick lumpy contents of partially digested food were beautiful, along with the wailing sounds of regret that came out of your vomiting mouth.” Ruffnut laughed

Gora had stopped laughing at looked at Barf and Belch. "I think you've punished em enough for forgiving Hiccup."

"Is that what we were doing? I forgot. It's just fun to see them begging for our help." Belch chuckled.

"They thought they could move us." Barf laughed.

Just then, the twins jumped on to their dragon's saddles and demanded it left to find them food, water and wood. They were about to toss their riders off again when Gora hypnotized the Zippleback to do as they were told. Barf and Belch would have gone on their own accord eventually, but Gora didn't know that - he felt kinda bad for the twins. No matter how annoying they were, they were funny. As the Zippleback took off - the twins failing to realise it had been hypnotized, Gora followed behind them.

"That's what I'm talking about! See bro, all it took was a firm reminder of our dominance skills and we're back in the saddle."

"Great plan sis, mon de effecto!" Tuffnut cheered.

"Breakfast, we come a flying!" Ruffnut cheered as they left the mountain and headed out to sea.

The word that two dragons were about to land on Berk had spread like wild fire, all the villagers had gathered at the docks and were cheering as Toothless and Visskara flew closer.

"Toothless… Mum said the plants were over by the twin's house, and down the cliff edge by Styrbion's. If you put me down by the main storage building, I'll try and hold them away from you and Vissy while you do what needs to be done." Hiccup told him, realizing that if everyone was at the docks, he could hold them off by the stairs that lead to the level the main storage house was on. It was the only way up to that level from the docks.

Toothless touched down by the storage house, and they could all see the flowers from there. The storage house was on the same level as Styrbion's home. Hiccup confirmed they looked like the right flowers, and Toothless and Vissy knew what to do. Hiccup quickly braced himself at the top of the stairs… for the incoming stampede of excited Vikings that were scrambling and running towards him.

"The chief returns!" - "Toothless is back!" - "Is that another alpha dragon?" - "Welcome back Chief!" - "Where are the other dragons?" - "Where’s Snappy?" - “Where’d ya go Chief?”

Hiccup sweat dropped as he stood at the top of the stairs, his arms out getting them all to stop, and gulping like a fish as he failed to answer any of the questions. As more Vikings gathered, more questions followed.

"I need you to listen… If you can just … Okay so…” Hiccup tried to speak over the noise and questions.

"Shut it ye disrespectful bunch a hooligans. Yer Chief speaks.” Gobber suddenly bellowed, pushing himself to the front and clamping his good hand on Hiccup's shoulder. "Good ta have ya back
"laddie, I believe the floors yers." He smiled, looking out at the now quiet Vikings.

"Thanks, Gobber." Hiccup nodded, then turned to speak to his village.

"Vissy it’s fine. Just ignore them and focus on me!" Toothless told his ameor.

Visskara was breathing heavily, her instincts telling her to run and hide. She nodded, but a few of the villagers - and some of the children, weren't at the docks. Toothless growled at the two advancing children, five-year-old Karsen and six-year-old Olav, making them run away, and the adults froze in their tracks before slowly edging closer to their chief - giving Toothless and the 'new dragon' a very wide berth.

Toothless and Visskara, had been digging at the roots of the flowers, but Vissy had been spooked by the villagers coming closer to them. The flowers were red and white like Valka had said, and they were very pretty - but the eerie chanting was the loudest here and it seemed almost deceptive. The more they dug at the roots the darker its petals became, until the entire flower was blood red and angry. The chanting had also become louder, confirming they were indeed the right flowers, but the roots ran deep into the ground and they had to keep digging.

"T-Toothless, I don't... I ... I'm ... I'm scared!" Vissy finally admitted in shame.

"They won't hurt you. Berk hasn't had dragons here for weeks, they're just excited and want to meet you. They also probably want to see me again. They're just used to being able to touch me, to touch most dragons that come here. The children more so because they're used to me playing with them. You’re safe here!"

"It's n-not the children I'm afraid of, t-they don't have weapons."

Mulch and Bucket suddenly came running down to see their chief, and Bucket got even more excited upon seeing Toothless. 'Oh, Fuck!' Toothless thought. Bucket had such a soft spot for him, the last thing he wanted to do was scare the poor man but he had no choice. He growled and Bucket was stunned - along with Mulch. It was Bucket's words that upset Toothless though.

"Doesn't Toothless like me anymore. I don't remember doing anything to make him mad at me, maybe I can't remember it. Was I mean to him?" Bucket asked, he looked really upset as Mulch dragged him away.

"Come on Bucket, I think Toothless doesn't want to bothered right now, and we're already late because you couldn't find your shoes."

"Vissy, we need to do this. The quicker we get it done, the sooner we can leave." Toothless firmly reminded his ameor, getting back to the task.

Visskara gulped and nodded. They went back to digging at the plants, but Visskara was still very jumpy and distracted. Suddenly, Toothless had an idea and smirked.

"Let the wind carry us, through the clouds hurry up, alright..." Toothless started to sing, still digging with his front claws. Visskara chuckled. "...We can travel as far as our eyes can see, you and me, Vissy..."

"Awake in the sky, we break up so high..." Visskara joined in, whispering the words as she too continued to dig.
Alright…" Toothless continued. A man walked past them going down to the chief, but Visskara was focused on Toothless this time.

"Let's make it our own, let's savoir it…" Visskara whispered, still chuckling.

"We go where no one goes. We slow, for no one…" Toothless added. They had both finished digging, the roots of that section of plants definitely uncovered now, and they looked at each other.

"Get out of our way." They sang in unison.

"Oh, Toothless. I'm not a youngling anymore!" Visskara chuckled.

"I know, but you were scared. It worked didn't it?" Toothless smirked.

"I suppose it did." Visskara smiled.

"You ready?" Toothless asked.

Visskara nodded, and Toothless agreed to go first. Visskara used one of her sharp claws to slice open Toothless's right paw pad. Toothless hissed and winced as the blood dripped onto the ground, quickly he held it over the roots of the plant.

"Sorry!" Vissy apologized for hurting him.

"It's okay, only stings for a bit." Toothless told her.

"This seems very familiar." Visskara smiled.

"Just don't make any promises and we'll be alright." Toothless smirked.

"No promises!"

"Against making promises, or in general?" Toothless asked. They both looked at each other and laughed.

"Okay, your turn!" Toothless told her, wincing as he put his cut paw onto the ground.

"I'm not going to like this am I?" She asked, holding up her right paw, and wincing before Toothless had even done anything.

"Probably not." He admitted, using his own claw to slit her paw quickly. Visskara yelped, but quickly held her paw over the roots of the plant like Toothless had just done. The blood dripped onto Toothless's blood, and the roots instantly started to turn black… it was working!

"Stings, is an understatement. At least it appears to be working." Visskara said, hissing at the pain in her paw.

"I guess your powers are so strong you don't get hurt much." Toothless observed playfully.

"And you do?" Visskara asked. She had already heard many of his stories, so it was kind of a rhetorical question. She still wondered how many times he had actually been hurt in the past though. Toothless laughed.
"You could say that. Ever since I met-.' Toothless's face suddenly fell. "Erm ... Yeah, let's just say pain isn't new for me."

Visskara put her paw onto the ground wincing, and looked at him sympathetically. She knew he was hiding behind anger, but his eyes were more saddened than anything.

"I'm fine. Follow me!" Toothless suddenly told her, taking off and flying towards Hiccup's house. Visskara didn't hesitate to follow him.

Hiccup had finished explaining to the villagers the plan to get the dragons home, had told them about Visskara, and had answered so many of their never-ending questions that in the end... he had arranged a meeting in the Great Hall to take place an hour from now. He had wanted to find Toothless and see if they had succeeded, but when he had turned to look their way, they were gone. Finally, he managed to get most of his people to go back to what they were doing before he had arrived, but a few of them insisted on following him - Gobber, Snotlout, Fishlegs, and even Gustav.

"So, what has ya bin doing all this time laddie?" Gobber asked.

"Yeah, come on chief. You just up and left all this greatness behind, I thought we were a team! The least you can do for ditching me, is tell us about your adventure." Snotlout said.

"I want to know all about that new dragon. I assume you found new islands, did you discover new dragons too?" Fishlegs asked.

"Did you see Fanghook?" Gustav asked.

"Hey where's Kalster?" Fishlegs wondered aloud.

"Guys look! It's been a long flight. I need to find Toothless and... freshen up-." Hiccup started, trying to gently tell them to piss off.

"Understandable chief, when I get back from a long flight I-." Snotlout started.

"Enough!" Hiccup shouted. He stopped in his tracks and rubbed his face. "I'm sorry guys, but I just need some space. That means no questions, and no following me! I'll catch up with you later, I promise." Hiccup started to walk away again, leaving his friends behind, but Gobber followed him. "That means you too Gobber!" Hiccup then stopped and sighed. "I'm sorry Gobber, it's just been a long flight."

"Ya seem down laddie. What's bothering ya?" Gobber asked.

"Nothing I want to talk about." Hiccup sighed. "Where's my son?"

"He's with ya mum. Is about his feeding time ah think, then Valka usually brings him over ta the Hofferson's before dealing with Viking problems in the Great 'all."

"So, it's Thursday." Hiccup confirmed.

"Aye, that it is."

"Please go tell mum I'm home. Tell her I want to see my son."

"All'rite laddie." Gobber nodded. It was a long walk, but he should meet Valka half way if his calculation were correct. He went to leave but turned and smiled. "It's good to have ya home!"
"It's good to be back Gobber." Hiccup smiled. He watched Gobber walk in the direction of his mother's house, then he sighed before making his way to his own. He just hoped Toothless was there.

Toothless was in Hiccup's house - naked, but Hiccup hadn't gotten there yet. Toothless placed a letter onto the table, before running up the stairs and into Hiccup's bedroom. He looked around sadly and sighed before he changed into his dragon form. He almost lost his mind before he was able to activate his alpha mode, but not before he made a mess in Hiccup's room though - he had upturned the chair, damaged the bed frame, and smashed into the wall a few times. Luckily, everything was still intact as far as he could see - just mess and mild damage really. *That had been a close call.* He thought to himself, regaining his breath. Toothless then jumped onto the bed, up onto the wooden beam, and out through the latch in the roof. He took one last look at the house before flying up into the sky.

"Vissy?" He called.

"Right here Toothless!" She announced, flying up beside him and glowing likewise. "You sure you want to do this?"

"Yes. I left him a letter. I don't know why I bothered."

"Because despite how angry you are Toothless, you still love him!"

"I'm mad at him!"

"Yes, you keep saying that. But you love him!"

Toothless sighed but didn't respond. He couldn't deny that he still loved Hiccup, but he clung to the anger he had for him. Speeding up, he flew faster towards Dragon island - Visskara right beside him.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut were sitting by the new camp fire they had set up in the forest. They decided it was better than being in the volcano mountain. Gora was right there with them, as were Barf and Belch. They had finally eaten, and were now playing a ‘game’ with Gora.

Tuffnut was literally trying to kick his own butt, and Ruffnut and the dragons were laughing - especially when Tuffnut fell over.

"Ow, I'm hurt, I'm very much hurt!" Tuffnut exclaimed when Gora broke the hypnotism.

"That was awesome bro, you looked like a half dead chicken on a rotisserie with its wing shoved up its butt." Ruffnut laughed.

"I'd have loved to have seen that." Tuffnut smiled, then his face fell. "Oh, chicken! I wonder what my fluffy feathered friend is doing right now. All alone without her one and only friend - me. No one to keep her warm at night, to read her bedtime stories, and massage her little chicken feet."

"Come on bro, you know she didn't want to leave without Rooster. Gora, make Tuffnut forget about chicken-!"

"No! I’m fine, and it's my turn. Okay let's see…” Tuff said, rubbing his hands together. “Okay, I got one! Make Ruffnut… pick her nose. Shove her finger right up there so her brains fall out."
Tuffnut asked Gora.

"No! Let's not-." Ruffnut was saying, but she suddenly put her finger up her nose.

Gora had made her pick her nose, but he hadn't made her shove it up there as Tuffnut had asked. Even so, Tuffnut was in hysterics, and the dragons chuckled. When Ruffnut stopped, she punched her brother's arm.

"Ahh Gora, you are so much fun my purple scaled friend." Tuffnut told him in awe when he had finished laughing.

"A pure dragon of Loki!" Ruffnut agreed, a wide grin across her face.

"Your riders ain't half bad!" Gora told the Zippleback.

"You should see the explosions they let us make." Belch piped up.

"We play bat the nut too, that's cool." Barf told him, his thick heavy voice in a dreamy like state.

"Bat the nut?" Gora asked.

"Yeah, they hang up the wrong way, then we headbutt them." Barf explained.

"Sometimes they do it together, and they hit into each other too." Belch added and chuckled.

"As fun as you guys are, you're torht! Ya know that?" Gora smirked. "But I like ya!"

"Hey Gora, It's my turn!" Ruffnut smirked.

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Toothless had gone by the time Hiccup got home, but he found the letter on the table. He opened the parchment and frowned. As soon as he saw the messy handwriting, and the bad spelling, he knew who it was from. Sitting down on the chair he began to read.

_We did what we set out to do, and me and Vissy spilt blood on the roots like we said we wood. The roots turned black so I assome it worked. The floures also turned a blood culor when we were digging up the roots, and there was an earie chanting that was louder by the plants. Dont no how long it will take before the dragons can return thou. I've gone to Dragons iland with Vissy, I need to be with my real friends, not some lieing cowword that makes false promises. So, don't wait up._

Hiccup saw the tear stain on the bottom of the parchment - Toothless's, then he felt his own tears stinging his eyes. He buried his head into his arms, resting on the table, and sobbed silently. Toothless no longer saw them as friends, thought he was a liar and a coward. That, with the direct nature of the letter, shattered what was left of his broken heart into a million pieces.

He had lost Toothless.
**Failed facade**

**Chapter 45 - Failed facade**

Hiccup did what he had been taught and conditioned to do all his life - suck it up, put on a brave face, and put the needs of others before himself like a good Viking chief. He had to get to the Great Hall like he’d promised, and his mother was due to arrive soon with his son. He hadn’t seen them both in weeks, and he missed them - especially Trid, but before he could take the time to be with his family… he had to be the chief of Berk first.

Dragging himself from the table, he trudged upstairs. The last thing he wanted right now was to be bombarded with questions that he didn’t want to answer, didn’t know how to answer, or answer questions that he had to give dishonest answers to. They would expect details of his travels, and he really wasn’t in the right frame of mind for what that entailed - quick thinking to come up with satisfying answers that didn’t seem half cocked, and didn’t betray his and Toothless’s secrets. He kicked himself mentally for not being more prepared in his return, and he regretted the hasty decision to meet everyone in the Great Hall so soon. Had he not made that choice however, he would never have been able to escape for a moments reprieve. He’d read Toothless’s letter after he’d promised the entire village that he would make an appearance in the Great Hall, had he read the letter first however, he would have given himself more time - he didn’t have that luxury though.

Frowning as he entered his room, his red blood-shot eyes surveyed the scene. He quickly came to the correct conclusion – that Toothless had entered the house through the roof, left the bags and saddle in his room, wrote the letter, and finally turned into a dragon again to leave. Placing Toothless’s letter onto his desk, he stood up the chair. He couldn’t help wondering - had Toothless lost control when he changed back into a dragon, causing the disarray and damage accidentally… or had he just been angry and careless?

Hiccup pulled on his mahogany vest - over his crimson tunic, already dressed in his clean moss-green leggings. He’d quickly shaven, attempted to neaten his untameable hair, and tried to remove any evidence that he’d been crying only twenty minutes prior. On his way down the stairs, the door knocked. “It’s open.” He called out.

Gobber opened the door allowing his mother to enter the house first, in her arms was his son - wrapped in fur, and oblivious to the world’s evils in his innocent years. Valka smiled lovingly at Hiccup, and Trid’s blue eyes lit up when he saw his father. Gobber hadn’t even had time to close the door when Hiccup ran to his mother, embracing both her and his son tightly. Valka was surprised at his sudden action, and she saw such deep emotion in Hiccup’s eyes before he had buried his head into her neck, but she was happy to have her son home. She closed her eyes, leaning her own head into her son’s neck.

Gobber shrugged before slumping himself into one of the chairs, clearly jealous he hadn’t received such a momentous welcome. Trid squealed in frustration at being smothered under his father’s chest. Hiccup stepped back - releasing his mother, and listened as Trid started babbling. He was making so many new sounds that Hiccup hadn’t heard him make before - apparently, he had a lot to say to his father.

“… en dal la ba, er la, ehhh. Da da ba laaaa…” Trid continued, stretching his arms out to his father. Hiccup chuckled, overwhelmed with emotion. He took his son from his mother’s arms, tears
glazed over his eyes as he held his child. He had grown, not much, but Hiccup noticed it. He hugged his son, smelling his soft auburn hair, and never wanting to let him go.

“He missed you son. We all have.” Valka smiled, placing her hand on Hiccup’s shoulder.

“I’ve miss him too… and you mum.” Hiccup smiled up at her. Gobber suddenly coughed - offended. “You should go see Gothi, Gobber, that cough sounds nasty!”

“I don’t have a co-. Oh, ah see what ye did there laddie. An ere ah thought ye might ave missed yer old mentor.”

“That meathead with the interchangeable hands? Who’s he again?”

“Who you calling meathead? Fishbone!”

Hiccup was about to retort when Trid squealed beating him to it. “…mwaaa, erh der da da da der.” He proclaimed loudly.

Everyone suddenly laughed, and Trid joined in - giggling loudly before blowing raspberries. He put his tiny fist into his mouth sucking it, and humming random baby noises.

“Of course, I missed ya Gobber!” Hiccup assured him. Gobber stood up smiling, and clamped his arm around Hiccup’s shoulders tightly.

“That’s more like it laddie. Ya know you’re like a son to me.”

Trid wailed and made sounds of frustration - flaying his arms around, while Hiccup tried to free himself from the sudden death grip. “G-Gobber!” Hiccup struggled.

“Oh, sorry!” Gobber apologised, releasing him.

“We best be going Hiccup.” Valka reminded him, opening the door.

“Right.” Hiccup sighed. Walking through the door he donned a fake smile. “Who wouldn’t want to spend hours in the Great Hall, drowning in waves of prying wild Vikings?” Hiccup sarcastically asked no one in particular, as he watched his content child. Trid was still sucking his little fist, his wide blue eyes attentive to his surroundings, and oblivious to the turmoil his father was secretly feeling. Hiccup wanted to stay home and hear how his son had been doing, wanted to spend time with him, but he had a duty to do first. He wished Toothless was here though, Toothless had missed Trid nearly as much as himself … but Toothless was on Dragon Island with his ‘real friends’. ‘This is all my fault.’ Hiccup thought to himself.

Valka frowned. She sensed the air of melancholy surrounding her son as they left the house, something was amiss and she wondered what Hiccup wasn’t telling her. Walking beside him as they climbed the stairs, Valka put her hand on Hiccup’s shoulder. “Everything alright son?”

Snapping out of his thoughts, he forced himself to smile. “Y-Yeah, why wouldn’t it be?”

“You seem down. A mother can sense these things.”

“I-I’m fine mum. Really! Just a bit tired.” Hiccup lied, but then again - he was tired. Tired of scraping through waiting for his next screw up, barely being the chief the village needed and hiding his faults behind his dragon achievements. He was emotionally wrecked, and exhausted from having to pretend he was okay all the time, putting his own desires last.
‘A chief protects his own. - No job is too great, or too small, when it comes to the needs of the tribe son. – A chief puts the needs of others before his own.’ His father’s words, his lessons, etched deeply into his mind. Without Toothless, there was another gaping hole in his heart - but he would wear his mask, do his duty, and perhaps he could hold on to what was left of his life.

‘Well, let’s this get this over with then.’’ Gobber piped up happily.

As they finished their ascent up the great steps, Valka observed the slight sense of relief that washed over her son at having avoided the conversation. Choosing not to say anything - for now, she decided to keep an eye on him. He’d only just returned, but there were still things they needed to discuss, like: how Trid had been doing, and how Berk fared since he had been away. She also just wanted to spend time with her son.

‘Time to face the music.’’ Hiccup mumbled quietly to Trid, getting a wet raspberry in response. ‘‘I agree. Very boring!’’ He nodded at his son. Gobber opened the door for him, and he stepped inside with his mother close behind.

‘‘Surprise!’’ The villagers in the Great Hall shouted in unison.

‘‘Welcome back chief!’’ - ‘‘It’s good to have ya home!’’

They had thrown together a welcome home party for their chief, and decorated the hall as best as possible in the limited time they had. It was actually mind-blowing what Vikings could pull off in an hour when they set their minds to it. Food spread across the great tables, barrels of mead stacked in various places, and lanterns hung to brighten up the hall - along with the burning great fire pit.

After the initial shock, Hiccup gulped. He really did not want, nor expect, a welcome home party. Not only was the attention unwanted, he most certainly wasn’t in the mood to join in with the celebrations. He would have turned on the spot and exited the Great Hall, but the excited, expectant eyes all looking at him made him realise… he was going to have to stick this out - at least for a little while.

The party at the Great Hall had become a lively affair - to say the least, and Valka had growing concerns about Hiccup. Her son had been pressured into drinking more than usual, and she’d had to pry a confused Trid from his father’s hands. Hiccup was now drinking of his own freewill and had become overconfident, loud, and competitive. Hiccup hadn’t listened to reason, and she wasn’t enjoying the rowdy atmosphere. Over the loud drunken singing and dancing, she was trying to talk to Gobber.

‘‘I said, let’s go outside!’’ She repeated loudly.

‘‘I love slides! Especially ones built down ta da sea. Ooh! Ya should see Gobber’s naked bottom drop!’’ Gobber replied enthusiastically, obviously not hearing her correctly.

‘‘Ahh, excuse us Mrs Haddock.’’ A young red headed male squeezed past them with his father behind.

‘‘Gobber!’’ The brown-haired father bellowed, clamping Gobber’s arm. ‘‘Last chance ta get in on the bets, Barden Thornaburn’s up next.’’

‘Dat’s a tough one, I still ain’t-’’

‘‘Bets?’’ Valka interrupted them. Frustrated at not being listened to.
“Aye, the chief against- …no one.” The brown-haired man stopped talking when he saw Gobber gesturing at him to keep his mouth shut.

“Ahh Durin.” Gobber chuckled nervously. “Such the joker, let’s talk over ere.” Gobber pulled the man away to make his bet where Valka couldn’t hear them.

Valka sighed in frustration - about to give up, when suddenly a tremendous roar of excited Vikings started chanting. “Fight, fight, fight, fight…” Even Trid - who had become used to the noise, jumped startled in Valka’s arms, his eyes wide open in shock.

“What on Asgard?” Valka went to investigate… and found her half-intoxicated son ready to take on Barden in a sword fight. An area had been cleared, and excited Vikings were watching as they circled around them, cheering and chanting their approval.

Hiccup twisted inferno round in his hand confidently, the fire burning along the length of the blade. He motioned for his opponent to come forth and attack him first. Barden was a big man standing about six inches taller than Hiccup, strong, large muscles, wild dark brown hair past his shoulders, and a full unkept beard covered his chest. Fortunately, he was all brawn and not much skill… Hiccup knew this and smirked drunkenly.

“This is where ya winning streak ends chief, don’t say ya weren’t warned.” Barden’s deep voice was heard over the ruckus, a smirk lifted in his own lips.

“Confident words Bard, but I don’t think you can back em. Even if you weren’t so drunk… I think I’d still have you beat.” Hiccup played, maintaining his confident smirk. Barden went to make the first move and charged at Hiccup - bringing his sword down hard using his weight and momentum. Hiccup side stepped, his reaction time lacking but he still managed to dodge the blow. Barden’s sword hit the ground and the man toppled over it, falling into a crowd of Vikings that pushed him back into the circle. When he finally stood up, he looked embarrassed, but he was more determined than ever now to maintain his reputation as one of the best warriors on Berk.

“If you were aiming for Aulay, I must say… that was a great sneak attack!” Hiccup commented. Barden growled and took his stance.

“You parried that one chief, but now it’s game!”

The swords clanged as they met, Barden overpowering Hiccup in strength, but Hiccup kicked him in the groin with his metal leg before hitting him in the head with the hilt of his sword. Back stepping away from the large drunken man, Hiccup swiped his sword horizontally … cutting off half of Barden’s beard. The smell of burnt hair wafted around the room and Barden looked horrified as he felt for his missing beard.

“I like my villagers looking their best, consider it … a free haircut.” Hiccup joked; the crowd started laughing.

Barden was getting angry in his embarrassment, which was perfect for Hiccup - he knew if he riled the man enough, he would use more brawn and zero brain. Hiccup waited until Bard made the next attack, just about dodging it and kicking him straight up the back side as he stumbled past. The spectating villagers laughed at Barden’s humiliation, curtesy of their chief. Hiccup staggered, but found his balance again to wait for the next attack.

Among the cheering Vikings, Gobber’s voice was heard. “That’s its laddie, kick his arse!”

Valka suddenly found Gobber’s gaze from across the room, and gave him a stern look of
disappointment. Looking ashamed with himself Gobber left the crowd, but a few moments later … she caught him on the other side cheering again. Valka sighed and exited the Great Hall with her grandson.

“I don’t know what your father is playing at Trid, but this isn’t him.” Valka walked down the great steps. She would have stayed and kept an eye on Hiccup, but Trid needed feeding and his needs came first. If truth be told, Valka was glad to be away from the chaos. The crazy, rampant crowds of excited, riled up drunken Vikings, made her feel suffocated. The fresh evening breeze was welcoming compared to the atmosphere inside the Great Hall, the quiet was a blessing to her ears. “Let’s sort you out first shall we, then I’ll try again to talk to your father.”

Back inside the Great Hall, Hiccup had just disarmed Barden and punched him with a fierce left hook. The drunk man fell down hard, unconscious, and the crowd went wild. They didn’t care for where they stood, and Barden got trampled on as they lifted their chief into the air and cheered – shoving more mead his way.

“Excuse me, coming through! Chief’s best friend here!” Snotlout pushed his way through, staggering from his own consumption of mead as he tried to get in on Hiccup’s moment. Hiccup was laughing as he was finally lowered back down. Snotlout punched him in the arm, and Hiccup winced slightly as he stumbled forward - sloshing his drink in the process. “I always knew you were a great warrior chief.”

“Really Snot? I thought you told me to leave the fighting to the real warriors … like you. Want to go next?” Hiccup took a long swig of his mead while Snotlout sweat dropped.

“I just remembered I had … something important to do.” Snotlout hurried away, stumbling into people as he left. Hiccup chuckled. Snotlout was such a coward - all talk and no action.

Hiccup was just taking another swig of his drink when Gobber’s hand slammed into his back, he almost choked on the mead - the liquid spraying from his mouth. “Why ta go laddie. Yer father would be proud! You’ve become a true Viking with th’ good old fighting spirit.”

“At least I’m not into gambling!” Hiccup wiped his face.

“Aye, but it ain’t gambling if ya bet on the winning side now is it.” Gobber smiled, before limping away to join up with his mates.

“Hiccup chief, you okay?” Fishlegs approached. His friend’s reckless, unusual behaviour worried him, but Hiccup patted Fishlegs’s shoulder and smiled.

“Lighten up Fish. A chief’s duty is to his people, and my people want to see a good fight … so I’ll provide.”

“But this isn’t you!”

Hiccup ignored Fishlegs and finished his mead, he slammed the mug down on the table before going over to the great fire pit. Hiccup climbed onto the wall, almost toppling into the fire because the alcohol had started to catch up to him.

“Careful chief, wouldn’t want to lose such a great swordsman to a fire pit now would we. That would be a terrible loss of a fine young man.” A male Viking chuckled, a few others laughed along with him as a new crowd started to gather.

“One leg down, what’s a few more limbs?” Hiccup lifted his peg leg to make a point, losing his
balance. He would have fallen to a fiery death if a few of his people hadn’t pulled him down. “So, who’s up next?”

No one had wanted to go up against Hiccup after Barden was beat - that and half the village were now remarkably drunk. Hiccup eventually found himself sitting back at the head table - drinking more mead, and mid conversation with some of his people. Every time they mentioned Kalster - or dragons in particular, he’d change the subject.

“You said Kalster was on dragon island, is he staying there?” Klevin Ingerman-Fishlegs’s nineteen-year-old nephew asked, he had become a good friend of Kalster’s.

“You know what we should have?” Hiccup slurred slightly. “Regular sword fighting competitions!” He leaned against the table as he tried to stand and lifted his mug.

The Vikings cheered in agreement, but Fishlegs frowned - he had started to notice Hiccup’s avoidance to any mention of Kalster, and now that he thought about it, he didn’t want to talk about the dragons or his adventures either.

Valka re-entered the Great Hall to find things less chaotic - much to her relief. Many of the Vikings had eaten their fill and were now chatting among friends with their drinks, others looked far too bladdered to even stand. She saw Bree Hofferson - Trid’s other grandmother, and approached her.

“Bree, are you okay to watch Trid for a while. There’s something I need to do, and he has already had his last feed.”

“Certainly! Come here you feisty little thing, come to grandma.” Bree reached out and took her grandchild, mimicking his babbling, and pulling faces at him. She informed Valka that she was heading home soon anyway. Valka thanked her before she made her way over to Hiccup, grateful the woman wasn’t intoxicated like her husband - Harish Hofferson.

Hiccup was slouched over the chief’s table, half asleep with the empty cup of mead still in his hand. Gobber was drunkenly singing away at the end with Mulch, Bucket, Erik and Styrbiorn. Snotlout on one side of the chief - passed out on a plate of chicken, and Fishlegs on the other looking concerned. Fishlegs saw Valka approach the table and he stood up quickly.

“Mrs Haddock! I tried telling him not to drink so much, but he wouldn’t listen to me.” Fishlegs nervously told her.

“I think he needs to get home, to bed! Did he say anything? He looked a little down earlier.”

“No. But he really hasn’t been himself, and he kept mumbling something about being a liar and a coward a while ago. I also noticed he didn’t want to talk about Kalster… or any dragons. He kept changing the subject.”

“Thank you Fishlegs, it’s good to know that someone was watching out for my son. Someone that isn’t drunk off their face!” She glanced over to Gobber. “Seriously, any excuse to drink and act like fools.” Valka climbed over the table, joining Fishlegs on Hiccup’s side. “Let’s see if we can get him up.”

Fishlegs nodded, and together they managed to lift a swaying Hiccup onto his feet. He was barely with it, his eyes tired as he saw his mother. “Ay mum, want some m-.” He slurred, lifting his hand and frowning when he realised, he no longer held onto the mug. “Where’s me drink gone?” He asked, looking at the table.
“You’ve finished it, time to go now.” Valka nodded at Fishlegs.

They tried to lead Hiccup around the table, but once he realised that they were trying to take him home he refused to go. The thought of being alone - with nothing but his thoughts, it didn’t seem very appealing. He managed to pull away, falling into the table as he lost his balance. “I’m staying!”

“I really think you should get home, and-.” Fishlegs nervously tried, but Hiccup cut him off.

“I’m your chief! I’m staying!” Hiccup snapped. Grabbing the mug from the table he staggered over to the mead barrels, the ones by Gobber and his group of friends. Valka and Fishlegs exchanged looks before following him.

“For Thor’s sake Hiccup. You can barely walk as it is.” Valka pointed out, as Hiccup filled his mug and proceeded to defiantly chug it down in one swig. He looked at his mother, almost daring her to try and stop him before he went to get a re-fill. “That’s enough Hiccup!” Valka stood in front of him, preventing him from getting to the barrels.

“Move!” He ordered his mother, but she refused. Fishlegs tried again to get through to him.

“Hiccup - chief. Why don’t you get some sleep and come back to-”

“I said no!” He shouted. The clang of metal rang out in the now quiet Hall - the mug having slipped from his hand when he flung his arms.

Half the villagers had turned to look their way, having heard their chief shouting. The cheerful atmosphere replaced with tension and silence. Valka wanted to drag her wasted son from the Great Hall, but he was the chief - forcing Hiccup home like a disobedient child wouldn’t look good at all. The last thing she wanted to do was embarrass him, or start rumours and gossip that he was troubled and incompetent. Gobber felt the tension and stood up, moving closer to Valka and Hiccup.

“What’s going on ere?” Gobber asked, frowning as he looked between Hiccup and Valka.

“It’s fine Gobber.” Hiccup slurred. Despite being drunk, he was aware of the attention he was now receiving - from shouting at his mother moments ago. Staying at the Great Hall no longer seem appealing either, the judging, prying eyes made him feel uncomfortable all of a sudden. “I’m leaving anyway!”

Eyes followed him as he staggered to the doors of the Great Hall and left awkwardly. Once outside, he realised it had started to snow. Thick white flakes drifted down lazily before resting on the ground. They painted the roof tops white and brightened the village that lay under the dark night sky. It was a painful reminder that Snoggletog was fast approaching - a time to spend with loved ones yet, there were three people that wouldn’t be here this year: his late father, his late wife, and now … Toothless.

He hadn’t drunk enough to remove the pain, or to render himself completely incapable of thought, but it had affected him. ‘What the helheim was I thinking’ He thought to himself, shaking his head as he remembered flashes of the evening. Initiating fights, drinking! This was not how things were supposed to go this evening, but the words of Toothless’s letter still fresh in his mind, the constant shower of questions he didn’t want to answer, followed with the pressure to have a few drinks with his people, and he had caved. Intoxication, singing, cheering, fighting, and reckless fun all seemed a lot more appealing than the alternative.
“Ahhhh!” He shouted, his voice echoing over the Isle of Berk - over his village below. He was angry at himself, and for more than just being foolish tonight or for shouting at his mother. It was almost as if the snow had slapped him back to his senses, the frigid cold making him shiver, and reminding him how to feel.

He sighed before starting his wobbly descend down the steps. Each one down was a difficult task, and it didn’t help that the stairs seemed to move - the distance of each step down was deceiving. As his vision got worse, he really wished he hadn’t downed that last mug of mead. Just over half way down the first section of stairs, he misjudged the distance to the next step. The unexpected footing caused him to lose his balance and he toppled forward. His head collided with the concrete, slightly lessened by his out stretched hands, and he rolled to the first concrete landing before coming to a stop.

“Hiccup!” Valka’s voice rung out.

She ran down the stairs, Gobber right behind her. Upon reaching her son, she fell to her knees beside him in the snow and pulled his head onto her lap. Relief washed over her face when she saw him wince, he touched the cut on his forehead and hissed in pain. The blood warm on his cold fingers, he looked at his hand and squinted.

“S-sorry!” He stuttered, tears welled up in his eyes and he rubbed them. “N-No more than I deserve.” He slurred.

“Oh Hiccup.” She hugged him tightly and sighed. She had witnessed the very last of his fall, and it had scared the life out of her. No mother wanted to see their child - no matter how old they were, getting seriously hurt, and for whatever reason he felt he deserved to be harmed… it upset her. Hiccup was her only child, the wee babe she brought into the world, and she didn’t want him joining his father in Valhalla so soon.

“Quite a tumble ya took there laddie, let’s get ya home.” Gobber looked at Valka and she nodded. Scoping Hiccup into his arms before anyone else exited the Great Hall, he started down the rest of the stairs. Hiccup didn’t fight nor argue, his head hurt, he was cold, and the increasing intoxication along with the sedating effects of too much alcohol, were decreasing his awareness. Valka grew worried when Gobber stumbled slightly.

“You sure you’re okay to carry him? I don’t want you to fall and drop my son!”

“Thanks for yer concern… but I assure ya, I’m fine ta walk. Been doing it since before ya were born. Except fa’that one time, when that monstrous nightmare took me leg, couldn’t walk for weeks back then.’’

“You’re a drunken old fool-’’

“An I can handle me drink, unlike toothpick here.’’

“Then why in Thor’s name did you let him drink so much?’’

“He wer avin fun weren’t he, an he’s da chief!’’

“Doesn’t usually stop you. I think you were having too much fun betting on the fights and drinking with the other fools.’’

“What ya accusing me of Val? I’ll ave you know Hiccup means da world ta me.’’

“I should-nt … I’m sa-coward … a screw up.’’ Hiccup slurred, half conscious. Gobber halted,
briefly looking at Valka with a confused expression, before continuing his descend down the stairs slowly.

“‘And I learnt ta grow back me limbs.’” Gobber sarcastically replied, thinking Hiccup was talking nonsense because he’d had a few too many to drink. “‘Speaking of limbs, that’s gonna need fixing.’” Gobber looked down at Hiccup’s bent prosthetic leg.

They soon reached Hiccup’s front door, and Valka held it open so Gobber could carry the boy inside. Valka collected some water and a clean cloth before heading upstairs after Gobber. Hiccup was laying on the bed and Gobber turned around to leave.

“I’ll fetch Gothi ta check his head.”

“Thank you Gobber. I know you have more say regarding my son then me… but I worry. You were there for him when I wasn’t - practically raised him while Stoick was busy with his chief duties. And, where was I? Protecting dragons and abandoning my only child.” Valka sat on the end of Hiccup’s bed looking down at her son guilty. She dipped the cloth in the water and wrung it out.

“Aye, but you’re his mother!” Gobber told her, placing a hand on her shoulder. “He loves ya Val, and yer’ere now.”

“And I’m not going anywhere this time.” She used the damp cloth to clean the blood on Hiccup’s forehead. Her son winced slightly, turning his head drowsily.

Gobber nodded with a small smile, before leaving to fetch Gothi. Valka heard the peg leg along with his heavy footing as he bounded his way down the wooden stairs, the door closing behind him as he left the house. She finished cleaning Hiccup’s wound, it was a fairly nasty gash atop a large bump - above his left eyebrow, but it had mostly stopped bleeding. She would leave it uncovered for Gothi as she suspected it may need suturing.

Removing Hiccup’s prosthetic leg carefully, Hiccup groaned. Valka noticed the angry red skin, caused by irritation and rubbing, and she realised he hadn’t been taking very good care of his leg. Getting up she placed the prosthetic on the desk and caught sight of Toothless’s letter. It was laying open on top of drawings and other notes so she picked it up to read, the last words shed some light onto her son’s behaviour.

‘… I’ve gone to Dragons iland with Vissy, I need to be with my real friends, not some lieing cowword that makes false promises. So, don’t wait up.’

It didn’t take a genius to figure out the letter was from Toothless, especially as she knew about his human form. Upon realising Hiccup and Toothless must have fallen out, she sighed hoping it was something they could work through. Folding the letter, she placed it at the back of the desk so no one could accidentally happen upon it as she had.

Returning to her son, she started to remove Hiccup’s vest and tunic. Hiccup mumbled incoherently as Valka sat him up, but he somehow managed to cooperate - lifting his arms ineptly while his clothes were removed. Hiccup slumped back down on to his back and Valka checked him for other injuries. There were a few cuts from his fights in the Great hall - where his opponent’s sword had nicked the skin on his arms, shoulders, and chest, and there were scuffs from his recent tumble down the stairs, but she was more curious about the three large scars down his chest - it looked like he had been scratched or attacked by a dragon. She traced her fingers over the raised skin gently, and thought to herself, ‘What really happen while you were away Hiccup? What happened between you and Toothless?’
Hiccup’s hand found his mother’s as she traced his scars. ‘‘Vissy … e di-unt alwaz erm … eah.’’

Hiccup mumbled quietly, with his eyes closed.

‘‘Vissy?’’ Valka wondered, trying to think if she’d heard that name before. ‘‘He couldn’t be talking about Visskara, could he?’’

‘‘Vissy? Do you mean Visskara?’’ Valka asked, but Hiccup’s random mumbling made no sense. She wouldn’t get any answers from him tonight, but she would visit him in the morning. She remembered that apart from Hiccup, she was the only one that knew about Toothless’s human form, and she hadn’t had a moment alone with her son since he returned. Maybe he wanted to tell her in private, but simply hadn’t had the chance.

‘‘Toof-us … com back. I luv oo … ise orry … com ack ta me.’’ Hiccup was restless, his brows frowned, and his breaths strained.

‘‘Shhh son. Rest! It’s okay now.’’ She soothed, stroking his hair. It was hard to understand his words, but she was sure he had just expressed love for Toothless. Did she take that as brotherly love, or deeper perhaps? She already had her suspicions that Hiccup and Toothless’s relationship went deeper than just friendship. Ever since the day she recalled the Ogthantar’s attack to them, she saw the way they looked at each other when Toothless was in his human form. Until they left four weeks ago, she had seen Hiccup happier than he had been in a long time. The way he smiled and bantered with Toothless, or looked away from him embarrassed, it was obvious they were hiding deeper feelings for one another. It was certainly strange, but if her son was happy, she didn’t care who he loved. She knew many villagers would not be so accepting of such a thing though, and that concerned her.

Valka heard Hiccup’s front door open and close, then the pattern of light feet and staff as Gothi climbed the stairs - followed by Gobber’s heavier footing and peg leg. Gothi entered the room and went straight to Hiccup’s side, examining his head and other cuts while Gobber put down Gothi’s bag.

‘‘Thank-you for coming Gothi.’’ Valka thanked the healer, then proceeded to explain what had happened. Gothi smacked Gobber over the head with her staff, once for letting Hiccup get drunk, and another for gambling.

‘‘Ow! I knew the lad would win, so it’s not really gamb- Ow! Ya old bat!’’ Gobber grumbled, rubbing his head from the third strike, moving away from the old woman, and finally realising he should keep his mouth shut.

Gothi had decided not to suture the wound on Hiccup’s head, it was a large cut but the bleeding had stopped and clotted nicely. As long as he kept it covered and clean, it should heal on its own. The rest of his wounds were treated, and Gothi had removed Hiccup’s trousers to see to his leg stump as well.

Gobber looked over the broken prosthetic. Hiccup had tinkered with it so many times that he wasn’t sure if he knew how to fix it to the chiefs liking, and he was already backed up with Snoggletog orders or he’d have given it a try. Hiccup had others so at least it wasn’t urgent. The one thing Gobber did notice however, was that the socket padding was thinning. That would explain why the prosthetic was rubbing and causing irritation, and he doubted Hiccup had much chance to maintain his leg while he’d been away on his travels.

Valka hadn’t said much, just observed Gothi treating her son. She was thinking about everything she had pieced together so far. Hiccup and Toothless were not talking to each other, and Toothless
called Hiccup a liar and a coward for some reason. Her son seemed to blame himself for whatever had transpired between them, and Hiccup - albeit drunk, had possibly mumbled his confession to loving him.

Even though she was okay with whomever her son chose to love, and they were rather cute together, she still couldn’t quite get her head around it. Toothless was a dragon - a Nightfury, but it appeared her son had fallen for his human side at least. If it was true, and she was right about this, she hadn’t even known her son liked men - his love for Astrid had been unquestionable! ‘Oh son, you don’t make it easy, do you?’ She thought to herself.

Hiccup always seemed to go against traditional Viking customs - did the opposite of normal and expected. He came early into this world, a wee frail thing, but despite the odds he survived… even through the cold winter months. He managed to convince Berk - and other tribes, that dragons and people can live together peacefully, going against what Vikings had done for hundreds of years. He grew up different, no interest in fighting or brawling like your average Viking, but instead, he became inventive and intelligent. His innovation, creativity, and methods of leadership constantly being resisted by his tribe, but eventually they come around to his way of thinking and saw it for the better. Hiccup is a great leader, and she couldn’t be prouder of her son, but he had his troubles. What predicaments had he gotten himself into this time? What troubled him? And if he loved Toothless like she suspected, was it a young man’s crush over his best friend, or had he really fallen for the boy?
Chapter 46 - Unusual friends

Toothless and Visskara returned to Dragon Island during the very early hours of the morning, but their friends were not where they had been left. Visskara went to make quick work of locating them alone, before returning to the mountain caves to inform her ameor of their location. As Visskara hadn’t alerted the others to their return yet, he requested they get some sleep alone - just the two of them. Visskara had been okay with that, but she wondered why he didn’t want to let Gora - his best friend, know they were back.

“Because I need my mature sister right now, not my trouble making best friend.” Toothless gave his reason. “Besides, Gora is asleep, and I really don’t want to deal with the twin’s nonsense or antics either.”

Visskara was satisfied with that answer, and she agreed to his request knowing he was still upset. Toothless laid down, desolated by the recent events, and he couldn’t stop thinking about Hiccup. Visskara laid next to him, her wing wrapped over his body. After a moment, Toothless rolled onto his side - facing his ameor.

“You think I’m being stupid, don’t ya?” Toothless asked.

“I think you need to talk to him, but I’ve never been in love before so I can’t begin to know how you’re feeling. That being said, if you tried to tell me to stop caring about you … I’d think you’d gone mad.”

Toothless chuckled half-heartedly, and he gave her a slight smile before his face fell again. “I couldn’t explain it if I tried, but it’s like an important piece of me is missing. It hurts… and I just wish it would stop.”

“You’re sal-bindas Toothless, you’re meant to be together. From what you have told me, it sounds like Hiccup thinks this is for the best. Maybe he is wrong and just doesn’t know it yet. I’m sure he is hurting just as much, but the only way you will both stop hurting … is if you talk to each other.”

“He told me to stop loving him Vissy. I can’t talk to him! This is what he wanted!”

“Are you sure this is what he wants? He tried to talk to you on the flight to Berk, but you ignored him remember.” Visskara pointed out gently.

“I’m angry with him!”

“It seems to me like you want to be angry with him.”

Toothless went to snap back his response, but he managed to hold his tongue. He knew Vissy’s statement was partially correct, and he promised himself he wouldn’t take it out on her, so he calmly replied. “I am angry with him… but not as much as I try to be. He hurt me Vissy!”

“I know Toothless. But is all this anger worth it?”

“I don’t know how else to feel. He told me to stop looking at him like I love him, that only
leaves anger and hate. I can’t stop loving him, so all I can do now is hate him for making me feel this way.’’

“Or talk to him! If you’re already angry and hurting, then it can’t get any worse.” Visskara insisted.

Toothless sighed sadly, rolling over so he was no longer facing Vissy. Hiccup could tell him he hated him, and tell him to leave Berk forever, yes, that was certainly worse - but he could go back to Sanctum island if that happened, and he wasn’t talking to Hiccup anyway so…

The sudden thought of never seeing Hiccup again made even his stubborn dragon eyes pool with tears. The lump in his throat restricted his airways as he held back the sudden need to whine or whimper… but a small whine escaped his maw nonetheless.

“Oh Toothless.” Visskara nuzzled him. Her tail wrapped over his, her front leg rested over his ribs, and her wing helped pull him closer to her body.

Toothless was afraid. He was losing the life he had come to expect, and the man he loved more than anything could became nothing more than a memory. He wished he could go back in time, to the days before the Ogthantarh’s attack, or to the days on Dragon’s Edge when he and Hiccup were happy. He wanted Hiccup to tell him he was sorry, that he still wanted his love, because he missed the auburn hair boy immeasurably.

Toothless fell to sleep before Visskara, but she soon followed him - still wrapped around his body protectively. Toothless couldn’t really cry like a human in his dragon form, but he’d failed to stop the quiet whines that forced their way out, or the odd few tears that leaked down his face. In that moment, Visskara had decided: if Toothless wouldn’t talk to Hiccup, she would try to intervene somehow if she could. She couldn’t stand to see her ameor so broken.

They woke up just before midday, and Visskara admitted that she was rather hungry. Toothless didn’t feel like eating, but seeing as Visskara wouldn’t go fishing alone, he finally agreed to go with her.

Toothless looked so depressed that Visskara didn’t want him left on his own, so she had tricked him into coming with her. She hoped the fresh air would do him some good and that he would eat once there was fish in front of him. As they glided their exit from the mountain, Visskara was shocked to see the thick snow that had fallen that morning.

“Oh, my word! That’s snow!” She gasped.

“Yeah, don’t you get snow on Sanctum island?” Toothless asked - somewhat apathetically, but he was curious. He tried to remember if he had ever seen snow on Sanctum island as a youngling, but apart from the ice mountains, he couldn’t recall ever seeing it snow there.

“The iss mountains get snow obviously, but other than that - it’s very rare, and nothing like this.”

“How’s it so different?”

“Well for one thing, it wasn’t here when we landed. It’s like it just appeared out of thin air, and I’ve never seen this much on ground level before.” Visskara explained.
She had never seen so much snow away from the Iss mountains before, and certainly not along the coast line. Visskara was fascinated at how it had accumulated so fast, and seeing the bright white substance along the beach was rather strange to her. Toothless explained that it snowed a lot on Berk, and he found Vissy’s reaction to ground-level-snow a little funny. His brief moment of amusement ended however, when it reminded him of Snoggletog.

“What is it Toothless?”

“Nothing.”

“I beg to differ. You were just starting to act a little more like yourself. What did you think about?”

“Snoggletog.” He sighed. He had already told Visskara - and Gora for that matter, all about the Viking holiday.

“I see. What did you do with the gems you got for Hiccup?”

“I put them in my room.”

“Your room?” Visskara frowned, tilting her head.

“Yeah. You know the houses in Berk? Well, rooms are like … small caves inside them. Just, there not caves - they’re rooms. I have my own room in Hiccup’s house … or a least I think I still do.”

“I think I understand. Are you going to do what you planned to do with them - the gems?”

“I don’t think so. I think he would be angry at me if I did.”

“Or he would be very upset if you didn’t.” She pointed out.

“Can we change the subject, please. I don’t want to think about Snoggletog right now.”

“Alright, but at least think about it. You said you had to get his gift made before Snoggletog, so maybe you should do that at least. Then when Snoggletog arrives, you can choose whether to give it to him or not. You don’t know what will happen between now and then and you might regret it if you don’t.” Visskara told him, and Toothless promised her he would at least think about it.

Toothless sat on the beach, watching as Visskara caught the fish with great accuracy. She piled them on the snow, going back for more until she was satisfied that they both had enough to eat. Toothless had been insisting he wasn’t hungry, but Visskara wasn’t going to take no for an answer.

“ Toothless, please eat! I got enough for both of us. If we plan to fly back to Berk later tonight, you’ll need your strength.”

“I’m not going!”

“ Toothless! You need to find out if the drekis can return. We don’t even have to stop if you really don’t want to yet, but you’re the alpha and you need to go to that island you spoke of … Dragon’s end?”
"Dragon’s Edge." He corrected her with a dull tone.

"Well, you’ll need to fly to Dragon’s edge to tell your friends when Berk is safe. And don’t Tuffnut and Ruffnut need to know if they can return home?"

"I guess."

"Good! Now please eat." She insisted, pushing the fish his way.

Toothless ate the fish to satisfy his ameo, but after the first one, he realised he was actually hungrier than he thought. Visskara had caught some mackerel too, unbeknownst to her that they were Toothless’s favourite, and he finished them off first with her permission. Visskara made a mental note of her ameors favourite food. She then laughed at him, especially when he left to collect more fish for himself, reminding him that he wasn’t hungry a few moments ago. Toothless used his tail to throw snow at her, and she did the same in retaliation. They ended up chasing each other up and down the beach, snow fighting, and playfully wrestling each other in the snow.

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After their playful activities, and with a full stomach, Toothless felt a little better. They decided it was time to find Gora and the twins, but they weren’t where Visskara found them last. Confused to their new whereabouts, they eventually found them on the west side of the Island.

Hovering in the air, Toothless and Visskara saw the twins sledging down the snow-covered mountain on their Zippleback - dodging the protruding rocks that littered the slope in various places. Gora was sliding down behind them on his stomach, his wings out to ‘steer’ his body in the desired direction and to avoid obstacles.

"Woo-hoo!" Ruffnut cheered. "This is crazy bro!"

"I concur my dear sister, but what happens if instead of dodging the rocks, we blast them into smithereens."

"Only one way to find out!"

Ruff signalled Barf to breathe out his thick green gas, while Tuff got Belch to spark it up. A large rock blew up as intended, but the twins were caught in the blast and sent flying into the air before crashing into the snow.

"Tuff… you dead?" Ruffnut called for her brother once she had sat up, looking around with her head.

"No …” He grumbled, pushing himself up so his face wasn’t planted in the snow. He was about twenty feet away from his sister.

"Sucks!"

"… Agh, but I think I twisted my ankle."

"Awesome!"

The Zippleback had been distracted by the blast, and they had tried to stop their rapid descend down the mountain to get to their riders. Failing to gain control, they looked ahead and suddenly saw the boulder in front of them, but it was too late.

"Up!" - "Left!" They disagreed at the same time. In their panic they tried to go in different
directions, but they ended up crashing into a solid stone boulder before passing out.

Gora tried to dodge Barf’s unconscious head, but he started spinning out of control. Still spinning down the mountain fast, he shouted as he failed to stop. **“Ahhh, I’m too young ta die! Ahhhhh…”**

Toothless didn’t hesitate to go after Gora, his wings whistled as he flew through the air to catch up to his friend before he crashed into anything. He then did the only thing he could think of as a boulder appeared in Gora’s trajectory - he ploughed into the top of the Hypnofuse. The collision caused them to roll a few times before coming to a halt buried in the snow. Toothless’s head came up first and he shook his body free of the cold white substance. Gora finally did the same, but he was a bit disorientated at first from all the spinning.

**“Thought you could use some help.”** Toothless told him, bounding over to make sure he was okay. Visskara had followed Toothless, and was standing next to them both.

**“Kalean? You faifuh! I totally had it.”** Gora stood up, shaking his wings out and wincing slightly. His aching wings had been exacerbated slightly by the incident - Toothless noticed.

**“Sure ya did! Your heartfelt screaming just for effect was it?”**

**“Shut it Kalean! Where did you two come from anyway?”**

**“We got back this morning and returned to the cave in the mountain. We ended up falling asleep.”** Visskara interrupted.

**“You didn’t think to find me first?”**

**“I did, you were asleep so we left you be.”** Visskara explained.

Toothless realised Vissy was trying to protect him from having to talk about what really happened. He would have been rather embarrassed if Gora had seen him so distraught, and he didn’t want to hurt his friend’s feelings by admitting he had purposefully avoided him to be with his ameor alone.

**“How are your wings doing? I didn’t realise sliding down snowy slopes counted as ‘taking it easy’.”** Toothless asked, changing the subject. Gora huffed before responding.

**“Was better than doing nothing! Besides, it was fun - until them torht bitches decided to blow things up. And what’s with the lethal rescue mission? Were ya trying to kill me?”**

**“You are alive, are you not?”** Visskara interrupted.

**“Yeah, well… That’s twice you ave ‘saved’ me…”** Gora looked at Toothless. **“…And left me worse than before. Ripping me shoulders to shreds weren’t enough for ya, so now you’re trying to collision me to death. Seriously Kalean, I question your rescue techniques.”**

**“And I regret saving your sorry arse. I’ll leave you to a screaming demise next time … anyway, where are the Twins?”** Toothless asked, looking back up the mountain – it was too quiet.

Toothless, Gora, and Visskara had found the Zippleback and the twins back up the mountain. Barf and Belch had finally come back to the living and seemed just fine, but Tuffnut had badly twisted
his ankle. Ruffnut had told him that he needed to apply cold pressure to it - or it would fall off, and she had convinced her brother to lay buried in the snow. If it wasn’t for Toothless’s intervention, he was sure Ruffnut would have completely buried her brother and left him to freeze.

Toothless managed to order Barf and Belch to pick up their riders and get them to the cave in the mountain. He hadn’t seen that teal coloured Monstrous-Nightmare again since they first got back from Sanctum island, and for a brief moment, he wondered where he’d gone. He shook the thoughts from his mind and decided to get the twins sorted first. Having something to do kept his mind distracted at least.

Vissy and Gora helped Toothless get wood, water and fish for the Twins. As a dragon, he still retained all the information he had learnt as a human, so he didn’t have to change forms. He swore Vissy had said something about him and Hiccup to Gora, but he tried to ignore it. Eventually they had a fire going in the caves, a pile of snow the Twins were able to melt for water, and a stack of fish. Toothless had even retrieved the twin’s bags from the top of the mountain - where they had been left, but they barely had anything in them of necessity – except a water jug and a dagger each. The twins had been thankful for their help, and assumed correctly that it meant Berk wasn’t safe for Barf and Belch yet.

The twins were eating, Ruffnut occasionally teasing her brother about his ankle, and the Zippleback was taking a nap. Gora hated being confined to the caves, but he really did need to let his wings rest – he knew this of course, but it didn’t stop him complaining. Toothless loved Gora as a friend, but holy crap was he giving him a headache, and Vissy too was squinting as her head pounded.

‘‘… That’s how I started spinning down that mountain. If I wasn’t injured, I’d have easily been able to-‘’

‘‘Gora, shut up!’’ Toothless shouted, beating Visskara to the punch.

‘‘Yes! Before I give you a proper injury to complain about!’’ Visskara added seriously.

‘‘Jeez! Some friends you are!’’ Gora huffed, laying his head down on his front paws.

‘‘I will always be your friend Gora, but as your friend, I’m telling you it’s for your own safety to change the bloody subject.’’ Toothless told him, glancing at his amelor. There was a long pause before Gora spoke again.

‘‘Fine! So … you and Hiccup? Am I going to Berk or you doing a runner?’’ Gora asked.

Visskara gave him a look, annoyed at his lack of tact.

Toothless sighed, he knew he had a duty to the other dragons - his friends, to get them home safely, but he didn’t know how he was meant to live on Berk seeing Hiccup every day. That being said, he wasn’t about to run off. His realisation this morning had been that even if he was angry at Hiccup, even if Hiccup didn’t love him anymore, he still couldn’t leave and never see him again. He also had friends on Berk, and not just the dragons. As a human, he got on well with Fishlegs and his nephew Klevin. He also liked Olesea Thornaburn, she was a bit older than him but kind and free-spirited. Olesea was one of the first people to talk to him in the Great Hall - before his literacy lessons with Fishlegs.

---Flash back---

Toothless was walking behind Fishlegs carrying a plate of food, when Folkmar Ingifastsson shoved
“Oi! What the fuck is your problem?” Toothless confronted him. Fishlegs didn’t know how to respond and froze looking nervous.

“You! You’re just a pathetic outsider, a useless mouth to feed. You don’t belong here, go back to whatever rock you crawled out from!”

Toothless had gone to retaliate - possibly even punch the guy, but his shoulder was still healing from Fingal’s arrow, and Folkmar had big arms and was carrying a mace. He didn’t get the chance to do anything however, because Olesea had overheard. Olesea was a big girl, wavy short brown hair and blue eyes. She swung her legs over the table, pulled a dagger from her boot, and swiftly held it up under his chin.

“Or maybe I should slit your throat! We wouldn’t want another useless mouth to feed around here, would we? And yours is about as useless as they come!” Olesea had a high tone to her voice, but it was calm and deadly.

“H-He isn’t a Hooligan though.” Folkmar stuttered. Olesea pushed the dagger into his skin, drawing blood.

“And you won’t be much longer!” She coolly stated, her dark blue eyes pierced into his dark brown ones, scaring the helheim out of him. “If you have a problem with the food supply, I suggest you take it up with the chief!” She suggested, letting him go. Folkmar ran out of the Great Hall, and she wiped her dagger on her skirt before putting it back into her boot. Looking back up at Toothless she smiled and offered him her hand, her voice became friendlier as she spoke. “The names Olesea, Olesea Thornaburn.”

Toothless smiled and shook her hand. “Kalster. Kalster... Yeah just Kalster!” He chuckled.

“Well, just Kalster ... don’t mind Folkmar. He’s a dick! You okay?”

“Yeah... thank you! I just don’t seem to be very welcome here.”

“Not everyone feels that way. Folkmar is just throwing insults because he has no brain. But to be insulted, you must first value their opinion.”

“You know, you make a fair point!”

“I should hope so. Would you mind if I ate with you and Fishlegs? My sisters are rather annoying me.” She glared at her two older sisters. “And it looks like you can do with some new friends.”

“Sure! Why not?” Toothless smiled.

---Flash back end ---

Folkmar and his family were unhappy with his presence in the village, and more so in the Great Hall. They had complained about Olesea’s attack to the chief, but Hiccup was thankful to Olesea and told the Ingifastssons that he would have done the same thing. Olesea was a good friend of his now, and she had been teaching him how to throw a dagger, a skill he was completely rubbish at. Olesea had also confided in him that she had a huge crush on Eret, but so did half the single women on Berk – including her sisters.

“... Kalean?” Gora shouted, snapping Toothless from his thoughts.
“Sorry, what?”

“Where did that head o’yers go. I called ya three times.” Gora rolled his eyes.

“Just thinking of a friend. Sorry! You know I haven’t been called Kalean in years, you try calling me Toothless I might answer.”

“I don’t even get that name, besides … you’re a Loightakalean, and I’ve always called ya Kalean, not about to change now.”

“Kalean, Toothless, Kalster … How many more names do I need?” Toothless sighed.

“Kalster?” Visskara asked.

“Yeah, it’s what people on Berk call me when I’m in my human form, because they don’t know I’m Toothless.” He explained.

“What a torht name, should have chosen Kalean.” Gora told him.

“You know Hiccu- he, suggested that. I thought it sounded familiar, but I decline the idea.” Toothless admitted, remembering that himself.

“Speaking of, what ya gonna do?” Gora pressed, bringing up the subject of Hiccup again.

“I don’t know Gora.” Toothless sighed deeply. Toothless looked so depressive again that Visskara and Gora shared a look.

Gora eventually started pressuring him again - trying to get him to open up, and for the most part, Gora agreed with Visskara. His best friend and ameor both thought he should try and talk to Hiccup, but he wasn’t ready. He also didn’t know what to do if the dragons could return to Berk. ‘Would he go back? Where would he stay? Should he stay on Berk in his dragon or human form? Maybe he should stay on Dragon edge instead?’ He thought to himself. When Toothless got rather upset, Gora and Visskara dropped the subject.

The rest of the day was just small talk, broken up by a few flights around the island, or by Gora being begged by the Twins to Hypnotise each other again. If Gora wasn’t entertaining the Twins, they were talking about the party they were going to throw when they got home. The twins were under the impression that everyone on Berk would have missed them so much, that they were sure to get a party just in their honour.

The next morning - with Toothless still not sure what he wanted to do, Visskara offered to fly to Berk. She had proposed that she could be there and back quickly, and if she felt no headache then they could assume Berk was safe. She wouldn’t be stopping on Berk, but it would give him a little more time to think about things. Toothless finally agreed that was okay, and Vissy took off leaving him with Gora, Barf and Belch, and the twins.

Tuffnut’s ankle seemed a lot better, and the twins were being loud and annoying. He couldn’t think with Ruffnut being obnoxious either.

“Hey Toothless … How about you change into that sexy hot human body, then you can massage my feet.” Ruffnut flirted, trailing her finger over his shoulder and ears.

Toothless growled at her before fleeing the cave to be alone, Gora followed.
“Hey Kalean, wait up!” Gora shouted, but Toothless was too fast. It took him a while to find him, down by the sea, and looking out across the ocean. “There you are!” He huffed beside him, breathless.

Glancing at his friend, Toothless sighed. “Thought your wings were hurting?”

“They feel better actually. It’s you I’m worried about! Kalean, this ain’t you.”

“How would you know what I’m like, you haven’t seen me in years!” He snapped.

“I know you don’t usually bite me head off!”

“Sorry! Ruffnut was really pissing me off though. I just needed some air.”

There was a long moment of silence, just the gentle slosh of the sea coming in and out against the shore, occasionally crashing against the sand and snow. It was mesmerizing how the water turned white when it crashed against the land in small waves. The fog around the island concealed the horizon - along with the sea stacks, and he remembered leading Stoick through it to find the dragon’s nest. So much had happened on this island: he had almost died, Hiccup had lost his leg, he’d been outcasted here thanks to Mildew, Hiccup and himself had sex here for the first time, and now it was also the place Hiccup had broken up with him. Toothless’s eyes suddenly stung with the need to produce tears, he tried to fight them by closing his eyes tightly, but he ended up making a quiet whine sound instead.

“Kalean?” Gora asked in concern, he had never heard his friend so sad that he whined before.

“I-I’m fine Gora.” He lied, trying to conceal his damp eyes by turning his head, but Gora knew he wasn’t fine.

“I don’t know much about love Kalean, but you really need him don’t ya?”

Toothless nodded and another whined escaped his maw. He laid down and buried his head under his paws. He was crying the only way dragons could - by whining, and he hated the fact that Gora was here to see it happen. Gora on the other hand was feeling uncomfortable, he didn’t know how to comfort Toothless but he could see his friend was hurting. Gora awkwardly laid next to him, and he hesitated to speak in fear of saying the wrong thing.

“Kalean … Toothless, it’s okay ya know. I’ll stay ‘ere till ya ready ta talk … or leave … or whatever ya need. You’re me best mate, but I’m useless at this sort’a thing … an … I’m just gonna shut up now, an wait till you’re ready ta talk … or do whatever it is ya need.”

True to his word, Gora laid next to Toothless in silence. Toothless heard his words and felt their friendship strengthen - he was so thankful that Gora was being a good friend, even if he sucked at it sometimes. It must have been well over an hour before Toothless looked over at Gora, and his friend gave him his best version of a big smile. Toothless couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Thanks Gora … but never call me Toothless again!”

With nothing left to lose now that Gora had seen him ‘cry’, he opened up a little more to his crazy purple friend. His feelings, his dilemma, and even his fears of losing Hiccup completely. It was the same old tune, ‘talk to him’ were Gora’s words of wisdom.
“It’s not that simple Gora.”

“Well fight for him then!”

“Still not that simple!”

“I would. I would fight for you, ya quiazule, and you’re just me best mate.”

“Just your best mate … I feel so special.”

“Ya know what I mean! Stop being so facetious and open ya damn mouth. I know ya can do that, ya just did.” Gora pointed out firmly. Toothless sighed in frustration, and thought for a moment.

“What if he banishes me from Berk? What then?” Toothless asked with genuine worry, but Gora laughed.

“You’re a Loightlyakalean, your ameors a hypnuching Leitatilsynum, and I’m a Hugreaetlavafi … wait, that’s a point. Maybe I can just hypnotise him for ya.” Gora suggested, but Toothless gave him his trademark unimpressed ‘really?’ look.

“Or not! The point is Kalean, you’re an alpha dreki, so is ya ameor. You leave Berk all the drekis go with ya. If the weird and wonderful people of Berk want drekis back this much - that Hiccup had to beg Visskara to help, what do you think will happen if you all leave again.”

“You know for once Gora … you may have a point!” Toothless agreed, thinking about things in a new light.

“For once? Thanks a bunch, I feel so helpful.” Gora sarcastically scoffed. But Toothless was too busy thinking of Berk - and Hiccup, to respond.

Due to the winter solstice, the beach was in total darkness soon enough. Judging by the length of day light they had today - Snoggletog was only about a week away… which gave Toothless his other train of thought. Was he going to go to the markets and get Hiccup’s gift made, or not? He could take Vissy’s advice and have it made just in case, because she was right - he would feel bad if he didn’t have anything for Hiccup come Snoggletog. On the other hand, he was still angry at Hiccup - if they weren’t talking what was the point? Plus, if he gave Hiccup a gift, it might make him angry at him because he told him not to love him anymore. It was a serious dilemma, and it would most likely take a few days to have it made anyway, so he was running out of time to make a decision. The markets would be very busy too, so it could already be too late.

Going back to the cave with Gora, Toothless was in for a surprise.

“Sharpshot?” Toothless yelled, bounding over to greet his little pal. Sharpshot flew from Tuffnut’s face and landed on Toothless’s head, licking its eye before rubbing its face against him.

“Toothy! Me did bring message like Hiccup said. Did me do good?” Sharpshot asked.

“You always do good Sharpshot! Who’s the letter from?” Toothless asked, but Ruffnut started speaking before the small green Terrible-Terror could answer.

“This is from Hiccup! Eh-hum…” Ruffnut announced holding the letter, clearing her throat before reading. “Dear Ruff, Tuff, and the dragons. Berk was visited by a small flock of Terrible-Terrors
this afternoon, and Sharpshot was among them. We also saw a wild Monstrous-Nightmare fly over-head the Isle of Berk. It appears the dragons are able to come home and we await your return. Please tell Toothless, it is time for everyone to come home. I know the majority of the dragons will want to leave to lay their eggs in a few days, but it would be amazing to check in on every one before Snoggletog. Yours sincerely, your chief, Hiccup H Haddock.’’

‘‘What are we waiting for? Let’s go!’’ Tuffnut shouted. Him and his sister jumped up into the saddles of their dragon excitedly.

Ruffnut had thrown the letter on the floor, and Toothless went to read it himself. It smelt like his Hiccup and was dated yesterday. ‘‘Visskara didn’t need to leave after all.’’ He thought to himself. He was upset that Hiccup hadn’t mentioned him more than he already had, but perhaps he couldn’t say anything in a letter in case it was intercepted. ‘‘Or he just hates you!’’ His traitorous mind started thinking. ‘‘But he said it was time for everyone to come home. Did that mean me too, or was he referring to everyone else?’’ Shaking the thoughts away he looked up and realised Barf and Belch were refusing to leave, the twins were getting annoyed.

‘‘Barf, Belch? Why aren’t you guys returning to Berk?’’ Toothless asked them.

‘‘We’re waiting for you!’’ Barf told him.

‘‘Yeah, we fly together!’’ Belch added.

‘‘Guys, I have to wait for Visskara to get back. I probably won’t be going anywhere for a while, maybe not until tomorrow.’’ Toothless explained.

‘‘Then we wait too!’’ Belch firmly proclaimed.

‘‘Yep!’’ Barf added.

The Zippleback laid down and the twins frowned at each other.

‘‘What’s wrong with our dragon?’’ Tuff asked.

‘‘It’s your attitude bro, it’s always been your attitude! I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again … Your attitude stinks! And now our dragon won’t listen to us!’’

‘‘Why you-’’ Tuffnut launched himself across at his sister and they started fighting. Ruffnut punched her brother in the face, and Tuffnut tried to hit her back with his helmet.

Toothless growled loudly, and the Zippleback picked up their respective riders by the collar of their clothes. Sharpshot had flown from Toothless’s head and hid at the back of the cave. Now dangling from their dragon’s maws, the twins looked at Toothless expectantly.

‘‘Gora, put your wing out please.’’ Toothless asked.

‘‘Why?’’

‘‘I’m gonna change into my human form and explain to these idiots why their dragon won’t listen to them, before they hurt each other … or someone else.’’

‘‘Why do you need my wing to do that?’’

‘‘Because I don’t want them seeing me naked, especially not her.’’ Toothless explained,
glancing at Ruffnut.

“Naked?”

“Yeah humans don’t get to see other humans without clothes on unless-. Look, will you just do it, please!”

“Jeez, keep your scales on. Fine!” Gora rolled his eyes and lifted out his left wing.

“Thank you. Just keep my body hidden until I change back please.”

Gora agreed, and Toothless got behind him to change forms. Ruffnut had a massive grin as she saw Toothless standing behind Gora’s wing.

“Hello handsome!” She waved.

“Thor give me strength! Ruff, me and you ain’t happening. Ever!” Toothless cringed.

“How longs ever?” She asked seductively.

“Never ever! I will be dead, decayed, and obliterated before you even stand a chance. Even then, it ain’t happening! No, zilch, zero, nada! Get it!” Toothless shouted.

“Playing hard to get … Me likey.”

“Grrr!” Toothless growled and face-palmed. “I only changed to tell you Barf and Belch won’t leave without me. I’m not leaving until Visskara comes back.”

“Where’d she go anyways?” Tuffnut asked.

“Oh right. Well … she went to see if Berk was safe for dragons. She should be back in a few hours, but she will need to rest before flying back to Berk again.” Toothless explained.

“So, we have to wait? Where’s the fun in that!” Tuffnut complained.

“It’s not supposed to be fun, its what’s going to happen, so deal with it!”

“You could make if fun! We could-” Ruffnut started.

“Ruffnut, shut up! Please stop! For the love of Thor please! I am not interested in, nor will I ever be interested in you!” Toothless begged. Then he changed back into his dragon form.

“I was just gonna say build snow dragons.” Ruffnut mumbled in annoyance.

“What the Hypnuch was that all about?” Gora asked, closing his wing.

“Ruffnut’s been trying to get me to be her mate!” Toothless explained, still annoyed with her persistence. Gora burst out laughing. “Oh, Real mature Gora, you try living with it!”

“My drekis a hit with the fems.” Gora laughed. Toothless rolled his eyes - lip mimicked Gora in annoyance, and then looked around for Sharpshot.

“Hey Sharpshot, sorry if I scared you. Are you going back to Berk?”

“Toothy mad at me?”
“No Sharpshot! Of course not.”

“Then me stay. Me stay with Toothy!” Sharpshot proclaimed, flying to land on Toothless’s back. “Unless you have mail?”

“Nope, no mail. You can stay if you want to, and come back with us all when we leave.”

“Yes, me thinks I likes that idea. Oh fish…” Sharpshot squealed when he saw the few fish that were left. “… Can me haves.”

“Sure!”

Sharpshot squealed excitedly and flew to the fish. Licking his eye before he crunched the first one.

“What’s with the Quiazule Smarlogian?” Gora asked, referring to the Terrible-Terror.

“Shh, he isn’t a Quiazule! He is actually rather smart. Besides he is only about four years - ar’tios old. Hicc- … Hiccup trained him to carry messages, letters, to people he knows. We’re friends.”

“I’m glad you have me Kalean… So far, your friends seem very … questionable. I mean Barf, Belch, and now tiny over there. What’s next, a furinq Fayieringree?”

“Actually-” Toothless started to say, thinking about Hookfang.

“Please tell me you’re kidding…” Gora said - his eyes wide, but Toothless just started laughing. “Kalean, we need ta ‘ave a serious talk about this … Kalean!”

Toothless just continued to laugh.
Chapter 47 - Thank mother

Sunday night, present day - five sleeps till Snoggletog.

Hiccup was laying on his bed, his back leaning against the headboard, and he smiled at the sleeping baby in his arms. It was snowing again outside and the evenings were getting colder as the days grew shorter. Trid was wrapped in a fur blanket, nestled into his fathers warm, safe chest, and Hiccup could hear his little breaths as he slept. He didn’t want to put Trid into his crib for the night, instead, he wanted to hold him like this forever. He wanted to get lost in this moment, the peaceful, perfect, moment where nothing mattered but father and son, but no matter how perfect Trid was on his own, his family still wasn’t complete.

It had been a long three days, starting with his rise from the land of drunken fools Friday morning. He would never live his drunken escapade down now that the Village had seen their chief in a new light. The praise and cringy recount of his sword challenges and whatnot, exacerbated the headache he had from being hungover. He didn’t know what was worse, the fact he had actually done it, or the fact most of the village thought he had become a proper Viking because of it. The slit on his forehead, and the swelling along with the bruising and partially black eye, had raised a few questions too.

It had taken two days of pure endurance to get the village back to normality, and stem the dizzy tornado of inquiries - not just about his injury but of his travels too. He had so much to do that he questioned his mothers, and Gobber’s, whereabouts during his time away. They had kept the village from falling apart - there was at least that, but it seemed everything was left with the notion off, ‘Hiccup will do that when he gets back’. It certainly kept him busy, but there was something to gain from it. With the mountain load of work that was left for him to attend to, he hadn’t had time to drown in his own thoughts. Well, not since Friday morning anyway - when his mother had turned up.

Friday morning - two days ago.

Valka entered Hiccup’s house during the very early hours of the morning. Trid was still sleeping as she placed him into the downstairs crib - leaving her bags on the kitchen table. Valka hummed quietly away to herself as she looked for a large mug. Satisfied with one she found in the cupboard - that used to belong to Stoick, she went outside.

‘Ah Stoick…’ She spoke to herself, adding a little snow to the mug. About one-third filled, she lifted it up to the sky. ‘Get a good seat dear, this should be interesting.’ She smiled.

Valka re-entered the house, and filled the mug up with cold water before checking on Trid once more. Carrying the mug up the stairs and into Hiccup’s room, she didn’t hesitate to dump the freezing cold contents onto her son’s head. Shocked, wouldn’t have come close to Hiccup’s reaction. He had shot up in bed, utterly speechless. He sat there with his mouth agape, hungover, his wet hair stuck to his throbbing head, his tunic clinging to his chest, and water dripping down his face.

‘Oh good, you’re awake. Hurry up and come down son, I can’t wait to hear all about your relationship with Toothless.’ Valka exited the room, going back down the stairs to wait for him. She had intentionally let him believe that she knew - without a shadow of a doubt, about their relationship. She was, however, fairly certain she was correct - it would explain a lot.
Hiccup had simply forgotten how to breathe. In his panic - and the sudden disarray of hustling thoughts racing through his mind, he was frozen to the spot. Finally, he gasped, his breaths heavy, and his thoughts starting to make more sense. ‘She couldn’t know … right?’ He thought to himself. ‘Oh thor! What the helheim did I say last night? How did I even get home?’

It had taken Hiccup a while to leave his room - mainly because he was terrified of talking to his mother, but he eventually plodded on down. His mother was sitting at the table - sewing what looked like the start of a skirt, and something was heating up over the fire-pit.

‘Morning son. Sit!’ She smiled happily as she heard him sit at the table, intently focused on her needlework - she didn’t even look up at him.

‘W-What brings you here so early mum?’ Hiccup stuttered, as he slid into the chair at the table. He dared complain about the rude awakening - he should have known better than to get so drunk he could only remember fragments of last night, he hoped to avoid a very particular subject. Valka finished a stitch and lowered her work, she then pointed to the crib across the room.

‘Your son, I trust you remember him. Such a bonny thing, just a wee babe. Far too young to join in with his father’s drunken foolishness. Wouldn’t you agree?’

Hiccup gulped - nodding as he looked down at his hands, they had become rather fidgety as he anticipated more indirect disapproval regarding his behaviour. It was no more than he deserved. The guilt weighed heavily on his conscience, however, the foreboding of one particular hammer that had yet to fall was wreaking havoc with his anxiety. He dared speak first. Valka continued her stitches without another word, the silence not helping in the slightest. He waited on tenterhooks for his mother to mention Toothless - to say anything, but when she didn’t, he wondered if he had even heard her correctly this morning. His palms were sweating and he needed to get up from the chair to quell his nerves. Rubbing his hands on his trousers he walked over to the crib to look at his son.

Trid was asleep wrapped in furs, safe, loved, but very impressionable. He - as far as Hiccup knew, hadn’t even said his first word yet, only sounds and jargon. It wouldn’t do to have his son’s first word: ‘mead or ‘fight’ etc. No, the innocence of his son was protected from his father’s misdeeds by the intervention of his mother. “Thank you for looking after him.” Hiccup almost whispered, finally breaking the foreboding silence.

Valka placed down her work and nodded. “Of course. I missed out on watching you grow Hiccup, but I will not make that mistake with my grandson.” Valka stood up and moved to stand behind him, laying a hand on his shoulder she twiddled the ends of his hair with her other hand. “The water is boiling for his milk. Come, we have much to discuss my son.”

Hiccup chuckled nervously, scratching the back of his neck as his mother walked away. He followed nonetheless and finished preparing the milk for his son. He worked in silence waiting for his mother to initiate the conversation. With Trid’s bottle cooling on the table - and Hiccup sitting at the table with his mother once more, Valka spoke again.

“You know you can tell me anything Hiccup, I’m your mother!”

Hiccup nodded, giving her a small smile. Valka waited for him to say something - but when he didn’t, she took a stab in the dark - a wild gamble of playing along with her assumptions. Among those assumptions, she had concluded a new theory from the words of Toothless’s letter. ‘…I need to be with my real friends, not some lieing cowword that makes false promises.’

“I know son. I know you and Toothless have amorous feelings for one another and are currently not seeing eye to eye. You lied to him, promised him your heart perhaps and then took it away?”
Hiccup had gone almost white, nauseous, and his heart had plummeted into his gut churning and twisting. His mouth worked like a fish but he couldn’t remember how to make coherent words, nor could his brain think of what to say.

“What are you scared of? Hiccup, I am okay with this development if that is what concerns you the most.”

It took a while; a lot of denial on his part, and a lot of assurance from his mother before he face-planted the table - admitting it was true. He told her that he loved Toothless and vice versa, but he couldn’t risk the village getting wind of it so he ended the relationship. He shared a lot, but avoided mentioning their more intimate moments. He explained what had happened with the twins finding out that Toothless was able to change forms, which lead to his choice of ending the relationship in the first place. He shared his fears with his mother likewise.

Valka had agreed that Vikings were unpredictable, that she didn’t have the answers pertaining to what their reactions would be if the village found out, but she supported whatever choice her son made. She did however, berate him for ending things with Toothless - especially the way he had explained he’d done so.

“‘Toothless maybe able to take human form Hiccup, but he is first and foremost a dragon. I suspect your sudden revoke of your relationship - no matter how secret it was, was as good as telling him you no longer cared nor loved him. You were someone he trusted, to break that trust … I can only imagine how the poor thing must be feeling.’”

“‘I tried to talk to him, but he just ignores and avoids me-’”

“Can you blame him?” Valka cut him off firmly.

“No.”

“Whether or not you choose to continue your relationship, you need to talk to him! Try harder to get his attention. If he means as much to you as you claim … he deserves that much. Or I fear you will lose him all together.’”

Back to present day - five sleeps till Snoggletog.

Their conversation had lasted a few hours that Friday morning. His mother had really hit home - that whilst his choice was perhaps justified in a way … his method of conviction was almost cruel and heartless. It had really given him a lot to think about. Despite everything that weighed heavily on his shoulders, his conscience, and his heart, it was still somewhat of a relief to have his mother to talk to.

In the end it seemed like a no-win situation, catch twenty-two at its finest. He was scared of losing Toothless and because of that he had broken up with him, but because he had broken up with him … he may now have lost him all together. He couldn't lose Toothless, he had to try everything in his power to amend whatever relationship they had left. He still hadn't decided if that relationship would be friendship or something more. How could it be something more? That was the dilemma: friendship or secret boyfriend?

He looked down at Trid like he held all the answers. The tiny baby asleep in his arms - that trusted his father to do what was best for his future, trusted him to keep him safe. Toothless loved Trid just as much as he did, and that thought brought tears to his eyes once again. It would be perfect wouldn't it? The three of them a happy family with so much love to share, but it was also a
nightmare waiting to happen. Trid couldn't grow up with his father in a secret, forbidden relationship. What sort of life would that be for a child having to keep a secret like that? If Trid accidentally let slip to the village of such a relationship as he got older, he would surely blame himself for the fallout. Then there was the question of what exactly the fallout would entail if it ever came to pass: tribe division, chaos, riots and rampage, out-casting, death? Trid could end up losing his father, his title as future chief, and his home.

Begrudgingly, he slowly climbed out of bed and gently placed Trid down into his crib. He leaned forward and placed a kiss on the baby's forehead, tucking him in gently. Standing back up he fought the tears and made his way downstairs.

He opened the door to Toothless's bedroom and choked on his own tears. All the thoughts in his head were like a tempestuous storm contained in a small box - locked away so no one would know they were there, but it was impossible to keep them contained all the time. Collapsing onto Toothless's bed he sobbed into his ex-lover’s wool filled pillow - shaking as he clenched into the material. He missed Toothless and hadn’t seen him in three days. He needed him, but it felt like he wasn't allowed him … *Don't deserve him either.* He thought.

Hiccup didn’t want to sleep; nightmares plagued his mind for the last two nights, but he was tired due to lack of sleep. The dreams were similar to before, but now with the addition of new gorific images; himself, ripping Toothless’s heart out of his chest with his bare hands and crushing it.

Trid would sleep through the night now at least - no longer waking up for night feeds. Perhaps he would move Trid into Toothless’s room and sleep in here instead with him, it was the closest he could get to what he wanted. On the other hand, he didn’t want to wake his son up like last night - when he woke up shouting and crying for Toothless.

As Hiccup laid in Toothless bed crying, Toothless, Visskara, Gora, Barf and Belch, Sharpshot, and the twins, were just about to land on Berk. Toothless lead everyone except the twins to Valka’s home where it would be quiet; the twins wanted to make a grand entrance in the main village with Barf and Belch, so they separated from the group. Toothless hoped it would distract them from him, his sister, and his best friend at least. Sharpshot flew into the forest upon landing outside Valka’s house after saying good bye, leaving the three dragons behind. Gora was exhausted - it was a day’s flight to Berk from Dragon Island with Gora and the twin with them, but he was doing okay despite being nervous. Visskara and Toothless were hardly affected at all, it was an easy trip for them.

Toothless tapped on Valka’s door with his tail and waited for her to answer. When Valka saw the dragons, she rushed to hug Toothless welcoming him home. She then greeted Visskara before aweing over Gora - he was hiding behind Vissy and Toothless.

‘‘This is Gora?’’ Valka confirmed. Toothless nodded. ‘‘Such a beautiful magnificent creature. Oh, I won’t hurt you.’’ Valka had tried to edge closer but Gora instinctively backed up. Toothless smiled knowingly.

‘‘Gora! Come on you scaredy torht, Valka’s Hiccup’s mother and she won’t hurt ya. She lived with an Elgoorisstoorvovor for twenty ar’tios and heals injured dragons. In fact, it’s her you have to thank for treating your wing.’’

‘‘Yeah you said!’’ Gora grumbled and nervously held still, but he still kept his distance.

‘‘Here let me change forms and I’ll introduce you.’’ Toothless said sneaking behind Visskara
and changing forms. Valka saw Toothless’s human head peer out from behind Visskara.

‘‘Hey Mrs Valka! You don’t happen to have a tunic or blanket by any chance, do you? I don’t have any clothes on, or any with me.’’ Toothless admitted starting to shiver.

Valka rushed inside and found what Toothless asked for before quickly returning. Toothless smiled and pulled the tunic over his head, it fit tight and was a little short but it would do for now. The blanket covered his lower half.

‘‘Thank you! I have been told it isn’t normal to run around naked as a human, weird human customs an all. But then again, it’s bloody freezing out here in the snow naked.’’ He half joked.

Valka chuckled and hugged him - Toothless was taller the Valka by about two inches. ‘‘Come inside. Look, you have nothing on your feet! You’ll catch your death out here, Gora and Visskara are more than welcome to join us.’’

They all ended up inside Valka’s house, the dragons had followed Toothless’s instructions to come in through the roof - Gora albeit hesitantly after being practically forced by Visskara. Valka moved the furniture to make more space for them downstairs. The large kitchen table and chairs had been shoved against the wall by the bottom of the stairs - piled up, and the two bench-armchairs and small table had been put in their place. The downstairs was opened up and Visskara laid down carefully, Gora followed her lead. Valka already had the fire burning, the heat already warming Toothless’s human body.

Valka insisted on making Toothless herbal tea so he didn’t get ill, and whist she worked they had started conversation.

‘‘So, Gora’s a Hypnofuse? Tell me about him.’’

‘‘Yeah, that’s what Hiccup calls his species. Gorahiroa is a Hugreaetlavafi. He can hypnotise or confuse others…’’ Toothless went on to briefly explain how they met, and what Gora was like in general.

Gora had been listening, smiling at the praise and eye-rolling at his faults like he had none. Valka noticed some of his reactions, and she laughed as she gave Toothless his tea, sitting down on the opposite bench.

‘‘Oh, he is just amazing. You said he was staying on Berk?’’ Valka asked.

‘‘That’s the plan. What do you think Gora? You brave enough to stick around and follow a new alpha?’’ Toothless smirked at him.

‘‘You ain’t getting rid of me that easily Kalean!’’

‘‘You do realize that staying means you will have to interact with humans, more than just Valka. The entire village to be exact!’’ Visskara informed him. Gora shivered in trepidation but pretended not to be bothered.

Toothless chuckled having noticed, he caught most of their conversation. ‘‘Vissy! Stop scaring him. It is true though Gora, you will have to meet other humans. I’m sure Valka will let you stay here until we return.’’

‘‘You’re leaving again?’’ Valka asked.

‘‘Wait, you can’t leave me here!’’ Gora protested, his eyes widening.
“Yeah. Me and Vissy - if she wishes to join me, need to fly to Dragon edge to inform the dragons it’s safe to return now. I want to stop at the Dragon stables with Vissy before we leave, but we will be leaving in a while - tonight.” Toothless explained, he then looked at Gora. “Gora! It’s over a day’s flight and your wing needs rest. I would like to be there and back as soon as possible, and me and Vissy can get there in maybe … just over half a day at our speed.”

“Gora is more than welcome to stay.” Valka told them, a little to enthusiastically. She missed her own dragon companion - Cloud-jumper and all the other dragons that took up residence outside her home. Gora was a new species of dragon she could learn about, and that excited her. “I’m sure we will become good friends. I can see to his wing while you’re gone.”

“That would be great, Thank you.”

“Easy for you to say, you’re not the one that gets poked and prodded by a human!” Gora huffed.

Toothless ignored Gora, he knew he would be fine with Valka and would come around soon enough. The room went quiet for a moment as Valka and Toothless sipped their drinks.

“So, that other beauty over there is Visskara?” Valka asked, keen to know more about her from Toothless.

“That’s right. Visskara is a Leitatilsynum, or Rapid blue-wing as … Hiccup calls her…” Again, Toothless explained about her species, her speed and abilities. That she was a dragon born of a storm, or so it is said. Amazing speed, sight, and hearing, with lethal plasma fire, and the ability to fly through the tempest of storms with ease.

Valka was immensely impressed, but she was caught off guard when Toothless said she was his sister.

“Sister?”

“It’s too long a story to go into now, but yes, she is my sister. Ameor, as we dragons call it. When a dragon lays eggs all the hatchlings are ameors - or siblings. Once we fly the nest, we usually have no more contact with our ameors or our mother. My egg was found a long time ago, and I was raised by Visskara’s mother. We hatched about the same time, so to us … we are ameors - siblings.”

“Your egg was found?” Valka frowned.

Toothless briefly explained the story of how his egg was meant to be food to the Takarolmagi who stole him. He explained how he had come to be under the care of Kalvissmari - Visskara’s mooir.

That is where he ended his story, and he promised Valka he would share more stories with her another time. It was time for him to be going. Valka stopped him, placing a hand onto his leg. She had been trying to decide how to breach the topic of him and her son, she had noticed the way Toothless would almost flinch whenever Hiccup’s name was mentioned … it was now or never.

“ Toothless wait! How are you doing?” Her gentle, sympathetic tone made Toothless wonder what she was getting at.

“I’m fine. I just have to get going so we can get the dragons home.”

“I know Toothless. Hiccup confirmed my suspicions that the two of you share more than friendship. That you were boyfriends. I am not proud of the way my son ended things with you.”
Toothless had gone cold, the reminder washed over him like an icy blast from a Snow-Wraith. His fists clenched, his hands shook, and his breath hitched. ‘‘It’s fine!’’ He coldly replied through gritted teeth. ‘‘He was worried about how the tribe would react, how it would affect Trid. I understand!’’

‘‘Do you? I have been worried about you.’’ Valka took his hand and squeezed it. Toothless looked at the hand encasing his own, the reaction was almost instant: tears leaked from his eyes, his throat closed up, and he sobbed.

Valka rose from her seat the same time Visskara rose from the floor. Valka glanced at Visskara a moment – eyes met head on and locked. Eventually Visskara bowed her head and Valka sat next to Toothless embracing him tightly. ‘‘Oh, Toothless!’’

Although Visskara allowed Valka to comfort her ameor, she was watching them closely and wasn’t happy that she had upset him in the first place.

Valka held Toothless letting him cry, Hiccup had done more damage than even he perhaps realized. Toothless was almost as innocent as a child in that - she suspected, he lacked emotional understanding. He had almost presented himself tonight as unaffected and happy, but the signs had been there. The poor thing was masking such emotional pain - and quite well it seemed. She didn’t know the extent of his relationship with Visskara or Gora as dragons, and to her Toothless had no one to talk to … not really.

For all intents and purposes, Toothless had been a loyal pet only a few months ago. A loyal companion and best friends of her son’s that he had pushed away, and only a few months of him experiencing life as a human. Hiccup had shared with her his desire to go back to that ‘best-friend’ relationship, but even though she knew it would never be possible, she had held her tongue. Witnessing Toothless’s reaction she knew she had been correct. The boys had such deep-rooted feelings for one another, that what Hiccup wanted wouldn’t be possible. The entire situation, the relationship, it was a lot for even her to get her head around. Thor only knew what was going through Toothless’s mind, never mind her son’s.

Toothless stopped sobbing and sniffled as he pulled back. ‘‘Sorry.’’ He mumbled, wiping his eyes with his hands.

‘‘You have nothing to be sorry for!’’ Valka firmly corrected him. She went to fetch a cloth, wetting it and wringing it out before handing it to him. Toothless wiped his face and looked up at Valka.

‘‘I am angry with him. I feel like he just gave up on me, on us. I do love him.’’

‘‘I can see that. This situation you two have found yourselves in is complicated.’’

‘‘I know. I understand his fears, I do! But we were happy together. I don’t understand why we can’t just be honest with everyone in the village and be together. Would they really react like Hiccup thinks?’’ Toothless sniffled, tears still falling over his eyelashes occasionally, trickling down his cheeks.

‘‘I suspect there would be some people, yes. It would create a division in the tribe certainly. I can not say what the reaction would be exactly if this were to come out, but it wouldn’t be pretty.’’

‘‘I really need to get going.’’ Toothless suddenly announced, standing up abruptly. He didn’t want to go into this topic tonight.

‘‘Toothless!’’ Valka grabbed his arm. ‘‘Hiccup may feel like he made the right choice, he may
even stand by it, but he is hurting too. He still wants you home.’’

‘‘Home?’’ Toothless half chuckled sadly. ‘‘I don’t know if I can be near him, not right now anyway.’’

‘‘Promise me, that you will come see me when you return.’’

‘‘I will, and I’ll bring Cloudjumper and the others with me.’’ Toothless promised. Valka hugged him tightly.

‘‘It maybe a different love to the type you share with my son, but you have my love as a mother!’’

Toothless returned the embrace. ‘‘Thank you, Valka, that means a lot to me.’’

Toothless said his goodbyes to Valka before changing form, Visskara already waiting upstairs for him. Toothless turned to Gora and said his goodbyes. Promising him he would be back as soon as he could be. Gora had chosen to stay in the house with Valka for now - it was warm. After final nods and certain looks, Toothless and Visskara left.

‘‘Well Gora, looks like it’s just us.’’ Valka smiled at him.

‘‘Stay over there you torht old lady and we’ll be good!’’ Gora watched her. None the wiser to his remark, Valka continued.

‘‘I expect you’re hungry, I have some fish outside…’’

Gora’s ears peaked at the mention of food. It was going to be an interesting night for him.

Under the cover of darkness, Toothless flew alone to Hiccup’s house and landed gently on the roof. The latch was closed and covered in fallen snow, but he could melt it without setting the house on fire and lift the latch with his claw. He had left Visskara over at the dragon stables to get a drink, and she was going to catch some fish from the sea. The Village seem quiet, whatever grand entrance the Twins had planed must have died off.

He couldn’t sense Hiccup in his room upstairs, but he could sense Trid. He wasn’t even sure what he was doing here to be honest, but something pulled him inside like an invisible rope. He climbed down into Hiccup’s room quietly and changed forms. His heart was leaping in his chest that he’d be caught by Hiccup in his room naked, but he had the sudden urge to see Trid again. If Trid was upstairs alone, Hiccup must be awake downstairs.

Leaning over the crib Toothless smiled, Trid had gotten slightly bigger since he’d last seen him. He gently lifted the baby up into his arms and shushed him as he stirred. He was still nervous holding him, but he’d missed him. Trid nuzzled into Toothless’s bare chest but stayed asleep. Toothless held him for a while before placing a soft kiss on Trid forehead, gently returning him to the crib.

Toothless didn’t know why he’d decided to come here, but as tears pooled in his eyes, he decided it was a stupid idea. Changing forms, he quietly climbed up and onto the roof. He closed the latch and was about to take off when he heard a muffled sob. It wasn’t Trid’s.

Hiccup was sure he had heard a noise on the roof - or in his bedroom, and he had run up the stairs to check on his son. After seeing Trid safe he unintentionally let slip muffled sobs, a part of him had hoped Toothless had come home. He just wanted to talk to him, to see him again.

Still on the roof Toothless listened with an aching heart. Hiccup was right below him, all he had to
do was go back inside … but he couldn’t, not yet.

Hiccup suddenly noticed Trid was sleeping at a different end of his crib. His head was a different end to when he put him into it earlier. He noticed speckles of melting snow on his bed and bedroom floor. ‘‘Toothless!’’ He breathed longingly, running down the stairs.

Toothless heard him and panicked, he took off but decided to hide close by. When Hiccup emerged from his house, he looked at the roof. ‘Night-fury prints’ He thought, but Toothless was gone. ‘‘I’m sorry Toothless!’’ He mumbled quietly, sadly returning back inside.

Toothless had heard him but quickly left to go find Visskara, his heart wanted desperately to stay but he was scared. He fought his feelings and decided to focus on his task as alpha dragon instead. Maybe he would be ready to talk to Hiccup when he returned, but for now he just couldn’t do it. It was still too painful.
Chapter 48 - Plans and merchants

Monday – Very early hours. Four sleeps till Snoggletog.

Visskara and Toothless had been in the air for a couple of hours - or thereabouts, and the snow was intermittent. The light wispy snowflakes that gently fell were turned into flurries as they sped past on their way to Dragons Edge, leaving an angry rush of twirling flakes behind them. Despite the cold, neither Toothless nor Visskara were affected by it.

“You never said what you planned to do when we return to Berk.” Visskara broke the silence that had befallen them. They’d already had the ‘Hiccup’ talk.

“I don’t know.” Toothless admitted. He really didn't know what he was going to do, or where he was going to stay. He was rather content to just put it off and not think about it until he had to, but he should ... think about it!

He had a few friends on Berk ... but really, without Hiccup's help he was a useless human being. He could cook - just about, and he knew how to take care of himself in general, but he wouldn't have the faintest idea how to make clothes or bedding, craft items, or deal with certain tribe customs and rules. He also had friends, Valka would help him he was sure, and he could read. He had learnt a lot being the chief's dragon, and even more as a human. Maybe he wasn’t completely useless as a human, and the only thing really hindering that plan was the lack of accommodation - he couldn’t return home, to Hiccup’s house. He also wondered if he would be given the same rations that a real member of the tribe would.

His other option was to simply remain a dragon, well, that would be easy enough. He had his tail back and therefore he would no longer need Hiccup's assistance to fly or find food. He could stay at the Cove, in the forest, or over by Valka's house near the mountains. He'd be able to stick with Gora all the time, have all the other dragons for company as well, and avoid Hiccup altogether. That was the most attractive choice … or perhaps the coward’s way out.

Avoidance! That was what he was doing, avoiding the issue and hiding. The issue being the auburn haired, green eyed chief of Berk. Yep, who was he kidding? He could never avoid the ‘issue’. He proved that when he snuck into Hiccup’s bedroom a few hours ago … Fuck! He was sure Trid would be perfectly fine without him, but he’d miss him something awful too. That invisible rope would just keep pulling him back to that bloody house - back to Hiccup, and back to Trid.

He had to think about ‘Kalster’ too. His identity as Kalster rather. Kalster couldn’t vanish for days, weeks on end and then suddenly turn up at random intervals. Come to think of it … neither could Toothless. Great! He was now thinking of himself as two separate … what, people? It was so damn confusing! He wanted to headbutt a wall but alas … nothing but fucking snow and sea. Perhaps he could just drown right here and now, it would solve his dilemma, right? Fix his pain and broken heart. Thor, he sounded so pathetic, he was a Night-Fury for crying out loud.

“ Toothless?” Visskara called to him for the third time.

“Sorry Vissy, just thinking about your question.”

“It wasn’t a question, an observation perhaps. We are going to find your friends and escort
them back to Berk, then you have no plans for after that - none that you have shared with me anyway. This Snoggletog approaches that you seem undecided about, Hiccup wants you to return home but you have clear aversions to that, and you make no effort to speak with your sal-binda. As I am returning to my island in five days, I would prefer to know you are going to be okay.’’

“I’ll be okay. I wish you didn’t have to leave at all.” Toothless admitted.

“I will visit when I can, and you know you are welcome to do the same. For now, Toothless, let’s not change the subject!” Visskara was quite determined to do all she could to help her ameor before her time to leave arrived. Toothless sighed.

“I know. It’s complicated Vissy. I am thinking about it but-”

“Stop thinking! Follow your instincts. What are they telling you to do?” Visskara interrupted him.

“Something that Hiccup could hate me for, something that could fuck everything up big time!”

“And that is?”

“Going to Hiccup and-” Toothless had suddenly been distracted by the multi-coloured mass in the distance. He squinted and Visskara followed his line of sight.

“It appears your friends are already on their way home.” Visskara informed him - she could easily make out the array of different dragons heading in their direction.

Despite everything, Toothless was thrilled to see his dragon friends again, and he mentally checked them off in his head as they flew passed. Dancing through the blizzard of dragons - twisting and diving, he shared greetings as they flew onwards towards Berk.

Hookfang zoomed passed Toothless amidst the other dragons, baiting him to keep up and insinuating he was too slow. “Took ya long enough Toothy! I’m gone, ya’ll just hold me back. See ya later losers!” He yelled flying off towards Berk. Fanghook shouted his own greeting as he followed behind Hookfang. Toothless just grumbled his mimic, not effected by the taunts as he continued to check his flock of dragons and exchange greetings.

Visskara observed her ameor. She was quite taken aback at the difference between her relationship with the drekis under her command - back on her island, and the relationship Toothless had with the drekis under his command here. Some greeting him with respect as they passed, others joked and laughed with him before continuing on their way, but most of them were excited to see him. It was as if he wasn’t their alpha at all, instead, it was as if he were their friend - like he had been saying all along. Apart from Acacia perhaps, she didn’t really have any ‘friends’, it was rather baffling to her. She also, never once saw him command the drekis or demand respect, he let them be themselves around him.

“ Toothless!” Stormfly yelled, practically colliding with him. They spun in the air happily together before pulling up to hover opposite each other. “I’m so happy to see you!” She nuzzled his neck before pulling back to face him again.

“ Toothless!” Cloudjumper nodded, hovering next to Stormfly calmly. The other dragons flew
past them, the slower ones taking up the rear.

“We were coming to let you know Berk was safe, how did you-” Toothless was asking.

“Find out?” Stormfly interrupted, almost vibrating with excitement, and looking very proud of herself. “Creashtule flew over Berk a few days ago, and we thought hey! It must be safe now right, who’s this?” She asked, looking at Visskara.

“Erm…” Toothless wanted to ask who Creashtule was, but he chose to introduce his ameor first when Meatlug pulled up to hover beside them - interrupting him.

“ Toothless you’re here! Is Berk really good now? I didn’t like that thing … my head was like … I-it really did pain me. I miss Fishlegs, is Fishlegs okay?” Meatlug struggled to explain, blinking innocently.

“Slow down Meatlug.” Was all Toothless could say before he was interrupted again.


The flight back to Berk was emotional for Toothless. Stormfly was so enthusiastic, and he’d forgotten how exuberant she could be. So self-assured and proud, with a tendency to never take no for an answer. She had a lot of questions and no amount of ‘I don't want to talk about it right now' deterred her from her goal. She was quite persistent to have her questions answered, and Toothless found himself unable to refuse. Therefore, between keeping the other dragons rounded up, and checking they were okay as they travelled back to Berk, they had a lot to discuss. Toothless was careful to keep the conversation brief, his answers were vague and as limited as he could manage. He had introduced Visskara as his ameor, keeping to facts and avoiding going into too much detail. Stormfly seemed content just knowing that Toothless's egg was found, hatched, and raised alongside Visskara. He briefly mentioned Sanctum island, and that he had forgotten all about it until recently. Stormfly, Meatlug, and Cloudjumper were surprised and interested to hear more, but Toothless wasn’t going to outright go into details - not right now anyway. He would answer their questions in as little words as he could, and not divulge into every detail of his trip straight away. He had no doubt he would be repeating himself many, many times over the next few days, and a lot of his story involved Hiccup.

He had introduced Visskara as his ameor, keeping to facts and avoiding going into too much detail. Stormfly thought. ‘Must have been the same Monstrous-Nightmare that helped Gora.’ The topic of Hiccup became unavoidable after that. It was with much hesitancy that he tried to explain everything to his close friends - Meatlug, Stormfly and Cloud-Jumper. It was hard because they didn’t really understand, and without going into too much detail he didn’t really expect them too anyway. Talking about Hiccup killed his happy demeanour and frustrated him. It reminded him that he was meant to be angry at Hiccup. The truth was, because he had been so distracted the last few days with Visskara and Gora, and because he hadn’t seen Hiccup, he missed him. The anger had started to fizzle out and he found himself pinning for the auburn-haired man… instead, he had become scared and unsure. It would be so easy to remind himself why he was angry with Hiccup - to go back to being angry with him, but now mostly, he felt like it just wasn’t fair. He was scared how Hiccup would react if he tried to argue that they should be together, and not being together hurt immensely. Besides that, he really didn’t want to be the reason - because of his selfish desire to have Hiccup, that Berk ended up divided … or he ended up
the cause of even worse consequences to befall them.

“IT’s Snoggletog soon, you have to get him a … what’s it called? ErmM … a geft? You know, humans do that thing where they give each other things and they smile and hug. Give him one and he will smile then hug you.” Stormfly advised eagerly, thinking it was that simple.

“Ooo, that’s a great idea. I give Fishlegs rocks, he likes them so much he feeds them to me and then we hug. I like hugs too!” Fishlegs added unhelpfully.

“I miss Astrid. I shared my hatchlings with her, she liked them. Nearly time to lay my eggs.” Stormfly pondered for a moment before getting back to the topic. “Yes! Get him a geft, then you can have that hug.”

“It’s a gift Stormfly, and it’s not that simple-”

“You should Toothless. We discussed this before, and you already have those gems. You admitted yourself that you would lose nothing by having it made. My advice, whether you take it or not - if it isn’t too late, is to have it made ready for Snoggletog. Then you can decide whether to keep it, or to give it to him.” Visskara interrupted. She knew the more Toothless thought about it, he would come up with ludicrous reasons to avoid Hiccup and the unavoidable arrival of this ‘Snoggletog’.

“I-It’s not too late, I don’t think. Not if I went today. But I don’t want-”

“So, it’s settled then. We go to Berk and collect the gems, then we proceed to have this ‘gift’ made at the … ‘market’ I do believe you called it.” Visskara insisted.

“But it-”

“No buts Toothless! For your sake, I’m insisting on this. You obviously don’t know your tail from your head right now so, for everyone’s benefit, accept this new plan and with all due respect my little amelor, enough said! Or as Gora would put it … shut it!” Visskara nodded, rather proud of herself when Toothless was left speechless. Now that she had one phase of her plan to get Hiccup and Toothless talking again, she needed to think if there was anything else that she could do before her time to leave was upon her. Maybe Toothless’s friends would be helpful, Stormfly seemed rather persuasive. If Toothless didn’t take the necessary steps to make amends with his sal-binda, she would simply have to intervene again.

The dragons landed on Berk that morning, scattered all over the island. It was still dark out being the winter solstice, but that didn’t stop them making a beeline for their respective riders or friends’ homes, or to the dragon stables. The commotion had ensured all the people of Berk were distracted as they cheered and yelled in excitement, hugging their dragon friends or being squashed by them. The villagers were already planning a huge feast and party in the Great Hall - in celebration of their return.

Toothless had hidden in the forest not far from the chief’s house with Visskara. She was the eyes and ears, waiting for Hiccup to leave the house so she could give the all clear. Toothless paced a trench in the ground as he nervously waited, he couldn’t believe he had been talked … no forced, into doing this by his amelor. Soon enough the sound of dragons and Vikings reached the house, and Hiccup ran out to observe the spectacle.
Hiccup saw Gobber with happy tears in his eyes as he continued to be crushed by Grump - his Hotburple. Hookfang flew overhead with Snotlout on his back whooping the air chanting his usual, ‘‘Snotlout, Snotlout oi oi oi!’’ Hookfang flaming up and growling at him until he amended his chant to, ‘‘Hookfang, Hookfang, oi oi oi.’’ His father, Spitelout, followed not far behind on his Deadly-Nadder - Kingstail. Other riders were taking to the sky, including Gothi on Sugilite – her female Gronckle, with a herd of Terrible-Terrors following her. Gothi looked so happy to be back in the air, they all did!

‘This is Berk, a dragon-friendly island where without them … it just wasn’t home.’ Hiccup thought, with a small smile. ‘We’re Hooligans, we thrive on chaos, destruction, and the occasional over cooked Viking - usually courtesy of Hookfang. But we made peace with the dragons, and since then we need them as much as they need us. The only thing missing now … is my dragon. Where are you Toothless?’ Hiccup searched the sky with his eyes and muttered sadly. ‘‘Please come home bud!’’

Visskara watched as Hiccup retreated back into his house, eventually exiting again with Trid bundled up in furs and sitting in the baby suit. She nodded at Toothless - giving him the signal as Hiccup left to go and speak with his tribe.

‘I'll be right back.’ Toothless told his ameor, who nodded. He snuck over to Hiccup’s house, melted the snow on the roof, and climbed inside.

He changed into his human form and ran down the stairs to his bedroom. He missed his room, even though he never really slept in it, it was his own space - it was his. He noticed the bed had been used however, and Trid’s downstairs crib had been moved into his room too. ‘Had Hiccup been sleeping in his bed?’ He wondered, frowning. He suddenly shook his head and walked to the trunk at the end of his bed, now wasn’t the time to be trying to work out why Hiccup would be sleeping in his bedroom.

Pulling out the contents of his trunk he found the pouch of gems buried at the bottom. He needed a bag, he realised, looking around the room for one. Once he’d located a suitable bag, he proceeded to fill it quickly: clothes, a compass, the journal Hiccup made him with the carved pencil, the book on market trade and values, and a map. Checked and packed, he didn’t bother to tidy his room, or shut the trunk. He thought about leaving a note, but he didn’t know what he would say so he decided against it. With that done, he rushed back upstairs, changed back into a dragon, grabbed the bag in his claws, and then left the house to meet back up with Visskara.

Toothless and Visskara, flew to Valka’s side of the island and intercepted her on the way there. Valka was laughing as she rode Cloudjumper - her rattle staff in one hand as she surfed in the air, the other dragons trailing behind them happily. It was an amazing sight that warmed his heart to witness, but it made him miss his flights with Hiccup.

“Cloudjumper! Hey, could you fly back to the house. I wish to talk to Valka before she goes to the village.” Toothless asked him.

Despite Valka's confusion, Cloudjumper did as asked with a respectful nod, and he landed on the grass outside Valka's house. Valka jumped down and looked at Toothless expectantly - who had landed with Visskara.

Gora was the first to rush over, he hadn’t wanted to forgo the safe feeling that being away from the village gave him, and he wanted to wait for Toothless and Visskara to return. He also didn’t like being around Valka for too long, but it was better than being near the very many weapon-wielding
humans. “Oh good, you’re back! I didn’t expect ya so soon to be honest, but that female person is yarx I tell ya! She did something to me!”

“Wait what?” Toothless asked him. He was about to put his friend on hold and change forms to speak to Valka, but this he had to hear.

“One moment I’m trying ta back away from the torht Valka human, the next I’m seeing colours an’ sky lights. I was happy Kalean, happy! Totally under ‘er control, an’ … I liked it!” He explained, bewildered, confused, and somewhat panicking.

“Valka isn’t evil you faifuh!” Toothless laughed. “She just has a way to make you relax.”

“She controlled me! I do the controlling ya hear, it’s not natural.” Gora complained. Toothless couldn’t stop laughing, but when he realised Valka was still waiting for an explanation, he pulled himself together.

“Okay Gora, relax-” He burst out laughing again.

“I’m glad you find it so funny ya noxa plifigen! Some friend you are!” Gora grumbled.

“Sorry!” Toothless wasn’t sorry, but he contained his humour. “I will let Valka know you disapprove of her charms.” He chuckled. “I’m sure Visskara will fill you in whilst I talk to her.” Toothless glanced over at Valka.

Toothless walked behind Visskara with the bag in his teeth. He dropped the bag, and rolled his eyes at Gora’s complaining about him getting back to just ignore him already. Valka waited patiently for Toothless to change into his human form and get dressed, then they went inside her house - this time all the dragons stayed outside.

“Mrs Valka, I can’t stay. I promised you I would drop by but now I need to go to the-” Toothless didn’t know if he should tell her his plans or not. He had finished the tea she insisted on, and was trying to leave.

“Yes?” Valka prompted.

“…T-to the northern markets.” He gave in.

“Why on Midgard would you want to go there. It could be dangerous Toothless!” Valka grew concerned. She had heard bad stories of the market place, hunters, traps, and dishonest traders - she had even witnessed them for herself a few times. It was no place for Toothless, even in his human form, he was far too un-experienced in matters dealing with any business he could possibly have there. Toothless fidgeted uncomfortably.

“I want to get Hiccup a gift made for Snoggletog. I don’t know if I will be giving it to him or not… but I need to do this. I have the stuff, I just need to find a suitable jeweller.”

“Jeweller?” Valka’s eyebrows raised, and Toothless smiled nervously as he fidgeted. Valka’s stare was making him anxious, and he caved.

“Okay! I want to make him a ring. Not like the one Astrid had when they got married or anything, but one that reminds him of me. Just something to tell him he is important to me. It’s not that big of a deal.” He shrugged.
“I think that is a lovely idea.” Valka smiled. “But Toothless, you need metal for a ring, and you have nothing to trade for the service.”

“I have some gems that are worth a lot. I know this because I have been to the market with Hiccup many times, and I have a book.”

“ Toothless, gems or not, the market is filled with dishonest people, dangerous people! I doubt even these gems, if you’re correct in their value, will get you what you desire without someone more adapt to deal with such merchants.”

“I know what I’m doing Mrs Valka, trust me. I am-” Toothless was interrupted by the warning call from his ameori - someone was coming. “I have to go Mrs Valka. I’ll come back … I promise.”

Ignoring Valka’s protests, he hugged her quickly. Grabbing his bag, he ran from the house and into the forest - nearly tripping over his shoe-less feet. Visskara and Gora followed him - they watched as he stripped out of the clothes he was wearing, shoved them back into his bag, quickly changed forms, grabbed the bag in his claws, and took off. He heard a voice shouting - calling desperately up to him as he took to the air and he winced. It felt like his heart failed to beat, it stung as it struggled to pull itself together - to keep him alive if nothing else.

“ Toothless wait!” Hiccup’s voice echoed in his ears. Toothless didn’t wait, he had to focus on his plans first.

“If they want to celebrate then that’s fine, but I’m not going.” Hiccup gesticulated violently, his voice raised as he expressed his unwillingness to celebrate the return of the dragons with his tribe members, especially with all the Snoggletog preparations still to be done - and the fact that would elicit a two/three-day party itself. He had been talking to his mother for about thirty minutes now - ever since he saw Toothless flying off ignoring him, and her insistence that as the chief he should be there frustrated him. “I don’t want to sit in the Great Hall while everyone rubs in the fact that their dragons are home and mine … mine wants absolutely nothing to do with me!” Hiccup collapsed into the wooden chair, rubbing his face. “I screwed up mum!”

Red eyes looked up at his mother in desperation, straining from holding back tears, and tired from lack of sleep. Hiccup either couldn’t sleep - because his mind wouldn’t rest, plaguing him with a torrent of emotions he didn’t even know it was possible to feel all at once, or he finally drifted off to be woken by nightmares. Between that and the self-castigation of his actions, he quite frankly just wanted to border up his house and stay inside. But alas, he was the bloody chief of Berk, and his people ‘needed’ him. They didn’t need him to attend this stupid celebration though.

“Hiccup, Toothless misses you too you know, he just needs time son!” Valka moved to sit next to him, wrapping her arm around his shoulders bringing him closer to her. “In the meantime, it wouldn’t hurt for you to mingle with your friends a little. Perhaps you should spend time with the other dragons too. I’m sure Gora would appreciate company that isn’t mine, and Toothless told me he was a little freaked out by how well I managed to find his weakness.” She smiled.

Gora had returned a short while after Visskara and Toothless had left - to go to the markets Valka assumed, but why Gora hadn’t gone with them was a mystery to her. He had let himself into the house through the roof latch and he was currently sleeping upstairs - with his tail hanging down where it could be seen by both Valka and Hiccup. Cloudjumper was currently watching them from across the room.

“That’s the other thing…” Hiccup pulled away from his mother. “He talks to you! Why won’t he
just talk to me? I know I screwed up, but he is being so-"

"Stubborn!" Valka finished for him. "You're just the same Hiccup. Oh, If I could lock you both in the cells and batter your heads together I would." She sighed. "He is hurting, scared, and he's confused, put your-self in his place Hiccup. He will come around, just give him time."

"How much time? I … I need him." Hiccup sighed sadly, looking down at his hands. He'd rather be stabbed, knowing there was a chance at recovery than this constant pain he felt in his chest now. He didn't know if there would ever be a remedy for this type of pain … not for the chief of Berk at least. Perhaps his mother was right, and he just needed to wait, but he still wouldn't have the answers. He knew what he wanted, but his title made it forbidden therefore, it was out of his hands. It was safer to forgo his relationship with Toothless, and it would be expected of him - if they didn't kill him first. No, it wasn't what he wanted at all, but just like most things in his life this too was already dictated for him. He didn't have a choice, not really, but he needed his best friend back if nothing else. More than that, he needed to know that Toothless was okay. He wanted the chance to explain everything to him properly… and apologise for hurting him the way he had.

"And he needs you. In his eyes, he is giving you what you asked for son, and what you really asked for is a lot for him to understand. Perhaps, you want something he cannot give - not now he has come to love you. You can't take away love once it has rooted Hiccup. The sooner you realise that, the better."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" Hiccup asked desperately. He'd give anything for someone - anyone to suggest a plausible solution to his dilemma. A way to have everything he desired: Toothless, Trid, his chiefdom to pass onto his son, his friends, and his home. If he could be with Toothless and know that things would be okay for not only the both of them, but for his son too … well, he would do anything. No one had the answers though, and no one could assure him that things would be okay if he stayed with Toothless in a relationship.

"Only you can answer that. I just know he will come to you when he is ready."

"And what am I supposed to do in the meant time huh? It's hard pretending everything is just dandy and honey bread. How am I supposed to answer people that ask where Toothless is, or where Kalster is? I can’t-""

"You can, and you will! Do your duty as chief son. Go pacify your people! If only for a while, make an appearance in the Great Hall this evening. I’m sure you will find a way to sneak out once things become livelier. As long as you don’t decide to make a fool of yourself again."

"No! I’ve learnt my lesson on that mum, especially after last time." Hiccup winced at the memory, and sighed loudly as he caved.

"Good!" She patted his back. "Now, you better get going, me and Trid have a lot planned for today. And please spend some time with Gora, the poor thing needs a familiar face."

The party had started early, and Hiccup was already trying to sneak out of the Great Hall to no avail. It was just as he had expected: loud, rambunctious, and full of drunks. If he wasn’t being questioned a million times over, he was being pressured to join in with the celebration. It was gratifying to see the dragons back on Berk, but it was strange how easy it had been once they discovered the problem. Nothing was ever that simple for him, but then again … he wouldn’t knock at least one clean break in his chaotic life, and it had been a mission to figure out what they needed to do in the first place. Right now, he just wanted to leave the Great Hall. Everyone was celebrating the return of their dragon companions before they left to lay their eggs over
Snoggletog, everyone except him.

Hiccup put down the full mug of mead that had been shoved into his hand, twisted through the crowd, ducked rowdy Vikings, and made his way to the great doors… only to be stopped yet again. This time it was Harish Hofferson - Astrid’s father, and he couldn’t ignore his son’s grandfather.

“Where ya off to in such a hurry lad?” Harish asked him, pulling him over to the mead and ale barrels. He filled his own mug, then proceeded to get Hiccup one.

“N-Nowhere! J-just stepping outside for … some fresh air. Ya know how it is sir, gotta clear the ol noggin so I can get back into the … celebrations.” Hiccup gesticulated nervously. Harish considered him for a moment before laughing, he then shoved the mug of ale into his hands. Hiccup forced his own awkward laughter in response.

“You’re a weird lad, son.” He bellowed, still chuckling as he wacked Hiccup on the back. “Here get that down ya boy! Things are just warming up. I expect ya have something up ya sleeves in the ways of entertainment, if ya catch my drift.” He winked and tapped his nose. Hiccup took a sip of the Ale to pacify his ex-father in law, but the minute Harish looked away Hiccup spat it back into the mug. He hated Ale, mead was at least sweeter, but he had no intention of getting drunk tonight… if he could help it. “You did us proud chief, the dragons are safe and Snoggletog will be the best one yet.” Harish smiled at him. Hiccup felt uneasy, if only he knew who he’d slept with these last few weeks. “Come on then, I believe Durin has some ideas for that entertainment.”

Before Hiccup could utter a single word, Harish dragged him away from the doors - away from the solitude he desperately wanted. He didn’t know how long he could pretend he wasn’t breaking down inside, falling apart, or anything but the façade of cheerfulness he was trying to feign - his mask barely in place.

“**Toothless, what are you looking for?**” Visskara asked, watching her Ameor - in his human form again, flipping through a … book? A mixture of bright green gems, and clear sparkling gems were tipped out on the dirt in front of him.

They were on the hilly mountainous island, hiding in the trees to the north - away from the bustling market where it was void of humans, and where they wouldn’t be seen.

“I’m trying to figure out how much these are worth in trade, how valued they are to the humans. I can’t find them in this bloody book so they might be something humans haven’t seen - being dragon made an all.” Toothless informed her. Flipping the page, he paused to look at the drawings. “Could be an … em-er-ald … maybe. Oh, fuck it!” He gave up, packing the gems into the pouch and then shoving them into his bag - along with the book. “I’m just going to wing it!”

“**Wing it?**” Visskara tilted her head in confusion.

“Don’t worry Vissy, I got this!” He smiled at her, swinging the bag over his shoulder. “Can you please take me a little closer to the market, I should have brought shoes!” He gestured to the snow. “Anyways, the market is open late being Snoggletog an all in a few days, but I don’t want to miss it by wasting my time going through that useless book.”

Toothless mounted a very confused Visskara, who soon dropped him off closer to the market before retreating. She was staying where she could hear him should he need help, but out of sight as Toothless had asked. Toothless knew the markets could be a dodgy place, even if they had improved a lot over the last two years - especially as dragon hunters were declining in numbers
thanks to the dragon riders, still, Vikings were unpredictable and he wasn’t going to let his guard down.

Toothless had strolled through the market for a while - getting odd looks because of his lack of shoes, until he found a few artisans skilled in the craft of jewellery making. Only one of them didn’t look shifty. It was a small stand, occupied by an older bearded man sitting on a wooden chair. His greying hair, wrinkled eyes and thin frame a clear sign of his lost youth, but he looked like a man that was struggling to make ends meet - as Hiccup would say. There was a thin younger woman, long black hair with friendly blue eyes. She brought the older man a drink before proceeding to tidy the table. Toothless watched as the old man smiled at her, it seemed like he was masking great sadness. Something about them both drew him over to the table, he had a feeling he could trust this merchant.

“Why, hello there young man. How can we help ya?” The old man politely greeted his new customer, slowly rising from his seat. The young woman paused in her work to observe the conversation. Toothless smiled at them both, hoping he had made the right choice.

“I would like a ring made please.” Toothless held his smile, but he felt nervous.

“I’m sorry lad, but we ran out metal to make any new rings. Perhaps you might like one of these.” The old man pointed to the few on display, but none of them even vaguely matched what he’d envisioned. The old man looked extremely disheartened as he confessed his lack of materials, but Toothless was sure he wanted this man to make Hiccup’s ring. Thinking about his options, Toothless came up with a suggestion.

“If I buy you some metal, or give you something to trade for it, will you make one for me. I have this idea you see, in my head, of what I wanted.” He bit his lip, thinking. “I really want it for Snoggletog, and I don’t trust the other merchants.” Toothless explained. The old man stroked his beard in thought.

“It’s a lot of work to make a ring from scratch laddie, what do you have to trade for my services?” The old man asked.

Toothless looked around to make sure it was safe to bring out the gems - he had no idea of their value and wanted to be careful. He opened his bag, found the pouch, and reached in until he found one of the clear coloured ones. He looked around again before showing the man. His hand opened revealing the sparkling stone, and when he looked up to meet the man’s eyes… he saw shock. The poor man fell back into his chair, and the young girl rushed to his side.

“Grandpa?” She panicked, fussing over the old man who waved her off.

“It’s alright lass.” He assured his granddaughter, regaining his composure after his obvious near heart failure. “If that gem is what I think it is … I need to see it!” He looked over at Toothless. “Could I?” He asked, reaching out his hand.

Toothless handed it over, watching as the man examined the gem under his knowledgeable eye. The shock that had subsided from his wrinkled face had returned, and he shook his head.

“You would trade this for a ring?” He asked in disbelief, his hand shaking as he handed the gem back to Toothless.

“What is it grandpa?” His granddaughter asked.
That my dear Amber, is dragon diamond. I’ve only seen it once before when I was your age. I watched the merchant cut that stone; each tiny piece was enough for him to trade for more than you can imagine. It’s said lassie, that the dragon that makes the stone is extinct, and it used to live in the depths of a fiery volcano. The poor creatures were hunted for their diamonds until they were no more.’’ The old man then looked up at Toothless - as if a terrible thought had entered his mind. ‘’Where did you get it?’’ He demanded.

‘’O-on my travels.’’ Toothless answered, shocked at the man’s sudden change of attitude.

‘’Only a dragon could have produced that, I refuse to serve hunters. Be off with ya!’’ The man shouted.

‘’But Grandpa!’’ The young woman pleaded.

‘’I’d rather lose my trade then condone the hunting of those poor magnificent creatures.’’ The man continued to yell, going behind his curtain, refusing to serve Toothless.

Toothless had been rendered speechless at the man’s sudden outburst. To be refused service under the belief he was a hunter was ironic. He didn’t know how to convince the man he was as far from a threat to dragons as it was actually possible. Surely, he had heard of Hiccup, maybe that would convince him.

‘’Please, I’m not a hunter!’’ Toothless insisted, chasing the man out back against the young woman’s protests. ‘’Do you know Hiccup? Chief Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, of Berk?’’

The old man paused in his retreat, and turned to look at Toothless with a calculated glance. The young woman grabbed Toothless’s arm before her Grandfather could speak, and she pointed a dagger at his throat.

‘’Leave! Or so help me I will run you through!’’ She threatened.

‘’Lower ya weapon lass.’’ The old man told her. He held his focus on Toothless, and she did as he asked hesitantly. ‘’I’ve heard of him, and what of it?’’

‘’The ring I want to make is for him! He is my … best friend. I live on Berk too. If you know about Hiccup and Berk then you know we’re not a threat to dragons.’’

The old man considered him for a moment, and after a while, his features softened but he still wasn’t completely convinced.

‘’How did ya get that dragon diamond?’’ He asked again.

‘’Hiccup’s helped a lot of dragons, we both have. We’ve travelled to many places together, places that we keep a secret so that other humans can’t find the dragons that live there. We made friends with a few dragons that make them diamonds, and after we helped them, they offered us a few of their gems in thanks. They are the last of their kind, but they live in peace I promise.’’ Toothless lied. He couldn’t exactly tell him the truth.

‘’What’s ya name laddie?’’ The man asked.

‘’Kalster.’’

‘’Well Kalster, I do feel like you’re not being totally honest with me… but I sense perhaps, that you have a good reason to conceal some information from an old coot like me. One can never be
Toothless nodded with a small smile, hoping the man might help him now. The old man sat on a stool by his work bench, and asked Amber to fetch his drink and one for Toothless. Amber hesitated, but she eventually did as she was asked.

“I’m sorry to have stressed you sir—”

“The names Slaton, call me that. My family liked to keep our names related to gems or natural materials.” He smiled. “I’m sorry to lose me temper Kalster. I lost me family a couple of years ago ya see. We were trying to stop some hunters committing a great act of cruelty. I might not be in the best of shape, but I’m rather handy with a lock.” He tapped his nose before continuing. “In exchange for trying to free the dragons they had captured, I had to watch them kill my family. My wife Esme, and my son Beryl. They spared me daughter, said it was an act of mercy.”

“I’m so sorry. That’s … awful!”

“That it is. The chief of Berk works to put a stop to that cruelty, he’s a good man.” Slaton wiped his tear dampened eyes with his hand and then smiled. “Right, this ring ya want. Ya say it’s for him?”

“Yes! A Snogletog gift.” Toothless blushed.

“I see!” Slaton had a mischievous glint in his grey-blue eyes. “Best friends ya say?”

“Yeah! We’re pretty close.” Toothless smiled nervously. “Were pretty close!” He reminded himself.

“Right then, lets speak business shall we! Tell me exactly what it is ya want, and I’ll see what I can do.”

The market was packing up by the time Toothless exited the back section of Slaton’s stall, the details of his ring order all wrapped up nicely. He was smiling and talking with both Slaton and Amber.

“I’ll have that done for ya in two days.” Slaton informed him. “That will be … erm…”

“Wednesday Grandpa, it’s Monday today.” Amber reminded him, smiling at Toothless.

“Wednesday! Of course, it is. When ya get to my age, it don’t quite function as it should.” Slaton tapped his head. “At least I can still make some fine jewellery.” He smiled.

“Thank-you Mr Slaton.” Toothless shook his hand before turning to Amber. “And, Thank-you Amber, for helping me design it. You’re a really good drawer, just like Hiccup actually. I don’t think I would have gotten it quite right if you hadn’t offered to help.”

“Thank me when you return.” She smiled, giving him a friendly hug good bye.

“Off with ya now laddie! Go on, your dragon will be waiting.” He winked. Toothless’s breath hitched, he never mentioned Visskara. “Come now, a young lad like you from Berk. How did ya plan on getting there and back in two days. I doubt you’d be staying here. Probably one o’them nice riders, but I suggest ya bring some boots with ya next time. I’ve seen a man lose both his feet due to frost bite.” He had already turned and disappeared behind his curtain before Toothless could answer him. Amber chuckled.
“It is rather cold. So, that’s why my feet are stinging?” Toothless joked. Amber full out laughed.

“You won’t have any left if ya don’t get a move on.”

“Right! Well, see you Wednesday Amber.” He waved as he walked away chuckling. He hadn’t paid that much attention to how cold his feet really were. The market was almost devoid of snow - more a muddy path, because all the traders coming and going had melted it - or cleared it away so that customers could move about more easily. He’d be a dragon again shortly anyway, and last time he checked… dragons didn’t wear boots.

“And Kalster!” Amber shouted after him. “‘Grandpa’s right! You really **should** get yourself some boots.”

Laughing, Toothless went to find Visskara - before he really did lose his feet to the cold.
Monday – Evening. Four sleeps till Snoggletog.

The darkness had set over Berk hours ago, and the night sky was cloudy with the promise of yet more snow. The Village was rather deserted except the few odd villagers that would come and go from the Great Hall - drunk, and loudly greeting each other. Everyone was far too busy celebrating in the Great Hall; jobs had been abandoned, people were glowing with full bellies, and even the parents seemed to forgo their responsibilities - the children running around doing whatever they pleased… if they weren’t in the Great Hall trying to sneak in their first taste of mead or ale that is.

One of the big doors to the Great Hall opened again, but this time, an exhausted Hiccup emerged sighing with relief when the door closed behind him. Hiccup took a deep breath, then he ran down the steps before someone else could prevent his escape. He didn’t know if he would be missed or not, despite it being early evening his people were quite drunk, yet on the other hand, he was the chief. Still, he didn’t really care, he had to get away, and more than anything … he just wanted to go home.

Hiccup’s house was next to the Great Hall, just down some steps and to his right. It was shadowed by the massive structure of the Great Hall, so it was in darkness unless the moon graced it with its bright white light. Tonight, the moon was behind the clouds, so Hiccup could only just about make out his front door. As he went to turn the handle, he heard a voice coming from the side of his house - between his wall and the Great Hall structure.

‘… com’ on!’’ The voice slurred in a drunken mess.

The drunken voice was desperate, yet Hiccup knew exactly who it belonged to. Sighing in annoyance, he pulled a dagger out from his belt holder and wielded it in his left hand. He crept up on the shorter man - who was trying to undo his pants as he bounced on his unbalanced feet.

Snotlout gasped as a cold blade rested against the underside of his cock, and another hand covered his mouth preventing him from screaming.

‘‘I wouldn’t do that if I were you!’’ Hiccup warned him, pressing the knife dangerously close to the skin of his shaft. ‘‘One twitch and you’ll lose it!’’

Snotlout nodded frantically, but even he couldn’t stop the flow of urine start to emerge as his bladder gave out from the heavy assault of mead and ale. A small cut nicked the skin of his shaft as it twitched, and Snotlout whimpered.

Angrily, Hiccup shoved him to the ground hard. Snotlout fell forwards into the dirt - onto his front. Already a drunken mess, Snotlout couldn’t quite comprehend the situation - he continued to piss on the ground beneath him, soaking his own pants in the process. He made a strange whimpering sound as he failed to get up.

Hiccup returned his dagger to his belt and waited for the arsehole to finish emptying his bladder. He rubbed his tired eyes, finally it was time to get Snotlout to his feet. Harshly, by the back of his tunic, Hiccup yanked him up. It was no use warning him tonight, he was far too drunk - the wobbly stance and incoherent talk was evident of that.
“… Hics-up ief. I think m’ock stings ‘sat cut. Did oo eed to pee too.” Snotlout slurred incoherently.

Hiccup grunted in anger, and sighed frustratedly. He’d had enough of Snotlout getting away with disrespect, thinking he could do whatever the fuck he wanted, he was the chief! He was tired - emotionally and physically, and to be frank, he’d had a-fucking-nuff tonight.

Hiccup threw Snotlout into a cold empty cell in the short hold dungeons. He slammed the door closed and locked it, watching as Snotlout tried to move. He couldn’t get up from where he’d fallen, and he was out cold near instantly. Hiccup would deal with him tomorrow. Rubbing his face, he walked to the exit of the dungeons, observing the other few cells as he did.

“Well, if it isn’t the chief of Berk.” A voice sneered at him with malice. Hiccup stopped in his tracks to get a good look at the man who’d spoken. It was Fingal! ‘What is he still doing in the Short hold cells?’ Hiccup thought. His sentence had unfortunately, been to spend only one year in prison - seeing as Kalster hadn’t quite been a member of the tribe, and he was meant to have been moved to the long hold cells.

“Yeah, that’s right! And I’m not the one in a cell.”

“You’re a failure as a Chief Hiccup, Stoick’s little embarrassment. He’d be ashamed of ya, letting traitors of Berk stay on our island.” He sneered, referring to Kalster. Hiccup knew what he meant.

“You’re absolutely right Fingal! I should have just killed you instead.” Hiccup replied, then he left before Fingal had a chance to respond.

Back at home finally, Hiccup threw himself down onto Toothless’s bed. He groaned and covered his face with his hands, thoughts flashed through his mind: Toothless, Snoggletog, Toothless, Fingal, Snotlout, Toothless, Trid, his father, his mother, his friends, his Toothless, Gora, the other dragons, his job, Toothless, Toothless, Toothless.

Hiccup rolled over and buried his face into the pillow. He wanted to cry, scream, shout … anything, but he settled for clutching the pillow like a life line and letting the tears escape his eyes silently. So many things to sort out, to do, to get past, to fix, and yet … he was too exhausted - mentally and physically. One thing was certain… Toothless had to come back soon, and when he did, he’d make him listen. He couldn’t keep going like this, he had to sort things out!

Tuesday - Three sleeps till Snoggletog.

During the very early hours of the morning - not long after Monday had turned to Tuesday, Toothless and Visskara had returned to Berk from the Northern Markets. They had located Gora, and had updated him on everything that had happened while they were away. Eventually they’d decided to get some sleep, so deep in the forest - where they wouldn’t be disturbed, they fell asleep. It wasn’t until the sun lifted into the sky late that Tuesday morning, that they woke up after their short rest.

Toothless went over his plans again with them before lunch time, one thing was certain, he would have to be Kalster for a while or the village would have too many questions regarding his mysterious disappearance. Toothless also realised that his dragon self should make more of an appearance, instead staying hidden in the forests.
“Wait! Ya want me to be what?” Gora’s surprised voice made Toothless roll his eyes.

“Be my dragon! I need a story for anyone who asks how I got back, and where I’ve been since Hiccup returned.”

“Make her do it!” Gora looked at Visskara, but he looked back at Toothless quickly when she glared at him.

“Vissy will be going home soon, I need a dragon for after Snoggletog too. Oh, come on Gora! Please!” Toothless begged, he tried the wide eyes thing that always worked so well on Hiccup. Gora growled in frustration but caved.

“Fine! But what do I get out of it?” He demanded.

“Your best friends happiness and gratitude!” Toothless smiled. Gora huffed and Toothless knew he’d won.

Hiccup had eventually managed to clear out the Great Hall that morning - by threatening to cancel Snoggletog. His solid argument was that - if his people didn’t cease celebrating the return of the dragons, no work could commence in the way of Snoggletog celebrations, and therefore, it would be cancelled. With nods of agreement, his people had fled rather rapidly to get back to work.

By that afternoon, Hiccup was sitting at the main table trying to make progress on the plans regarding Snoggletog, when Spiteloit stormed in followed by Toladgeon - the cell guard. Spiteloit was fuming, the cause of his anger obvious to Hiccup, but Hiccup felt slightly sorry for Snotlout. Toladgeon obviously hadn’t been doing his duty, and he’d most likely only just realised that Snotlout had been in the cells. Snotlout had therefore, been locked up without food or water for over fifteen hours, and no one had questioned his whereabouts until now. Hiccup had been waiting for someone to realise that Snotlout had been missing, he had plans to let him out later today, but in the rush of preparing for Snoggletog … even he’d forgotten about the disrespectful git.

“What is the meaning of this?” Spiteloit bellowed, coming to a halt in front of the main table. His angry tone caught the attention of some of the other villagers in the Great Hall - people that were going about their own tasks, planning, or decorating for Snoggletog. Toladgeon looked nervous as he stood behind Spiteloit. Hiccup stood up from his chair, pushing it back with a loud squeak as it moved across the stone floor rapidly.

“Snotlout got exactly what he deserved, or-or less than that actually. Erm … I’ll be talking to him later Spiteloit, and depending on his reaction, I may or may not let him out.” Hiccup calmly informed him, before addressing Toladgeon. “I assume you have a good reason for not doing your duty Toladgeon?”

Toladgeon shuffled on his feet. He didn’t want to admit he had been hungover from celebrating last night, and had therefore been asleep until this afternoon. Before he could even gather his thoughts to answer his chief however, Spiteloit interrupted him.

“This is about my son!” He bellowed. Getting angry, Hiccup made eye contact with Spiteloit.

“You really want to do this here?” Hiccup asked, his voice hinting that it would be very unwise to do so. Unfortunately, Spiteloit didn’t take heed of the warning.

“You left my son, without food or water. All over … some … f-foolish drunken behaviour.” Spiteloit embarrassingly fumbled over his words. He was trying not to spell out exactly what his
son had done in his drunken state. He’d obviously spoken to Snotlout then, and he must remember what happened - or at least part of it. “I demand you release him now!” Spitelout demanded loudly, pulling Hiccup from his thoughts. Spitelout was red with rage and embarrassment. The confused villagers - that had overheard him, gasped at the accusations and were now waiting for their chief’s response.

“Snotlout, was put in the cells for one day due to his wonderful, indecent, display of disrespect to his chief last night.” Hiccup informed him. The villagers gasped a second time, and all heads turned waiting for Spitelout’s reaction.

“He is always disrespectful!” Spitelout shouted without thought. Once again, the villagers present in the room gasped, but this time they nodded in agreement.

“Exactly!” Hiccup shouted, slamming his left hand down on the table and shocking everyone there. He then proceeded to swing his legs over the table in one skilful movement. Now standing inches away from Spitelout’s face, he continued to shout. “He’s gotten away with-it Thor only knows how many times, but this time was one time too many. I am your chief Jorgenson, and no matter the crime the chief can place any member of the Hooligan tribe into the cells for three days without trial. And as the chief, I decided he damn well deserved it this time.”

“A-And it’s my right as a member of the Hooligan tribe to declare unfair imprisonment, and appeal to the council!” Spitelout fumed with a slight stutter. He was shocked at Hiccup’s sudden uncharacteristic show of authority, and embarrassed that a Jorgenson - his own son, had been imprisoned.

The others in the room watched as Hiccup’s fists clenched and then relaxed. Axel Alvarisson - a member of the council, was paying particularly close attention and had moved closer to the scene.

“Fine, have it your way! We’ll bring all of Snotlout’s faults and crimes out into the open for everyone to see. That’s the best idea you’ve ever had Spitelout, I’m sure what? Over twenty years of treason should get your son of lightly. No? I’m sure he will be dismissed with a bunch of flowers and thanked for his bravery. Better yet, maybe they will recognise all the hard work your useless son has contributed to his tribe, or the fact that he has never been disrespectful to anyone … and certainly hasn’t ever pissed up the chief’s house.”

Hiccup’s sarcasm angered Spitelout who acted without thinking. He punched Hiccup square in the jaw, the impact knocking him back onto the table behind him. Before Hiccup could collect his thoughts however, Axel Alvarisson, and Barden Thornaburn had grabbed Spitelout and prevented him from another attack on the chief. The other villagers had started gossiping, some had left the Great Hall to spread the latest, and things were erupting into chaos.

“Take him to the cells to cool off! Don’t put him in with his son!” Hiccup ordered once his eyes had regained focus. His jaw clicked painfully as he opened his mouth, he winced as he moved it - examining the damage. It wasn’t broken, but it had started bleeding where his top teeth had hit his bottom gums and split his lip. He touched his lips gently, looking down at his blood covered fingers.

Spitelout, knowing that nothing he could say or do now would help him, decided to go peacefully. It didn’t stop him glaring at Hiccup, or others that were unfortunate to meet his gaze. Hiccup watched as they took Spitelout away. He wiped the blood onto his sleeve, spitting out what had gathered into his mouth.

Toothless, Gora, and Visskara had been flying over Berk - their goal was to be seen by the villagers
below. Sure enough, people noticed them, shouting their excitement or greetings up to the sky. Toothless couldn’t help but smile.

“**Toothless!**” Visskara called to him, interrupting his thoughts. Her tone suggesting something was amiss.

“**What’s up Vissy?**” Toothless asked, following her line of sight towards the Great Hall.

“I’m not sure, but it appears another human just hit your Hiccup. I’m watching them now … Hiccup seems okay, he is sitting down. The Human that hit Hiccup appears to be leaving with two other humans.” Visskara explained what her heat vision was picking up. She knew Hiccup’s heat signature anywhere; he always had a warmer left hand compared to the other humans - where it was their right hands, and his missing leg was a dead giveaway, not to mention his height and body shape.

Toothless had subconsciously flown closer to the Great Hall, his amoe and best friend following behind him. He soon saw what Visskara was explaining; Spitelout was being escorted out of the Great Hall and towards the … the dungeons?

‘Serves him right for hitting my Hiccup!’ Toothless thought. ‘But why?’

“What’s going on? Is everything okay with Hiccup?” Gora asked.

“**Hiccup will be alright.**” Toothless told them, trying to convince himself not to rush down there like an idiot. “**Most likely Spitelout shouting his mouth off about something. I bet Snotlout’s involved some-**” Toothless’s voice cut off as he watched Hiccup exit the Great Hall, he was wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

“**He appears to be bleeding.**” Visskara helpfully informed him.

‘No! I won’t go down there.’ He told himself as he landed on the roof of the Great Hall. Visskara and Gora landed behind him. When Toothless saw the blood on Hiccup’s sleeve he winced. ‘Spitelout must have gotten him off guard. Hiccup might be small but he can dodge anything that git can throw his way. So why didn’t he?’

“**Isn’t there a healer here Hiccup can go to?**” Visskara asked. She was sure she had heard about some healer … ‘Gothi perhaps. Or maybe it was Valka that was the healer?’ She thought.

“**Yeah, there is … but Hiccup won’t go. I know him.**” Toothless watched Hiccup go into his house, then he turned to face Visskara and Gora. “**Come on, Hiccup will be fine. He’s been through much worse than that and I need to make an appearance in the village as Kalster.**” Toothless leapt into the air, Gora immediately behind him. Visskara glanced at Hiccup’s house sadly before following after them.

Now at home, Hiccup was wiping his face with a damp cloth when his door knocked. It seemed word had spread quickly around Berk. When he opened his door, he was greeted by Fishlegs and the twins.

“Hiccup chief, what happened? We heard that Snotlout was in the dungeons and Spitelout punched you.” Fishlegs let himself into the house.

“I wish I was there to see it.” Tuffnut added, also letting himself inside. He was followed by his nodding twin sister.
“Just come right on in.” Hiccup mumbled to himself sarcastically as he closed his door.

“So, what we hear…” Tuffnut started on Hiccup’s right side, his sister taking his left. “…is that you and Spitelout had a massive fight…”

“Humungous!” Ruffnut added.

“…And that you, my mighty small chief, handed it to him on a platter!” Tuffnut finished.

“A huge, golden plated, iron platter!” Ruffnut added again enthusiastically, this time with a smirk.

“That’s not what I heard. I heard that-…” Fishlegs started but Hiccup’s door knocked again - this time loudly, cutting him off.

“Oh, for the love of Thor!” Hiccup complained, throwing down his cloth as he went to get the door a second time.

“Hiccup! You okay laddie?” Gobber asked loudly as the door swung open.

“I’m fine Gobber, thanks for asking but-”

“Oh heard that slimy, no good for nothin' troll shite, decked ya cos ya put his son in th' cells. Loud o’tattle ah tell em. You’d never put that lazy flea biting git in th' dungeons, he’s one of ya friends ain’t he. It just ain’t like ya - even if he did deserve it. ’n' Snotlout certainly as deserved it more than most folk on Berk, dats fur sure.”

Hiccup turned a slight shade redder. He knew it wasn’t like him to sling his mate in a cell, but the fact was, he had simply had enough of Snotlout’s behaviour towards him. After everything he had sacrificed for his tribe - especially lately, was a bit of respect too much to bloody ask for?

“Gobber!” Hiccup gained his attention. “I may, or may not have … actually thrown Snotlout in the cells yesterday.” He admitted Hiccup style. Everyone looked at him flabbergasted.

“Okay, who are you and what have you done with the chief?” Tuffnut asked, pointing accusingly at Hiccup.

“I’m sure Hiccup has a good reason.” Fishlegs spoke up, expecting Hiccup to explain himself.

Hiccup didn’t get the chance to explain - the door knocked again and Gobber decided to open it. Hiccup could see what appeared to be half the fucking village outside, all waiting for answers. Face-palming, he winced - his head was already pounding and his jaw was bruising from being decked. Nope, facepalming was definitely a bad idea. Either way, he now had this mess to sort out too.

'Just bloody fantastic!'

Toothless couldn’t have chosen the worse time to be Kalster - to him at least. He was being dragged to the Great Hall by Eighteen-year-old Asta Ernmundsson. Apparently, everyone was in the Great Hall where Hiccup and the council were discussing what would happen to Spitelout and Snotlout.

Toothless had planned to see only a few people, stay away from Hiccup, and then just be his dragon-self again. He might have gone to see Valka later as well. However, the moment he was spotted by Asta it was all over.
She had been delighted to see him again, and he was with the new dragon that no one had been able to get close to - of course that dragon was Gora, and he bailed as soon as the strange woman approached them. ‘Traitor!’ So now he had no way of changing forms, no ride to bail on without calling for Vissy, and to be honest … he didn’t want to admit that he and the ‘chief’ were not talking to each other … or that he even wanted to run and hide in the first place, like a child afraid of being reprimanded.

Asta had practically forced Toothless inside the Great Hall - which was fully of people. Luckily, Hiccup didn’t seem to notice them come in - his attention was focused on Axel. Axel recounted the events of earlier, explaining how Spitelout had demanded the meeting to appeal against Hiccup’s choice to imprison his son. Hiccup was sitting at the main table, the council members sitting at their respective seats next to him - three either side. Idona Maciomhair was asked to uphold her duty as Snotlout’s replacement on the council - as a member of the council for today only. Toothless sat down at the back of the hall with Asta, hoping to remain unnoticed.

‘Kalster?’ Dahlia Thornaburn spotted him and made her way over.

‘Hi Dahlia, how are you?’ Toothless asked politely.

‘Great! Olesea will be so excited your back.’ Dahlia smiled, trying to find her younger sister among the crowd. Spotting Olesea closer up the front with the rest of her family, she shouted across the hall to them. Toothless put his head down trying to avoid the attention, but Dahlia only got louder. ‘Olesea, Kalster’s back!’ She screamed, cupping her hands around her mouth. Half the heads in the Great Hall turned to look at Toothless, including brown haired Olesea.

‘Kalster!’ Olesea shouted, pushing her way back through the crowd towards him. Unfortunately, her blue eyes weren’t the only ones watching him now. A certain set of forest-green eyes had also locked onto him.

Hiccup had heard the whispers, but it was when Olesea had excitedly shouted Kalster’s name that he looked up. His eyes met with Toothless’s as Olesea wrapped her arms around him. Her frame and body shape engulfing Toothless’s in a bear crushing hug. Hiccup almost flinched in jealousy and longing, but he couldn’t move. He couldn’t go to Toothless because he was stuck at the table as chief. The one time Toothless decides to make an appearance and he can’t do anything about it, ‘just fucking fantastic!’

Toothless saw Hiccup’s eyes looking into his own. The unspoken plea to speak to him at the end - once the decisions of the council were concluded, was abundantly clear… but Toothless looked away. He couldn’t make eye contact with Hiccup; he couldn’t look at him like he loved him … and he still fucking loved him. It wreaked havoc with his emotions, he was meant to be angry at him damn it! Asta and Olesea noticed the uncomfortable expression on Toothless’s face, and the way he kept looking down or towards the door. They asked if he was okay, and he smiled at them nodding. Satisfied that Toothless was alright, the girls started to make whispered conversation together. Toothless drowned out what they were saying to listen to the council.

‘Spitelout’s request to appeal against Snotlout’s temporary imprisonment … has been declined. Furthermore, our chief Hiccup Haddock the third, recognises that Spitelout’s behaviour was affected by his concern for his son’s welfare. The chief has expressed no desire to see Spitelout punished for his assault, however … it is the belief of the council that his behaviour towards the chief warrants at least one full day in the cells, so … Spitelout Jorgenson will be released tomorrow after lunch or thereabouts. Lastly, Snotlout will be held until the chief is satisfied that he has shown remorse for his recent actions, failing that … he will stand trial for treason.’ Axel Informed them all clearly, without room for argument. Despite the gasps, the decision was final!
It had been a quick decision; most of the village were on Hiccup’s side, but a few tried comparing Snotlout’s crime to Kalster’s. In the end, Snotlout was a member of the tribe since birth and this was one disrespect too many. Some of the tribe laughed simply because it was one night in the cells, and you can always rely on the Jorgenson’s to kick up a fuss over an ant hill. Kalster’s little incident episode was simply a one-time thing, he was a friend of the chiefs, respectful, and he was liked by many.

Hiccup wasn’t happy with the verdict but it was fair. He was sure Snotlout would apologise to him, if not only to save his own back perhaps, but at least he wouldn’t do it again now knowing what might happen to him if he did. Spitelout wouldn’t be happy, but perhaps a timeout in the cells was what he needed to learn to respect his chief. Hiccup didn’t hate the Jorgenson’s, they were difficult members of the tribe certainly, but they were loyal where it mattered the most. Snotlout and his father had proven that many times during the past few years. No, what Snotlout did last night was typical Snotlout behaviour. He just wanted to teach him a lesson but … his frustration and turmoil over Toothless made him react in a way that was very unlike him.

He looked over at Toothless to find him leaving with the others. Every time during the meeting, that he’d look Toothless’s way, his ex-boyfriend would avoid eye contact with him. He really had to talk to him, and now might be his only chance.

It took Hiccup a while to reach the exit of the Great Hall, but it seemed that Toothless - as Kalster, was getting just as many questions that restricted his exit. By the time Hiccup managed to escape his tribe members - and exit the Great Hall into the bitter cold night that had settled over Berk, he saw Toothless running away towards the forest.

‘‘Toothless please!’’ Hiccup shouted desperately as he chased Toothless through the forest. He had no idea where he was heading, or how deep in they were. His sleeves had ripped on brambles, he’d been whipped by branches from low hanging trees, and he’d stumbled many times over roots and such as he desperately ran after his ex-boyfriend. For some reason, Toothless seemed slower on his feet than usual, that allowed Hiccup to catch up to him at least, but he couldn’t run much further; his metal leg was rubbing in the socket and it had started to become painful. Luckily, Toothless finally stopped.

Toothless was so tempted to strip down and change forms - or to helheim with the clothes and just let them rip, so that he could fly away, but something compelled him to stop. Apart of him wanted to hear what Hiccup had to say - Hiccup had chased him this far through the forest, and despite the pain Toothless knew Hiccup must be enduring in his leg, he still hadn’t given up the chase. He wouldn’t come easily though, what Hiccup did to him was still fresh in his mind. Hiccup wanted them to no longer be together, so why chase him at all? It was selfish! Toothless just wanted to heal, heal and accept his fate to never love another, but Hiccup wouldn’t leave him alone to figure out his own emotions and feelings first.

‘‘What?’’ Toothless snapped. His bitter tone upset Hiccup, and Toothless hadn’t even turned to face him.

‘‘Toothless, I’m sorry. I want to explain everything to you. I - I need you to understand why it has to be this way. I - I want y-you to come home!’’ Hiccup stuttered as his hands fidgeted, eventually he reached up and touched Toothless’s shoulder gently. Toothless spun round to face Hiccup, knocking his hand away in the process. He looked so hurt and angry, it made Hiccup’s heart ache.

‘‘I get it Hiccup. I do. But I can’t come home with you!’’

‘‘I miss you Toothless.’’ Hiccup’s green eyes shone with unshed tears, truth echoing from within.
It confused him. Why did Hiccup’s eyes hold such truth, radiate so much love, when he was told not to look at Hiccup like he loved him. Why did Hiccup get to do it when he couldn’t? It wasn’t fair, it angered him.

‘‘Why? Why do you even care?’’ Toothless snapped.

‘‘Be - because I still love you!’’ Hiccup’s desperate voice croaked with emotion.

Slap!

Toothless’s hand connected with Hiccup’s cheek. Hiccup’s own hand had instinctively reached up to cover the area of impact, and he gasped in shock as the sound of the slap resounded through the quiet forest. His eyes had screwed shut in pain, and he wobbled on his feet. When his eyes finally met Toothless’s once more, he saw regret in his glossy orbs … but anger was the side of his ex-boyfriend that won over.

‘‘No! No, you don’t get to do that. You told me not to love you anymore, not to fucking look at you anymore. What gives you … No! Fuck you Hiccup! Fuck. You!’’ Toothless shouted, before running off deeper into the forest … leaving Hiccup behind.

Toothless was immensely hurt by Hiccup’s audacity. His emotions were a jumble of confusion, pain, and anger. He regretted slapping Hiccup - he really did, but he was just starting to accept that he couldn’t have Hiccup when he dumps that crap on him. How - dare - he!

Toothless screamed as he ran, eventually falling to his knees in the dirt. He held his head in his hands as the tears cascaded down his face.

Visskara had been nearby this entire time. She wanted to let Toothless and Hiccup talk alone, but she was shocked when her ameor slapped his sal-bindu. She decided it was time to make herself known, to comfort her ameor. She lay beside his sobbing form, pulling him closer to her body as her tail wrapped around him. Still in his human form, Toothless leaned into her hold and cried into her scales. It was all one big mess, but now wasn’t the time for questions.

Gora joined them not long after, he looked at Visskara with eyes full of sorrow and pity before he lay down with them. Nothing was said as they stayed to comfort their Toothless. When he was ready to talk, they would be there for him.
Tuesday – Late afternoon, early evening. Three sleeps until Snoggletog.

Hiccup had avoided certain questioning by sneaking out of the forest, creeping through the village, and making his way to his mother’s house. The red finger prints on his right cheek were sure to draw in unwanted attention, and his eyes strained from trying so hard not to cry that they were now donning a tired - reddening appearance that would certainly bring forth whispers and questions. At least spending years as the village screw up had gained him one advantage, his stealth. Well, that and some training from Astrid. She always complimented his size, saying that it gave him an advantage.

Gods, he missed Astrid! The thought of her at a time like this only made him fight harder not to break out in tears. He still had whispers of guilt muttering words of betrayal in his mind. The feeling of cheating on her - on her memory, and that she would be heartbroken if she knew his heart had fallen for another. He slowed down his steps, collecting his thoughts before he reached his mother’s house. It was a long trek - a journey he’d usually take on a dragon, but he needed the walk to calm his emotions. He had to stop listening to the whispers, he had to be strong.

Toothless was slipping further from his clutches, the fact he had slapped him like that was proof enough. He was actually getting rather angry with Toothless; he wouldn’t even listen to him, and what had he done to deserve being assaulted anyway? He tried thinking about it - to figure out why Toothless had reacted that way, but he suddenly felt a little nauseous and dizzy.

Toothless had abnormal strength as a human of his size, and he suspected that he only used a fragment of his full strength when he decided to slap him. Still, it had hurt immensely, and it still stung as he got closer to his mother’s. As his eyes deceived him and the ground appeared to be moving, he decided he really needed to sit down … his mother’s house wasn’t far now.

“Arrrrgh! How dare he!” Toothless screamed in his human form. His left arm came up and he punched the nearest tree in the forest with his full strength. The bark crumbled to the snow-covered ground leaving a dented imprint of his fist behind. Small smudges of blood coloured the naked sapwood, and Toothless screamed again in pain as he tried to flex his fingers. Blood dripped from his swollen knuckles where the skin had broken, and he cradled his left hand swearing.

“Toothless!” Visskara scolded. “You’re lucky Acacia isn’t here to witness you attacking the trees. Calm yourself … please!”

“Who cares about the bloody trees!” Gora huffed. “Let him get all that anger out, he’s cried enough! Aren’t ya at least happy he isn’t leaking anymore? Besides, you can bloody talk. I’ve seen you take down more than one lousy tree in anger, you created a bloody clearing the last time.”

Toothless didn’t really hear - nor understand them, he wasn’t paying attention anyway. His hand was now throbbing, and he felt no better from unleashing his rage on an unsuspecting tree. He sat down on the ground still cradling his hand. It might be better if he changed forms, perhaps it would hurt less. He glanced up at Visskara and Gora … he really should talk to them, after all, they had been the ones to offer him comfort in his time of need. He just felt guilty for hurting Hiccup, and he
still loved him so much that it hurt. It was a mess, a confusing, unfair, fucked up situation that gave him a headache along with the torrent of emotions he felt.

Making his choice to brave his ameor’s judgment - and his friends’ questions, he started to undress being very careful of his left hand.

Hiccup was sitting in his mother’s house, a block of ice held to his cheek. He had explained what had been happening in the village, even shared with her the audacity of Toothless’s decision to slap him. He expected some judgment from his mother, a bucket load of questions, and maybe even mild reprimand for slinging Snotlout in a cell, so he wasn’t prepared for what she said next.

‘Toothless must be so confused, the poor thing.’ His mother had a faraway sympathetic look.

‘Wait, what? She was on his side, what about me … her son. Didn’t she hear me correctly? He slapped me!’ Hiccup thought.

‘Y-you’re taking his-’

‘… side?’ Toothless - now in his dragon form, looked shocked as he ended his sentence.

‘My own ameor is sticking up for that lying, fucking hypocrite. Didn’t she hear me correctly when I clearly repeated what Hiccup had said to me? The fucking audacity of him - ‘I still love you’. What gives him the right to fuck with my emotions this way?’ Toothless thought, really trying not to get angry with Vissy. ‘Gora’s no fucking help; he’s just standing there watching silently - agreeing with Vissy mostly. Bloody useless friend!’

‘Well, you did slap him Toothless.’ Visskara reminded him. ‘And you know he had been hit once today already. The poor thing must be so confused, he just wanted to talk to you. Do you not want to make things better?’

‘I want him to make up his bloody damn mind!’’ Toothless snapped. ‘He tells me to stay away from him, not to love him anymore … then he chases me and won’t leave me alone. What the helheim does he want from me?’

‘You really did not give him much chance to explain. How do you expect to know what he wants? You will not even listen to him in the first place.’ Visskara pointed out. It annoyed Toothless how right she always was, bloody sisters! Gora still hadn’t spoken - the nodding twat was making him dizzy as his head looked between him and Vissy. Toothless sighed and looked back at his ameor.

‘It’s always the same crap. ‘It’s too risky.’ - ‘Someone might find out about us.’ – ‘We can’t be together.’ - ‘It has to be this way.’ He’s so fucking stubborn that there’s no-’

‘… point!’ Hiccup ended his sentence. He removed the ice from his face, now getting irritated with his mother. ‘He is so stubborn. He wouldn’t give me a chance to explain.’

‘And what is it you want from him Hiccup?’ Valka asked. Hiccup looked bewildered at his mothers’ question. He frowned thinking that was obvious.

‘I want him to understand why things have to be this way!’
“Yes, I get that, but how do you expect him to react? What exactly is it you want from him - that is reasonable to ask of him given the situation.”

“S-something … A-anything but this!” Hiccup sighed trying to collect his thoughts. His mother’s question had really opened his eyes to the fact that maybe ... he didn’t really know how he expected Toothless to react. He knew what he really wanted, but that wasn’t an option. So, what did he want given the situation? What could he expect from Toothless, that wasn’t unfair and was more ... reasonable? “I suppose … … You know what, it doesn’t even matter! He certainly won’t talk to me now!” Hiccup huffed, replacing the ice to his face.

“How do you expect him to know son, when you don’t even know yourself!” She pointed out.

“At the risk of sounding like a child mum … Why do I have to do everything myself?”

“Because Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, he is a dragon!”

“… because he is a human Toothless! Did you not tell me once that humans were complicated things? You already know that Hiccup’s mind is troubled, that he holds such irrational fears and hasn’t been himself since he lost his female mate. You even admitted that his fears over what the consequences could be if the village found out about the two of you, were not without some truth. With that knowledge, what do you expect from him?” Visskara firmly asked, making a rather valid point.

Vissy certainly knew how to put things into perspective - it gave him a lot to think about. Maybe his reaction was a little harsh, but it stung when Hiccup said - ‘I still love you’. No, it fucking hurt! To be reminded of the love they shared … still shared obviously, and be able to do fuck-all about it - to be reminded of it, it was like a slap to the face and a dagger to the heart at once! Hiccup needed to know what that pain felt like! However, as Vissy had just made him realise … perhaps Hiccup didn’t need to be physically reminded of the pain. Perhaps he already felt the same way. There was also a strong possibility that Hiccup felt worse than he did. Yes, thinking about it… he felt like a complete arsehole now.

Hiccup didn’t have a sister or a best friend he could share this all with. He could talk to his mother, but knowing Hiccup he would bottle it all up and suffer silently. He’d wear that mask so no one saw his pain. Hiccup’s eyes didn’t lie, Toothless knew Hiccup loved him from the way they looked into his earlier. Hiccup’s eyes screamed to him desperately - like his soul was trying to claw its way out from behind them, as if his light was extinguishing as it reached out to him in fear.

Toothless had temporarily forgotten that Hiccup had a lot of fears - fears that dictated Hiccup’s choices and actions, fears that were very real and debilitating.

“I’m scared of losing you … Again!” - “I don’t want to lose you, or Trid... o-or anyone else in my life.” - ‘If I fail, I let down my father, I let down Astrid, and I let down my tribe!’ - ‘I’m scared Toothless. Scared that one day the tribe will realise how useless I am without you. Realise that everything I have achieved was only because you were beside me.’ - “I’m worried that Trid will grow to hate me…” - “I could lose everything if they found out about-”

“… Toothless!” Visskara shouted, snapping him from his memories. “Did you hear anything I’ve been saying?”

“Erm... Sorry Vissy. I was just thinking about what you said. I - I need to speak to Hiccup, It’s just-”
“Toothless! Listen … Can you hear that?” Visskara asked. Toothless was rather confused, but he listened carefully trying to pick up what his amelor was hearing.

“Sounds like something’s dying!” Gora scrunched his eyes.

Toothless heard it - the quiet gasps of a woman maybe, with the occasional louder groaning. It wasn’t nearly as bad as Gora made out, but the noise was clearly someone in pain. It sounded familiar but then … it just stopped.

“Can you see anything Vissy?” Toothless asked, looking at her. She was already scanning the area with her heat vision and keen senses.

“Only one human. Well, two if you count the upside down tiny one that she appears to have eaten!” Visskara explained in shock and confusion. “It perhaps doesn’t agree with her?” She suggested. Toothless looked at Visskara bewildered, he couldn’t fathom what in helheim she was seeing.

“I’m going to have a look!” Toothless decided. He flew over the snow-covered forest, where the frozen river twisted through the trees, and over towards a clearing. He finally spotted someone. “It’s Waiola!” Toothless informed them.

Over at Valka’s house the conversation had come to an abrupt halt, they had been interrupted by a loud impatient banging at the front door. Hiccup jumped to his feet - shifting his son onto his hip as he watched his mother stride over to answer it. Fifteen-year-old Tadeas Wagner barged in shouting frantically.

“Chief!” He panted. “It’s me mum, she’d gone missing. Dad sent me to get ya!” He paused to take a deep breath as Hiccup registered the news. “She’d gone for a walk earlier, ain’t been back since!”

“Calm down Tadeas.” Hiccup reassured him, passing Trid over to his grandmother. “Did you come on Smasher?”

“Yeah!” Tadeas nodded. “He’s outside.”

“I better go mum! I’ll speak to you later!” He kissed his son’s head before hugging his mother. “Thanks for everything mum.” Hiccup whispered so only she could hear him.

“Com’on Chief!” Tadeas tuckled at Hiccup’s tunic. “Dad’s gone totally bazoinks. He’s trying ta get da whole village trying ta find der.”

“Right, let’s go Tadeas. Lead the way!” Hiccup instructed, grabbing his cloak on the way out, and following Tadeas over to Smasher - Tadeas’s blue and turquoise Rumblehorn in training.

Over in the North East forest, Gora and Visskara were trying to watch over Waiola from a distance. Unfortunately, the stubborn woman was fiercely determined to walk back to the village between contractions. Apparently, she was in something called ‘labour,’ or so Toothless guessed. The two of them had no idea what to do - or what to expect, they had no idea what labour even was. All they could do was follow her. After a while, Waiola stopped again. She had doubled over holding her stomach with one hand, found a tree to lean against, and had started panting. She soon screamed a list of curse words like nothing Gora or Visskara had ever heard before.
“Stupid human! If Toothless doesn’t hurry up I’ll kill him!” Gora complained. He made out the noise was hurting his ears, but in truth, he was just scared of the strange human. Visskara growled at him in annoyance.

“ Toothless asked us to watch over her, so stop complaining!”

When Waiola regained the use of her legs, she slowly moved on towards the village. Unfortunately, she still had a long way to travel. Now quiet again, Visskara looked around for her missing ameor. ‘How long does it take to get a bag, come back, and get changed?’ She wondered to herself. Finally, she saw a human figure running towards Waiola.

“Well then, I guess you can save the violence. I believe that would be Toothless now.” She informed Gora, flying down to meet up with her ameor.

“Mrs Wagner!” Toothless called, catching up to her out of breath. She hadn’t been where they had left her, so after changing form and getting dressed, he had to figure out where she’d gone.

“Oh, Kalster, my dear boy. I’m so pleased to see you! I don’t suppose you have a dr - agon!” Her words halted in her throat as both Gora - albeit nervously, and Visskara landed next to Toothless.

“I have two!” He smiled at her.

Anyone who could ride a dragon, was instructed by Hiccup to fly over Berk and try to locate Mrs Waiola Wagner. Hiccup advised those with female dragons to fly steady and not to go too far - he reminded them that they were ready to lay their eggs any day now, so he didn't want to risk their health by consuming their needed energy. Other people had volunteered to travel on foot, searching wherever they could. Luckily for Hiccup, everyone was too busy taking orders to question his now bruising face.

“Eret, I’ll come with you!” Hiccup informed him, as everyone else - except Mr Radburn Wagner and his son Tadeas, dispersed in their assigned directions.

“It would be mine and Skullcrusher’s honour chief.” Eret replied, reaching down a hand for Hiccup to take, pulling him up and behind him onto the saddle.

“Let’s check the East forests and follow the river down. Radburn, you said your wife was looking for Hawthorn berries and mistletoe. Fishlegs said that there was a lot of Hawthorn in that direction, by the river.” Hiccup directed. “You two follow us!”

Radburn was behind his son on Smasher, he was eager to get going and nodded. They lifted into the air; Skullcrusher obviously more accustomed to carrying a rider, seeing as Smasher crashed into a few trees during the ascent. Tadeas apologised to both his father, and his dragon as he winced in embarrassment. Hiccup looked back at a nervous Radburn, but the man wasn’t letting it prevent him from finding his wife. He patted his sons shoulder encouragingly as they finally pulled alongside Skullcrusher. Hiccup nodded over at them with a slight smile, and together they flew towards the East forest.

“Mrs Wagner, please. You can’t walk back like this.” Toothless insisted as he winced in pain. She had stopped to allow another contraction to pass and had leaned on Toothless’s shoulder for support - digging her nails into his skin through his tunic and vest. She was a big woman - with a big bosom, and even though she was shorter than him - and Toothless had unusual strength, he still found it hard to bear her weight. His left hand was stiff and painful, but the grip on his right
shoulder diverted his attention … that, and his bare feet were sinking into the snow-covered ground. ‘I really need to put boots in my bag.’ He scolded himself, his feet had started to sting. The snow wasn’t deep here, a few inches at most due to the cover of trees, but it was still bloody cold.

‘Then get me on that damn dragon!’ Waiola shouted into his right ear through her gritted teeth. Her short brown hair had started to stick slightly to her face from perspiration as she panted through the end of the contraction. Visskara was keeping her distance, but she still grumbled.

‘Vissy get help! Go get Gothi, Valka, Hiccup, anyone!’ He shouted at her desperately. Visskara took off immediately - leaving her ameor behind, she was grateful to be getting away. They had tried it Mrs Wagner’s way, but she simply couldn’t get onto Visskara’s back due to her labour. They’d even tried poor Gora, but the moment she pulled his wing at an awkward angle and shouted at him, he took off. Despite everything she was still determined to walk back, and when her contraction had passed, she let Toothless know it.

‘I’ve already ‘ad me Tadeas. It was hours till he decided to pop on out, nearly a whole day! This baby ain’t coming yet, I can tell ya that! I’m a Viking! I’ll be damned if I let this stop me from getting back to my boys first.’’ She then forced herself to continue heading back to the village. Toothless was once again surprise at how she could go from pain and panting during a contraction, to her usual Waiola-self as soon as it passed.

The first thing Visskara spotted was a rider upon a Rekadaleggja. She hovered mid-flight for a closer inspection, and quickly realized that Hiccup was sitting behind the rider. Another Rekadaleggja followed behind them, and he too had two riders upon his back. Swallowing her nerves, she flew over to them.

‘Toothless sent me, he found a female human in pain. They need help!’ Visskara urgently told them, trying to explain to the dragons what had happened and get Hiccup to follow her.

‘We’re looking for a human. We can smell her on you!’’ One of the Rekadaleggja - the Rumblehorn named Smasher, sniffed. They were amazing trackers and had a keen sense of smell.

‘What is it Vissy? Is it Toothless?’’ Hiccup panicked. Fear and paranoia whispered in his mind like a disease - trying to take over. ‘Was Toothless hurt? Was he in danger? What if he came across-’ Suddenly he wondered if it was possible … that he had found Mrs Wagner. ‘Did you find Mrs Waiola Wagner?’’ He asked Vissy, reminding himself to breathe.

Visskara’s eyes widened and she nodded, flying ahead as if indicating her desire for them to follow. Relief pulsed through Hiccup’s entire being as he beckoned them to follow her.

‘I think she knows where your wife is Radburn!’’ Hiccup shouted back to him. Radburn nodded once, hope washing over his features, but he was a little shocked at Visskara’s large size and unusual species. He’d seen her before - flying over Berk, but he’d never seen her this close up.

‘Dad, Smasher smells som’in! I t’ink Chief Hiccup is rite.’’ Tadeas noticed.

‘Was it just me Hiccup … or did that dragon just nod?’’ Eret asked in shock.

‘Visskara is a Rapid blue-wing, she is capable of understanding basic human questions.’’ Hiccup explained as they followed after her. Eret wanted to know more, but Hiccup stopped him. ‘‘Not now Eret! Let’s just focus on finding Mrs Wagner before it starts to snow again. There could be a storm coming!’’
Hiccup had noticed a change in the air, the bitter winds were blowing from the north … snow was imminent. He wanted to get back to the Village before it started, there was a huge possibility that a snow storm would hit Berk. Eret looked up at the dark sky, he felt the change in the air too and nodded, turning his focus back to the rescue mission.

Toothless was walking next to Mrs Wagner as they made their way back to the village, he kept looking over at her, nervously anticipating her next contraction. He wasn’t sure … but Waiola’s contractions seemed to be getting closer together - and lasting longer. He wasn’t sure how much more of her nail piercing grip his shoulder could take - he was sure she had pierced the skin last time.

‘H-how long does it take to have a baby?’ Toothless gathered his courage to ask.

‘Nine months, give or take a few weeks!’ Waiola quipped. She had already been asked a few strange questions, and was wondering how anyone - even a young man like Kalster, could be so clueless in the process. The funniest question was when he asked her: ‘Why don’t humans lay eggs?’ She was mid-contraction at the time and still it had made her laugh. Not the best time to be resorted to laughter, but it was a strange question. ‘Kalster seemed rather embarrassed that he’d asked that.’ She thought to herself. She really was rather eccentric, but she liked him. The shocked look in Kalster’s face now told her she’d better amend her answer or the poor boy would keel over in shock. Chuckling at her own joke, she explained. ‘That’s how long it takes to make the baby. Labour varies. Me last was about sixteen hours, but it’s hard to say really. They come when they come!’

Toothless looked relieved, but he still hoped Vissy would return soon with help. He really didn’t know what to do, except to stay with her until the real help arrived. He was rather intrigued though, his curiosity getting the better of him.

‘How long have you been in labour so far?’

‘Oh, it’s hard to say. I had a few twangs and pains this morning, but that’s normal … so, I thought nothing of it. Knew I was in labour by about lunch time, but these things take hours so I started walking back. I got a bit turned around and ended up getting a little lost. Not to worry though, we’ll be back in no time!’ Waiola added as Toothless’s looked rather nervous.

‘Lunch time? Hiccup used that when he was referring to twelve or two in the afternoon.’ Toothless thought. He looked up at the night sky - through the tree branches above them. ‘It’s too hard to tell the time now. The winter solstice made it night around lunch time… but it has to be about evening now! So … it’s about six or seven maybe. That’s … six hours! Right?’

‘Oh dear, here comes another one!’ Waiola broke the silence - and Toothless’s thoughts, as she stopped dead in her tracks.

Toothless didn’t really get much of a warning as she grabbed tightly onto his shoulder again. She started panting and groaning loudly into his right ear. He was still very worried about her, even if she was adamant everything was okay, because he knew nothing about labour and contractions and this was all so foreign to him.

He hissed as Waiola’s nails dug into his skin, and he focused his strength in staying on his feet despite her weight pulling him down. Hunched over to the side in a strange angle to accommodate her shorter height, Toothless could do nothing but wait for this contraction to end. It seemed to be longer than the last one, but he wasn’t sure. Maybe it just felt longer because her nails pinched into the skin of his shoulder and his bare feet stung immensely from the cold. As he looked down at the
ground, he noticed a wet patch forming on Waiola’s trousers. He watched as the dark liquid patch trickled down and eventually dripped into the snow. He didn’t understand what was happening, and he felt too embarrassed to ask if she had pissed herself. ‘It wasn’t yellow though.’ He thought. Waiola eventually took a deep breath and loosened her grip as the contractions finally ended.

‘Ah, me waters broke. About time too I suspect. With Tadeas they went before the contractions even started.’ Waiola was breathless, but recovering fast.

‘W-waters?’ Toothless asked confused.

‘Yes, me dear boy. It ‘appons to all women during labour, sometimes beforehand. They say it’s the water keeping the baby safe in the womb.’ She explained, slowly starting to walk on again. She was starting to waddle a bit strangely now, and her hands held her stomach protectively as she moved on. Toothless shook his head before following after her.

‘So, the baby is in water? How does it breathe then?’ Toothless asked.

‘Some think the placenta gives the baby air ta breathe. Others believe the baby don’t need air till it’s born and takes its first breath. You sure ask a lot a questions Kalster.’

‘Sorry.’ Toothless apologized looking guilty.

‘Oh, don’t worry that pretty little head o’yours. You’re just a curious lad, an’ it keeps me mind off the pains. Most men don’t bother to ask, it’s a rare thing to find a lad showing an interest. You’ll make a wonderful father one day. Now come on! I want to get back before this one really decides its time to make an appearance!’ With that, Waiola unsuccessfully tried to walk a little faster.

Toothless had stopped walking. ‘Me? A father? If only Waiola knew the truth.’ He thought. He didn’t have others of his species to mate with - not that he ever mourned the loss of ‘fathering’ hatchlings as humans would say. He didn’t even know if Nightfuries mated for life like some species did, but It felt like something he would have preferred to do instead of mating different Nightfuries every mating season. He only ever mourned the fact that he would be the last of his kind. Now though, he only had desires for one … one human to be exact. Even if he was still with Hiccup, they would never have had a baby - it just wasn’t possible. Trid was the closest thing he had to caring for a hatchling - a baby. He missed Trid so much… his little grippy hands, his squeals and laughter, his bright blue eyes, and the way he always fell to sleep with him. It felt like love, only … it was different to how he felt for Hiccup. He couldn’t describe these new feelings as they washed over him in realisation. The sudden over-protectiveness he felt for Hiccup’s son, the strong desires he had to go to him and hold him again, and the way he suddenly felt responsible for Trid. ‘Was this how Hiccup felt?’

‘Come on Kalster! If you plan on staying with me keep up. I rather enjoy the company but I won’t be waiting for ya!’ Waiola called from ahead.

Toothless ran over to stay beside her - putting his thoughts to the side for the time being, and together they slowly advanced towards the village.

‘Down there!’ Eret shouted, pointing at the two figures slowly moving through the forest. Visskara had stopped to a hover - her wing span was too big to land without colliding into the trees. Luckily, the Rumblehorn’s had smaller wings - they could get through and land where they needed to be.

Visskara roared from the sky, causing Toothless to turn around just as the two Rumblehorns
landed. The smaller of the two - Smasher, stumbled as he touched down, nearly toppling over and throwing his riders from the saddle in the process. Toothless was just relieved that help had finally arrived. It was when he saw Hiccup jump down off Skullcrusher that a lump formed in his throat.

He watched as Hiccup winced - his leg had jolted as he’d landed on his feet … and his face! His jaw was bruising from Spitelout’s uppercut, and his cheek bone looked sore where he’d slapped him. ‘That’s gonna leave a mark.’ Toothless winced. Guilt was most certainly something he felt, but his chest seemed to constrict as Hiccup got closer to him. His emotions were spinning out of control again. ‘Damn it!’

‘Waiola!’ Radburn shouted as he fled to his wife.

‘Mum!’ Tadeas joined them.

Toothless watched as Hiccup smiled over at them with a nod, suddenly two forest-green eyes caught his own.

Hiccup nodded once in thanks. He was grateful that Toothless had sent Vissy to find them - or so he’d assumed, and that he had stayed with Waiola. He should have been checking if Mrs Wagner was okay, asking why she had gone so far from the village, and why she didn’t come back sooner, but … Toothless’s eyes had captured him. His feelings were betraying his mind and his emotions were a mixed jumble he couldn’t quiet filter. He didn’t know what to say, he could only stare and gulp like a fish out of water.

Toothless didn’t know what to say either, but as he watched Hiccup struggle for words, he had a strong urge to say something … Anything!

‘She’s in labour.’ Was the first thing that came to his lips.

‘What?’ Hiccup suddenly panicked, snapping out of his thoughts.

‘You are?’ Radburn questioned nervously. ‘Get Gothi!’ His voice boomed through the forest.

‘Calm down Radburn!’ Waiola admonished her husband, slapping him round the back of his head. ‘This baby ain’t coming yet, the contractions are too far apart.’ Not long after she finished her last words however, another contraction started.

Things had moved rather quickly once everyone realised Waiola was indeed in labour. The Rumblehorn’s both shoot three long-ranged fire ‘missiles’ into the air - signalling help and rescue needed. Help arrived quickly, with the necessary equipment to ‘air lift’ Waiola home. Waiola made sure to thank Kalster for staying with her before she was taken.

Before Hiccup left, he looked at Toothless. He sighed deeply thinking about what to say, he had to say something. Toothless looked just as nervous as he felt.

‘I’m sorry!’ They both said in unison. Both of them chuckled nervously, and Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck. Neither of them really knew what to say.

‘You … You better get going.’ Toothless broke the awkward silence. He smiled slightly before looking at the ground.

‘Yeah … I - I guess I should.’ Hiccup’s words were full of disappointment, but he turned to leave - taking the hint that Toothless still didn’t want to talk to him.
“Guess I’ll see you around.” Toothless said to Hiccup’s retreating form.

Hiccup spun around fast and smiled. His forest-green eyes suddenly ablaze with hope as he looked into Toothless’s lime-green ones. He almost ran to him, begging him for forgiveness. It took all his strength to ignore his heart and listen to his mind. It was painfully difficult just standing there, biting his tongue, and refusing to be pulled in by Toothless. He had to remain calm, he was the chief!

Toothless desperately wanted to run into Hiccup’s arms, but not only was Eret there waiting for his chief, he couldn’t betray Hiccup that way. Hiccup would never forgive him if he revealed their secret. The position Hiccup was in being the chief of Berk, being a father and wanting to protect Trid … it was all really starting to sink in. The anger he felt was redirected to the situation, instead of at Hiccup. No, Hiccup didn’t mean to hurt him, he was sure of that now. Hiccup’s eyes never lied, and they were full of regret, love, pain, fear, longing, and hope. He could almost see the battle raging inside of Hiccup’s eyes as he fought to do what was right over what he desired. He loved Hiccup, so very much - he would do anything for him. This was just something he would have to do for him too.

Toothless wanted to say more - to tell him it was okay, but he feared he would say or do something wrong right now. He was worried that if he stayed any longer in Hiccup’s presence, he would out them to Eret. He nodded at Hiccup - with a smile on his lips, lifted his hand in a small wave to Eret, before turning and dashing away.

Hiccup sighed as he watched Toothless disappear into the forest. Those mesmerising lime-green eyes of his didn’t seem angry with him anymore, and that smile was enough to give him hope. It was baby steps - he knew that, but he’d take it. If Toothless just needed more time he’d wait. It was a lot to ask of him - to just be friends, and Thor knew how hard it was for him to avoid running into his arms and kissing him like nothing had changed. Nothing had changed for his feelings, but his mind was so determined to do the right thing. It felt like a necessary sacrifice to let him go, but it just didn’t feel right. That smile … his eyes … it was always going to captivate him, but this was just the way it had to be, and it hurt. No one ever said doing the right thing would be easy, but somehow … he had to make it work. He had to find a way to keep Toothless in his life without being tempted to breach the line of friendship.

“Hiccup … Chief?” Eret called, breaking him from his thoughts.

“Sorry Eret. Let’s get back!” Hiccup turned.

Eret pulled Hiccup up behind him with his hand, then glanced in the direction Toothless had ran off. He looked confused for a moment, but thought better of it than to ask questions so he shook it off. They lifted into the air and headed back to the village.

Hiccup wiped his eyes discreetly from behind Eret, he hadn’t realised the gather of tears until his vision had fogged over slightly. He had to pull himself together … he had a baby to welcome to the tribe, preparations to make in case of a snow storm, and he still had to speak to Snotlout. Even with all that on his mind he just couldn’t stop thinking about Toothless. Despite his predicament - and aching heart, he had a warm feeling flickering in his chest. With a small smile born of hope, he remembered the smile Toothless had just given him.

‘Baby steps.’
Stormy ordeals

Chapter 51 - Stormy ordeals

Tuesday – Late evening. Three sleeps until Snoggletog.

A very exhausted Hiccup, sighed tiredly as he stood in the middle of his village, looking out across his tribe. Snow had started to fall again, but the high winds - along with Bucket’s bucket, promised an imminent storm. He really didn’t need this on top of Snoggletog - let alone everything else he had going on, but he had no say in the matters of mother nature.

The villagers were getting ready to hunker down for the night. Sven, Mulch, and Bucket, had locked the farm animals in the barn and checked the food stocks. Starkard and Hoark, had check the boats were tied down or pulled up into the caves below the island. Gustav Larson, with the help of Axel Alvarisson, Phlegma the Fierce, and Trygvi Ingifastsson - all members of the A-Team, were to check that the dragons had food and water, and were safely locked in the dragon barns tonight. Sven, Mulch, and Bucket - the other members of the A-team excluding Spitelout, were to help them after they’d finished on the farm.

Other jobs had been assigned, but most people were taking in their own possessions from outside, gathering their children, and settling into their own homes for the night with family. Loose Snoggletog decorations had been taken down, shutters closed, street lamps were blown out, and smoke rose from the house chimneys as their fires burned. Snow on Berk was typical weather - everyone knew the drill and it was easy to prepare for, but Hiccup still wanted to pass out from exhaustion, it had been a long and tiring day: planning for Snoggletog, being punched by Spitelout Jorgenson in the Great Hall, the council meeting regarding the Jorgensons, chasing after Toothless to get slapped by him, speaking with his mother, finding a missing Mrs Wagner who happen to be in labour, and now the imminent snow storm. The only good to come from everything that had transpired today, was the feeling of hope that surged through his being when Toothless had finally smiled at him this evening. Yes, it had be a trying day, but he still had a few things left to do: speak to Snotlout, and check in with Gothi on Waiola’s progress.

Hobbling slightly due to his rubbing prosthetic, he turned to make his way to the short hold dungeons. Waiola’s screams could be heard throughout the village now, it wouldn’t be long until there was a new member to the Hooligan tribe.

Hiccup had just made it to the bridge leading up and across to the farm - and ultimately the short hold dungeons, when he turned at the sudden sound of distress signals coming from the dragon barn. ‘Oh no, not the dragons!’

‘What now?’ He whined in frustration, a pitiful sound: a half laugh-half sob left his lips as he pulled at his hair - making it stick up in all directions. He growled at the sick game the gods were playing with him. Maybe he could just sneak home, hide under his covers, and let his tribe figure it all out by themselves. His body wanted to go on strike - it ached in places he didn’t even know he had, and his bed was calling to him - like an eerie chanting in the back of his mind. He looked in the direction of his house and almost did just that. The noise coming from the dragon barns snapped him out of it. ‘I’m losing my mind! Ha!’ He thought. Then he laughed - an unhinged sound of desperation laced with a yearning for relief … for salvation. Gods, his fucking bed would be awesome too about now. ‘I must be having a mental breakdown?’ He concluded to himself.

Hiccup was still standing there chuckling to himself when Gustav Larson landed on Fanghook, he looked dishevelled and worried.
“Hiccup-Chief!” Gustav finally gained Hiccup’s attention.

“Nice explosions Gustav. Please, please tell me it’s just the twins putting on an early Snoggletog … whatchamacallit!” Hiccup dragged a hand over his face, if only he was so lucky.

“Sorry chief, no can do. The dragons won’t go into the barn. The ones already in there are trying to escape, and the ones on the outside are trying to help the ones on the inside get outside.” Gustav explained quickly. Hiccup blinked; it took far too long for his enervated mind to process that.

Another explosion quickly prompted Hiccup to take action. He ordered Gustav to move back as he climbed up onto Fanghook taking the front position. Fanghook didn’t object when Hiccup ordered him to fly over to the barn - much to Gustav’s surprise. As soon as they were in the air, they saw smoke. ‘Fire!’ Hiccup realised.

When Hiccup and Gustav reached the barn, it was pandemonium. He directed Fanghook to join the other members of the A-team that were still in control of their dragons - and still airborne: Mulch and Bucket on their blue and green Zippleback - Whip and Lash, Sven on his lime-green and orange Monstrous nightmare - Cheeky boy, and Tyggvi Ingifastsson on his mint-green and pink Deadly-Nadder - Spinewhip. Hovering in the air, a Zippleback flew over to Hiccup’s left.

“We tried putting the bridges out chief, but the dragons were determined to keep us back.” Mulch, who was on Hiccup’s left, explained. He pointed to the dragons hovering in the air, preventing anyone from getting past them.

“They really want to get in, don’t they? Or maybe they just want to redecorate and don’t like their barn anymore.” Bucket questioned out loud, staring at the bucket of water in his hands. Mulch rolled his eyes.

“Or they want to leave …” Hiccup mumbled in thought, taking in the scene below him. He didn’t hear Gustav question him.

Braze - Axel Alvarisson’s female Triple-stryke, was growling at her rider over by the spectators stands, forcing him to back up. Snappy - Phlegma the Fierce’s female Snaptrapper, was snapping its heads at her, forcing her back likewise. The bridge leading up to the dragon barn from there, was on fire. Pieces of wood crumbled into the sea below as it assaulted the rocks, the winds now picking up.

Hiccup noticed that Hookfang was aggressively spewing fire-blasts on the lever that released the main door - along with another lighter coloured Monstrous nightmare, and boulder type dragons were crashing into the building with their body weight determinedly. Luckily, most of the barn was fire proofed, but the beams it sat upon were not. The wooden bridges that granted access to the barn on foot were destroyed, preventing access from the outside.

“Gustav, the other entrances?” Hiccup asked. The dragon barn was typically just the main entrance for the dragons to fly into, and the area where Vikings could intrude freely. In actuality, the outside view was deceptive because it led back deep into the caves under Berk. Therefore, there were other entrances.

“All locked down chief, as ordered. The dragons blocked the one by the storage house though, and it caved in when they tried to break open the door. The one on the west side is just as guarded, the dragons don’t want anyone getting past.”

Hiccup sighed frustratedly. The building would eventually fall if he didn’t stop them, it would be
inconvenient - to put it lightly, but they could always rebuild. His main concern was focused on why the dragons were acting this way, and on calming them down before someone got hurt. One thing was obvious to him though, the dragons wanted the doors open.

‘We need to get down there. If they want the doors open this badly … then I say we give them just that!’

‘But chief, the snow storm?’ Gustav worried.

‘I know Gustav, but sometimes … sometimes the dragons know best. I think this is something to do with the females too.’ Hiccup explained, encouraging Fanghook to get closer. Instantly, a male Gronckle flew over to them in warning. Other dragons got ready to fire at them, ready to push them back.

‘Easy, easy! I’d like to help. I’ll open the door, let everyone out.’ His voice was slow and calm as he raised both his hands - gesticulating that he wasn’t a threat. He pointed down to the door, hoping the Gronckle would understand his intentions to help them. He hesitated for a moment, but eventually turned his focus onto the other Vikings that were getting too close.

‘S-Stay back, it’s okay!’ Hiccup told the A-team riders, gesticulating his point. Hiccup slowly encouraged a nervous Fanghook to fly down closer to Hookfang.

The A-team were rather surprised when the other dragons let Hiccup pass freely without a fight, but they had come to accept that their chief had a way with them - a way that no one could completely understand. They watched, worried for his safety, but proud he was their chief.

The damp wood continued to burn as the dragons persisted in taking down the building. The rising smoke seemed to be in a constant battle with the light flurries of snow, and the increase in cold bitter winds. It was hard to see through everything attacking Hiccup’s eyes at once, and the smoke would sometimes steal the air around them as it billowed past between gushes of wind, making both him and Gustav cough harshly.

They had reached the lever that opened the doors, but it was far too hot to touch - as Hiccup had learnt the hard way. Before Hiccup could put his next idea into words, a loud whistle rung through the dark night sky. ‘Toothless!’ Hiccup instantly recognised the sound.

Toothless landed on the edge of the cliff, an air of dominance about him as he glowed blue in his alpha form. Visskara was standing beside him. When Toothless roared his orders loudly to the other dragons, they immediately complied. Some dragons simply left the area. The A-team dragons - including Braze and Snappy, flew away toward the main village with their riders shouting in protest. The rest of the dragons, flew over to the cliff to join their alpha - including Fanghook with Hiccup and Gustav still in the saddle.

‘Fanghook? Where are we go-. Oh…’’ Hiccup realised.

They landed behind Toothless just in time to see Visskara open her wings. Faster than a blink - before Gustav could even ask what was happening, she was gone. In seconds, the fireproof door to the Dragon barn was nothing more than a dripping pool of liquid metal. Hiccup’s jaw dropped! He knew Vissy was fast, and that she had a powerful plasma blast, but she just melted Gronckle iron like it was butter. Gustav fell off Fanghook as he erupted into a babbling mess of astonishment and excitement.

‘‘Thor’s beard and missing left ball sack!’’ He exclaimed as he jumped up from the snow-covered
ground. “Hiccup, tell me you just saw that. You saw that right? Slap me!” He started shaking Hiccup’s right leg and shouting even louder. “Slap me! I need to know if I’m dreaming. Hiccup! No, fine. I’ll just do it.” Gustave proceeded to slap himself in the face. “Ow! Oh man, I’m not dreaming! She just … he just … it just …” Gustave couldn’t get his words out, instead he was gesticulating frantically.

“Gustav! Shut up! For the love of Thor … Please!” Hiccup shouted at him, sliding down with a soft plop as he landed in the snow. His legs buckled slightly from exhaustion, and his prosthetic socket was painful from a day on his feet. He could have sworn Toothless had glanced his way in annoyance, but maybe he was just imagining it.

“Oh, right. Sorry.” Gustav chuckled nervously.

Hiccup turned to watch the dragons now leaving the barn. They hovered in the air - looking over at Toothless as he communicated with them, they looked relieved to be released.

“What’s happening Chief?” Gustav whispered. Hiccup shook his head and motioned for him to be quiet.

Less than a minute later, Hiccup noticed something ‘said’ between Fanghook and Toothless. This time he definitely noticed Toothless’s scrutinising glance at him. Their eyes met briefly, and Hiccup felt as if he was being reprimanded - for what he had no idea. Toothless huffed in mild exasperation at him before turning away. Suddenly, all the dragons except for Fanghook rose into the air. Hiccup watched as they flew southwards, but the night sky coupled with the increasing snow fall, made it too difficult to see them as they got further away.

Soon there was nothing to see at all. Just like that, the dragons - including Toothless, were gone.

Fanghook had flown them back to Hiccup’s house, then he too took flight - to join the others Hiccup assumed. Gustav wasn’t happy, but Hiccup told him what he found himself repeating many times to the other villagers that questioned him as he walked towards the short hold dungeons.

“The dragons have followed their alpha, their fine. I haven’t got time to explain it now. Prepare for the storm, spread the word, then go home!” He would order, leaving no room for debate.

Hiccup didn’t know why the dragons had departed exactly, but he had strong suspicions that it was all to do with the females. There was only three nights left until Snoggletog, the dragons usually left the day or two before, so it was most likely related. It would be too much of a coincidence for it to be otherwise. He wondered why Toothless had left though; they always spent Snoggletog on Berk together, and when he became the alpha, that never changed. His first Snoggletog with Trid… and Toothless wasn’t here to share it with them.

‘Oh fuck, Trid!’ He suddenly thought, halting in his steps. Hiccup hadn’t seen his mother at all since he got back to the village after their chat earlier. It was safe to assume she was still at home with his son, but he was meant to be collecting Trid tonight and his mother didn’t know about the snow storm. “Fuck!” He berated himself, she would have expected him by now. ‘Okay Hiccup, one thing at a time. Snotlout first, then mum!’

Hiccup opened the door to Snotlout’s cell and leaned against the frame as his ‘friend’, stumbled to his feet quickly - tossing the blanket away that had been provided to every prisoner on account of the storm. Snotlout was still in the same clothes from yesterday, his hair was dirty and dishevelled, dirt streaks and smudges littered his face, and he was a mess.
“Hiccup! What took you so long? I knew you wouldn’t leave me in here. I’m n-.”” Snotlout rambled as if he had been traumatized. He’d made his way to the door to leave, but Hiccup stopped him with his hand.

“Snotlout! You need to listen to me carefully. I’m only going to say this once.” Hiccup warned him, trying not to wrinkle his noes from the smell. Snotlout nodded, and Hiccup could see the desperation in his eyes - the desire to leave behind the cold cells.

Five minutes later.

“Please Hiccup … chief.” Snotlout begged. “Y-You can’t leave me in here. I-I’ll starve. I think I already lost weight …” He pinched his arm muscles and looked horrified. “… Urgh! And it’s so cold, I think I’m getting sick…” Snotlout faked a cough and rubbed his arms shivering before he continued. “…Please, get me out of here, I’ll do anything!”

“I only want your apology Snotlout! If you’re not ready to admit that what you did was disrespectful then I’ll let you sleep on it … in here! I’m sure you’ll be okay when the storm hits.” Hiccup manipulated, slowly closing the cell door.

“No, no no no no. Wait!”

“Yes?”

“I was drunk, foolish, stupid. It won’t happen again I swear.” Snotlout desperately tried to convince him. He was a Jorgenson, Jorgenson’s never said sorry damn it.

“Goodbye Snotlout.” Hiccup closed the cell door.

“No. No no no! Hic- Chief! I’m sorry. Okay, there I said it!” Snotlout slid his back down the closed cell door before continuing quietly, and more sincerely. “I’m sorry. Please, I’ve learnt my lesson this time chief, really! I swear, no more disrespect, no more treating you like a hiccup. I’m just … I’m just a right mutton head sometimes. After what I did, I wouldn’t blame you if you threw away the key and left me in here.”

The door slowly opened, and Snotlout looked up at Hiccup with a hopeful expression.

“And get a new village patrol? I haven’t got the time to find someone that could replace you, besides you’re pretty irreplaceable.” Hiccup smirked. Snotlout rushed to his feet and smiled.

“I am aren’t I.” His smug smile made it obvious to Hiccup that he had completely missed his sly remark. Snotlout then looked nervously between Hiccup and his own shuffling feet. “Does this mean I can…” His eyes flicked over to the dungeon corridor and back to Hiccup. Hiccup nodded, but before Snotlout could run, a hand pressed against his chest, halting his exit.

“I never want to see you in here again Snotlout!” Hiccup firmly voiced.

“You got it chief.” He nodded. He then wasted no time running from the cell.

They were soon outside, the cold winds were picking up, and even the snow was coming down harder. They both walked to the bridge leading down to the farm. Hiccup had a slight limp, but he had no choice than to keep moving. The way the winds scratched at the buildings, rocked the structures slightly, and whistled past them, told Hiccup the storm wasn’t far. It wouldn’t be long before it hit Berk.

“Hookfang!” Snotlout shouted, rubbing his arms frantically in an effort to keep warm.
“Snotlout.” Hiccup paused, placing a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “The dragons already left. Hookfang went with them.”

“What! He left and didn’t even say goodbye?” He looked dispirited, but quickly tried to hide it. “I-I mean, I have to walk home? In this! Bloody useless dragon, who needs him anyway when I have these.” Snotlout pointed to his legs before striding ahead, Hiccup sighed, trying to keep up with him.

“Sorry Snotlout. I’ll walk with you. I have to get over to my mother’s house anyway.” Hiccup glanced over at the houses they were about to walk past. “Mulch might have a cloak you can borrow at least.”

“Wait. You’re walking to Valka’s house … in this weather?” He looked at Hiccup as if he’d grown three heads.

“I don’t really have much choice. Mum doesn’t know about the storm. Although I assume, she has guessed that by now … but that’s not the point. I need to know she’s safe, that my son’s safe as well.”

“I get it. But you look like crap Hic- Chief! Erm… no disrespect. And you can’t even walk right.” Snotlout noticed as Hiccup limped slightly beside him.

“I’ll be fine. Let’s see if Mulch is awake.” Hiccup deflected the topic, walking towards Mulch and Bucket’s small farm house that they shared.

Mulch was more than happy to assist, and despite Snotlout’s complaining that it smelt of sheep’s dung, he was grateful in his own way. Mulch and Bucket wished them a safe night - the feelings mutual, and said they were glad to see the boys getting along again.

It took about fifteen minutes until they finally reached Snotlout’s house - not far from the dragon training arena, over on the west side of the village. Hiccup had filled Snotlout in on the events leading up to the dragon’s departure, and Snotlout - like most people these days, wondered why they never saw him with Toothless anymore. Hiccup told him the same story he told just about everyone else on Berk, that since they returned from their long trip, Toothless had just been extremely busy with his alpha duties.

“Get cleaned up, and get some rest Snotlout. I have a feeling tomorrow is going to be a long day of hard work.” Hiccup finished with a massive yawn, rubbing his eyes. He felt positively ill.

“No offence Hic-, I-I mean chief. You look worse than me. Of course, I do have the better looks, so that’s an unfair comparison.”

“You can call me Hiccup, Snotlout. Just remember that I am the chief next time, before you decide to do something very Snotlout-ish again.” He shook his head before looking at Snotlout’s insulted face, then they both laughed. “I really need to get going. As you so kindly pointed out, I’m not in the best shape right now. I’d like to make it to mums before the storm fully arrives.”

“Right. Erm … Night Hiccup.”

“Night Snotlout.”

Snotlout seemed to hesitate for a moment, but he smiled with a small nod before shutting his front door. Hiccup sighed and let his shoulders fall. It was so exhausting wearing a mask all the time - pretending to be alright when he was anything but. Now he just had to try and reach his mother’s before he died of exhaustion, and that was over an hour away on foot. ‘God’s help me!’
Hiccup was trying to focus on placing one foot in front of the other - pushing against the ever-growing blizzard. He should have stayed in the village, but oh no, him and his bright ideas. The trip to Valka’s on foot involved crossing a lot of bridges between sea stacks, then walking right around the back of the island until it curved left and led to the west side of Berk. He was about half way to his mother’s - deep in the forest, when he had an overwhelming desire to just rest for a moment.

His one good leg, had been baring most of his weight since his prosthetic socket had been rubbing - the damn thing had slipped and was pinching at the skin, so he felt the burn in his right calf topple past bearable and into complete shutdown. His eyes were so heavy, closing at regular intervals and causing more than a few near-collision moments. His entire body ached, like all the life had been sucked out of him. He had no energy left, no strength, and he felt positively ill. Even his head hurt. He’d forgotten all about his burnt hand or bruised face, and the storm wasn’t helping.

It looked like he might not make it to his mother’s house before the blizzard arrived in its full glory, certainly not without rest. He saw a rather large tree just ahead of him, and he forced his final steps to carry him there. He slid down against the bark, landed in the snow, and couldn’t stop his eyes flickering shut instantly.

Hiccup’s eyes blinked open slowly, and he looked up into two amazing lime-green eyes staring back at him. ‘Mmm. I must be dreaming.’ He mumbled. His head drooped to his chest, and his eyes flickered closed.

Toothless - in his dragon form, looked up at Visskara with a very worried expression. The blizzard raged around them angrily, and the snow had buried Hiccup’s legs. Toothless tried again to nudge Hiccup awake.

‘Mm? I’m not here right now. Come back later.’ He groaned - barely coherent as he tried to go back to sleep.

‘If he doesn’t wake up, I’ll have to carry him!’ Toothless told his ameor. ‘I’ve never seen him this tired before. I’m worried Vissy, somethings wrong!’ Toothless panicked. ‘How the fuck is he sleeping outside in this?’

Visskara bent her head forward toward Hiccup’s left ear … and growled loudly, activating her own alpha form in the process.

‘Trid!’ Hiccup shouted, as his eyes shot open. He had tried to move in panic, but only felt his fear increasing substantially when he couldn’t get up.

‘Vissy! He looks scared shitless.’ Toothless shouted at her.

‘Well, he is awake now is he not?’ Visskara chuckled, turning off her alpha form.

Hiccup was very much awake now, but he looked petrified. His eyes were wide open, and he held his left hand to his chest breathing rapidly - his heart threatening to jump out of it. He slowly became more aware of his surroundings - the fact he was outside somewhere in a blizzard, and he tried to calm himself down. Using his hands, he finally managed to dig the snow off his legs, but they had gone numb from the cold. His extremities stung - including his face, and then he realised. ‘That’s just great! I must have fallen asleep when I stopped to rest. Just brilliant Hiccup, way to go! Being fantastically useless as always.’
The blizzard made it nearly impossible to see, even with squinted eyes. Hiccup leaned against the tree as he tried to stand – shivering profusely, but he couldn’t feel his legs - let alone his right foot. He almost fell back to the ground… but just as he toppled on his wobbly legs, Toothless caught him with his head.

‘‘T-Toothless?’’ Hiccup stuttered, unsure and confused. ‘‘Why was he here? Didn’t he go with the other dragons? Doesn’t he hate me - or something like that? He thought himself. ‘‘Th-Thanks.’’ He tried to stand on his own, but fell right back into Toothless’s warm body. ‘‘Sorry, I-I guess I just need a minute to get the blood going.’’

Toothless growled at Hiccup, and motioned for him to climb on.

‘‘Y- You sure? I don’t want to-.’’ Hiccup started, but he quickly changed his tune when Toothless growled at him again. ‘‘Okay, climbing on now!’’

It took a little help from Visskara before Hiccup successfully got up onto Toothless’s back. Toothless didn’t wait for a signal; he flapped his wings and ascended into the sky, eager to get out of the storm - or more importantly … get Hiccup out of the storm.

Hiccup instantly wrapped his arms around Toothless’s neck, lying flat against his warm body. It felt so familiar, safe, and just … so right. This is where he belonged.

Toothless - unlike his amoer, was struggling to fly through the blizzard. He had Vissy keep her eyes on Hiccup in case he drifted off to sleep again and fell off. Luckily Valka’s wasn’t far… and she was expecting them.

‘‘Oh, Toothless!’’ Valka nearly shrieked, shielding her eyes and turning around. Toothless had just changed forms in the middle of her house - so he could carry Hiccup’s sleeping form, but hadn’t even warned her. Valka had managed to help get Hiccup down from Toothless back just before he changed forms, but Hiccup was too heavy for her to lift.

‘‘Sorry Mrs Valka.’’ He blushed. ‘‘W-Where shall I put him?’’

‘‘Upstairs on the bed. Then please! Let me know when you have some trousers on.’’ She chuckled; her eyes still firmly closed.

Gora looked at Visskara with a knowing look, while Cloudjumper tilted his head almost amused.

‘‘You’re sure he’ll be okay?’’ Toothless asked Valka. They were sitting downstairs - mid-conversation, and Trid was fast asleep in his arms - his little head nestled into the fabric of his tunic.

‘‘He just pushed himself too far. I’ll get Gothi to see to him when the storm passes.’’ She said, glancing over at the boarded-up window. Toothless snorted, a smile infecting his lips - he knew Hiccup!

‘‘Good luck!’’

‘‘Oh, he will be seeing her this time Toothless. Mark my words!’’ She assured him.

Toothless chuckled a little. He smiled down at Trid, and listened to the blizzard as he adjusted the fur blanket around the baby. Valka had known that the storm was coming - she could see the signs before it arrived, and she’d prepared accordingly. She had the dragons help of course - before they
left, and whilst surprised at their sudden departure, she assumed correctly that they were leaving early to lay their eggs due to the imminent arrival of the storm. Cloudjumper was content to stay on Berk - Toothless knew he hadn’t mated this year seeing as there were no female Stormcutters around during the last mating season.

The snow storm could be heard over the crackling fire, and he could hear the winds forcing the trees to dance. The shushing and rustling sound only surpassed by the sounds of the wind sweeping over the island, or hitting obstacles in its wake. The shutters on the windows rapped ever so slightly, and the occasional draft would sweep in through the gaps and crevices of the house. It was warm enough in Valka’s house though, she had done well in her preparations.

“You sure you’re okay with us all staying here? I am really grateful, it’s just a bit … full! And if Hiccup has your bed, where will you sleep?” Toothless asked, a slight frown knitting his eyebrows together.

“With Cloudjumper of course.” She answered as if it was obvious. “And as for you staying here; I’ll not be hearing another word about it. You can sleep on the couch.” She pointed to the bench style couch he was currently sitting on.

“I’ll probably be able to sleep better with Viss if I’m honest.” He admitted, glancing over at his ameor.

Visskara was currently lying next to Cloudjumper. They were sleeping over to the left side of the house together, and he couldn’t help but smirk. They were both quite alike in some ways: both rather sensible and intelligent, both proud and commanded respect, and they were both kind at heart - but they still rolled their eyes at foolishness. He felt sorry for Gora; while he was in his human form, his best friend was the odd one out. He was currently upstairs watching over Hiccup. Well, maybe not his anymore, but he could at least admit to himself when he was jealous, and no one said he couldn’t think of Hiccup as his still - which reminded him.

“We’ll be leaving tomorrow morning; I have to collect something from the Northern markets.” He smiled at Valka.

“I can’t wait to see it. I bet Hiccup is going to love it. You just be careful up there.” Valka cautioned him.

After he proved capable during his last trip, she wasn’t as worried. Still, he was becoming more and more like a son to her every day, and it was a mother’s job to worry. Even when she was away from Berk all those years, she still worried about Hiccup. She used to wonder what he was like, if he was healthy, what trouble he might be causing his father. She chuckled internally.

“I will be!” Toothless assured her. “I’ll show it to you when I get back. I may need help wrapping it.” He admitted.

“It’ll be my honour.” She smiled. It was nice to see Toothless looking so well - as opposed to being weighed down, heartbroken, and so confused. “I’m glad you’re in better spirits Toothless, you are okay, aren’t you?” Valka asked. Toothless nodded with a small sigh, he knew what she was referring to.

“It’s hard. I do miss him and Trid … but I’ll do anything for them. As long as I know they’re safe, I’ll be okay.” Toothless smiled bitter-sweetly down at Trid. Valka smiled sadly at them both - she could see how much Toothless loved her son and grandson.

“Shall I get that one into his crib? You must be hungry.” She offered, standing up.
“Can I hold him for a bit longer. I just like holding him.” Toothless admitted shyly, his finger gently drawing circles on Trid’s tiny hand. Valka nodded before going to tend the fire, and fetch the kettle to make another round of hot drinks.

**Wednesday morning. Two sleeps until Snoggletog.**

Hiccup’s eyes flickered open slowly that morning. There was little light upstairs - seeing as the window in the roof was tightly closed, but he could still make out Gora’s sleeping form on the floor to his left. ‘Wait… Gora was here?’

He rubbed his still tired eyes - his headache better but still lingering, and slipped his legs over the edge of the bed. His body ached, and his legs - especially his right one, had seized up from over use. The pain was going to hinder his productivity today, that was certain. His memory was still a little foggy and jumbled, but it was quickly trying to fill in the blanks. ‘*This is mum’s bedroom.*’ He realised, glancing around for his metal leg. He found it beside the bed, propped up against the bedside table.

Without much care or preparation, he simply shoved his stump into the prosthetic. He winced as the sore skin rubbed against the socket, but he fixed it in place regardless. Now he just had to stand.

Valka was already up and awake, as was Cloudjumper. They were both outside and had been working together to clear the snow from the decking, and the steps leading down to the path. She had already de-bordered the windows downstairs, and Trid was taking his nap after his morning bottle. Atop the saddle, Valka used her staff to point to the snow covering the rest of the path. Stormcutter melted it with ease as he glided back towards the house.

‘Let’s take a break.’ She patted Cloudjumper’s head from her position in the saddle, and then - using her staff like a hook and rope, she slid down to the ground with a soft thud.

Valka was just opening her front door when she heard the smash, followed by a loud bang coming from upstairs. Toothless and Visskara jolted awake, as did Trid who started crying.

‘I don’t want to hear it Hiccup. I’m going to get Gothi, you can barely stand!’ Valka insisted, putting her foot down. She had spent the last twenty minutes forcing her son back to bed, with another ice block against his head no less. Luckily, she had won the argument.

Hiccup had tripped when he tried to stand, knocking the oil lamp off the bedside table, and banging his head on the indoor balcony fence. He was lucky the fence was there, or he’d have toppled from the top floor and broken something. He now lay in bed sulking, worried about his village, and his body pulling him back to sleep against his will.

Toothless had been keeping out of sight - and tending to Trid. Valka prepared her grandsons food before leaving with Cloudjumper to go fetch Gothi, and Toothless was left to feed him. Valka promised she wouldn’t be long.

It didn’t take long at all for Trid to finish his bottle - and suck his bread to death. Visskara and Gora had gone to find their own breakfast, leaving him alone with Trid - Hiccup just above him. He couldn’t stop thinking about Hiccup, and he toyed with the idea of going upstairs until he decided to do just that.
Sitting Trid on his hip - the soggy bread still in his tight little grip, they went upstairs slowly. Toothless’s heart was pounding harder with every step he took, and it was only raw determination that stopped him turning around and going back down. He froze at the top of the stairs, and he couldn’t quite muster the courage to make his presence known. He stared at Hiccup’s bruised face and felt immensely guilty again for adding to it. It was then Trid decided to make a string of loud random noises and sounds.

Opening his eyes, Hiccup saw them standing at the top of the stairs. Toothless smiled awkwardly and quickly looked down at Trid. He didn’t know what to say at first, neither of them did. Hiccup was just surprised to see his ex-boyfriend standing there holding his son. He thought his mother had taken him with her when she left.

“Hey.” Hiccup spoke just above a whisper.

“Hey.” Toothless repeated.

“Will you sit?” Hiccup asked, pointing to the end of the bed. He sat up - ignoring his pains and throbbing headache, and waited for a response. Toothless hesitated for what seemed like ages, but eventually, he walked over and sat down. “How is he?” Hiccup asked referring to his son.

“Oh, yeah, he’s fine. Just finished his milk.” He then lifted Trid slightly, and spoke to him in exaggerated feigned horror. “He is now killing his bread. Isn’t that right you little dragon? You monster! A terrible, merciless, little bread sucking killer! There is no help for us all now, we’re all doomed.” He then blew raspberries against Trid’s stomach, his laughter ringing though the house along with his innocent squeals.

Hiccup smiled, the sight before him so perfect that it hurt. It was everything he wanted, and he couldn’t help but stare as a smile infected his lips. Toothless must have seen the way he was being looked at, because he blushed in embarrassment.

“Here, hand him over.” Hiccup snapped out of his trance, and he reached out to take his son. He missed him so much being busy with the village, but it also hurt watching Toothless with him like that. He would never stop Toothless spending time with Trid - he couldn’t be that cruel, but right now he just needed to hold his child. Trid obviously didn’t want to leave Toothless’s arms, he squirmed and whined as he reached back for him. Hiccup sighed sadly as he tried to make Trid more comfortable in his arms. “I think I’m already failing as a father. He already hates me.”

“No, he doesn’t! You’re a great father. Valka said babies can sense our feelings. Maybe he knows you’re being a right old grump, and his favourite dragon is more fun right now.” Toothless suggested playfully. Hiccup gave a small chuckle, relaxing slightly as Trid stopped fussing.

“Maybe you’re right.” Hiccup admitted, adjusting his son’s small red tunic.

“I’m always right!” Toothless smirked.

Hiccup looked up at Toothless and snorted slightly in humour. It was almost like it used to be - just the three of them, but it wasn’t the same. Awkward silence settled in after that, and it was a short while before Hiccup spoke again.

“I thought you’d left.”

“I did. Well, I went out so far - to make sure the dragons had out flown the threat of the storm, then I came back. I also wanted to say goodbye to my friends, and wish them good luck with the laying and such.”
“Am I right in thinking they left to lay their eggs?” Hiccup asked, it had been bugging him.

“Yeah kinda. They were going to leave this morning, but with the storm hitting Berk, they were worried it would prevent them from doing so. It was just safer to leave last night before the storm.”

“I really did a great job there. I figured they’d be safer in the dragon barn.” Hiccup berated himself, running his free hand through his hair.

“You didn’t know. I’m sorry if things got a bit … out of hand. I got the distress calls from the dragons and came as soon as I could.” Toothless explained. Hiccup nodded, but he still believed he had messed up.

“T-Toothless … W-why did you, erm … seem angry at me?” Hiccup hesitated to ask.

“Oh. I guess … I wasn’t happy that you were in harm’s way again, and you obviously weren’t taking care of yourself.” He said, glancing at Hiccup’s left leg. “I’m sorry if that pisses you off, but I can’t help caring about you.” Hiccup’s frown had Toothless’s anger building. “If you can’t deal with that then maybe I shouldn’t stay here on Berk!” Toothless stood up and went to leave, but he remembered he was looking after Trid until Valka returned. Maybe he could just wait downstairs.

“No. Don’t go!” Toothless stopped - his back to Hiccup, he took a deep breath and waited to hear what he had to say next. “It’s just … never mind. You are allowed to care about us … I still care about you! Friends are allowed to look out for each other, right? I-I never did get to say thank you for bringing me here last night. So… thank you.”

Toothless felt a tear run down his cheek, and he closed his eyes. It was the word ‘friends’ that choked him up. He just nodded - afraid his voice would betray him. He had already resigned himself to only being Hiccup’s friend again, but he didn’t expect hearing the confirmation would hurt so much - he didn’t understand why it hurt when he already knew this.

They both heard the door open downstairs, and Toothless decided that was his cue to leave. He threw a small wave with the back of his hand, and then ran downstairs. Valka frowned as he hurried past her, collected his bag and then left the house with haste. She had tried to stop him - wondering what was wrong, but he was too fast. Gothi frowned before giving Valka a suspicious look, then together, the women made their way upstairs.
Chapter 52 - Fragmentary friendship

Wednesday morning. Two sleeps until Snoggletog

Toothless flew North-west - towards the Northern markets. The snow had ceased for now but it was still intermittent. He had his bag gripped tightly in his front paws, and Visskara was flying beside him as usual.

“I still think Gora will avoid the village. You know how he gets around humans.” Visskara said, continuing the conversation she was still trying to initiate.

“He said he would help Hiccup, Valka, and Cloudjumper today. If he does, great! If not then … whatever.” Toothless replied with a deep sigh. He was rather fed up with his feelings - with feeling in general, but he couldn’t shut them off.

“Do you want to talk about it some more?” Visskara asked, referring to Hiccup.

“No!” He answered quickly, sighing again in frustration. “Sorry Vissy. I’m fine! I am! I just wanna get to the markets and then get back. You’re leaving soon … I’d like to spend some time with you without all this traveling.”

“I do not mind the travelling Toothless. Either way, we are together. I have learnt rather a lot being with you, and when I do return to my island after Snoggletog, you know where I am. You can visit me whenever you like, and I am sure I will return to Berk at some point in the future.”

“Yeah, I’d like that.” A small smile pulled at his lips and he playfully bumped into Visskara’s side. A mischievous glint flickered in her eyes as she smiled back at him.

Gothi left Valka’s house on her Gronckle - Sugilite, who was too old now for egg laying, after giving her verdict on Hiccup’s condition. Hiccup wasn’t happy with her instructions: on bed-arrest until tomorrow, to sleep with the aid of the ‘medicine’ she had given him, and to eat more. He was the chief, it was two days before Snoggletog and he couldn’t afford to stay in bed! The last thing he wanted to do was sleep - he had already slept all night and thankfully no nightmares had haunted him. Still, he really didn’t want to increase his chances of having more nightmares by sleeping throughout the day - they terrorized him enough as it was. In fact, he was scared to even close his eyes in case images of death, disappointment, and failure returned. Keeping busy kept his mind from wondering to dark places, or places that tried to cripple him with heartache.

According to Gothi, he was dehydrated, not getting enough to eat, suffering from mild concussion, fatigued from lack of sleep, and neglecting his left stump and prosthetic care routine. She might as well have added mentally fucked to that list … or emotionally challenged. He suspected … that she knew he was hiding more than just physical issues. It was the way she squinted at him upon leaving that made him shiver nervously, like she knew more.

He would have ignored Gothi’s advice if his mother hadn’t insisted that she direct the village today. He still ached in places he never knew existed, his head still troubled him, and he was still feeling a bit tired, Therefore - with reluctance, he listed off all the jobs that needed to be done
before tomorrow. Much to his dismay, she also insisted that Bree and Harish Hofferson could
watch their grandson today, so she had even left with Trid. It wasn’t that he minded the Hoffersons
having their grandson, it was the feeling that he was inadequate as a father that hurt.

Hiccup rolled over - still in his mother’s bedroom, and gripped the blanket tightly as he pulled it
further up and under his chin. A silent, single tear dripped onto the small wool filled pillow and he
blinked his eyes - wiping his face on the blanket. When he looked back up, he saw two big reddish-
orange eyes looking at him - only inches from his face. It startled him - making him jump, but he
knew who it was.

“I-I thought you’d left with mum, Gora?”

Gora rested his head on the bed, rolled his eyes, and mumbled. “Bloody faifuh humans. Torht is
what they are! Their paws trying to touch me. Do I look like I wanna be touched! And the
yelling … bloody humans. Think they’d never seen a dreki before.” He finished his rant - not
that Hiccup understood him, and raised his eyes giving him a sad look.

“I guess you just wanted to keep me company huh? Thanks Gora.” Hiccup assumed, scratching
under Gora’s chin. He lay there in silence, mulling things over. His mind far too active for him to
be able to sleep. Gora’s presence helped him relax, but there was still a thick dark cloud of sadness
and worry hovering over him.

“Yeah, let’s go with that. I … oh … oo, yep, right there! That’s good…” Gora’s mind became
a mess of pleasure as Hiccup’s hand worked its magic on his neck. He sighed in bliss … this was
better than putting up silly ‘decal-lations’ or whatever they were called. Hiccup obviously needed
him more right now.

“Hey Gora?” Hiccup suddenly asked. His hand stopped moving - much to Gora’s dismay, and he
sat up ignoring the aches and pains, and forgoing Gothi’s advice. There was one thing that could
help him think … or rather, one place. “Let’s get out of here. Let’s go for a flight!”

Toothless walked towards the market - in his human form, and away from the forest where he’d
left Visskara. It was evening, and the sun had set hours ago due to the winter solstice. The days
were only lasting a couple of hours now, but he didn’t mind.

Carrying his bag over his shoulder tightly, he walked past the various stalls selling and trading all
types of merchandise. From weapons to food, gems to jewellery, and clothes to fabrics… as well as
many other things that made him question Viking’s sanity, or that made him shudder. He had been
thinking of something to get Trid and Valka too, and he found himself examining the expensive
fabrics at one of the stalls. His eyes settled on a cornflour-blue linen that nearly matched Trid’s
eyes. He ran his hand over the fabric - surprised at its softness, and decided it would be perfect for
Trid.

“Oi! What do ya think ya doing ta me fabric! That’s fine quality, and certainly not for th’likes of
tattered commoners.” A fat bauld Viking shouted, wobbling over to shoo him away.

“No! No! Please forgive me. I ‘ave ta be careful ya see, to many thief’s around dees parts. Forgive
me an I’ll make ya a grand offer. One ya won’t refuse.”

“N-nothing.” Toothless stuttered at first, but then he remembered why he was there and gathered
up his courage. “I was admiring this fabric to give to the son of a noble chief, but seeing as you
are a rude and pompous old man, I’ll take my business elsewhere!” Toothless turned to walk
away, a smirk on his lips as he waited for the merchant to respond.

“No! No! Please forgive me. I ‘ave ta be careful ya see, to many thief’s around dees parts. Forgive
me an I’ll make ya a grand offer. One ya won’t refuse.”
Fifteen minutes later.

Toothless was smiling as he walked through the market, carrying his bundle of blue linen under his right arm - a couple of small gems lighter. He couldn’t sew, but Hiccup and Valka could. He was sure one of them would be able to make Trid some new garments with the material. They would look amazing on him, and they were soft enough for his delicate pale skin.

He soon came to the stall he was really here for, the jewellers stall where Slaton and his granddaughter would be waiting for him to collect the ring. He saw Amber first - tidying up the tables, and she lifted her head smiling widely, her long black hair flickering in the wind.

‘‘Grandpa, Kalster’s here!’’ She shouted before addressing Toothless. ‘‘I see you remembered your boots today.’’ She chuckled, glancing down at his feet. Toothless nodded with an embarrassed smile.

‘‘Send him in!’’ Slaton called from out back.

‘‘It’s good to see you again Kalster.’’ Amber smiled.

‘‘Likewise!’’

‘‘Come! Grandpa’s waiting for you.’’ Amber lead him out back.

Ten Minutes later

‘‘It’s perfect!’’ Toothless said in awe, admiring the ring between his fingers. He hoped it fitted, he had guessed the size by asking it to be made a couple sizes smaller than his own index finger. Hiccup had slightly smaller hands then him, so he was confident it would fit.

The ring was beautiful: Silver, with oval green gems set in four equally divided places. Eight Nightfury silhouettes - four pairs noses to noses - with a single green gem for each eye, were also equally set into the ring in a darker metal. Intricate details had been added between the Nightfury silhouettes, and above and below the oval green gems. It was almost too perfect, but Toothless was certain it was perfect for Hiccup.

‘‘I’m glad ya approve. Only the best for Hiccup Haddock - chief of Berk, am I right? I owe him a debt I could never repay.’’ Slaton reminded Toothless, his aged eyes reflected his gratefulness, but they held a sadness beneath them.

‘‘That’s right, the hunters that …’’ Toothless hesitated.

‘‘It’s alright laddie.’’ Slaton patted Toothless’s shoulder. ‘‘They may have taken me wife and me son from me, but the dead are only truly gone when we stop remembering em. Don’t morn the
dead for too long Kalster, or you’ll let death consume you too.’’

‘‘Gran would want us to move on.’’ Amber added to the conversation, her blue eyes looking up as she recalled her memory. ‘‘Mum says … gran would never regret freeing the dragon’s, and that she would do it all again even knowing the outcome.’’

‘‘And thanks to you Kalster, we no longer ave’ta scrounge ta make ends meet. The gods answered our prayers by sending you our way.’’

‘‘We were able to get mother the medicine she needed, and we have enough to get food and materials now. We can also keep the business going.’’ Amber added gratefully.

‘‘I’m sorry, I didn’t know your mother was sick.’’ Toothless offered his sympathies.

‘‘Don’t worry about that either laddie. Me daughter, Crystal, she will be just fine now thanks to you.’’ Slaton assured him. ‘‘I’ll walk with you out front, I’m sure you’ll want ta be on your way.’’

‘‘Yeah.’’ Toothless nodded. ‘‘I need to find something for Hiccup’s mother, Valka, for Snoggletog. She has been kind to me.’’ Toothless explained, as they made their way out to the stalls.

‘‘Hmm, have ya considered getting ‘er some jewellery?’’ Slaton asked with a glint in his eyes.

‘‘She isn’t the type of woman that wears Jewellery.’’ Toothless chuckled. ‘‘She is a strong uncompromising woman … very independent and confident, and she has a good heart.’’

‘‘Sounds like you ave a challenge on your hands. I’ll wish ya luck on your endeavours, and please tell the chief that a small family north of Berk, thank him and his Nightfury for everything they have done ta make the Archipelago a safer, more humane place.’’

‘‘I will. It was lovely meeting you. Maybe we will meet again.’’ Toothless smiled, offering Slaton his left hand. When Slaton went to shake it, he frowned.

‘‘Been in a fight there laddie?’’ He asked, looking at the scabs forming over his knuckles, and the deep bruising setting in.

‘‘Oh, that. Erm … only with a tree.’’ Toothless admitted shamefully.

‘‘Might I suggest deep breaths next time. Whatever made ya angry enough ta hurt yourself like that, if ya don’t mind me asking.’’

‘‘Erm… I just. I did something I wasn’t very proud of. I’m in love with someone I can no longer be with, they said something that hurt me … and I hurt them. I was angry and ashamed. I think we’re okay now though. We’re not together, but we’re still friends.’’ Toothless explained, a knot twisted in his gut at the word ‘friends’ but he ignored it.

‘‘If I know anything Kalster, it’s that things will always get better in time. You just have ta hang in there. If it’s meant to be it will be. In the meantime, count your blessings lad, an try not to assault the trees.’’

‘‘Thank you.’’ Toothless nodded with a shameful smile.

‘‘Right! I’m going out back, lots to do. Take care of yourself!’’ Slaton waved over his shoulder as he left.
“Take care Kalster. It was lovely seeing you again.” Amber said, hugging him from across the table.

“You too Amber. Stay safe.” He smiled as they parted.

Toothless waved goodbye to her as he made his retreat, a genuine smile graced his lips. Amber and Slaton were genuinely nice people, and he was glad he had chosen them to make Hiccup’s ring. Now he just had to find something for Valka.

Hiccup was sitting on a fallen tree over at the Cove. He had a stick in his hand and was doodling in the snow with it, thinking back to the first time he’d met Toothless. The first time he’d realised that everything they knew about the dragons had been wrong. He chuckled to himself when he remembered the fish Toothless had regurgitated, the one that he’d been expected to eat. Gora heard him, and he tilted his head in curiosity.

“This is where I first met Toothless. Where it all started.” He reminisced out loud, abandoning his stick and focusing his attention on Gora. “I’m sure he’s told you all about it. I just can’t believe that was seven … nearly eight years ago now. So much has happened since then. I sometimes wish I could go back to being fifteen again…”

Hiccup wasn’t sure if Gora understood him, but he continued anyway. He shared stories of the past: how it felt when he first got to ride Toothless, their battle with the Red-death, Dragons edge, and their adventures together. He shared with Gora, all the times Toothless had been there for him, helped him, or saved his life. Gora’s reactions had Hiccup convinced he could understand him, if only partially.

“I do love Toothless, Gora. I always will. I just can’t risk Trid’s future. Who knows … if he still loves me in twenty, thirty years - when Trid can take over being chief if he wants to, maybe then we can leave Berk together? I never wanted to be chief. I felt like I had to step up or Mum and Dad would be disappointed in me.” Hiccup looked down and rubbed his eyes, a sad sigh escaped his lips. Gora gently placed his head on Hiccup’s lap. “Let’s get back, before anyone realises we left. I’ll never hear the end of it.”

Thursday - afternoon. One sleep until Snoggletog

Toothless had returned to Berk with Visskara - during the very early hours of the morning, and they had decided to get some sleep before anything else. Toothless spent some time in his dragon form with Vissy, before he returned to Valka’s that afternoon - once he was sure that Hiccup had left. It wasn't that he was avoiding Hiccup - even though he still needed time to gather his thoughts, it was also that, he didn't want Hiccup to see the gifts he'd gotten him for Snoggletog.

Toothless had organised his bag so that Valka’s gift was at the bottom. He carefully lifted out the blue fabric he had gotten for Trid, and the ring he had made for Hiccup, and handed them over to Valka.

“Oh my! Toothless, it’s beautiful. You designed this?” Valka asked, examining the ring in awe.

“I had a lot of help, but yeah. Do you think he’ll like it?” Toothless nervously played with his fingers.

“Like it? Toothless, he’ll love it! It’s perfect.” She smiled at him, handing him back the ring before admiring the blue fabric. “I don’t think I’ve ever felt such soft linen before, and the colour
is beautiful. You said this was for Trid?’’

‘‘Yeah. I was hoping you or Hiccup could make him a tunic out of it … or a blanket.’’ Toothless explained hopefully.

‘‘There’s enough material here to make Trid a few tunics, and a blanket out of it.’’ She chuckled. Toothless smiled. He felt proud with himself that he’d chosen good gifts, but he was still nervously anticipating Hiccup’s reaction tomorrow. He was sure that he wanted to give Hiccup the gift now that it had been made, but he wondered if he should just sneak it into the house and leave it on the table for Snoggletog morning.

Thirty minutes later

Toothless tucked the two wrapped gifts back into his bag. They were wrapped in a brown parchment like material, and finished with twine wrapped around them in a small bow. He thanked Valka again, and wondered how he was going to wrap Valka’s. Perhaps he could try to do it himself now he had seen Valka do it, or he could maybe get someone else to help him.

‘‘How’s your hand, Toothless?’’ Valka suddenly asked. He had admitted what happened - the incident with the tree, when he spoke with her Tuesday after ‘rescuing’ Hiccup from his stupidity once again.

‘‘It’s fine. Just a bit stiff!’’ He flexed his hand, noting that it was still sore - especially his knuckles where they had scabbed over.

‘‘Hopefully you won’t be doing that again in a hurry.’’

‘‘Er … No!’’ He chuckled nervously, shaking his head. He felt rather embarrassed.

‘‘I need to get Trid’s milk ready. Do you want anything while I’m up?’’

‘‘No thanks Mrs Valka. I need to get going. I wanted to spend some time with Vissy … and maybe Gora too if I can find him.’’

‘‘Gora left this morning with Hiccup. I think he was helping him with his chief duties today.’’ Valka explained as she gathered the kettle to fill with water. Jealousy twanged inside Toothless like a sling shot firing back on him. His breath hitched - and he just about kept a straight face, but his fingers curled slightly.

‘‘He got over his fear of people than?’’ Toothless asked, berating himself for stuttering.

‘‘I wouldn’t know, but I assume so. Seeing as he hasn’t returned.’’

‘‘I see. Well, I’ll see you later Mrs Valka.’’ Toothless then stood up, and threw his bag over his shoulder. ‘‘Bye Cloudjumper.’’ He called up to the Stormcutter who was sleeping upstairs.

‘‘Toothless!’’ Valka called before he left. He stopped at the door - his hand on the handle, and turned his head to face her. She approached him, placing a hand on his shoulder. ‘‘Do not be jealous of Gora. Hiccup doesn’t have his dragon right now to take the pressure of his leg. At least with Gora, you know he’ll be safe.’’ She squeezed her hand slightly, and he turned around nodding in understanding.

‘‘I don’t want to be. I just can’t help it.’’ He admitted shamefully, looking down at his feet as he shuffled. Valka gently lifted his head with her hands and gave him a look of sympathy and understanding. She placed her hands onto his shoulders before speaking again.
“Why don’t you go talk to him. Go help out in the village. I’m sure he needs all the help he can get today. Berk can get rather chaotic the day before Snoggletog.”

“Maybe I will.” He nodded. “Thanks Mrs Valka.” He wrapped his arms around her - sharing a warm hug before leaving.

Visskara had agreed to brave the villagers - and help out with the Snoggletog preparations, but she didn’t expect it to be so lively. Small glowing fire boxes - that Toothless called lanterns, lit up the village seeing as it was already dark, and there were bright fires burning in a few places around the village. Unusual, colourful things were being hung on the ‘houses’ and ‘doors’. A weird, wooden tree shaped structure had been erected in the middle of the village. Even the humans were dressed funny, some even had antlers on their heads with holy and ivy hanging from them. Everyone seemed so joyful and excited, busy with one thing or another. The small humans - the ‘children’ as Toothless called them, were making shapes with the snow, or throwing it at each other.

She wasn’t sure what there was for her to do here, and she was still very nervous - flinching every time someone walked by and greeted her cheerfully. She almost blasted a small human child to oblivion when it touched her tail unexpectedly. Toothless had knocked the child down with his tail at the last moment, the blast just missing them both and anything important. Toothless had assured her that no harm was done, the humans had barely paid any attention, and the child had run off giggling.

Her ameur seem so comfortable around everyone though, and he was currently bounding around with two small children on his back, a big silly smile lighting up his entire face. It reminded her of how he was as a youngling - and she couldn’t help smiling at him, but she really didn’t know want she was supposed to be doing.

“ Toothless? What are we supposed to do exactly?” She asked, moving out of the way of two humans pushing a weird wooden box on wheels past her.

“Relax Vissy, no one will hurt you.” He assured her chuckling. The children whined as they climbed down from his back. “Come on, let’s go find Hiccup and Gora!”

Toothless spotted Hiccup by the animal barn, he was talking to Mulch, Bucket, and Sven. Gora was there, but he was still keeping his distance. ‘That coward.’ Toothless thought, rolling his eyes. He glanced over at his ameur - with a devious glint in his eyes, before he landed behind Gora and roared in his alpha form.

“Ya hypnucha plifigen! Ya trying to kill me?” Gora shouted, growling at his best friend. He looked petrified with shock, like he’d just laid a clutch of eggs.

Toothless was beside himself with laughter; he couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t talk - even though he tried, and he was rolling in the snow in hysterics. Visskara rolled her eyes as if to say, ‘males and there foolish hatchlinnarey!’ Gora suddenly pounced on Toothless, insistent on getting him back for his near-death experience. As the ‘males’ continued to wrestle in the snow, Visskara simply side stepped out of their way, and went to join Hiccup’s side instead.

Mulch, Bucket, and Sven, had suddenly halted their conversation with the chief, standing there in surprise, and watching the wrestling match between them… but no one was more surprised than Hiccup at Toothless’s sudden appearance. The last time they had spoken, Hiccup wasn’t sure how they had left things. Toothless seemed to think that he would be angry or upset that he still cared about him, but even after he’d explained that he could still care for him and Trid, he had just
waved over his shoulder and left the house without a word. What scared Hiccup the most at the
time - and had been worrying him since, was the last words that Toothless had said to him. ‘If you
can’t deal with that then maybe I shouldn’t stay here on Berk!’

Hiccup didn’t know what to expect, but something inside him twanged painfully as he watched
Toothless happily playing with Gora. Perhaps he’d assumed that Toothless was somewhere feeling
depressed and rejected - or at least upset maybe, he just didn’t expect him to fly out of nowhere and
start roughhousing it around in the snow with Gora. Then again, he was happy for Toothless. It
was a good sign that he wasn’t pining over what they had, what they still could have if he wasn’t
the damn chief. In fact, he’d give it all up for Toothless if it wasn’t for Trid - but Trid came first.
He’d spent ages thinking about Toothless - in honesty, he never left his mind, but in all his
thoughts and digging for solutions… he came to the same painful conclusion … that they just
couldn’t be together. This is therefore, what he wanted … right? For Toothless to move on and be
happy. He should be relieved that Toothless was coping without him, but instead, it didn’t feel
right. Was he jealous that Toothless was doing fine without him? Did he have an unfair and almost
sadistic need for Toothless to want him, even after he explicitly made it clear that they could no
longer be together?

He realised something then, something that he already knew; no matter how much he chose for
them to be apart romantically - sexually or otherwise, and no matter how much he wanted this for
the sake of his son … it wasn’t what he actually wanted. It wasn’t jealousy that he was feeling, it
was fear, confliction, and heartbreak. Seeing Toothless moving on … it was the confirmation that
he really was honouring what he’d demanded of him, that it was coming to pass. His subconscious
had obviously been holding on to a shred of hope that they would find a way, and that hope was
now being ripped from him. If Toothless was moving on, he no longer needed him. If that was the
case then what was stopping Toothless from leaving Berk … from leaving him altogether.

Unrealistic fears swelled in the pit of his stomach, a knot forced its way down his dry throat as he
swallowed, and his mind had frozen with one string of terrifying thoughts: He had to make this
choice as chief, as a father, he had too - but he couldn't lose Toothless. If Toothless left he … he …

He was doing it again … thinking too much! He had to stop now before he let it consume him. He
gasped as he tore his eyes from the dragons - that were still roughhousing in the snow, and exhaled
slowly. Luckily, his farmers were to engrossed in the scene before them to have noticed their chiefs
near panic attack. He had this! He just had to focus on his work.

‘Gora’s gonna come out victorious.’ Sven’s high-pitched voice strained to be heard over his
cheering friends, but it caught Hiccup’s attention almost instantly as his hearing returned - helping
to ground him to the present, and encouraged him to get back to his duties as chief.

‘Nonsense! Toothless will kick his purple arse. He is the mighty alpha. He took on a
Bewilderbeast didn’t he!’ Mulch insisted. Hiccup coughed - more to hide his humour at Mulch’s
statement than anything. The three farmers turned simultaneously, two with a look of guilt in their
features - Bucket looking confused. ‘Sorry chief!’ Mulch apologised.

‘Never mind. Before I was unexpectedly interrupted-’ Hiccup had started.

Visskara took that as her cue to roar her ‘orders’ to Gora and Toothless, to cease their foolery
immediately. The two male dragons quickly stopped and looked over at her puzzled. Toothless -
who was on top of Gora, shook his wings clear of the snow, allowing it to fall on Gora’s face. Gora
sneezed just as Hiccup noticed something ‘communicated’ between the dragons, but he had no idea
what. Toothless then decided to walk over and sit next to Hiccup, Visskara sitting on Hiccup’s
other side. Gora stood up quickly - shaking himself free of the snow likewise, but he still chose to
stay his distance. Hiccup didn’t know what Toothless was up to, but even as a slight awkwardness set into his gut, he still felt the warmth that only his Nightfury’s presence could bring him. It was a comfort just knowing that Toothless wasn’t avoiding him again - or so he hoped. There was still the chance that he was only here because of Gora. He once again shook off his doubts, and turned back to his farmers.

“A-As I said before Mulch, the dragons won’t be back until the hatchlings can fly. That will most likely be a couple of weeks from today, the same as they do every year. You’re just going to have to figure out a way to clear the snow manually.’’

“But … that will take days.” Sven argued.

“Right! An if it snows again, we’ll never make any progress.” Mulch added.

“You’ve done it a hundred times before, before we made peace with the dragons. Just do what you used to do!” Hiccup argued. He was starting to realise that it wasn’t just him that had come to rely too much on the dragons.

“The thing is chief…” Much fidgeted nervously. “Is that … we were more prepared back then. Since the dragons came, we didn’t see the need to keep the equipment. We had the iron melted for new troughs and … other stuff.” He looked down guilty.

Hiccup face palmed. How his father coped with a village full of idiots was beyond him. Just as he let out a deep exasperated breath, Toothless nudged his leg - looking up at him as if to ask, ‘what’s up?’

“Will Toothless help us?” Bucket asked innocently, before giving the Nightfury a hopeful look.

“I-I…” Hiccup stuttered - unsure if he even had the right to ask him for help, but Toothless nudged him again encouragingly.

“It seems like he wants to help.” Mulch voiced aloud, also looking hopeful. Sven nodded eagerly in agreeance.

“If they help, you three still have to remember that the dragons will not always be around to assist you in jobs that are your responsibility, not theirs! We’re Vikings of Berk for crying out loud, Hooligans! You three seemed to have forgotten that.” The three farmers hung their heads in shame, but they nodded that they accepted their error, and wouldn’t let this happen again.

Hiccup then took a deep breath as he turned to face Toothless, ready to ask him if he would kindly help Bucket, Mulch, and Sven complete the jobs that they had failed to do themselves.

A few minutes later

Toothless understood what needed to be done immediately, and he explained this to Vissy and Gora - roping them into helping as well. They quickly got to work clearing the snow from the barn roof, the ground so that the animals could exercise, the path leading to the bridge, and even around the food storage shed.

“Ah, so that’s what Hiccup meant. I kept hearing, ‘could I snow down?’ Whatever that meant. I ’ad no idea what he was asking me ta do, or I’d have helped.” Gora explained. Toothless rolled his eyes.

“It’s fine Gora. Thanks for helping Hiccup today anyway.” Toothless smiled at him.
“I like Hiccup! I just don’t trust them other torht humans down there.” Gora replied.

“You’re going to have to get used to them if you plan on sticking around.” Toothless reminded him. He blasted the last of the snow carefully from the barn roof - so as not to burn the wood, and flew down to land next to Vissy. “Oh, an’ Gora!” He shouted over to his friend - who was melting the path down to the bridge. Gora stopped to a hover, turning to hear what his friend had to say. “That’s my Hiccup, remember that!” Gora rolled his eyes as he left. As Toothless looked across at his ameor, he noticed her staring at him. “What?”

“Your Hiccup?” She asked, surprised at his sudden declaration - given the circumstances.

“Well, he is!” Toothless insisted. He sighed when he realised how strange he must sound considering the situation. “I know, it’s just … it’s Snoggletog tomorrow and I’ve been thinking about it. I decided that even if I have to stay as a dragon - his dragon, I want to be with Hiccup. He once said that he didn’t have feelings for me when I was a dragon, so he won’t be tempted to do anything this way. He said he wanted to stay friends, that I could still care for him, so … maybe this is for the best. It’s not easy…” Toothless admitted, glancing over at Hiccup. “…But I have to start somewhere.” Toothless finished, and Vischkara smiled at him.

“What about Kalster, and your human friends as Kalster?” Vischkara asked him.

“I’ll figure it out. He can still make an appearance sometimes … maybe pretend to live in the forest or something. Or he could leave Berk and go on a new adventure. I thought I’d speak to Valka about that after Snoggletog.”

“If you think that is for the best Toothless. I had hoped you and Hiccup would find a better way to be together. You are sal-bindas after all, and I don’t think you two realise how that ties you together. It won’t be as easy as you think, as easy as you both think.”

“I don’t know what else to do Vissy. I’m trying!” Toothless looked down at his feet, and it was obvious to Vischkara that despite his appearance, he was still hurting. He could fool many others - dreki or humans alike, but he couldn’t fool her.

“Let’s finish our task, shall we? We can talk about this later.” Vischkara suggested, and Toothless nodded at her just as Gora landed next to them - having finished his task.

“What’s taking ya slow-mo’s so long?” Gora Jested.

“We were just talking.” Vischkara answered casually, a slight hint to her tone that suggested it was none of his business.

“About?” Gora enunciated in a long drawl, like he was speaking to a stupid hatchling. Vischkara ignored him, rising her head as if to say, ‘wouldn’t you like to know?’ Toothless couldn’t help but chuckle at their behaviour, it was moments like this that made Vischkara appear immature, and him feeling like the middle ameor of two bickering hatchlings.

“I’ll tell ya later Gora. Come on, let’s clear this snow!” Toothless said, encouraging them to get back to the task.

A few minutes later
Everything was finally completed on the farm; Mulch, Sven, and Bucket were relieved that they could now tend to the animals in a productive manner, without further problems. The three farmers thanked Hiccup and the dragons for their help before they retreated back to their other tasks. Once they had left, Hiccup turned to face Gora.

“Ready to go Gora? I have to get over to the North Forest to see if the wood collection is going as planned.” He asked, assuming Toothless would either follow them or go his own way - perhaps with Visskara. What he wasn’t expecting, was for Toothless to bound over in front of him, and signal for him to get on his back instead of Gora’s.

“Y-you want to take me?” Hiccup asked. Toothless gave him a small dragon smile as he nodded. “A-Alright, but I need to get over to the North Forest. I have a lot to do today Toothless … so-.” Toothless’s growl shut him up instantly, and he quickly mounted his dragon’s back. “Well. Let’s go then!”

Toothless had a smug look as he took to the sky, the low grey clouds swooping as they passed. Gora and Visskara flew up beside them, sharing a knowing look together.

It felt right to have Hiccup where he belonged … with him! Gora could never take his place as Hiccup’s dragon, that was something that would always be his job - he was sure of that. He didn’t have an issue with Gora helping Hiccup, but yeah … he’d been jealous! He knew that, and fuck if anyone would tell him not to be. As long as he didn’t let that jealousy make him act stupidly - or do something stupid, he was fine with being jealous - and he had every right to be! Things were far from right between them at the moment, but this felt right. As long as he had Hiccup, he could make it work the way Hiccup wanted somehow.

Hiccup lent forward on Toothless to lessen the stream of cold wind blowing at him. Gora was great company - and he was immensely thankful for his help, but this felt better. This felt right! Hiccup almost forgot about all his troubles, and that was the feeling being in the air with Toothless gave him. Like he was free from every burden and duty that weighed him down.

“I missed you bud! I missed this!” Hiccup whispered in his dragon’s ear, patting the side of his neck. Toothless smiled, he’d missed the feeling just as much. Flying hardly felt the same anymore without his rider, without his Hiccup.

It was getting late on the island of Berk; Snoggletog would be here tomorrow, and Hiccup felt like they had finally finished preparing for the joyous occasion. Tomorrow he could relax, but it wouldn’t be the same without Toothless there. They had just landed outside his house, and he was hesitant to go in without saying something. It seemed Toothless felt the same way, as he looked nervous and kept glancing up at him.

“Will you stay? It won’t be the same without you tomorrow bud.” Hiccup finally got the courage to ask. Toothless turned to his ameor and Gora, who had landed behind him when he touched down with Hiccup.

“Guys, I’ll catch up with ya later yeah? I think I need to speak with him alone right now.”

“Take all the time you need Toothless. We will be around.” She nuzzled her ameor, wishing him luck. “Oh, and Valka and Trid are inside, just so you know.”

“Thanks, Vissy.” Toothless thanked her, nuzzling her back.

“Ditching us again? I swear Kalean, you drag me to this Torht island … bring me all this
way ... and then I never see ya sorry arse.''

“Leave him be Gora! Come, lets go find Cloudjumper.” Visskara suggested, smiling at Toothless before taking to the air - Gora complaining as he followed behind her.

“Oh great, yeah! Then I can just sit there and look pretty whilst you two roll ya eyes like a couple of superior know it all’s. I mean what’s…” Gora’s voice faded as he got further away with Visskara.

Toothless chuckled before turning to Hiccup, he then glanced up at the roof before jumping up to the flap, signalling that he was going inside the house. Hiccup couldn’t help the hopeful smile that infected his lips as he ran inside to meet him.

“Hiccup.” His mother greeted him, raising from her seated position in the kitchen, and pulling him in for a hug. “Trid’s asleep already I’m afraid.”

Before he could answer her, Toothless came down the stairs still in his dragon form. He paused for a second, before disappearing into his room downstairs. Hiccup frowned as Toothless closed the door with his tail … and then banging could be heard - presumably him knocking things over. The room was a little too small for a full grown Nightfury. Then he heard Toothless’s delicate tones.

“Ow, Fucking books!” Toothless groaned, followed by the sound of a book being thrown across the room.

Valka looked at Hiccup with raised eyebrows, and he was trying not to laugh.

“Where the fuck did I put that? Oh shit! Useless stupid dick!” Toothless’s voice carried through to the main living area, as he berated himself.

“Where on Midgard, did he learn such language?” Valka wondered aloud; she’d really ever only heard him speak so politely. “It’s a good thing your son hasn’t woken up!”

Hiccup blushed slightly, but he was still laughing - muffled behind his hands, and he shrugged at his mother. Toothless finally exited his room, his hair dishevelled and unkempt, his clothes obviously thrown on in a hurry, and he looked embarrassed as he leant against the door frame - one arm above his head, and slightly breathless. He, to put it simply, looked a scrambled mess.

“Hi!” He waved awkwardly. Suddenly, he’d lost the ability to speak now that he was face to face with Hiccup again.

Hiccup was rather speechless himself. The look of Toothless standing there so tousled and disorganised, yet so perfectly posed against the door frame, was … arousing. He gulped, wondering if he could do this, wondering if this was even a good idea. He just couldn’t look at his eyes … … and he looked into Toothless eyes. ‘Fuck!’

Valka seemed to have noticed the boys just staring at each other across the room - or the look of sheer panic in her sons face perhaps, because she interrupted the scene as she gave Toothless a hug - and casually straightened out his lopsided tunic.

“Whilst I am always happy to see you Toothless, your language is quite erm … colourful.” She held him at arm’s length and noticed the embarrassment that crept into his cheeks.

“You, erm … heard that?” He winced in embarrassment.

“We all did! It’s a good thing you didn’t wake Trid.” Valka scolded him.
“Oh Thor, I’m sorry Mrs Valka. Sorry Hicc … Hiccup.” Toothless apologised. Hiccup seemed to regain some of his mental compacity back as he ran his hand through his hair.

“I-It’s fine. Erm … Y-your …” He gestured to his own hair, symbolising how bad Toothless’s was. Toothless ran a hand through his own hair, chuckling awkwardly.

“It’s getting a bit long isn’t it? I haven’t washed or combed it either.” He admitted hesitantly.

“We can sort that, can’t we Hiccup?” Valka turned to face her son, trying to encourage him to speak.

“Y-Yeah. Sure!” He gulped.

“Perhaps we can help you with that stubble too!” Valka suggested.

“Huh? Stubble?” Toothless frowned in confusion.

Hiccup hadn’t noticed it before, but his mother was right. Toothless was getting facial hair now too, and gods … now he was blushing even more. While he stood there trying to form a proper sentence, Valka explained to Toothless what she had meant.

Valka was already planning to help Toothless with his hair. She wasn’t oblivious to Hiccup’s infatuation, but she managed to snap him out of it and get him to help her prepare for the first stage - washing Toothless’s hair. She couldn’t help but smile as she remembered how Stoick gave her Goosebumps every time he came home dishevelled, hair and beard all out of place. In fact, he’d trusted no one but her with a blade near his hair - not that Stoick even had it trimmed that much. At least her and Stoick didn’t have the difficulties the boys did, and with the way her son looked at Toothless just then, she didn’t believe they could keep up the façade of not being deeply in love with each other.

Toothless stood up so Valka could admire her handy work. He looked so much better, and more like the handsome young lad he was in his human form. You could clearly see the natural silver-grey highlights in is hair again, and even though it was still naturally spiky, it looked soft once more.

Hiccup had managed to calm his hormones; he wasn’t a teenager anymore so he had berated himself for letting his body act like one. It was just the effect that Toothless had on him, especially as dishevelled as he’d been. To be honest … he still had the bloody traitorous butterflies because Toothless looked so handsome - especially now he was groomed and set right. He would just have to ignore the flutters, ignore them and be the man he was supposed to be.

“You look like you again Toothless. You’re a very handsome young man.” Valka complimented him, patting his shoulder.

“Does it look alright Hiccup?” Toothless asked innocently.

“I-I’m not sure.” He feigned his indecisiveness. “Maybe you should try the dirty, longer hair thing again. Just so I can compare them.” Hiccup smirked.

“He likes it.” Toothless smiled at Valka, knowing Hiccup only too well.

“He should!” She declared. Then she became serious as she suddenly gathered her cloak and staff. “I’ll take my leave. I’ll be over early tomorrow, so don’t stay up too late!”
Valka had immediately hugged Hiccup - before he could protest or argue, and then she had proceeded to squeeze Toothless before she’d left. Just like that, Hiccup and Toothless were left alone, and neither one of them seemed to know what to say to each other.

“‘Well, this isn’t awkward.’” Toothless sarcastically broke the silence. “‘Do you want me to go?’”

“No! No.” Hiccup sighed as he slowly sat down on the floor, in front of the main fire pit. “I-It shouldn’t be … awkward that is.” Toothless slowly walked over to sit down on the opposite side of the fire pit. He didn’t know what to say, so he waited to see if Hiccup spoke again. He eventually did. “‘Thank you. For helping me today. I-It meant a lot to me that you, Gora, and Visskara helped out. I don’t know how I would have gotten that farm sorted, or the wood prepared for the fires, or even sorted out the twins with their ridiculous ‘multicoloured floating gas balls’ idea.’”

Toothless chuckled at the last one. It had been ridiculous - hazardous even. Hiccup chuckled along with him; his laugh and smile, it was so infectious.

“‘It was an accident waiting to happen. With all the fires lit around Snoggletog, they were sure to explode.’”

“I - I don’t even know where they got the gas.” Hiccup voiced aloud. Toothless sucked in his bottom lip trying not to laugh. The knowing look in his eyes alerted Hiccup to the truth. “‘Wait … It wasn’t Gora was it? It was! That fucking traitor! I thought he was on my side.’” Hiccup laughed despite his betrayal. He should have known; it was just like Gora to want to cause mischief.

“‘He is on your side, but that’s just Gora for ya!’” Toothless managed to say as his laugher settled.

The conversation became easier between them after that. They forgot the world existed for a while, laughing, joking, and just talking about random things that had happened over the last few days. Hiccup was right, it shouldn’t be awkward between them, and if it wasn’t for their forbidden feelings for each other, it wouldn’t have been at all. The more they relaxed around each other, the harder it seemed to become to deny those feelings.

It wasn’t long before Toothless decided it was time for him to leave. He just couldn’t deal with all these emotions - all at once, after virtually nothing. He felt it was all too much too soon … and he was starting to feel rather uncomfortable for a very particular reason. He’d had a very good evening with Hiccup, and he wanted to keep their friendship intact - no matter how painful it was denying his true desires. Perhaps it would get easier, but for tonight, he’d reached his limit. Anything more and he might ruin a good evening by bringing up things that were certainly too painful to talk about yet, or he might give in to the arousal that had been building the more time he’d spent in Hiccup’s relaxing, familiar, and alluring company. It was his small habits, his contagious laugh, the way his arms swung around when he spoke, the way his eyes moved, and well … just him being Hiccup that had become his undoing. Standing up hastily, he startled Hiccup who looked at him confused.

“I’m sorry Hiccup. I need to get going now.” Toothless gave as his explanation. A slight blush lined his cheek bones, but he appeared uneasy, and almost troubled as he made his way to the stairs.

“‘W-Why? D-Did I say something wrong?’” Hiccup rushed to his feet, and moved in front of Toothless obstructing his exit. He didn’t want to let him leave like this without at least knowing why. Toothless sighed, then he decisively took Hiccup’s hands into his own. Hiccup was instantly uncomfortable with the sudden physical contact - he tried to pull his hands back, but Toothless held them tightly.
“No Hiccup! You didn’t do anything wrong. It’s just too much too soon for me. I don’t want you to be pissed off with me. I’m not strong enough yet.”

“W-Why would I be … T-Toothless, you’re a lot stronger than I am.” He argued, still trying to free his hands from Toothless’s grip.

“No! I’m not!”

“O-Of course you are! Or don’t you remember all the times you were-.” Hiccup was determined to win this argument, and he would have continued his rant if Toothless hadn’t shut him up with one swift movement. He’d grabbed Hiccup’s hand tighter in his own, and yanked it down to rest on his groin area, his eyes looking up at the roof of the house to avoid Hiccup’s as he swallowed uncomfortably. “Oh!” Hiccup realised; Toothless’s arousal - and reason for being uncomfortable, very obvious to him now. Toothless was obviously still finding it hard to control his dominate sexual urges around him, they never did get to figure them out.

“I’m sorry Hiccup. I just can’t help it yet. I just need more time.” His eyes slowly moved down until he was once again looking into forest-green ones - almost begging Hiccup not to be angry with him, but fighting the desires born from arousal … and love. He suddenly looked down at their hands - catching himself, and let Hiccup’s go with haste. “If you don’t hate me again that is … I’d really like to spend some time with you and Trid tomorrow. But I just can’t stay here tonight Hiccup … I don’t trust myself.”

“I-I understand.” Hiccup looked disappointed, but then he frowned. “Toothless, I never hated you! I really would like it if you were here tomorrow. I know Trid would too.” Hiccup’s eyes divverted to his own hands, now free to fidget awkwardly. Toothless nodded with a slight, regretful smile.

“I really have to go now. I’ll change upstairs … if you don’t mind me leaving my clothes…” Toothless pointed up to signal his meaning.

“T-That’s fine!” Hiccup nodded.

As Toothless started his way over to the stairs, Hiccup bit his lip. He really didn’t want Toothless thinking himself as weak, or that he was the only one going through certain emotions like he was abnormal. It was something his mother had reminded him off many times; Toothless was a dragon first and foremost, and he was still getting used to being human.

“T-Toothless?” Hiccup called. Toothless was half way up the stairs when he stopped and turned. “Y-You’re not the only one feeling … things. When I saw you exit your room earlier - as a human … I had the … the same problem.” He discreetly gestured to his nether region, hoping Toothless understood what he was trying to say.

“How do you…” He sighed, unable to finish his question.

“It’s easier for me Toothless. I’ve been a human longer. It’ll get easier, all of it.”

“I hope so Hiccup. I really miss you…” He turned so he was no longer looking down at Hiccup, still halfway up the stairs. “I understand why we can’t be together - and I’ll respect your wishes, but I’m doing it because I love you. I just wanted you too know that. You’ll always be my best friend Hiccup! I trust you explicably … but I just don’t trust myself yet. If I’m totally honest with you, I want to run down there, rip off your fucking clothes, dominate you as mine and tell you how super fucking fantastically wrong you are!” His voice had taken a dominant turn, getting louder with each honest confession. He took a deep, shaky breath before he continued - his voice calm
Once again. ‘‘But I won’t! I won’t because I won’t hurt you! I won’t betray you, and I won’t ever let anything happen to you or Trid!’’ Toothless’s tears had escaped his eyes by this point, and he sniffed. ‘‘All I ask is that you let me take this at my own pace. That you don’t ask more from me than I can give you.’’

Hiccup nodded, he was trying not to cry as he listened to his heart’s desire explain his emotions, put his heart on his sleeve, and leave himself open and vulnerable. Toothless wiped his eyes and chuckled sadly as he continued.

‘‘Sorry. I’m letting these fucking emotions get the best of me again. Fucking things!’’ Toothless took a deep breath and sighed before he went on to conclude his speech, a small smile gracing his pained expression as he tried to focus on the future. ‘‘We will have a good Snoggletog together Hiccup, I know we will! But I’m going to go now … before I say something even more ridiculous or stupid … but I will see you tomorrow. I promise!’’

And with that, Toothless ran upstairs, leaving Hiccup feeling like an arse. Tears ran down his cheeks out of empathy for Toothless, and he collapse into a chair. Wiping his eyes, he felt his heart screaming for what it truly desired. Toothless’s words only made him love the soppy twat even more - how that was even possible was beyond him. It also reminded him how fucking lucky he was that Toothless was still his best friend - despite everything. He had to stop letting his own feelings encumber him, and no matter how his heart bled, he needed to regain his common-sense and sense of reason; he had to stop expecting things of Toothless just because he selfishly wanted it, and learn to be more patient. He couldn’t expect things to improve overnight, he had to let time be his salvation; in time things would get better. Now he was paying attention, he realised that time had already started to mend what he’d broken; Toothless was speaking to him again, and they were healing as friends. He sought comfort in that if nothing else.

He would make sure tomorrow was a good day, not only for Trid and his tribe, but for the scaly arsed twat that would literally do anything for him - even if it broke Toothless’s heart or killed him in the process. He would be more aware of Toothless’s needs for once, and tomorrow would be a great Snoggletog. He’d make sure of it!
Chapter 53 - Snoggletog

The winter solstice had finally reached its peak; it was Snoggletog morning, and the villagers of Berk were only just starting to arise. Children would soon be rushing to see what Odin had left them in their helmets or stocking, and families would come together to give thanks for their blessings. If Odin was pleased, the sun would return in two days to welcome the start of a new year.

The chief’s house lay still under the cover of darkness, its inhabitants still fast asleep under the warmth of their blankets, when the sound of beating wings broke the silence. Cloudjumper flew down and landed outside gracefully, before Valka lowered herself to the snow-covered ground using her staff - a large bag slung over her shoulder. She patted Cloudjumper before entering the house, ascending the stairs and going into her son’s room.

“Hiccup.” She called gently. Repeating his name until he stirred, rubbing his eyes as he tried to wake up.

“M-Mum?” He mumbled.

“Happy Snoggletog son!” She greeted him, placing a kiss on his forehead before lifting Trid from his crib - who blinked awake slowly and yawned. “Come down when you’re ready. I’ll take this little one and make a start on his breakfast.” Valka explained as Hiccup finally sat up. She then smiled warmly at him before making her exit.

Hiccup blinked as she left his room, still trying to wake himself up; he’d been up late finishing his gift for Toothless, so he was still tired - but it was worth it. He’d slept well despite the short duration, and no nightmares thank Odin. Lifting the blanket off himself, he spun his legs round and reached for the paste Gothi had given him for his stump - after she’d reprimanded him about his lack of self-care, and then he proceeded to get ready for the day ahead.

“This is Berk; the kind of balmy fun-in-the-sun climate that will give you frostbite on your spleen. The one upside, is our annual holiday. We call it … Snoggletog! Yeah, it’s a ridiculous name, I’ll never figure out why we chose such a stupid name, but it is what it is. Winter on Berk last most of the year. It hangs on with both hands and won’t let go. The only real comfort against the cold, are those you keep close to your heart. This year, I vowed to make it one of the best holidays for three people I hold especially close to mine. I just hope I can get through today knowing that my father, and my wife … will not be here to share it with us, at least … not in person.’

“Just go yourself Toothless!” Visskara refused to take the gifts to Hiccup for her ameor. She wanted him to take them himself.

“Please! I just can’t do it Vissy. What if he hates them?” Toothless panicked, pacing in his dragon form. He had all intentions of going to Hiccup’s house and presenting them all with the gifts he’d gotten for Valka, Hiccup, and Trid, but now it was time to do just that… he felt far too anxious.

“Ya faifuh! Just get over there! Are ya a Nightfury, or a Nightwimp?” Gora asked. He’d also refused to help Toothless, even though his friend had begged him. He was more afraid of what Visskara would do to him than Toothless.
“I hate you both! You know that!” Toothless sighed, giving into the realization that he would have to do this on his own, no one was going to help him bail on this one.

After pacing outside Hiccup’s house for what seemed like hours, Toothless finally decided on a plan. Just like every Snoggletog, he wanted to take Hiccup on a flight. Maybe doing what they always did would settle his nerves, and give him more time until the gift giving. He left his bag on the ground - hidden beside the house, before flying up to the roof. He then started jumping… just like he’d done every year.

Inside the house, Valka had been cleaning up Trid’s dirty bottle, and Hiccup was sitting on the floor with his son. Trid was sitting on a blanket, cushions around him for support, and playing with the new soft toys Valka had made him of Toothless, Visskara, and Gora - to add to his collection. He seemed particularly fond of his new Toothless one, and kept showing it to his father babbling.

“‘That’s Toothless!’” Hiccup would tell him, watching his son’s bright-blue eyes light up each time he heard his name. When he’d tried to take the toy, Trid would pull it back as if to say ‘mine!’ He would hold it close to his chest and babble incoherently in protest.

“‘Trid is just as besotted with that dragon as you are.’” Valka commented, coming over as she dried her hands on an old cloth.

“I-I’m not besotted … I- What in helheim was that?” It was at that moment that Toothless had started jumping. It didn’t take long for him to realise what… or who it was. “‘Toothless!’” He smiled, looking up at his mother. His face was aglow with excitement, overjoyed that his best friend was here.

Trid had looked up at the noise too, chuckling innocently as the house shook, and squealing as he clapped his tiny hands ineptly.

“‘What are you waiting for? Go!’” Valka didn’t need to tell Hiccup twice. He grabbed his cloak and ran from the house, Valka taking his place next to Trid and smiling after him.

Hiccup almost slipped on the ice - due to his prosthetic, but Toothless caught him just in time… steadying his rider with his head.

“‘Thanks bud, I’m okay!’” Hiccup thanked him. Their eyes met, caught in the same memories of the past. It was like they’d gone back in time … back to when Hiccup was just a boy on Snoggletog morning, and his father was still the chief.

Toothless decided to break the silence by pushing Hiccup over playfully. He had his rider pinned in the snow now, and he chuckled down at him as he licked Hiccup’s face. Of course, Hiccup protested instantly trying to fight him off.

“‘Aww, come on! Toothless cut it out! That’s really not fair.’” Toothless sat back down, a huge-silly grin on his face with his tongue hanging out. Hiccup wiped his face as he rose back onto his feet, unable to stop smiling at his dragon, he shook his head in disbelief. “‘Useless reptile!’” He mumbled, feeling very nostalgic.

Toothless looked up at the sky before looking back at Hiccup, his desire very clear as he wagged his tail in anticipation.

“‘Let’s go then bud!’” Hiccup excitedly climbed onto Toothless’s back, and then … they took to the air together like they had done many times before.
Up in the sky, Hiccup and Toothless had left the world behind them. They had no idea how long they’d been flying, but neither of them really cared. Everything just felt better when they were alone together as one, high above their troubles and tribulations, where nothing could go wrong. It had been an amazing morning already, but sadly … they could only escape reality for so long.

Hiccup was still the chief, a father, and a son… and it was still Snoggletog.

“Hey bud. I hate to be the one to do this but … we have to get back. Mum will start wondering where I’ve gone, and this is Trid’s first Snoggletog.”

Toothless understood, he was just grateful to have started Snoggletog with Hiccup the way they always did. Only now, he had to face Hiccup as a human … and give him his Snoggletog gift. Clutching on to his waning courage, he took Hiccup home and signalled his intention to come inside through the roof.

Toothless had once again vanished into his bedroom, leaving Valka and Hiccup waiting for him in the main room. He’d changed into his human form, found his best clothes that Hiccup had made him - wanting to look nice for Snoggletog, and got himself dressed slowly. The black leather trousers - with the cross pattern stitching down the sides, pulled tight over his buttocks but they were comfortable enough. He pulled the leather tie string at the front into a bow - just as Hiccup had taught him with the wooden block about two months ago. He was about to slip on his parakeet-green tunic when he realised, he was a bit dirty from his morning roughhousing with Gora and Vissy - before he’d started to beg them to take the gifts to Hiccup for him that is. Biting his bottom lip, he opened his bedroom door.

“Hey erm … Hiccup?” He called, nervously avoiding Hiccup’s eyes. “Sorry. I - I just wondered … could you get me a bowl of warm water.” He raised his hands to show him the dried dirt there, and on his arms, slowly lifting his head to see if Hiccup was listening. Meeting Hiccup’s staring, forest-green eyes, he blurted out the last of his request before looking away again. “I just need to wash up a bit … please.”

Hiccup was momentarily speechless when he’d first seen Toothless standing there topless - with nothing but his tight leather trousers on, but Toothless looked so nervous that he couldn’t help smile warmly at him. Toothless was trying really hard to make today special, so he’d be damned if he let his emotions ruin it … or his arousal. Gulping back the last of his awkwardness, he nodded, realising that Toothless was a little mucky - he had a few dirt specks on his chest and face too.

“O-Of course. Do you have your wash bowl handy?” Hiccup asked. Toothless retreated into his room, fetched his wash bowl, and handed it over to him. Their hands briefly touched, sending a teasing wave of shivers up each of their arms. The lasting goosebumps reminding them both of the connection they should be sharing today of all days.

“I’ll be here … I mean, in here. In my room waiting for you, for-the-water that is. Not for-” Toothless suddenly turned red, and closed his bedroom door quickly. He was so nervous about being around Hiccup as a human again, and about the gift giving, that he couldn’t even articulate a sentence correctly.
Hiccup blinked as the door closed on him, but he understood; Toothless was dealing with this the best he could, in his own way. He turned and went to prepare the water instead, to take his mind off what just happened. It would hard today, when such a simple touch could cause such strong emotions to radiate south so fast, it was as if his body was fighting against him. No matter how much he craved for Toothless’s touch, he had to stay strong and keep to his resolve; their relationship as lovers was over … they were just friends now.

On the other side of the door, Toothless leaned against it sighing longingly. His head fell into his hands as he tried not to get emotional. He was nervous, yes, but he also wanted so badly to hold Hiccup in his arms, to take him on his bed and to helheim with the consequences … but he couldn’t. He’d promised Hiccup he wouldn’t, promised him that they would have a good day today, and that was what he intended to do. Taking a deep breath, he ran his hands through his hair before standing up and sitting on his bed. He just hoped his uncomfortable little problem - the one making his already tight leather trousers feel rather constricted, would go before Hiccup returned with the water. It was still morning, they had barely spoken to each other, and he was already fighting to avoid the forbidden fruit he had once tried.

Hiccup had knocked on Toothless’s door with the bowl of warm water, and Toothless had taken it with a grateful nod before quickly retreating into the safety of his room. He washed as he’d intended, and had even combed his hair with a damp comb - not that it stayed flat, it was just naturally spikey that way. It was a while though before he exited his room; he’d been collecting himself - and his thoughts, before finally deciding that he was ready to brave the family ... It was time.

Hiccup and Valka had simply left him be, waiting patiently for him to join them with Trid. When he finally did emerge, Hiccup couldn’t help but be reminded of how attractively handsome Toothless was in his human form - especially in them clothes. His parakeet-green tunic brought out his eyes, and he wore his black fur vest open over the top. Luckily his tunic came down past his buttocks, or Hiccup would have seen just how tight his butt fitted into them trousers again. It was no secret that he found Toothless sexually attractive, but the flames of love that still burned brightly for him made it all the more difficult to stay composed. Valka, upon seeing her son practically gawping, broke the silence as she stood up and made her way over to Toothless.

‘My! Don’t you look stunning today.” She admired, circling him. Toothless blushed. ‘‘Come! I have something for you.’’

With that, Valka went to the table and lifted up a neatly wrapped gift. It was in the same brown paper that she’d used to wrap Hiccup’s and Trid’s gift with. Toothless just stood there speechless. ‘‘She had a gift … for him?’’

‘‘Come now, it doesn’t bite.’’ Valka insisted with a light chuckle.

‘‘T-Thank you.” Toothless stuttered, gently taking the gift into his hands and admiring it. It was a weird shape - it felt hard in places yet softer in others.

‘‘Open it bud, you never know … there might actually be something inside.’’ Hiccup chuckled.

‘‘I know that!’’ Toothless rolled his eyes. He then mimicked Hiccup, ‘‘might be something inside,’ before sticking his tongue out at him. ‘‘I just didn’t expect anything at all, that’s all.’’ He smiled as he looked back to Valka.

Toothless slowly opened his gift, each tear in the paper increased his eagerness to see what was inside. Excited anticipation soon turned in to a grateful smile, as he was suddenly left holding two
shoes instead of a mystery gift … a pair of shoes! A left one, and a right one. Both almost black in
colour and made of leather, little patterns down the sides stitched into the fabric. They looked like
boots, but they were much smaller and lighter to hold.

“We noticed you walking around a lot without any shoes on. We assumed you didn’t want to carry
them big boots in that bag you seem to haul around everywhere with you now days. These will take
up less room and are much lighter. Hiccup told me your size. I hope they fit okay.” Valka
explained. Toothless wasted no time in putting them on. They fitted perfectly.

“They’re perfect Mrs Valka. Thank you so much!” He almost threw himself at her, giving her a
very grateful hug. When they parted, Toothless looked like he was about to cry - overwhelmed
with emotions he still had yet to become accustomed to as a human. At least these emotions were
born from a happy place.

“Oh Toothless, none of that! You’re like a second son to me, it’s only right I get you something
for Snoggletog.” Valka smiled at him warmly, feeling emotional herself over Toothless display of
gratitude, and she patted his shoulder in a comforting manner.

“Thankyou though. I really mean that.” Toothless rubbed his eyes, hoping he hadn’t started
leaking again. He hadn’t, thank Thor, but he never expected Valka to share in the gift giving
tradition with him. Not only that, but the gift she had graciously made for him was perfect. She had
noticed him, paid attention to his habits, and made him feel welcome into her family.

“I-I have something for you too Toothless. W-Well, me and Trid.” Hiccup told him as he got up
from the floor. He picked up his son and made his way to the table … but before Hiccup could
give him the gift Toothless interrupted him.

“Wait! I left my bag outside. I - I have something for you too … all of you.” He then ran outside
before they could say anything.

Toothless wanted to regain his equanimity, and settle his emotions once more before he received
Hiccup’s gift. He was already surprised with the fact that Hiccup had actually gotten him anything.
Despite the fact that he had gotten gifts for them, he never anticipated anything in return. He didn’t
know whether that made it easier to present his own gifts to them or not, but either way, he just
needed a time out. Collecting his bag was a great excuse to get some air, and he found his bag just
where he’d left it. When he slung his bag over his shoulder someone wished him a happy
Snoggletog as they passed by.

“Kalster! Happy Snoggletog laddie. Tell Hic’up I’ll be over ta see him in a while. Am just taking a
last-minute order down to the Gylfishmans.” Gobber shouted over as he made his way down the
stairs. He started mumbling to himself after that - as he continued on his way. “Bloody Helilhide,
yer think she’d make ‘er orders ahead a time, but dat damned woman.”

“W-Will do Gobber!” He waved awkwardly.

Gobber always got overloaded with orders for Snoggletog, and Hiccup usually helped him.
Unfortunately, this year, Gobber had to make all the orders by himself. Toothless felt sorry for
him, but it was Snoggletog now so at least Gobber could finally relax. Which reminded him… if
Gobber was coming to the house, he’d have to get a move on with giving Hiccup his gift or things
might get extremely awkward with Gobber there.

Taking a deep breath, he reminded himself of who he was. A Nightfury! He wasn’t supposed to be
an emotional wreck … he could do this! He then went back into the house with more confidence
… but it was short lived. Hiccup and Valka were standing there curiously waiting for him. Of
course they would be waiting for him! But they had this look of surprise that only added to his anxiety. Standing by the door nervously, he blurted the first thing that came to his mind.

“Gobber said bloody Helilhide in a while.” Toothless looked a wobbly mess of nervous disposition. Hiccup and Valka just blinked at him.

“Wait, what?” Hiccup was the first to ask. Toothless took a deep breath and amended his statement more calmly.

“Gobber … I saw him outside. He’ll be over in a while. Had to take something to the Gylfishmans first.”

“Must be that new set of daggers Helilhide wanted for her husband. Gobber was complaining about that yesterday.” Hiccup explained. Awkward silence returned after that, Hiccup and Toothless both wondering what to say - or what to do next.

“Well don’t just stand there!” Valka broke the silence. ‘‘Gifts await do they not? No need to be nervous.’’ Valka placed a hand on Toothless’s back, leading him over to the fire pit. She seemed more excited about the gift giving then the pair of love-sick young men in her company.

It was at that moment, that Toothless really noticed the array of cleverly placed blankets and cushions that had been arranged along one of the longer sides of the fire pit - in a kind of seating arrangement. It looked quite cosy with the fire gently crackling away, a gentle warmth filling the home. Candles were placed in darker areas of the house for extra light, and he could smell the cinnamon sticks along with burning wood. He sat down on one of the cushions facing the fire, and watched as Valka took the space next to him on his left. Hiccup handed Trid down to his mother to hold, and went to collect his gift for Toothless from the table before returning. He sat on the stone wall that ran around the fire pit, his back to the low flames, facing Toothless.

“This is from me and Trid.” Hiccup smiled, nodding encouragingly at him as he handed over the gift. Every Snoggletog, Hiccup had gifted his Nightfury with new a saddle and a bucket of his favourite raw fish - which wasn’t that much of a gift now he thought about it, but this was Toothless’s first Snoggletog as a human, so, in a way … this was Toothless’s first proper Snoggletog gift from him.

Toothless took it gently, wondering what was inside the neatly wrapped present as his hand ran over the paper. It felt squidy - like a harder type of fabric but there were small hard pieces like metal too. Maybe it was new clothes, he thought, slowly tearing at the paper. Just like before, the mystery turned to gratitude when he was left holding a very unusual black bag. His face must have given away his confusion, because Hiccup chuckled.

“It’s a bag that adapts between your dragon form, and your human one.” Hiccup explained.

“Right now, it’s set for your human form. You wear it on your back. I’ll show you later how to adapt it for your dragon one, but you just need to unclip the straps, adjust the length, and then move them before you change forms. The bag should then sit between your neck and shoulder, so it won’t hinder your movements or your flying whilst airborne. You won’t have to carry a bag in your paws anymore.”

“Wow! That’s … T-Thank you Hiccup! It’s amazing.’’ Toothless stuttered. He ignored the strong desire he had to hug Hiccup in gratitude, afraid of angering him, but also knowing how awkward that would have been. It was another really thoughtful gift, and it was from his Hiccup.

“It has erm…” Hiccup decided to show Toothless - seeing as he was having trouble articulating again. Hiccup gently turned the bag, showing Toothless the metal circle on the side of it.
Toothless looked closely at the silver metal disk that was sewn onto the side of the bag, it had a picture etched into it of them. It was their day at the Cove, when Toothless had finally let Hiccup touch his nose, when he finally trusted Hiccup and accepted his friendship. He didn’t know nor care if Hiccup was trying to imply that they were just friends again, it was one of his favourite memories and it brought tears to his useless human eyes.

“It’s one my favourite memories Toothless. The day I made a best friend, the day my life changed for the better, and the day we found trust in each other. I just … wanted you to know that … you mean a lot to me and that was the day it all started. If you don’t like it I can-“

“No! I love it Hiccup. It’s perfect.” Toothless sniffed, wiping his eyes. He suddenly turned his head chuckling when Trid threw the Gora soft toy, it had hit him in the head. Glad for the short distraction, he picked up the Gora toy and tapped Trid’s nose with it gently. “Now Trid, Gora may be a really naughty dragon, but we have to love him anyways, right?” Trid blew a wet raspberry. “Sucks I know, but I’ll let you in on a secret … he’s a big softy really.”

Trid smacked the Gora toy with his Toothless one, making a loud incoherent noise of protest, and Valka laughed alone with the boys.

“Guess not everyone’s a Gora fan.” Toothless chuckled.

“I guess not.” Hiccup agreed chuckling himself.

Toothless remembered his new bag, suddenly curios again. “How do I put it on?” He asked Hiccup, holding his up new gift and excited to try it out.

Hiccup demonstrated how the bag worked when he was in his human form - slinging it onto his back easily, before giving it back to Toothless to try. Just as Hiccup had done, he slid one arm through one strap - the bag lying flat against his back comfortably, then he slipped his other arm into the other strap. He smiled gratefully, almost ecstatic that it fitted. He could put more stuff into his bag now and it wouldn’t cut into his shoulder, or get in the way of his hands. It was the perfect … ‘back-bag’ as he called it.

“I just figured … you keep flying around with that book bag everywhere so, I thought you might prefer something a bit more practical.’’

“I love it Hicc, I mean Hiccup! I really do. Thank you. And you too Trid.” He turned to face the baby again - still in Valka’s arms, and tickled him playfully. Trid giggled and squealed happily.

“Y-You can still call me Hic you know.” Hiccup said. Toothless’s head snapped back round to look at him, but he smiled nodding.

“‘Toothless?” Valka interrupted. “Don’t you have something to give to Hiccup?”

“Y-Yeah. That’s right!” Toothless sighed trying to calm his nerves as he slid off his new back bag. He then proceeded to pull out three gifts from his book bag. Two were wrapped neatly, the third was a good attempt. “Sorry Mrs Valka, I tried to wrap yours myself.” He blushed.

“Oh Toothless, you shouldn’t have. Thank you dear.” She said, placing Trid down between his cushions to take the gift from him with a grateful smile. Toothless then turned to face Hiccup.

“I hope you like it.” He hesitantly handed the small gift over to him, feeling his heart racing with anticipation and worry. “I-I got this one for Trid but … I think you should open it for him.” Toothless explained, nearly throwing the other gift at him.
“Toothless calm down.” Hiccup chuckled. “I will love whatever it is, I promise. Y-you really didn’t need to get us anything, the fact you did it … it means a lot.” Hiccup reassured him.

Toothless still couldn’t help anxiously waiting as Hiccup unwrapped Trid’s gift first, and Valka unwrapped hers. He played with his fingers, sucked his bottom lips, and fidgeted as the sounds of ripping paper seemed amplified over the crackling fire. He held his breath in anticipation when suddenly the sound of tearing paper stopped. Valka’s quiet gasp echoed through the room, while Hiccup’s voice came through clearly.

“T-Toothless … w-where did you get this?” Hiccup asked. Toothless couldn’t tell if he was pleased or angry with him, he gulped.

“‘The Northern markets.’” His voice had squeaked out, and he berated himself.


Valka had been admiring the dagger Toothless had gotten her. It was light weight, perfect for female hands, and as sharp as the wings of a Timberjack. The smooth, new metal glowed amber in the reflection of the fire, and the handle was excellently crafted with the body of a dragon wrapped around it … but it was the writing on the blade that had her choked up and speechless. There, carved into the metal of the blade, were three names. ‘Stoick. Hiccup. Trid.’ And on the other side read the words; ‘Family is everything. It is the bond that binds us in life or death.’

“T-Toothless-.” Valka choked on her words; sentimental tears threaten to spill from her light-blue eyes. Hiccup suddenly looked over at his mother, forgetting about Trid’s, and noticing the dagger still in her trembling hands.

“Mum?” Hiccup moved over to her, taking the dagger gently from her loose grasp, reading the words for himself as he turned the cold blade in his hands.

Toothless had taken Valka’s reaction as a sign that he’d messed up - that he’d upset them, and paired with the uncertainty of Hiccup’s reaction, he panicked. He stood up quickly - his book bag still in his hands, and he fled the house without looking back. ‘Damn it! I fucked up, I fucked up!’ He told himself, thinking that Hiccup would certainly hate him now that he’d upset his mother, and Valka … she wouldn’t want to see him again. He took off running towards the North Forest, believing he had ruined Snoggletog before it had barely had a chance to begin.

He didn’t know why he had been so anxious, but he didn’t know what was acceptable and what wasn’t now that him and Hiccup were just friends again … he was so confused, and having to be extremely mindful of physical contact again wasn’t helping. It was like walking on eggshells, and the moments of sheer awkwardness had been painful. Why he ever though today was a good idea was beyond him, it was a gigantic failure … and he’d fucked it!

Valka ran out of her son’s house the instant Toothless fled, Hiccup behind her with Trid in his arms. She saw Toothless’s fleeting form growing smaller as he headed toward the North Forest. She whistled loudly for Cloudjumper, ignoring her son’s rambling protests to stop.

“I need to find him Hiccup! He’ll listen to me. The poor thing must have read my emotions as disapproval. I need to set him right!” She told her son, every bit the uncompromising woman she was.

Cloudjumper landed beside her - obediently and loyal, and Valka wasted no time in mounting him. Before Hiccup could say anything else, his mother had already taken to the air.
Hiccup sat next to his son on the floor, holding the neatly wrapped gift that Toothless had gotten for him. He was waiting for his mother to return, wondering if Toothless would come back with her or not. He wanted to wait for Toothless - to open the gift with him, but the more he looked at it … the more curiosity urged him to open it.

Sighing to himself, he wondered why Toothless had been nervous - it wasn’t like him. His mother loved the dagger so much she had been rendered speechless - and totally overwhelmed at the sentiment. If Toothless had waited just a few moments longer, he would have seen that for himself.

His mother was a strong woman, and she had taken off after him the second the door had closed. He wondered if that was a good idea though; Toothless had explicitly asked him yesterday for his space - to do things in his own time, but this was different, and his mother was stubborn. She was determined that Toothless was here for Snoggletog, that he was made to feel comfortable and welcome. Of course he was welcome! He was part of the family, but his mother seemed determined to mollycoddle him. Was that even necessary? He wondered.

He looked down at Trid who was confidently sucking on his Nightfury soft toy - and mumbling without a care in the world. His big azure-blue eyes glanced up at his father occasionally, as if to check he was still there, needing that small tidbit of reassurance that he wasn’t alone. Hiccup smiled at him with animated eyes before frowning in thought.

Could that have been one of the reasons that Toothless was excessively nervous, the lack of reassurance? Toothless was usually confident, assertive, stubborn, and not afraid to speak his mind. He often retorted with sassy, or cocky comments, was brazen, and had this totally smug attitude about him … the self-assured twat. Hiccup smiled at the thought, but the Toothless he had seen recently however - especially today, was nervous, anxious, and completely overwhelmed now that he thought about it. Perhaps Toothless was looking for validation, searching for approval - it was his first Snoggletog as a human after all, and after everything that had happened... Hiccup sighed sadly.

Toothless had looked about ready to hyperventilate as he waited for him and his mother to open their gifts. Instead of immediately thanking Toothless for the beautiful fabric, assuring him it was an amazing gift, he questioned him out of bafflement. His mother had been rendered speechless at hers - almost brought to tears at the sentiment …. but once again, Toothless never got assured that it was an amazing and thoughtful gift. His mother had most likely guessed correctly that Toothless had taken their reactions the wrong way, and due to that, he had fled rather rapidly. He realised it then, Toothless was afraid. Afraid of what he wasn’t sure. Afraid of angering him, upsetting him, disappointing him? Maybe he was afraid of their reactions to the gifts … or his reaction to his own un-opened gift.

He looked down at the unopened present still burning a hole in his hand, even more curious now to its contents. Something in this little box had reduce Toothless to a nervous wreck, and he was craving to find out what.

There was one thing that he couldn’t figure out … where had Toothless even gotten his gift from? Where had he gotten such soft, beautiful coloured linen for Trid? Or such a perfect dagger for his mother? He had no work that he was aware off, and nothing to trade for such expensive items … but thinking about the gifts that Toothless had gotten for his mother and son, and how perfect they were for them … it added fuel to the already burning desire to open his own.

The small gift in his hands seemed to shake with a longing to be opened until … he couldn’t take it any longer. He ripped open the gift with haste and vigour, a small drawstring bag falling into his
His hand shook as he lifted the small bag, finally loosening the drawstring and pulling it open. He slowly tipped the contents into his sweaty palm…

A few minutes earlier - in the outer section of the North Forest.

Toothless was sharing a warm embrace with Valka. They’d obviously been talking, and they had cleared up Toothless’s misjudgement in their reactions to the gift giving. Toothless looked immensely relieved.

“Now, will you come back with us?” Valka asked, holding Toothless at arm’s length. Toothless nodded with an embarrassed smile. He felt rather foolish having reacted the way he had.

“I’m sorry. I just … I thought you and Hiccup were angry with me.” Toothless repeated for the third time.

“Nonsense! Is something else bothering you Toothless? You’re usually more … assertive. You don’t usually let what other people think bother you this much?”

“I guess … I’m just…” He sighed trying to figure out how to explain everything.

“Let me guess. Being around Hiccup is making you a bit uncomfortable, and you’re worried his gift from you will be ill received?” She asked. Toothless nodded, but it was more than that.

“It’s not just that though. Vissy is leaving tomorrow so I want to spend time with her as well as you, Hiccup, and Trid. And yes, I’m worried he won’t like that ring … or get the wrong idea entirely. All the rules have changed again, and I don’t want to lose Hiccup as a friend by screwing it up. I’ve already lost him as my ma-” Toothless’s rant ended abruptly - looking down at his feet, he just couldn’t bring himself to finish his sentence.

“Just try to relax Toothless. You’ll have a much better day if you do. You know … we all go to the Great Hall for dinner as a tribe later. That’s when the real celebration starts. The morning is all about family first. Why don’t you stay with us for a while, then you can go and find Visskara? You’re more than welcome to join us all for dinner in the Great Hall, then you can slip away again to spend the rest of the evening with her if you like. She’ll be more than welcome in the Great Hall too you know, as will Gora.”

Toothless couldn’t help but chuckle. Gora and Vissy in the Great Hall during Snoggletog? There was more chance of the snow melting overnight.

“I don’t think Vissy will ever set foot in the Great Hall, especially not full of loud drunken idiots. Gora won’t either … But yeah, I like that plan. Thanks Mrs Valka!” Toothless smiled.

“Come on then! I promise you - I’ll personally beat my son if he doesn’t like that ring.” She said, mounting Cloudjumper swiftly, her staff extended down to help Toothless up. Toothless took it confidently, and sat behind her for the short flight back.

…The ring seemed to hit Hiccup’s hand in slow motion, bouncing gently before settling into his palm. His breath halted with anticipation, and it took a while for him to register what he was holding - gasping finally as he remembered to breathe. He turned the amazing piece of jewellery in his hand, admiring every single detail of it. If there was ever a perfect piece of jewellery, one that represented the bond he and Toothless shared, this was it!
It was then, that his front door opened. Valka and Toothless had finally returned - not that they had been gone long, but to Hiccup, it seemed like an eternity.

Before Toothless could even apologise for leaving so abruptly, Hiccup’s eyes met his own - his expression was filled with a torrent of un-readable emotions. It was then he noticed the ring in Hiccup’s hand; his body froze, a lump forced its way down his throat as he swallowed, and he waited for him to say something.

Valka quickly analysed the situation, noticing the boys staring at each other from across the room and the ring held in Hiccup’s shaky hand. She placed her hands onto Toothless shoulders for comfort - and to stop him leaving again should he get the urge to do so.

‘It’s beautiful isn’t it Hiccup?’ Valka asked her son, trying to encourage the moment along.

‘Y-you knew?’ Hiccup stuttered, rising to his feet.

‘Yes! He showed me when he first got it. Who do you think helped him gift-wrap them?’ Valka practically shoved Toothless closer to the fire, closer to Hiccup.

‘I, I-I wanted to get you something to remember us. T-To remind you just how much you mean to me - as a friend.’ He added hastily, scratching his arm nervously. ‘You’re the best dragon trainer there is! The best there ever will be. You’ll always be my rider, my best friend, and I wanted everyone to know that. You know … that you’re best friends with a ridiculously nervous Nightfury that should be a-according to Vikings the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself but I can’t even—’

‘Toothless?’ Hiccup stopped him, torn between crying at the precious moment between them, laughing nervously, or chuckling at his best friend’s anomalous rambling. Toothless looked at him expectantly with wide eyes. ‘It’s perfect!’ Hiccup assured him with two simple words, but they were expressed with such an abundance of honest, warm gratitude, that they radiated such pure emotion.

Toothless smiled with a new sense of embarrassed-achievement, relaxing finally. Glancing down for a moment shyly, his heart leapt and thumped loudly in his chest. ‘Hiccup liked it, he liked his ring!’ He was so elated with relief he could have kissed Hiccup there and then. He looked back up suddenly, subconsciously pulling his plump bottom lip between his teeth. He wanted to kiss him! He felt his toes curl in the ends of his new shoes as he fought the desire to steal a kiss. Just one … a reminder of them fervent warm lips against his own. His hands would trespass over Hiccup’s fucking delectable arse, but he wouldn’t be able to stop there … no, he would lose control, just like he was doing now as his eyes drunk in Hiccup’s perfect body, undressing him with his eyes.

Hiccup had been mesmerized by the light glistening in Toothless’s eyes. He became hypnotised by them once again, victim to their alluring pull as always. There was an unspoken, forbidden declaration of love that passed between them, but then … Toothless’s eyes locked onto his with a more lascivious desire. Hiccup’s mind stayed quite resolved that Toothless could be nothing more than his friend, but his body reacted to the images that Toothless was essentially projecting his way as he eye-fucked him. Images of their past steamy encounters, erotic make out sessions in the forest on Sanctum island, and the waves of pleasure that built between them as they fucked each other senseless.

Valka noticed the look in Toothless’s eyes, but her son looked extremely uncomfortable under his gaze - despite his very obvious arousal. She had been young once, and she wasn’t ignorant to the sexual nature of what was happening before her. If it wasn’t for the fight taking place in Hiccup’s eyes, she would have taken Trid out for a while and left the boys be. However, she knew this was
not in their best interests. It wasn’t going to be a passionate type of make-up-sex, no … this would be something they would later come to regret most strongly. It could seriously drive them further apart, damage their bond even more than it already was, and give birth to a devastating chain of events. With that in mind, Valka made her decision to intervene.

“Right!” She stated loudly, firmly gripping Toothless’s shoulder, squeezing hard enough to get his full attention. “Come on then, put it on Hiccup!” Valka insisted, pointing to the ring.

“R-Right, erm yep. T-That’s right because … rings … d-do typically go on fingers.” Hiccup stuttered nervously. He felt the warmth practically radiating from his cheek bones, and he prayed that his mother was oblivious to the tightness in his pants and the protruding lump. Hiccup eventually took a deep breath - immensely grateful that his mother had interrupted them when she had, and proceeded to find the perfect finger to fit his amazing ring onto.

Toothless could still feel the tight grip on his shoulder from Valka’s hand. It was the same shoulder Mrs Wagner had abused that day in the forest - so it was still a bit sore, but it grounded him - and halted his less then innocent urges. His cock had yet to get the message though. Despite his rather prominent issue, he was watching Hiccup with the ring. It soon slid down, sitting comfortably above the wedding ring he still wore. He gulped, knowing exactly what that finger symbolised - he’d read that ‘Dancing and the dreaming’ book more than a few times.

“I … I got the size wrong.” Toothless heart sunk. “I never… that’s not… I mean… I wasn’t…” Toothless panicked, Valka altered her grip on his shoulder, offering a more comforting touch then previously.

“I know! It’s okay Toothless. It’s fine.”’ Hiccup assured him, quickly pulling the ring off his wedding finger. He tried it on the other hand … and luckily it slid down his right ring-finger instead. “See, it’s perfect!” Hiccup showed him the ring with a warm smile, before admiring it fondly again. He was just as relieved as Toothless was that it had fitted on his other hand, but it was by far his favourite, most cherished Snoggletog gift yet. “Thank-you Toothless, I love it completely.” He said, thinking how much he still completely loved Toothless.

The rest of the morning wasn’t too bad, in fact it turned out pretty wonderful once the gift giving had passed.

Valka had made the boys do random - seemingly pointless jobs as soon as the ring situation was over. Toothless had obliged with little protest - none the wiser to Valka’s reasons behind the sudden orders, but Hiccup … he embarrassingly suspected that his mother was separating them both to give their arousals a chance to cool off. She had seen what no son ever wanted their mother to see, and even though he felt like a child, he was more than happy to follow her orders.

Hiccup was sent to change Trid’s perfectly clean clothes and diaper, put away the new fabric that Toothless had so thoughtfully gotten for Trid, and attend to the fire. Toothless was made to take his things back to his bedroom, tidy his room, and throw away the water from this morning. She’d made them all a warm drink while they worked - which included yak milk, cinnamon, and honey, and she had started on Trid’s second bottle. She even boiled one carrot for his solids now that he was weaning onto them.

Toothless’s urges hadn’t had a chance to resurface - thanks to Valka constantly breaking up the awkward moments, and he was able to enjoy his morning with the family. He had even started to act more like his usual cocky self as he gained confidence around Hiccup again.

Gobber had indeed stopped by - to wish everyone a happy Snoggletog, but he’d berated himself for
forgetting the gifts. He didn’t stay long, deciding he would come back before the gathering in the Great Hall later. He left stating rather suspiciously, that he had important stuff to do.

“‘If by important, he means testing conspicuous amounts of alcohol before lunch, then I expect he will be so rushed of his feet he’ll forget to come back.’” Hiccup stated once the door had closed, causing Toothless and Valka to burst out laughing. Hiccup couldn’t help joining in, and even Trid squealed along simply imitating the adults.

Hiccup couldn’t stop smiling as the morning progressed. For once he didn’t have to work himself into the ground, or worry about every little thing going wrong. He was simply enjoying Snoggletog morning with his family, lost in the magic of the day, just as it should be. He occasionally had thoughts of those no longer with them, but he remembered to be grateful for those he did have. Toothless, Trid, and his mother were here with him today - during their most cherished holiday, Snoggletog! It wouldn’t do to dwell on the people that he missed, and forget to enjoy his time with the ones that were still living. There were only so many chances in life - to make memories with the ones you love or hold close to your heart. Before you know it … they’re gone, and all that’s left are wishes. Wishes that you had more time with them, that you could tell them things that haven’t been said enough - or things that were left unsaid completely. That was why he wanted to make today special, and remember that he was with those that loved him.

They had happily talked about Trid, and Valka had also shared stories of Hiccup’s first couple of months in this world. Toothless told Valka about his early days as a hatchling or youngling, and it wasn’t long before they went into more details about their adventures on Sanctum island - which Valka was immensely interested in. Hiccup had even fetched his journals to show his mother the sketches of Acacia, Storrkeldan, and some of the others they had met.

“‘What did you do with the gifts from Acacia and Storrkeldan by the way? You know, the seeds they gave you.’” Toothless asked.

“‘Oh… You know I completely forgot about them. I haven’t even unpacked the bag they were in. After we got back I just-.’” Hiccup stopped - he didn’t want to relive the reasons for not unpacking. “‘I haven’t even gone over these notes or started the second book of dragons yet.’” Hiccup shrugged, trying to make light of it. He wouldn’t be honest about his real reasons regarding his lack of enthusiasm. The truth was, without Toothless, he just didn’t feel like getting into details regarding any dragon. He missed his own very much.

“‘You? Stay away from new dragon information? Who are you and what have you done with Hiccup?’” Toothless teased, earning a pillow to the face.

“‘Oh, he’s had so much free time on his hands, didn’t you hear. He’s been sitting at home wondering why his dragon never told him about them seeds he was meant to explain. You know … so he could fill all that free time with dragon facts and tending to plants.’” Hiccup disputed sarcastically. Toothless stuck out his tongue.

“‘I’d be very interested to read this new book of dragons Hiccup.’” Valka interrupted their playful squabble, wondering if they were men or children. “‘But is it wise to have such a secret place written down where someone could get their hands on to it?’”

“I’d never disclose the location of Sanctum island mum. It would just be information on the new dragons I had learnt about. It would be a private book - one I wouldn’t share easily, except with a few trusted individuals.” Hiccup explained.

“‘You learnt?’” Toothless threw the pillow back at Hiccup with quite some force. It bounced off
Hiccup’s head - messing up his already untidy auburn hair. ‘‘I seemed to recall you begging me for information!’’

Trid decided now was a good a time as any to start crying. He was quite tired - having refused to take his late morning nap, and it was nearly lunch time now. Trid would usually have his bottle, then go down around two hours later, but judging by his moody, fussy crying … he wouldn’t last until then.

‘‘I’ll make a start on his bottle.’’ Valka volunteered - getting up to do just that while Hiccup picked up his son - trying to calm him down.

Trid was quite flustered, and he arched his back in frustration, screaming louder. Soon his frustrated cries turned into full-fledged wailing. It wasn’t long before Hiccup started to get flustered likewise, and Trid screams only appeared to be increasing - no matter what Hiccup did, showed to him, or how he was held. Trid just wanted his bottle and then sleep. Hiccup was pacing the room rocking a heavily crying baby, Valka was just adding the milk to the boiling water, and Toothless bit his lip wanting to help.

‘‘May I?’’ Toothless asked, finally gaining his courage to hold a screaming Trid and relieve Hiccup for a bit.

‘‘Be my guest!’’ Hiccup handed over his son - relieved for the break if anything, and sat down in one of the chairs. ‘‘He is un-helpable when he gets like this. He will just eat and pass … out.’’ Hiccup’s voice trailed off and he blinked in shock, even Valka had looked up.

Trid’s screams had instantly started to calm down, and he had Toothless’s tunic in his tight little fists, his head nestled into Toothless’s neck. Trid started hiccupping, his uncontrollable little gasps starting to concern Toothless as he settled down further.

‘‘Unbelievable!’’ Hiccup muttered, shaking his head. He loved the relationship his son had with Toothless… but it made him wonder what he was doing wrong as a father.

‘‘What’s wrong with him? Did I do something wrong?’’ Toothless panicked, looking up at Hiccup. He had never heard Trid make noises like this before. Even Hiccup wasn’t sure why he was making them gasping sounds, but he was sure he’d heard babies or toddlers doing it before after crying for a while.

‘‘Not at all Toothless.’’ Valka answered, putting the milk into the bottle carefully. ‘‘He just got himself into quite a state from all that crying. He has his grandfather Stoick’s lungs. You have the same effect on him that you have on Hiccup you know.’’

‘‘What?’’ Both Hiccup and Toothless said in unison, both turning their heads to look at her. Toothless looked a little confused, but Hiccup’s expression was more horrified and embarrassed.

‘‘Oh, don’t give me that look! Hiccup tell me, who calmed you down from your drunken state about two months ago - when no one else could? Or helped you deal with the death of your wife? Even in Toothless’s dragon form, he has always been there for you when no one else could get past your wall. Trid is just a baby, the calming affect Toothless has on him is more apparent than the one he has over you.’’ She then placed the bottle into cold water to cool down. Noticing the awkward silence that her words had created, she stretched her arms to take Trid from Toothless.

‘‘He might need changing, let’s have a look shall we.’’

As soon as Valka went to take the drowsy baby, he startled wide awake again.
“Too-Too.” His trembling voice echoed through the house, his little arms frantically trying to grip hold of his current favourite human. He entire body wiggled as he fought fiercely to be let go, screaming in protest, and making it clear he didn’t want his grandma either.

“Did he just?” Hiccup stood up quickly. His eyes were amazingly wide in realisation - he had just heard his son trying to make his first words. Toothless had quickly taken Trid back before he started screaming anymore, and Valka was smiling fondly.

“I believe he was trying to say Toothless.” Valka informed them happily. She then saw Hiccup’s concerned expression and mistook it for jealousy. “Oh Hiccup, Trid wouldn’t be able to say father at his age. No one really says dada around him, and your first words were-”

“It’s not that mum. If Trid says Toothless in front of the village, in front of someone else-”

“Then they’d think he was just a baby trying out his new sounds. Hiccup, no one is going to think that Toothless - well, that Kalster is Toothless because he said ‘Too-Too’ too him, or in relation to him. It will be a long time before he is able to start saying ‘Toothless’, and he is a baby! People would just think he’s confused.” Valka interrupted him.

“What about when he gets older? What then? Do I lie to my child, or make my child lie for me?”

“Hicc, It’s okay. We’ll deal with it. We have time to figure it out.” Toothless tried, but Hiccup ran his hand through his hair stressing.

“ Toothless is right Hiccup. No point in worrying over it now. We’ll address the issue when it becomes one, not today of all days, especially when there’s nothing to fix.”

Hiccup hesitantly nodded - perhaps they were right, but he knew it wouldn’t stop him worrying. What was he going to do when Trid started talking? It was a real concern - especially if Toothless came home like he wanted him to, but there was one thing he did agreed with… it was Snoggletog today, so he would push his concerns to the back of his mind and worry about them tomorrow. He still couldn’t help feeling guilty that his son’s first words - or an attempt of, wasn’t a moment they could celebrate. His son was already being affected by his relationship with Toothless, and the fact that Toothless was human. He wanted to rejoice in this proud moment as a father, but his gut was telling him something was going to go terribly wrong. He looked up to see his mother smiling at him before she went to test Trid’s bottle - she deemed it safe for Trid and asked Toothless if he wanted to do the honors.

“I would … but my arms going a bit dead to be honest, and I need to visit the outhouse.” He smiled guiltily at Valka - knowing Trid wouldn’t be happy, but when she went to take her grandson - and the screaming started as expected, Toothless quickly changed his mind. “I guess I can wait!” He decided, taking the bottle. He sat down with Trid across his lap, feeding the boy as he smiled down at him lovingly. Maybe he was a pushover, but he couldn’t bear to hear Trid crying like that. He also couldn’t help the flutter of warmth inside his being - knowing that Trid had tried to scream his name, even if Hiccup didn’t seem pleased about the new development.

When Trid was fed and fast asleep finally, Toothless quickly rushed off to the outhouse. Hiccup sighed at the sleeping baby, before turning to his mother.

“A-Am I doing something wrong mum? Trid wouldn’t settle for me, but he did for Toothless. He always does for Toothless. I’m not jealous…” He added, seeing his mother’s expression. “I just don’t feel like I’m good enough for him.”
“There’s the problem Hiccup. Babies can sense our emotions and our feelings. You’re a wonderful father, but you’ve been stressed lately. Trid also wants Toothless because he isn’t around as much anymore.”

“B-But Toothless has been stressed too, you said so yourself, and I’m hardly ever around for Trid what with the village and …” Hiccup sighed. “And why didn’t he want you either? What’s Toothless got that we don’t?” Hiccup really didn’t mean to sound jealous - he wasn’t! He just didn’t want his son growing up distant from him, or hating him.

“Hiccup, Trid loves you! When you leave him with me, he instantly wants his father to come back. He obviously loves Toothless too. As for what Toothless has that we don’t, I think you know the answer to that son. After all, it isn’t just Trid that is besotted with him. You both love him. Don’t argue Hiccup I’m talking…” Valka added when he tried to interrupt her. “I’ve seen the way you look at him, the way you pine for him when he’s gone. Your son misses him too, and that’s why he latches onto Toothless when he is around. Trid knows how much you love and trust Toothless, he feels it. So, can you blame him for feeling safe in Toothless’s arms?”

Hiccup shook his head, giving into his mother’s logic. When his mother put it like that, who could blame Trid for wanting Toothless. He was also a mess as it was, more than his mother - or anyone in fact, had even realised. If Toothless was around more, he would have noticed. Toothless had stolen all their hearts in different ways, and he was also the reason they were all here today.

“Hey, what I miss?” Toothless asked, coming back into the house. Valka smiled and went to wash up the baby’s bottle.

“Not much.” Hiccup smiled, his mask firmly in place so they could enjoy the rest of the day together. “So, about them seeds from Acacia and Storrkeldan…”

“ Toothless, I really don’t see how this is going to be … fun.” Visskara expressed her hesitation, and opinion on Toothless’s chosen activity.

It was early afternoon, and Toothless had re-joined his ameor and best friend for a while. They were currently airborne - at a great height from the ground, and Toothless wanted Visskara to just freefall with him and Gora. It was totally absurd to Visskara, but Gora was all for it.

“Come on Vissy, please. It is my last day with you.” He begged, his bright-green eyes so wide and hopeful that even she was having a hard time denying him.

“Oh alright! But if anything happens, I’ll personally kill you myself!” Visskara warned her ameor. Toothless’s smile couldn’t possibly get any bigger, she thought, but it was nice just knowing he was truly happy for a change. Things had obviously gone well with Hiccup that morning - he hadn’t gone into too much detail, but he’d said as much.

Feeling like she was completely out of her mind, all three of them suddenly stopped flapping their wings at near identical moments. Visskara felt the whoosh of wind as she started her descend, the constant wind resistance was pulling at her face and wings, and the noise in her ears was loud - familiar to when she flew at fast speeds. At first it was just, wind, noise, limbs all over the place, wobbly, terrifying, and no control … but then - after copying her ameor and relaxing into the feeling of it, letting herself go, it was different. It became falling, freedom, exhilarating, amazing, and weightless. Having Toothless falling with her - that silly smile with his tongue hanging out, it may it a memorable moment that she would never forget. The smile on her face made Toothless’s eyes light up - knowing that his ameor shared his enjoyment of freefalling, and he laughed.
All too quickly, it was time to pull up, but she’d never admit just how much she had enjoyed the feeling. Toothless was the first to land - Visskara behind him, then finally Gora joined them both - his landing however, was a little rocky and he tripped falling face-first into the snow. Visskara stifled her laugh, but Toothless wouldn’t offer Gora the same courtesy.

“Hey Gora, when I said ‘free-falling’ I didn’t think you’d take it so literally.” Toothless laughed.

“Hey Kalean, maybe ya should cool off!” Gora said, right before lobbing a heap of snow at him with his tail. It was his turn to laugh as Toothless shook the snow off his face.

Just like that, a snow fight had started. Visskara joined in, and it soon became a free-for-all. Snow flew around creating a cloud, wrestling began as they pounced at each other, and Gora kept trying to hypnotise one of them to fight for him. Laughing, receiving a maw full of snow, rolling, chasing, and yelling playful insults at each other … it was such good fun. Gora eventually decided to breathe out his pink-purple confusion gas when they teamed up on him, and suddenly things took a bizarre turn.

Toothless kept insisting the sky was down, and kept trying to figure out if he should stand on his back or on his head. Visskara thought someone was attacking her, and she kept firing shoots at the snow creating small pools of hot water. They both then became immensely fascinated by the snow, repeating that it was so ‘oh so cold’.

Gora laughed at them, but it was short live; forgetting they were both bloody alpha dragons, he was caught off guard when they came around faster than usual. He gulped and made a run for it, flapping his wings to flee, but before he’d even left the ground Toothless flew straight past him easily - looking back at him with a devious grin. Visskara then suddenly appeared right in his immediate trajectory. He panicked, she was crazy! He couldn’t stop it time, he was going to hit her!

Visskara moved at the last moment, and Gora hit the pile of snow that was hidden behind her. Toothless and Visskara shared a knowing - victorious look, both laughing at Gora’s tough luck.

‘Serves him right!’ They both thought.

“This was the best idea you’ve had yet Kalean!” Gora complimented, sinking lower into the hot water. It soothed his aching muscles from their previous activities, and it made his wings feel light and pain-free. Who knew a Leitatilsynum and some bloody snow could be so … warm, soothing, amazing!

They were currently bathing in the brilliance that Toothless had asked Visskara to create, north of the village by the mountains where the snow was much deeper. Only the melted snow had turned to hot steaming water, and it was most relaxing. The steam rose into the air against the bitter cold, and the soothing heat of the water warmed up their bodies.

“I got the idea from the holes Vissy made in the snow after you hypnotized us.” Toothless admitted. He was wondering if he could get a group of dragons together to do this more often - he’d have to substitute Vissy’s power, and more dragons should do the job nicely.

“So technically, this is all thanks ta me!” Gora’s self-appraisal wasn’t lost on the other two, but they just rolled their eyes smiling.

“Hey Vissy, are you good in this heat?” Toothless suddenly wondered. She was a species of
dragon that did well in storms, heavy rain, and the cold.

“This is quite nice actually. I don’t need the warmth, but that doesn’t mean I don’t like it.” Visskara explained. “Besides, my island may see its fair share of stormy skies and heavy rain, but it is usually quite warm when the great sol rises.”

“That makes sense.” Toothless nodded.

“Hey Kalean? Why did the drekis all leave ta go egg laying, an’ why all at once?” Gora suddenly asked. He had been reminded of the difference between here and the island he grew up on.

“I must admit, I was rather curious about that myself.” Visskara added.

“Well, they don’t want the eggs to destroy Berk when they hatch for one - seeing as they explode. It’s also safer to be away from humans to lay their eggs, they feel safer at least. Sometimes the children can get a bit too curious, or accidents may happen. Plus, it is safer in numbers, they can protect their eggs and hatchlings more efficiently together. Don’t the dragons do that on Sanctum Island?”

“No Toothless. Most drekis on my island haven’t developed synchronised mating seasons like I assume has happened here. There are no humans to fear either.”

“Wait, Synchronised? Ya mean all the females go into heat at the same time?” Gora asked, his eyes widened in shock.

“Yeah, pretty much.” Toothless confirmed.

“How does that not drive ya insane?” Gora asked without thinking.

Toothless had wonder that himself many times before. It wasn’t that he was immune to the allure of the females during heat - especially not back before he met Hiccup, it was that, same species had a stronger scent to their own kind. He was the last of his kind, so he never felt that overwhelming desire to mate. He was also a loner most of the time … well, between losing his memory and meeting Hiccup that is.

Gora’s question, and his own train of thoughts, had led him to think about that certain auburn-haired man. With Hiccup it was so strange. There was no mating scent, no heat cycles at all, but sometimes the desire to … well fuck him senseless really, was more overwhelming then he’d ever felt as a dragon around female dragons in heat. In fact, he felt a stronger desire to mate with Hiccup now that they weren’t having sex, almost like a need to reclaim what was meant to be his …. his mate. The desire took over him so suddenly around Hiccup sometimes, clouding his judgment, almost like he was hypnotised. It was almost as if Hiccup was in heat sometimes, but he knew that wasn’t the case. He’d have to figure out how to get it under control … before he simply jumped Hiccup one of these days. His instincts were fighting with his logic, it wouldn’t take much for his mating instincts to win over.

“…Toothless?” Visskara called to him again. Her and Gora had already called him a few times, but he seemed to have zoned out.

“Sorry. What was you saying?” Toothless smiled.
“I’ll meet up with you both again later. I promise! I want to spend the night with you Vissy. This is our last night together!” Toothless told her. He felt so torn between Hiccup and Vissy right now, but he promised himself he wouldn’t stay long in the Great Hall. He had no idea how long the three of them had been talking about anything and everything, having fun, or just relaxing together. He didn’t want Hiccup to think he wasn’t coming back, if only for a while at least. Hiccup had looked so disheartened when he’d left earlier, but he’d promised him that he’d return.

“It may be the last night for now, but it won’t be the last!” Visskara assured him. She wanted Toothless to spend more time with Hiccup - because she wanted to know they were going to be okay when she left, but a part of her was also extremely happy he wanted to spend time with her. She wouldn’t admit it, but she didn’t want to leave Toothless either. It was easier to do so though, knowing her ameor would have Gora and his sal-bind a there for him. He also had Valka, who she had to agree was a wonderful human, just like Hiccup.

“You know what I mean. I just want to wish other people a happy Snoggletog too, as Kalster. And I did promise Hiccup and Valka I’d see them in the Great Hall later.”

“Then go! I promise I’m not leaving yet.” Visskara chuckled.

“Go on, get lost ya Plifigen. We’ve had enough of your sorry face around ‘ere.” Gora added.

Toothless knew he was just trying to lighten the mood. Truth was, Gora didn’t want him to go, but it was most likely due to him being left in Vissy’s company more than anything. He held back a chuckle, making a mental note to actually spend more time with his long-lost best friend after the holidays.

“Love you too Gora!” He replied before becoming serious. “As you two won’t join me, do you want me to bring back some fish for you guys?” Toothless asked. He generally cared about them, but he was probably using the question as a means to stall going to the Great Hall if he was honest. He really didn’t want to leave his ameor, it was going to be so hard tomorrow when she left.

“No. We’re okay. I can catch some for us both when you go. I won’t pretend to understand this strange ‘holiday’, but it’s obviously important to you. When you explained it to us, I also remember you stating that it was about family too. Hiccup obviously still counts as family, as does Trid and Valka. So, go! Have fun! We will be around when you come back.” Visskara encouraged him. Snoggletog might not mean anything to her or Gora, but it meant something special for Toothless. Her ameor wouldn’t miss out on all the Snoggletog stuff because it was her last night here on Berk, he needed to be a part of it.

“Eugh, what she said. Only, you’re stuck with me Kalean.” Gora smirked.

“Alright, fine! Wish me luck.” Toothless sighed. He then smiled nervously, before flying in the direction of Hiccup’s house to get changed.

Once he was dressed in his best clothes again, Toothless left Hiccup’s house closing the door behind him. Hiccup was obviously already in the Great Hall - seeing as the house had been empty, but it gave him time to prepare himself to be Kalster again as he got ready. He ran up the steps to the Great Hall, took a deep breath, and then plunged himself inside.

As he expected, it was loud, merry, and bustling! And like always, full of Vikings starting on the alcohol early. Decorations brighten up the entire hall - red, green, gold, and silver. There were so
many lanterns lit that the room glowed warm, and the huge central fire pit was burning brightly. An array of food was being cooked over the fire - filling the air with mouth-watering tastes, and more food already covered the tables. Children ran around playing, adults were deep in conversation, and everyone looked so cheerful.

His sudden appearance in the Great Hall had caused a slight dip in volume at first. A few heads turned to see who was late to the celebration, but they quickly returned to their previous discussions and tasks. Hiccup spotted him - making his way over, but so did a certain brunette.

‘‘Kalster!’’ A big young woman flew at him, nearly knocking him over. Her wavy brown hair in his face, and her big tits squashed between their two bodies. ‘‘Happy Snoggletog!’’ She exclaimed enthusiastically as she pulled back. Her cheeks were rosy red from festivities, and her blue eyes sparkled merrily.

‘‘Happy Snoggletog Olesea.’’ He returned the greeting, smiling shyly at her.

‘‘You’re late!’’ She punched his arm in mock offence, smirking at him. He feigned hurt - rubbing his arm, but she went on before he could say anything. ‘‘You missed the baby naming of the Wagners’s son by the way. They named the kid after you ya know.’’

‘‘She did? What … Why?’’

‘‘Well, they named him-’’

‘‘Hey Olesea, can I steal Kalster for a while?’’ Hiccup asked when he reached them - interrupting her.

‘‘Sure chief! I was just filling him in on what he missed.’’ She smiled at Hiccup before turning back to Toothless ‘‘Come find me later yeah?’’ She asked, but it felt like more of an order to him, so he nodded. ‘‘We have so much to catch up on.’’ She smiled, walking away to find her friends and family.

‘‘Olesea likes you.’’ Hiccup stated quietly, he could see it in the girl’s eyes. He didn’t want to think of Toothless with someone else, but he couldn’t stop him - he couldn’t have it both ways. Toothless wasn’t in a relationship with him anymore.

‘‘Well yeah, we’re friends!’’ Toothless said, like it was obvious. Hiccup thought about explaining what he really meant, but he shook his head instead.

‘‘N-Never mind. So, you made it?’’ He smiled, changing the subject, leading Toothless to the main table through the crowds. Random Vikings kept shouting ‘Happy Snoggletog’, or other similar greetings to the both of them as they passed.

‘‘I said I would, didn’t I?’’ Toothless’s eyes opened wider, as if that were obvious too.

‘‘Yes! Yes, you did, but I didn’t know if you would be able to fight of the two ferocious Dragons that were holding you captive.’’

‘‘Wild Vikings couldn’t keep me away!’’ Toothless smirked.

‘‘I see.’’ Hiccup laughed. ‘‘Right, well, I was just about to make the speech before we all eat. Sit with us!’’ Hiccup gestured to the main table.

‘‘Wait, here? Isn’t this the ‘important people’ table.’’ Toothless asked, still very conscious of the fact he was in a hall full of Vikings that didn’t know who he really was, but Hiccup made room for
him to the right-side of his chair.

‘‘Usually, but today I sit with my family. Mum will sit on my left, the Hoffersons will join her with Trid, and Gobber might join us if he can pull himself away from the mead barrels long enough.’’ He smiled, taking a good look at the man in front of him. Toothless was here, he came, and he loved him. Despite the awkward and rocky start this morning, it was already a great Snoggletog.

‘‘What?’’ Toothless asked, having noticed the look he was getting from his ex-boyfriend.

‘‘N-Nothing. I’m just glad you came,’’ Hiccup smiled warmly, longingly … but happily.

Everyone was finally seated and eating heartily as they engaged in conversation with family and friends. Just like Hiccup had said, Valka was one side of her son while Toothless sat nervously on the other side of him. The Hoffersons were next to Valka - Trid was on Bree’s lap pulling his grandma’s blond hair, and Gobber was sat next to Toothless.

Everyone had stared at Toothless sitting amongst the chief’s ‘family’, and they had wondered why - thinking it was rather strange. Luckily, Hiccup started his speech and everyone soon seemed to forget he was even there - too busy enjoying themselves. It was a short speech, thanking Odin and the gods for night and day, for the bountiful harvest they had received before the harsh winter had settled over Berk, and for family and friends that were with them to celebrate this year’s winter solstice. He’d wished everyone a Merry Snoggletog, and ordered them all to tuck in.

‘‘So Kalster, where ‘ave ya been hiding?’’ Gobber asked out of the blue as he took a bite of his yak steak. Hiccup had been talking to him just moments before - but he was currently talking to his mother and the Hoffersons, so now he was alone to deal with the half-drunk Gobber.

‘‘Erm … I like to keep to myself. I stay with Gora in the forest a lot.’’ He explained. It wasn’t technically a lie, seeing as he did spend a lot of time there in his dragon form with him and Vissy.

‘‘How comes you’re not staying with Hiccup then. Ya seemed very close before ya two left on your journey, and you’re sitting here with us now, yet, we don’t see ya around much.’’

‘‘I … erm … I just like the forest, the solitude.’’ Toothless mumbled. He knew this would happen if he stayed away too long as Kalster. ‘‘Fuck!’’ He berated himself.

‘‘You okay?’’ Hiccup asked, looking over and noticing Toothless’s slightly panicked look. Toothless nodded - scratching the back of his hand like he did when he was nervous, but his eyes glanced sideways at Gobber for a split second. Hiccup gave the two limbed man a suspicious look.

‘‘What? I just asked him where he’d been? That’s not an issue now is it?’’ Gobber took a big swig of his mead, finishing of his drink.

‘‘He’s been around Gobber. If you weren’t so drunk, you’d might have noticed that.’’ Hiccup raised an eyebrow at him.

‘‘Oi, It’s Snoggletog! Am allowed a drink or two during the ‘olidays!’’ Gobber argued, almost pouting at his empty mead cup.

‘‘Right, and what’s your excuse for all the other times ya great hobble-barrel?’’ Hiccup smirked at his only father figure.

‘‘Oi! Who ya calling a ‘obble-barrel? Ya fishbone!’’ Gobber retaliated. He then decided he needed more mead, so he hobbled over to the barrels.
“Nice hobble ya got there Gobber, where ya heading off too?” Hiccup teased. Gobber just grunted.


“What did you tell him?” Hiccup asked. He wanted to make sure they had the same story - should Gobber or anyone else have any more questions.

“Oh, just that … I’ve been staying in the forest with Gora. That I like the quiet, and it’s what I’m used to. Not really a lie.”

“You okay though. I sense more to it than just Gobber’s big mouth?”

“People have been staring at me Hicc. Should I really be here, at this table? I mean I’m not-”

“Too- I mean, Kalster, you don’t have any family here on Berk, you’re sitting with me because you’re my honoured guest that helped bring the dragons home.” He leaned in to whisper into his ear. “That’s the story you tell anyone that asks. You’re a part of my family Toothless, I want you here, okay?”

Okay!” Toothless smiled in defeat, but he almost shivered; his ear was tingling from having Hiccup’s mouth so close to his face, and Hiccup’s scent had reached his olfactory sense. He blushed, trying to push away that alluring feeling he was getting again. He shifted in his chair, eventually deciding to get some space from the auburn-haired man. I wouldn’t hurt to get away from the head tables for a bit either. “I’m just gonna go find Fishlegs. I er … I have something for him.” Toothless stood up.

“Kalster?” Hiccup went to grab his arm but caught himself in time.

“I’m okay, really! I really do have something for Fishlegs. I’ll be back.” He smiled, patting his vest pocket that had a small scroll poking out from it. Hiccup nodded and let him go.

‘Let him go!’ Hiccup thought to himself sadly, as he watched Toothless go over to the table where Fishlegs and his family were seated. It was hard for him, to deny the love he felt pulsating through every part of his being, but he’d made his choice. He watched as Toothless took the small scroll from his pocket, handing it over to Fishlegs shyly.

“Hiccup?” His mother got his attention when she noticed he looked rather lugubrious. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah.” He nodded with a smile - having snapped his mask back on, but it nearly slipped as he whispered to himself. “It just hurts.”

“Oh, my Thor! Kalster this is … where did you? How did you?” Fishlegs gushed loudly over his gift. It was a small - simple scroll with Toothless’s messy handwriting, containing information on Gronckles that even the chubby blond didn’t know. It wasn’t information in the book of dragons either.

“Just stuff I learnt on my travels and … stuff.” Toothless scratched the back of his hand in embarrassment, but he was also very conscious of all the eyes on him from the Ingerman family - and other Vikings that could hear Fishlegs’s excited squeals. “Sorry I never wrapped it … and that the writings bad. I just thought you’d like this. It’s not really a Snoggletog gift, just a gift to say thanks for teaching me to read and write.”
“There’s even a formula here to make glass!” Fishlegs squealed. If Toothless didn’t know any better, he would have sworn the boy would explode with excitement. Fishlegs eventually calmed down enough to profusely thank Toothless - far too much if you’d asked him. Toothless started to wish he’d given Fishlegs’s the gift in private.

“Are you going to continue your lessons now that you’re back? You’ve done remarkably well so far, but we could touch up your writing.” Fishlegs asked - once he’d decided that he’d given enough thanks. He wanted to repay Kalster for his generosity somehow.

“I would really like that. I’ll think about it though and get back to ya yeah?”

“Sure. Oh, I can’t wait for Meatlug to get back! Ohhh, she’s gonna be so excited when I share with her all the new things on here.” He waved the scroll excitedly. Toothless wanted to disappear, but he chuckled nervously instead.

“Happy Snoggletog Kalster!” Klevin Ingerman - Fishlegs’s nineteen-year-old nephew, greeted him. He’d stood up from the table and gestured for Toothless to follow him. “That was a great gift you got for uncle Fishlegs.”

“He taught me to read and write. It was just to say thanks.” Toothless shrugged.

“Yeah, we heard. Where’ve you been anyway? Chief Hiccup’s been back over a week, and yet we haven’t seen you about.”

“Sorry. I’ve been in the forest with Gora. I just like the quiet.”

“You’re not avoiding us then?”

“Of course not!”

“Well in that case, come on then! I know Olesea and Tryggvi are just as eager to hear about your trip to unknown lands with the chief.” Klevin said, dragging Toothless away to meet up with their other two friends.

“… so now everyone is calling you Kalster the eccentric.” Tryggvi laughed, and the others joined in happily.

Kalster was sitting at a table with his three friends: Tryggvi Ingifastsson, Olesea Thornaburn, and Klevin Ingerman. They were all having a laugh together and enjoying the catch up. Once Toothless had shared his very altered version of his trip to Sanctum island with Hiccup - making sure to give vague or false details and names, they shared their own things consecutively - adding to each other’s story where relevant. Then they had filled him in on the happenings of Berk while he was absent, and it had led to the gossip going around that Kalster was strangely different, a weird boy, and always absent these days.

“Well you can be a bit … strange.” Klevin added from opposite him at the table.

“Your behaviour is a little peculiar.” Olesea added giggling, leaning into him from her seat to his left.

“And you are a bit of an odd ball.” Tryggvi added chuckling, sitting next to Klevin.

“Oi! I’ll have you three know … I’m one of a kind!” Toothless protested with an air of arrogance.
“Exactly!” All three of his friends answered in unison, before they burst out laughing. Toothless feigned hurt, crossed his arms, and pouted.

“Ah, come on man! We’re just kidding.” Klevin added, but he smiled when Toothless chuckled.

“Might I point out, that out of the entire tribe… you chose to sit with me.” Toothless smirked.

“I think you’re right. I think we should go see Gothi immediately. I don’t know what came over us!” Tryggvi feigned horror, fighting of his smirk.

“We’ll I like you Kalster. They can speak for themselves. Normal is boring!” Olesea added, her hands on his arm. Toothless wondered how much she’d had to drink, and he didn’t see the knowing looks pass between Tryggvi and Klevin.

Before anyone could say anything more, three younger children rushed in shouting happily and bouncing on their feet.

“It’s snowing, it’s snowing, it’s snowing!” - “Come on everyone, it’s really snowing!”

In the centre of the village, the giant Snoggletog tree stood proudly. It was made with tree trunks, wooden planks painted green, and decorated with shields and various seasonal plants. Everyone had gathered around the wooden tree, watching the light snow land on their family or friends. It was as if each snowflake was a message from the gods, to cherish those you held dear, and to protect what you valued fiercely with everything you had.

Even though there was still settled snow from the last falling, and even though it was still as dark as night … this snowfall just seemed to brighten everything tenfold, and it bathe everything in a brilliant white glow. The lanterns only added to the beautiful scene in front of Hiccup’s eyes as he watched his tribe, his friends, and his family gathering outside.

Toothless was talking to Klevin Ingerman, Tryggvi Ingifastsson, and even Olesea. He looked like anyone else in his tribe, a human, a Viking, a Hooligan - just fitting in and sharing Snoggletog with his friends like everyone else. His mother was in deep conversation with Bree, and both women were fussing over Trid. Even Snotlout was talking to his father, they seemed closer today - laughing about something one of them had said. The children danced or played in the snow, and families smiled merrily. This was Snoggletog!

“Carols!” Gobber boomed out suddenly. His arm jiggled as he rattled his prosthetic arm piece - his Snoggletog bells.

Everyone cheered and stood together in families. Hiccup stood next to his mother, Bree and Harish Hofferson standing to his right with his son - his bright blue eyes were wide and fascinated as he babbled from his grandma Bree’s arms. Toothless came over shyly, seeing as his friends had gone to their families and he felt a little out of place. No one questioned nor cared when Hiccup accepted him willingly into his circle of family, or when Valka patted his shoulder motherly. Hiccup smiled brightly at Toothless as he stood to the left of his mother, receiving a warm smile in return.

His mother took hold of his left hand, and then grabbed hold of Toothless’s right one, and they both smiled up at her from each side before glancing at each other again happily. He then smiled at Bree and Harish again before looking at his perfect little baby boy. Trid reached for his father, and Hiccup tickled him with his right hand receiving a happy giggle. Trid was content to hold his father’s pinkie finger, and the Hoffersons smiled proudly at their ex-son in law.
Then, everyone started singing their traditional Snoggletog carol - even Toothless knew most of the words. They held their loved ones close, and swayed gently to the slow rhythm of the song.

“Ole Snoggletog, Ole Snoggletog
Great Odin, bless this day.
Solstice night, solstice night
Bring forth great light we pray.

“With thankful hearts we praise the gods for our bountiful feast,
And as you have onto us, we’ll give to those we love.
Our mighty gods so graciously, gave land with light and dark,
And we’ll rejoice and praise your might, our great gods up above.

“Ole Snoggletog, Ole Snoggletog
Great Odin, bless this day.
Solstice night, solstice night
Bring forth great light we pray.

“With thankful hearts we praise the gods for family and friends,
And as you have onto us, protect them we declare.
Our fearless gods so graciously, keep us in your good faith,
Glory, laud, and honour to thee, our great gods high up there.

“Ole Snoggletog, Ole Snoggletog
Great Odin, bless us this day.
Solstice night, solstice night
Bring forth great light we pray.”

Everyone clapped with tender hearts, and Hiccup took his son to hold for a while, but it was Gobber that broke up the sentimental moments that everyone was sharing when he bellowed out the lines of a more, well ... a more ‘Gobber’ song. Everyone laughed, but they all knew the words enough to join in.

“Oh, I’ve got me bells and I’ve got me horn,
And I love the snow on the festive morn.
Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”
Gobber bellowed out of tune.

”Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”
Everyone joined repeated, and that’s how it continued.

“Oh, I’ve got me gifts and I’ve got me mead,
And we’ll sing and dance, raise a toast Godspeed.
Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”

”Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”

“Oh, I got me food and I’ve got me cheer,
and we’ll prey Odin for a great new year.
Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”

”Merry Snoggletog, ho ho!”

When people finally dispersed back into the Great Hall and out of the cold - including a still
singing Gobber, and the Hoffersons with his son, he walked with Toothless back to the Hall slowly. It was quiet out, only a few children had stayed in the centre of the village to play in the snow.

“'It’s been a good day hasn’t it?’” Hiccup asked him.

“'It has been good.’” Toothless nodded, but he seemed unsure.

“'What’s up? And don’t say nothing.’” Hiccup stopped walking, checking around to make sure they were alone.

“'No, it’s been good, great even!’” Toothless answered quickly, but he then decided to elaborate in a whirlwind of jumbled information, gesticulating frantically. “'I really have had a great day Hicc. I love the gifts. I’ve had a great day with you, and Valka, and Trid. The food was great, everyone is so happy, and I got to catch up with my friends. The drink was … interesting, but I stuck to the non-mind screwing ones after that ya know. I’m just not into that stuff, but so many people kept trying to force me to drink it like it was the must thing to do today of all days. Then Olesea was telling me that she isn’t after Eret anymore, and I swear she was drunk because she kept falling into me. Then she said that the Wagner’s named their son Drakalstern after me and the dragons that took Waiola home during her labour - which is bloody strange really when you think about it. People have been noticing me missing, well, noticing that Kalster has been missing really, which is actually me of course. And apparently, no one really wonders where I am as a dragon because its Snoggletog, and I have alpha duties, and because of Vissy and Gora. Fishlegs was so ecstatic about his gift I thought he was going to explode right in front of me. It was so fucking embarrassing standing there Hiccup, with a hundred eyes on me, and those eyes even stared at me when I was at the table during dinner. I swear people really didn’t like me sitting next you because some of them kept trying to stare me to death. Oh, and of course, Ruffnut’s been flirting with me again. Well I think it’s called flirting but it’s extremely creepy ya know. Then Tuffnut almost called me Toothless at one point in front of my friends, but thank Thor Ruffnut punched him in time and dragged him away but then Snotlout gave me this weird look and-’’

“'Toothless stop! You’re rambling.’” Hiccup interrupted him. He’d had a hard time keeping up with everything Toothless had been trying to say. They were on the steps leading up to the Great Hall, but Hiccup motioned for Toothless to follow him instead. Once they were outside Hiccup’s house, he continued. “'Apart from Tuff’s big mouth … everything is fine Toothless. Relax yeah! I think you’re just overwhelmed.’” Hiccup rubbed Toothless’s arm in a comforting gesture.

Toothless bit his lip - trying to ignore the melting affect Hiccup’s touch had on him. Hiccup seemed far too relaxed considering Tuffnut had almost revealed their secret tonight. Maybe he was just overwhelmed like Hiccup had suggested, and he was just worried about nothing… but Hiccup still had his hand on his arm, his thumb rubbing up and down gently over his skin… That wasn’t like him either, considering they were meant to be friends … just friends.

“'H-Have you been drinking Hiccup?’” Toothless asked, looking down at Hiccup’s hand. Hiccup removed it like he’d suddenly remembered himself.

“'A bit yeah. Drunk in the festivities, and … I have had a few mugs of mead.’” He admitted smirking, but he wasn’t ashamed of it. “'The Hoffersons have Trid tonight, seeing as they didn’t come over this morning for the gift giving. They wanted to give me some space… and I think, I think they needed to be alone too.’” Hiccup smiled sadly.

Toothless didn’t need him to explain; this was their first Snoggletog without Astrid. It no longer felt awkward being in Hiccup’s company alone - the need to be there for him was more important.
“Are you okay?” Toothless asked nervously.

“I will be. I just wanted to make sure **you** were okay. I know it’s been hard for you.”

“I’m okay. I can deal with the others … I think. It’s just been a bit … overwhelming, I guess. With it being Vissy’s last night here too I don’t -”

“I’m not just talking about today Toothless.” Hiccup interrupted him. He paused to gather his courage - and the right words in his slightly mead-altered brain. For some reason, he felt an overwhelming need to bring it up, to talk about it, like he would burst if he didn’t say something. “It’s been hard for you … after what I did. To go from what we had to … to just being friends again.” Hiccup swallowed the lump in his throat.

He still felt guilty for it all, but he’d come to terms with the fact that he really hadn’t had a choice. Yes, he should have never given Toothless hope knowing where this would end up, but he had been blinded by love. Toothless had pretty much pushed him into it as well, giving him unintentionally-false hope that it would work out for the best when he was frail minded. He didn’t blame Toothless at all; he understood the risks far more than Toothless did, and he should have been stronger and refused to take their feelings further. He had just been too weak to refuse it back then, and the solitude they both shared when they left Berk made it enticing. It had been safer then, to give in to his feelings, and it felt so right, but now, now it certainly wasn’t safe.

“I’m so sorry Toothless. You know I still-.” He just couldn’t finish his sentence. He closed his eyes and sighed sadly. He was miserable in all honesty, and he was fighting with his words - with himself. He rubbed his eyes, turning his back to Toothless before he ruined Snoggletog by saying something stupid.

“I know Hiccup!” Toothless’s voice seemed to float to Hiccup’s ears. “I know, and it fucking sucks! I know things would be different if they could be. I know you wouldn’t have chosen this if you didn’t have too, and I know you still … you know … as much as I do you.” Toothless went to touch Hiccup’s shoulder, but his hand fell instead. He closed his eyes and sighed.

He understood the way things had to be - he’d accepted that ages ago, but it didn’t make it any easier - knowing or understanding. Seeing Hiccup so broken only assured him that this wasn’t Hiccup’s choice … not really. He had chosen, yes! But he’d chosen to keep his son’s future safe. Toothless couldn’t blame him for that, because he’d do anything for that small bundle of joy with the azure-blue eyes that only this morning … had tried to say his name. He didn’t want to have this conversation - it was so painful, but he had to. They both needed to talk about things.

“Gora told me what you said - at the cove.” Toothless finally continued, and Hiccup turned to look at him with fear in his tear glossed eyes. “I want you to know that I’m not going anywhere, ever! I once told you your it for me Hiccup, you or no one else. I meant that!” He paused again, swallowing the huge lump that had form in his throat. He shook his head, lifting his hand to prevent Hiccup from speaking yet - signalling him to wait. He just had to stay composed, say what he had to say and not succumb to his emotions. “Vissy keeps reminding me that we’re sal-bindas, and whilst I really don’t care about that bullshit, she’s right! We’re bonded Hiccup, forever! But because of your position as a father, as the chief … we have to be friends and nothing more.” Toothless choked over his words, and once again he lifted his hand before Hiccup could speak. He sniffed, pulling at the last of his Nightfury courage. “I love you, and seeing as I can’t be anything else, I’m going to be your best bloody ‘just-friend’ ever! You’re going to be so sick of all my friendliness, so sick … you’ll kick me out of the house and tell me I’m a lousy friend.” He chuckled sadly, masking his broken heart, and fighting the tears that refused to yield. Hiccup
chuckled over his own tears that spilt from his eyes. “I just want you to promise me something Hicc … promise me that if you ever find a way … someday … that I can fucking kiss you again, and hold you as mine and only mine damn it! That you’ll tell me!” Toothless choked on his last words and couldn’t hold back the tears anymore. They streamed down his face like rivers, but they were silent tears all the same.

Hiccup was crying, the tears streaming down his face and dripping to the ground. He looked around - making sure they were still alone before grabbing Toothless’s arm and dragging him into the house - slamming the door behind them. As soon as the door closed - engulfing them in total darkness, Hiccup found Toothless’s body and threw his hands around his waist - hugging him tightly and sobbing into his shoulder.

“I promise!” Hiccup whispered through the tears.

Despite his shock at being dragged home - so to speak, and hugged so tightly and unexpectedly… Toothless could clearly sense how broken Hiccup still was, and how much he wanted to find a way - a way to be together where they wouldn’t have to worry about the consequences, especially those involving Trid. Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup’s sobbing form, and cried into the scent of his auburn hair. They were both so broken, both grieving for the love they shared, wanting it back, wanting each other back… but knowing that it just couldn’t be. They both wore masks, both carried lies and secrets, and both smiled when they just wanted to scream in anger at the unfairness of it all.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry!” Hiccup mumbled over and over into Toothless’s chest. Toothless’s scent was familiar, perfect, home! He wanted to kiss Toothless so badly like he needed it to breathe … but he just couldn’t! He couldn’t do that knowing where it would lead; hands would wander wanting what they craved so desperately, clothes would hug the floor instead of their bodies, and the empty bed would find its self-battered into the wall over and over and then … their broken hearts would break all over again, pain, torture, regret, emptiness, longing. It was like an addiction, if they relapsed into each other they would have to start their recovery all over again.

They both fought to stay in each other’s arms without succumbing to their addictions. They cried into each other, holding each other up while at the same time, they were torturing each other with familiar scents and each other’s touch. So close, yet so far. That last hold was torture - almost worsened by the darkness heightening their other senses, but they just couldn’t let go yet … just a little more…

It was a while before Toothless whispered into Hiccup’s hair. He knew they had to let go, but this - being here with Hiccup, it was what he needed. Even if it didn’t involve shared declarations of love, hand holding, hugs, kisses, and mornings spent staring into each other’s eyes … he had to come home.

“It’s okay Hicc. It will be okay.” Toothless tried to re-assure himself just as much as the man in his arms. “I’m still here. I’m not leaving.” Toothless inhaled a shaky breath. “C-Can I…. Can I come home?” He hesitated through broken sobs. Hiccup just nodded vigorously into his chest, too scared to speak, too soon to let go. Toothless soon nuzzled his head into Hiccup’s thick auburn-hair, into his neck, just one last time … before he finally, and painfully, pulled back. “Thanks. I’m kinda useless on my own as a human ya know.” He eventually mumbled through the tears, sniffling, and trying to lighten the mood.

Hiccup chuckled through his own tears, and Toothless couldn’t help the small chuckle that escaped his own mouth. They both rubbed their eyes, trying to regain some form of composure as they finally separated. Hiccup took advantage of being home, he fumbled in the darkness until he
managed to light the lantern on the table - not before kicking the chair of course. Once they had light, Hiccup prepared two wet rags to clean up their faces with. It wasn’t until they had finished regaining composure, that Hiccup finally spoke again.

‘‘You think you have problems? I’m a walking bloody disaster, a useless fishbone! I’m broken Toothless, honestly. I’m falling apart.’’ He admitted, with a morbid chuckle.

‘‘I know!’’

‘‘Wait you know? You’re not supposed to agree with me.’’ He whined.

‘‘Well that’s what friends are for, to be blatantly honest?’’ Toothless smirked.

They both tried but failed epically to hold back their laughter. They were in hysterics, and it wasn’t even that funny… but yet, here they were, in only the flickering light of a single flame, laughing like their lives depended on it. When they eventually did manage to stop laughing - a few minutes later, they smiled at each other.

Something was just a little bit better, a little bit lighter, and a little bit clearer. They still didn’t have answers, they still couldn’t have each other the way they wanted, but they realized that … they did in fact, still have each other. It would never be enough for them but they had acknowledged that together, and they both decided together that Trid came first. They always did things better together.

Hiccup suddenly had a thought, a moment of clarity. He wanted to go over the laws and rules of Berk. Everything pertaining to the chief’s duty, and everything pertaining to same sex couples. His father was adamant that same sex couples were wrong, that it was condemnable and forbidden on Berk, and he trusted his father’s word - the village certainly agreed, he knew that much from past experiences with other tribes. He’d been taught all the rules since birth, everything memorised in his father’s voice, but he’d hardly ever looked at the records himself. He didn’t believe he would find anything, but if there was anything that would allow him to be with Toothless and not screw up Trid’s future, any loophole he could exploit… he had to find it! There was still the issue of him being a dragon of course, and that was another secret they had to keep, but he was going to exhaust every possibility before he settled on waiting sixteen-plus-years to kiss the lips of a man he loved more than life itself.

‘‘Do you … think we should head back.’’ Toothless asked hesitantly, after a while of silence. He would have preferred to stay with Hiccup, but he knew if they didn’t go back things would get awkward. Not to mention that they would be missed by the others in the Great Hall. Well, Hiccup would be missed most at least.

‘‘We should, yes. Before they send out a search party if they haven’t already. In case you didn’t know, I’m the chief.’’

‘‘No! Really? Wow, how did I miss that?’’ Toothless chuckled.

‘‘You sure you didn’t drink more than a few sips of alcohol Toothless? I could have sworn it was mentioned … oh, only about two thousand times.’’

‘‘And the rest.’’ Toothless added as they walked to the door. Hiccup opened it, but he stumbled slightly. Toothless grabbed his arm to steady him - not that he really had to but it was a reflex. ‘‘Careful! I think you’re the one that’s drunk.’’ They both chuckled.

‘‘It’s Snoggletog!’’ Hiccup protest.
“Now you sound like Gobber.”

“Oi, I certainly do not!”

“And I certainly think you’re going to have a headache in the morning."

“Will my best friend be there to look after me?”

“I don’t know, we’d have to ask him. Who is he again?” Toothless teased, Hiccup punched his arm. “Ow!” He feigned hurt, pouting. “In all seriousness thought, no … sorry. I can stay for a bit longer… but then I really want to see Vissy. I promised I’d spend the night with her. Maybe I’ll come over when she … when she leaves.” Toothless sighed. He knew she had to go home, but he’d miss her.

“I know you have Gora, and I know you talk to my mum, but you can talk to me anytime too you know… even if I’m busy.” Hiccup reminded him as they slowly walked up the steps to the doors of the Great Hall.

“Thanks Hiccup.” He nodded. “Is it really okay if I come home tomorrow night? I don’t want to make things difficult … for either of us.”

“Of course it’s okay! It’s more than okay Toothless. We can talk about it when you come home, figure everything out then okay. Right now, we have the rest of Snoggletog to enjoy!”

Nodding in agreement, Toothless smiled at Hiccup. They were still best friends - they would figure it out. At home he had his own room, so he had space if he needed it. He also had his pretences as Kalster, that he liked to spend his nights in the forest, which he could use if he left as a Nightfury or wanted to spend time with Gora. His other issue - the dominate sexual impulses he couldn’t seem to control sometimes, maybe he could talk to Hiccup about them. If he was honest with Hiccup, then maybe they could figure out a way to make that less of an issue too. He hadn’t had too much trouble with that particular problem since earlier, so there was still hope.

As Hiccup opened the door leading into the Great Hall, the warmth washed over them. The smell of food, mead, and burning fires filled their noses, and the merry sounds of singing, talking and laughter filled their ears. Smiling at each other, knowing it would be okay, they entered the Great Hall together.
Enemies

Chapter 54 - Enemies

Toothless exited the Great Hall that evening, with a broad smile on his face and a belly full of food. He was making his way down the steps to Hiccup’s house - their house, thinking that it had been a great Snoggletog! He hadn’t wanted to leave the festivities... but Vissy was on his mind more and more as the evening progressed. He decided it was time to be with his ameor, to spend his last night with her in his dragon form.

He was just about to go into the house when he sensed something moving above his head, his quick reflexes enabled him to dodge the mace that was now embedded into the front door.

“What the fuck!” Toothless growled, dropping his bag. His eyes quickly took in the scene before him.

Folkmar Ingifastsson, was trying to tug his mace free from the wood of the front door, while his lackey - Clobvarish Salterson, was trying to get close enough to impale Toothless with his axe.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Toothless warned him, slowly backing away.

Folkmar had finally freed his mace, embarrassed and outraged at having missed his sneak attack advantage, and joined Clobvarish’s side. They both held their weapons threateningly, clearly intending to hurt Toothless.

“What’s a freak like you gonna do against the two of us! No friends ta help ya this time.” Folkmar sneered angrily. His lackey agreed - smirking far too confidently now he had his mate by his side.

“It can count, shame it doesn’t have the mental capacity to heed a warning. Last chance! Piss off, or I’ll show you exactly what I can do!” Toothless told them without missing a beat.

“Why you… get him!” Folkmar growled in anger.

Both lads ran at Toothless with their weapons above their heads. It was a sloppy attack, too emotional and angry. Toothless waited until they were both a split second from hitting him before he dropped to a crouch, his hands splayed out in front of him in the snow, and his head tucked in.

Both of his attackers tripped right over his body, collapsing into the snow on top of each other. Toothless quickly stood up and stomped hard on Folkmar’s wrist, twisting the heel of his foot down, and breaking the skin. Folkmar screamed in pain as the bone cracked into the snow, forcing him to release hold of his mace. Toothless picked up the weapon, feeling its weight casually like he knew what he was doing.

“Not my choice of weapon … but I can see it’s poorly made. Perhaps you should have that looked at.” Toothless suggested with a smirk. He knew nothing about weapons really, but it felt good to piss off Folkmar. Throwing the weapon back down to him - so it hit him in the stomach, he turned to leave.

“What are ya waiting for Clobber, get ‘im!” Folkmar shouted. He held his right hand against his chest as he got up from the ground, picking up his mace in his left hand instead.

Clobvarish charged at Toothless, his axe aimed at his back. Toothless dodged the attack sideways, then punched the guy in the side of the head as he stumbled past - having missed his target.
Clobvarish staggered at the impact, the side of his lip split open, and he spat blood at the ground. He turned to growl at Toothless angrily, ready to try his luck at impaling his target again.

At that same moment, Folkmar had lifted his mace in his unsteady left hand, and Toothless had attackers coming from both front and back. Once again Toothless used his sharp senses to move at the last moment, watching as his two attackers collided into each other. He laughed as they fell backwards into the snow for the second time.

“Word of advice: you really shouldn’t fight when drunk.” Toothless advised them, shaking his head. He realised they were so uncoordinated it was kind of funny. It wasn’t even worth the fight - if you could even call it that.

“Don’t tell us what to do! You’re not even a Hooligan, ya don’t belong here!” Folkmar shouted, his face red with rage and embarrassment. He staggered as he rose to his feet, using his mace to support his weight. He was furious that things obviously hadn’t gone as planned, and he was being upstaged by the ‘outsider’, the ‘freak’.

“So, what? You thought you’d go against the chief’s direct orders and take me out?” Toothless asked casually, cracking his knuckles - his tree assaulting wounds only a mild inconvenience.

“The chief’s blind. So is my brother. How dare you even speak to Tryggvi! Dads right, you’re an outsider, a freak, and ya bring bad luck to this island. I’m doing as all a favour by getting rid of the scum.” Folkmar spat at the ground before deciding to run at Toothless, aiming for his face this time. He wanted to erase that cocky fucking smirk off it.

Toothless blocked the hit with his hand, grabbing Folkmar’s wrist before the mace could make contact with him - about an inch from his face. With his unnatural human strength, he bent Folkmar’s left wrist back with a crack, making him drop the mace as he screamed in agony. Fear took over Folkmar’s eyes, tears of pain glossed over his near black irises, but Toothless didn’t have time to enjoy it.

Clobvarish had decided to try and impale Toothless while he was distracted. Toothless grabbed Folkmar by the shoulders, and spun him round throwing him into Clobvarish. They both hit the ground crying out in pain, and they were both scared. Clobvarish hesitated to get back up, while Folkmar failed on account of his two injured – possibly broken wrists.

“Don’t look so confident now!” Toothless pointed out.

“I’m not afraid to do what has to be done!” Folkmar grounded out through gritted teeth, but he screamed in pain as he tried to stand. Both his wrists were bleeding, and one of them was bent at an odd angle. “Clobber, get him!” Folkmar shouted, almost as if he was having a tantrum.

Toothless blocked Clobvarish’s attack in one swift movement. He was done with this fight now; it was getting boring. He grabbed Clobvarish’s right arm, twisted it behind his back, and kicked the axe away as he dropped it in pain. Toothless then twisted the man to face him.

“I’m sorry, he made me do it, I-”

Toothless smiled sweetly, then punched him hard in the face halting his babbling. The man was knocked out cold in an instant. Toothless knew Clobvarish wasn’t sorry for anything, his family - the Salthersons, hated him just as much as the Ingifastssons did. He’d reminded Tryggvi of this, but he didn’t seem to care what his family thought and disagreed with them. It had caused issues before, and Tryggvi had been hit by both his brother and his father for even speaking to him, yet, Tryggvi was adamant he could choose his own friends and wouldn’t give up his friendship with
Kalster. With that in mind, Toothless turned to Folkmar.

Folkmar had tried to find his feet again - to flee possibly, but he’d failed. Toothless sighed as he walked over to him, shaking his head. He’d promised Tryggvi he wouldn’t start a fight with his brother; Toothless had wanted so badly to deck the fucking bastard for hitting Tryggvi back then - before his trip with Hiccup, and even Hiccup had said there was nothing he could do between family disputes. Apparently, it wasn’t bad enough to deem the situation necessary for involvement. But he didn’t start this fight, and he **had** warned the bastard.

‘I did warn you Folkmar!’ Toothless said, before hoisting him up by his tunic and punching him out cold like his mate.

His knuckles ached, and the scabs from assaulting that tree a couple of days ago had re-opened, but it felt so fucking good! He wasn’t even bothered about the repercussions of his actions.

‘Have a good sleep!’ He saluted their unconscious forms, collecting their weapons from the snow, and going into the house. He knew they’d be out cold for a while.

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Up on the roof, Toothless had climbed out through the latch in his dragon form. He didn’t know how to wear his new bag as a dragon yet, so it hung tightly in his paws. He glanced down at the two sleeping arseholes before he took flight - they were still out cold in the snow, and it was still snowing intermittently.

Despite his hatred towards them, he decided to check on them in a few minutes; if they were still there, he’d make sure someone found them so they didn’t die of frostbite. That would be the last thing he needed as Kalster… to be on trial for murder.

As he flew over to the forest to find Vissy and Gora, he smiled. He was going home tomorrow. He’d be woken up by a crying baby every morning, get to share breakfast with them both, get to listen to Hiccup complaining about his job as the chief, get to make sure Hiccup was okay, get to say goodnight before bed, and he’d get to talk with Hiccup when they were both home. He’d missed the small things like that. He never thought he would have any of it back, so being able to heal their friendship, to go back to being friends again like they use to be … it was a very good feeling. No, it was far from perfect, but it was the best gift Snoggletog could have given under the circumstances.

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Folkmar and Clobvarish woke up a while later to three angry dragons in their face: a Nightfury powering up a plasma blast, a Rapid blue-wing powering up her plasma blast, and a Hypnofuse with snarling teeth and evil red eyes. Clobvarish had gone to leave Folkmar behind - whimpering in fear, but Toothless had released his plasma blast in front of him, refusing to let him leave until he helped Folkmar get up. Suffice to say, they both hightailed it away as fast as they could, both shivering from fear and the bitter cold. Gora swore blind that one of the males had pissed themselves.

‘**You should ave left em to freeze!**’ Was Gora’s opinion after Toothless had explained what had happened. ‘**You could ave refused to have anything ta do with it, and I would’ve hypnotised anyone that claim different … or made em walk off a cliff!**’

A small part of Toothless would have loved to have done that, but a bigger part of him would never have been able to live with himself if he had. He doubted Hiccup would have approved either. As it stood, Hiccup would most likely be hearing from both the Saltersons and the Ingifastsson families at some point; he had broken some wrists, and knocked the bastards out cold… so either they kept
quiet out of humiliation, or they went crying to their family with a shit-ton of lies. Toothless felt bad for lumbering the repercussions on Hiccup, but he’d go and explain himself tomorrow. Right now, he just wanted to be with his ameor and best friend. He already felt sick knowing he would have to say goodbye to Vissy in the morning.

The dragon barns were still a little worse for wear, and the Vikings still needed to fix the bridge, but it was still usable to the dragons. With only five dragons left on Berk - Sugilite with Gothi, and Cloud jumper with Valka, it left the barn empty for Toothless, Visskara, and Gora to use. It was quiet, peaceful, and warm.

Toothless was curled up with his ameor in the hay - quietly talking about everything and nothing, and Gora was fast asleep not far from them in his own hay bed - a few fish bones by his feet where he’d eaten himself into a food coma.

“**So, you’ve never wanted to have your own hatchlings?**” Toothless asked continuing their quiet conversation.

“I didn’t, no. But now … with all this talk of eggs and hatchlings, I’m thinking of allowing Senthalisal to mate with me. He tries every time I am in heat, but I have always refused. Last time I left him to the mercy of Acacia.” Visskara admitted, remembering Senthalisal’s batted, burnt, and bruise form.

They both shared a look and laughed knowingly. Visskara certainly wasn’t a dragon to be forced into doing something she really didn’t want to do. God’s help anyone that tried to make her conform to their demands.

“Oh, Toothless, there’s only a few of my kind left. We will die out before long. I don’t know if it is kind raising a hatchling to be alone. To perhaps be the last of its kind one day.” She had a sadness about her, torn between her choices.

“I think you should Vissy. I know you said Senthalisal was a faifuh furinq, that he was obnoxious and annoying with more ego than Snotlout it seems, but … you obviously want to. Being the last on my kind isn’t that bad, and I would love to meet any hatchling you hatch. It will have many dragons - and people, looking out for it. Including me and Hiccup of course, maybe even Trid when he’s older.”

Visskara sighed, she was obviously thinking about it deeply.

“**Speaking of Hiccup and Trid, are you sure you two are going to be okay?**” Visskara asked again for the second time that night.

“I think so. If I need you, I know where to find you.” He nudged her playfully, but he felt rather downhearted at the reminder that she was leaving soon.

“I’ll visit you again Toothless. Perhaps once the great Mani has burned brightly and whole once or twice.”

“You mean, after one of two full moons.” Toothless smirked.

“I’m not a human Toothless! I will never conform to their ways, but yes … in one or two ‘full moons’ as you say.” She glanced down at him, looking rather superior with her head held high.

“You shouldn’t forget our ways. You should teach them to the other drekis under your
“command.”

“That would imply that I had learnt them all to begin with.” He muttered, rolling his eyes.

“I think you know far more than you let on. Teach them what you do know!”

“But I don’t- Ow!” Toothless complained when Vissy’s tail swished through the air and hit him.

“You sound just like you did back then, when our mooir was passing on her teachings to us. Anydreki would think you were still a youngling - whining about having to learn. You’re an alpha dreki now!”

“Sometimes I wish I wasn’t!” Toothless mumbled honestly.

Visskara took a double glance at him. She knew he didn’t take his alpha duties seriously - except for when he was really needed to, but she never thought he was serious about not wanting to be alpha.

“Why?” She asked simply.

“I miss the freedom.” He sighed. “I am proud to be alpha. I want to stay alpha. But … I’m not doing a good job as one am I? I just get annoyed with all the stupid squabbles I have to resolve. It wouldn’t be so bad, but I’m dealing with idiots - with faifuhs half the fucking time. I gave up getting involved with any issues that didn’t affect Berk, unless they were actual problems that I felt needed my attention, or were issues that Hiccup wanted me to resolve.”

“It seems to work though Toothless. I know you do things very differently to me, but look at all your friends. Many drekis here would fight for you out of loyalty, instead of fear and command. You don’t need to be everywhere at once, or control everything the other drekis do, or even get involved with every dispute if there is still a peaceful coexistence between them typically - which seems to be the case to me. Likewise, if it works, then why change it? I think you are doing a great job as alpha, your own way.”

“Thanks Vissy. I needed to hear that.” Toothless smiled as he nuzzled into her side. She laid her head over the back of his neck, and they continued their quiet conversation into the night.

Time passed like dry sand slipping through human fingers. The tighter Toothless tried to hold on to it… the faster it left. All too soon the conversation dwindled, and they fell into a deep slumber curled up in the warmth of each other’s bodies, and then … it was morning.

This was the second day of total darkness - so there was no sunlight to indicate the time. Toothless just knew it was time to say goodbye to his ameor. He knew he would see her again - he knew that! But he felt like it wasn’t enough yet; he’d not long found her after all this time - remembered her, and it just wasn’t enough. He wanted more time to make new memories with her, to talk and share everything and anything, to play and bring out that side of her that she hid so well, and to share more cold nights under her warm wing - just listening to her breathing. There would be more time, yes, but it would be restricted to when they could both find the time to see each other.

They had separate lives to lead, he knew this too, but he just wished their time for now … wasn’t ending so soon. It just didn’t feel like enough.
“Come on Toothless.” Visskara encouraged again, trying to stay strong for them both. Toothless was nuzzling her one last time, and she licked behind his ears trying to comfort him.

“I know.” He choked. “I know!” It was all he had been able to say for the last five minutes, holding on to just one more sniff of her scent, and one more touch of her warm scales against his head. He wouldn’t cry damn it! Fucking emotions! Fucking human emotions, even now they were there, and they wouldn’t wane no matter how long he was in his dragon form.

Visskara looked over at Gora and nodded sadly.

“Come on Kalean. It’s time!” Gora nuzzled his friend, finally getting him to stop and look up at them both. Despite Toothless’s fierce battle against them, a few stray tears escaped his glossy eyes - falling to the snow below.

“I’ll see you soon enough my ameor, I promise!” It was Visskara’s finally words before she was gone. She never looked back, never waited for anymore goodbyes … and in a blur, she was nowhere to be seen.

Visskara never imagined it would be this hard to say goodbye, never expected the immense sadness that came with it, or the instant feeling of being lonely. She had chosen to leave the way she had, to spare them both more emotional pain. After saying goodbye for so long it seemed that Toothless would have never been ready to let her leave. They would see each other again - of that she was sure. It was one of the only things that gave her comfort as she flew home; knowing she would see her ameor again, and that he had friends and family on Berk.

“She’s gone.” Toothless choked, his voice hoarse and restrained by the emotional lump in the back of his throat. “She’s really gone!” He sniffled and closed his eyes tightly, leaning into Gora’s side.

“Come on Kalean, you’ll see her again.” Gora tried to comfort him.

“I know.” Toothless nodded into his friend’s side. They stayed like that for a while; Toothless pulling himself together, and finding catharsis in Gora’s silent company. Once he felt brave enough to speak, he looked up with a sad smile. “She’ll be okay right?”

“Who, Visskara?” He asked in astonishment - it was such a ridiculous question. “Of course she will you faifuh! She’s a bloody Leitatilsynum. Did ya forget what ya ameor is capable off?”

When Gora put it like that, it was kind of funny. He couldn’t help chuckling at the thought of exactly what Vissy was capable of. Gora soon broke out into laughter, and Toothless knew he was being ridiculous worrying about her - or getting upset over her departure. He just missed her already. She had been there for him - along with Gora, through his troubles with Hiccup. Even though Gora was his best friend… he just didn’t get the same comfort from him that Vissy offered.

He spoke to Gora for a while after Vissy left - and it was nice to have the company, but he kept thinking back to his fight with Folkmar and Clobvarish. He had to see Hiccup, explain in his own words what had happened - in case the little shits had spat out a ton of lies. He wouldn’t mind seeing Hiccup again anyway, and Valka too actually. It was with was that on his mind that he found himself outside Hiccup’s house … his house again, and back in his human form with his bag over his shoulders.
Gora had followed him there, but he’d already told Toothless his plans to go and explore the more remote and uninhabited areas of Berk. ‘Or cause trouble.’ Toothless thought with a knowing smile as his friend flew off.

Toothless knew he didn’t have to, but he knocked anyway before entering the house.

‘Hey Toothless! I thought I wouldn’t be seeing you until- what’s wrong?’ Hiccup had been sitting at the table with a drink, his hair tousled, and his eyes heavy from last night’s partying. He’d been rather pleased to see Toothless all the same, but then he’d noticed the hidden sadness, and the slight worry hidden in Toothless’s eyes - he stood up in concern.

‘I have something to tell you, and … Vissy’s gone home.’ He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing through the pain the reminder had caused.

‘Already? I thought she would have at least come to say goodbye to-.’ Hiccup halted his chain of words; he was being insensitive. “I’m sorry Toothless. I didn’t mean-”

“It’s fine.” Toothless cut him off. He rubbed his eyes, took a deep breath and gave a small smile as he went to sit down at the table. Hiccup got him a mug of water and sat opposite. “She was going to … come over that is, but I got a bit … emotional. She said to tell you thank you - for welcoming her to your island and for letting her stay.’’

“She’ll visit right?’’ Hiccup asked. Toothless nodded and took a sip of his water.

Hiccup wanted to comfort him, hold him, run his fingers through his hair and tell him it was okay. He felt useless just sitting there doing nothing, but what could he do?

“I need to tell you something too. Folkmar and Clobvarish attacked me last night and-’’

“Wait, what? A-are you okay?’’ Hiccup’s eyes frantically moved over his body - searching for signs of injury.

“I’m fine! Them … not so much. I’m surprised you haven’t heard from their families yet.’’ Toothless winced.

“What happened?’’ Hiccup didn’t know if he wanted to hear it or not, but he listened as Toothless recounted the events of last night.

The snow had covered the drops of blood that were left from their fight, and Hiccup was ashamed to say he hadn’t even noticed his door was broken when he came home last night. He wasn’t angry with Toothless, but he was furious with Folkmar and Clobvarish. Hiccup knew there was little he could do unless one of them admitted to their attack, but they wouldn’t do that. No, they’d lie about what happened and make Toothless - Kalster, out to be some cold blooded, merciless monster. He wanted to seriously hurt them both for what they tried to do, they could have killed him, they could have…

“Hiccup, please calm down.’’ Toothless almost whispered, watching Hiccup pacing the room.

“Calm down? T-they could have killed you Toothless! And y-you want me to calm down?’’ Hiccup shouted, slamming his hands down into the table. Toothless flinched, a little shocked at how Hiccup was reacting. Overreacting seemed like a more fitting word; he was fine, he’d sent both Folkmar and Clobvarish running away, and he was unscratched.

“T-they committed treason Toothless, they went behind my fucking back and-. Grrrrr.’’ Hiccup
yelled with clenched fists, before resting his head on them. “Sorry … I’m calm. I’m perfectly. Fucking. Calm!”

Toothless gulped because Hiccup sounded far from calm.

“I think I’ll just stop by for a nice, calm, and friendly drink!” Hiccup suddenly decided, bolting up from his seat. “You know, ‘Oh hey, here’s a nice calm cup of fist tea!’ That should engrave the message in.” As Hiccup went to leave in a rage, Toothless grabbed him - slamming the door shut with his foot as his body barricaded the exit.

“Hiccup stop it! You’re not thinking straight!” Toothless told him, his hands firmly clamped onto Hiccup’s shoulders. He wouldn’t let him leave in this state.

“Let me go Toothless! No one touches my family and thinks they can just get away with it. It’s time I showed this fucking tribe who-”

“Hiccup!” Toothless bellowed, his volume startling Hiccup. “I’m fine! I’m alive! I’m here! You’re the chief, you can’t go over there and start punching everyone. Hiccup look at me!” He demanded.

Hiccup did. He looked right into the bright lime-green eyes he loved so much, and he instantly felt the rage wash away like a receding tide. He closed his eyes and breathed. ‘What the helheim was I thinking?’ He berated himself. ‘What the fuck happened to having my anger under control.’ He thought.

Toothless released his grip, and only moved away from the door once Hiccup had sat back down.

Two large flag-less ships sailed slowly towards the north east cliffs of Berk, hidden in total darkness. Four grappling hooks soon found themselves taking anchor at the top, then four … eight …. twelve men hulled themselves up on to dry solid land - under the complete cover of forest trees.

In his thick dragon hide boots, and his brown dragon scale made pauldrons - that covered half of his back and chest, the leader of the group sneered showing his chipped and blackened teeth. He stood about six-foot-three, well portioned with well-defined muscles. His hair: long, greasy, dirty, foul, and a dark nasty brown in colour, was greased back away from his sebaceous skin. He dusted down his clothes, adjusted his belt, and then turned his thin - deeply sunken dark black-brown eyes onto his men as they gathered around. A chill seemed to waft around him, like a nasty scent that lingered. His men - still growing in numbers as they climbed up from the ships below, kept their distance as they awaited orders.

“Despite your incompetence Drolaba, it seems you were right. You can keep your limbs … for now!” His deep malicious voice broke the silence. Drolaba nodded frantically, thanking his leader for his mercy. The leader then pushed him away, getting right to his orders. “Get the ships anchored to the cliff, hoist up the weapons, and load the catapults. I think it’s time we had ourselves a little revenge party.” He smirked, sending shivers down his men’s spines as they scurried to carried out his orders post haste.
Hostage revelations

Chapter 55 - Hostage revelations

Hiccup had calmed down considerably since he’d threatened to storm over the Ingifastssons’s house - and possibly the Saltersons’s too. Toothless had been successful in making him see reason, which left Hiccup rather impressed. Toothless’s ability to cope with not only the abhorrence and hatred from particular members of the tribe, but also with everything else thrown his way was admirable. For a Nightfury who’s amoor had just left, dealing with major changes - and confrontation from certain villagers, he still managed to hold a rather impressive sense of human decorum and emotional restraint. It was another reason to love him - even if he could no longer express it, and another reason his heart ached as he found himself once again… battling with his choices in the solitude of his bedroom.

Toothless had requested to be alone for a while, and Hiccup had nodded - watching him go into his bedroom and close the door behind him. It was important that he honoured Toothless need for space, and that he didn’t take it personally. Before Hiccup had taken a drink upstairs, to rest on his own bed, he’d heard what sounded like parchment and writing coming from Toothless’s room.

He had no usual duties to attend to today, being the day after Snoggletog; most of his tribe would be over at the Great Hall already starting the second day of festivities - if they had even gone home last night that is. Trid was still with the Hoffersons, and his mother was at home as far as he knew - but she would return at some point today. It was because of this that he had a while to rest before the second wave of celebrations really started, but now that he was alone, he couldn’t stop thinking about Toothless.

They had talked for a while - at the table downstairs, and not only about the vicious attack on him last night, but about Visskara’s departure as well. Despite his appearance, Hiccup could see through Toothless’s mask - through his small smiles or his slight chuckles, and straight to the hidden sadness beneath. His eyes seemed slightly less bright today, but then, he’d spent a lot of time staring into them that perhaps he was the only one to notice - or perhaps he was mistaken altogether. Either way, he hated how Toothless was treated by certain members of the village when he was Kalster, and he didn’t know what he could do to prevent future attacks.

It was then, during his thoughts as he searched for a plausible solution, that the house rocked along with the sounds of an almighty explosion. Dust and loose materials from the roof of his house fell down onto his bed. His first thought was that… the bloody twins were up to trouble again. He didn’t move with much urgency as he climbed off his bed, rubbing his still aching head, at least not until the second explosion happened; the house once again rocked dangerously, threatening to collapse in on itself.

Hiccup was coughing slightly when he ran down the stairs: Toothless had been about to rush up them.

‘‘What’s going on?’’ Hiccup asked him. A foreboding twist of his gut told him that this wasn’t just a Thorston issue.

‘‘I don’t know, I thought the twins … or Gora-’’

Toothless was worried too, and he was contemplating on changing forms to assist Hiccup in whatever was transpiring outside, however, his sentence was cut short when Hiccup’s front door was kicked in. Three strange men - obviously not of Berk, walked into the house baring weapons
Hiccup’s mind raced with instinctive thoughts, questions, and plans. His sword - inferno, was up in his bedroom along with his shield; he could run up and fetch them before they advance on him … but Toothless would be left unarmed. Toothless’s sword was in his room, if he could signal Toothless to make a run for it then perhaps, they would stand a chance - before they became trapped in the house. It was far too risky to let him change forms with three witnesses present. ‘Who were they? What was going on? And were there others?’

Before Hiccup could do or say anything, one of the men laughed maliciously.

‘I’m Maligon the Malicious, and this be my island now.’ Maligon - the obvious leader, held a sharp double-bladed axe in his right hand, and wore a vicious smile on his face. He was use to others fearing him, and expected whoever these scrawny boys were in front of him, to bow down and surrender easily.

‘Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, Chief of Berk and the Hooligan tribe, Dragon rider and defender, and last time I checked … this was my island. You could have sent warning of your arrival - I’d have baked a cake.’ Hiccup smirked at Maligon, who turned angrily towards one of his men. Hiccup took the advantage to signal Toothless to go to his room and get his sword. Toothless nodded, and waited for his opportunity to run.

‘Drolaba!’ Maligon screamed - red in the face, hoisting one of the men now known as Drolaba, up by his tunic roughly. The look in Maligon’s dark-brown eyes suggested murder. ‘Ya said the chief was away on business!’ He spat violently.

‘T-T-That’s what I heard! I o-only relayed the message to you, your greatness.’ Drolaba stuttered, looking everywhere but his leader’s face. It was then Toothless made a break for his room. Taking cue, Hiccup wasted no time running up the stairs to fetch his own trusted sword - inferno, along with his shield.

‘Maligon!’ The third man shouted, watching Toothless and Hiccup divide and run their separate ways.

Maligon - who had been strangling Drolaba with his hands by that point, promised to deal with him later - throwing him to the floor violently. Drolaba choked holding his throat, while Maligon pursued Hiccup up the stairs. The other two men were ordered to kill the one that ran into the downstairs bedroom - Toothless.

Over on the west side of the island, Cloudjumper had heard the explosions. He flew up into the sky to find out what the sound was. When he got closer to the main village, he saw the destruction caused by the catapults - the various destroyed houses and land, and strange men escorting various members of the Hooligan tribe into the Great Hall aggressively. He flew back to Valka’s immediately. Once home, he alerted Valka - managing to convey only that something was very wrong.

She eventually grabbed her coat and staff, and mounted him quickly to go assess the issue for herself. No alarm had been sounded as far as she knew, but the guards and lookouts where most likely drunk and off duty - due it being the second day of total darkness. She trusted her dragon though, and she knew something wasn’t right; she flew with caution and vigilance.

Bree Hofferson was home alone with Trid - her husband having been so drunk that he’d spent the
night at the Great Hall, splayed over one of the tables with a bunch of other excessively drunken men. She didn’t mind going home with her grandson last night, alone; Harish usually spent two solid days over the Great Hall drunk during Snoggletog, but this year was the first winter solstice without their daughter. It was hitting him hard, and therefore, he was hitting the drink even harder.

She had just been changing Trid’s clothes when the first explosion had deafened her - whatever it was had been extremely close to her house, threatening to bring it down. She grabbed her grandson in her arms - against her chest protectively, and fled to the front door. Opening it, she saw a group of strange and hostile men suddenly storming the village among the destruction. The house next to hers was completely destroyed - along with others, but luckily, she knew the residents hadn’t come home last night - or had gone to the Great Hall already to start the second day of celebrations with breakfast. She slammed her front door, hiding in her house, and praying they didn’t look for her.

Unfortunately, after a second explosion rocked the village - coming from slightly further away, her house had been raided. Bree found herself fighting two big men… and she had lost the battle. Restrained by one malodorous black-haired man with a sword, she watched in horror as the dirty blond-haired one held a dagger to her grandson’s throat.

“No! Please! Not my grandson!” She cried, begging them to spare the child’s life. Trid was crying, screaming, and thrashing about as much as a five-month-old could, but the man had him in a savagely tight hold behind the back of his neck - his dirty fingers digging into his delicate pale skin as the baby hanged from his grasp.

“Brondulf, look at them shields!” The black-haired man said, pointing his sword at them, realising the possibility that his friend had missed.

Brondulf turned his head to survey the disordered room - caused by the tremors from the catapult’s destruction, and his eyes settled on the two shields over to the right. They were portraits only made for the most noble of the tribe, instantly alerting him to the fact that this woman could be of importance. One of the shields - still miraculously attached to the wall, was obviously the chief - judging by the attire and Berkian tribal crest at least, standing next to his wife on their wedding day. The other shield - now on the floor, was the chief holding a small infant, with a Nightfury behind them. Brondulf looked down at the bawling infant, and back to the baby painted on the shield. Their eyes, hair, and age all matched - it was obviously the same baby.

“Who is he?” Brondulf demanded the begging woman, wriggling the child Infront of her face by the back of his neck.

“Please! Don’t hurt him!” She wailed, as Trid screamed louder. The black haired-man gripped Bree tighter, the blade of his sword moved to under her neck. Brondulf returned his dagger to Trid’s neck and asked again.

“Who is he? If you don’t answer the bloody question, I swear I’ll slit his throat. You can watch him bleed to death.” Brondulf shouted at her, spit flying from his mouth, and a strong odour like rotting flesh on his breath.

“H-He is my grandson!” She sobbed.

“Who’s the father?” Brondulf asked, the dagger now so close to Trid’s neck it had nicked the skin; blood slowly started to creep down his tiny, perfect little neck.

“Hiccup!” She shouted desperately. “Chief Hiccup Haddock!” She closed her eyes in fear, sobbing, wondering what they would do to her and her only grandson. He was the last thing she had left of her daughter, and she would give her own life to spare his.
“I’ll go find Maligon! He’ll want to meet this putrid little thing.” Brondulf said, removing the dagger from the baby’s throat, and carrying him carelessly towards the door - his hand still gripped tightly behind the baby’s neck, bruising his delicate pale skin as he hung helplessly. “Take her to the Hall with the others!”

Bree screamed and tried to fight - begging them not to take Trid, but the black-haired man hit her in the face and dragged her away through the wrecked village. Houses that once stood, were now just mounds of rubble where the boulders had hit; dust and debris filled the air, and she saw strange hostile men searching the homes that were miraculously still standing. Spots invaded her vision before everything faded away to darkness.

Nearly all the villagers of Berk were trapped inside the Great Hall - guarded by about thirty men, when the black-haired man practically threw Bree inside. Gobber just managed to catch her limp form before she hit the floor, and he shouted drunken insults at the man.

“Oi, ave som re-pect, yer nas’ey no good wan’er.” He slurred, almost dropping Bree in the process. Gobber’s right eye was closed from swelling, he’d obviously put up a good fight - even in his drunken state; he had small cuts made by a sharp blade over his arms, and his forehead was bruised and bloodied like he’d headbutt someone.

Mulch, and Penn Naowarat, had their own wounds, but they quickly helped take an unconscious Bree over to her husband. Harish was still drunk, but he was sober enough to hold his wife and worry about her tremendously. He saw her face, red and angry from where she’d been hit. It would bruise, and it was already trying to stain her beautiful face purple-black. He cradled his unconscious wife in his arms, sobbing into her hair. He knew things were looking very bad for them all; they had been attacked unaware, had hardly any weapons on them, and they’d been too intoxicated to win the battle. Now they were trapped in the Great Hall, surrounded, and fearful of their fate.

“Watch yer mouth!” The black-haired man spat at Gobber, punching him in the nose before leaving the Great Hall. The doors to the Great Hall slammed shut behind him, and Yaegor Oberon, Starkard, and Hoark helped Gobber to the benches to sit.

“What are we gonna do?” Snotlout slurred slightly, his own bruises testament to his own fight for Berk. The battle and seriousness of the situation had sobered him somewhat - like many others, but he was scared. Spitelout rested his hand on his son’s shoulders, but he didn’t have the answer. A forlorn silence filled the Great Hall, only broken by a cough, or the sound of muffled sobbing.

“We hope the chief hasn’t been caught, and that he’s gone for help!” Fishlegs offered nervously, cradling his dislocated shoulder, and wearing his battle wounds with pride. He was one of the few that hadn’t been drunk, and he’d been praised by the tribe for his mighty fight against the enemy, but they had been struck vulnerable and quickly overpowered.

Toothless had managed to kill both of the men that had chased into his bedroom after him - Drolaba, and the other one. He was too quick and agile for them to hit accurately, and they couldn’t get a grip on him to restrain him. After dodging multiple attacks, escaping into the main room of the house, and receiving a nice cut to his right arm … he’d managed to slice open Drolaba’s throat with a quick turn of his sword, and then pushed his blade into the stomach of the other man as he lifted his axe to impale him. Toothless yanked his sword free, but then the axe fell from his attacker’s grasp as he died - barely missing him as he rolled away. It was over … his opponent went down with a thud, lifeless, dead! Before he got a chance to breath in relief however, Hiccup desperately shouted his name.
"Toothless!"

Toothless didn’t hesitate to rush up the stairs - if Hiccup was bellowing his real name, then it was vital he got there fast. He interrupted the fight just in time to see Hiccup holding back the axe unarmed - an inch from his face, with all his strength … but he was weakening quickly, and the axe was seconds away from impaling him. Maligon stopped to counterattack Toothless’s sword - which he was about to drive into his back.

"What took you so long?" Hiccup asked over the sounds of metal clanging on impact. He was out of breath, but he quickly collected his sword and shield while Toothless continued to dodge Maligon’s axe. The room wasn’t really big enough to battle in, and Maligon stumbled into the wall grunting in anger.

"I had a party of my own to attend, but it died out…" Toothless said as Maligon turned, his axe raised. Toothless jumped on the bed to avoid another violent swing at his stomach. ‘‘Thought I’d join yours.’’ Toothless finished, jumping back to the floor. He grabbed Hiccup’s arm and pulled him down the stairs - away from Maligon who was shouting profanities after them.

They didn’t turn around to see Maligon stumbling down the stairs after them, and instead, they fled the house as quickly as they could. They had presumed correctly that Berk was under attack, but incorrectly assumed that they might’ve had help if they could only get outside. The instant they escaped the house, they were being swarmed with opponents that had noticed them.

"We have to get out of here! Where is everyone?" Hiccup shouted, dodging and parrying attacks. The longer they battled, the more men seemed to appear to attack them. Hiccup didn’t know how many men Maligon had brought with him, they could be out numbered for all he knew. Half his tribe would be drunk, and judging by the guards around the Great Hall - and the destruction of his village, he guessed they were being held captive in there.

"No idea. Let’s get to the north forest! I can help you more if I change … you know!" Toothless shouted back, dodging and parrying his own attackers.

Hiccup just had time to nod, before he met a blow with his shield - nearly knocking him over with the force of the impact. Toothless rolled away from being impaled on a sword, and rushed over to stab Hiccup’s attacker in the back - killing him. Pulling his blood covered sword out of the dead body as it fell, Toothless spun around and sliced into the other man’s side. Blood sprayed onto Toothless’s face before the man fell to the ground - his guts hanging out, and Toothless looked a mess as he turned to glance at Hiccup.

"Thanks!" Hiccup breathed, unable to think about Toothless actions as he instantly had another attacker upon him. He lit up his sword - managing to shock and disarm his opponent, before punching him in the face and shoving him into yet another man. Hiccup turned to get Toothless - they had to get out of here quickly, but Toothless barely avoided a violent swing from a bigger man with black curly locks.

"Fucking tosser!" Toothless shouted, looking at his ripped tunic and cut chest where the sword had nicked him. ‘‘I liked that tunic!’’ Their swords clanged loudly as they met once again, Toothless pushing his opponent’s sword back - having slightly more strength which scared his attacker. Toothless then kicked the man in the nuts, punched him in the face still holding his sword, and then slit his throat without blinking.

Hiccup’s eyes were wide at Toothless, surprised at his ability to kill without even twitching, but he was quite honestly… seriously turned on by his ruthless brawn. If it wasn’t for the fact that they were in battle - with the stench of sweat, blood, and death polluting his senses, he might just have
lost his resolve and jumped him there and then. Toothless however, wasted no time in grabbing Hiccup’s arm to drag him away from more assailants heading their way, and Maligon was one of them.

“Come on!” Toothless grabbed him. “You can gawp at my awesomeness later, right now we need to run!”

“Right!” Hiccup nodded.

They ran towards the forest, the enemies chasing after them close behind. They didn’t get far however, when someone started firing arrows their way. Toothless jumped into Hiccup, knocking him down and laying on top of him protectively.

“Hi.” Toothless breathed, out of breath as he looked down into Hiccup’s eyes. ‘God’s he is a beautiful - perfect mess.’ Toothless thought.

“‘Toothless look out!”

Luckily both boys rolled out of the way of a man wielding a massive axe - just in the nick of time. His axe was now embedded deep into the ground where they were both just lying.

Toothless was the first up, and the first to engage in combat with the ugly sword-wielding filth. Hiccup took the opportunity to impale the man in the back, without really thinking of his actions. This was Hiccup’s first kill since Coaldron, and he started shaking as the guy dropped dead before him - blood oozing from his fatal wound. He froze, paralyzed by the flashes of Coaldron’s death, and the echoes of the past battle.

“Toothless, snap out of it! You had no choice! We have to go!” Toothless told him, grabbing his arm once again so that they could flee. Toothless was practically dragging Hiccup; he loved him dearly but for fuck sake, now really wasn’t the time for one of his mental breakdowns or whatever they were. They just had to get away from people so he could change forms and fry some fucking arses to smithereens. He wondered where the fuck Gora and Cloudjumper were, at least his alpha call would be heard once he changed.

They had just breached the forest edge, when the booming voice of Maligon echoed after them.

“Hiccup! If ya want to see your son again, I suggest you both surrender! Wouldn’t want anything ta happen to ‘im now would ya?”

Hiccup’s stomach suddenly hit the floor and he stumbled to a halt, he felt sick - violently. His son! No, not Trid! He didn’t hear Toothless speaking to him as he ran towards Maligon’s voice - nothing else mattered more than his son. Toothless had no choice but to follow him, and even though he wanted to get a safe distance away to change forms… he couldn’t let them kill Trid - he had to surrender.

Valka, who saw the destruction of the village, made a quick decision to lay low and stay hidden. She watched the Great Hall from her hiding place - Cloudjumper ordered to remain unseen unless called for, and she realised that everyone was inside and heavily guarded. She then saw her son being violently shoved into the Great Hall along with Toothless, both in shackles, and they had her grandson dangling from what appear to be their leader’s hand - cruelly manhandling the baby.

Her hand covered her own mouth as she gasped, her blood boiled and she wanted to kill him … but it would be unwise to do so - she was out numbered. Even with Cloudjumper’s help they could be out powered, and they had the village held hostage in the Great Hall. She had to think, she had to
be smart - If she wasn’t … they could kill everyone, including her boys. If she was caught, no one would be left on the outside to help them.

“Chief!” Fishlegs shouted over the ruckus. He was relieved that Hiccup was alive, but immensely disheartened along with everyone else that he too had been captured. He went to run over to him - along with Gobber and a few other members of the tribe, but the enemies drew their weapons, keeping them all back.

The village dared try anything with Trid being held hostage. Bree had eventually woken up sobbing - ashamed at herself for failing to protect her grandson, but she’d managed to explain what had happened. No one blamed Bree, and they tried to reassure her that she’d done the right thing … but she blamed herself, her guilt tormenting her.

As soon as they had seen Trid - in enemy hands when they entered the Hall with Hiccup and Kalster, they knew that this must have been the reason Hiccup got caught. Their chief had lasted this long out there - just him and Kalster, when they had all failed so quickly despite their numbers.

Maligon used the threat on Trid’s life to force everyone to the back of the Great Hall - away from the doors, then he practically threw the baby at one of his men - who held his crying form just as roughly, a dagger held to Trid’s neck. Maligon shoved Hiccup to his knees, and squeezed his face between his grubby, bony fingers - turning it to face his tribe roughly.

“Chief.” Maligon suddenly mocked maliciously. “Look at your chief now, here to die honourably alongside his tribe. Pathetic!” He spat. His men all cheered and laughed.

“M-my son.” Hiccup begged. He didn’t care how pathetic he sounded, or how ashamed he was to be a failure as the chief, he just wanted his son.

“I think I’ll let the ugly thing live. Maybe I’ll teach him how to be a loyal servant to me, seeing as your friend over there…” He turned Hiccup’s head to face Toothless. “…Killed mine!”

“No! No please! T-take me. Take me, I’ll do anything!” Hiccup begged, on the verge of hyperventilating. He tried to fight but he couldn’t get out of his chains. His wrists bruising as he tried desperately to free his hands - the skin cutting open in his struggle, but he couldn’t feel any pain, he was too overwhelmed with fear and desperation. Hiccup struggled to his feet, trying to get to his only child, but Maligon back-handed him brutally across the face sending Hiccup twisting to the ground. Toothless instantly knelt down next to him, helping him to sit up, making sure he was okay, and trying to calm him down as much as possible.

“Look at ya chief now!” Maligon’s voice boomed throughout the Great Hall. “Oh, mighty dragon rider of Berk. You’re nothing without them beasts to protect ya. Ya just a weak, pathetic excuse for a Viking! And look … he is unable to protect his little tribe.”

Maligon’s men laughed and Hiccup believed every word, he bowed his head in shame. Toothless was just about to tell Hiccup it was all lies… when Hiccup’s head lifted to face Maligon, and ask what everyone else had been wondering.

“W-why are you doing this?” Hiccup stuttered, blood dripping from his swelling lip as he gripped onto Toothless arm tightly. He was about to lose everything, his worst fears becoming a reality. He couldn’t lose his son!

“Because you ruined our lives.” Maligon informed him, his men shouting in agreement. “You
destroyed our businesses! You decided flying vermin were pets, stole our bounty from us, and stuck your worthless noes where it didn’t belong.”

“You’re hunters!” Toothless hissed, baring his teeth in a low growl.

“Look here men, with ‘ave us a wild one.” Maligon laughed - his blackened teeth on display, his men following his lead and laughing along with him. “Care to do us the honour of telling us ya name … before ya die that is?”

“Fuck you!” Toothless spat viciously.

Maligon growled this time, hauling Toothless to his feet and punching him in the face. Toothless staggered, spat out blood, then lifted his head. He wouldn’t bow before hunters.

“Look at that, we ‘ave us stubborn bastard. Maybe I should fuck him after all. What d’ya think?” He leaned over to whisper in Toothless’s ear. “My cock up ya pretty little arse?” He stuck his tongue into Toothless’s ear, smirking and groping Toothless’s left butt cheek.

Toothless headbutted him, and Maligon instantly punched him hard in retaliation - before touching his broken nose and growling. Toothless went down with a loud thud, blood seeped from his lips and nose, and his vision wavered slightly.

“Let’s go!” Maligon ordered his men, turning to leave as he wiped his bloody nose on his sleeve. They were taking Trid with them, and Hiccup’s panic increased - fighting his chains which was futile, and begging them to stop, to take him instead. He tried to get up, but Gobber held him back with Fishlegs’s help. Toothless suddenly couldn’t hear anything but a buzzing noise in his ears as his thoughts raced.

There was nothing Hiccup could do as he begged them not to take Trid. The tribe looked like they were fighting with their choice to attack or not - knowing they wouldn’t win, but not wanting to lose their future chief. Everyone was injured - some worse than others, but they all knew that the moment the doors closed they would be trapped, left for dead, or worse like Maligon seemed to promise. Fear was so thick in the air that it was hard to breathe, but Toothless knew he had to do something if no one else could … he couldn’t let them take Trid.

He looked over at Hiccup who was now frantic - Fishlegs and Gobber were trying to comfort him without success, then he looked back at the retreating men. With his vision regaining focus he forced himself to stand - wobbly yes, but he still managed it.

“Wait! I have an offer you won’t refuse!” Toothless shouted at Maligon’s retreating form - before the door to the Great Hall could close behind him. Maligon stopped, intrigued if nothing else.

“What could you possibly have to offer me?” He spat.

“If you give us back Trid - alive and well, I’ll give you a Nightfury!” Toothless told him confidently.

“No! Toothless no!” Hiccup cried - trying to get up, but a confused Gobber kept him down.

Hiccup looked mortified, terrified at the thought of Toothless giving himself over - of revealing his secret, but Toothless had to do this. Maligon laughed - his men copying him, but then he realised that Toothless was being serious.

“The dragons are gone! So, where d’ya expect ta find this Nightfury?” Maligon asked, walking
back a little way and gesticulating around him. He didn’t believe Toothless - thought he was stalling, but if there was a chance…

“Trid first!”

“I’m not a fool. Ya ‘ave no Nightfury, you’re stalling.” Maligon insisted.

“I’m not! But I don’t trust you either. We’re out numbered, surrounded. If we try to fight, we’ll lose. Take me, give us Trid, and I’ll show you the Nightfury.” Toothless tried. Maligon thought about it for a while, but eventually he shook his head.

“ Toothless don’t!” Hiccup shouted through his sobbing - his heart threatening to give out the way it thumped so hard in his chest, but Toothless ignored him. A part of him really wanted Maligon to agree - his son would be with him again, but he couldn’t lose Toothless either. He was torn, scared, and knew that either way he would lose one of them. There was no hope now, he had failed everyone including his son.

The rest of the tribe were confused, they looked around expecting Toothless to be in the room … but he wasn’t. Who was Hiccup talking to? Maybe he was confused. Surely, he wasn’t talking to Kalster.

“You’re not worth anything ta me. You’ll die with the rest!” Maligon decided, turning to leave again.

“Wait! I’ll prove it too you!” Toothless shouted desperately.

“This outta be interesting.” Maligon muttered. “Go on then, prove it? Where is this Nightfury?”

“T-Toothless please!” Hiccup begged, but for what … even he wasn’t sure. He could barely string together two words, tears like rain cascaded down his face, and images of death threatened to consume him - images born of memories, nightmares, and fears.

Toothless looked at Hiccup, the fear in his forest-green eyes was heart breaking. He knew this would be the last time he’d ever get to see Hiccup… but it was him or Trid, and the second one was not an option.

“I’m sorry Hiccup, but Trid is way more important. I love you!” Toothless told him with tears of his own. It was loud enough that most of the tribe heard him.

Toothless hesitated, deciding, his gut twisting knowing that this was goodbye, until … he fell to his knees and kissed him. His hands cupping Hiccup’s face gently, and he ignored the gasps of shock and disgust that echoed through the Great Hall. He felt guilty for betraying their secrets, but he couldn’t die without one last taste of those lips, without one last taste of their love for each other. If he was selfish for doing so, he would die with that guilt. He just hoped that with him gone, Hiccup would be safe from judgment by his tribe - the problem wouldn’t be an issue any longer for he would be dead soon enough.

Hiccup had reciprocated the kiss, desperate to keep Toothless here with him, but it didn’t last long. It had been wet with tears, salty, and final … and he could feel the guilt radiating from Toothless - his broken promise to keep their secret, but he was leaving, and he wouldn’t be coming back.

“Keep him and Trid safe.” Toothless told Gobber and Fishlegs, before he rose to his feet. Ignoring Hiccup’s frantic sobbing and gasps for air, and ignoring the whisperings behind him, he turned to face Maligon who was getting impatient. “When I do this, you give Trid over. If you don’t … I
promise you the Nightfury will kill you before you can even scream! Do we have a deal?"

“If this Nightfury comes willingly, then yes!” Maligon finally agreed. He didn’t seem to care that Toothless had just kissed the chief, his hunger was for the promised dragon.

Toothless still didn’t trust him, but he had no choice other than to agree. He nodded his head, closed his eyes, then changed forms. His clothes ripped, the shackles broke, and he stood there as a Nightfury, growling at Maligon viciously.

The gasps in the Great Hall were deafening. Fishlegs looked about ready to faint. The whispers turned into a full-blown commotion as the tribe processed everything that they had learnt in the last five minutes. Everyone seemed to have forgot they were being held captive - and possibly about to be killed, and their shock turned into a mixture of emotions; some people were disgusted or outraged, others thinking it was awesome, and some still pending opinion. Toothless heard Gobber’s voice behind him over the chaos.

“We’ll dat explains a lot!” Gobber mumbled, still holding a distraught Hiccup.

Maligon’s eyes bulged, but then he smirked as he realised his potential for increased wealth. He ordered his men to get the dragon, and Toothless allowed himself to be caught. They were trained hunters, and at the first mention of there being a Nightfury - possibly, they had gotten one of their dragon muzzles just in case. Toothless pointedly looked at Trid - who was still crying, and back to Maligon. He would go for the kill if they didn’t do as agreed, he would blast them all to smithereens even if it meant death. Toothless knew he could change back, escape the muzzle, and change again… but he also knew that Maligon’s hunger for him was strong. He would give back Trid for his glorious prize at getting a Nightfury that could change forms, to come willingly.

The capture of Toothless, and their chief’s frantic, emotional, and desperate shouted protests to not take Toothless, silenced them all. They watched in shock as their chief broke down in front of them, kicking, screaming, crying, and then … hyperventilating.

Maligon had finally handed the baby over to one of his men, and told him to give the baby back once he’d left. The man took Trid - holding a dagger to his little throat to hold the tribe back, and the others started to leave. Toothless had no choice but to let himself be dragged from the hall. Once outside, Maligon forced Toothless into a dragon cage that had been brought up from the ships. Maligon wasn’t stupid, he knew that if he changed from a human to a dragon, there was a huge possibility he could change back again. Toothless only went in because Maligon threatened to have his men kill the baby if he didn’t.

“Not so smart now are ya. All your little friends are gonna die in there.” Maligon informed him, pointing to the doors of the Great Hall. They were nailed closed with planks of wood, and more wood was piled in front of them including the Snoggletog tree. “That lil baby ya exchange ya life for, will burn along with em all now instead of coming with me.” Maligon turned to face the Great Hall. “Light em up!” He roared his orders, ignoring Toothless’s growls and attempts to free himself from the dragon-proof cage.

“Sir! You left Ratney in there.” One of the men protested.

“Did I? Shame. Light it up or you can die along with him!” Maligon ordered.

As they carried Toothless away, he could smell Gora and Cloudjumper nearby with Valka. Gora appeared in his line of vision and he shouted - roared, for him to stay hidden before the enemies could spot him.
“Gora, stay hidden! Help Cloudjumper and Valka put out the fire. Save Hiccup, Trid, and the others. Don’t come after me! You’ll be killed by these dragon hunters.”

“Shut it!” Maligon shouted, banging his axe on the cage bars.

“But Kalean-.” Gora protested, about to rush over to him and disclose his existence on Berk, but Toothless was adamant.

“I said stay Gora. That’s an order as your alpha! You too Cloudjumper!” Toothless added, knowing his friend was there too. “Save Hiccup, Trid and the others!”

“I said shut it!” Maligon shouted again, before addressing his men. “Hurry up, I want ta get outta here. Drolaba was wrong about the chief being away, an obviously wrong about there being no dragons. If this one was ere, there may be others he’s trying ta signal.”

Gora watched them take his friend away sadly, but he stayed along with Cloudjumper.

The fire was lit, and Valka watched in horror as the Great Hall doors went up in flames. There were only a few men left, the others having already retreated to the ships. Valka called for Cloudjumper, shouting that they needed to put out the fire.

Gora went straight for the fleeing men, hypnotising them before they could retreat to the ships or attack him, and ordered them to walk into the flames. Valka gasped as they did just that, their screaming bodies burning alive.

Cloudjumper flapped his wings at the fire - trying to get enough air to essentially blow it out… but it wasn’t working.

Gora had orders from his best friend to save Hiccup, and he wasn’t about to let him down. He flew away from the Great Hall… only to return moments later, like a cannonball aimed at the doors. He flew straight into them - turning slightly on impact, and sending flying, burning wood shooting everywhere as the doors to the Great Hall busted open. Gora landed hard in the middle of the smoke-filled Hall - knocking over a few people with his grand entrance, then he passed out from such a hard impact.

Luckily, the fire hadn’t breached the doors, so the mead and ale barrels were safe from the flames. Cloudjumper flapped his four wings to put out the rest of the fire - and clear the smoke that was choking the humans inside. Soon everyone was retreating from the Great Hall, coughing, and holding up their friends or loved ones, including Gobber… who carrying an unconscious Hiccup.

“Hiccup!” Valka rushed to examine him.

“We need ta talk Val. Not ere. Let’s get him home first!” Gobber’s urgent tone worried her, but she nodded - pointing to Hiccup’s house with an unspoken promise to be over shortly.

“Where’s Trid?” Valka asked as he was walking down to Hiccup’s house. Suddenly Spitelout - of all people, handed a crying Trid over to Valka. Gobber nodded, before continuing on his way to Hiccup’s.

“He’s alright. Best get Gothi to see to him though, she wasn’t in the Great Hall with us so I assume she is over at Highest Point still, deaf bat! We killed the last man with his own dagger.” Spitelout informed her proudly.
“Thank you Spitelout.” She cradled her grandson, noticing the small cuts on the front of his neck that had drew a small amount of blood, and the bruises on the back and sides where he had been man handled. He settled in is grandma’s arms, but he still cried from pain, tiredness, and possibly emotional trauma. It almost brought tears to her eyes, that her grandson be victim to such malice and cruelty, but she remained strong as she turned to leave - to go and speak with Gobber, and find out if her son was alright.

“Valka!” Spitelout stopped her. “You might want to be prepared yourself for a mighty uproar. Whilst I respect the chief … it seems your unusual son decided to fall in love with Kalster, and then … Kalster, in front of the entire tribe … decided to turn into Toothless - a Nightfury! I know, unbelievable right, but I kid you not. Your sons a fairy Val! Kissing like that in front of the entire tribe … mighty mistake! And his little breakdown has started the gossip that he isn’t fit to be a leader. I’m warning ya Val … a storm is approaching!”

Valka gulped, not really knowing what to say. Then she noticed the gossipers, the whispers, and the looks she was getting. Things were about to get very ugly on Berk - to say the least, and that’s on top of the aftermath of the attack and Toothless’s capture.
Chapter 56 – Disarray and suffering

Consciousness, it slowly worked its way through Hiccup's system. First, he registered the distant voices … Gobber and his mother. Why was he laying down? He could sense something bad had happened, that it was all about to come crashing down around him - his entire being told him as much but his mind couldn't figure out what the cold feeling of dread was all about. His entire body ached, his head pounded, and his eyes stung. He registered the wetness gathered there in his eyes - he'd been crying. Crying? Why? He felt perturbed at the unknown, but before he could open his eyes, he caught the sound of his mother's voice again.

"... at a loss. I remember many laws of Berk but nothing to prepare me for this." It was his mother, her voice was almost exasperated, sad, and … fearful. What in Helheim was going on? What would she have to fear? The sound of a baby - in the last stages of crying, reached his ears … but he heard Gobber's voice over it.

"I still can't believe ya knew. All dis time and ya both never confided in me. I could ave … Toothless … it's a mess dat's what it is!"

Hiccup's ears suddenly filled with buzzing that grew rapidly louder. Images behind his eyelids erupted into the tempest of storms, and everything returned to him like a burning ball of fire colliding with his core. He bolted upright, ignoring the pain in his head and his eyes … his Son? Toothless? The panic overwhelmed him so expeditiously, engulfed and plagued him like a hostile takeover…

**People were after him - after his family and his village. His breathing became tight, rapid and desperate as he tried to fight them off. He felt the pain as he fell, but he didn't know what he'd fallen into. He was surrounded by blades and explosions, his arms out to protect himself from debris and shrapnel. Maligon was standing there, towering over him through the thick smoke and dust, laughing at him with rotten teeth, and holding Trid by the neck as his son screamed.**

Gobber and Valka had heard the crash in Toothless's room - where they'd laid Hiccup only a few minutes ago, and they heard his begging, his shouting, his pleas to hand Trid back to him, to not take Toothless, and they rushed into the room. Hiccup was on the floor, backing against the bed fearfully and fighting with imaginary images - fighting and shouting at no one. Gobber grabbed hold of Hiccup's arms, perturbed, worried and confused about Hiccup's state of mind.

"Hiccup!" Gobber repeated while Valka clung to her Grandson. Valka was shocked speechless at her son's state of pure panic. Gobber shook Hiccup - trying to snap him out of it, but Hiccup continued to fight his imaginary demons as his breathing became worryingly laboured. "Valka, get Gothi!" Gobber demanded.

Valka flew over the vandalized Village on Cloudjumper, quickly locating Gothi leaving the Halvorsen's house - on the west side not far from the dragon training arena. She remembered how she'd been screamed at by a desperate Disa Halvorsen earlier - just as she'd reached Hiccup's front door with the intention to speak to Gobber and check her son's health wasn't fatal. Disa had been covered in blood - even her blond hair was stained red, and she was frantic and terrified.
"Valka! Get Gothi!" Disa had screamed urgently, filled with fear as she cried in desperation. She grabbed at Valka's arm tightly, yanking at her clothes and spreading the blood to her sleeve, repeating that she needed Gothi urgently.

"Disa? What's wrong?" Valka asked, fearing the woman would collapse at any moment. A foreboding feeling twisted in her gut as she tried to make sense of Disa's panic - and calm the woman down enough for her to make sense.

"Olen was stabbed!" She sobbed hysterically. "All the blood, get Gothi! Please! Please go get her!"

Valka had flown immediately for Gothi on Cloudjumper. She'd flown past Radburn Wagner - who had been running his way to get Gothi himself, but she didn't stop. Radburn was still making his journey to Gothi's house when Valka was returning to the village, so, she stopped and gave him a ride back, assuring him that Gothi was on her way to the village to treat the injured.

Now, as she landed in front of Gothi, she watched the woman shake her head sadly. Valka instantly felt her heart thump in pain … Olen Halvorsen hadn't made it. Olen's wife - Disa, and his twelve-year-old Daughter - Kari, were inside their house letting the fact that Olsen wouldn't wake up sink in. They would be screaming, sobbing, broken, and grieving for their lost loved one - for a husband … for a father.

Hiccup 'awoke' from his panic attack before Valka had returned with Gothi. He saw Gobber sitting by his bed… no, Toothless's bed. He was in Toothless's room.

"Hiccup?" Gobber asked cautiously, placing his hand over Hiccup's forearm. Hiccup had gone unresponsive and limp after his panic attack, so, Gobber had put him back into the bed. He had been immensely worried for the young man he considered an adopted son, especially when Hiccup had gone silent, but he was relieved he'd woken up - even if he was still on tenterhooks.

"Where's Trid?" Hiccup demanded, already climbing out of the bed to look for him.

"He's with ya mum, he's alright! They went ta get Gothi." He tried to placate Hiccup, keep him calm and avoid another panic episode.

"Toothless!" Hiccup breathed with wide eyes, rushing from the bedroom. Gobber just about grabbed his arm by the doorway, stopping him from leaving.

"Hiccup, ya can't leave! What 'appened?"

"You know what happened! They took Toothless! I have to find him, I have to-." Hiccup fought to free himself from Gobber's grip, but Gobber held tight.

"Hiccup ya can't! The village is a mess, people are 'urt, an the tribe is talking. Ya go out there like dis, and they will trample ya. Ya need to calm down an start thinking."

"I am thinking, let go of me!" Hiccup demanded, fighting against the grip on his arm unsuccessfully. "I need to get to the boats, we need to go after them and-"

"And what? Hiccup, the tribe is injured! No one will 'elp ya go on a suicide mission, and that's what it'll be."

"I'm the chief! If I order them to-." Hiccup shouted.
"They won't listen!" Gobber boomed back - interrupting him. "After ya … broke down in the Great Hall an … ya know. They have been questioning ya leadership laddie. Ya people need ta heal Hiccup! The village is a mess over on the east side of the island, the rest is in tatters, and ya need ta put ya people first!"

"Screw my people!" Hiccup screamed, finally freeing his arm - Gobber's grip had loosened out of shock at Hiccup's words.

"Ya don't mean that!" Gobber told him, scared that Hiccup was losing his mind. He flinched when Hiccup suddenly threw the wooden chair at the wall, the sound of breaking wood echoing through the house as it shattered into pieces. Hiccup instantly proceeding to shove over the table in a rage, and Gobber winced. Seeing Hiccup like this was staggering, he knew his father used to have a mighty temper at times … but Hiccup?

"Don't I?" Hiccup screamed. He picked up the other wooden chair and smashed it into the wall. "I hate always having to put my fucking life on hold for every one else." Hiccup threw the chair leg he was still holding, and it hit the front door. "I'm fed up of losing people I love!" He screamed, punching the wall and cracking the wood as it splintered into his hand.

Valka and Gothi entered the house then, startled at the mess as Hiccup sunk to the floor and sobbed - the blood seeping from his left knuckles as his hands tugged at his hair, and he curled in on himself.

Valka had eventually left Hiccup under Gobber's supervision - after Gothi had treated him, Gobber and Trid quickly. Gothi didn't have time to worry about Hiccup's state of mind yet - too many villagers needed treatment, but she'd wrapped up his fist and given him a quick physical once over before moving on. Valka was going to assess the damage and formulate a plan with the council to start recovery and reorder; she wasn't acting chief, but she had to do something. As she left on Cloudjumper - with Trid still safely wrapped to her chest under her coat, Gothi left on foot with her Gronckle walking beside her - carrying the bags of healing supplies she needed. Gothi was going to start treating the villagers - starting with the most injured, and she needed to find someone to watch over Trid; Hiccup had become silent and unresponsive again as he lay in Toothless's bed, he was in no fit state to look after the little one.

Many of the villagers had gone with their family to assess the damage to their village - to their homes, and to try and fix what they could. Gossip was still rife throughout the village regarding her son and Toothless - amidst the doldrums and perplexity that gathered in the air; most people were simply still in shock, nursing wounds and wondering what would eventuate.

She reached the east of the village quickly, and her very core rattled at the sight of the distraction as she landed. At least six homes had been completely destroyed to rubble, and at least three were seriously damaged. She had seen a lot of damage on her way over… but here was where the boulders had crashed from the catapults. Fishlegs Ingerman, cradled his arm as he stood by his mother - Helga Ingerman, as the two of them looked down at rubble that was once their home. Dryri sighed sadly as he walked over to the two Ingerman's - leaving his own house that had been reduced to nothing but rubble.

"Come on!" Dryri gently spoke to them, "Nothing for us 'ere. The Ingeasson's and Larson's have opened their doors to us, let's go over."

"I think…" Helga started, clinging to her composure so she didn't relapse into sobbing once again. "… I think we will find the family. Bornjar! I need to see my other son, Bornjar, and my grandchildren!" She couldn't hold back the tears as sobs teared from her body again, her home, her
memories … all gone, and she worried about the rest of her family. Fishlegs wanted to hold his mother, to comfort her, to let her know it was going to be alright … but his shoulder prevented him from doing so; it pained him to see his usually strong mother, so broken now.

"Come on mum, let's go find the family." Fishlegs said, before nodding his thanks to Dryri.

Dryri past Valka without so much as a nod - his right arm was covered in blood, and he his hands were infested in cuts and bleeding knuckles. When Fishlegs past her, he nodded with a sad, downhearted smile but continued walking. Valka could see the pain in his features as he moved, knowing that he needed medical treatment like so many others. Helga had her own injuries, and while nothing looked to be too serious from her observations, her lip was bleeding and her right eye was swollen.

Swallowing her emotions, Valka knocked on the Hofferson's broken front door. Harish called out demanding to know who it was, and Valka entered when he gave her hesitant permission. Harish was holding his wife on the wooden benched-style couch as she cried, their house a mess and disorderly from the attack. Her first thoughts were to stay and comfort Bree, but it was imperative she found out what had happened, what was going on, and start to put plans into motion, so, she cut straight to the chase.

"Are you well enough to look after Trid for us? I need to start planning-"

"You can hand him over and leave!" Harish barked at her angrily. "I won't have my grandson growing up with a father like that. I knew there was something strange about him!" Harish stood up and made to snatch the baby away from Valka.

Valka turned her body and pushed Harish back, angry at the sudden implication that they wouldn't return the baby to his father. Luckily, Trid was still wrapped tightly to her chest - Harish wouldn't be able to get him that easily unless she unbound her grandson. "Like what?" She demanded, her hands shielding the still fragile child.

"A back-door fucker!" Harish screamed, his face going red with rage. "A sissy! Cheating on my daughter's memory, and fucking his dragon like the disgusting tribe of Mascriusha!"

"Harish please." His wife sobbed, tugging at her husband's arm as she stood to calm him down. In his anger, he knocked her back onto the wooden couch and shouted at her. "It's the truth woman! Do you really want our daughter's child growing up like the useless excuse for a chief that her son is? We need to protect him!" He turned to glare at Valka. "Hand him over!" He demanded.

"Not on your life Hofferson!" She told him firmly as she made to leave. Harish grabbed her arm, he fought with her for their now crying grandson. She punched him in face knocking him back, leaving quickly while he was startled. Harish chased her outside, but he halted when he saw the angry face of a Stormcutter glaring down at him.

"This isn't over Valka! The council won't stand for this! You and that abhorrent son of yours will be outcasted!" Harish screamed at them as they flew away.

Valka sighed sadly as she held onto her grandson. She wouldn't let them take him from her, from Hiccup, and If that meant leaving Berk with him and her son then so be it! Hopefully Harish was just upset and spitting angry words due to the shock of recent events, but it was unsettling all the same.

As they flew close to the Great Hall, she heard the painful cries of a Dragon … Gora!
Ordering Cloudjumper to land by the Great Hall, she climbed down. Trid had calmed from the short ride but he startled when Gora roared in pain once again. Valka shoved Eret and Mulch back, knowing they were scaring him and telling them so. She lifted her hands to calm Gora down, soothing him with her gentle words and hand movements. As soon as she got close enough, she made quick work of finding his weakness and rendered him into an unconscious state of bliss. Quickly looking over his body, she saw his broken right wing from his impact with the Great Hall doors.

"Why was he left here?" She asked Eret, angry that the poor thing had been left to suffer.

"We're truly sorry Val, but in case it slipped your attention, the village is in disarray and turmoil at the moment, and the Chief isn't here to help. You vanish too, so we've been a bit busy sorting out some more pressing issues."

Valka groaned under her breath as she trailed a hand down her face. There was just too much to do, far too much, and she struggled to know where to start - it wasn't even her job, but she had to do something before it all blew up. She should have remembered that Gora had been hurt, but then she had been caught up with Gobber needing to speak with her, with Hiccup and Trid, and then Gothi... Eret spoke again - distracting her thoughts from berating and questioning herself further, his voice was softer than before but he spoke with urgency.

"Five of the children are missing Val. We've been searching, but when the dragon woke up, he started causing a lot of trouble and -"

"Missing? Who?" "Valda Naowarat and her little brother Karsen, Torunn Maciomhair, and Haldor Maltalson with his little sister Hildena." Eret listed off. "Their parents are already out looking, but we don't have enough people to send out a search party." Eret finished, implying that most of the village had their own injuries or problems to sort out.

Valka questioned Eret and Mulch on the locations they had tried, finally she suggested the emergency caves. Haldor and Valda were old enough to know where they were. They agreed that Valka should sort out Gora before he awoke and caused mayhem, so, when Eret and Mulch left to find the children, she got Cloudjumper to take Gora to the infirmary.

Despite the fact that she should be putting the village first, she knew that Gora needed his wing realigned before it started healing incorrectly. If she didn't tend to Gora quickly, he would wake up and start attacking the village due to his pain. People would try to put him out of his misery the wrong way, and there could be more casualties that came from it... so, in a way, she was protecting the village.

She sat Trid into a small crate lined with furs, and worked fast. She placed a mixture of valerian root, lavender, and dragonnip under Gora's noes to act as a sedative. She pulled at the broken bones - forcing them back into place with a loud crack, before pouring melted amber over it. She waited until the amber set into a hard rock like substance before letting go of Gora's wing. The Amber was harvested from the Death song, for injuries such as these, and Cloudjumper had helped to melt it. It would hold the bone in place until it healed in about six weeks' time - when it would then be melted off. Gora wouldn't be able to fly until then, and he would still be in some pain, but at least the damage wouldn't be permanent now. She finally rubbed some pain alleviating herbs against Gora's gums, and left him a bowl of herb lace water for when he woke up; she hoped he might understand that she'd helped him, and that he would drink it. She felt a fondness grown in her chest for the injured purple-pink dragon before her - he had risked his own body for the safety...
of her son, her grandson, and a tribe he didn't trust nor know.

As much as she wanted to stay and wait for Gora to come around, she had to get back. She was worried about her son, Toothless too, but she needed to help fix the village and start making plans with the council members - in regards to getting the village on the road to recovery. Her son's position as chief was threatened, homes destroyed, children missing, casualties to address, and the disarray needed to be settled. Picking up Trid, she was also reminded of Harish Hofferson's threat; she needed to leave her grandson in capable hands, but who could she trust?

Valka had no choice but to take Trid back to Gobber - her grandson needed food, a diaper change, and his nap. She trusted Gobber with the baby, and despite his current job at keeping Hiccup calm and safe, she knew Gobber wouldn't let anyone take Trid.

When Valka returned to Hiccup's house, she explained what Harish had said out of ear shot of her son … Gobber was fuming!

"How dare they! Hiccup would never 'urt that baby. I'll bloody kill 'im!" He bellowed.

"Gobber, calm down! Before Hiccup-"

"Before I what?" Hiccup spoke barely over a whisper, his empty and lifeless eyes scared them as he appeared in the door way. His body was littered with small cuts, bruises, and new and past injuries, and his hair was tousled and dirty along with his ripped and filthy clothing. His eyes were blood shot and slightly puffy from crying, but he looked emotionless and cold as he stared at them for answers.

Hiccup eventually limped over when they said nothing, and he took his son from his mother's arms. She'd protested, but Hiccup had insisted. "He is my son!" He ground out through gritted teeth, taking Trid with him while he started preparing for his diaper change. Trid was abnormally quiet while Hiccup started to change him, his usual babbling was replaced with startled, cautious wide eyes, and his body seemed stiff and fearful. It sickened him! His son shouldn't be like this, and it was Maligon's fault.

Valka and Gobber shared worried looks, but Gobber nodded that he would look after them both, so, Valka left the house albeit hesitantly.

"Before I what?" Hiccup repeated his question quietly, now that his mother had left, focusing on his task with his son. "Hurt my son? Kill the men that did this?" He pointed to the bruises forming on his son's delicate neck. "They took Toothless from us!" Hiccup added darkly, as he fixed the new diaper into place. "They attacked my village, held my son hostage, and there was nothing I could do about it. Toothless saved us, he saved him." Hiccup gestured to his son as he re-dressed him, before standing up and glaring at Gobber. "He saved this village more times then I can count, and according to you, no one, no one, will go after him. Is no one even bothered that he is in the hands of our enemy, in the hands of dragon hunters that know his secret?" Hiccup breathed, sighed, then went to start on Trid's bottle, his mind digging frantically for a way to save Toothless - if it wasn't already too late.

"Ya need ta put your people first Hiccup…" Gobber started cautiously, interrupting Hiccup's thoughts. "…Fix the mess that's out there now an' deny yer feelings for Toothless. Once they realise that you're still an honourable chief, an' the village is fixed up a bit, we can get some men to go and-"

"I'm not though, am I?" Hiccup asked, his voice cold and devoid of emotion as he referred to
Gobber's comment of being an honourable chief.

"Of course ya are. You're Stoick's son an-"

"A disgrace to the tribe!" Hiccup shouted. "I fucked a dragon Gobber! I fucked him in his human form and I fell in love with him!" Hiccup's shouting had caused Trid to start crying, so, Hiccup gently bounced his son against his chest to calm him down. Hiccup's tears fell onto the baby's soft auburn hair. "I can't deny my feelings for him anymore, I tried … I tried so fucking hard!"

The fire sounded so loud over the silence that befell them - Gobber struggling to find the right words, and Hiccup waiting for the angry villagers to storm his front door. He managed to feed his son, but Trid wouldn't settle in his crib alone - his baby boy needed love, comfort, and familiarity. Hiccup gently cradled Trid close to his chest, rocking him, and moving slowly around the room until he finally fell asleep. Hiccup, very gently, managed to get his emotionally scarred son into his crib without waking him. When he sat down by the dimming fire, wiping his wet eyes and tears from his face with his sleeve, Gobber spoke again in a hushed voice.

"I was in love with ya father." Gobber admitted, looking at the floor, and his voice barely above a whisper.

"What?" Hiccup asked, confusion and disbelief written on his face. He was about to get angry at Gobber for making inappropriate jokes, but when he looked up, Gobber continued to explain.

"It's true … but yer father weren't like that. Yer father only 'ad a thing for the ladies, and for yer mother. He knew I loved 'im, and he respected that my heart wouldn't change. It was decided that I kept me relationship choices a secret, and only the older folks know that I prefer men ta women. But yer father … yer father was never threatened by the fact that I loved 'im. Even yer mother knew I had a thing for her husband, but the pair of em … they never forgo their friendship with me, and I never over stepped me boundaries." Gobber paused to wipe his tear dampened eyes on his tunic, sniffling to gain composure before he continued. "When yer mother was taken all them years ago, and yer father was grieving for his wife, he relied on me. I had ta be there for 'im and it 'urt. I often stayed the night, taking care of you! But it 'urt more than losing me limbs ta be so close to yer father and not being able to show 'im how much I loved 'im. Our friendship meant a lot ta me though, and I was slowly becoming a father figure ta ya. I knew Stoick would never return me feelings, but somehow, caring for you alongside 'im, well … it made it alright. You were the most important thing, and I got ta love ya as me son instead."

"I-I never knew." Hiccup stuttered. Gobber had always been close to his father, too close sometimes that they'd drive each other crazy, but he thought they were just best friends. Apparently, they were, but Gobber having romantic feelings for his father? That was a new one!

"We agreed that is was best ya never found out. What was the point, nothing was ever gonna come of it! Yer father just didn't 'ave those same feelings for me, and he didn't work that way."

"Toothless loves me, he loves Trid! We promised to keep it a secret but … he kissed me. He kissed me in the Great Hall in front of everyone. He, he isn't coming back." Hiccup turned his head as his tears started up again, his hands trembled and he felt sick.

The look on Toothless's face once their lips had parted, was a look that screamed goodbye. Lime-green eyes had looked into his, and they held a finality, a capitulation of despair, and a knowing that their lips, their eyes, their bodies, would never meet again. That look had killed him amongst his pain, his confusion, and his panic, and it made him want to plunge a dagger deep into his own heart to stop the sheer agony he felt. That look had been so final, but I couldn't be over … it couldn't be the end. He didn't want to believe Toothless, he didn't want to never be able to hold him
Hiccup feared that he would be too late to save Toothless - that he wouldn't be able to find him or that he'd be killed. Toothless was worth more alive, he knew that, knew that his ability to change forms would make for good entertainment - paid to view entertainment, but there was still the chance that he was already dead. It wouldn't stop him looking though; he'd search until the day he died but … Trid. He was so torn; his son needed his father, and Toothless needed his help. His mind was a babbling mess of fear, confusion, and trepidation. He didn't even know what the outcome of his revealed secrets would be, but he feared the worst. There were so many ways he could act right now, but he didn't know which one to choose. He also had no idea what was happening outside of his own home, with his tribe … if it was still his tribe that is. He wondered if he should run, runaway with Trid to keep them safe from the mob of angry villagers he was convinced would attack him at any moment. They would take Trid away from him if he was outcasted or given the death sentence, and Trid would grow up without a father. He couldn't lose Trid!

His mind was a loaded dam trying to hold back the waves that would destroy everything if he let go. His heart was tearing, shredding, and beating so erratically it might just explode. His body was screaming at him, castigating him for its abandonment and his ignorance to its needs - the pain not registering through his already strained mind. His fear was building, growing, spreading, but all his thoughts were wrapped around Toothless, around Trid, around plans that just wouldn't form into something plausible - thoughts that were trying to feed his fear further as they failed to come up with answers. He was losing it, breaking into too many pieces, too battered from all the loss he'd suffered, when he felt two strong arms around him. Hiccup just clung to Gobber as he sobbed, accepting the comfort, and glad for the grounding he was providing.

Gobber sighed sadly as he held Hiccup close to his chest. He wasn't that good with comfort, but the sight of the young man so broken before him broke his heart. The pain of love was no easy mission to get over, no easy task to ignore, and it was just as hard hiding it. Stoick had been so broken when he believed his wife was dead, he himself had been a mess pining over an unrequited love, and he'd seen many a man or woman break down over the loss of a loved one - including Hiccup when Astrid died. It seemed Hiccup swung both ways, but to lose is father, his wife, and now Toothless - as weird as that one was, he was surprised Hiccup hadn't broken apart completely and gone mad with grief.

Valka had agreed with Axel Alvarisson, that with too many members of the council busy or on bed rest, they would have to postpone any formal decisions until they could convene. Axel was sharing his version of events with her when a disheartened Eret appeared.

"I've been looking for you Val, Axel." He shook his head mournfully.

"No, not the children!" Valka gasped, her hands over her mouth. Axel's eyes widened for a second as the shock set in, but he forced his features to remain stoic as he waited for Eret to continue.

"One." Eret paused, steadying his composure. "The rest are with their parents, but … Haldor Malterson was stabbed. Valda Naowarat says she was meeting Haldor on the west side of the island - it seems they had a thing for each other and were meeting in secret. Apparently, they heard the explosions and grew cautious, especially as they had their younger siblings with them. They saw the enemy storm the village and decided to get to safety. They bumped into Torunn as they
fled, dragging her along to keep her safe." Eret paused to shake his head sadly. "Haldor apparently insisted it was safer to get to the emergency caves then try and find family. Valda said, that one of the men chased after them. Haldor, apparently, told them to run while he distracted him, but the guy stabbed him through the side of his abdomen. Valda slung her axe to try and save Haldor … but it was too late. We found Valda's axe embedded into the enemy's face, dead on the ground next to Haldor's body."

"Those poor children." Valka choked. "Haldor was only thirteen!"

"We'll give the lad a proper Viking send-off along with Olen Halvorson. Where is his body now?" Axel asked, you could hear the tremble in his voice as he tried to remain composed - to deal with important matters instead of succumbing to sentiment. Valda and Haldor had acted admirably, but it was tragic.

"With his family. The children are all affected by it, especially the ones that witness the attack. Valda isn't saying another word, she's gone quiet with grief. Torunn bless her, she keeps jumping at the smallest of sounds and rocking."

"What about the two youngest, Hildena Maltalson and Karsen Naowarat?" Valka asked.

"Scared. They have been clinging to their parents. I'm not sure if Hildena understands what happened yet, she kept asking when her brother would come home. Karsen kept saying 'he died,' crying and gripping tightly to his mother."

"Hildena's only four bless her, she loved her brother. It's just awful!" Valka voiced; her eyes glossy with tears.

"We need to move forward!" Axel interrupted. "All members of the tribe have now been accounted for, have they not?" He asked, continuing once he got confirmation from Eret. "The Great Hall has been cleared, the doors are being repaired but we need Gobber to melt the metal for the latch and hinges. We need to make that a priority right now. The people without homes need somewhere to sleep tonight."

"I'll send Gobber over. What do you suggest we do about house repairs, and rebuilding?" Valka asked, wiping her eyes.

"I spoke to Yaegor Oberon, but he has a nasty axe wound. He lost a fair amount of blood and needs his rest. Even alone there is only so much he can accomplish. We will deal with repairs and rebuilding plans tomorrow; we'll need all the help we can get. Right now, we need to check the supplies, monitor the food rations, and make sure everyone is safe while they recuperate and heal. I may have to send you to neighbouring tribes for medical supplies, seeing as you are the only one left with a dragon capable of carrying out such a task in a timely fashion." Axel informed her.

Valka nodded her understanding.

"And what of my son?" Valka asked, hesitantly.

"Like I said, no formal decisions can be made until the council can convene. He is still the chief for now, but in light of recent discoveries … he will be best to lay low until further notice. If he is to keep his title as chief, he will need to heal both mentally and physically."

Valka nodded. It was better to agree with Axel - a high standing member of the council, then to fight him, but she still felt the foreboding building in her stomach, feeding the worry that was growing inside of her. She was ready to get her son, and her grandson, away from Berk if it came down to it … she would fight to keep them together.
"Eret, will you get a report from Gothi on the health of the tribe please." Axel asked, waiting for him to agree and leave to carry out his orders. "Valka, walk with me!" Axel instructed, now that they were alone. They made their way down the stairs to the chief's house. "I want to support the chief, but if he does anything stupid, I will have to vote against his stability to remain leader of this tribe. If I am to believe the rumours, his ... sexual choices will be another issue entirely. I saw the way he looked and kissed Kalster in the Great Hall myself, and the fact that Kalster appears - quite obviously - to be Toothless ... as crazy as that is, it makes the matter all the more complicated. The views on buggering in Berk have always been against, along with infidelity, adultery, bestiality, and rape. In the end, it will boil down to facts, laws, and what is best for Berk and its future. I advise you as a friend ... stay on alert, and be prepared for any outcome."

Just on the outside of Grove Woods, east of the village by the dragon barns, Gizur Ingifastssson had gathered a group of people with his son - Folkmar Ingifastssson. Folkmar had both his wrists in splints and bandaged up - resting in individual slings - and his right cheek bone and eye was bruised from being punched by Toothless last night.

The villagers that arrived at the meeting were listening to Gizur's abhorrence and antipathy of the chief, despite their injuries they wanted to make sure Hiccup was stripped of his tilted and disposed of. Orrin Fornisson, Aulay Maciomhair, Dalla Iorundottir, Tybalt, Anakol Sigtryggsson, and even Spitelout Jorgenson had turned up to this little meeting. Spitelout had noticed the strange direction Aulay was traveling in, and has decided to follow him out of curiosity.

"... a disgrace, a filthy failure of a chief, buggering a fucking dragon. Whoever heard of such thing!" Gizur Ingifastssson spat loudly. He was furious at the situation. He believed they needed new chief, and that Hiccup should be immediately punished for his 'infringement' to his people.

"I'm not saying it's right..." Spitelout interrupted cautiously, mainly agreeing with them just to avoid a fight. He did agree however, that Hiccup's relationship with his dragon was aberrant and disgusting, and that as the chief he had an example to set, but for the most part, he didn't want to see any real harm come to him. "In fact, I think it's unnatural and revolting, but this is Hiccup we're talking about. He's Stoick's son, and has he really been a bad chief? He has kept us safe for the most part."

"That may be true..." Dalla Iorndottir spoke up. "...But ever since his wife passed, he's been getting worse! He's failed to be chief on more than one occasion - his mother left in charge instead. Then he left Berk for weeks with that Dragon, that freak! Do ya really want a chief that doesn't care anymore about his people? Who knows, he might corrupt the next chief in line. I wouldn't want that innocent child of Astrid's to end up the same as his father, or worse!"

"I blame his father. Stoick failed us all when Valka was taken, he failed his duties then too. It seems it runs in the family; weakness is what it is! Hiccup should have been beaten as a child, made to conform to our ways and toughened up. Now e's failing us, breaking his duty to his village, and buggering a dragon!" Gizur said in disgust. "It's only been a few months after her death, has he no shame? No sense of honour? He will ruin this village, ruin our kids, and turn them into cock sucking pussies!"

"As much as I'd like to see Hiccup disposed of, what about Toothless?" Aulay Maciomhair asked. "No one is going after him. If something happens to him the dragons may attack the village, or if something happens to Hiccup and Toothless does return ... we'll be at war with the dragon either way!"

"Screw the dragons! We use to fight em off all the time didn't we. They weren't here to see what happened, and Toothless is as good as dead - good riddance!" Gizur spat at the ground. "The
dragons won't know what happened!"

"You're willing to risk the village being attacked? Kingstail isn't stupid ya know, he will know somethings wrong when he returns - especially with his alpha missing. You don't have a dragon, you wouldn't understand. For all we know, all the dragons can change forms." Spitelout voiced out loud.

"So, you mean anyone could be a dragon pretending to be a human?" Folkmar asked, his nose and brow wrinkled in thought, his eyes looking around suspiciously.

"Don't be stupid boy!" Gizur slapped his son around the back of the head. "We've all been here longer than the dragons! It's probably black sorcery is what it is. I knew there was something wrong with Kalster, I was right! And I'm right about this too. We need a plan on getting rid of Hiccup, if the dragons die in the process, then good riddance I say."

A few people shuddered at the thought of losing the dragons, especially Spitelout who had his own, but the conversation continued as they planned on how to shame and strip the chief of his title.

Sailing away from Berk - on the calm sea south east of the island, four familiar flagless ships had almost come to a stop. The wind was a mere breeze, so they were scarcely moving, but they had managed to travel a considerable way before the wind dropped.

Maligon the malicious - the leader of the small fleet, was not aware of the boats stationary position as of yet. He was down in the cells and fuming at his prisoner's refusal to co-operate. The Nightfury was refusing to change forms, and he had to be sure it wasn't a one-time deal before he planed his future options. If the dragon could change forms, and he could beat it into submission - to make him change at his will, he could make a mountain load of gold. If it died, he'd get his weight in gold at least but it would be such a shame. The Nightfury was rare, last of his kind if he believed the word of others. He'd always believed however, that the dragons had secret locations where they hid from mankind - how he'd loved to find one.

Maligon snapped from his gold-hungry longing, and pushed the spear he was holding deeper into Toothless's front right leg. Toothless wanted to roar in pain, but the muzzle prevented his maw from opening. His pained sounds came out muffled and he berated himself for showing weakness. He wouldn't give Maligon what he wanted, he had already accepted his fate but he wouldn't go easy or without a fight.

"Are yer gonna do what I say?" Maligon asked, twisted the spear slightly, and smirking at the fear and pain blazing in Toothless's eyes. He licked his bottom lip in satisfaction as the blood seeped from the wound.

Toothless would have changed forms, just to tell him where to stick it, but he couldn't. He couldn't change forms, and to be honest ... a part of him didn't want to do it just because he was being ordered to. It still worried him though, why couldn't he change?

Maligon ripped the spear out of Toothless's leg in anger when nothing happened, not caring as the blood trickled down onto the ground. "Hold him down!" He screamed at the six men there with him to restrain him further. As if the chains weren't already restraining him enough.

Maligon reached for his metal studded whip, smirking as he tugged it taught with a loud 'snap'. He sneered at the dragon with a promise in his dark eye that this was going to hurt, alot. "Maybe it needs a higher dose of pain to realise who's in charge! I'm gonna enjoy this." With his last word,
the whip came down with an almighty 'Ker-crack' on his back, the metal already cutting through his scales.

Toothless roared in the back of his throat, unable to breath before the next 'Crack' ricocheted around the cell. He closed his eyes, unintentionally glowing in his alpha form as the next 'Ker-crack' stole the last of his breath and he gasped. The pain was tremendous, but it was nothing compared to his breaking heart. 'Crack'. A tear slipped from his eye as he held them tightly closed, and he tried to focus on his memories of Hiccup. Even Maligon's malicious and sinister laughter couldn't take his memories away. 'Ker-Crack'. He flinched, and he focused on remembering Hiccup's smile, his beautiful forest-green eyes that held so much love for him, his lips... 'Crack'. He missed holding Trid, sharing the night next to Hiccup's warm body and comforting scent, and flying with him in the mornings... 'Ker-Crack'. Hiccup would be fine without him, he had to be... 'Crack'. At least Trid's safe. He hoped that Valka, Cloudjumper and Gora had managed to get them all out of the fire... 'Ker-crack'. The whip stung, burned, and tore through his scales staining his skin red, black and purple as bruises formed and blood dripped... but he would give his life a hundred times over if it saved Hiccup and Trid.

Chapter End Notes

I just want to say that I am truly sorry for the extremely long wait for this chapter. I am finally healed enough from my brain/spine surgery to be able to give you this chapter. I am still a little brain fuzzed, so I hope the spelling etc isn't too bad, and I really struggled to get this chapter done for two reasons. One is the effects the surgery had to my brain etc, and the other is that this was just a really hard chapter to write. I think I cried about ten times. I am expecting the next chapter to be just as hard, so I might not get the next one up straight away. I am back my lovies, and I hope you enjoy this chapter. Merry Christmas, happy holidays, and a fab 2020 new year to you all!
Chapter 57 – Arduous abeyance

Visskara and Acacia landed in the clearing together - the clearing she had not only created in her past rage, when Toothless had called her selfish, but also where they had spent the last of their time together before departing for Berk. She absorbed the warm sun as it welcomed her home, the clear blue skies framing her lands, but in some ways, she missed the snow. She missed the contrast to the normality she had come to expect, the joy a simple pile of well-aimed snow could bring as it erupted into her Ameor's face, or the soft feeling of it beneath her paws. Mostly, she missed Toothless, and he was where the snow was - on Berk.

She had been home a while, had finished announcing her return, checked on the status of her island, and recounted her events and experiences on Berk with Acacia. Understandably though, Acacia had circled the conversation back to Hiccup and Toothless - she was worried about their break up, and she had many questions of her own that Visskara answered diligently as her friend. Now that she had experienced her ameors way of doing things, she was certain that friendship wasn't just a misguided concept. There was nothing wrong with being friends with the drekis under her command, nothing wrong with 'loosening up a bit' and not being so strict. Acacia was quite taken aback at first, by her willingness to share the details of her trip so freely, but she didn't comment on it.

"I am quite certain that they will both be okay. Toothless was returning home to Hiccup - albeit as friends, and he had a good Snoggletog with-"

Visskara was interrupted by a painful slash to her back. She turned, growling and powering up a plasma shot to shoot at her attacker … but there was no one there. The pain had been rather fleeting, but she had definitely felt it across her back - sharp and stinging while it lasted. Blinking, a foreboding feeling stirred in her gut before she felt the pain again. She almost attacked Acacia standing behind her, but her older friend's word's and reaction only caused her further confusion.

"Visskara! What is wrong, what is it?" Acacia asked, backing away from her in fear and caution.

Visskara roared and spun once again, as another strike of pain hit her back, and just like before, the burning sensation vanished as quickly as it had come … but no one was there. The pain had been rather fleeting, but she had definitely felt it across her back - sharp and stinging while it lasted. Blinking, a foreboding feeling stirred in her gut before she felt the pain again. She almost attacked Acacia standing behind her, but her older friend's word's and reaction only caused her further confusion.

"Visskara! What is wrong, what is it?" Acacia asked, backing away from her in fear and caution.

Visskara roared and spun once again, as another strike of pain hit her back, and just like before, the burning sensation vanished as quickly as it had come … but no one was there. The pain had been rather right, that much she was sure of, but she couldn't sense her assailant anywhere. The pain was abnormal, it only added to her confusion; if she had really been struck the pain would linger and build the more she was attacked, but it didn't, it came so suddenly and so real, and then it fled as if it had never happened.

Acacia was familiar with Visskara's mood changes, but this was a serious cause for concern and certainly out of the ordinary. Glancing around for clues to the changes her Alpha was exhibiting, she noticed the ground glowing bright green. She slowly moved closer to the glowing, noticing the soil dipping slightly where … where Visskara and Toothless had nearly died when they had tried to remove the binda-heit, she was certain it was the very same location. The tiny, glowing crater had her worried. Theories grew and died in her mind, pulling and pushing, as she tried to figure out what could be happening. She was positive though, positive that this was something related to Toothless.

"Visskara!" Acacia called to her, but her alpha wasn't listening in her own panic.

Visskara shot a plasma blast at her imaginary assailant. Something was attacking her but leaving no
marks - a Hugreaetlavafi perhaps, making her imagine the pain - confusing her, but that was impossible … Gora was the last of his kind and he wasn't here. She shot three more times at her invisible assailant - each time she felt the slashing, burning pain down her back, and it confused her, scared her even. She frantically searched with her vision for an attacker … but saw no one.

"Visskara!" Acacia called again, louder this time as she tried to calm her Alpha and explain her theories to her.

Visskara, however, only stopped when the pain ceased - when she felt no more piercing, burning sensations down her spine, and when she was no longer fighting an invisible assailant. She turned to face Acacia, but her attention was instantly stolen by the green glowing crater she'd only just realised was there. She walked over slowly, staring into the shallow hole of green swirling smoke.

"What is it?" Visskara breathed, her gut wrenching with the foreboding as it grew deeper, colder. Her eyes never left the crater, the swirling gas was forming an image and she wanted to see it.

"Sorcery I believe. This is where you and Toothless spilt blood when we tried to spare you both from the broken binda-heit promise."

"Toothless!" Visskara breathed, the image finally becoming clear. Toothless was in pain, he was being harmed, attacked! He needed her. "I must go!"

"Wait!" Acacia stopped her. "What did you see?"

"Toothless! He was being attacked. I must go to him!" Visskara turned again to take flight, but Acacia's whispered words halted her once more.

"You are still bonded." Acacia whispered to herself.

"How?" Visskara panicked and turned to face her. She couldn't be bonded; the binda-heit was made void and they had separate lives to live. She had thought his sal-binda to Hiccup was stronger, that it ensured her bond to Toothless was severed. "How is the binda-heit still-"

"I don't think it is the binda-heit. I believe you are bonded in another way, a way I have never heard of before and therefore cannot explain. A type of ameor bond that lets you know when your ameor needs you perhaps. Whatever you were feeling just now, I believe it was a type of imitation to what Toothless is feeling."

"What? How is this possible Acacia?" Visskara demanded answers. She did not like knowing that her ameor was feeling such pain, knowing that he was suffering much worse than the fleeting, sharp, burning pain she had felt only moments ago. It angered her, and if it was true … she would kill the ones responsible. She would tear and blast Berk apart if she had to, until the one that dared to harm her ameor was ripped apart limb for limb.

"I do not know … but this land has captured the aura of Toothless and his sal-binda. Their blood, their mating fluids, their sorrows and joys, and their mark, has been imprinted on this island … but the sorcery eludes my understanding. I will never understand it completely, and the knowledge we do know will die out in time along with us. Perhaps the sorcery of this island is thriving more than we once believed, that it is fed by the very souls that live here. I believe you are all now connected in some way, you, Toothless, and the boy. Perhaps Toothless's blood, and your own, has intertwined within these lands and created an unknown bond between you both. If Hiccup's blood has also intertwined, who knows what bond you could share between the three of you. It is all theories of course; I have nothing solid to base my assumption on, and hardly any knowledge on such things."
"Whatever this is, the theories can wait. I need to go to him, immediately!" Visskara insisted. She was fascinated, desperate for solid answers, but her worry for Toothless over shadowed everything else.

"What about the island? What do I tell the others?" Acacia asked, forever the voice of reason. She agreed that Visskara should go; the island, the sorcery, it was clear on its desire that Visskara should find Toothless or it wouldn't have shown her what it had.

"Tell them that- Tell them I'm- … Tell them to go fuck themselves!" Visskara quoted her ameor, resolutely. If he could rule without always being present, then perhaps it was high time the drekis of this island learnt to function without her - occasionally of course. Acacia's shocked face would have made her chuckle if Toothless's life wasn't in danger, but she held her posture stern and absolute in its authority. "If they ask, tell them I had urgent matters to attend to, and that unless they really do lack common sense and sensibility, and need their arses cleaned for them, that they should be fine to deal with their own issues maturely and reasonably until I return. You may use my exact words." She went to leave, but paused. "You could always ensure that they take a long nap should things get obstreperous and uncivilised. Kill the problem, and use their bodies to fertilise the trees perhaps."

Acacia didn't have time to be shocked with Visskara's final words, a sudden gust of ravage wind nearly knocked her off balance as Visskara took off at an impossible speed. She blinked when she regained her stance, and when the forest around her had settled from its rude - windy interruption, she wondered if her alpha was serious. A smile soon donned her lips however, and she sighed shaking her head … it seemed Toothless was a rather big influence on her - bad or good, she hadn't decided yet.

Turning around, her eyes widened considerably. She sighed in exasperation, a familiar yet unwelcomed scene of destruction lay before her. She had better get to work … Visskara's rogue plasma blasts had destroyed more of her precious forest.

Gora winced in pain as he awoke, alone and confused, but at least his wing was nowhere near as painful as before. As he regained complete awareness of his surroundings, he could smell Cloudjumper, Trid, and Valka's remaining scent. He looked around at the strange materials, the outside hut thingy that he was under, and the weird round thing in-front of him that held strange water in it. He sniffed it, wondering if he trusted it enough to drink. When it didn't smell fatal or threatening, and he noticed the strong scent of Valka around it, he decided to drink it. It wasn't bad, it tasted alright he supposed, but he was still hoping he wouldn't die of poison for putting his trust in Valka - in a human of all things!

After finishing the strange water, he examined his wing… panic rushed to the forefront of his mind when he realised, he couldn't fly. His wings opened, the right one albeit painfully, but it would be far too painful and heavy to fly with. What the hypnuch was stuck on his wing? Would he ever be able to fly again? How would he hunt food? How will he get out of here? He wished Toothless or Cloudjumper where here to explain things to him. "Hypnuch!" He swore to himself. He'd even take Valka and her half understandable babble to just gain some bloody answers to his predicament, instead of this unknown shit he was left with. He was doomed! He was a downed dreki thanks to Toothless, he'd kill him!

It was then that he remembered why he'd broken his wing in the first place; Toothless had been taken by hunters! He'd saved the torht humans of all things and let his faifuh best friend get snatched by hunters, all because the plifigen ordered him around as the mighty bloody alpha he was. He'd never seen hunters before - they smelt of death and rot. He needed to get to
Cloudjumper, to Hiccup! How would he find them? Hypnuch! He'd have to walk! He really would kill Toothless if the hypnucha, faifuh plifigen wasn't already dead - and he better not be!

As he slowly left the strange place he'd woken up in, nervously taking in his surroundings, he recognised where he was - thank the dreki gods. It was strangely quiet, and the few humans that saw him just stared or ignored him as he continued on his way, it helped with his fear of the humans - that they stayed out of his way, but he was still cautious and vigilant.

He finally reached Hiccup's house, wondering how he was meant to get inside, and decided to roar his orders for the humans to fix that issue - hopefully that human would be Hiccup or Valka; he had saved them all from burning alive, because of them he couldn't fly anywhere safe or go after Toothless, so they could bloody well figure it out!

Gora, had just about squeezed in through the front door; Hiccup, helped to keep the door frame from rubbing against his bad wing as he pushed through, and he was now lying down by the fire listening to him - those human hands of his worked wonders on his neck. He'd been trying to get Hiccup to understand that they needed to find Kalean, but Hiccup had obviously felt the need to calm him instead for some reason - he most definitely… hadn't been freaking out!

What Gora had deduced from Hiccup's weird dialogue however, was that he couldn't or wouldn't go after Kalean. He'd assumed the 'couldn't' option; Hiccup looked and smelt more worried than he was. Gora didn't blame him; Kalean was his best friend, his … alpha - Gora rolled his eyes and huffed gently. It was still weird that Kalean was his leader now, not that he acted it most of the time - for that he was grateful, but Kalean had spent his last ar'tios with Hiccup, he was Hiccup's sal-binda, and Hiccup's best friend now too.

He'd watched Hiccup's eyes make salty water, watched him sniffle and make strange noises, and he'd listened to his strange words - taking in everything he could understand. He was extremely worried about Kalean too, and he could relate with Hiccup on that. He wanted to do something more than just wait for Cloudjumper to return, and he felt useless having lost his flying ability - temporarily if he'd heard Hiccup right; apparently, his wing would take a while to heal, but then the 'amber' would be melted off and he'd be good again.

If Kalean wasn't found before he could fly again… the minute he could flap his wings he would find him. He didn't give a shit about Kalean's alpha order - to not follow him, he wouldn't leave his friend to suffer if there was something he could do.

"I wish you could respond Gora." Hiccup thought out loud, glancing at the amber covered break in Gora's wing. He continued to scratch the purple scales down the side of Gora's neck gently, calming himself with the repetitive motion.

Gora looked up at him. Hiccup was sure that if Gora had eyebrows they would have lifted, as it was, his eyes were wider in obvious displeasure at his statement. He couldn't understand Gora, not in the conventional way anyway, but that look spoke quite loudly to him.

"Oi, I do respond ya Quiazule. Ya just don't have our intelligence to understand me. Not my fault yer a human."

Hiccup breathed out a single chuckle. Gora reminded him so much of Toothless sometimes, and he couldn't work out if that was a good or bad thing yet, but Gora being here with him, it was nice. He appreciated the company as much as he was sure that Gora did too, and he felt safer with Gora; if anyone tried anything, he knew Gora would confuse them… literally, or hypnotise them to leave.
"I meant talk to me Gora. Talk to each other. You have very expressive responses." Hiccup wore a light smile as he continued to scratch Gora's neck, but the smile soon left to be replaced with a sigh. He frowned. "I had to force information from mum about the village you know, before she left with Cloudjumper to get medical supplies or rally some additional help."

Hiccup hated that, hated that his mother hid things from him or hesitated to share information that she thought would trouble him. His chief status might be standing on the edge of a crumbling cliff, but he was still the chief for now… and still an adult. It wasn't her choice to what information he was privy to, and whatever his 'state of mind', he had a right to know. He felt like a prisoner in his own home, and he deserved to know what was happening outside of it, even if he could do nothing to help.

"I feel so useless! I'm worried sick about Toothless, and I can barely keep it together not knowing my fate, and Olen and Haldor—" Hiccup's sigh was broken as he pushed his lips into a shaky clenched fist, leaning his head on it - elbow on his knee. He breathed in through his nose, exhaling sharply around his scabbed and bruising knuckles.

Maybe his tribe were better off voting on a new chief, he'd failed to keep his people safe; he wasn't the leader they wanted nor needed, and at least he could start putting himself and Trid first for a change. His leadership had gotten people killed, had destroyed his relationship with Toothless, and now Toothless was gone - killed maybe. If it wasn't for Trid, he'd have somehow found a way to find him.

His mother had begrudgingly decided that Hiccup needed to know of Hofferson's threat, and with that lingering over him he couldn't leave his son alone on Berk. Trid needs his father, needs stability, and he'd be damned if anyone would take his son from him. That particular news, along with the 'suggestion' that he stay home from Alex Alvarisson, had thrown any plans he had been making into a burning fire … he was back at square one.

If Hofferson hadn't made such threats, if the dragons were here, or if Gora wasn't injured… he'd have taken off like a fool and perhaps died trying to save the one his heart ached for the most, feared for the most - leaving Trid with Valka, Gobber, or the Hoffersons. In hindsight though, dying in a solo mission would not only leave Toothless unsaved and his mission unsuccessful, but it would also leave his son without a father - something he vowed never to do … if he could help it.

He'd entertained the ridiculous thought - for all but ten seconds, of taking Trid with him on such a suicide, solo mission to save Toothless, but he slammed that thought away as soon as images of his son laying dead crossed his mind. No risk, small or otherwise, was worth his son's safety. Toothless, the sweet, beautiful, stupid sod, had given up his life for Trid; Toothless would kill him, hate him, slap him again even, if he put Trid in danger like that. He wouldn't insult Toothless's sacrifice, and his own heart and conscience couldn't risk his son's life, period!

No one was going to aid him in a rescue mission to find Toothless, and Gobber was right; things were such a mess right now that it would be unfair to even expect it from his people. If anyone even did miraculously agree to go with him, they were too injured and weak from the attack that Maligon would only win again - he'd be sending his people to die. It seemed that no matter how much he wanted to find a way to save Toothless and keep his son safe, it was impossible. He couldn't do both. Toothless would agree with him that Trid must come first, and that was why his heart was crumbling. The loss of hope was building the more his thoughts failed to reach a plausible suggestion to rescue Toothless, but he wouldn't give up; he refused to believe he would never see them lime-green eyes again.
Having made the hard choice, for the time being, to keep Trid safe and put him first ... he couldn't stop the guilt. No matter how justified his choice maybe, it didn't stop his mind conjuring images of Toothless crying out for him. It didn't stop the nausea born of pure worry, of a crippled heart, and of missing the comfort and strength that Toothless offered him when they were together. He'd give it all, anything and everything but his son, to have Toothless back, safe, and by his side where he belonged.

He felt Gora's head rest in his lap, two red-orange eyes looking up at him, sharing his worry for Toothless. His fingers had stilled in his thoughts, thoughts that hadn't stopped since he'd woken up, and he gently rubbed the side of Gora's maw in apology.

"We'll find him Gora. We'll find Toothless. I don't know how, but we have to!" Hiccup felt like he was assuring himself more than Gora as his voice broke, but he had to eventually find a way to get Toothless back and still keep Trid safe.

He'd thought so much he was getting tired, cried so much his eyes were dry, and he still felt sick just imagining what Toothless was going through right now - ignoring any nagging part of him that thought Toothless could already be dead. He decided his own fate didn't matter anymore, titles didn't matter anymore, and he was prepared to leave Berk with his son and screw the lot of them! He was done putting Berk before Trid and Toothless, done trying to please others at the cost of his own happiness. He closed his eyes, silently apologising to his father and Astrid for whatever he chooses to do next - for not being the chief they believed he would be, and for disappointing them. When he opened his eyes, he patted Gora twice before standing up to check on his son.

Trid was still asleep in his downstairs crib, but he would wake up soon. He gently brushed the soft auburn hair with his index finger - noting its slight growth and thickness, ran it slowly over the bruises on his son's neck, and back up over his tiny, perfect, rosy-pink lips. As much as he loved his Mother, Gobber, and his friends in different ways, Trid and Toothless were easily his whole world... nothing mattered as much as them. He tucked the blanket around his son's shoulders, and left to prepare for his son's inevitable needs - changing and feeding, and of course, love and safety. Collecting the materials he will soon need to change his son's diaper, his mind continued to think.

It was only a matter of time before the village recuperated enough - before the council recuperated enough, and a decision would be made; he needed to be ready to leave Berk with Trid, should they outcast him, or sentence him to death, or try and take his son away from him. He was worried about Trid's future, knowing that a chance to be the next chief would offer him stability, wealth, and a tribe at his command... but at the cost of losing him - losing his father and a family, was it worth it? He had to make a choice.

Maybe he was selfish, but he loved Trid, loved him so much that he wanted to be a part of his life, always. Trid was his and Astrid's beautiful, perfect creation, the one thing he would never regret. He wouldn't lose his son - couldn't lose him!

Living in the wild wasn't the best environment for a baby, but Trid was weaning now - a few more weeks and he would be off the bottles entirely. He wasn't the best hunter, but he could build. When the dragons returned, he was sure at least one would help him. He would learn, and he could make it work! Maybe even obtain a chicken or two and a yak for milk. In a couple of weeks, the Dragons should return and he'd have an army willing to save Toothless with him. If Toothless was still alive, if he could hold on until then, he will find him! He will destroy Maligon - kill him, and leave with Toothless to start a new life, just the three of them - somewhere isolated and devoid of humans. He'd miss his mother, Gobber and his friends, but he wouldn't miss Berk, his duties, or holding the entire weight of his tribe on his shoulders. He wouldn't miss the deaths, the struggles, the lack of sleep, or the sacrifices he has to make every day. Yes, if the moment came where he was to be
stripped of his title, outcasted or worse, he would run. He would leave Berk with Trid and start a new life.

Making his decision to be ready to flee, he planned to prepared his hasty getaway should it come down to it. Now, preparing Trid's bottle - starting with the boiling water, he began thinking of all the things he would need to take, and all the preparations he would have to make to be ready at an instant.

Gora had stayed by the dying fire, watching him move about the house, and he wondered what to do about Gora. His mother and Cloudjumper would keep him safe, but Hiccup knew he would want to come with him, want to help him find Toothless. He wouldn't be ready to fly for at least six weeks. He would have to return for him if he had to leave before Gora was ready, or send a dragon to fetch him - to bring him to wherever he ended up. He would have to leave his mother a letter explaining everything, and he also needed to find and tame a male dragon - that hadn't left with the females, or he would have to ready a ship somehow.

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A short, thin, cloaked and hooded man, knocked cautiously on Maligon's cabin door. His hands shook as he rapped three times on the slimy green stained wood, pulling his hand back quickly and fidgeting.

"What d'ya want?" Maligon shouted from inside the cabin. His voiced laced with anger, frustration, and annoyance.

"I have news from Slanousa." He replied with a shaky voice. "He wanted me to tell ya that the winds-"

The door suddenly swung open, and Maligon stared at the man before him. The man swallowed and failed to find his string of words, the fear was obvious in his hunched stance and dark green eyes, but Maligon didn't have the patience for people that didn't spit it out and get to the point.

"Arnstein!" He shouted warningly. He was already angry that his whipping had failed to make the Nightfury change forms.

"The w-winds have vanished y-your g-greatness. Slanousa says… h-he says to t-tell ya that the s-ship isn't … it isn't m-moving…"

Malgion's eyes were frowned in thought. He eventually turned slowly, walked back to his desk, and underhandedly picked up a long dagger. As he turned around again, to face Arnstein, he slipped the dagger behind his back - in his right hand, and he forced his face into its normal stoic appearance. Maligon then crossed the distance back to an anxious and fearful Arnstein, his left hand slumped around the man's shoulders, yanking him closer.

"You're shit messenger, and ya know how much I hate stuttering Arney." Maligon spoke gently, only an inch from his ear. Arnstein gulped and nodded - his hood falling back to reveal his tied-back brown hair, but before he could apologise, Maligon continued. "I can help ya with that, make you a better man. Would you like that?"

Arnstein nodded vigorously, but just as his mouth opened to speak … his breath was stolen by the immensely sharp pain that had been pushed into his gut.

Malgion twisted the blade, forced it up, and then removed it viciously. Arnstein's hands went to his blood spilling wound as his legs went weak, he stumbled before falling onto his knees, whimpering and stuttering incoherently before his entire body hit the ground. Maligon turned Arnstein's body
with his booted foot, and he smirked at the fear and betrayal that danced in his eyes as the life left them. "There see, I told ya I'd make ya a better man."

Maligon hoisted the dead body up onto his shoulders and walked out to the main deck. Eyes turned to face their leader, some scared, others awaiting orders and standing to attention, and a few more curious to what pissed off Maligon this time. "Get back to work ya bootless blithering idiots, before I toss ye over board as well!" Maligon boomed before throwing the dead body of Arnstein into the sea below - not even waiting for the splash as he turned back. Everyone scattered back to work, or back to previous tasks… everyone except Pikredal of course. 'That annoying cunt.'

"What d'ya want Pike? I'm in no mood for your company!"

"All that blood not quenching your thirst? I'd have thought your greatness would be in better spirits. You have a Nightfury below deck, have blood on your hands, and are rid of one more imbecile." Pikredal listed.

If he wasn't Maligon's best, right-hand man, he would toss the fucking smart-arse overboard too. Pike had smarts, he thought of things out side the box, and his hands were just as dirty as his own.

"I hear the ships not moving; last thing we need is ta be sitting ducks. Until we reach the Barbaric archipelago we might as well wave a white flag over our heads and hand ourselves in, even then, Berserk caught the fucking curse Berk did … bloody dragon loving traitors. You sleep at night with a dragon next to ya, yer cursed is what you are. No other explanation for that revolting notion; their beasts, nothing more."

"Yes, quite." Pikredal drawled. "The dragon? I assume you left it alive."

"I did yes, but the stubborn beast refuses to change. Even if it won't change, I can't kill the vile thing or no one will pay up for it. It's stubborn! I whipped it good and proper but it just took it. He can starve, the minimum water allowance and I'll see how it feels in a day or two. In me thirty years killing and hunting the beasts, there wasn't one I couldn't break!" Maligon cracked his knuckles and ran his hand over his sebaceous face. "Let Spears know what I just said, make sure he follows the orders and keeps an eye on the beast, I need to talk to Slanousa."

In the cold, death befouled, window-less dragon cells below deck, Toothless had been left fading in and out of consciousness for hours - or so he guessed; he didn't have any sense of time, and no natural light to offer clues.

He could hear voices, pieces of conversation, but nothing that he could piece together in his current state; the pain was far too loud in his mind to focus on distant dialogue, and his state of wavering consciousness sometimes gave him wonderful, relieving moments of nothing - nothing that sometimes graced him with memories, loving smiles, and forest-green eyes. Until he gained consciousness again that is, and the pain made him want to vomit as if flooded back … and he had - vomited.

He vomited a few times after the whipping. Maligon had ordered the muzzle to be opened just enough so he hadn't choked to death, but it had since been tightened; he hoped therefore, that he didn't succumb to nausea again, he didn't want to die that way. He'd rather die standing proud, then choking on his own vomit - vomit that showed his lack of pain tolerance, weakness.

The heavy chains, bounding him to the disgusting, freezing, blood stained wooden floor by all four feet and attached with metal cuffs, were short and strong - dragon proof, just like the cell bars were. His tail was clamped to the ground, fixed in place tightly by bolts. It gave him the smallest
room for movement - perhaps a few inches at best, not that he wanted to move. His wings were bound tight with leather straps, cutting into them and his underside if he dared move but a fraction. His mouth - his maw, was muzzled so tightly that he could only sip air through his lips, and his pained breaths were restricted to his nostrils. Every breath fed his nausea and told another tale of a dead dragon that was once held captive down here; these hunters obviously still hunted. The air reeked of blood including his own, and of rot, mould and mildew.

His own blood must have ceased bleeding, or he would be dead already. The simple action of breathing, caused the burning agony in his back to rage violently as his chest rose and fell. He couldn’t even turn to lick his wounds, to see the damage, or to let his own healing saliva attempt its ability. He was in too much agony to feel hunger, but his mouth was dry and tasted bitter from the sick and bile. His leg might have been painful, but the screaming, agonising pain in his back stole all his attention - even his sanity and consciousness.

He was resigned to dying, not that he truly wanted to - he'd just accepted that his death was imminent. He was sure that any life without Hiccup, would be empty and cold anyway. There was no way out, no chance of rescue or escape, and he'd die knowing Hiccup and Trid were safe. He'd die stubbornly, not giving Maligon what he wanted - not that he could. He couldn't change forms for some reason, and he didn't want to; he feared the pain would be completely intolerable for one, and he wouldn't be ordered by the hunters.

As he lay there with his eyes closed, trying to control his shallow breaths, his thoughts fought between the demanding attention of the pain and the memories of Hiccup. Eventually, once again, his mind went calm and dark… and he slipped back into merciful unconsciousness.
Visskara had frantically searched the island of Berk twice, utilizing her superior speed and senses, failing to locate Toothless. The more she searched, the more she worried; the village was silent and still, under the full bright mani in the dark abyss above, but she was not as calm as her surroundings.

‘Where is Toothless?’

She flew down to Hiccup’s house desperate to find her amoor, swinging her tail into the building, again, and again… until she heard the commotion inside; a baby started crying, two human voices questioning the noise in their abrupt awakening, and eventually the door opened revealing a large round man - with a wooden leg and a hook for a hand.

Visskara roared in the man’s face, demanding her request for Hiccup - for answers.

“Er … ‘Icup. I think it’s for you.” Gobber’s sleepy voice grumbled as he wiped his face of dragon spit. He was prepared for angry villagers, not for bloody dragons this time in the middle of the night. He was quite happy to leave Hiccup dealing with an angry dragon so he could go back to sleep.

“Visskara?” Gora asked in confusion to her return, making his way closer to the door. His fear evaporated upon hearing her panicked voice, and he now had hope that someone would focus on finding Kalean.

Hiccup handed his son to Gobber as he past - making his way to the door, but Gora was already there and blocking his exit. He was confused at Visskara’s presence; Visskara had left Berk, and he was sure there was no one - no dragon even, to relay a message to her … certainly not this fast. He rubbed his tired eyes as he listened to the various sounds: growls, roaring, pants, snorts and grunts that past between the two dragons.

Gora was frantically trying to recount everything to an increasingly impatient Visskara. All Hiccup could do at this point, was wait until they had finished communicating with each other, or wait for Gora to move.

“Gora! For the last time! Where is Toothless?” Visskara enunciated loudly.

“That’s what I’m trying ta tell ya! He was taken. The hunters they-”

“Hunters?” Visskara growled. The fear in her stomach just jumped into her throat - Toothless was meant to be safe here from hunters. Her next words came out forced and breathy. “Where is he?” She demanded. Her eyes filled with fear.

“I don’t know! They took him, on a ship I think. He told me an Cloudjumper ter help the others, ta not go after him. We did as he commanded an I broke me wing … again.”

Visskara growled angrily at the lack of sufficient knowledge and facts. How could she find Toothless if she didn’t know where he was? She paced, hoping it would calm her anger and bring her answers … it didn’t. Her breathing increased and suddenly a plasma blast had left her maw.
“Vissy!” Hiccup shouted as he watched a section of the great stone steps erupt into falling, obliterated, debris and dust. “Gora, move!” Hiccup insisted.

Gora backed away from the door frame, partly listening to Hiccup, partly scared of Visskara, but mostly … terrified that some of the villagers were now running out of the Great Hall with weapons and burning torches. A couple humans had even emerged from elsewhere, and Gora was secretly terrified for Hiccup; if Visskara obliterated half the village and its human occupants in rage and fear, well… Hiccup would be done for.

Gobber, who had heard the explosion and returned to the door, told Hiccup to get back inside the house - he was sure this wouldn’t end well.

“No! I am still the chief. She trusts me.” Hiccup shouted, standing beside Visskara in his attempt to calm her.

“No Gobber, listen to me for once! Keep Trid safe inside and trust me.”

Gobber grumbled and groaned about his stubbornness and madness, then he went back inside as asked - but that didn’t stop him watching from the window with Trid in his arms. About twenty villagers had gathered in a semi-circle, keeping a fair distance from Visskara but still vigilant.

“See!” Gizur Ingifastsson shouted clearly. “As long as he is chief, our village will continue to be destroyed until there is nothing left. He’ll ruin us all.”

Visskara powered up a plasma blast to get rid of the yarxeyed plifigen permanently. How dare he speak to his leader this way - to Hiccup this way.

“Vissy, NO!” Hiccup shouted, diving in her path with his palms facing her. She looked down at Hiccup, coughing back her perfect shot with a look of shocked curiosity and outrage.

“You can’t kill anyone Visskara, you can’t take your revenge out on them or the village.” Hiccup told her as he slowly relaxed. He was aware of the eyes watching, the ears listening, lips whispering, and saw the nervous confusion and uncertainty in their fidgets. “We were attacked by hunters, they wanted revenge on us for saving the dragons they hunted and captured - for ruining their work. They took Trid hostage Vissy … Toothless gave himself to save my son’s life, to save all the lives here on Berk.”

“See, he admits fault. If it wasn’t for him making us friends with the dragons - for putting them first before his people, we wouldn’t have been attacked in the first place.” Gizur shouted. “And where has our chief been when we needed him the most … In his little house having a mental break down, and all over his disgusting abomination of a dragon lover.”

Everyone that was there, responded to Gizur in some way; some nodded in agreement, some frowned in thought, some whispered to others, and a few shouted over each other.

Visskara growled, advancing threateningly towards Gizur. She knew three things from his statements; One, Hiccup wasn’t being respected as a chief. Two, this human male obviously didn’t have respect for the drekis as Hiccup did. And three, he had just insulted her ameor and was ungrateful for Toothless’s part in saving his meaningless life.”

Most people gasped and raised their weapons, but Visskara ignored the metal with its promise of cuts or death, ignored Hiccup’s shouting at her to calm down, and proceeded to advance on Gizur angrily. She wanted him to give her a reason, just one tiny excuse to destroy him.
“Hiccup! Perhaps you should return home.” Axel Alvarisson, told him shakily, about to order the others to return to bed in the Great Hall … but then Gizur shouted at Visskara.

“Wanna fight do ya, filth.” Gizur spat at the ground, gripping tightly to the sword in his hand.

“Gizur, NO!” Hiccup shouted when Gizur made to plunge the sword up into Visskara’s chest, but Visskara moved so fast that the sudden rush of wind knocked everyone over. It was hard to see through the snow flurries Visskara had created in her speed.

The next moments happened so fast it was surreal, sickening, gruesome, and nearly impossible to stomach. A massive gust of wind moved and pushed at their bodies - even from their fallen spot on the ground, and the house even creaked in strain - threatening to collapse as the second bout of snow flurries stole their vision temporarily. Hiccup dug his fingers into the snow to not blow away … but then he saw red drips spray over his hands, his arms, and onto the white snow in front of him. A shower of blood and guts rained down over them all, an arm, a ripped chest, a finger, a foot … and the deformed head of Gizur.

When an eyeball landed on Dalla Iorundottir’s shoulder, and she looked to her left to see what it was, she vomited. Hiccup heaved and covered his mouth; the smell of death, the sight and smell of Dalla’s puke, the smell of death, the sight of Gizur’s twisted face, the blood splattered over him and everyone there - blinding them against the white snow, and the fact that Visskara had just killed someone in such a manner… it made it impossible to avoid the vomit that defiantly burnt at his oesophagus on its way up and out of his own mouth. Choking, splattering, coughing, and grasping at the snow with tightly closed eyes for grounding from his demons, Hiccup shook and breathed away the darkness.

No one spoke, too shocked and disgusted to move, to scared that movement would make them vomit likewise or be attacked, and everyone was waiting for someone else to speak first.

Visskara had scooped Gizur up so fast that his body had teared from the force, and she had ripped whatever was left to shreds in her invisible flight. When she landed by Hiccup, everyone froze from fear of being next. She was glad they feared her, they should!

Hiccup gulped as Visskara nudged and eyed him. Still no one spoke or moved as Hiccup rose to his feet. He knew Visskara was a dangerous dragon, his mind was trying to tell him to be cautious, but he trusted that Visskara would never hurt him. He was Toothless’s sal-bindia, and she was Toothless’s ameor.

“Hiccup…” Gobber’s voice was aberrant, quiet and hesitant. Hiccup noticed that he didn’t have Trid.

“W-Where’s my son?” Hiccup stuttered, trying to ignore the dead, severed body around him.

“He’s asleep. Hiccup w-”

But Hiccup ran past Gobber, back into his house to check that his son was still there. Happy that his son was indeed safe, and that his house wasn’t on the verge of caving in, he relaxed just a tad. He tried to ignore the returning images of raining body parts, and the nausea and disgust that churned … but it still spun its strong yet delicate web in his gut - one wrong thought and it would break. He was shaking, vivid flashes, bright blood, and then… Astrid in a pool of her own blood, a dead Trid, a dead Toothless and…

“Hiccup!” Gobber shook him for the third time, frowning at the green and white colour of Hiccup’s complexion.
Hiccup gasped for air, and sighed deeply as he closed his eyes tightly shut. He forced the images away by pressing the palms of his hands into his eyes, digging his nails into his scalp painfully, and chanting to himself in an incoherent whisper. “Toothless will be okay, Trid’s okay. Toothless will be okay, Trid’s okay.”

“Visskara’s still outside Hiccup. Axel an Mulch managed ta get everyone ter go back ter bed in the Great Hall.” Gobber explained hesitantly. “He wants yer to get rid of the dragon, says she’s too dangerous to stay on Berk ... I agree with him Hiccup, and he says he’ll talk to yer in the morning.”

Hiccup spun so fast his eyes needed a moment to catch up, he stared at Gobber like he’d gone insane.

“Fuck them! They only want my help when it suits them! I will not harm Visskara, I will not send her away!” Hiccup screamed, marching outside to make sure Visskara was alright. She had been defending him, and Gizur had attacked her first. The traitorous fucking wanker got what was coming to him, and it was all Hiccup could tell himself on repeat to justify his quick, yet gruesome death.

When he saw Visskara waiting for him outside, he sighed. “Oh Visskara!” He ran to her, hugging her chest as tears fell. “I’m sorry I couldn’t save Toothless. I tried … they were just too strong. They took him.” He choked on a sob, comforted by her warmth. She was one of the only beings here right now that really knew of his demons, and the only one here that could find Toothless. He pulled back and looked up into her dark-blue eyes - she was angry, but not at him. “I need him Vissy. I love him! I need to tell him that … but I don’t know what to do. I can’t leave Trid, and my people are badly injured or they would have decided what to do with me by now.” Hiccup wiped his eyes, avoiding looking over at the blood and dismembered body - least he vomit or worse if he did, and he noticed her questioning look. “They know Vissy, they know he can be human … and they saw me kiss him.”

Visskara’s eyes widened; that would explain why the village were disrespecting their leader. Gora had already explained why the village was a mess - especially on the east side, but Hiccup was in trouble too. If she remembered correctly, Hiccup was scared that they would kill him or throw him off the island in exile, and take his son away from him. She wouldn’t let harm come to Hiccup or Trid, but right now she needed to find her Ameor. She nudged the metal round object on Hiccup’s belt - the image of a Nightfury etched into it, and she cooed as she looked towards the ocean and back at him, begging him with her eyes to point her in the right direction.

“I can’t leave Vissy. Not yet. But even if I could, I don’t know where Maligon took him. Mum said they sailed away, but she was too busy after the attack to follow the ships. I’m so sorry Visskara. We will find him! I just need time to come up with a plan.” Hiccup told her, shaking his head sadly. He felt guilty for not doing or knowing more.

“They only attacked yesterday.” Gora informed Visskara, having forced his way outside painfully. “I can smell that Toothless killed a couple enemies in the house. Hiccup also said that Maligon broke in.”

“You wait until now to relay this important information!” Visskara hissed at him angrily.

“I forgot!” Gora insisted.

“It was still vital information! I must check.” Visskara insisted, surprising Hiccup when she broke his door frame forcing her way into the house. She sniffed and screwed her eyes when she caught the malodorous scent of three humans - the worst was wafting down from higher up.
Hiccup followed her and watched as Visskara sniffed her way up the stairs, squeezing her wings in tight so that she could reach his room. She shook her head in disgust and huffed out of her nostrils. Hiccup didn’t think his room smelt that bad, but then he understood … she was tracking. It made sense that she could track - she had such heightened senses. His excitement followed her down to Toothless room where she huffed once again and he realised … if she could track Toothless, she would go after him.

“Vissy, the hunters are dangerous. There could be a hundred or more of them. Maligon was malicious, evil, and merciless. His men killed … they killed two of my people, and one was only a child - a youngling. They hurt my son; they will hurt you too. They will have weapons specially designed to hurt you and catch you. Do you remember the dragon root arrows I told you about, or the dragon proof chains and cages?”

Visskara nodded. She remembered Hiccup and Toothless’s stories of hunters, but she wasn’t afraid; Toothless needed her, and she would be far too quick for them to catch or hurt her. She nuzzled Hiccup’s chest - knowing he was only worried about her, and knowing he wouldn’t say it but that he wanted her to bring Toothless home.

Hiccup held her face in his hands, knowing that she would go looking for her ameor no matter what he said. He sighed and closed his eyes, resting his head on hers. “Be safe Visskara, come back to me in one piece. I can’t lose you too … and Toothless will kill me if I let anything happen to you.”

Visskara huffed and licked his chin. Hiccup huffed a chuckle as he wiped his chin, knowing she was assuring him of her safety. He hugged her neck. “Bring him home.” He whispered. Visskara nodded once when he let her go, a tear running down his cheek.

Making her decision to follow the scent if she could, she left the house just as forcefully as she entered it, and she took off. With her heighten scent, her long-range sight unobstructed by trees, rocks or other objects, and her speed of flight… she could easily search much of the ocean quickly. She would find them, and when she does … they will regret ever touching her ameor or the other drekis they have harmed while they rot in the everlasting afterlife of torture.

Hiccup sat at Toothless’s desk, his head in his hands, thinking about his plans to flee Berk if it came to it. He couldn’t return to sleep, and after tonight, he was sure that fleeing Berk with Trid was going to be inevitable. If Visskara managed to free Toothless, if they came back to Berk, he had to be here, but … he had to ensure Trid had a future with his father. He didn’t know when the time would come, and he didn’t know what the council and village would decide, but he had to be prepared for the worst.

He was so worried and plagued with anxiety that it was a constant fight to focus on what was important, to focus on what mattered and to not get lost in the deranged party his demons wanted him to drowned in. He had experienced worry so many times: When Toothless was his secret, when Astrid found out about Toothless, when his father went after the nest, when he became chief, when Astrid’s labour took a turn for the worst, when Coaldron attacked with the Ogthantarth, and many… many other times, but nothing came close to the burning worry he felt now for Trid, for Toothless, and for Visskara. His life was stuck on repeat: His father, his wife, his lover; hope and then despair; he went from the joke of the village, to the chief, to the joke of the village again. Was he forever doomed to repeat?

He sat up in the chair, exhaling away his thoughts before he let them beat him. No! He had to fight, he had to stay focused. He needed to finish his letters: The letter to his mother - explaining why he left, a letter to Toothless - in case he had to leave before Vissy rescued him, a letter to Gobber - to
thank him for being a great father figure, and a letter to all his friends. Searching for parchment and a quill, he found the small journal he had given to Toothless a while back. Curiosity got the better of him and he opened it to see what Toothless might have written.

His tears started before he’d even read the first word. Just the thought of Toothless sitting at the desk writing, safe and home, it choked him. He just wanted him back.

Sniffling and wiping his tired eyes, he read the words. It was filled with Toothless’s random thoughts and memories from different times. The writing such a mess at first that he could barely read some of it.

Some of the things Toothless had written was funny - such as his complaint about the squid ink stopping mid-word, and that they should make a quill that had ink inside it because it was fucking annoying having to dip for ink every two words. That Hiccup could make that, because he was a ‘geneeous’.

Others were strange memories, like Hiccup’s habit to bite the inside of his lip when he tucked Trid in, a silly grin and warmth in his eyes when doing so, and how his fingers twitched before moving the hair from his son’s face.

Some were questions or deep thoughts, such as his curiosity to why humans didn’t have claws to protect themselves. Toothless wrote about how every animal, creature and plant grew in a wonderous grand design, a design that enabled a particular living thing to protect and function in its environment: The roots of the trees grounded its strong body, holding it firm and providing food and water; The horns of a yak, for protection and used in a battle of dominance; The feathers of a chicken, to keep it warm he assumed; and the wings of a dragon, for travel, used as a shield, and rather magnificent he thought. He then went on to explain that humans had no roots to feed or ground them - that Hiccup certainly seemed more content to fly, and they had to grow and cook their own food; that they had no horns or claws for protection and relied on weapons and guards; they certainly had a lack of fur, feathers or scales, so they relied on clothes; and no means of magnificent travel except boats and on foot. He then concluded that humans were rather unfortunate, and that something must have gone terribly wrong when the gods made them.

Hiccup’s tears were bittersweet and he closed his eyes. He smiled at Toothless logic, his humour - even if he wasn’t trying to be funny, and his memories. He wiped his eyes on his sleeve and then proceeded to turn the page. It was then he frowned. Strange words were scribbled on the parchment, words that seemed to be of an ancient or unknown language: ‘Olus li bre sais. Hafro dreki... haoa sueinnoaues li dd ogoaues oa liol me suus li suha Oa kro li us haus li usoloa – Li suus dd me oa haoa us einnoaues. Daha oa me pefrous? Li ha us olus gor lioasuus li us us subre.’

Making no sense of the words, he hastily turned the page hoping for more information. There was nothing there to explain why Toothless had written what he had. The only, and last, thing Toothless had written was about him - them.

‘It’s been a while since I wrote anything, and who could have known that I, a Loightakalean, would find comfort and relaxation in words. It’s been a while, but today I came home.

I love Hiccup. I either haven’t learnt the words to express my love in a way that does it justice, or they simply do not exist because love is greater than words. Humans are quite unfortunate in many ways, but they certenley are creative in making up for their shortcomings - writing is one of my favorite human inventions now; memories can be lost, broken, fading, or recalled inaccurately, but with a few well-chosen words you can capture a memory so precisely, and remember the small things you are most likely to forget. I could never forget my love for Hiccup, I will always love him, but I can not express it no more - not in the way I crave so despretly.'
Sometimes I feel like Hiccup has no faults, but if I ditch the bias, I’d have to admit that he does. He has faults like every other human or indeed dragon; his stupid recklessness at times scares me, his curiosity always gets him in trouble, and his fear is damaging. It is his stupid, growing fear that broke us apart, that broke my heart and caused a pain so strong that it crippled me. He hurt me in a way I didn’t know was possible, and I responded with a lie - I tried to hate him.

I understand more clearly now. I think I always understood if I’m honest, but now its been absorbed and accepted; Trid must come first. I could not put that innocent little baby in harm’s way, and I cannot let Hiccup suffer the consequences he fears – on risk of them being what would transpire if the village found out. One day however … I will get to hold Hiccup again as mine, one day I will taste his lips against my own and make up for all the times we couldn’t, and one day I will lay next to him, panting and sweaty, after pounding him into which ever surface we happened upon. I just need to figure out how to control my dominate mating erges before I do that anyway, before our time returns and we can be together once more, or Hiccup will certainly hate me.

I may not like the situation, but I now accept it. I would do anything for Hiccup and that includes --

The words ended there, abruptly, and Hiccup frowned wondering why. It soon dawned on him that Toothless had been writing the morning of Maligon’s attack, he heard the quill over parchment before he’d climbed the stairs to his room. It also said, in Toothless’s messy words, that he had returned home today. Maybe this is what Toothless had been writing, and Maligon’s unwelcome arrival had interrupted him.

The words had tugged his heart strings in many different directions, and they’d given him a lot to reflect on. Toothless enjoyed writing - which he never knew, and he was getting rather good at it for the short time he’d been learning prior to their trip. His quill-manship could do with a lot of work - the writing was still a mess, but his vocabulary and spelling had improved; it was possible that his own proper upbringing as the chief, and his own writing and reading accuracies had an influence on Toothless. He then remembered Toothless’s stories of Kalvissmari’s teachings - and his avoidance of them of course, but he must have picked up on more than Toothless himself believed. He was willing to bet that Visskara would have spoken rather accurately, clearly, and perhaps rather proudly too if she was a human. It made him wonder what Gora would sound like, or the others - like Stormfly and Meatlug etc.

He could have sworn a literal sharp pain jarred his heart when he thought about Toothless trying to hate him - that he’d hurt Toothless that much, and it brought back the memory of the day Toothless had slapped him. His hand reached to his cheek, feeling the damp trail of tears that had spilt when reading Toothless’s words. He vowed never to hurt Toothless again, and if Toothless came home… No! When he came home, he would make sure that Toothless knew how sorry he was. He would spend the rest of his life making it up to him.

Standing up, he tiptoed past Gobber to get a drink. He contemplated on the mead barrel; he needed to be strong not drunk, so he decided on water, but the mead barrel seemed to stare at him. Shaking his head, he quietly returned to Toothless’s room. He sat on the bed and looked about in thought, soon noticing the Snoggletog gift he had made for Toothless. He gently put down the mug and went to pick up the bag, hugging it close to his chest. A silent tear fell onto the dark material, memories of Snoggletog - only two nights ago, drifted into his mind.

It was silent and dark over Berserker island, the village sat in the middle of the old trees and thick forests. Inside the largest of houses, a man slept with his wife in the guest room. A Triple-stryke dragon, laid curled upon the floor asleep. It wouldn’t be long now, before the inhabitants of the
The Triple-stryke suddenly flinched, his eyes flicked open, and he shook his head. He was about to stretch and return to his slumber, when he heard the call - it was an alpha’s call, but it wasn’t Toothless’s. This call was distressed, urgent, and almost pleading. He carefully snuck from the room, sneaking out of the house. He looked up towards the night sky, waiting, and curious to the presence of another alpha. It certainly didn’t sound like it was in a challenging mood, so why was it here?

He heard it again, loud and clear. It was demanding help, assistance, and looking for someone. His tail twisted, and gently clicked together at the end before it untangled and he took to the sky. He roared, asking who was there, asking what it wanted.

A gush of strange, unexpected wind nearly unbalanced him, and he was sure he had seen something blue move in the air around him. Then he heard a female voice.

“Do not fear me, I am looking for my ameor.” Visskara informed him, stopping quite a distance behind the Triple-stryke.

“Ameor? Where have I heard that word before?” The Triple-stryke wondered to himself aloud, his tail clicking as he stayed alert. He had never seen a dragon like this before, and he had no idea how she’d gotten past him without being seen. “Who are you?”

“My name is Visskara, I am an alpha Dreki of an island far from this one. I am looking for Toothless, the alpha dreki of Berk!” She informed the black and yellow dreki in front of her. Male, she noticed, and intelligent enough to not attack before asking questions, but cautious all the same.

“Why do you search for Toothless?” He asked, the insinuations not missed by Visskara, nor the protectiveness this dragon was now exhibiting toward Toothless - interesting.

“ Toothless and myself are ameors, drekis born together and raised by the same mooir. He is most important to me, as I am to him, but he is in danger. He was captured by hunters, and I fear he is being harmed. I fear his life may end if I do not find him as soon as possible. I ask of you, help me spread the word, alert all the drekis that are nearby to send a distress signal if any-dreki knows of his whereabouts. I must save him!”

“ Toothless doesn’t really come here much. The drekis here tend to have no alpha because this is the only island around here that welcomes drekis. The other islands are home to hunters. Is hunters have Toothless, if they came this way, the islands nearby will be where they go. I can come with you if.”

“No! I am far too fast for you to keep up. Thank you for your information.” Visskara was then gone, she needed to keep looking.

Her hasty exit had shocked the Triple-stryke, not before almost unbalancing him again though, and he blinked as he looked around. She was truly gone, and she was quick. Good thing he hadn’t scoffed as he had wanted to, when she said he wasn’t fast enough to keep us with her, or he would have made a fool of himself.

Back in the room where his rider was still sleeping, he nudged him until he woke up.

“Sleuther, let daddy sleep.” He mumbled, rolling into his wife. Sleuther - the Triple-stryke, then
roared loudly in his determination that his rider get up, NOW! “Load the cannons! … Wait what?” He blinked his wide dark-green eyes, looking around the room confused, and his short red hair was tussled from sleep. This man was rather skinny yet muscular for a Viking, he had a tattoo like three claw marks across his left eye, and a lot of stubble.

“Dagur darling, whatever is the matter?” His wife questioned, sitting up and rubbing her green eyes. Her short, neck length, golden-blond hair stuck up in all directions as she scanned her surroundings for threats, but she found none. Instead, she noticed Sleuther acting rather peculiarly, as if he wanted them to follow him. The woman lifted the covers to reveal her pregnancy under her red silk nightgown. She stood up, tall and elegant, and shifted her feet into her slippers.

“Mala!” Dagur moaned, as he watched her approach his ‘annoying’ dragon. “The healer said to rest, this … is not resting.” He gestured in exasperation.

“I am quite aware of that, however, Sleuther appears to be trying to tell us something of utmost importance.” Mala informed her husband.

“Fine! Who needs beauty sleep anyways.” Dagur groaned, getting out of bed in a huff. “This better be a matter of life and death, or I’ll have to kill someone to make up for it.” Dagur started getting dressed.

“I’m sure Sleuther knows better than to wake you for matters that are not of importance. I’ll get dressed then-“

“Oh no!” Dagur cut her off, pulling his dark-green vest over his mint-green tunic. He grabbed his horned helmet and jumped onto Sleuther’s back. “I’m gonna say this in the most delicate, sensitive way possible … I love you snooky woo, but … you’re not coming!” He then signalled Sleuther to make a hasty get away, running down the stairs and out the front door, wincing as he heard his wife’s delicate tones behind him.

“Dagur the deranged! You will regret treating your queen as an invalid. You will not be sharing my bedchamber if you-“

Dagur failed to hear anymore, he was already airborne on his dragon and sighing in relief.

“Isn’t she just so sexy when she’s mad!” Dagur gushed. “So strong, so beautiful, so perfectly angry.”

Sleuther grumbled, and Dagur realised they were flying away from the island.

“Where are we going?

Sleuther warbled and growled, they only way he knew that his rider would understand; something was up and they were on a mission.

“Ooo hoo, an adventure. This should be fun!” He shouted loudly, excited with anticipation.

Sleuther didn’t know if he would find anything, but he hadn’t been able to tell that strange female dreki where the ships came in when hunters brought in new drekis for sale and trade - she had left in too much of a hurry. He was going to fly east west to the Mazy Multitudes, to a particular little island where drekis where held until sale - an island called ‘The eerie shadows. It was deserted because humans believed it to be haunted, so everyone except the hunters went there. It wasn’t haunted, the piercing, bloodcurdling howls of pain, were that of captured and tortured drekis. Him and Windshear, with their riders help of course, had been trying to get rid of the hunters. Even Toothless and his rider had tried, but the remaining hunters were ruthless and sneaky; they weren’t
consistent in when they turned up, and the numbers had dropped, so finding them was difficult. At least there was a dramatic decline of dreki hunting, but the hunters had gone deeper into the shadows - doing their evil work in secret and hiding.
Chapter 59 - Disquietude and Vengeance

Hiccup, was fastening one of the bags on his bed closed when he heard the knock at the front door. With a sharp intake of breath, he froze, stopped breathing, and listened as Gobber grunted awake from his slumber in the big chair downstairs. Gobber's wooden leg tapped across the floor as he walked. Snapping back to his senses quickly, Hiccup rushed to hide the bags. He shoved them into the trunk at the end of his bed, and threw a wool blanket over the top. No one could find out about his if-the-council-want-to-kill-or-outcast-him backup plan to flee Berk with Trid.

"... Thought I'd come over and see ... okay ... tribes been saying ..." Fishlegs's voice drifted up from the living room, but Hiccup could only hear fragments.

Hiccup breathed, calming slightly. It was just Fishlegs, not a mob of angry villagers. He had to stop jumping at every sound! He chided himself, but then he heard footsteps climbing the stairs - three shoes and the familiar sound of a peg leg. Hiccup rushed about his room trying to decide what would look more casual, and he had just thrown himself in the chair at his desk, and grabbed a charcoal pencil and random parchment, when his bedroom door knocked.

"Iccup, you ave a visit'ah." Gobber called.

"Come in." Hiccup replied, wincing internally when his voice was far from casual.

The door opened and Fishlegs entered his room with an air of shyness, but a small smile donned his lips. Gobber turned and went downstairs, leaving the young lads to it. Hiccup smiled at Fishlegs again, noting the unsure look on his friend's face as he shuffled nervously, a sling holding up his right arm.

"Sit down Fish." Hiccup nodded towards the bed. He was glad his friend had come to see him, but he felt guarded and uncertain of why he was here exactly.

"H-How is he?" Fishlegs asked, pointing to the sleeping baby in the crib as he sat down on Hiccup's bed.

"Alive." Hiccup's bitter voice almost cracked with disgust.

He wasn't fooled by Fishlegs's avoidance to state his true reasons for being here, but the reminder of his son's ordeal made him writhe with an uncomfortable anger. His fists clenched slightly, and as he looked down at them, he saw the bruises and lacerations around his wrists from the chains. He had cuts littering his arms and hands, lacerated knuckles, scabs forming... but he couldn't feel the pain. The only pain he was aware of, was the one that insulted and battered his heart, and the thick dark smog that threatened his mind; he had failed his son, failed Toothless, and Fishlegs's injuries were a reminder of how he had failed his tribe and his friends. His failure was stuck on a loop, constantly reminding him, constantly there, just waiting for him to break.

Fishlegs shifted nervously on the bed, unsure of what to say. He had generally come to see Hiccup as a friend, but he did have questions that he wanted to ask. He'd heard the rumours, but he wanted answers from Hiccup himself.

Hiccup noticed the frown on his friend's face, but he looked back at the crib instead. He couldn't take it out on Fishlegs, and he knew what his friend had asked so he elaborated.
"Gothi says he'll be alright, but ... he hasn't been himself." His voice turned somewhat sombre and icy with disgust. "He eats, sleeps, and cries when he isn't being held. He clings to me like he fears I will drop him. He won't smile, won't laugh or chuckle, and he has no interest in his toys." Hiccup suddenly choked on his words, covered his mouth with a hand, and squeezed his eyes closed. His eyes stung, and he held his breath as a lump grew in his throat. His own words reminded him of how traumatized his son was, and his baby boy was only twenty-four weeks old! He couldn't protect his son - Toothless had done that, and he couldn't do anything now to ease his son's pain either. What sort of father am I? He thought, his hold on his emotions shattering.

As his body trembled with unshed tears and restrained sobs, he suddenly felt a comforting arm lay hesitantly around his shoulders. He dared look up at his friend, not wanting to see the disgust in his face; Fishlegs must think that he had lost it, that he was a disgrace - weak, pathetic, and a broken mess. He was embarrassed, but he couldn't rein in his tears.

"He just needs time Hiccup. He is strong like his father." Fishlegs almost whispered, his hand squeezing Hiccup's shoulder firmly. Hiccup made a noise of disbelief, shaking his head; he wasn't strong. He couldn't say this though; if he spoke, he would start sobbing out loud and the flood gates would open ... but Fishlegs continued on anyway - in a much firmer voice. "No Hiccup! You are one of the strongest Vikings I know. You've done and lost so much. I don't think I'd have managed to cope through everything you have."

The warm feeling that hit him then, ended the fight he was waging with his tears ... they flooded from his eyes like a fucking broken dam, running down his face behind his hands. While he didn't believe his friend's kind words, he was still immensely grateful that Fishlegs wasn't judging him. He couldn't take it if Fishlegs reproved and berated him, or if he expressed revulsion. Having one person say what he needed to hear, no matter how much he'd have argued against it, made him feel stubbornly lighter inside. Whilst he hated crying, feeling it a sign of weakness, it helped relieve some of his pent-up emotions. He wasn't strong like his father; he could only remain stoic and hold back his emotions for so long until he couldn't hold them any longer.

It took a while before Hiccup lifted his face, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, and nodded that he was alright. He wasn't alright, far from it, but his little breakdown was over for now - thank Thor. Sighing loudly, taking a few deep breaths, he felt Fishlegs pat his shoulder before sitting down opposite him on the trunk at the end of his bed.

"Thanks." Hiccup breathed, finally swallowing the lump in his throat, and sniffling as he tried to look more composed and right himself. When he looked back at Fishlegs, after glancing at his son still sleeping, Fishlegs offered him a small smile and nodded.

"Sorry I haven't been over sooner, but mum needed me ya know. The twins would have come by, but Gothi ordered them on bed rest. They put up a crazy fight, throwing anything they could ya know - food, mugs, plates, even their boots. Tuffnut bit one the enemies ears off. He didn't react very well to that, and Tuff got stabbed for it." Fishlegs had been telling him, but one look at Hiccup's face and he quickly added. "He's okay, really! Ruffnut went berserk, she managed to knock him out cold, but another man knocked her out cold. Gothi said they will make a full recovery, but they need to stay in bed."

Not knowing what to say, and reeling in his emotions once more, Hiccup just nodded. He didn't know why Fishlegs was telling him all this, but a part of him wanted to hear it, even if it was painful and hard to do so.

"Snotlout is in shock, I think. He didn't get too badly injured - bruises, a few cuts, but he was restrained rather quickly. He did put up a good fight, but he was really drunk though - one of the
worst in fact. He thought … erm … Ya know … Toothless … He thought it was the mead and ale. Eventually it sunk in - that what he saw was real, and he was shocked."

"Disgusted you mean." Hiccup muttered sourly, looking over at the wall.

"Actually, no!" Fishlegs informed him quickly. "We were all shocked Hiccup. I mean, its not everyday you see a human turn dragon. We’re all on your side: Me, Snotlout, the Twins, even Gustave. Snotlout kept mumbling that he had attacked Toothless. I think he was referring to that time in the arena … ya know, when you punched him for cowardly punching Kalster in the gut. Well … Toothless in the gut." Fishlegs frowned, obviously still finding it hard to process.

Hiccup snorted a tiny laugh - trust Snotlout to be more worried about that at a time like this. He probably wouldn't have dared to hit him in the first place if he had known who it actually was. However, Hiccup couldn't believe that they weren't disgusted in him. Didn't they know he had fucked a dragon? He suddenly had the urge to throw it out there, to remind Fishlegs that he should be revolted in him and what he'd done. He didn't want feigned support from his friends. He didn't want Fishlegs here if he didn't know what he'd done, only to be disgusted in him once he found out.

"So you're okay that I fucked a dragon then?" Hiccup's bitter voice made Fishlegs wince. So, he was disgusted with him.

"It's true then? That you and … Toothless-"

"Yep! So, you can leave now and spare me the revulsion." Hiccup snapped, gesticulating madly, and rising to his feet to show Fishlegs out.

"Hiccup, I'm not revolted! Just a bit surprised. You can't expect me to not have questions." Fishlegs defended himself. He wouldn't have Hiccup accusing him of feeling a certain way when it wasn't true.

Hiccup fell back into the chair and rubbed his face, blowing out a huff of emotional air. Why wouldn't Fishlegs just leave him alone? He wanted to believe him, he really did, but he just didn't. He was so sure of the abhorrence and hostility that he felt was due, that he couldn't let his guard down and believe that anyone would understand or support him. He couldn't hear that it was okay when he had insisted to Toothless it wasn't - when he believed so strongly that it wasn't. His fears had to have merit - they couldn't all be wrong!

"You expect me to … to believe that everyone is just dandy about this?" Hiccup asked, not knowing what he wanted to hear.

"Well, no Hiccup, not everyone is. Some of the villagers aren't happy at all, but you're my best friend … and not everyone is against you, ya know."

A silence that descended on the room. Trid stirred but stayed asleep - like the silence bothered him too. Hiccup tried to process what he was expected to think, to feel, or do about this information … but his mind was failing him once again, he could deal with everything being thrown at him.

"Toothless said he loved you?" Fishlegs suddenly asked, hoping Hiccup would at least explain that to him. Hiccup sighed, resigned to answer Fishlegs's questions. Why not, right? What else can I lose?

"Yes. We were … are … in love." Hiccup started nervously, noticing Fishlegs's slightly shocked expression at the confirmation. "I-I know … e-crazy right? But it's the truth, and it's a long story."

Once Hiccup had started talking, he found he couldn't stop. He told Fishlegs how Toothless had
changed, all about their relationship development - from the Oghantarh, to Sanctum island, to Maligon's attack, and eventually the great uncovered secrets in the Great Hall … but it felt so fucking good. He felt a tiny bit lighter, someone else knew the truth and it was a tiny blessing, a small relief. He even chuckled when his son woke up crying - a bitter, depressed, hopeless chuckle, knowing his son was traumatised, but it was all so fucked up … so broken that he had chuckled like a lunatic.

Fishlegs must have thought him delusional as he held his crying, clinging son … and chuckled. His chuckles soon turned to a muffled sob or two, and he went downstairs to get food for his son. Fishlegs followed him down, and Hiccup noticed Gobber wasn't there. Gobber probably went to see if he was needed as a blacksmith to make hinges, locks, or assist with any repairs today. Gobber would be back, and his mother should return later on if she had succeeded in getting medical supplies. All he could do was wait, wait as a prisoner in his own home, and care for Trid as best as he could. The waiting was torture in its self.

By the time Hiccup was feeding his son, he was in mid conversation with Fishlegs once again.

"It makes so much sense now though Hiccup. Where Kalster came from. Why you were so protective and so close to him. Why he was strange … and … I taught him to read-" Fishlegs suddenly looked like he'd had yet another realisation.

"Yes, after he asked you to teach him about love." Hiccup chuckled.

"Oh Thor, he was asking about you, wasn't he?" Fishlegs asked, but he didn't really need the confirmation.

"Mmm, and you threw him out of the Great Hall. I almost gave it away when you came over, when I called him Toothless."

"I remember that. I also remember him asking about Nightfury statistics. Speed, armour, fire power and- He was really good Hiccup, he had us all completely fooled." Fishlegs was still trying to get his mind under control - all the new realisations were still catching up with him.

"Yeah. He did." Hiccup sighed. For a moment, just a blissful small moment, he had been lost in happy memories. Now though, everything wrong was back and forefront of his mind. "I miss him Fish. I'm terrified." He almost whispered, afraid to speak any louder.

"Of what has happened to Toothless?" Fishlegs asked.

"Of everything! I really fucked up this time." Hiccup inhaled deeply, and exhaled shakily. He placed the empty bottle on the table, and adjusted his son's clothes. Trid gripped onto Hiccup's tunic tightly. "I wish he was here Fish. I really can't do this without him. Not knowing. What if Toothless is hurt or worse-"

"To-too." Trid mumbled, his bottom lip quivered as his azure-blue eyes glossed over.

Fishlegs gaped, but Hiccup was trying not to start crying again.

"Yeah bud, I miss him too." Hiccup's small voice croaked and wavered. It was obvious he had a lump of emotion wedged in his throat again, his tears only seconds away as he kissed his son's head and closed his eyes. "We have to be strong, okay buddy? We have to try." Hiccup whispered as he gripped his son's blanket tightly in his hands, and held Trid to him as tightly as he could without hurting him.

Fishlegs smiled sadly at them. He could see how much they both missed the Nightfury, and it was
suddenly so obvious now, how much Hiccup loved Toothless. It was strange - the relationship Hiccup had with Toothless, and almost impossible to believe, but he wouldn't judge his best friend. Hiccup couldn't help who he fell in love with, and it was an unorthodox situation - one that involved sorcery too. People were scared, confused, and feared it because it was something new, something different … but as the keeper of knowledge and a member of the council, he wanted to help Hiccup.

"Hiccup. Let me go get the records of past laws, the current laws, and the Berkian book of chiefs. I'll help you figure out what to do, what to say at the trial, and we'll figure this out okay?" Fishlegs had already made his way to the door, determined in his resolve.

"Thank you, Fish." Hiccup honestly felt so much gratitude towards his blond friend. He had already mentioned to Fishlegs, his desire to go through them himself, but hadn't had the chance because of Maligon's attack - and because of the mess he had created.

Once Fishlegs was gone, he held his fragile son close to his chest and allowed some of his tears to fall on Trid's soft auburn hair. He prayed that Toothless was okay - where ever he was, and that Visskara would bring him home. He was also conflicted, and worried about the tribes' reaction if he did return.

Toothless stubbornly went to power up a plasma blast - the resulting pain would surely be a quick ride to unconsciousness, to shoot the malodourous pair of idiots that were trying to get him to drink the muddy water, when they yanked the straps of the muzzle and clamped his maw shut in panic. Toothless almost choked on the gasses from the unfired shot, smoke blew from his nostrils instead, and the men loosened the muzzle a little … so he could what? Choke more easily? Idiots! He thought. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and closed around a roaring headache. What a fucking waste of energy, Toothless thought, not even getting to kill one of the dumb hunters, but still suffering the agony of trying.

"Come on ya beast! If ya don't drink Maligon will kill us!" The black-haired man, whose muscles must be compensating for something, half shouted and half pleaded with him. Toothless didn't have the energy to respond, and he'd rather focus on breathing.

"It's no use Sverre, the fucking thing won't co-operate." The mousy brown-haired man - thing - spoke. Eugh!

Toothless tuned them out, he didn't want to drink! He wouldn't eat or drink anything they offered, and despite his weakness, he was going to be the fucking god of stubbornness. If he wasn't in so much pain, he'd have enjoyed watching them panic over what Maligon would do to them if they couldn't make him drink the dirty fucking water.

Toothless just laid there, restrained, wishing he'd fall back into the painless bliss of unconsciousness. Breathing still hurt, still caused his back to burn where he assumed the welts and lacerations decorated his skin wonderfully instead of his perfect black scales. In fact, his entire body screamed so loudly in anger, that he still had a hard time focusing on anything but the pain. He'd almost give anything for Maligon to just return and finish him off, because it was torture just laying there, unable to move, with just his pain and heart ache for constant company.

Lost in his mind, the thumps of stabbing pain he could literally count, the sting, the burning eternity on his back - louder when he didn't work hard enough to think of something else, and his breathing … slow puffs through the pain … think of Hiccup … In … and out … Trid's innocent blue eyes … in … and-GASP!
He howled out in pain as a wooden stick smacked down over his back, banging onto the welts and lacerations. It hurt, it really fucking hurt, but he almost sung when his vision turned black. His body was shutting down in its weakness, its previous blood loss not given a chance to rectify itself yet, and in its desperate last resort to avoid the pain.

He failed to notice the two men fleeing the cell, panicking because they were ordered by Maligon to not hurt the Nightfury. They only wanted the beast to wake up and drink, they didn't think a stick would cause him so much pain and make it pass out.

"This is your fault Tyrkir! You hit it." Sverre moaned as Tyrkir finished locking the cell.

"It was a bloody stick, how was I to know it would make a Nightfury pass out? A stick!" Tyrkir shouted.

"Maligon won't be happy Ty. What do we do now?" Sverre asked in a panic. Tyrkir put his hand out to stop Sverre from walking.

"We tell him the Nightfury took a bit of water, not much. Then it went to sleep." Tyrkir said, nodding in agreement to his own plan.

"But, what about the noise? Maligon must'a 'erd it." Sverre pointed out, unsure and obviously worried.

"It just made that noise when we left, didn't want to be left alone see, tried to escape. Not that it could."

Nodding, Sverre followed Tyrkir from the cells, leaving the unconscious Nightfury alone.

Flashing over the ocean unseen, in a frantic search for her ameor, Visskara suddenly heard a howl of pain reach her sensitive ears. It was faint, quiet by the time her ears had received it, but she was sure she knew who it belonged to - Toothless!

Roaring in anger, blood thirsty for revenge of her Ameor's suffering, she glowed in her alpha form and picked up speed. She closed the distance between her and the ship Toothless was on, in a matter of seconds. She could see Toothless on the lower deck of the ship with her heat vision … but something was wrong; heat was bright on his back, but his core was colder than is should be.

She circled the four ships so fast that not a single human upon it could see her, but she knew the hunters felt a growing trepidation based on their wafting scents of developing fear and confusion. The wind twisted around them like a growing tornado, and the previous calm sea, under the peaceful dark sky, riled against the assault. The ships started twisting and spinning as Visskara weaved between them, quickly analysing and planning her revenge.

The brownish-black and yellow Triple-Stryke, Sleuther, was just about to land on the small abandoned island - The Eerie Shadows - when he heard Visskara's roar reach his ears from afar. She wasn't asking for help; she was voicing her anger with the promise of bloodshed. Sleuther assumed she had found those responsible for Toothless's capture, and he had to find out what was going on. He had to know if Toothless was at least safe.

The change of direction caused Dagur a moment of confusion.

"Oh, come on! I though for sure you were taking me to The Eerie Shadows, we could have-"
Sleuther growled at Dagur who pouted and crossed his arms like a petulant child.

"Okay fine, not The Eerie. This had better be good Sleuther! Daddy is missing out on his beauty sleep, and you know how cranky that makes daddy!" Dagur growled.

Sleuther just rolled his eyes and continued flying.

The sudden raging sea had started to calm, and the wind stopped as quickly as it had come. The hunters were scared as they stood up and let go of what they were clinging onto, their eyes frantically observing their surroundings with uncertainty. A few humans had fallen into the sea, some had drowned, but she didn't care. Visskara was high in the sky - too high to be seen, but she still watched.

She had finished analysing the ships, all four of them: None carried human younglings or hatchlings, so that made things easier. One held her Ameor, and another ship was carrying an elder male Bregoasveial under deck. The last two ships were easy target practise, and the hunters would die before they even saw what had caused their demise; no point risking the weapons she had heard about from Toothless and Hiccup. She would act quickly, spare no one, and move so fast she would not be seen. With that in mind, she wasted not a second more - it was time to eradicate and enact her revenge.

Maligon was suddenly on top deck by the helm - dishevelled and wary. The weather was strange, too strange. Could it be … dragons? He wondered, striding over to the side of his ship, his eyes madly searching, hungry for dragon blood.

Suddenly, amidst a great gust of mysterious wind that violently pushed the ships and angered the waves, one of his ships blew up. It was obliterated so unexpectedly that pure shock forced his eyes to widen in a foreign feeling of fear that grappled him. Pieces of wood and metal rained down into the stressed and angry ocean. The wind changed direction as if commanded by an angry deity; crashing waves smacked violently against each other, splashing up and over the ships as they rocked and turned, and then … another ship joined the fate of the first, and just like that it was gone, with no visible assailant.

Maligon gulped, and gripped on tighter to the side of his ship, still trying to find something to attack. He tried to reason with himself, against his fear and trepidation, that an action always had a cause; find the cause and eradicate it, then the problem will die along with it.

A Changewing herd perhaps, he thought wildly, clawing his way frantically for a plausible cause. A Changewing attempting rescue of the one they had caught? It was very possible, seeing as they could turn invisible, but he had no plausible reason to explain the weather. The sun was just starting to rise for its few hours of newly returned glory after solstice, and the sky was clear and still dotted with stars, but it was all in such diametric contradiction of the sea and the winds that continued to attack the last two ships, that rocked them violently and made the sea churn and crash, and nothing made sense. Could there be new dragons out there? He thought, still searching urgently with his eyes whilst trying to hold on to his ship, lest he fall into the battling waves below.

"Dragons!" Maligon yelled desperately, a last-ditch attempt to try anything, lest his fate follow that of the two obliterated ships. His men struggled and attempted to prepare the spears, the chains, the traps, the catapults, the nets, the dragon root arrows and the ballistae, but the boat moved violently, and the feral winds threw them around like rag dolls.

A small let up in wind, allowed Maligon to grab the ropes at the side of his ship, and he wrapped them tightly around his hands for anchor - desperate to not be tossed overboard or thrown around
his deck. He barely witnessed the hole that blasted into the side of the third ship, but again … he could see no assailant. The wind returned, cutting and vengeful, and the third ship was pushed back as the waves parted and crashed.

Maligon’s fear increased as bodies suddenly started disappearing, screams carried across the ocean to his ears - that worryingly, cut off mid-scream, and then … limbs, blood and guts rained down onto his ship as the line of wind swept him and his crew off their feet. The wind was merciless, and it strained his body as he lay front down on his deck and held on tightly to the taut rope in his hands. As he fought with burning, aching muscles, to hold on to his only lifeline, he struggled to watch as his ship was wrecked. The sails ripped, the mast came down, wood snapped and creaked, and the sea raged against the side - slamming them with angry waves and impairing their vision greatly.

A brief break in the sinister winds allowed Maligon to force himself to his feet. His hands bled from where the rope had nearly cut through them entirely, his muscles protested, and his limbs were weak from the strain of winds that had threatened to tear his body apart. He wobbled against what was left of the side of his ship, and saw a head roll across the deck as he slumped to the ground. He could see the blood - everywhere, along with what remained of guts and body parts. Whatever this was, it was evil, quick, and he felt so utterly doomed.

He just about witnessed the captured Changewing flee the scene, flying away over his battered ship before turning invisible. He wondered, with a silent plea to the gods, if the attack would now stop - seeing as the Changewing had been rescued, but he heard the third ship explode just like the others, and the winds picked up once again. For the first time in his life, he was beyond terrified. This had to be the work of a deity or a malevolent being. No dragon could move so fast, control the sea and the wind, and obliterate a ship like it was a small sandcastle beneath his feet.

His own crew were mostly gone, some had fallen into the ocean as the winds ravished the ship. The last few of his men shook in fear, daring to move. A violent wind hit Maligon so hard he was thrown from the top deck and crashed into the deck below. He screamed as he grabbed a rope in utter desperation, his hands threatening to rip as blood poured from the wounds of his skinless palms, but his slight relief - of not being thrown from his ship - was immediately over as more blood and guts rained down. His ship spun and rocked violently … and then the winds stopped and he saw it … a white dragon with blue wings. It glowed and glowered at him in pure rage with a blue icy death like stare. An alpha … or a god. He had never regretted his choice to hunt dragons until now, and his shaking body wouldn't save him.

Visskara could smell Toothless's scent on him, and she recognised the stench from Hiccup's house. She wanted him to see her before she ripped his head off his shoulders, before she killed him. She could smell his fear and regret, this was far too easy - oh how she wanted him to try and fight her! She decided to hurt him first; she wanted to hear him scream.

She flew at him so fast that he wouldn't have been able to attack her - even if he hadn't been so paralyzed with fear, and in a blur, she had sunk her teeth into his arm - deep into his muscles and bones, and ripped it away mercilessly. Her speed sent the malodourous man flying across the ship, blood gushing from his severed limb, and his screams and wailing of pain satisfied only a fraction of her fury. She attacked again, and once more; the satisfying, agonising screams that filled the now silent air, ebbed away some of her anger as she watched the blood gush from his severed leg.

She stood towering above the man, looking down at him as he helplessly screamed and writhed below her. She smelt the piss and shit that came from his already malodorous dying form. He would die from blood loss shortly, and she wanted him to know that it was her that had destroyed him.
Maligon the Malicious's black-brown eyes, filled with agony, fear, and tears, were staring up into hers as he struggled to breath … and then, the lights went out! He was dead, and now she could get to Toothless.

Visskara turned to make sure that all the humans were certainly gone, so there would be no further threat. She flew around the ship and the now settling ocean quickly, confident that she had destroyed every last dragon hunter. She landed, huffing at the thought that humans felt superior to drekis, and finally made her way below deck to where her ameor was held captive.

The stench was the first thing to hit her, the smell of death and decay that made her feel sick, that told stories of the many drekis that had died here. She had never seen nor confronted hunters before, but she had heard the stories. Runisalith had been one that she knew had suffered at the hands of hunters, and a wave of sympathy washed over her.

Then she saw him …

"Toothless!"

Cautiously, Sleuther landed quietly on the battered ship. He smelt the death before he had seen it, but he could also sense Toothless and Visskara.

Dagur wasn't usually bothered by blood, death, or the like, but this … this was something horrific. A few body parts could be seen floating on the sea around the ship, and he couldn't see one whole body. Most unfortunate for them he thought, realising they were most likely dragon hunters, and for once, he was glad he hadn't been a part of this battle party. He climbed down from Sleuther hesitantly, and drew his sword slowly as he looked around. Hiccup usually took out dragon hunters, if Mala and himself didn't beat them to it, but this was an agonizing cry from anything that the dragon riders would do.

He looked down at the one body that remained, missing its right arm and left leg - ripped savagely away. The smell alerting him to the fact that the dead man had soiled himself at some point in his obviously lost battle. He also noticed what was left of fingers, guts, and the blood stains that splattered … everywhere! Whatever had happened aboard this ship, he didn't want to be the next victim.

He was about to suggest that they leave, that there was nothing but here but death, when a wail of sheer pain raised up from below deck. It was a dragon!

Dagur didn't have time to consider his options, Sleuther had immediately disappeared below deck.

"Sleuther!" Dagur whispered, going after his dragon.
"Wait! No! He's with me!" Sleuther shouted at Visskara, rushing to shield Dagur with his body. His tail clicked warningly as Dagur stayed cautious behind his dragon.

"Toothless?" Dagur frowned in concern when he finally saw the captured and tortured Nightfury. Until now his attention had been on the large white and blue dragon before him.

Visskara coughed away her plasma blast and squinted her eyes, scrutinizing the human guardedly. He obviously knew her ameor, but was he friend or foe? She wasn't taking any chances; she blocked them from advancing on Toothless's vulnerable body until she could be sure of their intent. She berated herself for letting her guard down; had her attention not been so deeply immersed in what had become of her ameor, she would have heard them approaching, as it was, she had been too presumptuous in thinking she had eradicated all possible threats.

"Why are you here?" Visskara demanded, her question snapped impatiently at the brown-black and yellow dreki. She needed to be direct, needed to neutralise the situation and get back to her ameor quickly.

"I heard you. We came to help. Toothless is a friend. Dagur's my rider, he knows Hiccup, they're friends too." Sleuther explained, his voice clipped every few words and his tail tapped nervously.

Visskara growled at them in frustration, pacing the cold dank cell floor, before returning her attention back to her ameor. Toothless's 'dragon proof' chains had been melted away - by herself, but when she had tried to remove the leather straps and muzzle … Toothless had been in too much pain. She either had to severely hurt her ameor to free him, or she needed help. It was also clearly obvious that Toothless couldn't fly yet either, and she couldn't carry him without causing him serious pain and discomfort - or without the risk of dropping him altogether. She was no Grutregrasvattir, she could only do so much, but if this human could help…

Dagur had been edging slowly around Sleuther, trying to get closer and analyse the situation. He could clearly see that Toothless was in need of serious aid, but he wasn't stupid to rush over and get attacked by an unknown dragon. He wondered if this new dragon could have possibly been the cause of the destruction up-top, but eventually, he decided that surely one dragon didn't have that much power over a ship of dangerous dragon hunters. He slowly slipped his sword away and cautiously tried to get nearer, but the dragon somehow heard his silent foot falls. She growled and snapped at him in warning, forcing him back.

"Vissy?" Toothless mumbled weakly. He knew she was there; she had been helping him - albeit painfully, but he was torn between relief of having his ameor with him and fear for her safety. His mind was far too foggy to register much of his surroundings, and the pain was far too distracting to think much at all. When Visskara had blasted and melted the dragon proof shackles and chains away it had been agonising, but he finally managed to open his eyes again. He squinted through the headache and tried to make sure his ameor was safe. He saw her, but then he saw the familiar crazy red headed Viking. "Dagur?"

"Toothless!" Visskara's head snapped round to face him. "I need to know, is this 'Dagur' human safe?"
"Safe?" Toothless muttered. Trying to sort through the loud throbbing, burning, and stinging, to get to his thought process.

"Can we trust this 'Dagur' Human? Is he safe, or should I kill him?" Vissy asked again. Sleuther growled, Dagur reached for his sword.

"What? No! D-D-Dagur's okay. D-Don't kill him!" Toothless stuttered, trying to raise his head and chest off the floor. All that futile movement caused was a searing pain down his back, and he ended up with his head on the floor, his eyes squeezed shut, and was forced to focus all his attention on breathing. He made a mental note to himself: Do not try to get up in a blind panic that your sister will kill the husband of Mala - the Queen of the Defenders of the Wing tribe, and an ally of Hiccup's, because it fucking hurts!

Visskara nodded as Toothless calmed down, her ameor obviously felt very strongly about the life of this human. She stepped aside before looking down at Dagur expectantly. Sleuther observed Visskara with a questioning, cautious scrutiny - he wasn't happy that she was willing to kill his rider, or the fact that it was said so matter of fact.

"He can help then. I need to remove these." Visskara said, placing her nose against the straps before looking back at Dagur pointedly. Sleuther decided it was safe for now, and he nuzzled Dagur closer to Toothless, but he would remain vigilant.

Dagur eyed the new white and blue dragon for a moment, but then he worked to free Toothless from his leather bounds, starting with the muzzle. "Hey buddy, what happen to you? No matter … we'll get you out of here. Dagur will get you all fixed up and back to Hiccup in no time." Dagur's slow motherese voice confused Visskara, but she watched his every move very closely.

Toothless panicked; he couldn't go back to Berk! He tried desperately to express this, but after his last movement attempt, he didn't have the strength. The noise that came from him only caused Dagur to rub his now free maw to soothe him.

"Easy there Toothless. There's a good boy. You just relax now buddy, you poor thing. Dagur will make it all better, yes he will." Dagur told him gently in motherese again, assuming Toothless was just in pain and scared for the situation he had found himself in.

When Dagur went to remove the leather bounds restricting Toothless's wings, he winced in empathy at the damage the hunters had done to him. The leather was so tight it had rub and cut into the skin, breaking through the scales. Toothless's back was worse, deep gushes and swollen spike shaped holes crusted over with dried blood, and the skin was bruised and scale-less in many places. Dagur had to close his eyes. He sighed sadly and thought: How had he ever affiliated with dragon hunters? It would always be his guilt to bare, and he carried it heavily.

"This is gonna sting a bit, but then it will all be over." Dagur gently warned Toothless.

Toothless closed his eyes and waited, but when it came, no amount of bracing could have prevented him from roaring out in agony. It felt like his skin was being torn apart and peeled from his bones.

Visskara was immensely grateful for Dagur's warning; if he hadn't alerted her to this fact, she would have jumped to the conclusion that he was only trying to hurt her ameor. So, when Dagur unbuckled the complicated straps and started to peel it away from his wings, she was prepared when Toothless roared and howled in agony. It wasn't easy to hear, and she wanted to take the pain away, but she would have to settle with the knowledge that the hunters were no more - they had suffered and died at her own paw.
Dagur had instantly stopped trying to remove the leather. He knew it must be removed but other factors were causing him to hesitate. The leather had cut into Toothless's skin, it had started to fuse into the wound, and removing it was causing a bleed and leaving it open to the elements.

"Just do it!" Toothless croaked out, begging for it to be over quickly. "Please, just do it quick!" He whimpered desperately.

Visskara shoved Dagur aside now that the leather straps were unbuckled. She took them in her teeth and braced herself for hearing her Ameor's agonising howls of pain, and then, she pulled. Toothless's howling cries were like claws piercing her heart, Dagur flinched and curled his fingers, and even Sleuther winced and ducked his head in sympathy, but Visskara didn't stop until it was removed. Toothless's cries carried out across the ocean, and then he finally slumped forward into blissful unconsciousness.

Dagur was on top-deck - wrinkled nosed, as he surveyed the scene. Sleuther was with him while Visskara stayed to lick Toothless's wounds and keep him safe.

The ship was too damaged to sail, but he wanted to get the deck cleared of death as best as possible. Dagur wondered if Sleuther could pull the ship to Berserker island. Berk was too far, and he knew Mala, Heather, and Jelaurna would be able to help Toothless. Hopefully that new white and blue dragon would be okay with his plan, it seemed rather fond of the Night-fury, protective too, and he didn't know what powers it had. That made him think of the dragon riders; did they know about this new dragon, and where was Hiccup? Maybe Toothless had been away on his alpha missions alone and got caught by the hunters, he would have to find Hiccup and let him know about Toothless if that was the case.

"Okay Sleuther, time to clean deck!" Dagur fervently announced, although he didn't look forward to touching pieces of dead bodies.

Sleuther was able to throw the broken mast overboard - with the aid of some ropes Dagur had used to help him pull it up and over the side. The ship rocked before an almighty splash was heard, and soon enough, Visskara appeared on deck anticipating danger.

"Easy there … Dragon!" Dagur soothed with his palms up, he hadn't failed to noticed how quickly it had appeared beside him. He had no idea if the dragon was female or male, or what species it was, but it was exciting to bare-witness to a new dragon. "Im'ma call you Blue for now. Cos, look at them wings!" Dagur informed it loudly, opening up his arms and smiling brightly at it.

Visskara huffed.

"Sorry, but it's Blue, or Dragon. I prefer Blue!" His wide smile soon fell when she looked less than impressed. "Well, erm … we're just cleaning up deck." He gesticulated around him.

Visskara glanced around. She watched as Sleuther dropped a severed arm into the sea, returned to collect broken wood and did the same with other broken pieces of human or ship. Dagur, was basically doing the same but he kept looking over at her. Understanding what they were trying to do at least, Visskara decided to help. This way she could return to Toothless faster and not be distracted by them and their shenanigans. She didn't care about the mess, but if that's what would make them settle down then so be it.

Dagur, was suddenly knocked back onto his butt as a blast of wind took him clean off his feet. He could only see a blur of white and blue as the dragon moved about. A few blinks and rushes of strong winds later, and the top of the deck was bare and cleared off. All that remained was the
anchor and the helm. Even Sleuther looked stunned.

"You have just become my new favourite dragon!" Dagur gushed with wide green eyes. Sleuther snarled. "What - didn't you see that? Okay fine! Blue can be my new favourite dragon after you, happy?" Dagur placated his dragon as he stood up. "Besides, you and me have a special kinda bond. Daddy could never replace you." Dagur pouted as he hugged his Triple-Stryke, and he planted kisses on Sleuther's face.

Visskara had confirmation now; humans were insane, deranged, totally unbalanced, and like the wind was blowing but nothing was moving.

"... Just need some rope, then we can pull this baby to little sis." Dagur's loud and eager voice threw Visskara from her thoughts.

Visskara watched as Sleuther pulled rope out of the ocean, then Dagur tied it to the front of the ship. Sleuther flew up with the other end of the rope clenched in his paws and proceeded to pull. The ship strained and creaked, Sleuther tugged harder, but it wouldn't budge. Visskara flew up to help him, taking hold of the rope in her paws, and together they managed to get the ship moving. Once the boat was sailing evenly across the ocean, she let go of the rope. Luckily, it continued to move with only Sleuther keeping the rope taught.

"Thanks." Sleuther thanked her a little breathlessly.

"Where are we going?" Visskara asked, noticing they were sailing away from Berk.

"Berserker Island. Chief Heather will help Toothless." Sleuther informed her.

"We need to go to Berk!" Visskara demanded, but Sleuther interrupted her.

"Too far. Trust Dagur! Toothless is safe on Berserker island. They will help him there."

Visskara huffed but gave in. She was confident in her ability to protect Toothless if anything went wrong, and she really didn't have much choice in the matter - unless she killed Sleuther and Dagur and took over herself. Something told her that Toothless wouldn't be too pleased with her if she killed them, and he did need healing. Speaking off Toothless...

She suddenly glided a foot over the ocean, dived into the sea, and re-emerged a moment later with two fish. Then she disappeared below deck, returning to her ameor.

Toothless didn't feel like eating, and really, it had only been about a day since Maligon attacked. It wasn't like he was starved, but Visskara wasn't pleased with him.

"You need your strength!" She insisted.

"I'd rather not vomit!" Toothless snapped, wincing at his pounding headache. Visskara huffed, but she finally realised it was futile. Her ameor was too stubborn for his own good.

"Are you sure it is safe on this 'Berserker' island? It does not sound safe, and that Dagur human is strange."

"It's safe! I can't go back to Berk, and I've been to Berserker island many times."

"Why can you not return to Berk. Hiccup misses you; he needs you!" Visskara tried. Toothless
had mention that he could not returned to Berk before, but he had yet to elaborate.

"Vissy please!" Toothless begged. "Leave off the questions, I don't have the energy." He whimpered as he tried to shift positions, to move his numb legs, but even the slightest of movements still burned.

"Toothless?" Vissy's concerned voice, although a hundred times better than any hunters, still caused his head to pound in protest. "If you just eat-"

"Shhh." He cut her off. "Please Vissy! My fucking head." He whimpered, squeezing his eyes closed. It wasn't just his head - obviously, but he really wasn't ready to answer his ameor's questions. He didn't even have answers to her questions, because he didn't know them himself.

He was meant to have died, not that he wasn't grateful to be alive, just that ... he hadn't planned to survive this. He'd kissed Hiccup in front of the tribe, believing his cost to be death, so what was he meant to do now? Assuming he could fly again, he could go to Sanctum island, but Hiccup would look for him. Dagur would tell Hiccup where he was, and he would either kill him for betraying their secret or would do something stupid. He could turn human and make Dagur swear to say nothing, but that could be a terrible idea - the more people that knew of his secret the greater the risk to himself, Hiccup, and the Tribe. There was of course the small fact that he couldn't seem to change form anymore anyway - he would have to figure that out later. It was a good thing Vissy had killed all the hunters, at least they couldn't spread that knowledge around at least.

"Toothless?" Visskara whispered.

"Just stay with me ... quietly. I'll be okay now." Toothless reassured her.

Visskara did as he asked; she ceased her questioning and just stayed by his side. He was so grateful to have her with him again, so grateful to be alive, but he just wanted to know she was there. No questions, no being forced fed, just his ameor's presence to remind him he was safe for now. It was a great comfort to know that he no longer had to worry about the hunters, and he wished he was in better form to speak with his ameor again, but ... how was she here? She had gone back to Sanctum island, right? He'd have to ask her later; his wounds from the mettle-studded whip had done so much damage that his body refused to let him stay awake. He needed to sleep, he needed the respite from the pain, and his body wasn't giving him much choice in the matter. His plans for his future would also have to wait, he'd figure it all out later when he wasn't fighting with his own body.

Visskara heard the moment Toothless's breath changed from laboured to smooth slow breaths, and she sighed. She wished Acacia and Storrkeldan were here to heal him. She only hoped that this 'Berserker' island had humans that could help Toothless feel better.

Visskara was currently pulling the ship by herself, the fresh air was such a welcome after the damp, cold, rotten depths of the death filled cells below, but she couldn't stop worrying about Toothless. Toothless was still asleep, she could see his body heat from the air, but he was still suffering and alone below deck.

Sleuther had grown tired - exhausted from pulling the ship so far already, and with nothing else to do, she had taken over for him. Sleuther, was therefore, currently asleep himself. Dagur had been rather pleased to say the least, when he realised that she could pull the ship much faster than Sleuther could. The water churned in high waves in the wake of the ship as it sailed its course through the calm sea, and the salty sea air blew Dagur's hair as he helped keep the ship on course.
He would call up to the blue and white dragon with slight adjustments in direction now and then using his compass.

Dagur, had at some point, visited Toothless again, but after observing him sleeping he had returned to the top deck. They had been sailing for hours, Berserker island shouldn't be too much further. Blue, had yet again, amazed him; the dragon had correctly followed every direction without any issues. Its speed, strength, and ability to understand him, made him again wonder what happened to the hunters that used to sail this ship? The more he learnt about Blue, the more he started to reconsider its involvement; maybe Blue played a part in the hunters’ downfall at least.

As Berserker island came into sight and grew closer, Dagur yelled up to the Dragon. "Blue! We need to slow down, slooooow. That's our stop, that island there." He enunciated, pointing to said island.

Visskara huffed at him in insult, but she slowed her speed as directed and prepared to stop at the new island. She was dreading the humans that lived there; she still did not trust humans at all, and her anxiety grew the closer they got to Berserker island. If it wasn't for Toothless, she wouldn't be seen dead near them, but her ameo had to go and make human friends. Toothless also needed healing, something she couldn't provide, so she would bare what was to come if it meant her ameo would receive the care he required.

Dagur huffed in wonder at Blue's intelligence, wanting to befriend and train the new dragon, see what it was made of and what it could do. Right now, he had to direct the ship into the docks.

"We need to slowly, very slowly, stop the ship against the wooden deck and anchor it to the docks. We don't want to crash into the docks or the island. Crashing would be very bad! Slowly does it, then stop before the wood. Got that?"

Visskara rolled her eyes, of course she wouldn't crash.

Okay, so she might have crashed … a bit. They probably did not even need that wooden thing anyway. It was not like they could not swim! Besides, that was not her concern right now. She was fearful and anxious of the humans surrounding her ameo.

They were still on the ship, Toothless was trying to reassure her through the pain and chaos, and Sleuther and … Windshear? Were both insisting that their riders would help Toothless. It was only her strong desire that Toothless receive help, that stopped her killing these humans on sight. She eventually decided to stay out of the way, back against the opposite cell wall to her ameo, but her eyes were still locked onto Toothless. The humans eventually got the message that she would not hesitate to attack them if they touched her, and thankfully, most of them decided to focus on Toothless instead. There were a few that stood with weird metal skin and held spears, that kept staring at her.

"Where did that dragon come from?" Heather asked her brother, Dagur. She was helping Jelaurna spread the poultice over Toothless's wounds. "Are you sure it's safe? It doesn't look trained."

"I really have no idea." Dagur admitted with a smile. He looked over at the blue and white dragon that was sitting and observing them closely. "Amazing dragon though, I must say. It moves so fast! I called it Blue, and it's really protective of Toothless, so best not hurt him. I'm sure Blue's okay though, if we don't try and get too close to it. I definitely wouldn't want to piss it off."

"Blue?" Heather questioned.
"It's a good name! It has blue wings. I need to find my dear brother though - I have some questions for Hiccup?" Dagur rubbed his stubbled chin.

Toothless whimper and roared as Jelaurna added more poultice to the deeper lacerations on his back. Visskara was instantly on her feet and growled. The three humans with spears, pointed their metal at her. She would have ripped their metal apart and torn their heads off if it wasn't for the Black-haired female human that seemed to be their leader.

"Stand down!" Heather shouted at her guards. "Now!" The three men hesitated at first, but did as ordered with caution - knuckles turning white at the grip on their lowered spears, still ready to attack if needed.

"Whoa there Blue. Let them help. It's gonna sting Toothless a bit, that can't be helped." Dagur placated the dragon. When Toothless calmed and Blue sat back down, Dagur continued. "That's it. Nice and calm. We want Toothless to get all better and back to his Toothy ways too, but his wounds are really bad so it's gonna hurt." Blue looked between Toothless and Dagur, but eventually relaxed. Dagur then turned to his sister, Heather. "Like I said, protective!"

"That could prove to be quite a problem." Mala spoke up.

"Why are YOU even here?" Dagur questioned his pregnant wife in exasperation. Flipping his arms in defeat when she glared at him. He sighed before addressing his sister again. "My advice, don't try and separate Blue from Toothless. I would also say what you're doing before you do it, I think Blue understands."

"Dagur, I know how you get around new dragons but seriously-" Heather had been saying.

"Just trust me." Dagur interrupted his sister. He huffed in exasperation at their looks of disbelief. "Fine, I'll prove it." He turned to speak to Blue directly. "For the sake of my adorable small-minded little sister, would you please prove that you're an amazing intelligent dragon. If you would please … I don't know, erm, lay down?"

Visskara huffed, and rolled her eyes. She refused to obey a strange human. Unlike their drekis and her ameor, she was no trained dragon.

"Oh, come on! Please don't make me look like a fool here." He begged through gritted teeth, chuckling nervously as all eyes were now on him. "I know you understand me, you followed my directions on the ship, just do this one thing, please. It will make them leave you alone."

Visskara huffed in Dagur's face, blowing his strange red hair back.

"Obviously you are mistaken-" Mala had started to say, when the mysterious white and blue dragon suddenly lay down with an annoyed huff.

"See! What did I tell you?" Dagur shouted, beaming in his success.

"It probably got bored of your insane ramblings." Heather injected, but her attention was peaked. She knew Toothless needed treatment, but until they were sure this new dragon wouldn't attack them, they had to tread carefully.

Mala started to walk slowly closer to 'Blue' as her husband had named it. Dagur grumbled about his unborn child and how she never listened to him, but Mala ignored him.

"Hello Blue, my name is Mala. We only wish to help Toothless. Will you let us assist your friend? I assure you, on my honour, that no harm will come to him!" Mala then bowed her head and raised
her hand out.

"Vissy." Toothless gritted out and winced. The pain had lessened - if only slightly now that they were no longer touching him, but the process of applying the poultice stung and burned simultaneously. "Let them help. Mala protects and worships dragons. Put your maw on her hand to show you trust her." His breath was laboured, but Visskara had heard him clearly. "Please Vissy!"

"They are hurting you!" Visskara replied, but she had already decided to let the humans do what they had to - within reason.

"I'm already hurt. It's going to fucking hurt. Just trust them, for me." Toothless insisted.

"Fine!" Visskara fully relented. She hadn't noticed the looks the humans were sharing - looks of bewilderment, as she conversed with her ameor. She looked down at Mala and eventually nudged her hand with her maw. "If anything goes wrong, I'm totally blaming you." Visskara told her Ameor. Toothless just huffed quietly.

When Mala tried to stoke Visskara, she turned her face away. Mala just smiled in understanding. "I see. You would rather we didn't touch you? Am I correct?"

When Visskara eyed her again before nodding once, hushed gasps could be heard from a couple of the humans.

"Very well. It will hurt as we treat him. His wounds are very deep and open, but it will help them to heal. I only ask that you stay calm. Can you do that?"

Once Visskara had nodded in confirmation, the humans continued their work. It didn't pass her observations that Dagur seemed to be rather pleased that he had been right about her understanding the majority of human speech. Still, her attention was mostly on Toothless. It hurt her to hear him in pain, and she was relieved when the humans finally left the ship. Toothless, now covered by some human 'blanket', was exhausted by the ordeal, and he had only managed to reassure her that he was fine before he fell asleep. She would stay to keep guard.

On Berserker Island, in chief Heather's house, she was conversing with Dagur and Mala. They had agreed that it was unwise to try and move Toothless yet, and that he was safe on the ship for now. Heather had assigned two guards to watch over the ship - to make sure no one disturbed the Dragons, and wanted to see if Blue would allow them to wash the cells - they reeked with death and decay.

Dagur had also explained why he had left Berserker that morning, what he had found, and how he had returned. They'd all agreed that it was mysterious how Dagur had come across such death and destruction, and that Blue was most likely involved, but it didn't explain how the ship had been attacked. Still, they agreed to be wary around this new dragon - female, according to Mala.

"As long as we remain cautious, explain our actions gently to Blue and gain her permission first, we should be safe around her. I would otherwise leave them be." Mala added.

"I agree Mala. As far as we're aware, Toothless is still the alpha. I don't see him wishing any harm to come of Berserker Island." Heather agreed, nodding, and hoping that was the case. Dagur placed down his mug and stood up.

"Me and Sleuther will go to Berk. The dragon riders might know more. At any rate, I should make
sure chief Hiccup is there and safe, and inform him that Toothless is wounded." Dagur insisted, but Mala and Heather agreed.

"Stay safe my king. No heroic solo missions." Mala insisted, kissing her husband. She was angry that dragon hunters had inflicted such pain on Toothless, but grateful they no longer remained a threat. From Dagur's description of the wreckage, they had been violently attacked - she just hoped that whatever or whoever had attacked them were not an even bigger adversary then their victims.

"You too my Queen." Dagur rubbed his nose against Mala's, causing her to blush, he then bent down to kiss her stomach. "Daddy won't be gone long my little boulder. Be good for mummy." Dagur gushed in motherese.

Once Dagur was ready to leave, had mounted the saddle on Sleuthor's back, he nodded to his wife and his sister.

"Sis, please make sure my queen follows the healer's advice." Dagur pleaded. Knowing full well that Mala was far too stubborn.

"I will." Heather replied, with a knowing smile.

"I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. I am pregnant, not injured." Mala insisted.

"Well, off to see my dear brother! I wonder what our Hiccupy chief is up to these days?" Dagur said as Sleuthor took to the skies.

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