Summary

After years of searching, Hiccup wasn't expecting to run into another Night Fury. But he does and this time there are no ropes or mercy that can save him from harm.

Notes

Written for the prompt "Dragon Bite" over on the Httyd whump Discord that I'm in.
Finished this one just in time!
Constructive criticism is highly appreciated!
Enjoy!

"So you're just gonna leave me here and go, huh?" Hiccup asked teasingly when Toothless and Light made a move to fly off. Apparently, they planned on leaving him behind in the middle of nowhere.

They were still on New Berk and it was his first day off in a long, long while. It's been a year since Light, short for Light Fury, made her home with the dragons and Vikings of the Hairy Hooligan tribe and free-time like this was a rarity ever since Hiccup became Chief. He wanted to enjoy it with the two Furies and hopefully strengthen the still quite new bond with one of them, but their
plans evidently did not line up with Hiccup's.

Toothless approached again, giving a croon and a nudge to Hiccup’s nose. He attempted to converse with the human.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. You just want some alone time with the Light Fury now that we're far away from the village, I know." Hiccup sighed, pulling away from Toothless' affections.

He knew Toothless was busy too. As the King, he was expected to govern over the dragons of their tribe.

The Chief and the King, they were co-rulers.

If Toothless could have some time off, it's only natural he'd want to spend some time alone with his mate. Hiccup, despite being out here with these two dragons, knew he longed for some time alone with Astrid that didn't revolve around duties and responsibilities.

That is why, even though he was genuinely a tad bit miffed, Hiccup wasn’t about to stop them from leaving.

He just wished he could spend some quality time with Toothless and Light as well.

Toothless purred and rubbed his side up against Hiccup's body, another affection gesture, but this time to show that he appreciated the young man understanding him.

"No, don't thank me yet! I expect you to make it up to me, okay? I want fish. Baskets full of fish! By tomorrow morning!" It was more of a joke than anything, combined with the appropriately animated gestures that Hiccup Haddock the Third was known for amongst his fellows tribespeople. "Baskets full of fish" was exactly the way most dragons made up with one another.

Toothless made his guttural laugh and playfully licked his Rider's face with his entire tongue before joining Light, who'd sat down during their interaction. A loving nuzzle was shared between the two of them as Hiccup gagged and groaned in the background, attempting to wipe all the saliva away. She stood back up.

They turned to leave again. As Light took off with a short chirp, Toothless roared his goodbyes to his Rider before chasing after the other Fury. Hiccup was quiet as he watched them go.

A disappointed sigh left him before they disappeared out of sight and Hiccup found himself to be all alone on one of the many cliffs of this land.

He didn't blame his Bud for wanting some alone time with Light, but if he'd known, he would've asked Astrid to tag along.

Although, he wasn't completely opposed to having some solitude. He was handling his role as Chief fairly well so far, but Berk could often be too much. A little peace and quiet was appreciated sometimes. Maybe he could work a little on his map.

They were still on New Berk. The island remained mainly unexplored, so it seemed to make sense to stay close to home. Who knew the kind of beautiful places they would find. Another reason why they had decided to stay a year ago.

Losing Berk had been devastating, it made him feel like he'd failed his father and his village as Chief, but the beauty and possibilities of this place here made up for it. At least, for a little bit.
Not too long after their settlement on New Berk had become a permanent one, Hiccup had started to map the island’s every cliff and top whenever he had time. He wasn’t even a quarter of the way done.

Pulling out a deceptively small book out of one of the many pockets lining the inside of his leather vest and dropping to his knees, Hiccup flipped it open and pulled onto the paper inside. Unfolding it, his current work in progress was laid out into the open on the grassy ground.

A charcoal pencil was fished out of one of his other pockets.

“Okay. Where am I?” Hiccup muttered to himself as he took a look at his surroundings. He wasn’t at all where he had left off last time, but he did at least somewhat recognized this place from the patrols he’s been on.

It was a good thing this map was only a first draft. He'd get to the official one eventually.

Already with an outline of the whole island before him and a general idea of where he was, Hiccup got to work.

He took note of the height of the cliff he was on, of the size of the forest behind him, the waterfall he saw in the distance as Terrible Terrors chirped happily in the trees behind him. It wasn’t long before his hands were black from the charcoal and the paper a streaky mess from what he tried to erase.

“It’s just a draft.” Hiccup needed to remind himself.

As he worked, it took him much too long to realize the Terrors fell silent. Gazing up the treetops behind him, he noticed they weren’t there anymore.

Shrugging, he didn’t put too much thought into it and continued, grumbling an annoyed “oh Thor” when he saw another mistake and began to wipe it away.

A feeling began to creep up his spine, however. An utmost discomfoting sensation that grew too much to ignore.

Pausing in his endeavour to get the right shape of the waterfall’s lake down for the third time, Hiccup soon realized what this feeling was.

It was that of being watched of being hunted.

And by the almost tangible animosity that overwhelmed him, he doubted it was Toothless or one of the Dragon Riders playing a prank on him. Or even Light, distrusting of him as she could still sometimes be.

Hands steadying themselves on the map before him, Hiccup had to breathe in and out deeply. A terrible kind of anxiety welled up inside of him. He was alone. He needed to remain calm.

Should he reach for his knife? His Inferno? Whatever was lurking behind him couldn’t see him do it.

He didn’t want to just assume that it was completely hostile either. He could've accidentally stumbled across a particularly territorial dragon’s home and he could deal with that. In that case, they would be well in their own right to protect what was theirs.

Deciding against using either one of his available weapons, Hiccup instead chose to turn and take a
look. Slowly and cautiously as to not rile his predator up, while wearing an expression of worry, he gazed over his shoulder at the vast plantlife behind him.

Had New Berk’s bushes and trees always been this thick or did he only now notice? He couldn’t see anything within all that green.

His heart’s beating picked up the pace when he could hear a low growling. It wasn’t his imagination, something was truly there.

He should be leaving. But even as the thought crossed his mind, he still found himself searching. And eventually came across a pair of big yellow eyes glaring back at him.

“Oh Gods.” He moved to push himself up and that was apparently a mistake.

A whistling sound and the familiar lavender kind of glow seeped through the leaves of the greenery the dragon was lurking from and Hiccup threw himself back down to the ground in just the nick of time when a deadly ball of purple coloured fire came speeding just inches above his head and exploded far away in midair.

“What the?! Plasma blast?!” There was no time for Hiccup to think. He was on the ground and the prowling dragon finally jumped out of hiding.

His eyes were ready to pop right out of his skull as he watched the dragon made itself look even bigger with the use of its wings. It was the first time in a long while that Hiccup felt himself shrink under such a display of intimidation.

Big head, the fins, sleek body, hide as black as the moonlit sky, this was a real-life Night Fury. And it wasn’t Toothless.

His Bud wasn’t even around. Nobody was!

“Oh Gods!” This time spoken in panic, the words left Hiccup as he scrambled to get to his hands and knees.

This was the first Night Fury he’d seen in years. Prove that they did still exist! But there was no time for awe, no time for reverence, as his movement was a sign the wild dragon took as its chance to strike. That first blast was just to get him flat on the ground.

It lunged for him with its snarl bared and its claws out. All it took to get right on top of him was one great leap, too easy of a feat for a creature as agile as this one. Hiccup just got up to his knees when a maw full of white teeth filled his field of vision almost entirely.

They were so close, he could smell the stench of fish and could feel the warmth of its breath.

Throwing his body backward and putting his arms up to protect himself, Hiccup could prevent the Night Fury from biting down on his head and torso, but doing so caused his right arm to get stuck between its grinding teeth instead.

As he yelled, as he fell, he could feel its claws pulling onto his vest and tunic. As his arms provided a shield for his head, he could feel its teeth scraping against his skin and his scalp before it got a hold of his right arm. It was, for sure, a sensation he wouldn't be forgetting anytime soon.

"No!"
It was a frightened shout that left Hiccup. And meanwhile, the Night Fury on top of him took hold of his right shoulder and left side, one of its hindlegs pinned down his prothetic. It kept him from escaping.

As thinly slitted pupils glared down onto him, with its strong jaws clamping shut onto his right fore- and upper arm, it noticed the leather vambraces that Hiccup wore. Its tail swaying in challenge behind and growling in anger, the Fury bit down even harder.

"No, no! Wait! Stop!" Hiccup could feel the pressure increasing, even effectively cutting off his blood supply. He tried to use his remaining free limbs to push the dragon off. It didn't budge, of course, but Hiccup needed to try if he wanted to live.

"Listen! I'm not-" A long cry of pain left his throat as the claws gripping his shoulder pierced through clothing and skin, drawing blood and creating deep gashes as it tore a path all the way down to his hip.

Tears slipped freely from his eyes. The agony was unimaginable. Breathing through it, with everything else he was still dealing with, was nearly impossible, but he needed to try.

"Please! Listen! I'm not your enemy!" It was difficult to speak, but Hiccup tried his best. He needed the Night Fury to listen. Not just because this was the first of Toothless' kind he'd come across in a little over seven years, but also because he just did not want to harm a dragon.

The Hooligans were still new to this island, foreigners who'd settled on a land that was surely already home to others. If he had mistakenly intruded onto its territory, he didn't want to kill it.

But Hiccup could plead and hope all he wanted, the Night Fury didn't feel like listening. The other set of claws, the ones digging into his left side, they were dragged downwards next and just as slowly. Hiccup screamed again.

He hoped they didn't go too deep. Oh Gods, the kind of damage they could do. Do his ribs, to his insides... Growing desperate, Hiccup kicked and pushed with all his might.

And then, another scream tore out of his lungs. It was the loudest and longest he'd produced so far. His arm finally succumbed under the pressure and broke. He could feel the bones shatter, watched his hand go limp, leather and flesh were mashed together.

If the pain wasn't too much to bear earlier, it certainly was now. And if he hadn't been crying before, he certainly was now.

"STOP!"

Teeth still unrelenting, claws digging into wounds already present. Its right paw let go to grab hold of his hair, talons puncturing his scalp and face, pinning his head in place. Their gazes had been locked ever since the start of this encounter. There was a deeply rooted hatred within those hauntingly yellow eyes.

It was now or never. He hated doing this, absolutely despised the very thought of it, but if he didn't pull his blade on this dragon soon, he would lose his arm. He might even lose his life and there were too many people depending on him for him to leave for Valhalla now.

His dagger might seem meaningless as his only defense against a Night Fury, but his Inferno was out of reach. His tiny knife, in comparison, would have to do.

It was an awkward move to pull off, but Hiccup managed to unsheathe the dagger from his
armbrace and held it ready to strike.

If he could just cut into a leg, or shoulder, or something, he might convince it to let go of him. At least, temporarily.

The Night Fury noticed the knife instantly, of course. A glint of fear broke through that fierce wall of anger.

So in the end, he couldn't go through with his only plan of escape. Losing his grip, the knife fell, and the pressure on his arm grew in revenge.

Many Vikings had tried to tell him that his compassion would get him killed someday.

He wished they didn't turn out to be right.

Angered by his brief attempt on its life, the Night Fury pulled and shook. The action caused teeth to break through his skin and make him bleed. He felt his right shoulder pop right out of its socket from the force behind it and he screeched.

"TOOTHLESS! BUD!"

And then, he was free.

Their separation wasn't a pleasant one. The jaws still clamped painfully onto the entirety of his arm were torn away and it hurt. Hiccup hated to scream again, but that is exactly what he did.

With the Night Fury gone, another shadow stepped over him and shielded him from the other dragon.

"Tooth?" It was Hiccup's dragon who'd come to his rescue. Wings unfurled, snarling, glowing blue, Toothless' entire body stood over his Rider to protect him. His tail hid most of him from view. It wasn't often Hiccup saw his dragon this furious.

To his surprise, however, it wasn't Toothless who attacked his would-be killer.

The one on top of the other Night Fury and biting down on its fins, was the Light Fury.

She was the one who freed him.

Mangled arm limp on his stomach, bleeding out on the ground, trembling awfully, Hiccup let the two Furies of Berk handle this one.

It wasn't long before the offending dragon, knowing that it was both outnumbered and outmatched, decided that it was time to leave. Once finally able to shake Light off its back, its wings bloody and torn, it ran for the safety of the greenery it came from. Toothless and Light watched it go. Both of them a wall between him and it.

Or...

Her?

Hiccup noticed fledgelings.

Actual Night Fury juveniles that, when compared to how long it took Toothless to grow up, couldn't have been older than a few years. They might not even be two yet.

And one of them, there were three of them in total, was missing an eye and a leg.
It all made sense to Hiccup then. The cruel animosity, a scarred baby, a missing partner when these particular dragons mated for life, the way she attacked made sense to Hiccup now.

It must've been humans who hurt her and her family. Naturally, upon meeting a human on a place humans were never meant to reach, she would make the first, and final, move.

The injured mother snarled at the three of them one last time before moving on, hurriedly nudging one of her fledglings' rear to get it moving.

A tremendous sense of guilt overwhelmed Hiccup once they were gone and he wondered if he should search for the three of them on some later day. Once he was fully recovered. He wanted to help.

Comforting purring, Toothless brought his attention back to the two of them. Both Night and Light Furies were standing over him and gazing down at him in concern.

"Hey, Bud. Light. Thanks for the save."

He was bleeding terribly. There were gashes on his back, shoulder, and side. There were also puncture wounds on his head and one on his face. His whole right arm was a broken and torn mess. Gothi would need to work hard if he even wanted to keep it.

Light sniffed his injuries and Toothless purred as he carefully headbutted his Rider. Much like a cat. Hiccup wasn't too opposed to the affection, it gave him a sense of safety.

He began to feel lightheaded from the blood loss and it wasn't long before he passed out.

"I'd tell you to rest, but since that has never worked on you before... What're you working on?"

Astrid joined Hiccup up in his loft one afternoon.

Two weeks after his brutal attack, Hiccup sat upright in his bed. With a bandage around his head and torso and his splinted arm in a sling. A charcoal pencil was held in his uninjured hand while one of his sketchbooks rested on his lap.

"Ah, just some sketches." Astrid approached as Hiccup answered her. Sitting down on the edge of his bed, she took a look at all she could see on the paper he was currently drawing on.

"Hiccup, are these-"

"Prosthetics? Yeah, I guess they are."

"Tiny prosthetics. Judging by the equally tiny Night Fury on the left here." Astrid noted out loud, pointing towards the image of a dragon in the corner there. It stood amidst a sea of fake legs a growing Night Fury could use. Based on his own and Toothless' legs.

Hiccup didn't respond to that, but instead stared at the sketch.

"You mentioned babies while Gothi was taking care of you. You were completely delirious, but everyone could tell you weren't just making this up. Is that one of the hatchlings you saw? You want to help it?" Astrid wasn't sure why she even asked. She knew her fiance, she already knew what his answer would be.

"Well..." Hiccup smiled at her. In that familiar, crooked, "you know me" kind of way that she loved even in this situation. Astrid sighed and balled her fists, only just suppressing the urge to
punch him in the recently previously dislocated shoulder.

"Hiccup, there isn't a dragon or a person you don't want to help. You'd try to give a Draugr its humanity back, honestly." Astrid didn't mean that in a bad way. Her man was sensitive, compassionate, and she loved that about him. It was what had made her fall for him in the first place.

"I can always try, right?" Hiccup shrugged, despite the pain his body was in.

His painkillers were wearing off, though. His arm was starting to pound again. He would rather not have it set in again.

Astrid smiled back at him. His returning pain didn't go unnoticed by her.

"I'll go get one of Gothi's suspiciously smelly concoctions. Don't go anywhere. Okay, Babe?" Astrid couldn't help herself and ran a hand through Hiccup's hair as she left.

Hiccup let himself sink a little lower in bed. An action he immediately regretted when his stitched wounds protested.

Gothi worked on him for hours after Toothless and Light managed to bring him back home, ultimately traumatizing Berk for the next few weeks. Fourteen days had passed, the 'get well' gifts and meals were still coming. According to Astrid, plenty of Hooligans were asking her about his health.

Taking care of the wounds on his head and the deep scratch marks on his upper body wasn't the most difficult of tasks. It had been Fishlegs who'd stitched them up with the delicate touch and care that only he could provide. Gothi had the more difficult job of piecing the fractured bones of his arm back together again and sewing up where teeth had bitten into his flesh.

They'd both done an excellent job during this trying day and he would make a full recovery. Although, the true extent of possible permanent damage may not be known until the breaks were healed.

Hiccup cringed and needed to ride out the horrible stinging of his stitches, but he soon gazed back down at his work again.

He wasn't naive. He knew this wouldn't be easy. Besides winning the trust of a clearly very traumatized dragon, eventually getting on her good side probably wouldn't mean he'd automatically be allowed even a single solitary glimpse at any of her three children, but he also knew he needed to try.

How could he call himself the Dragon Rider, if he didn't at least try?

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