This amazing fic was started by the awesome KudaKano but she never got a chance to finish so I adopted it.

An alternate ending to HTTYD2 where rather than trying to have Toothless kill Hiccup Drago becomes intrigued by the young man and attempts to kidnap him but when that fails he is surprised to find the heir hunt him down instead. Hiccup wants to find peace and understanding between Drago and the dragons but Drago wants something far darker and Hiccup may just be what he's been searching for.
Chapter 1

Drago and Hiccup by KudaKano

When the blonde rider spoke of a dragon master, Drago instantly imagined a trained warrior thick with muscle and clad in weapons and armor. If he was really the son of Stoick the Vast then he would surely tower over his people with his bearded chin held high in pride for his already doomed homeland.

As much as he had hated Stoick, the thought of a younger version of him trying to steal his rightful place as ruler of all dragons made his blood boil.

He was filled with fury when he ordered his men to attack the sanctuary of the second bewilderbeast. However, as his ships surrounded the sharp, frozen island and his trappers and dragon army flooded its grounds, his rage subsided and a calm warrior stood in his place.

He was in control and he had a plan.

No dragon thief or dragon master would stand in his way not while he was in control of the alpha.

He walked through the battlefield with confidence. Watching as the traps went off and the flying beasts knocked each other out of the sky.

He knew what he wanted…at least, he thought he knew.

He spotted the thief just as a net surrounded the four-winged dragon and took it down. She was quick to attack him and he could tell she was female by the sound of her voice.

"You cannot take the dragons! They are controlled by the alpha!"

She yelled and lunged at him with her staff. He blocked her strikes and threw her back.

"Ah, and that is why I've brought a challenger." He stated.

He stepped back and began twirling his own staff in the air. He yelled loudly over and over again just as the ocean behind him began to inflate.

The thief paused and looked up in shock as another, much darker bewilderbeast rose above the waves. It roared and immediately headed towards the other alpha.

Their giant tusks clashed and shook the ground.

The thief attacked him again but he quickly knocked her down and held her there. He used his staff to force off the spiked helmet and gazed at her face as she struggled.

A normal Viking would find this woman beautiful, but Drago could see the typical, human nature in her eyes. She may live and behave as a dragon does but she did not have to soul of one.

How boring.

He was about to finish her off when a much stronger blow knocked him away. He staggered backward and was enraged to see Stoick the Vast still alive.

The massive, red haired Viking helped the thief back onto her feet. She immediately mounted her
dragon and flew into the sky to try and stop the fighting.

Stoick swung his axe as they circled one another.

"You were burned!" Drago growled.

"It takes more than a bit of fire to kill me." The chief replied.

They lunged at one another, weapons clanging loudly with each strike. At one point Stoick had him on the ground. He was so close to defeating him until he saw the thief and her dragon flailing in the sky, dodging spit-fires of ice and barely hanging on.

"Val!" He yelled before abandoning Drago to mount his own dragon. It took to the sky and Drago watched him struggle to save the dragon thief.

A sound drew Drago's full attention. It rang through the air and expanded until a streak of black shot past his field of vision.

"Ah, the dragon master." He laughed.

He scanned the sky and was indeed graced with the sight of a Nightfury.

Then his smile faded.

The agile beast was not held down or conforming to the weight of a muscular Viking. In fact Drago couldn't tell the dragon had a rider until he noticed a thin form pressed flat against the creature's back.

Drago was intrigued. He watched in fascination as the black beast danced through the air, fast and effortless. The rider was not simply 'riding' the Nightfury, but moving with it. They moved together as if they were one.

Soon the two flew low and descended right in front of him.

He remained standing and stared in fascination at the beast and it's rider. There was some sort of contraption that began at the creature's front and connected to the rider's false leg. It literally joined them until the dragon master detached himself, causing the fake tail in the back to shift wildly for a moment.

He then realized that the rider was necessary for the beast to fly. They were truly two different parts of one creature.

Drago stood still. He wasn't sure what he was waiting for but when the so called 'dragon master' removed his helmet, something within Drago simply clicked into place.

The boy had a young face with a mess of auburn hair. His body was lean and small and nothing like Stoick.

What fascinated Drago the most however, were the boy's eyes.

He was used to seeing Vikings look at him with fear or rage. Sometimes with pity or disgust. It was always so human, so similar, so boring.

This boy's eyes were…curious.

They observed him with open thoughts and caution and emotions that Drago could clearly see but couldn't quite understand.
He quickly glanced at the eyes of the Nightfury and was surprised to see the same exact look.

This boy had the eyes of a dragon.

The dragon master stepped forward cautiously. He lowered himself and his thin limbs bent in a way that mirrored the creature next to him. The dragon growled and took a threatening step forward but the boy held a hand back to calm him. Without even looking, this boy knew exactly what the beast behind him was doing.

This was obviously a human boy standing next to a dragon but the way they moved and the way they were looking at him said otherwise.

What were these two, a dragon with the mind of a human or a boy with the body and strength of a Nightfury?

Then the boy spoke to him.

"Are you Drago?"

This was definitely the voice of a boy. Not the deep boom of a grown chief like Stoick, or any Viking for that matter. This was a boy with the eyes of a dragon and the movement of a dragon.

This boy was a dragon.

Drago suddenly felt a strong desire burst into the front of his mind. It was stronger than the desire to become master of all the dragons and stronger than the desire to conquer every island in the sea.

It was the desire to own this dragon boy.

"Please, we have to stop this fighting! It doesn't have to be this way!"

The boy continued to speak and plead with him but Drago did not see a begging nature within the boy's eyes. Green orbs were glued to him. They were bright and absorbing and when they looked away briefly to stare back into the Nightfury's own, the two pairs of eyes locked and an understanding passed between them. They spoke without words.

Drago cocked his head to the side in fascination.

A new plan was forming in his mind. However, his bewilderbeast would be of no use. If he used the alpha's control to steal the Nightfury he would not have the boy.

He wanted the boy, the boy who was both human and dragon.

Drago turned and held his staff into the air. He cried out wildly, causing the dark alpha to stop his attack on the other giant beast and back away. It looked down at Drago obediently.

The other airborne dragons all paused in confusion and most of the fighting stopped. Even the dragon riders stopped what they were doing to see what was happening. It felt as though the entire attention of the battleground was now on him and his dragon boy.

The boy looked up at him in shock and Drago could see relief, caution, desperation and other emotions flicker across his expression. It was amazing. The boy's face was constant whirlpool of information that gave hints to what lay behind those mysterious green eyes.

"I'll negotiate with you, dragon boy." Drago spoke.
The Nightfury took a step closer to the boy at the sound of Drago's sickly voice.

"R-really?" The boy asked. His knees were still bent in caution. "I'm not sure I like the sound of that."

Drago chuckled darkly and flicked his staff. He gestured to all off the surrounding dragons and the unmoving state of the battlefield.

"This battle; I'll stop all of the fighting…but in exchange…"

He lifted his staff and pointed it directly at the boy's face.

"You will be mine"

The Nightfury reacted faster than the boy did. The black beast roared and bared his teeth threateningly at Drago. The dragon boy was stiff and his eyes were wide with shock.

"You…you can't be serious." He breathed and took a step back. The Nightfury's head nudged at the boy's legs in an attempt to beckon his rider away from the strange man. He continued to growl and bear his teeth.

Drago held his staff in the air. The dark alpha stared at him expectantly, waiting for his master's signal while the other giant beast recovered from the earlier bashing and guarded his ice fortress.

"The choice is yours, it will be easy to continue this battle." Drago threatened.

The dragon boy held his hands forward in a gesture of peace and caution as though he could prevent Drago from moving with that gesture alone.

"Me, you want me? Why? I don't understand."

Drago's eyes narrowed and he paused before replying.

"Neither do I."

The boy stared at Drago then looked all around at the other dragons on the battlefield before glancing at the Nightfury.

"How can I trust you?" the boy asked.

Drago grinned and moved his staff. He pointed it towards the water and immediately the dark alpha slowly stepped away from the battlefield and back into the ocean. It's massive feet crushed traps and ships but soon enough the trembling from it's footsteps subsided and the creature was fully submerged and out of sight.

Drago's men began calling out to him in confusion but he raised a hand to silence them.

He then held a hand out towards his dragon boy. Although this whole time Drago was calm and confident as soon at this boy appeared on his Nightfury his heart had begun beating frantically. He was afraid that this boy, the object of his newfound desire, would disappear on light feet and vanish into the sky on his black dragon.

The boy continued to stare at him in confusion. However, his shoulders sunk in defeat. The Nightfury was growling wildly and the boy placed a thin hand on its head.

"Shh…bud it's okay. It's okay." He whispered.
The black beast's pupils expanded and he looked up at his rider. He cooed and grumbled sadly.

The boy slowly took a step forward. His green eyes were still wide and cautious but there was now a fire burning within those orbs. He had made a decision and he was determined to follow through. He would do anything to end this war.

Drago waited for the boy but his outstretched fingers twitched with each movement.

The one legged boy took one more step and Drago's patience broke. He reached out and latched onto the boy's arm before pulling him forward and quickly striking him in the back of the head.

He fell unconscious and Drago scooped up his limp body just as the Nightfury let out a loud, screeching roar that echoed across the entire battlefield.

Drago leapt away as the dragon charged him. Another dragon, one from his army, attacked the Nightfury and the two dragons clawed at one another, giving him time to escape with his prize.

He held the boy bridal style and brought his dragon-hide cloak around to shield him from view.

"Head back to the ships!" He yelled out to his men.

His army fell back and quickly began dismantling their gear and retreating back into the ships but the Nightfury's roar had started a counter attack from the enemy dragons and dragon riders. Constant blasts of fire were taking out their equipment and damaging their ships. Their armored dragons were barely holding off the attack without the alpha backing them up.

"Hiccup!"

Drago looked up to see the blond rider he had encountered on his ship before along with his former dragon trapper. They descended towards him on the back of a Deadly Natter. She reached out towards the dragon boy's face, the only thing visible from beneath his cloak.

Drago growled at her and used his staff to latch onto a dragon nearby. He snarled at it and shoved it in the blonde rider's direction. The beast obediently shot into the air and attacked the Deadly Natter.

He continued running towards his ship with his dragon boy still tucked safely in his arms. He leapt over traps and shoved past his own men and dragons, almost desperate to escape with his precious cargo.

"Forget the traps!" He yelled out to his army while dodging another blast of fire. "Everyone back on the ships!"

He skid to a halt in front of his ship as he noticed what stood between him and his vessel.

Stoick the Vast slowly stepped towards him while easily knocking soldiers and dragons out of his way. He pointed his axe at Drago. His eyes were alight with rage.

"Where do you think yer going with my son?"

Drago glanced down at the unconscious face of his dragon boy then growled and spun around only to see the Nightfury slowly stalk up behind him. The black beast roared ferociously, yellow eyes narrowing into slits.

Drago adjusted the boy so he could hold him more firmly then, growing desperate, he stuck his staff into the air and started calling out to his bewilderbeast. However, his staff was suddenly knocked out
of his hand and he looked up to see the four-winged dragon and the dragon thief descend upon him.

"Unhand him!" the woman cried as she whacked him hard across the face with her staff.

Drago felt himself fall backwards and all at once his precious dragon boy was ripped from his grasp and lifted into the sky in the arms of the dragon thief.

"Noooo!" Drago cried out and snarled while reaching for the boy.

However, now that he was no longer holding the boy the Nightfury let loose a blast of blue fire that knocked off his false arm and broke it across the front of his ship.

Drago fell upon his knees and stared upwards as his newest and strongest desire disappeared into the clouds. He felt a sense of dread and emptiness wash over him in waves. The feeling only grew as he continued to sit there and stare into the sky.

He felt one of his men grab him forcefully and drag him towards the ship just as Stoick mounted his dragon and flew after his son.

"No…he's mine…HE'S MINE!" Drago Bludvist screeched as loud as he could as what remained of his fleet fled into the open ocean and away from the dragon riders.

Valka was practically gasping with breath as she tried to calm down. She continued clutching her only son tight enough so that she could feel the constant beating of his heart.

Cloudjumper grumbled softly in a comforting manner as he glided them gently through the safety of the clouds.

Valka took another deep breath and she slowly laid Hiccup down to rest against the back of Cloudjumper's neck.

She touched his unconscious face and then felt around for injuries. She sighed in relief when all she found was a lump on the back of his head.

"Oh Hiccup." She spoke softly while running her fingers through his auburn hair.

Another shape started rising above the clouds and Valka started to panic before she realized it was only Stoick on the back of Skullcrusher.

"How is he?" He flew close to them.

"Oh! He's fine, he's alright, Stoick."

Stoick sighed deeply and ran and hand down his face. "Drago and his army retreated, it's safe to come down now."

Astrid was the first one to come to Hiccup as they flew back to the deserted battleground. She did not wait for Cloudjumper to reach the ground. She flew upwards on Stormfly and leapt onto the four-winged dragon. She immediately embraced Hiccup's unconscious form and started frantically kissing his face while Valka tried to keep them all from falling.

Valka, not knowing that her son had a girlfriend, became very defensive at first and almost shoved
the girl away. Now she and Cloudjumper landed a bit awkwardly while trying to hold onto Hiccup and calm Astrid down at the same time.

Snotlout, Fishlegs and the twins came to check on Hiccup as Stoick and Gobber gently carried him into the cave and found a place for him to rest.

Valka’s dragons also stopped to check on the unconscious boy as each one flew by.

It took half an hour for Hiccup to finally wake up. When his eyes cracked open, the first word he whispered was

"Toothless."

And immediately the Nightfury who had been waiting at the bottom of the cave because he couldn’t fly, found it necessary to claw his way up the side of the icy sanctuary and shove himself past every Viking standing in his way.

He gently nudged his face against his rider’s and cooed happily as Hiccup laughed in return.

Gobber cooked food and they celebrated the victory against Drago Bludvist. They sang, the twins danced and the dragons flew freely into the sky.

The only person without a smile was Stoick who sat still and quietly contemplated what he would do when Drago returned for his son.
Drago and Hiccup 2 by KudaKano

Hiccup had only spent a few moments awake before passing out again.

Stoick wasn't surprised. He was at a distance when it happened but even from afar he could see the sheer force used to knock out his son. Drago could have easily killed him…but he didn't.

Now Hiccup was resting on a bed of furs Valka had laid out for him.

Toothless slept alongside him and practically engulfed the young Viking with his warm body. His tail made a circle around the furs and the creature grumbled in his sleep. One black arm clutched at his rider should anyone try to tear them apart again.

His wife kneeled on the other side of Hiccup. She ran gentle fingers through his hair and every now and then she would look up and smile at Stoick.

It was a sight he had always dreamed of, the image of Hiccup and his mother together. But at the moment he was almost too wrapped up in his concerns to enjoy it.

Astrid had been sitting next to Valka until the celebration of the other riders started to get too loud. She then stormed into the party and started throwing punches in an attempt to quite them. Her attempts only created a bigger ruckus and Stoick finally snapped and sent them all out on their dragons to check for enemy ships.

Now the only ones left were Gobber, the boy Eret, his wife and himself.

The former dragon trapper had apparently joined their side during the battle but Stoick was far from trusting anyone who did business with Drago. He was thankful that Eret was currently sitting awkwardly surrounded by a mass of sleeping dragons.

Gobber was tinkering with his weapons but he stayed near Stoick, as he always did when he could tell that something heavy was weighing on the chief's mind.

Having his son almost kidnapped by someone like Drago was definitely heavy.

Hiccup groaned in his sleep and instantly Stoick's eyes were glued to him. Valka ran a thumb over his forehead in a soothing manner but the boy seemed agitated.

He was reminded them of just how small his son used to be. In fact, he was still smaller than most people on Berk. His growth spurt had lengthened his limbs and made him taller but Stoick could still fit both hands around his shoulders and pick him up with no effort if he wanted to.

Hiccup had proven himself one more than one occasion. He was agile and he had as much smarts as Stoick had muscle. He could tame an island of dragons and invent a whole new way of life. There was no one else in the world Stoick would choose as his successor.

But seeing his only son being carried away by Drago, like one would carry a sleeping child, ran chills up his spine.

Thoughts of Hiccup's new duties as chief raced to the back of his mind and in the front was the urge to protect.
He didn't know why Drago had tried to steal Hiccup away but he sure as hell wouldn't let it happen again.

He stared into Hiccup's sleeping face wondering just what kind of conversation took place between his son and Drago Bludvist.

As if on cue, green eyes cracked open and Hiccup blinked rapidly against the light of the cave.

"Mom?" His voice was hoarse but Valka smiled and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Aye son." She replied just as quiet.

Stoick wanted nothing more than to ask all of the questions that were swimming around in his head. What did you say to Drago? Why did he call off his giant dragon? What did he say to you? But Hiccup's brow was furrowed and he looked lost and confused. Stoick wondered if his son's memories were in tact and he restrained himself for just a moment.

"Ah, the peacekeeper awakens!" Gobber chuckled. He paused in his axe-cleaning to give Hiccup a toothy grin.

"Now I never could praise a Viking for their compromising skills-" Gobber continued.

"But what a sight! I'd give my last leg to know what ya said to get that half-crazed wrangler to call off such a mighty beast!"

Hiccup stared up at him in confusion and tried to process what the blacksmith had just said.

Toothless came awake at that moment and nuzzled his rider's hair with his snout in an affectionate manner. The black beast's head came around to look at Hiccup in the eye and for some reason that's all it took for the boy's memory to come racing back.

He gasped loudly and shot into a sitting position only to immediately wince from the pain in the back of his head.

Stoick leaned forward and placed a firm hand on his shoulder to calm him down but Hiccup was looking around the cave in a frenzy.

"D-Drago! Where's Drago? What happened?" His voice was frantic.

"Ya don' remember?" Gobber answered him curiously. "Well I suppose ya were out like a light for that last bit."

Hiccup looked at him in confusion again before Valka spoke and made things clear.

"He tried to run off with ya. We barely managed to get you away before he left with his army." Her voice was soft and her gentle hands petted his hair and left arm in a soothing manner.

"He…he just left? He didn't try to fight?...but he said-"

"What did he say?" Stoick demanded. His voice was loud and it echoed throughout the cavern causing Eret to jump in surprise from where he was sitting.

Hiccup held his father's gaze and swallowed.

"He…he said he would stop the fight if he could have me." His quiet voice answered.
Stoick stared at him for a moment as that line registered. He then slowly released Hiccup's shoulder and his face twisted in anger. Thoughts raced through his mind and slowly his rage grew to the point where his eyes were narrowed and his fists were shaking.

*Was this an attempt to get back at him? Drago couldn't kill him so he was going to take his son instead?*

His rage boiled out until Gobber placed a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned his infuriated eyes to look at his friend and Gobber gave him a reassuring pat before gesturing towards Hiccup.

Stoick took a deep breath and looked back down at his son to see both Hiccup and Toothless looking up at him with big expectant eyes.

Then Valka chuckled low in her throat turned Hiccup's head around by his chin so that she could gaze into his face.

"Drago's a fool if he thinks he can take my son from me." She stated with confidence.

It was meant to comfort Hiccup more than it was Stoick and the young Viking smiled up at his mother.

"Not to mention that Nightfury nearly blasted em' to bits when he tried." Gobber laughed and Toothless grumbled in agreement.

Stoick's boiling rage eased a bit and his stiff shoulders deflated. He took another deep breath to calm down.

*Yes, Hiccup was safe now.*

"Strange…from what I saw, it looked like you had given yourself up." Eret spoke from across the cave.

Stoick's eyes snapped over to the ex-dragon trapper with a fierce gaze.

All eyes in the cave were on Eret and the he cleared his throat nervously before continuing.

"I mean, I saw you when you were down there with Drago…he held his hand out to you and…well it just seemed as though you were ready to hand yourself over."

Stoick's eyes snapped back to Hiccup and the boy was already looking up at him and biting his lip. He knew his son preferred to keep the peace but this was getting out of control.

"Oh, Hiccup…" Stoick ran a hand down his face and sighed deeply before his voice rose in volume. "Do you have any idea what a sick man like Drago would do to ya?"

Hiccup let out an exasperated breath and glared at his father.

"What, you think it was my idea? You think I started out with hey Drago, instead of taking the dragons why don't you take me instead? No, he came up with that part on his own, actually." Hiccup scoffed.

Stoick took another deep breath and stared back at his son until his wife stole the boy's gaze. She looked up at him and searched his eyes.

"Did you really…were you really going to…" She trailed off.
Hiccup answered her with a guilty smile. "He called off his bewilderbeast and he was going to bring it back out if I didn't..."

She stared back at him with a frown but her eyes were filled with amazement, fear and oddly enough, respect.

Hiccup turned to look at his father and smiled up at him.

"A chief protects his own." He said.

Stoick nodded while massaging his temples.

"Aye, but right now I am the chief so you'll let me do the protecting. And you are not to go flying on yer own anymore."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and flopped back down to lie against Toothless.

Stoick stood and looked at everyone in the cave.

"Tonight we rest but by morning we're heading back to Berk. Drago will return with his army so when he does, we have to be ready."

He gestured to Gobber. "Go find the others and bring them back here."

Gobber tried rousing he dragon out of sleep just as Hiccup met his father's gaze again.

"Dad, do you really think Drago is going to attack Berk?"

Stoick placed a large hand on his son's chest and nodded.

"A man like that...I'm positive he will be back. But we have time, so rest for now."

He gave his son a pat but the worry in Hiccup's expression didn't go away even when he closed his eyes.

Eret was not used to the presence of dragons.

Well, he wasn't used to them when they were unchained and free to do as they pleased.

But he was surprised to find that none of them seemed to mind him there, just like he had been surprised by everything else that day.

In fact, the Deadly Nadder called Stormfly he had befriended was currently curled up behind him and nudging him fondly as she slept. Eret placed and hand on her head and smiled. Everyone else in the company was sleeping but he just couldn't get comfortable enough to rest.

A rustling noise in the cave drew his attention towards the furs where the son's chief and his girlfriend Astrid slept.

At least it's where the son's chief was sleeping because now he was up on his feet accompanied by a yawning Nightfury.

Eret kept silent and watched as Hiccup adjusted his gear before kneeling down into the furs and looking at his girlfriend fondly. He gently brushed her bangs back and placed a long kiss on her
forehead. Eret could tell by the boy's expression that it was a goodbye kiss.

Then the boy stood and regarded Stoick the Vast who was sleeping with the female dragon thief at his side. Hiccup stared at them with a smile and then wiped his eyes before patting his Nightfury’s massive head and carefully walking towards the cave's exit.

He moved quietly, stepping over tails and sleeping bodies and as he passed Eret the ex-trapper wanted to say something but he held his tongue.

He knew what the chief's son was doing but as he tried to think of something to say or wondered if he should wake the others…the look in Hiccup's eyes was filled with determination and Eret could relate to a man with a goal in his heart. A man who would do anything to protect the ones he held dear.

So he let the boy go.

________________________________________________________________________

"Alright bud, you and me are going on a little vacation…hopefully not forever." Hiccup stated as he soared through the night sky on the dragon's back.

Toothless cooed in reply and did maneuvers through the air, simply happy to be flying with his rider again.

Hiccup signaled towards the water and Toothless obediently dunked them into the ocean a few times as they flew.

"Whoo!" Hiccup gasped at the freezing water and tried to shake most of it off.

He knew his dad would try and track him down with Skullcrusher so they had to use the ocean to cut off his scent.

Hiccup adjusted his helmet and shook his arms out wildly. "Boy, that'll wake you up!"

Toothless roared in reply and shook his head around, sending water flying everywhere.

"Now it's off to find Drago. Okay bud, show me how fast you can fly!"

Toothless smiled up at him and Hiccup laid his body flat against the dragon's back as the Nightfury shot forward at an incredible speed. He kept low to the ocean and yellow eyes scanned the moonlit water for a giant ship.

________________________________________________________________________

"Dragon rider!"

Drago's eyes snapped open at the sound of cries throughout his ship.

He growled and pushed himself out of bed. He pulled his cloak around to cover his missing arm and kicked open the door to his bedroom chamber.

On the top deck of his ship his men were running around in chaos. They were yelling at one another and pointing towards the sky. The trappers were gathering nets and weapons and several of them were preparing the onboard catapults.

One of the soldiers came up to Drago as he emerged.
"Is it just one?" Drago asked in his deep voice, not feeling at all threatened.

"Aye, sir. He's been circling the ship but the men are working on shooting it down."

Drago growled again and walked slowly while looking up at the dark sails. He saw a sleek shadow and a streak black.

He smiled.

It was exactly the dragon rider he was hoping to see.

Constant nets shot into the air and the Nightfury dodged them with ease. The dragon boy sat low on the creature's back. Though he was wearing a helmet, Drago could tell that he was scanning the ship for it's captain.

His eyes spotted Drago and the black dragon flew forward and perched on top of one of the giant skulls attached to the ship's bow.

Drago walked to the front of his ship and looked up at him expectantly.

The Nightfury eyed the men with caution while the dragon boy removed his helmet and looked down at Drago.

"Well I thought you wanted me here, but if we're not welcome, we'll just be on our way." The boy said while gesturing towards the ocean.

"No!" Drago said a little too quickly. He looked around at his men with their weapons raised.

"Back off, all of you!" He yelled at them.

They looked at him in surprise but slowly lowered their weapons and backed away from the ship's bow.

Drago looked back up to see the Nightfury snap his head in satisfaction before leaping down to land right in front of Drago.

The dragon boy stayed on the creature's back. He looked like he was ready to bolt into the sky if he needed to. The thought made Drago's heart beat quickly and his fingers began to twitch.

"Dragon boy..." Drago spoke lowly. "We were just planning out our attack on Berk."

The boy's eye's narrowed mirroring the yellow glaring eyes of the creature beneath him.

"But now that you're here...my offer still stands." Drago grinned and held out his only hand.

Hiccup looked at it before glaring back up at him.

"Your offer of stopping the war if I stay as your prisoner?" he asked.

Drago nodded and the boy placed a hand flat on the Nightfury's head.

"I have one condition." The boy said.

Drago quirked and eyebrow and grinned wider. "I'm listening."

The dragon rider paused as if surprised by the man's willingness.
"You can't harm my dragon or tie him up…and he stays with me." The boy stated.

Drago looked down at said dragon just as it's jaws opened and it roared threateningly at him.

He chuckled darkly and smiled again. "Very well, so long as it behaves."

The boy detached his false leg from the dragon's harness and adjusted the saddle while Drago watched.

He watched curiously as every lean muscle moved as the boy straightened himself and looked all around the ship. The Nightfury was put at ease by its rider's posture. However, yellow eyes still regarded Drago with caution. He would not let his rider be stolen from him again.

"So…" The boy wrung his hands and looked around awkwardly. "Is there a dungeon with my name on it?"

Drago continued to observe him for a moment until he turned and gestured for the boy to follow him.

He walked past his men and he could hear the uneven sound of the boy's footsteps behind him.

_Thump click thump click thump click_

He made a mental note to take a closer look at the boy's missing leg later.

The Nightfury hissed at every soldier they passed but stayed close to his rider.

"Very nice ship you have here by the way. It's just your style, the skulls at the top especially. Everything just screams Drago." The boy spoke.

Drago ignored him but the sound of the boy's voice filled him with a sense of excitement as he was constantly reminded of the young Viking's presence. He found himself smiling as he led his prisoners into the lower deck.
Drago and Hiccup 3 by KudaKano

"This is my bedroom chamber." Drago's voice was quiet and raspy.

He forced the large metal door open with his foot, eyes never leaving that of the dragon boy's.

The boy stared at him warily for a moment but when Drago didn't move, the young Viking drew in a breath and slowly walked passed him and through the doorway. The Nightfury followed close behind after tucking its wings in tightly so it could fit through.

Drago followed with a grin and slowly closed the metal door behind him.

The boy was examining the room and the dragon was sniffing the floor curiously.

It was an enormous, dark chamber and the only light came from a large candle sitting on a vertical barrel by the bed. The bed itself was a massive wooden thing covered by a quilt made mostly of bear fur. The only other objects in the room were old books and weapons settled against the walls on the floor, including Drago's staff-like spear.

Drago watched the boy carefully. His thin form moved back and forth slightly as he observed just about every inch of the chamber. He even ran his hand over the fur of the bed curiously before turning and looking up at Drago.

He seemed taken aback by the way the older man was eyeing his body but the boy stood tall and kept his chin up.

"Uh…can I ask why we're in here?"

Drago continued to stare at him while he replied. "This is where you'll stay."

The boy's face immediately twisted in confusion and then he shared a look with his dragon before gazing back up at the man, bewildered.

"Oh…uh…this kind of hospitality isn't necessary. We are prisoners after all! Any old lockup will be fine, really."

Drago fixed the boy with sharp narrow eyes and the youth awkwardly scratched the back of his head and cleared his throat.

"Ahem…okay, bedroom it is." He murmured.

The Nightfury sniffed at the bed fur and snorted loudly before turning around and looking back and forth between his rider and the dark man standing before them.

Drago's gaze took in the boy's lithe form and he cocked his head to the side. The young Viking was fiddling with the straps on his clothing while under the man's scrutiny but he straightened when Drago took a step forward.

Drago took another step and the boy's eye widened but he stood as tall as he could and kept his head raised. He held his ground.

Drago was used to challenging dragons. He would show his strength and power and force every
dragon he met to submit and obey him. They all saw him as their alpha and he liked it that way.

However, this boy was different and Drago wondered what it would take to make him submit. How could he make this boy obey him like every other dragon did, to bow and worship his presence?

The boy was beautiful in the candlelight. It lit up his messy hair and reflected in those wild green eyes. It was like something exotic and forbidden and Drago was starting to admire everything about him.

By the third step the Nightfury was on guard. It growled threateningly as Drago moved towards its rider. A black, mismatched tail flipped upwards to curl around the boy's legs protectively.

"Keep that dragon calm or I'll throw it overboard." Drago said quietly, eyes never leaving those bright green ones.

The boy looked surprised and quickly put a hand towards his dragon to calm him down.

"Shh it's okay, bud!"

The dragon quieted down but continued glaring at Drago.

The man stopped just an inch away and the boy refused to take a step back. He remained where he stood, body straight and stiff with his hand still held out towards his dragon. His head tilted downwards but his eyes remained locked with Drago.

It was definitely not a submissive pose.

However, he could see the boy breathing faster and he knew he was holding back a fight or flight response.

Drago looked briefly down at the Nightfury to see yellow eyes examining him. The dragon's legs were bent and it was just waiting for Drago to cross the line.

His eyes returned to the green ones before him and he slowly brought his hand forward and simply placed it on the side of the boy's leather clad waist. His hand was large in comparison and his thick fingers easily covered half of the body's width. He let his hand rest there and the boy's eyes locked onto it before lifting both arms away from himself, as if that hand was a leech.

"Uh, can I help you?" the boy breathed in surprise.
The Nightfury hissed and his rider spoke to calm him down again.

"Hold still." Drago demanded and the boy's eyes shot up to stare at him in shock. His body immediately tensed as he braced himself for what this man was about to do.

However, Drago moved slowly and both the boy and the dragon watched carefully as his large hand traveled upwards against brown leather. Stubby fingers felt every clasp and buckle until his fingertips slid under the gray cover on the boy's top. He forced his hand upwards until it lay flat against the boy's chest. He could feel the young Viking's heart hammering through the leather and he could feel the chest expanding with each quick breath.

"Um…" the boy spoke nervously and stared down at his chest plate.

Drago studied the boy's face and then brought his hand back out to trail a finger against the edge of the leather. The youth leaned back and gritted his teeth as that finger came closer to his neck but he still held his ground.

Then Drago slowly leaned forward and the boy turned his head to the side, probably expecting to have a threat whispered into his ear but instead, Drago licked at the boy's freckled neck and simultaneously snuck his hand down to grope the boy's ass.

That had crossed a line.

The dragon boy gasped loudly and immediately shoved his hands against Drago's chest. He fell backwards onto the floor, wide eyes staring up at the dark man in horror.

A second later the Nightfury was standing protectively over its rider. It roared up at Drago, black wings fanning out in a threatening gesture.

Drago laughed and raised his only hand as a sign of peace while backing up.

"Make yourself at home, dragon boy." He stated just before walking out of the room and closing the metal door behind him with a loud clang.

Toothless held his pose until he was sure the strange man was gone for good. Then the dragon's wings dropped and he twisted around to inspect the boy underneath him.

Hiccup was taking deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself down. He propped himself up against the framing of the bed and ran a hand down his face.

That had certainly caught him by surprise.

But to be honest, Hiccup had been expecting a lot worse. Though he had tried to act confident when boarding this ship, secretly he had been bracing himself for some kind of awful torture or cruel treatment. He had expected Drago to demand information on everything he knew about dragons or Berk or maybe the other bewilderbeast, and he had been expecting Drago to hurt him physically in an attempt to get that information.

He was certain the man had touched him as a way to intimidate him and catch him off guard. But even if the man did bring him here to do…that to him…well, at least it was better than being blatantly tortured.

Still…Hiccup couldn't help the fear creeping up his spine or the sickly feeling that was settling in his
Toothless grumbled up at him with wide eyes and black ears pointing straight up. Hiccup ran a hand over the dragon's head and smiled at him.

"It's okay. I'm alright, bud."

The Nightfury cooed and started sniffing Hiccup all over. He trailed his snout in the same place that Drago had trailed his hand. When he got to the boy's neck he picked up a trace of the strange man's scent and immediately licked the area to replace the smell with his own.

"Ugh!" Hiccup leaned away from his dragon and wiped at the spot.

"Thanks, but I've been licked enough for one day."

The dragon grumbled in reply and used a wing to pull the boy back towards him so that he could continue his inspection.

Hiccup sighed deeply and scratched the dragon's chin as he continued sniffing him.

"Toothless...what have I gotten us into?"

"Any sign of him?"

Stoick looked up to see Cloudjumper descending towards him with Valka standing on his back.

Stoick gave his own dragon a quick pat and it slowed its pace. "I'm afraid Skullcrusher lost his scent quite a ways back. He must have done something to throw us off his trail."

All of them had been woken up that morning by the sound of Astrid's shouts after finding Hiccup and Toothless missing from the cave.

The girl had immediately bolted on her Deadly Nadder in a frantic search for her boyfriend but before the others could follow her lead, Stoick had called all of their attention to devise an organized search party. He had ordered them all to split up and scan the ocean for Drago's fleet and if any of them were to find it or any sign of Hiccup they were to fly back and tell Stoick immediately.

So far they had searched for hours without any luck. Not even Skullcrusher, the best tracker they had, was successful this time around.

Stoick just hoped that if Astrid found him before they did that she wouldn't try anything foolish.

He was trying very hard not to think about what Drago could be doing to his son right now.

Valka swooped lower and looked down at her husband with desperate eyes.

"I don't..." She began and then paused.

"I haven't...grown up with him like you have, so I don't know...why would he do this, Stoick?"

She searched his eyes and he reached up to take her hand in his own.

"If he thinks he can stop Drago by givin' himself up then by Thor, he'll do just that. He's as stubborn as his mother, that lad." Stoick said.
A sad smile graced Valka's lips and she wiped at her eyes before taking a shaky breath.

"I just got my boy back, only to have him taken from me. We spent less than a day together." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

Stoick's hand squeezed her own and he looked up into her beautiful eyes, the same eyes she had passed on to their only son.

"We'll find him and get him back. That, I can promise ya."

She smiled back at him just as Gobber and his dragon came into view.

"Any luck Gobber?" Stoick called out to him.

The blacksmith lifted his golden mask and shook his head.

"Old Grump here ain't quite as fast as a Nightfury." Gobber replied.

Stoick sighed. "You'd think a dragon could at least catch up with an entire fleet of ships."

"Well if they had that giant beastie pullin' them along, there's no tellin' where that ship has ended up." Gobber added.

Valka gasped and Stoick spun around to see her face light up in realization.

"He has a bewilderbeast!" She breathed. Her eyes were flickering back and fourth thoughtfully.

"Aye?" Stoick pressed, brow furrowed.

Valka looked down at the other two Vikings and smiled.

"I think I know a way to find him."

Drago continued banging against the giant chain that was guiding his ship along.

He looked up and examined the massive glaciers that surrounded his fleet making them difficult to find, even for a group of dragon riders.

He gave the chain one last beating before turning away from the front of his ship. The only thing he was interested in now was staying hidden. It was something he knew his men wouldn't complain about. He had forced all of them to work sleepless nights with no break while they were building his dragon army, so no one dared question why Drago's motives had changed, so long as they were allowed to rest and work normally.

Drago walked towards the lower deck and his armored dragons bowed as he passed.

It was morning now and he knew his dragon boy would probably be awake soon.

He dismissed the soldier he had ordered to keep watch outside of his bedchamber door and carefully pushed it open, trying to be as quiet as possible.

The candlelight flickered in the darkness of the room. Drago fully expected to see his prisoner sleeping on the bed and wrapped in bear fur, but to his surprise the bed was empty.
His eyes widened and he wondered how the boy could have escaped until he noticed the Nightfury was still present in the room.

He carefully walked closer and examined the large beast. It was curled up like a cat in the corner with its wings tucked and its tail curled around itself. It's back rose as it breathed steadily in deep slumber.

Then Drago spotted the boy's face directly next to the Nightfury's own. The dragon had its entire body curled around its rider's and it used its front feet to cradle the boy's head as they slept.

The creature grumbled in its sleep and pulled the boy closer as though it could sense Drago's presence.

As he thought about it, is seemed logical that his dragon boy would rather sleep with a dragon then on a bed. He was more like a dragon than a human, after all.

Since there was no way he could reach the boy with that dragon wrapped around him, Drago left the room and waited for the boy to wake up on his own.
Drago and Hiccup by KudaKano

He was starting to wonder if his two prisoners would spend the whole day in his chamber until he spotted the lanky youth and his black dragon wandering the top deck.

Drago observed them from afar, slowly stalking them. His fellow sailors also kept close eyes on the pair, though they were more focused on their daily tasks.

*Thump click thump click*

The dragon boy walked side by side with the Nightfury. He observed every part of the massive ship and Drago observed every part of him.

Upon moving closer, Drago could hear him speak. After a moment he realized that the boy was actually talking to his dragon and the black beast grumbled in reply to everything the boy said.

"See? Look at that one, bud. He doesn't even like the armor. If Drago really wants them to obey him then he could at least try to make them happy."

The Nightfury snorted in agreement and Drago was intrigued.

The dragon boy wasn't talking to his companion as someone would talk to a pet. He was actually gesturing with his hands and looking the dragon in the eye and the dragon hovered over the boy's every word with just as much interest.

They saw each other as equals.

The young Viking walked in front of an armored dragon and Drago narrowed his eyes. Unlike the wild dragons this boy was used to, Drago had constantly tormented these creatures to make them more hostile. Even his own soldiers often suffered from their aggressive behavior.

The boy paused in front of the metal-clad beast and Drago took out his spear, ready to intervene.

The dragon's eyes narrowed into slits and locked onto the two-legged boy. However, as soon as the boy lowered himself to his knees and extended his palms forward, the creature's pupils expanded and it sniffed at the boy curiously.

Drago halted his footsteps and then backed away into the shadows, amazed.

He watched as the dragon scratched at the metal armor on its head and the boy immediately stood up and slipped his hand underneath to give the beast a good scratch behind the neck.

"There ya go. Is that better?"

The dragon grumbled in appreciation and its tail started wagging back and forth wildly. It looked the boy in the eyes and then stuck it's large tongue out to lick the youth all the way from his knees to the top of his head.

"Oh gross! You're worse than Toothless!" The boy laughed before placing a hand on the creature's snout and shaking saliva off his arms.

Drago cocked his head to the side and hummed in thought. Never before had one of his dragons ever
responded positively to another human being. Although, his dragon boy wasn't quite human, was he?

The armored dragon did not seem at all bothered by the presence of the Nightfury; in fact, it started leaping back and forth as though it wanted to play with the other beast.

The boy laughed and encouraged the dragon. He crouched and matched the creature's movements, metal leg scraping against the wooden deck. The commotion was starting to attract the attention of other dragons on the ship as well as Drago's soldiers. At one point the Dragon's playful dancing caused it's tail to bash into the side of an armed catapult. The contraption immediately unlatched and flung a boulder towards the edge of the ship, blasting through two dragon traps before crashing into a nearby glacier.

The loud noise was met with silence as the surrounding men stopped what they were doing and stared at the damage.

Drago grinned wide and his eyes flickered back to the dragon boy. He was suddenly very eager to see the boy's reaction, to see what he would do.

*He was hungry for it.*

The boy's body was stiff and his arms were pulled to his chest. He gritted his teeth and looked back and forth between the men on the deck. But before he could react even further, one of the soldiers was yelling at him.

It was a stout man covered in dark fur and metal. He quickly stormed over towards the boy, waving a sword wildly as he screamed in anger.

Drago growled under his breath as the man got closer to his dragon boy. He found himself walking forward in time with the soldier's steps.

The man swiped at the excited dragon with his sword and cut a gash into the creature's leg. The beast roared in pain and reared back just as the dragon boy ran forward and grabbed the hilt of the soldier's sword with both hands.

"Stop it!" The boy yelled.

The soldier pulled away and grabbed the boy by the arm with one thick hand. However, before the man could yell anymore and before the Nightfury could even growl in defense of its rider, Drago had the man by the throat.

The soldier choked and released the boy just as Drago lifted him off of his feet and slammed him hard against the ship's mast. He looked around and made sure the rest of his soldiers were watching before leaning in close and speaking in a deadly voice.

"Nobody… touches the boy but me."

The man stared back at Drago in horror until the hand on his throat loosened and he dropped back down. The man then bowed his head and quickly scampered away.

Drago turned back towards his two prisoners and saw both the boy and the Nightfury staring up at him in surprise.

He grunted and stabbed at the deck with his spear in an attempt to expel his rage. He then turned and beckoned the startled dragon boy to follow him before trudging back towards his chamber.
Drago slammed the metal door shut causing the young Viking to flinch and the Nightfury to start growling. His two prisoners backed away towards the bed but he ignored them and began pacing the room.

He was more enraged than usual and he wasn't quite sure why. Usually when one of his men disobeyed him or did anything to make him angry, he was good at keeping calm. But as soon as someone had laid a hand on his dragon boy...he couldn't control the sheer anger that drove him to act.

"Um...Drago?"

He could hear the boy speak to him but he continued pacing.

"I'm sorry about your traps and the...uh...catapult, but please don't hurt the dragon, it was my fault."

Drago took a deep breath and stopped in his footsteps. He slowly spun around and eyed the boy.

"You're worried for the dragon?" He asked. He was surprised to feel his anger diminish almost entirely.

The youth's eyes were flickering back and forth between the floor and Drago.

"I got him all riled up, it wasn't his fault."

Drago paused and then chuckled lightly and shook his head. His eyes traveled up the boy's thin legs and followed the straps of his clothing. What did he look like under all that leather?

The Nightfury was staring him down and he wondered if there was a way to get past the black dragon's protection.

Maybe if he just took things one step at a time...they were on his ship in the middle of the ocean and under the cover of giant glaciers. He did have time.

The boy began picking at his nails nervously as waited for the larger man to say something.

Finally Drago's lips tilted to the side in a sickly grin.

"Maybe I'll spare that dragon..." Drago's raspy voice was quiet.

The boy hovered over every word, his candle-lit eyes regarding the man with caution.

"If you do something for me in return." He finished just above a whisper.

The youth let out a breath. "Yeah, I figured you were gonna go there."

The smile remained on Drago's face as he slowly leaned down and retrieved a bucket from the edge of the chamber.

"Um, can I know what it is you want before I agree to it?" The boy asked. His voice was growing more distressed by the second.

Drago locked eyes with wary green ones just as he set the bucket on the barrel to join the candle. Water sloshed around inside and the object created a wide shadow that danced up the left wall.
"You smell of dragon breath." He stated simply.

The boy bit his lip and his eyes flickered back and forth in confusion. It was only when Drago lifted an old rag from the bottom of the bucket and started ringing it out with one hand that the Viking understood what the man meant.

"Oh...you...just want me to wash up?" The boy asked, head tilting.

The smirk remained on dark man's scarred face.

"No, I want you to hold still."

The boy gapped at him for a moment and then started shaking his head. "Oh no."

Drago stepped forward and the boy instantly took a step back. One hand rose between them as if to keep the man away and the other landed on the Nightfury's snout to silence it's growling.

"You realize I'm perfectly capable of washing myself, don't you? I'm missing a leg, not an arm."

Drago dropped the rag into the bucket and wiped his wet hand onto his cloak. He then tugged the dragon skin off and dropped it onto the floor, revealing his missing appendage.

The boy swallowed at the sight of it. "Well one of us is missing an arm."

Drago looked at the boy with sharp, glaring eyes.

"Unless you want me to kill the dragon that caused so much trouble on my deck...you will hold still."

The youth's eyes went wide and his face appeared broken for an instant.

Drago noticed that the Nightfury was studying both of their reactions and he felt the need to correct himself before the beast lashed out.

"Relax boy, I will not harm you."

"I'm pretty sure we have different definitions of the word harm." The boy was quick to reply but his voice was low in defeat and his shoulders deflated.

He was winning.

*Truly this boy's habit of sacrificing himself for others was the key to his defeat. It was a sure way to control him.*

Drago slowly reached a hand towards the boy's waist under the watchful eye of the dragon. To his surprise, the youth didn't fight; he merely turned his head away and closed his eyes. He took deep breaths and kept his back straight as Drago came closer.

Drago had to undo the buckles with one hand but a lifetime of practice made it an easy task.

"You should know, Berk is well known for its contagious skin diseases." The boy spoke half-heartedly.

Drago chuckled and reached for the leather cover on the boy's chest. "I'll take my chances." He let his breath ghost across the boy's ear and he could feel the resulting shudder rack up the boy's lithe form.
He unlatched the top buckles and a simple tug split the chest cover down the middle. The boy lifted his chin away as Drago pushed the cover, along with the shoulder pads, completely off. It fell to the ground and the Nightfury sniffed it before those large eyes locked back onto Drago.

Now the dark man was tugging at the strings at the center of the brown leather. It was hugging the boy's sides tightly, making it difficult to pull apart and the young Viking made on move to help him. But he did hold still, just as Drago had asked.

Slowly but surely, every piece of leather adorning the boy's body came off. The Nightfury seemed to be making a collection. Each time something dropped to the floor it would sniff it to make sure it smelt like its rider then it dragged the leather under its massive belly, as if to hide it.

Then all that was left was the boy's shirt, pants and boot. Before Drago could slip his hand under the green tunic, the boy grabbed the edges on his own and tugged it over his head. He glared at the man and angrily tossed the green fabric aside. It landed on the Nightfury's head and the dragon struggled for a moment to pull it off.

The boy's chest was thin and covered in lean muscle. In spite of the stubble on his chin, his torso was almost hairless and littered in freckles.

The taller man eyed him hungrily.

*His defiance is returning,* Drago thought as he watched the boy shift his weight and continue to glare at him.

Those green eyes were skeptical as if challenging Drago to do his worst.

The one-armed man smirked and reached for the rag floating in the bucket. He knew the boy would fight him if he tried to remove his pants so he let them be.

He was patient, after all.

He used one hand to squeeze out the excess water and then slowly brought it to the boy's chest. The youth looked away as Drago began wiping him down but he remained standing stiffly and obediently motionless.

The cleaning consisted of every area Drago felt like touching. The rag was thin and hardly a barrier between his thick hand and the boy's light skin. He dragged it along the boy's waist and up his arms. Instead of scrubbing, he simply groped with his hands. He dragged his fingers over the boy's nipples and toyed with them, however the youth didn't react and continued glaring at the wall.

The dragon watched them curiously. Every time the rag moistened an area on the boy's right side, the Nightfury would lap it up with its massive tongue.

Drago paused and then wiped at the boy's shoulders with more force. At one point he abandoned the rag and let it hang from the Viking's neck. He then ran his fingers up the boy's neck and trailed them along his jawline.

The boy continued staring at the wall.

Drago's hand found the youth's right ear and traced it with his fingers. He then went backwards to explore that mess of brown hair. He twirled the small braids between his fingers and carded through each strand. It was softer than he had expected.

Finally, the boy's lack of an expression was starting to irritate him.
He trailed his hand down and firmly gripped the boy's clothed rear.

The boy's chest expanded in a quick intake of air, but he remained motionless and staring.

Drago caressed the boy's backside. He dragged a finger up the crease in the center and squeezed each cheek tightly.

When the boy still did not react in any way, Drago brought his hand around and cupped the youth's crotch.

At last, those green eyes abandoned the wall and locked with Drago's own. They glared back and him with hatred and the taller man grinned.

"Why are you doing this?" The boy's voice was quiet but demanding.

"Because you belong to me."

"Because you belong to me." He replied, voice raspy with enjoyment.

Still keeping eye contact, Drago caressed the boy through his pants. He used his large hand to press into the area in patterns. He cupped him over and over again, trying to feel the boy's hardness.

But he felt nothing. The boy's body wasn't reacting the way he wanted it to and his hand went still between the Viking's legs.

The youth's green eyes narrowed, his expression grew smug.

"Are you done?" he asked.

Drago growled in frustration and the Nightfury instantly growled back. The boy put a hand on the creature's head to calm it down.

"Toothless." He warned.

Drago released the Viking and took a step back. His eyes darted up and down the thin body before him.

The acceptance of his touches wasn't enough. He wanted a reaction. He wanted this boy's body to react and encourage him further.

He frowned in thought and watched the younger kneel next to his dragon and retrieve his shirt from under the creature's stomach.

The boy was watching him warily but he was still standing tall in the belief that he had bested Drago Bludvist.

An idea was forming in the larger man's mind and he quickly retrieved his cloak from the floor and exited the room, letting the metal door clang loudly behind him.

He would prove the boy wrong.

Next Chapter Jettara takes over writing
Chapter 5

Drago and Hiccup 5 by Jettara1

Obsession took hold of Drago as he paced the deck, his mind refusing to think of anything but the dragon boy. He had never met anyone like Hiccup, so small, so full of life, so defiant and seemingly not afraid of anything. A man like that was worthy of great things. Such a person with his talents with dragons... well his army would be the greatest in the known world. It would rival even the Roman Empire. But that wasn’t what made him so obsessed with the young man. No, there was just something about Hiccup that made his loins stir with a predatory need he hadn’t felt in quite some time. One way or another Hiccup will respond to his touch and cry out for him. The boy would bow and submit to him. The question was how.

His jaw set as an idea came to him. He was never one to take no, especially from someone a third his size. Drago was a man of action, who took what he wanted when he wanted so why didn’t he simply take Hiccup? Why did he want the boy to submit rather than force him? Whatever the cause all he knew was that he wanted Hiccup more than he wanted anything else before.

There had to be a way to make the dragon boy submit to him.

He strolled into the galley to seek out his cook. The man was sure to know of a way to make Hiccup a little more compliant. The small man was hunched over the limited ingredients the ship still had. There was plenty of fish, potatoes and pickled eggs but soon they would have to send a ship for a supply run, perhaps raid a nearby village or trader ship or some other nearby vessel weighed down with goods.

The cook looked up as his leader stomped in the galley. Seeing Drago in a mood was nothing out the ordinary but there was something different this time. It was in the set of his lips, the way his dark eyes seemed more thoughtful than angry or annoyed as if something had caught his interest. The boy no doubt. The crew had talked of nothing else since his arrival and it would seem Drago had taken a great interest in the young man.

“And how might our young guests be fairing?” the cook asked as he turned back to his work and avoiding eye contact. Last thing he needed was Alvin mistaking the question as a rivalry interest in this Hiccup.

Surprisingly Drago gave a low chuckle. “As stubborn as his father. The blonde was not exaggerating about his bold deviance and determination. Admirable if not foolhardy. I always get what I want.” He loomed over the cook. “Which brings me to you.”

“Oh?”

“What do you have in your collection that might help the boy... relax?”

The cook raised a bushy brow. “Relax and something a little more... welcoming perhaps?”

The way his rough chapped lips raised on one side said it all and the cook nodded as he reached for a container of herbs. “This ought to work,” he said, handing it over to Drago with no other questions.

Drago studied the dried herb, his grin lifting even higher. This should make his dragon boy a little more responsive to his affections.

...
Keeping a big black dragon occupied even in a large bedroom was not an easy task but Hiccup tried his best. He wrestled with Toothless, laughing and giggling as his friend playfully batted at him like an oversize kitten as he tried keeping his wings pinned to his sides to avoid knocking anything over. It was all great fun but it could distract Hiccup from the disgust he felt after Drago tried feeling him up. But he kept his anxiety to himself so Toothless wouldn’t pick up on it and attack anyone while trying to protect his rider.

Everything was fine and good and for a while the two were almost able to forget where they were until the heavy door suddenly swung inward. Both immediately stopped what they were doing. Toothless gave a low growl, both his front paws protectively above Hiccup’s shoulders, ready to tuck the boy under him at a moment’s notice. This made it a little hard for Hiccup to roll over and yet a good look at their visitor. He arched his neck back and tried to peer upside down as a big burly man in heavy layers of furs glanced down at them. Obviously he wasn’t a Viking, his skin darker and clothing more of a Wanderers fashion much like Eret and his people. He gave the man a thin smile not bothering to explain what he and Toothless were doing. The man only raised a questioning brow before depositing two large trays on the table and walking out.

“Okay…” Hiccup muttered when he was gone. “That was odd wasn’t it?”

Toothless’s posture relaxed and he stood up, his neck stretching out as he sniffed the trays. His big tongue ran over his lips at the smell of fish, both freshly caught and fried. He gave a happy wobble and lumber over Hiccup to get to the food. Neither had had a proper meal since coming on the ship and he was happy to finally have some yummy fish to fill his belly. Of course there was only three large trout on his tray and one not so big cod but he was happy nonetheless.

Hiccup ducked as his dragon walked over him to the food. Thankfully he wasn’t stepped on but he did get a tail fin in the face. He batted it away with a laugh. “Greedy!” Rolling over he got to his feet and walked over to table. He jumped to the side when his friend knocked over the tray of fish. They flopped to the floor where Toothless pounced on them and happily gobbled them up. Hiccup rolled his eyes and took his food before the Nightfury tried stealing it on him – it wouldn’t be the first time. He found a place to sit and removed the lid half expecting to see Roman food instead it was something he wasn’t quite sure of. The fish was cooked in a way that made it look too crispy. Not burnt or jerky but it definitely wasn’t something he was accustomed to. It almost looked like that time Tuffnut decided to experiment and got all the riders sick. On the side was rice, a raw treat that his father would trade with Johann for. Apparently before becoming Chief, Stoick had been very adventurous and visited the far land of China as well as a few others before settling down to be chief and start a family – a story he was fond of telling Hiccup lately in hopes of convincing him to take up the mantel and become chief. Of course Stoick had been a little older as well but he liked to forget that part of the story. Nonetheless rice had become something they both enjoyed from time to time.

This rice was made a little different and tasted very salty. All of it tasted salty with a weird spice that he couldn’t name. It was simply horrid but Hiccup was starving so he ate it all and washed it down with the jug of water Drago’s man had left with the food. It took three mugs of water to get the taste out of his mouth but at least his belly was full. He just hoped it didn’t make him sick through the night.

Stretching he followed a very happy Toothless to their corner and curled up together. It was going to be a long night.

He awoke a few hours later with a start. He was panting, his body hot and a sheen of sweat dripping down his face. Where his clothing covered was itchy as if he were wearing the itchiest of wool or a million little bugs were climbing all over his. He scrambled out of under the protection of Toothless’s wings needing to get away from his body heat and gasp some fresh air. Immediately he began
removing his sheaths and tossing them on the table, still too hot and itchy. His mind raced with crazy thoughts and his vision blurred as his panting turned to gasps when he went to open his leather armor intent on taking it off to give himself a little relief. The fabric of his shirt brushed against his nipples and while this wouldn’t normally bother him this time it sent a jolt of pleasure through to his groin and he felt himself stir.

His eyes widened in shock and he quickly did up his armor and tightened each strap. “No, no, no, no, no…” he muttered, unable to believe Drago would go so far. He ran his hands through his matted hair then stopped when even that simple task sent a jolt of pleasure through him. He instantly dropped his hands to his sides and balled up his fists. He wasn’t going to let Drago win. He wasn’t going to give in no matter what the man did to him.

A gasp escaped him when Toothless nuzzled up against him. Usually he loved when his best friend touched him but this time…

“No…” he whined softly but he had to admit when the dragon began licking his face it did feel a little better. The moisture helped cool him down if only a little and turned his focus away from the itching and soon he was able to go back to sleep knowing that Toothless would watch over him and be able to protect him. Sadly he was wrong.

When Drago arrived not long after the two friends had fallen asleep it was with a skip in his step and a predatory grin. It grew when he found Toothless and Hiccup, the boy fidgeting in his sleep while the dragon absently licked at his cheek and hair causing to stick up at odd angles. It was sort of cute. Of course he had plenty of time to admire Hiccup but first there was the issue of his protector. Toothless growled at him the moment he stepped toward them causing his boy to stir but before either could do more than lift their heads Drago shot Toothless with a tranquilizer dart and then a second for good measure. He fell on his side, out cold and no longer a bother.

Drago only tilted his head to one side and studied the two for a moment, admiring the way they complimented each other. Then, not wanting to waste even a moment he knelt down, snatched Hiccup around the waist with his good arm and lifted him up as if he weighed nothing. He deposited the young man on the oversize bed and knelt next to him.

For his part Hiccup didn’t give up without a fight. He kicked out and struggled but his blows were weak at best thanks to the drug and one good blow to the side of his head stilled him. He wasn’t unconscious just stunned and even as he placed a hand to the injury he still tried to pull away. Drago didn’t hit him again, he wanted Hiccup conscious for this instead he quickly did away with the boy’s armor, pulling it off without bothering with the sheaths then untied the leather pants.

“No…” Hiccup moaned, again trying to push Drago away and failing miserably but this time the big man paused.

“Perhaps you’re right, my little dragon,” he hummed. He removed his fake arm and put it aside before climbing up on the bed. He brushed a stray tear from Hiccup’s left cheek. “We’ll start this slow and I promise as I get to know your delicious body you’ll come to like what I can do with it.”

Hiccup shook his head and tried again to push the large man away but me might as well have been trying to push Meatlug off him. He had no strength whatsoever. He couldn’t even lift his head now. He could stop Drago from lifting his shirt off him, baring his lightly toned torso and midsection. The man dragged his fingers over goose bumpy flesh, tracing his ribs and chuckling when the boy jerked at his touch. His fingers travelled upward to caress the boy’s pebbling nipples. He took his time, enjoying the way Hiccup yelped and bit his lip, squeezing his eyes closed as a thin trail of tears spilled from his eyes. Watching the dragon boy fight his own body was delicious indeed.
Drago began peppering Hiccup in kisses, finding the young man more attractive than anyone he had bedded in a very, very long time. He was strong, defiant and full of hope, qualities that drew Drago’s attention. He kissed Hiccup’s closed eyes, licking at the salty tears and savoring the taste. He moved down the boy’s face to his neck where he nipped and suckled, marking Hiccup as his property before travelling lower still. He bit and suckled the right nipple while his fingers squeezed and pulled at the left. Hiccup gasped and cried out, pleading for him to stop before falling absolutely silent, his eyes wide open as he stared at the wooden ceiling in complete and utter fear. It took a moment for Drago to understand why the boy was suddenly so afraid but then he felt it. No matter how much Hiccup fought it he could not control his body while it was under the influence of the drug. Drago grinned into the flesh of Hiccup’s belly. He couldn’t have planned this better. While he nibbled and licked at Hiccup’s belly button he undid the ties of his pants and pulled them down to his knees.

“NO!” Hiccup screamed, reaching blindly for his pants with no success. Another scream escaped him when Drago’s fat tongue ran over the head of his super sensitive cock.

The older man only chuckled and ran his tongue over the thick vane on the underside of Hiccup’s penis. It wasn’t overly big, perhaps seven to eight inches hard but it was delectable and Drago enjoyed rubbing his face over it, inhaling the tangy scent the was all Hiccup’s. Had he two hands he would be rolling the boy’s balls while playing with his cock.

Hiccup had covered his face, trying to ignore what Drago was doing to him but there was no fighting the drug in his system. When the man suddenly took his manhood in his mouth and started sucking and running his teeth over the underside of his cock he lost the battle with his body and came. His whole body tensed and arched into it. His vision bled white and hands fistled his closed eyes as strings of cum shot out of him and into Drago’s mouth. The man swallowed greedily, lapping at the deflating organ and ensuring not one bit of cum was left.

When Drago looked up in was in disappointed. Hiccup had passed out. Drago sighed. He had planned to truly make Hiccup his, to possess him in every way possible and while he could fuck the boy all he wanted right now it was not how he wanted Hiccup. He wanted to watch that inner struggle. He wanted to watch as Hiccup broke, as all his defenses came down and gave into the pleasure Drago could give him.

There was a knock at the door before it suddenly opened just enough for a head to pop in and glance at Drago. “Sir, dragons were spotted to the north of here. Shall we alter course and try capturing them?”

Drago gave a snarl. “Of course, now leave you fool!”

Once the door was closed and secured Drago returned his focus to the young man on his bed. He wasn’t going to fuck Hiccup while he was unconscious, no fun in that. But Drago was hard and needed release and if he couldn’t fill Hiccup’s lovely ass with his seed then he could at least cover it with his seed. Removing his armor he dropped it on the floor then carefully straddled Hiccup’s hips and undid his own pants. His engorged length sprang out, hard and thick and long and already dripping precum. Hiccup’s beautiful body had done a number on him. Taking his cock in one large hand he fistled it, jerking off in time with the rise and fall of Hiccup’s chest. He imagined the boy moaning and crying out his name as he filled his tight body with his length, pounding into him until they both found their relief. The image in his mind was so realistic that it sent Drago over the edge with only a few pumps. His white milky seed shot out, spraying the dragon boy’s chest and face and Drago kept pumping until he was empty and Hiccup was covered in his spunk.

What a sight his dragon boy was laying there with his pants to his knees and otherwise naked. He looked like a young demi-god. Drago could send days worshipping that youthful body and toned belly. He licked his lips. He had plenty of time for that. For now he would let the boy rest and with
luck come to his senses and see that Drago had a lot to offer him.
Chapter 6

Something was wrong. Toothless knew it the moment he began to stir. His paws felt empty and he began feeling around for his brother but Hiccup was nowhere to be found. Panic filled the Nightfury and his eyes snapped open to look about the dark room. His nose twitched as he scented the air and relief flooded his senses. Hiccup was still in the room. He lumbered to his feet, feeling oddly off balance and disoriented and glanced at the bed figuring the young man had become uncomfortable and decided to sleep on the bed. It would be odd given the situation but not unusual. Hiccup often slept in a bed when they weren’t exploring or on adventure. And his instincts proved true. Hiccup was sound asleep in the far too large bed looking small and fragile, a look that always brought Toothless’s most protective side. The dragon clambered onto the bed ignoring his fatigue as he slumped down next to his human brother.

A funny smell came from his Hiccup. The smell of mating and sweat and tears and it wasn’t all Hiccup’s, a lot of it belonged to Drago who was no longer in the room. It seemed unlikely that Hiccup would take someone like Drago as a mate. But then humans were a funny lot. Not liking the smell covering his boy, Toothless began licking Hiccup, starting with his cheek then grooming his hair, nudging him from time to time to wake him. His concern grew when the young human didn’t immediately stir but after a few more licks and nudes he finally got a small protesting moan that eased his heart.

“Tooth…” Hiccup whined, absently batting the big head and tongue away but Toothless knew this game and nuzzled up closer to his rider, cooing softly and pawing at the fur covering his rider. Hiccup didn’t seem at all appreciative of his affections.

“Toothless,” Hiccup grumbled once more, this time placing a hand on his forehead as a rather jumbled memory of the events hours earlier slowly came back to him as if his mind were replaying some strange and twisted nightmare that simply couldn’t be real. His eyes slowly fluttered open and he stared up at the ceiling as he had during the attack.

“How…” he whispered, trying to fight the quiver in his voice. “He must have drugged the food.”

Seeing the problem Hiccup was a little hesitant but it seemed that the drug had run its course. He no longer felt hot or itchy just tired and annoyed. He conceded to his best friend grooming him. It wasn’t sexual, even if Toothless did clean his neither regions from time to time as he was sure to now, it was just a dragon caring for one of their own and Hiccup relaxed into it. Dragon saliva was hard to get out of clothing but it was healing on rashes, cuts and other abused flesh. And as usual Toothless was very thorough in his investigation of Hiccup’s body, right to the point of demanding Hiccup remove his prosthetic so he could inspect the stump under his left knee which proved to be red from wearing the device for far too long. The dragon nursed it with the same love and attention he nurse the rest of Hiccup with.

“I’m okay now, bud,” Hiccup lied. Physically he would be fine regardless of what Drago did to him, mentally…well he wasn’t so sure what to make of what happen other than to feel disgust. Even if he was drugged the fact that his body reacted to what Drago did for him made him sick to his stomach.

Now that he was clean – if not a little sticky – Hiccup slowly climbed out of bed. He held the wall
and hopped toward the dresser, leaving his prosthetic on the bed. Toothless followed with a questioning wobble. Hiccup assured him again and again he was alright as he found the cloth Drago had used to bath him and cleaned off some of the saliva on his face and in his hair. Then he found his clothes – thankful that Drago didn’t decide to do away with them and keep him naked – and after reattaching his fake leg, quickly dressed.

“Let’s get out of here, bud,” he told Toothless, needing to get some fresh air and tempted to give up his plans of convincing Drago that dragons and men could live in harmony.

The two quietly moved through the ship and made through up to the deck. It was quiet throughout the ship with only a few sailors caring for the ship and keeping watch. Hiccup gestured for Toothless to keep quiet as they stepped on deck, using hand movements rather than vocal commands for fear of his voice travelling and someone trying to forced them back in that horrid room where Drago would do only Odin knows what do him. And as much as Hiccup loved Toothless it was blatantly clear that the dragon couldn’t protect him in this situation.

They moved toward the bow, darting between odd looking structured meant to house captured dragons. Hiccup paused at one, hearing the pitiful cry of a trapped beast. His heart constricted and the urge to free it filled him but it couldn’t right now. He would, he’d free them all as soon as he figured out how. But for now he needed to worry about Toothless and himself. Continuing toward the bow he still couldn’t decide what to do, run or follow through with his plan. Find his father and go to war like Stoick originally planned or…

His breathe caught in his thought and Toothless gasped in surprise. There in front of the bow was Drago’s Bewilderbeast. The gigantic dragon stood before the vast ship staring up in the starry night sky longingly. It was darker than Valka’s but also looked sadder. It must have been imprisoned for a very, very long time. Hiccup approached the bow slowly his curiosity peaked by the Alpha dragon. He hadn’t had much time to study the one his mother had.

“Hey there,” he called, his voice soft but a little too loud to go unnoticed. Beside him Toothless coward a little as the mighty beast turned to look at them. It frowned slightly and his focus turned completely to Toothless for a moment, as if to show the much smaller dragon who was in charge. The Nightfury took a step back in fright but seeing his friend upset, Hiccup stepped between them and placed one hand soothingly on Toothless’s head while raising the other toward the large animal. “No…no… It’s okay, we’re friends. See? Friends,” he said gently, his hand still raised toward the large animal. “No one’s going to hurt anyone, alright.” He braced himself when the Alpha snorted an icy breath at him and frosted his hair. A giggle escaped him. This was the second time that an Alpha tried giving him a new hairdo. “Okay, I’m going take that as you like me.”

This time he climbed up on the rail and balanced carefully as he reached out to touch one of the dragon’s huge tusks. Toothless wobbled in concern, trying to find a way to grab his boy and prevent him from slipping – the metal prosthetic didn’t have the best of grips. Of course Hiccup being Hiccup didn’t listen to his concerns until it was nearly too late.

The Bewilderbeast watched the young man with interest and even leaned forward just a little to let him touch one tusk. He had never seen a human so unafraid and dragon like in spirit as this boy. And he would have happily let Hiccup explore his curiosity expect he spotted a familiar figure from the corner of his eye and he jerked back in fright. Not all humans were kind and Drago Bludvist certainly wasn’t.

Drago watched Hiccup’s interaction with the Bewilderbeast with great interest. He had never seen
anyone like Hiccup and his lust for the young man was growing by the minute. The fact that he was already awake and up and about this early in the morning when the sun had yet to grace the horizon, was amazing to say the least. Yet to see him recklessly risk his life simply to touch a dragon more than a hundred time his size for whatever crazed reason that popped in his pretty little head was almost enough to make Drago’s heart stop in fright. Then when the Bewilderbeast spotted him, Drago’s heart did feel as if it dropped into his stomach as it dove into the water and Hiccup lost his balance. Toothless jumped to grab his young rider but Hiccup’s suit left very little to grab onto.

Running across the deck Drago shoved the Nightfury aside and grabbed Hiccup around the waist just as he was about to topple over into the icy drink where he would have likely been keelhauled by the vast ship. They both landed on the deck with a thumb. Drago grunted as pressure was put on his bad shoulder and his prosthetic arm shifted but he kept his good arm around Hiccup’s waist until the boy squirm out of his hold and scrambled to his dragon.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” Hiccup snapped, pressing himself into Toothless’s side as the dragon snarled in outrage at Drago.

Drago gave a hollow laugh as he righted himself. “I could let you drown or freeze to death in the icy water if you like,” he retorted. He placed his hand on his knee and pushed himself up into a standing position the offered his hand to Hiccup.

“I’m fine,” the young man said curtly and got up on his own, Toothless giving a gentle nudge from behind when his bad leg looked a little wobbly. He made it a point to stay right next to Toothless and stay as far from Drago as possible.

Surprisingly Drago didn’t try to advance on them. He kept his distance and treated Hiccup like a wounded and trapped dragon in one of his cages. Breaking them took time and patience and it would take time with Hiccup as well. He just had to find the boy’s weakness. His strengths were obvious. That dragon for one, it was like a shadow to him, an extension of him. It was his strength. That would have to change.
Chapter 7

Drago and Hiccup

They soared through the early morning sky, searching once again for the dragon trappers’ fleet. Stoick had sent the riders in every direction in hopes of finding Hiccup and Toothless before they got into any kind of trouble which would be nothing new for the duo. Usually Skullcrusher could track them anywhere but the tracker class dragon had become confused and turned back after circling a cluster of icebergs last night and Stoick and Valka feared the worse. Right now Valka was organizing some water dragons to search under water in case the worse did happen while Stoick had returned to Berk to find something of Hiccup Skullcrusher could use to track Hiccup better. Astrid wasn’t planning on waiting until he returned and neither were the other riders who had once more swept off in every direction to continue their search.

Astrid had taken the route Stoick and Skullcrusher had the day before in hopes of finding some sort of clue to where Hiccup and Toothless could have gone. The circled the cluster of iceberg but there was nothing there except… Stormfly swooped down so Astrid could get a closer look. There were marks in the ice as if someone had hacked into them. Perhaps to anchor ships to them. She jumped down from her dragon’s back to study the marks better. Even though it was ice it was easy to see that the marks were no more than a day or two old. If Hiccup had succeeded in finding the trappers then he may have been here. So why couldn’t Skullcrusher track him any further than here?

“Alright, so which way did our boys go?” Astrid asked Stormfly as she straightened. She ran her fingers across the ice, following the drag marks as she looked out to the east. The boat that made these marks was headed in that direction when it left. “Well east is better than nothing I suppose.” She clambered up onto Stormfly’s back and grabbed the saddle. “Up.”

It would be another few hours and the sun high in the air before the huge fleet of ships came into sight. Stormfly had to adjust course but it was the trappers. They flew silently behind them, eying each ship in search of her missing lover until finally they came across Drago’s flag ship and there on deck was the familiar form of Toothless with a rather grumpy looking Hiccup leaning up against him. Drago was nowhere in sight and the duo seemed pretty much alone. Perfect chance to get them out of there.

Stormfly swooped down and startled Toothless when she playfully went to land on him. The black Nightfury yipped and jumped from his perch to head bunt her before the two began bobbing their heads up and down in greeting. Astrid gave a giggle at their antics before turning her full focus on Hiccup. Her worry was momentarily over shadowed by the fact that he was safe and sound and didn’t appear to be in any danger of any time while standing on the enemy ship with apparent free reign. She punched his shoulder.

“What in Odin’s name do you think you’re doing?” she demanded, placing her hands on her hips and giving him the evil eye.

Hiccup rubbed his arm, used to her hitting him when she was upset or worried…or happy, he was never quite sure what to expect from her even after all these years. “What are you doing here?” he responded with equal venom.

“Well not taking a vacation that’s for sure,” she snapped. “Are you still trying to make Drago see that dragons can be friends with humans? He doesn’t care. Hiccup, we need to get out of here. You’re father is going nuts. He thinks you two died.”
Hiccup shook his head. “He always overreacts. Look, we’re fine. But you need to go. Now.” He took her by the shoulders and looked her in the eye. “Tooth and I…we’ll be fine. We just need a few more days and I’m sure I can…”

Toothless gave a howl which Stormfly mimicked a moment later. Hiccup jerked away from Astrid and instinctively shoved her behind him even though she had pulled out her axe ready to defend them both. The two dragons reared back as blow darts rained down on them, their wings flaring in an attempt to keep the poisonous darts away from their bodies but it did no good, in a matter of minutes they both fell to the deck in a tangle of tails, wings and limbs.

Hiccup and Astrid jumped back in shock.

“Toothless!” Hiccup yelled, rushing to his friend as Astrid did the same with her dragon. “Tooth? Come on, bud, wake up. Look at me.” But nothing either rider did could wake to dragons.

“There’s enough tranquilizer to keep them both out for the next day or two,” crooned Drago as he strolled toward them looking rather smug and proud of himself. His dark gaze met Hiccup’s and it was full of triumph.

Hiccup stood protectively between Astrid, the downed dragons and Drago, his hands balled into fists. “This was not what we agreed to. You promised no harm would come to Toothless.”

“You broke your word first, boy. You assured me you were alone and that no one would interfere with us,” Drago retorted, seeing the growing fear in his dragon boy. He had been right about the dragon, it was his strength but it seemed the girl might mean quite a bit to him but how much?

“They were just leaving,” Hiccup assured although that was now impossible with Stormfly out cold. “Look, Drago, this was all a miss understanding. They were just worried. I didn’t exactly tell anyone I was coming here.”

Drago nodded as he slowly walked around the two, no longer worried of the Nightfury getting in his way. “No doubt she was of flown directly to your father so he could revenge upon my ships for kidnapping his only child.”

Astrid’s eyes narrowed as the big man neared her and she tightened her grip on her axe, ready for a fight.

The right side of his lip twitched and he circled around until he stood before Hiccup once more. “She stays,” he announced, gesturing for his men. “And the dragons will be caged from now own.”

“No!” Hiccup objected, moving to stop the men nearing the two dragons.

Drago raised his hand and halted the men. “Fine.” He turned away. “Throw the girl overboard.”

“What? Whoa!” he yelled, getting between Astrid and the men again while Astrid gave a very Nadder sounding growl and raised her axe. “Whao…wait! Drago…Drago! Fine! Alright, Toothless can go in a cage…for now. But when Stormfly wakes up you’ll let her and Astrid go?”

The large man glanced over his shoulder at the young couple. “We shall see. If you do as I ask then perhaps I will be kind. Take them to my chambers and let them get reacquainted,” he ordered as he walked away.

Hiccup reached back for Astrid’s axe and threw it to the deck as the four men grabbed them and forced them below deck and to Drago’s private chambers where Hiccup had been spending the last few nights. Other men dragged the dragons to cages on deck.
Once they were alone Astrid whirled on Hiccup, outraged by everything that just happened. “This is as stupid as that getting captured by Eret plan,” she snarled. “Do you really think you can change that…that man’s mind about dragons? He doesn’t care about dragons. Their weapons and tools to him, that’s all.”

“I know,” Hiccup conceded.

“Then why?” she implored. “Why?”

He hesitated, glancing away from her as he tried to come up with an explanation.

“WHY?”

He glanced at her, feeling oddly small when she was angry as if she were protecting again like she used to even when he tried protecting her. She had always been the warrior and soldier while he was the dreamer and peacekeeper who usually got into some sort of trouble that she had to get him out of. But they weren’t kids anymore and he had proven able to care for himself…usually.

“Because if I can’t change him then I can at least free the dragons he’s enslaved,” he answered, his shoulders squared and reminding her he was the leader of the dragon academy and future chief of their tribe.

Astrid folded her arms across his chest and raised one brow in doubt. “And how do you plan to accomplish that?”

He shrugged. “Start with the Alpha and work my way down.”

She rolled her eyes. “And here I thought you’d start with Toothless and Stormfly.”

“Well obviously. After them.”

Her lips twitched into a small smile. “Always playing the hero,” she purred softly as she sashayed up to him. “It’s going to get you killed one of these days.”

Hiccup relaxed. If she was teasing him then she wasn’t overly mad. His hands went to her waist as he leaned against the table. “Maybe I should put myself in a few more dangerous positions just to rile you up.”

“Oh yeah, and maybe I should just kick your scrawny ass for good measure?”

“Hmm…Yes, ma’am.”

They both laughed and hugged each other tightly, feeling as if it had been years rather than days since they last held each other. Astrid raised her lips to Hiccup’s. He smiled and lowered his lips to hers, happy to feel the familiar warmth. It was as if the melted into one another, the kiss heating up as he cupped her cheek and ran his fingers through the loose strands of hair behind her ear. She moaned softly against his lips before pulling back to look up at him with suspicious eyes.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, feeling the tension in his lithe body.

Hiccup shook his head and smiled softly. “Just missed you.”

“Hmm…you’re not a very good liar, Haddock. What did he do to you?”

He glanced away and sighed but rather than answer he turned back to her. Taking her hands in his he kissed her knuckles. “Nothing I couldn’t handle.”
She pulled her hands free. “Did he hurt you?”

“No,” he assured.

“Hiccup…”

“Astrid, I’m fine. I promise.”

She didn’t look convinced but she let the subject drop in favor of snuggling in his arms and knowing he was safe. Her head rested against his shoulder and he rested his head on hers and that was how they were when Drago returned to his chambers.

He opened the door quietly, half expecting the two to try and ambush him. When nothing happened he pushed it all the way opened and stepped inside with two of his men. A smirk lit his face when he spotted the two huddled together. Hiccup’s arms were protectively around the girl and head against hers but he looked up the moment the door opened, his arms tightening around her. The blonde hair girl turned in his arms to see what was going on.

Drago hummed softly to himself as he studied the pair, his dark gaze leering at the girl’s form and then Hiccup’s. “Quite a beauty,” he hummed, grinning as Hiccup pulled the girl a little tighter to him before letting her go and again trying to drag her behind him but the girl would have none of it and shook his hand off.

“If you hurt him…” she began only to eep when Drago grabbed her by the hair and yank her head painfully back.

“No!” Hiccup yelled, reaching for her but the two men stopped him. “Drago, don’t hurt her! Please!”

The large man glanced at him before inspecting his new prize. Astrid grabbed his wrist and bared her teeth at him like some savage animal but she wasn’t nearly as dragon like as Hiccup, just another barbaric Viking. But she would suffice for what he needed. “Pretty,” he murmured as he sized her big. “Hips aren’t quite wide enough but I much rather have the wench on her knees where her kind belong.”

The shield maiden seemed a little confused at first as she was forced to her knees. “Let go of me, you bastard!” She inhaled sharply as she came face to face with the man’s groin. Thankfully he was stilled clothed.

“Drago, don’t!” Hiccup begged, struggling against the men. His gaze met Astrid’s and his heart nearly stopped at the fear in her bright blue eyes.

“We don’t often have females on our ships and those that do grace as don’t last long,” Drago continued, pressing Astrid’s face a little closer to his groin. He gave Hiccup a look of pure hunger and it said everything that needed to be said, a challenge that was now up to Hiccup to decide the next move and Hiccup quickly realized what he had to do.

“Stop!” the Hooligan heir yelled, shocking the two men holding him. “I’ll do it! I’ll do what you want just let her go.”

And just like that Astrid was thrown aside as if nothing had happened and the two men who had been holding Hiccup went after her instead. Hiccup reached out for her but Drago was now directly in front of him as Astrid was dragged to her feet but ever the warrior she struggled and fought the two as best she could.

“Astrid, don’t you dare given into that monster!” she yelled defiantly.
“Astrid, hush,” he snapped back, not wanting to see her hurt over her temper. He looked up at Drago as the man loomed over him.

“You best not be lying, boy,” Drago said in his deep rumbling voice that now held a happy little purr in it.

Hiccup glared at him. “You have my word and I never break my word. Let her go and I’ll do whatever you want.”

Drago shook his head. “And have you’re little Viking army attack my ships? No, Hiccup, she stays.”

“Fine, then swear your life and the life of your men to her safety and no, no one> is to touch her in any sexual manner,” Hiccup argued, desperate to assure Astrid’s safety.

“Very well,” Drago agreed. Without looking at his men he ordered them to take Astrid to a small bedchamber on the other side of the ship where she was to be locked up and kept under guard.

“No! Hiccup, don’t do this!” Astrid yelled as she was dragged out of the room.

Hiccup didn’t look at her as she was dragged away. He couldn’t for fear of losing his nerve and breaking down. He stared up at Drago, his hands on the table behind him and steeled himself for what he had to do to protect the ones he loved. He had failed as a Peacekeeper.

“It looks like I finally found your weakness,” Drago purred, carding his fingers through Hiccup’s auburn locks. “And now you’ll finally be mine.”
Drago and Hiccup 8

The two men dragged Astrid through winding corridors, both having to constantly adjust their grips on her as she kicked and screamed and tried to break free to save her boyfriend from what Drago had planned for him. But neither dare let the girl go and as soon as they reached the chamber, or more precisely cell, they threw her in and slammed the door shut, making certain it was locked. They stood guard after that, one to keep her from escaping and cause more trouble but also to protect her from any fool who might try touching her without Drago’s express permission. Nonetheless she threw herself against the door and yelled curses at them, demanding her freedom and that of Hiccup’s.

... 

Across the ship Hiccup was busy with his own problem. He leaned against the table trying to make himself as small as possible as Drago loomed over him, his large right hand next to the young man’s hip. Hiccup looked away as the man bent his head and pressed his lips to Hiccup’s neck, just below his ear. His breath hitched as the older man’s teeth grazed the big vein and sent a wave of revulsion through him. His grip on the table tightened.

“You’re shaking, little dragon,” Drago purred, licking the curve of Hiccup’s ear. “Do I frighten you now?”

Hiccup declined to answer. He kept his focus on the far wall and calming his racing heart. “Whatever you want to do then do it. I won’t fight.”

Drago chuckled. “No, no... You said you will do whatever I want,” he corrected, drawing his thumb down Hiccup’s cheek. “Are you backing out? Should I retrieve your little friend?”

“No,” Hiccup growled, not willing to let Astrid get hurt.

“Then relax. I have no intention of hurting you.”

He tried, he really did but he couldn’t relax. His hands balled into fists until his knuckles were white and he was holding his breath to keep from hyperventilating. He wasn’t weak and he sure as hell was not going to let Drago see him that way. When Drago tried to kiss him he jerked his head ago once more.

“You can do what you want with my body but those are reserved for someone else,” he told the one armed man.

“Pretty. Relax, boy. You’re shaking worse than a sail in a storm,” Drago cooed. He stepped back and gave Hiccup a little space. Fetching the fresh jug of water his cabin boy had placed on shelf earlier he placed it on the table next to Hiccup then went back for a cup. While his back was turned to Hiccup he pulled out a small pouch of the herb from his belt and dumped half the content into the cup. It was crushed to such a fine powder that it should easily mix with the water. He returned with it to the table. “Perhaps a little water will help you calm down.”

Hiccup only frowned. “Whatever you just put in the cup you can dump out, I’m not drinking it.”

The boy was more observant then Drago gave him credit for. Another reason to make him his. “It’s meant only to ease your nerves. You may have agreed to let me touch you but it’s no fun unless you respond to my touches. I want your body to get hard and I want to hear you moan just like last
night.”

Hiccup folded his arms across his chest and looked doubtful at the concept. There was no way he could possibly get excited by Drago’s touch alone, he knew that, but to use a drug just so Drago could get what he wanted? He exhaled slowly. He didn’t have much choice. At least this way he wouldn’t be fighting his natural instincts so much. He could just let his body take control and his mind…yeah he’d still be trying to fight it.

Rubbing his forehead he glanced at the cup and the crushed herbs inside. “I… If I do this you swear no one will harm Astrid, Toothless or Stormfly?” he asked, wanting some sort of assurance that his loved ones would be safe.

“I swear on the life of every member of my crew,” Drago promised, his grin growing as he poured the water into the cup and swirled it around. Then he held it out to Hiccup. “Down it all. It’ll only take a few minutes before you feel the effects.”

Hiccup chewed his lower lip as he took the cup in both hands. Alright, he could do this, he could do this. He had to do this for Astrid, Toothless and Stormfly. “Just no kissing,” he said suddenly, feeling the need to keep something of him pure. He glanced up at Drago, his gaze pleading.

Of course Drago just had to touch his lips. “A shame. I could have made them very swollen in only a few short minutes.” He pinched Hiccup’s jaw. “I’ll just have to contend with the rest of you. Now drink.”

Pulling away, Hiccup glared down at the mixture and then with the last of his resolve he downed the whole thing as quickly as he could. Other than a bitter minty taste it was it wasn’t too bad and left no strange after taste. He took a deep breath and let his shoulders sag. Well, there was no turning back now.

Drago took the cup and studied him for a moment as he placed it back on the table. “Undress for me…slowly. By the time you’re done the effects should be taking hold.”

“And there’s that warm fuzzy feeling I was waiting for,” Hiccup grumbled not at all happy but he began removing his sheaths and angrily slapping them down on the table. The larger man only chuckled at his antics and stepped back to watch. Hiccup rolled his eyes and began undoing his chest armor then dumped it on the table as well before moving on to his vest and under shirt. Drago watched every step of the way.

When Hiccup began with his pants Drago stopped him. “On the bed. I want the prosthetic off,” the man ordered as he removed his own prosthetic from his arm.

Hiccup sighed and headed for the bed. Removing the prosthetic was a breeze, he had years of experience with it. He carefully put it aside, not wanting it to get damaged in any way. Once it was safe he undid the ties to his trousers and shimmed them down his legs, having to wiggle a bit. Then he was left with nothing but his skivvies and the beginning of that weird tingling and itchy feeling from the night before. “You used more than last night,” he accused, his eyes narrowing.

He inhaled sharply when the big man climbed onto the bed next to him completely naked and covered in scars. Drago hadn’t been lying about suffering at the hands of dragons and humans alike. But what was more frightening than the scars was his build under all that armor. He was muscular and huge and very, very aroused. Hiccup fought against his fear and looked away from Drago’s cock to meet the man’s eyes.

“You can’t be serious,” he said, surprising himself with how calm his voice was. “What are you
doing?"

The man was rubbing yak butter all over his huge – and it had to be nearly thirteen to fourteen inches long and three and a half inches wide – cock as if it was an everyday thing. And he was putting a rather thick layer on.

Drago glanced up in amusement. “Preparing myself. Or do you prefer it dry?”

“I…what? No, I thought it would be like last night expect I’d be…” He gestured helplessly at the man’s length. “You know, sucking you off.”

The man’s laughter boomed through the room. “By all means, Dragon Master, suck away. But it’s not necessary. I much rather have you lie on your stomach and let me prepare you. I’m not much into foreplay.”

Hiccup eyed Drago engorged cock. There was no way it could possibly fit inside him. It was insane to think it was even possible. Still he gave his word to do as Drago wished so he lied on his belly and closed his eyes. His body was already beginning to react, his cock twitching despite not yet being touched let alone Hiccup being aroused. He froze when Drago placed a large hand on his hip before slipping between his legs.

“Relax and keep still,” Drago cooed as he settled between Hiccup’s legs. He nipped the young man’s firm butt then ran his thick tongue between the crevice causing Hiccup to shiver in a mix of revulsion and sick pleasure. He grabbed a pillow and pushed his face into it, refusing to make a sound. Of course that didn’t deter Drago in the least. He took one butt cheek in his hand and pulled it away from the other then began licking with passion. He rimmed the youth’s puckered hole, spreading a thick coat of saliva. When Hiccup stopped jerking and trying to pull away he slipped his tongue into that ring of muscle and pushed it in as far as he could before pulling back and doing it all over again. Hiccup instantly tensed up and tried pulling away but Drago grabbed his hip and held him still. He tongue fucked Hiccup until the boy could no longer hold in his moans or fight his body and pushed back, seemingly trying to impale his body on Drago tongue. It was almost perfect. He licked Hiccup’s rim one last time then gave his ass a good fingering with a liberal amount of his favorite yak butter to ensure as little damage as possible happened to Hiccup’s delicious body as possible.

Hiccup’s hands fisted in the blanket as he felt an orgasm hit him. His body was hyper sensitive now and even after cumming he was still hard and it took all his will power to keep from screaming with Drago teased his prostrate. He gasped when the man suddenly pulled away and slumped down next to him.

“Up,” commanded Drago as he leaned against the pillows. He glanced at Hiccup when the young man didn’t hurriedly do as he was told. “Come on. We don’t have all year, boy.”

Confused Hiccup got to his knees not quite sure what Drago expected of him.

“Sit in my lap,” Drago instructed as if it was obvious.

Hiccup just stared at him as if he lost his mind. “Ah…yeah, that’s…and I’m…well look at me.”

“Oh I’m looking at you and yes, it will fit. Now come here. Straddle my lap.”

Steeling himself, Hiccup did as he was told, although keeping his balance above the monster size cock was trying with only one good leg. Drago rubbed his thigh soothingly, his gaze meeting Hiccup’s.
“Now guide it into you.”

Hiccup shook his head, unable to bring himself to do it.

“It’s your ass or her cunt.”

Hiccup glared at him but with such a threat over his head he had no choice. He grabbed Drago’s cock in one hand and pulled his butt cheeks apart then guided the huge length to his entrance. He winced slightly as he pushed down on the older man’s dick. He pushed down until it slowly pushed past his loose ring. His muscles instantly tightened and he bit back a cry of pain. He couldn’t move any further.

Drago’s head fell back at the delicious feeling of finally filling the dragon boy. “All…take it all in,” he demanded, pushing down on Hiccup’s hip.

It hurt. Gods did it hurt but the drug rushing through his system made that burning hurt slowly feel strangely good and his body slowly relax. Hiccup reminded himself it was only the drug taking control of his body and that this was not what he wanted. He forced himself to continue impaling himself until he could take no more and by then he felt incredibly full. He kept a hand on Drago’s shoulder in an attempt to keep his balance. His breathing was labored but he tried his best to control it and not hyperventilate or follow his instincts to quickly get off Drago.

“Stop fighting it, Hiccup,” Drago cooed as his hand trailed slowly up Hiccup’s spine and through his hair. “Stop over thinking this and let your body lead. Let the dragon inside you out.”

He had no idea what the man was talking about because as much as he tried Hiccup couldn’t separate his mind from his body. And oh did he try. And then it seemed as if his body simply kicked his mind to the back burner when Drago pressed his lips to his throat and kissed and nibbled at the big vein again. It shot jolt of pleasure through Hiccup that he immediately cursed and fought against it but the drug overpowered him. He began to tremble, sweat pouring down his brow. His nails dug into Drago’s shoulders as heat raced through him.

“Move, Hiccup. Move and the heat and pain will go away,” Drago breathed against his ear, sending a shiver through Hiccup.

Not knowing what else to do Hiccup moved. He raised his hips until Drago’s long length was nearly out and the head rubbed his burning ring. Then he moved back down, then up and down, repeating the rhythm over and over. All the while Drago bestowed kisses and praise. From time to time he would yank Hiccup’s head back by the hair and just watch the play of emotion on his face as he bounced on Drago’s length.

“Good…good boy…” Drago purred, nipping Hiccup’s chin. “Yes, that’s right, take it all in. So beautiful… No…no, slow down. This needs to last.”

The drug had taken full effect back now and Hiccup no longer had control of his body let alone the ability to think coherently. His body felt on fire and all he knew was that he needed more friction to end it which meant he had to move faster to achieve that. If he could just…

Hiccup gasped as he was pulled off Drago and flipped onto the bed. For a moment everything cleared and he felt normal but it was only due to the shock and lasted a moment before his body was aching and on fire and demanding attention. He pressed the butt of his hands to his eyes and fought for control but there was none. The moment Drago touched him his back arched and he gave a pitiful wonton moan that made his entire face red with embarrassment.
“Please…” he begged wanting it to all be over with.

Humming softly Drago ran his hand over Hiccup’s chest. “No, my pet. I want to make you cum over and over until you’re empty and then I’m going to fill you with mine.”

Hiccup groaned. “Just do what you want and be done with it,” he begged feeling far too hot.

He gasped when Drago’s large hand encompassed the stump of his left leg and gently lifted it until the knee pressed against his chest. The stump was always very sensitive but now it was just ridiculous. Drago cradled the half leg as if it was the most delicate thing in the world. His thumb moved over the scarred tissue as he eyed it with great interest.

“Such pretty often comes at such a terrible price but it makes warriors of us,” he whispered, his gaze meeting Hiccup’s once more. “The Gods meant for us to meet, Hiccup. They meant for you to be with me. Only I can ever understand you. Only I can control dragons.” He kissed the stump. “And soon that will include you, my little Dragon Master.” Slipping the leg up over his shoulder he shuffled forward and loomed over Hiccup. “I always get what I want, Hiccup.”

Hiccup momentarily tensed when Drago shoved his great length deep inside him once more. He blindly grabbed the man’s arm with one hand as the other reached out to fist in the sheets. He held on tight as Drago thrust in and out of him, moving slowly and precisely so that he was always rubbing Hiccup’s prostrate. It triggered Hiccup’s first orgasm that made his back arch into an almost perfect bow as his spunk shot from his length but even after he spilt his load he was still painfully hard. He gave a small pitiful sob at the fact it wasn’t gone.

Drago turned him on his side and continued fucking him as if nothing had happened. It seemed to go on forever and nothing seemed to ease the burning inside Hiccup. He was almost sure that if Drago’s length didn’t kill him than the accursed drug would. Then he was up on Drago’s lap again screaming yet another orgasm. How Drago had not cum yet was beyond Hiccup. He couldn’t take much more of this.

The man licked his fingers after jerking Hiccup off for the third time. He grinned at Hiccup worn and frustrated face. “Should I give you mercy?” he purred, brushing aside stray sweaty strands of hair from Hiccup’s face. “Do you want to end this?”

“Yes,” Hiccup whispered, exhausted and sore even though his body still tingled and burned.

“Then kiss me.”

Hiccup’s breath hitched at the request. The one thing he refused to do he was now being told was his salvation. One kiss and it would all be over? He was tempted, very tempted but he couldn’t. It was the one thing he couldn’t do. His kisses belonged to only one person so he turned his face away and closed his eyes.

Drago only chuckled. “I didn’t think so,” he laughed, pressing his lips to Hiccup’s temple. He gave Hiccup no warning before holding him tight and fucking him hard.

He stood up, shoving every inch of his length deep inside the dragon boy and forcing Hiccup to cling to him to keep from being hurt more than he already was. Then he shoved pushed Hiccup against the nearest wall and slammed into him, no longer able to control himself. His need was so strong and Hiccup felt so good. He rolled his hips and searched for his release. Hiccup’s insides rippled all around his length like a Siren calling him home. His nails dug into Drago’s back, digging drenches and creating another level of pleasure for the large man. Hiccup’s legs jerked around Drago’s waist and knees dug into his side. Another orgasm was on the way and this time Drago
planned to cum with him. And he did. He came hard, filling Hiccup’s guts to the brim. He shot
stream after stream into the boy until he had no more to give and then he slumped forward, leaning
against Hiccup and the wall while he recovered.

His now limp cock slipped from Hiccup abused hole when he finally pulled away from the wall and
he had to quickly grab the boy’s rear to keep him from falling and stop the pour of cum and blood.
He wanted all that to stay inside Hiccup but hadn’t thought of it when decided to fuck him against
the wall. Oh well. Next time he’d be better prepared.

Very gently he lay Hiccup in his bed and watched with amusement as the young man rolled away
from him, wincing slightly in pain. Even angry and in pain, Hiccup was very beautiful and oh so
desirable. If Drago could he’d fuck the boy all over again but that would have to wait until after they
both recovered.

Hiccup didn’t pass out this time although how and why he was unsure. Maybe it was the drug
because even now his body still itched and tingled but at least he could handle it a little better now.
He kept his back to Drago as the man dressed, embarrassed and disgusted by what he had been
forced to do. He said nothing when the man covered him with a fur or carded his fingers through his
hair nor did he cry or break down. Not even when the man left and he was alone in the dark. He
only frowned and closed his eyes. A few tears spilled but he had to be strong. He was a Viking, the
heir to Stoick the Vast and he could not show weakness. He had to be strong for Astrid, Toothless
and Stormfly. He had to do whatever was necessary to protect them and once they were safe then he
could break down.

That didn’t stop the soft sobs that escaped him when he finally fell asleep or the nightmares that
would pledge him for years to come.
Astrid had stopped kicking the door and yelling profanities at the two men hours ago and the men finally relaxed in their duties believing she had given up and perhaps fallen asleep. Neither of them cared too much for her. They had both witnessed her challenge Drago when she and her friends were first captured and thought her insane for her boldness. While she was brave she was also foolish and normally someone like her would have been killed on the spot. How she and the other riders escaped bewildered many of the crew and blamed Eret son of Eret for helping her. Now she wouldn’t escape. Most likely Drago would snap her delicate neck this time rather then throw her overboard. Maybe…just maybe…he would have a little fun with her or offer her to the men but it was unlikely. What Drago didn’t need he destroyed and that applied to people as well as beasts.

The girl in question was knelt next to the door peeking through the crack between the door and wall where the hinges came together. The hinges were on the outside but the gap between the door and wall was just wide enough for a thin dagger to slip in and maybe…hopefully…wiggle the pins out. Of course she would have to wait until the guards were gone or too busy to notice what she was up to until it was too late.

Her chance came when the two went to attention as Drago strolled in look awfully happy with himself. She shifted a little closer to listen not that anyone could miss a word his booming voice said. “Has she caused any trouble?” he asked, stopping before the two.

“No, sir,” the both answered in unison.

Drago nodded, glancing at the wooden door with a small grin. “It’s seems she may be spending quite a bit of time with us. I want a room prepared for her and my dragon boy.”

“Sir?” one of the men asked in confusion.

“Once she’s served her purpose we’ll do away with her but for now I need her alive,” Dragon explained, seeming annoyed that anyone would dare question him. “Make sure she doesn’t escape or it will be you two thrown to the Alpha.”

With that Drago walked away looking rather happy with himself.

“He’s going to break that boy,” grumbled one of the men. He walked across the room and sat at the table in the center of the room.

“What are you doing?” the other demanded, not moving from the door.

The first man looked up from pouring mead into a tankard. “He said to watch her not sit on her. She hasn’t made a sound in almost an hour. No doubt she’s asleep, mate, and quite frankly after the week we’ve had we can use a drink.”

The other man hesitated before joining him. “Yeah well we need to find a room for her and that poor sucker Drago’s fucking. Kid would be lucky if he’s not ripped in half.”

“Yeah well better him then one of us.”

Astrid bit back her urge to scream as she listened to them. She waited until they had their mead and went to find the room Drago had told them to find before covering her mouth with her forearm and
screaming her outrage into it. She screamed for a solid minute, thankful that it was muffled before forcing herself to concentrate on the matter at hand. She was no use to Hiccup captured. She was no use to anyone trapped in this lightless prison. So she pulled out the narrow dagger Hiccup had given her on her sixteenth birthday. It was strong and made of Gronkle metal, the last of the first batch Meatlug had created – it had taken Fishlegs months to find the right combination again. She carefully wiggled the pin from the bottom hinge and then the second and finally the third. It was still a task to get the door open though. The bolt was flush between the door and wall and Astrid had to throw her entire weight to make it budge but eventually she was able to slip out. For good measure she slipped the pins back into place to give the illusion she was still trapped inside.

Once out of the cell she took a deep breath. While the men had dragged her across the ship she had made sure to pay attention to their route even as she kicked and screamed. So finding Hiccup wouldn’t take much…at least she assumed Drago had left him in his room. Well at least she hoped he did.

Cautiously she moved through the ship, following the path the men had taken her and ducking into shadows or behind crates whenever she heard someone. It was a slow trek but eventually she made it to where Hiccup was being held. Thankfully there were no guards. Either Drago didn’t seem him as a threat or the people supposed to be guarding him were off searching for a room for them as hers were. Whatever the case she wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth. She snuck quietly to the room and carefully, silently opened the door and peered inside.

The room was empty except for a lone figure on the bed covered in furs and judging by the size of him it could only be Hiccup. She let the breath she had been holding out slowly and slipped inside. She threw the bolt on the inside just in case Drago returned – it might not keep him out but it would give enough warning for her to set up some sort of defense…she hoped – then headed toward to large bed. Her chest was tight as she neared the bed, her gaze unable to leave his pale face. By all appearances it looked as if he was sleeping peacefully but Astrid knew differently. He lay on his side but she could see the way his face pinched just a little as if he were in pain but too exhausted to fully comprehend it, as if his body was fighting itself. Careful not to startle him, she climbed onto the bed and up to his side. Oh, things were so much worse than she feared.

There was a dark bruise on Hiccup’s collar bone in the form of a mouth. A hicky no doubt. Astrid ignored it for a moment and ran her fingers over the side of her lover’s face, tracing his jaw line and then ran her thumb over his lips. That simple touch made him jump.

“No!” he gasped, his hand shook out and grasping her wrist. He rolled onto his back, grimace in pain, and then stared up at her with wide yet relieved green eyes. “Astrid…” he breathed, his voice a little shaky but he let her go. “Hey, babe,” she said gently, carding her fingers through his hair.

“Hey…what happened?” He stared at her hopefully, seemingly confused at first until he winced in pain as he shifted his legs under the blankets. “Never mind.” He leaned over the edge of the bed and threw up, his stomach twisting as memories of what he and Drago did came back to him with shocking clarity.

Astrid rubbed his back and waited until he stopped heaving before kissing the back of his neck and leaning against him. “It’s okay, babe. You’ll be okay,” she whispered. “Everything’s going to be okay, I promise.” Her hand went to his heart and it beat so quickly she feared he might pass out from shock or worse. But eventually his pulse slowed and he leaned back against her. “Shh…” She cooed, continuing to stroke his hair. “I’m here, babe. I’m here.”

Hiccup nodded, more to himself than her. “Yeah…I know.” He took her hand over his chest in his
and kissed her knuckles. “Let me...let me lay down a minute or two more, my lady. I promise I
won’t be sick anymore.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, my tailbone is killing me.”

Swallowing the bile building in her throat, Astrid nodded and helped him lay back down. They
didn’t have much time but if Hiccup was hurt she couldn’t rush him either. She left him on the bed
and fetched some water from the canteen on the table. Returning quickly she helped Hiccup raise his
head just enough to take a drink than put the cut aside. “Is it okay to check your injuries? The ones
below the blanket?” she asked, settling next to him.

“I...I’ll check,” he answered after a moment of consideration. He looked away from her as his hands
slowly searched his body under the covers. His face bunched up in obvious pain as he pressed
between his legs. When he brought a hand up blood covered his figures. “Uh...perhaps not.
Maybe...if you could just get me my pants I’ll slip them on and worry about the injuries later. It’s
nothing that can’t wait.”

Astrid was nearly in tears but she hardened herself, reminding herself she was a warrior first and
worried ninny second. “Nonsense. They need to be cleaned or they’ll get infected. Now front or
back?”

He gave her a look that cleanly said to drop the subject.

“Front or back?” she said more forcefully.

Embarrassed, Hiccup looked away. “We don’t have time for this.”

“Back it is,” she decided. If Hiccup was raped there was really only one way to go about it that
would explain the pain he was in. She gently but forcefully pushed on his shoulder until her lover
gave in and roll onto his belly. She took the water and some clean rags and began slowly washing
him, starting at his shoulders to keep him calm before slowly pushing the furs off him and working
her way downwards. The further she got the worse the damage. Dark purple-black bruises littered
his lower back and they got darker and darker as she neared his perfectly shaped ass that was
covered in blood and semen, as were his upper thighs. Tears stung her eyes and she sniffled a little as
she tried to keep from sobbing. “Alright...let me see your front.”

His back was stiff as he slowly turned around again but the damage was evident on his front as well.
Blood covered his upper thighs and there were splatters on his groin but it mostly bruised and
covered in Drago’s cum. Astrid took a few deep breaths as she cleaned him. She was especially
careful around his genitals, terrified of hurting him more.

“Astrid...Astrid, I’m okay now,” Hiccup said, seeing her concern. He reached down and took the
blood soaked rag from her and threw it aside then took her hand and pulled her up to him. “All clean
now. So what do you say to us going home?”

Blinking away the tears she could not control, Astrid nodded. “Let’s get out of here.”
Chapter 10

Drago and Hiccup 10

“Stay close,” Astrid whispered, holding Hiccup’s hand tightly as she slowly opened the door and peaked out into the corridor. She waited a moment while two of Drago’s men walked past, both in deep discussion about the dragons they captured, before silently slipping out.

Hiccup put as little weight as possible on his bad leg both to keep the metal foot from clanking so much and because of the pain that kept shooting up it and his spine. His whole body hurt and he tried his best not to think of it but after only a few dozen steps his bad leg gave out and Astrid had to catch him. “I’m alright,” he said quickly, keeping his voice a whisper as she navigated him to the shadows between two crates.

“No you’re not,” she whispered back.

He took a few deep breaths, wincing slightly at the pain shooting up his back. A bead of sweat rolled down his brow as he tried to gather his wits. The drug was still running through his system but at least it wasn’t making him overly aroused at the worse times. Unfortunately it did make him feel every little pain ten times worse than it actually was and he couldn’t stop shaking no matter how hard he tried.

“I’ve got to get you off this ship,” Astrid said worriedly as she brushed back his damp bangs. “You’re getting worse.”

“I’ll be fine,” he insisted, giving a lopsided smile that didn’t meet his eyes. He took one of her hands from his face and pressed his lips to her knuckles. “You worry too much, My Lady.”

She frowned at him. “I don’t worry enough,” she countered, pulling her hand away. “Come on, let’s find Toothless and Stormfly and get out of here.” She let him lean on her as the slowly made their way up to the deck, sticking to the dark shadows and avoiding Drago’s men all the way.

It was a slow trek with the drug running through Hiccup and the damage Drago inflicted on him and no matter how many times Hiccup said he was okay it was obvious he wasn’t. He was far from okay.

It was still dark out, the wee hours of the morning and most of the men on deck were busy looking out for dragons or perhaps dragon riders. Not one of them noticed as Astrid and Hiccup moved cautiously toward the huge cages.

“Eret showed me how to unlock these. Just press that lever and turn the crank,” Astrid explained, showing Hiccup what they needed to do before pausing and remembering his condition. “Never mind, I’ve got it.”

“Astrid,” he sighed in annoyance. He was hurt but not helpless. Rolling his eyes he went to the next cage and began opening it. It took a little longer and Astrid paused in her work to check on him before shaking her head with a sigh and climbing up into the cage to retrieve her dragon. Hiccup grunted as he turned the crank. He didn’t want to admit it even to himself but he couldn’t do this. His hands were shaking too much. But he had to. He had to get to Toothless. He could hear his best friend moving about inside and rumbling angrily. “It’s okay, Toothless. I’m here, bud. I’m here.”

A wurble met him and Hiccup smiled as the Nightfury calmed down. He placed his hand on the metal as if he could reach inside and touch his friend. “We’ll be out of here in a few more minutes, bud,” he promised before taking the crank again. He only managed two twists before he was yanked
away and a hand was placed over his mouth, but it was just enough to open the top a few feet. It wasn’t quite enough to let Toothless but the ebony dragon tried nonetheless and gave a mighty growl when he couldn’t squeeze through.

Hiccup struggled in his assailants arms, almost certain it was Drago and desperate to get away from him.

“Easy, lad, easy. It’s me, Eret, son of Eret,” the former Trapper said in a hushed whisper, letting Hiccup go.

The heir stumbled away and whirled on Eret, his hand instinctively going for his fire sword the Drago now had. His panic slowly subsided when he realized Eret was seemingly alone. “What are you doing here?” he demanded. Last he saw Eret he was with the riders and his parents at the Dragon Sanctuary.

“Looking for you and your lady friend,” the Trapper said, placing a hand on his hip and looking as cocky as the day they met.

“Yeah, okay…” Hiccup mumbled, glancing up to where Toothless was sticking an arm out and clawing at the air. “Shh…it’s okay, Toothless. Relax, bud, I’m coming.” He pushed Eret aside and started cranking again, fighting to ignore the searing pain racing up and down his back that was becoming more and more obvious with every turn of the crank.

Eret stared at him, his eyes wide with comprehending. “He did it,” he whispered, seeing Hiccup’s face scrunch up in pain. He frowned at the dragon rider, anger taking out of him for a moment. “I told you, didn’t I? I told you not to go up against Drago and now look at you. How bad is it?”

“Eret, not now,” Hiccup snapped. He was just about there. Just one more turn and…

The air was knocked out of him as Eret crashed into him. They both sprawled on the deck in a tangle of limps and momentarily shaken. Eret recovered first and put a large hand on Hiccup’s knee as the boy came to his senses. “Stay down, and keep that mouth of yours shut,” he advised as he got up and faced their attacker. “Drago! Ha ha, well funny seeing you.”

“Move,” the large dark man ordered as he sauntered toward them, his dark gaze solely on Hiccup.

Eret help up a hand as he gestured for Hiccup to scoot further back. “Now Drago, what could you possibly want with a scrawny runt like him? I mean look of him, if it weren’t for his armor he’d be a twig to snap. And that mouth! He’s the biggest loud mouth I ever met. Definitely not worth your time. He’d drive you crazy in under a minute. He certainly did me.” He glanced back at Hiccup expecting some smart ass remark but the lad had shimmied backward and was staring at Drago in utter fear. It confirmed Eret’s fears and he moved directly in Drago’s path even though it was committing suicide. “Drago, look he’s a stupid kid who plays with dragons.”

From behind Drago, Astrid and Stormfly flew out of the cage and circled the ship but Drago paid them no heed as he stepped closer to Eret. “He’s mine,” he growled, grabbing Eret by the collar and throwing him aside like some rag doll. He grinned down at Hiccup who shuffled back further, his emerald eyes wide as he stared up at Eret in fright.

A heavy thumb made the large man pause.

“No, he’s mine,” a deep voice said behind Drago.

Hiccup inhaled sharply and even Eret gasped in surprised as Stoick the Vast jumped down from Skullcrusher. He twirled his battle axe and gave Drago a look that could clearly kill. Drago only
chuckled as he faced off with Hiccup’s father. Eret immediately went to Hiccup and helped him to his feet and backed him away to where Astrid landed with Stormfly.

“Come on, mate, let’s let the grownups have their discussion and get as far away from here as possible,” Eret said, manhandling the young rider.

“Hiccup?” Astrid asked in concern, seeing the same glazed look Hiccup had woken with when she rescued him, as if she feared she was Drago. But now Drago really was there and about to go head to head with Stoick. She took him by the arm and pulled him toward Stormfly. “It’s okay, Hiccup. Your Dad will free Toothless. Come on, let’s go home.”

Hiccup shook his head as if coming out of some strange dream. “What… No, I need to get Toothless.” He escaped his beloved and rushed back to the cage, ducking around the two battling warriors until he reached the crank. He gave it one last turn before scrambling up to the opening and inside, his pain and shaking all but forgotten. “Toothless!” he cried in relief to see his best friend, his brother, safe and in good health. He threw his arms around the thick neck and rubbed his face in the cool scales. Hey, bud…I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. This is all my fault. We should never have come here.”

Toothless cooed softly and rubbed against him as if to say he forgave him.

“Let’s get out of here,” Hiccup said, clambering onto the saddle. Astrid was right. They had to go. They had to get out of there before Drago got his grimy hands on Hiccup again. He didn’t think he could handle a second round with the man…his body was barely functioning as it was.

Toothless’s wings flexed and then he pulled them close to his body as he jumped up through the opening and scrambled to the deck where the others were waiting for them. Eret gestured wildly for him to leave but Toothless only growled and Hiccup looked out over the battle between his father and Drago, unsure if he should try to intervene. That decision was taken away from him when Drago began screaming and twirling him bullhook.

The whole ship shook making dragons and humans alike stagger. Hiccup clenched Toothless’s saddle a little tighter while Stormfly took to the air with Astrid and Eret.

“We need to leave now!” Eret yelled, looking anxiously toward the bow of the ship where the water was bubbling.

It was the Alpha. It had yet to break the surface but Hiccup knew it was the Alpha and he wasn’t sure it was their enemy of not. If it was their enemy then they were in no position to fight it.

“Dad!” he yelled, glancing toward the raising Leviathan and back to the fight.

“Hiccup, we need to leave now. That thing can control the minds of your dragons,” Eret said urgently. His face paled as the Alpha emerged from the sea. “I wasn’t lying when I said you won’t be able to hold them. That thing will take them from you faster than Drago.”

Hiccup’s brows came together as he remembered what his mother said about the other Bewilderbeast. It protected and controlled its dragons. This one must be the same only it was enslaved by Drago which wasn’t a good thing. Somehow he had to free the creature from Drago’s control.

“Dad, I think it’s time to go now,” he called down. “Like right now.”

Stoick blocked a blow from Drago’s bullhook before glancing up at his son. It wasn’t often he saw his son panicked but if he was there was good reason. He kicked Drago back then quickly mounted
Skullcrusher. The large dragon breathed a blast of fire in Drago’s direction when the man tried attacking again. Drago snarled and jumped out of the way as Skulljumper took flight.

“You can’t escape!” Drago yelled after them. “Every dragon shall be mine including your precious dragon boy!” He chuckled to himself as he watched them fly above his ship. The Bewilderbeast was already bearing down on them but Drago’s eyes were solely on Hiccup atop Toothless. “He’s already mine.”
Drago and Hiccup 11

Drago chuckled as the dragon riders tried to flee. They wouldn’t make it far, not with the Bewilderbeast now unleashed. He waved his bullhook toward Hiccup and Toothless who were trying to get a little height. “BRING THEM BACK!” he bellowed.

A strange warbling sound emitted from the Bewilderbeast as he splashed through the water but it didn’t after to go far to administer its control over Toothless. The ebony dragon froze in mid-air, his wings flapping steadily as he shook his head in confusion.

“Toothless?” Hiccup asked in confusion. His gaze followed his friend’s as Toothless looked toward the Bewilderbeast as the other creature spoke to him. Hiccup was pretty good at speaking Dragonese but this was a dialect he had never heard before, but Toothless understood it and his greengage eyes narrowed to black slits. “What did he say you? Toothless? Toothless!”

The Nightfury all but dropped out of the sky. He landed feet from Drago and all but threw his rider off him. It was unintentional, Toothless never meant to hurt Hiccup, yet he did when the young man slammed against one of the cages, his bad knee taking the majority of his weight when he tried to catch himself and his head snapping back and hitting the metal of the cage. For a moment his vision blurred and he couldn’t feel his body. Everything around him was chaos. Astrid was screaming his name and yelling profanities. Eret was calling to him, too while Drago seemed to chuckle lowly but it was his father’s enraged bellow that brought a shiver of fear to him and he fought to see straight and get to his feet with little success. His bag leg gave out.

“Toothless?” he called, fully expecting his best friend to come to him. He blinked his eyes to clear them and bit by bit things came into focus once more and he didn’t like what he was seeing.

Stoick had jumped down from Skullcrusher before his dragon could land. Why Toothless had turned on Hiccup was beyond him and at the moment he didn’t care. All he cared about was getting to Hiccup before Drago. He wasn’t expecting Toothless to get in his way. It was almost like the time Toothless had protected Hiccup from Hookfang and then the Vikings – including himself – attacking Toothless first because he was a dragon and second in fear of Hiccup’s safety. But while Toothless was angry and defensive back then this was something different. His pupils were so narrow they were barely visible, barely even a slit. This was the Toothless he had come to love and respect as part of his family.

“Toothless, move,” he said in his sternest voice, the one he received especially for when Toothless had done something exceptionally naughty which wasn’t very often.

The Nightfury didn’t budge. Toothless’s breathing seemed labored and he stared blankly at Stoick, as if not truly seeing him but his expression was feral and a purple glow could be seen deep in the back of his throat with each breath he drew. It brought a tinge of fear to the mighty Hooligan chief and fear was not something he was accustomed to feeling with Toothless.

“Toothless?” he whispered in concern. Something wasn’t right with his son’s constant companion.

“Tooth?” Hiccup called as he struggled to his feet. He ignored the pain in his bad leg and grabbed the cage to support his slight weight. If he didn’t hurt before he sure did now. “Toothless? Come on, bud. No more games. That hurt.” His focus was so intent at his partner that he didn’t realize the trap he was in until a large hand wrapped around his neck and he was pulled against a large hard body
that seemed unnaturally hot or maybe that was the drug was still running through his system, or the memory of what that hand had done to him. Whatever the reason he inhaled sharply, his eyes widening and all color drained from his face. For one brief, fearful moment he couldn’t move let alone find his voice and he just stood there like some fool statue.

“This is no game, boy,” Drago purred in his ear as he pulled Hiccup’s head back so it was against his shoulder and the young prince was looking up at him. “I will have no more interference. You belong to me now.”

Hiccup’s heart pounded as if he were running a marathon or at combat practice up against Astrid with no chance of winning. But he could move again. He took Drago’s wrist in both hands. He couldn’t break the older man’s hold but he could at least loosen the grip a bit if only by appearing weak.

Drago only chuckled and shifted his grip enough for Hiccup to breathe but not escape. “And so does your Nightfury.”

“Let my son go, Drago,” Stoick ordered, pointing his axe at the trapper.

Drago grinned against the side of Hiccup’s head. “Now witness the true power of an Alpha,” he said before screaming once more at the Bewilderbeast.

That weird warble sound happened again and Toothless crouched low as he stared at Stoick head on. The purple glow slowly began to get brighter and it hit Hiccup, somehow the Bewilderbeast was controlling Toothless.

“Dad! It’s not Toothless. That thing’s controlling him. You need to go. Take Astrid and Eret and get out of here,” Hiccup yelled only to have Drago tighten his grip. “GO!”

Stoick met Toothless’s stare. “I’m not going anywhere,” he responded lowly.

“Neither am I,” Astrid called down.

Drago gave a snort. “Oh please, do show us how you plan to tame him,” he taunted, holding Hiccup a little closer.

Stoick’s gaze flicked toward his son. He hated to see Hiccup so afraid and defenseless. He looked so young and helpless and it made everything in him burn with hatred for the one doing this to his child. But he had to think smartly. He couldn’t rush into this. Hurting Toothless meant hurting Hiccup and he had learned long ago he couldn’t do either so he put aside his axe and lifted his hands toward the Nightfury. “It’s alright, Toothless, it’s alright. It’s me, son.” He stepped toward Toothless with his hands raised ever so slightly.

“What is he doing?” Drago growled, yanking Hiccup tighter against him.

Hiccup grinned as he watched his father. “Treating him like a person not an animal.”

“You’re brother needs you, Toothless,” Stoick continued, ignoring everyone else as he focused on breaking the dragon out of the trance. “Hiccup needs you. He’s your brother. You need to remember. It’s your duty to protect him.” He paused as he tried to find the words that might bring the dragon back to his senses. “You can kill me, Toothless, but you will hurt Hiccup.”

It seemed to give Toothless pause and for a moment or two he looked at Stoick confused, not understanding why he would ever hurt Hiccup. Then the Bewilderbeast warble again and Toothless went back into that trancelike state. He opened his mouth, ready to fire upon Stoick.
Hiccup tried to jerk free but Drago held him still. The heir was on the verge of panicking. He was about to watch his best friend kill his father and he couldn’t allow that, now could he close his eyes to it. His hands fell to his sides as he watched Toothless stalk Stoick but the big man refused to move, he stood his ground and prepared for the worse.

A scaly fabric brushed across Hiccup’s fingers as Drago shifted his weight in his excitement. It was the dragon skin cape the man wore and it gave Hiccup an idea.

“Toothless!” he yelled in Dragonese, hoping Drago didn’t understand him. “Toothless, here! Look at me, bud!” He tried imitating the Bewilderbeast’s warble but he wasn’t good at the many accents dragons had and could only do one similar to Toothless’s. Nonetheless it worked. His friend’s head rotated in an almost mechanical way toward him, not at all the smooth grace Toothless normally had.

“Toothless, here!” Hiccup yelled in Dragonese. “Toothless, here!”

“Hiccup, what are you doing?” Stoick demanded as the Nightfury turned away from him.

“Come on, bud. You don’t want to hurt him. You don’t want to hurt me,” Hiccup continued, his voice gentle and full of the love and devotion he felt toward his best friend. “You’re my best friend…my best friend. We’re brothers.”

“What are you telling him?” Drago demanded, shaking him.

Hiccup wrapped his fingers around the cloak until he had a tight hold. His breathing was rapid but with great will power he calmed down. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes for a moment then met Toothless’s blank gaze. Then in his loudest loud voice yelled in Dragonese with as much of the warble in it as he muster, “FIRE!”

The purple glow sudden burst out of Toothless in a plasma blast. Astrid screamed in horror while Stoick dropped his axe in shock. “NO!” the chief roared.

Hiccup only had a split second but it was all he needed. Drago threw him out of blast range and went to draw his cloak over him but it was gone. Hiccup’s grip on the material was so tight that when he was thrown it was ripped away from Drago’s armor. The warlord had no protection against dragon fire and when the blast came it hit him straight on, throwing the man across the deck and against one of many dragon cages. And that was where he stayed.

“Hiccup!” Stoick yelled, dashing toward where Hiccup lay with the dragon skin over him. He fell to his knees next to his son and slowly pulled the skin back. A sigh of relief escaped him when bright emerald eyes blinked up at him. He shook his head in bemusement. “You’re going to put me in an early grave if you keep these stunts up.” He pulled his boy into a one armed hug. “And you wonder why I want to retire.”

“What and miss all this excitement?” Hiccup scoffed, trying to sound like himself even though he was still extremely scared. “You’d be bored in a week.”

Stoick only shook his head. He gave a yelp of surprise when Toothless suddenly bounded up to them, looking happy but confused and rubbing against Hiccup as if his rider might have all the answers. For a moment Stoick felt the need to separate them, fearing that the dragon might fall under the Bewilderbeast’s control. Hiccup must have felt the same because he threw the dragon skin over his friend’s head and covered his ears.

“No, don’t listen, bud. I’m right here,” the boy whispered, holding onto his dragon as if that alone would ensure nothing separate them.

However the Bewilderbeast seemed lost and confused by what had transpired and stared down at
Drago’s unmoving body.

“Is he dead?” Hiccup asked, feeling a little bad by what he had done.

“Let’s hope,” Stoick grumbled, unwilling to check to see for certain, not with such a huge dragon able to take control of theirs. “Come on. Let’s go find your mother and the riders and go home.”

“What about the trappers and the Bewilderbeast?” Hiccup asked as he stood.

Stormfly landed next to them and both Astrid and Eret dismounted. “Without Drago they’ll most likely disband,” Eret offered, glancing toward Drago’s prone body. “Besides, no one’s coming running yet…which means this is the best time to be going.”

“Eret’s right, son. We should leave,” Stoick added.

Astrid hesitated as she walked toward Hiccup. “You okay?” she asked, scanning every inch of him within view.

“As good as can be expected,” he answered with a tiny smile.

“Good,” she said before poking hard in the chest. “Don’t you ever pull a stunt like that again or you won’t have to worry about some strange person from some strange land taking you out, I’ll do it for them.”

He gave her a cocky grin. “Is that your way of saying you love me?”

With a frown she grabbed his armor and yanked him forward for a kiss. “No, that is,” she said after. “The other is because you’re still a brat.”

“Oh,” he laughed.

“Leaving, now,” Stoick ordered as he mounted Skullcrusher.

Eret did the same with Stormfly. Astrid shook her head and clambered up onto her dragon. Hiccup hesitated a moment before removing the dragon skin cloak from over Toothless’s head. For a moment he feared Toothless will still be feral but to his relief his brother was completely back to normal without the Bewilderbeast controlling him.

“Let’s go home, bud,” he whispered, mounting the dragon.

Toothless gave a happy wobble and spread his wings, ready to follow the others. Hiccup had him pause for a moment to look back at the Bewilderbeast who was looking over the ship at Drago’s unmoving body. “I’m sorry!” he called out in Dragonese to it. “You’re free now!”

The beast glanced toward them but Toothless didn’t wait for it to try taking control of him again and endangering his Hiccup. He speed of Skullcrusher and the last thing either of them heard was the splash of water as the Alpha dove into the water and vanished from sight, never to be seen by either Hiccup or Toothless again.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!