The Broken Tied Together By Red Thread

by the_writer

Summary

Sequel to One Step At A Time.
When Jack and Hiccup meet again, things have changed, and old wounds don't always heal with time. Can things go back to the way they were, or is there too big of a gap between the spirit and dragon rider for the bond between them to be mended?

Notes

Welcome to the sequel of One Step At A Time. I glad you guys liked the ending of the first part of the trilogy and I hope this will get just as much love. Thank you for reading, and without further adieu, lets get on with the show!
All Jack remembered was the howling wind and the thumping of heavy wings above him, surrounded by winter as snowflakes danced across his cheeks, eyes far too tired to open. It was cold, and dark, too much alike to the lake he was born in, except there was no moon hanging in the sky to greet him halfheartedly. For an odd reason, it was saddening, as the storm raged and clashed against the earth, and for some reason, Jack couldn’t find why he felt such a way. In his dazed half conscious state, cold nimble finger lifted his chin, moving to his shoulders to shake Jack’s aching frame, warm liquid started to pool from his wounds. A small groan escaping from pale lips, as thin fingers left his burned skin, footsteps treading through thick snow. The flapping of wings filled Jack’s ears as sharp appendages wrapped around him, raising the spirit once more into the storming sky, as darkness seeped back into Jack’s mind.

‘Soft soil underfoot gave way as small clouds of dust rose with each step Jack took, rolling his sleeves to his elbows while Emma stomped through the small stream next to the path, sharp brown eyes watching his sister as she stopped once in a while to stare as a fish swarm in the shallows or when a particularly large toad croaked from the bank. It was the middle of summer, and for once their mother left them be with the simple chore of stopping into the market for some general goods. Heat and light ran through the canopy of the trees, as Jack tugged Emma out of the creek, the trim of her dress soaked while water dripped down her legs, long brown hair drift elegantly in the soft breeze, a giant grin lighting up her eyes. Patches littered Emma’s dress while different kinds of fabric had been sewn on to lengthen the skirt, some of Jack’s horribly done stitch work showing, his mother usually ending up ripping out the thread to redo.

“Jack?”

Jack ruffled Emma’s hair, broad grin his face as she scowled, trying to flatten her hair before they entered the main part of the town, one of the curses of living on the outskirts of a farming village.

“What? Do we need to go over the conversation we had last summer?” Jack laughed, Emma glaring as she crossed her arms, “No, Emma, boys do not have cooties. Unless its Bill from down the road. He has cooties.”

Emma scoffed, slamming into her older brother, only managing to slightly shove Jack off course, “Bill does not have cooties! He’s handsome and nice.

“Emma, you’re, like, eight. Shut up.” Jack poked, smiling.

“I’m nine.”

“Whatever.” Jack muttered, kicking a stray rock out of the path, letting his sister speak.

“What do you think it would be like to fly?” Emma asked, large chocolate eyes gazing longingly up at the clear blue sky, the occasional wisp of clouds drifting past.

Jack was silent, wondering why Emma had asked such an odd question so suddenly. Following his sister’s gaze, his brown eyes settled on a bird’s nest, chirping wildly before taking flight. Smiling as Jack looked down at his curious sibling, he didn’t answer as they walked into town, finishing their chores easily, before Emma pulled at Jack’s shirt.

“Jack! Jack! Look!” Emma pointed at a merchant’s stall, two pairs of gleaming ice skates shimmering in the wind, “Ice skates! Please Jack?” Rolling what was left over of the money in his hand, Jack sighed, caving in to his sister’s request. “Promise me that we’ll go ice skating this
Kneeling down, Jack nodded, small arms wrapping around his neck in a hug, a grin breaking out on Jack’s face as a gripped a lung full of air, planting a raspberry on his sister’s cheek, earning a squeal in surprise and disgust, pushing away from Jack as he laughed, Emma giggling along as she wiped her face from the small traces of Jack’s saliva, the two of them laughing in the middle of summer heat, speaking about ice skates and winter on their walk home.

Light seeped into Jack’s eyes as azure eyes opened, Jack’s vision clearing as sleep recoiled from his mind, snowflake eyes glancing at his surroundings. There was a fire flicking calmly in the opposite corner of the broad room, purely for light than anything else as only small pieces of wood were piled next to the flames. Large stones at staggering heights gleamed down at Jack, while the ground was flat and smooth, moss growing at the edges of the room, despite the cold draft wafting into the room through the low hanging doorway. Then again, the entryway was more like a window by Jack’s opinion, as it was lifted a few feet off the ground and only enough space for someone about Jack’s size to easily jump through, only about three feet for the height and width, far too small most of the vikings on Berk. The ceiling was tall and room was spacious, only a few wooden bowls in another corner of the room, while a pile of thick fur hides were laid under Jack’s skin, a makeshift bed of some sorts, while another acted as a blanket for the spirit. The sound of flowing water caught Jack’s attention, as well as the familiar scent of dragon scales and burning wood, ugly memories clashing into Jack as he flinched, shaking head slightly to rid his head of certain thoughts. Looking down, Jack searched for his regained companion, heart settling as his staff still rested firmly in his undying grip, foreign bandages wrapping his arms and palms, the wrappings bond awkwardly around Jack’s staff as well, probably when his pale hands wouldn’t part from the twisted wood. Struggling to sit up, muscles screaming in complaint as Jack urged his body to move, the new scent of copper lingering in the air when wounds reopened. Pushing back the hide, Jack looked down at his state, covered in bandages from head to toe, practically ready for Burgess’s annual Halloween costume contest as an icy mummy.

Sore muscles throbbed as Jack set into motion, testing his fingers before unwrapping the slightly bloody bandages, pale fingers escaping ripped cloth. Eyes dancing across the room one last time, Jack set his staff down, close to his hip while he overlooked his hands. Small cuts and scratches laced over porcelain hands, thick and heavy iron shackle cuffs still latched on tight, a few inches of chain still clinging to the bindings. Sighing restlessly, Jack looked down at his attire, surprised to find his pants fully intact, only soot and ash hugging his legs like children hugging their presents from North on Christmas morning. His shirt was another matter. Drenched in oil and burned in more places than Jack could count, he picked at the shirt, rips and tears decorating its once smooth surface while the once pure white his shirt had been when he once had a mortal life was now a dull gray, wisps of threads trailing at the cuffs and hem lines.

Tugging off the useless article of clothing, Jack moaned as his muscles stretched as gray fabric was pulled over lithe shoulders, sometimes snagging on bandages. Eyes dancing across the room one last time, Jack set his staff down, close to his hip while he overlooked his hands. Small cuts and scratches laced over porcelain hands, thick and heavy iron shackle cuffs still latched on tight, a few inches of chain still clinging to the bindings. Sighing restlessly, Jack looked down at his attire, surprised to find his pants fully intact, only soot and ash hugging his legs like children hugging their presents from North on Christmas morning. His shirt was another matter. Drenched in oil and burned in more places than Jack could count, he picked at the shirt, rips and tears decorating its once smooth surface while the once pure white his shirt had been when he once had a mortal life was now a dull gray, wisps of threads trailing at the cuffs and hem lines.

Tugging off the useless article of clothing, Jack moaned as his muscles stretched as gray fabric was pulled over lithe shoulders, sometimes snagging on bandages. Tossing the clothes at the end of the bed, Jack gripped his staff once more, spine shaking as Jack pulled himself to his feet, shoulder throbbing in agony. Gasping in pain, Jack fell, collapsing back onto the bed of hides, groaning. Rolling onto his side, and starting at a crouched position, Jack slowly stood, leaning heavily on his staff, a thin layer of sweat forming on his brow, eyebrows knitted together, sore blistered feet padding across the cold stone floor, the thump of his staff hitting the ground as Jack staggered, nearing closer to the wooden bowls. Peering inside, he found water and herbs had never seen before, despite the ones Gothi had drilled into his mind. Folded clean bandages were laid in another, along with some roots. There wasn’t much, obvious that wherever he was had little need for medical supplies beside for bandages, which seemed to be in abundance.

Light footfalls echoed in the tunnels, Jack’s head whipping to the small square doorway, shadows
flickering in and out of view, nearing closer by each passing second. Back towards the wall, Jack shifted his weight to the smooth wall, damp from the cold, the beautiful feeling seeping into his skin as he lifted his staff as a guard, waiting patiently as footsteps grew, the shadows finally turning opaque as the dark figure crouched in the doorway, slim fingers clutching the sill as a thick boot wedged itself in the lower corner, the other hanging in the air tensely, as if considering entry. Dropping down to their knees, the form made no sound as they had hit the ground inside the broad room, head tilted curiously up at Jack, a few yards away from the spirit. Sharp blue eyes glanced at the empty doorway above the figure, a small faint breeze sauntering inside. As curious as Jack was, Jack stayed back, eying the figure as it crept forward, staying still once it took a step, pausing before continuing. The light grew dull as tinder was greedily eaten by hungry flames, Jack’s words stopping the person in front of him in their tracks, only a few feet away.

“Who the hell are you?”
The figure took a step back, cocking their head to the side, seeming even more animalistic than before. Rising to their feet, the figure didn’t move forward nor backwards, but slowly lifting fragile hands to the small pile of wood, the light growing, blue eyes growing wide as Jack’s staff lowered curiosity growing in his chest. As the person in front Jack unveiled, Jack froze, eyes finally absorbing the new information of the mysterious human in front of him. They - no, she - was strange. Much older than Jack had guessed the human to be, and yet seemed young. The woman before him was probably in her early forties perhaps, long dark brown hair neatly braided down her back, big green eyes which made Jack’s head spin. Thickly leather bound her body, her boots large and lined with what looked like an imitation of dragon spikes leather knee pads and much thinner hide covered her thighs. A red sash hugged her waist as it held what Jack thought to be elk’s skin, her breast plate armor bound in more leather, scratches and worn around the edges, obvious it had been in use for years of good care. Thick leather stitched together made sturdy shoulder pads as tan cotton covered her arms, her forearms covered in similar material as her boots. But the fact that surprised Jack the most about the thin woman was while she held no weapons in her possession, her eyes were brimmed with confidence and curiosity.

“Who are you?” Jack stated again, the woman before him jolting out of her daze as well, as she herself had been doing the same as Jack was once doing, bare pale feet shifting as green eyes glanced over the spirit once more.

A smile stretched at her lips as her nimble fingers raised to her chest, “My name is Valka,” Valka nodded, her voice clear with an accent not far from the ones Jack had heard on Berk, and yet, the name of the woman before him struck no familiar cord. “And yours is…” Valka prompted, Jack pursing his lips in hesitation.

For an odd reason, a smile started to grow on Jack’s lips, the fear which had once resided in his chest leaving as bright blue eyes started to shine, “Jack Frost.”

Valka muttered the words on her tongue, their smiles falling as Jack gasped, a shock of pain slicing through his shoulder, as he fell to his knees, Valka rushing forward, thin yet powerful arms lifting Jack to his feet, hobbling to the bed of hides, once seated Valka rushed to the other side of the room, gathering wooden bowls in her arms, before sitting close to Jack, his fingers clenched around his shoulder, while his other was clamped around his staff, making sure it was never out of sight nor mind. Gentle fingers moved Jack’s hand away, as bandages fell loose, blue eyes watching as red wounds and scars danced across his torso, most of them nothing more than deep scratches and cuts, while Jack watched as skin slowly knit itself together, the healing of a spirit coming into play. The sound of grinding dry herbs and roots entered the room while Valka worked behind him, a cold cream spreading onto his shoulders before being wrapped in clean bandages. Jacked muttered his thanks to the woman, her green eyes still ingrained in his mind, seeming so familiar and yet so foreign.

“Where am I?” Jack asked as Valka stood, walking across the room, old bandages in hand.
“The north.” Valka answered shortly, her voice dour as she fed the flames the worn bindings, the chains on Jack’s wrists clinking as he shifted, not entirely happy with the answer he had been given. Valka continued, “So Jack, where are you from? I don’t exactly get so many good natured visitors come by, especially as young as you.”

“Berk,” Jack answered, seeing little harm in telling the woman the truth, “I came from Berk.” Valka froze, eyes wide and glazed over as green eyes stared at the floor, palms trembling as her chest heaved. Concern growing in Jack, the spirit stood, far easier with less bandages binding his torso, only his shoulder bond and wrapped. Taking a step forward, Jack spoke, “Valka? Are you alright?”

Snapping out of her stupor, Valka shook her head, “Yes, yes. It’s just...I used to be from Berk as well.”

“What happened?”

Valka hesitated, before nudging Jack back towards the bed of hides, “It’s best if you rest, and Jack, promise me this: don’t leave this room. Promise?”

Jack nodded, a broad grin escaping his lips the moment the woman turned, leaving through the small doorway as Jack’s eyes gleamed with glee. To Jack, it seemed like years had passed since the last time he had a little bit of fun, and for Jack, fun was always required. And yet, thinking back to it all, Jack couldn’t remember when the fun had stopped. On Berk, everything was good, happy even, and despite the hard work and troubles of village life, Jack had loved every second of it. He had loved the strange yet fun adventures Jack would join the dragon academy on, and help the twins get away with some of their smaller, less violent, pranks. Jack had fun whenever he and Hiccup would race to see who could get to the clouds up above them first, or when they would fly for miles late at night, when none of them could sleep, exploring new places neither of them had ever dreamed of. Yet, Jack didn’t understand, why the Wind had taken him to the north, and not to Berk, where Jack thought he belonged. Jack wanted to go home, and yet, why had the Wind mistaken his request, or had it simply denied Jack of his wish? Or, did Jack not want to return to the boy he loved, who thought he was dead and gone. A funeral had even been held in Jack’s name, if Alvin had been telling the truth, and to Berk, he was never coming back. To humans, the dead stayed dead, and for the first time, Jack wished Pitch had finished him off. If Jack hadn’t ever came to Berk, the he would have never met Hiccup, no bond with Astrid and Stormfly would have been formed, and Stoick would still have a normal village to run. There would have been no freak ice appearances around the village and nothing strange would happen besides a dragon catching a house on fire, and best of all, Hiccup wouldn’t have gotten hurt. Hiccup would never have had to worry or spend time with Jack, and could simply focus his energy with Toothless and the academy. He would have had a normal relationship, one between two humans, perhaps with Astrid or another viking from the village who was worthy of the freckled dragon rider’s affection. Without Jack, Hiccup would probably be able to become a better viking, and when time came, be truly ready to become chief of Berk. And despite all of the reasons Jack made, why did Jack’s chest hurt every time he thought about his beloved dragon rider?
Even when Jack was human, Jack hated the rules. Rules, regulations, orders, commands, obeying things. It wasn’t natural. Jack could never truly understand why things always stood in the way of having fun; nor did his mother or father truly understood why Jack always drove himself to new heights to find the best hill for sledding or the best tree to climb or the best view, pulling stunts and tricks from up his sleeves as he went, fascinating the town’s children as he journeyed to his destination; whatever that place may have been that particular day. It was odd, for a person like Jack to be so popular with the children; the adults constantly asking how he could keep even the most sadden children happy for weeks at a time. Yet, his answer was always the same, as he ran off, exploring new places and telling amazing stories to small children around the fire. It was almost magical in a way, how his undying answer to most things in life was simple yet memorable: fun, was always the key.

And that is why Jack also lived by another rule: “Rules are meant to be broken.”

To say in the least, it was enormous. Pillars of jagged stone sprung from the ground, covered in moss and vines, cleanly cut stone climbing to the mighty ceiling, covered in spears of ice and frost. A large pillar of stone stood proudly on the far side of the space, a few dragons resting where they could. Tunnels and niches were gouged from the stone walls while water tumbled down from deafening heights, down to the icy depths below. The ground was smooth and flat, usually interrupted by sharp short cliff faces, before dropping drastically to the crystal water below, where small islands dotted the sides of the body of water, while thin yet long bridges stretched from pillar
to pillar high up above. The ground was cold and damp as grass and ferns dusted the ground where dragons slept. Thousands upon thousands of dragons spread throughout the area, some types Jack had never even seen nor heard of from the book of dragons, while a small few he did recognize from strange tales Jack had heard lingering about Berk, while only a few Deadly Nadders and Zipplebacks crossed his vision. But, what truly caught Jack’s eye, was him. From stories Jack had heard, he was almost positive the giant dragon would make the Red Death seem like a child; long white curved tusks soaked in the heavenly water while short limbs floated lazily, it’s short wings half submerged in the abyssal depths, it’s long white scaled tail almost completely hidden from view, obscured by it’s large spines which ran up and down it’s back. A mane of long majestic spikes jutted from it’s body, glowing icy blue eyes meeting Jack’s. Moving forward, never breaking eye contact, Jack reached the edge of the stone work, toes hanging over the freezing water, cold waves quietly lapping at the rocks. The dragon’s slitted blue eyes embroidered by red markings swept over it’s features, it’s mighty chin covered in smaller spikes while it’s sloped forehead brimmed with dark spines, each spike on it’s body fading to a dark brown or black color. It was...amazing. Jack stood, merely yards away from the dragon, and yet, when the common response would be shock or astonishment, Jack was still, eyes wide with fascination and curiosity, content with just the idea of being so close the resting giant. Yet, it was strange, the unfamiliar tug in Jack’s chest, as he looked into the dragon’s eyes, Jack saw...himself.

Jumping off the cliff face, the dragon’s eyes widened, as Jack hit the water, freezing the surface the moment he had touched the clear liquid, before turning murky as ice spread underfoot. Lowering it’s mighty head, mostly submerged in the depths as Jack padded forward, thin ice spreading as Jack continued towards the giant, stopping in his tracks before the mighty dragon. A shot of wind bursting from it’s mouth, a cold sensation covering Jack as he laughed, opening his eyes and shaking his hair, a thin layer of frost raining down from his snow white locks, as thin fingers brushed the ice off his chest, eyes bright with glee. Taking a knee, Jack leaned forward, dipping his hand into the water, palms brushing the pure tusk, Jack icing over the bone with a thin layer of frost. Lifting himself to his feet, Jack watched as the dragon moved forward, Jack setting into the motion Hiccup had shown a million times over: turning his body slightly, Jack raised his left hand, glancing up into the dragon’s eyes before setting his gaze to the ground, waiting.

It had always seemed so easy when Hiccup had done it, when Toothless’s nose would brush up against his palm, forming the bond of loyalty between the two even tighter than ever before. Then again, the dragon Jack was trying to befriend was a one hundred and sixty foot tall dragon whom he had just met ten minutes ago on a whim. About to give up, a slight pressure was placed on Jack’s palm, slowly growing as Jack opened his eyes, the giant’s eyes closed, opening slowly as a laugh escaped Jack’s lips, joy bubbling in his chest, blue eyes sparkling.

“Odd, isn’t it?” A voice sounded, Jack whipping his head around, snowflake eyes catching on Valka, wearing far less armor than before, a simple long sleeve dull lemon shirt with her red sash and elk hide strapped to her waist, loose fitting brown pants with more casual seeming boots, alike to the ones on Berk. Her hair was a bit ruffled and her steps a bit clumsy as she walked, sauntering down to where Jack was, a much kinder smile on her features than before, “How a dragon and it’s rider meet?”

Jack tensed, confused, “What?”

“When I picked you up, only north of here, I thought you were a dragon. I had never seen a boy fly without a dragon before. It was actually Cloudjumper who found you. I would have thought you were dead if you weren’t still bleeding.” Valka informed him, a smile playing on her lips.

Jack looked about the nest, dragons of all shapes and sizes, in forms and colors Hiccup had never dreamed of, enough information to put book of dragons to shame. Imagining Hiccup’s face as
emerald eyes would light up as freckled cheeks would flush, cute buck teeth would show as his small square jaw would drop open, shoulder’s slumping as his frame would go slack in awe, knees wobbling at the mere sight of the nest as dragons flew proudly through the air.

“I think...my boyfriend would really like to see this…” Jack muttered, not meaning to be heard.

“What’s his name?” Valka asked, calm and soothing, as she bowed to the Alpha.

“Hiccup.” Jack muttered, the mere mention of the freckled boy’s name rolling comfortably off his tongue as if practiced for a thousand years. Valka froze, eyes widening as shock painted her face before settling into something that resembled a bit too much like sorrow. “Do you know him?” Jack asked, his curiosity growing ever more so by the passing minute.

“Yes,” Valka breathed, “I was his mother.”

“What?” Jack asked, a tinge of doubt riddled in his manner.

“When I lived in Berk, it was a land of hatred towards dragons. But, I believed there could be peace. It was never a popular belief.” Valka took a shuddery breath, eyes glazed as she remembered, a visible shudder running up her spine as she stood, “One night, a dragon had broken into my home, and when I got there, the dragon was there, hovering over Hiccup’s cradle. I reached for a sword, but, instead being in danger, Hiccup, he...was fine. It proved my theory that dragons and viking could live in peace! But, when the dragon noticed me, it had scratched Hiccup’s chin.”

Jack nodded, “It’s a scar now, faint, but there. I was wondering how Hiccup had gotten it.” It felt weird to speak of Hiccup despite the dragon boy not being present, and yet, Valka continued.

“I was about to kill it, and yet, when I looked inside it’s eyes...I saw myself. There was a connection between me and this dragon for a reason I did not know of. Then, Stoick had burst in, frightening the intelligent beast, the dragon lighting our house aflame as Stoick had grabbed Hiccup. But, at that point, the dragon had already taken me away from Berk. Now, that same dragon that had taken me from my home is now the one who helps me fly.” A soft smile grew on her lips, eyes growing warm once more, “His name is Cloudjumper,” Valka brought Jack’s eyes to the pillar above them, a large dragon with a wide forehead on its brow, hues of reds, oranges, and greys coloring the majestic creature, a long line of painted blue brushed under its lips, wide eyes staring down at Jack as it’s four wings curled around itself, familiar taloned hind legs clinging to the pillar, reminding Jack of a bat, “my friend who invited me to the home of the Bewilderbeast, The King of the Den!”

“Why did you never return?” Jack asked, fixing his gaze back on the Alpha, eyes closed and relaxed as is swayed slightly in the water, fallen into a light slumber.

“I...” Valka hesitated, “I thought my views on dragons would have hindered my son’s growth. He was such a wee thing when he was a babe, my opinions probably would have prevented him from becoming the viking he should have become.”

“That’s not tru-”

“Jack, will you be returning to Berk?” Valka asked, cutting swiftly to the point.

Jack hesitated, unsure, “I don’t know.” Valka gave a curt nod, a somber look crossing her features, while Jack mindlessly wondered if he had been the only human interaction she had had in the last fifteen years. Valka started to turn on her heel, Jack’s next words stopping her in place,
“But Valka, what would you do, theoretically, if you could return to the one you love, yet hurt them in the long run?”

“Well, theoretically,” Valka chuckled, her tone turning a tad serious, “would you hurt the one you love because you love them?” Valka answered, opening her mouth to say more to her answer, before closing her lips once more, deciding against it, “Get some rest Jack. I’ll see you tomorrow morning.”

With that, Valka turned, walking up the crags, before jumping over the cliff face, Cloudjumper swooping down, Valka landing on his back gracefully as she and her dragon disappeared into the maze of tunnels which surrounded the nest. Jack stood, a few feet away from the slumbering Alpha, the Wind raising him off the water, tired feet hanging limp in the air as Jack pushed forward, delivered safely to the entrance of where he had come from, letting the Wind guide him once more, his mind whirling as he slunk back into his room, darkness clouding his sight as he slipped into bed, eyes falling shut as his thoughts drifted to Valka’s answer and the freckled resident of Berk with mesmerizing emerald eyes, the pain in his chest growing heavy as Jack forced himself to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

My html wasn't working well so sorry for the late update (I eventually said f*ck it). But, remember when I promised longer chapters at the end of the first story? Yeah, this is when it starts. Hope you enjoyed!
Dim light trickled into the maze as bright blue eyes opened, illuminating the broad room as outlines began to arise, tipped wooden bowls scattered the room as the charred remains of the fire sat, a thin layer of winter resting on their shoulders as Jack stood, a thin sheen of sweat covering his chest as he pulled the blanket off his body, noticing mindlessly of the increased temperature as the light in the hall started to grow, it’s rays slithering into the spirit’s room with displeasure as Jack bent down, gathering the contents of the bowls in his palms, placing them back into their respective places as Jack shoved the containers to the corner of the room, before jumping out of his exit into the tunnel. To Jack’s surprise, it wasn’t like the Outcast’s caves, where the rocks were sharp and warm with the heat from torches and hatred, but were rather smooth and damp, cool air radiating off the smoothly cut stone in the cavern, no vegetation in sight. Boulders and walls intercepting the halls jutted to and fro, as Jack climbed with easy, using his staff as a vault. There was no breeze in the caverns as Jack continued forward, the soft feel of moss underfoot as he entered the nest, dragons awake and flying in swirls of colors Jack had only imagined. Sauntering closer, Jack watched as dragons circled the pillars, spreading their grand wings while magnificent roars penetrated the cool air. Mighty tusks came into view as Jack journeyed onward, snowflake blue eyes settling on the Bewilderbeast, smaller dragons bowing before its gentle glory as Jack approached, his slitted eyes meeting Jack’s, as a pale hand reached forward, a pure tusk meeting his palm.

“Glad you’re awake,” Valka said, joining Jack in front of the Alpha, dressed in her armor from before, staff in her thin hands, riddled with holes and made from bone and leather. “I wanted to show you something.”

“Really?” Jack asked, nothing coming to mind as curiosity nudged in his chest, his heart to starting to race.

Valka chuckled, “Yes. Besides, it’s feeding time.”

Jack tilted his head, but shrugged as he moved forward, following Valka’s instructions as the Wind lifted him higher. Hovering before the Alpha, eye to eye as Jack waited, the closing it’s majestic eyes and dipping his head, Jack hesitantly settling on the Bewilderbeast’s forehead, dodging darken spikes and jutting scales. Rough spines scraped at Jack’s bare torso, the Bewilderbeast lifting its head once more, backing from the shore as Valka bowed once again, smiling as a swarm of baby dragons flew overhead, Jack ducking under spines to avoid the ignorant dragons, wide eyes full of wonder and delight, testing boundaries and the limits of the nest, finding the place where they belong. The King shook them off, nearly throwing Jack off as well, clenching the spines for life, pale knuckles growing white. Once settling, Jack placed his staff securely between shorter spikes, Valka climbing onto Cloudjumper in the corner of his eye. Leaning forward, laying smoothly on snow white scales, reflecting one the things Hiccup had once taught him, and trying to be as aerodynamic as possible. Relaxing his shoulders, Jack shifted his gaze to Valka, soaring above, raising her staff as the dragons took to the sky, following as she fled the nest, flying through one of the higher tunnels, large and wide as dragons funneled after her. It was quiet for a moment, nothing breaking the silence except for the sound of small waterfalls and the steady breeze of the Wind as it breathed through the nest, winding its way through every nook and cranny, before exploring the tunnels as well, memorizing the layout in glee. Sighing contently, Jack focused back on the task at hand. Unsure as of what to do, Jack sat up; confusion riddling his features as he ran his fingers
through his hair, trying to think back to what Hiccup had once said during the academy lessons. In all honesty, Jack hadn’t always been listening, either goofing off with the twins or playing with Stormfly while the riders had gotten their lecture on dragons. Jack had always paid attention when they were actually doing something though; Jack just didn’t like seeing or hearing things - Jack was doer, not a thinker. Shifting slightly, Jack pursed his lips, trying to figure what Valka had meant by “feeding”. Was he supposed to follow? What was the point of riding the Alpha?

Completely guessing, Jack spoke, “Um...Go?”

Taking a shuddery breath, the Bewilderbeast started to sink, Jack starting to panic as cold water lapped at his ankles, chest heaving as his fingers started to twitch, taking a giant breath as he went under, squeezing his eyes shut. Slow currents weaved through his white hair as they dived, Jack’s hand gripping the spines for dear life, as he dared to close his blue eyes, almost making the mistake of releasing his precious air. Underneath the nest was an entire new colony, all types of tidal dragons roamed, kelp and seaweed crawled up pillars similar to the ones above ground, while small caves and lofts rested in the walls where dragons lazed. The underwater nest continued upward, a gap of air barely visible by Jack’s viewpoint, watching as dragons shifted their attention to him and his dragon, perking their heads as the Alpha passed, following in swarms as the King dove further into the abyss. Jack settled down against the King, eyes wide as the Alpha’s mighty tail swept through the tunnel, breaking out into the open sea, schools of fish in every direction, as far as the eye could see. Opening its grand jaw, the dragon sped forward, gathering fish in his mouth, pushing forward to the surface, Jack almost out of air. Breaking the waves in a thundering splash, Jack gulped at the air, eyes wide as the Bewilderbeast launched fish up into the air, Valka and her dragons diving for the meal before them. Jack casted his eyes below the water, dragons beginning to feast on the fish underneath. Grabbing his staff, Jack leapt to the side, running up the tusk of the King, stopping at the end to gaze at the sight before him, watching as dragon swooped and dived for their prey, colors flashing before his eyes as scaled wings furled.

Cloudjumper dove, circling the King once until he reached Jack’s side, Valka only a mere few feet away from, “Do you like it?” She asked, eyebrows raised while a smile playing on her lips, hope gleaming in her bright green eyes.

Jack nodded, still scanning the sky as dragons fly around him, their proud wings outstretched upon them, “Yeah, it’s...amazing.” Jack breathed, the feel of the Wind pounding against his body, eager to have the spirit once more in its arms.

“Shall we go back then?” Valka asked, they eyes trained on the dragons above, pride swelling in her chest as she spun her staff.

Running back up the King’s tusk, Jack assumed his original position, sucking in a deep breath, gripping tightly as the Bewilderbeast plunged beneath the waves. The way back was much like the way before, water dragons following the King to their part of the nest, breaching the surface inside the nest, dragons starting to filter back into their home. Jumping from the Alpha, Jack hovered, thanking the beast while he nodded his head, paying his respects, all the while unsure of his actions, his movements choppy and awkward. Dropping back down to solid ground, Jack stood, dripping wet, his white hair no longer spikey and ruffled, but sat like a mop on his head, weaving his porcelain fingers through his locks, trying desperately to go back to normal.

Valka approached, jumping off of Cloudjumper, rolling as she hit the ground, ending in a standing position, looking a bit more graceful than the winter spirit before her. Tugging at Jack’s arm, Valka spoke, “Come.”

Jack stepped lightly, following Valka’s heavy boots as she weaved through the tunnels, choosing
turns left and right, making Jack’s head spin. Pale feet padded on the stone path, passing even more dragons sleeping or flying about in large caverns, water dripping from Jack’s hair alerting them of his presence, paying little mind to Valka as they passed through. While climbing over boulders and hoping over chasms, they made their ascent. A small room opened up, out looking on the nest from a niche in the stone walls. The room was tall and long, a small stream of steadily flowing water trickling down from a wall of ice, while baskets of fish lined the opposite. A fire lit up the room from the center, while a small kitchen area stood next to the door. Following Valka into the room, Jack skirted around the fire, sitting close to the opening, surprised when Cloudjumper flew in, laying close to the fire while his rider puttered about.

“Hungry?” Valka asked, opening a basket of raw fish.

Jack laughed nervously, “Nah, I think I’m good. I don’t exactly eat much,” Jack continued, muttering under his breath, “Thank Manny for that.”

Jack eyed the fish, as Valka took a bite, silently wondering if this was when the term “dragon lady” came into play. Valka came to sit by Cloudjumper, back to the fire as she faced Jack, looking him over, the spirit entirely wondering when he was going to be able to ask for a clean shirt, until he remembered not many things passed even close to the nest except for dragons.

Valka took another bite of her fish, “So, Jack. Do you have any special...skills?”

“Not really,” Jack scoffed, a smile tugging at his mouth.

“And flying without a dragon is not?” Valka raised an eyebrow.

Jack laughed, “Believe me, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Did Hiccup believe you?”

Jack paused. Hiccup had always believed him. Even from the beginning. Not once had Hiccup ever doubted Jack, nor had ill feelings towards him because of who he was. He had never pried into anything Jack hadn’t wanted to speak about, nor had question Jack’s way of doing things, especially when they had contradicted the viking way of the village. He had respected who Jack was, and was often open to learn more about spirits and the Guardians. Hiccup had been able to see Jack the minute they met. Hiccup...he...he believed in him.

Jack nodded, running a hand through his hair as it started to dry, dusting off the frost which had been starting to build on his frame.

“Then tell me why I wouldn’t believe you?” Valka concluded, giving the rest of her meal to Cloudjumper, who consumed the skeleton happily.

Considering her words, Jack gave in, wondering what the worst that could happen - besides the lady in front of him writing him off as a crazy person. Sitting forward, Jack dipped his hand down, fingers brushing the surface of the rock floor, a layer of ice covering a small patch of the ground. Glancing up at Valka, Jack smiles as she watched with wide eyes, before summoning a snowball in his palm, sculpting it into a small girl, maybe eight or nine, tattered dress with beautiful ice skates, long hair flowing behind her. Setting the girl gently on the ice, Jack blew, a layer of frost covering her features as she came to life, starting to skate on the ice. While the young girl before them skated, Jack started to speak, as Valka continued to watch the figure in front of her in awe. “I’m...I’m a Guardian - a spirit - who controls winter. I can fly with help of the Wind.” Jack paused, pursing his lips. Valka seemed to be taking it fairly well. Seeing was believing in her book, judging from the stories Jack had heard, but this...was going to be hard. “And I’m from the future.”
Jack rushed, cringing.

Valka was silent, still intrigued in the magic before her. “Wow…” She breathed, snapping her head up “How did you get your powers?”

Jack shifted uncomfortably, “I’d rather not talk about it,” the spirit said, painful memories of his death coming to surface, trying to avoid the thoughts of his former life, grounding himself in the present as he met eyes with Valka.

Valka nodded, understanding as she continued on the original topic, “Did you have any jobs on Berk?” She asked, standing as she headed towards the baskets, reaching for another slimy sea creature, making Jack’s stomach flop uncomfortably as the animal was limp in her hands, raw and very much uncooked as she took a bite. Yes, Jack was very happy that eating was not a high demand for spirits.

Twisting his staff in his hands, Jack answered, seeing very little harm in telling the dragon rider before him the truth, “Stoick had wanted me to work under Gothi, the village elder, as a healer or medic of sorts.”

Valka nodded, “Yes, and work alongside the chief of Berk as his or her assistant. Set to hard work I see. Would make sense though, from what I remember Gothi was a stubborn old woman who was supposedly good with nature and magic alike. Understanding fit.” Valka stood once more, throwing the rest of her meal to her dragon again, perhaps out of habit, as she climbed onto Cloudjumper’s back. “Come, follow me.”

With that, Valka dove, Jack following as he muttered the Wind’s name under his breath, soaring after them, weaving between pillars and tired dragons as they tried to find an empty place to rest, Jack followed close behind the four-winged dragon, swooping down to into a low set tunnel, tall and wide, easily seven feet wide and ten feet tall, Cloudjumper landing on the ground before it, his mighty wingspan unable to fit in the opening, as Jack continued through the wide curved tunnel, making the turn and corner easily, landing gracefully with wide blue eyes, scanning the room. The room was large and circular with a domed roof, enough room to fit about three dragons the size of Cloudjumper. Not much was in the room, only a few wooden bowls and bandages here and there, many full of the herbs and roots he had found in the containers in his own room, as well as a notebook and a few other scrolls and larger books

“The nest’s healing room. It’s not much, but it does the job for most simple things.” Valka paused, “Would you mind helping a wounded dragon, he outside now if you want, that is.”

Jack hesitated, nodding as Valka disappeared, going outside to fetch the dragon as Cloudjumper stayed behind. Approaching the large dragon, minorly rethinking his decision, though not truly thinking much of anything, little did the teenaged spirit know that his simple answer had changed his fate. Days had started to blur together, passing in a fluid motion as Jack healed, the scars on his torso fading into nothingness as scratches and cuts turn into mere memories Jack once had of Outcast Island, the only reminder of his stay in the horrid cell was the iron cuffs which bound his wrists and ankles, and the scar on his left shoulder from an enemy’s flaming arrow. By Jack’s sixth day in the nest, the bandage was removed, an ugly scar left in place, Jack flinching every time he saw it in the reflection of the water or the ice in the stone work. The last time he had received a scar was when was mortal - scars which has long since healed.

Sitting before the Alpha, Jack swung his legs over the cliff side, the presence of Valka by his side as they sat in silence, evening feeding already finished and done with, the dragon rider besides him eating her meal of raw fish, the sound of content dragons flying about, trying to find a worthy place to sleep for the night.
“Will you be returning to Berk?” Valka asked, keeping her eyes trained on the King before her.

Jack hesitated for a few moments. He had been thinking of his answer for some days now, and yet, there was always a pull on his chest every time he thought of Hiccup, tugging him closer to Berk rather than farther away. Shaking his head, Jack answered, knowing his answer. “I don’t think so. It’s just…” Jack ran thin fingers through his hair, sighing, “I think Hiccup would be better off without me. He’s better off thinking I’m dead than being in a relationship with an immortal spirit.”

Valka nodded in understanding, still not meeting Jack’s eyes, “You know, you can stay here as long as you like? Besides, I think the Bewilderbeast has taken a liking to you, Jack. What do you say, will you stay?”

Jack nodded, falling into the peaceful routine of the dragon’s nest, healing dragons when needed as he and Valka went head to head against trappers from lands near and far, sending wounded dragons Jack’s way with torn wings or hurt feet, and in return of Jack’s help, the former Berkian showed Jack the basics of what little culture she knew of, helping him transition to the era he knew so little about. As the days passed like silk in the wind, Jack fell into a steady daze, the painful tug in his chest he felt every time his mind wandered to Hiccup became a constant dull throb, and before Jack knew it, five years passed in a blink of an eye.

Chapter End Notes

I always laugh at how different the rough draft is from the final draft. Anyways! Hiccup will finally be shown in the next chapter, and the plot will finally start to roll! I hope you enjoyed, and have a fantastic day my friends!
Great stone statues jutted from the sea, crashing waves slamming themselves into the chiseled rock as toothy mouths held, a constant silent yell escaping their hard lips as fire sputtered on their tongue. The twin statues guarded the small island of Berk, the still vikings standing tall with swords in hand, shields at the ready, as the ocean thrashed against land itself, fishing boats docked and roped into port, not a soul in sight a light breeze weaved between the wooden structures. Buildings clung to every available surface, the cliff faces and steep hillsides to escaping the reach of the viking town, brightly painted wood complementing the village as firmly beaten dirt paths wound through the town, sunlight washing Berk in a calm glow. More homes had gathered to cling to the mighty pillar at the edge of the village, a lone hut standing proudly at it’s peak, home of the elder and healer alike. Down below were homes of different shapes and sizes, bridges connecting cliff to cliff, small birds flying below the overhang of structures with practiced ease, windmills and weather vanes piercing the sky. On the ground, where lush green grass grew at the sides of the narrow dirt paths, and fresh water rippled in a steady well, baskets and barrels sitting by homes and small shops, looming shadows moving swiftly overhead, the frightened baying of sheep being lost in the quiet as the sound of scaled wings hit the air with powerful thrusts.

Powerful talons scooped up a sheep as dragons took to the skies, yells and shouts sounding from the stadium, soaring beasts rushing past a laddered totem pole and weather vane, Meatlug holding her prey tightly in her hold as Fishlegs hollered in victory, shortly cut off as Hookfang took to the skies, throwing the chubby dragon and rider off their path, the wooly creature falling into his burly arms as Snotlout laughed in victory.

“I’m sorry Fishlegs,” Snotlout leered, showing his squared teeth, “did you want that?”

Fishlegs scowled, all the while his rightful prize was held in his opponent’s grasp, a thick finger pointed at the terrified sheep in mockery, even Hookfang joining in the fun as the red and yellow painted dragon took a chance to look behind him. Furling his wings, Hookfang held back as Fishlegs soared forward, yelling profanities as he went. As Snotlout slowed, Hookfang took place underneath Barf and Belch, throwing his stolen prize to Ruffnut.

“Here you go, babe. Did I tell you look amazing today - because you do.”

“Ugh,” Tuffnut groaned, rolling her eyes as she accepted the sheep, “Come on Barf; it’s starting to stink around here.”

“Nope, she still hates you!” Ruffnut grinned, giggling under his breath as the Zippleback soared closer to the goal point, green fumes highlighting the air, “Let’s blow this place Belch!”

A spark erupted as the twins soared, leaving the love-struck boy alone in the blast, his screams dying in the flames as the blondes took the lead, the other racers close on their tails as they tossed their point into the basket, the crowd cheering as they passed. Stoick laughed with glee on the stage above the stadium, creases forming around his eyes as he grinned, shouting the tallies of the
game, “Nine for the twins! Astrid with three, followed by Fishlegs and Snotlout with zero, and Hiccup...Is nowhere to be found.” Slouching in his seat, Stoick’s tired eyes flickered to the sky, a speck of hope glimmering as he wished for the sight of a mighty slim Night Fury.

“Scared him off with the big talk, didn’t ye?” Gobber smiled, his metal tooth gleaming in the late summer sun, traces of autumn dashing through the village from the east.

High up above, Astrid swung down, hitting Snotlout upside the head with a firm fist, scolding him as they flew, “What the hell are you doing Snotlout? They’re going to win now!”

“She’s my princess!” The man argued, “Whatever she wants, she gets.”

“Ruffnut though!” Astrid spat, clearly flabbergasted, “ Didn’t she try to bury you alive?!”

“Only for a few hours!” Countered Snotlout, Hookfang spinning the dragon weather vane, taking the route through the stables and courtyard, the loud horn blowing, it’s cry vibrating through the clouds as the black sheep was released to the sky, the riders racing towards the poor animal, begging their companions to go faster and faster, wings beating the sky as they neared. The black sheep flung through the air, talons extended as Astrid was a few mere inches away, Meatlug snatched it from the side, dodging the wrath of the Deadly Nadder as she dashed to the side, flinging her hard earned object to Ruffnut, not long before she took him out of the sky with a powerful kick, sending both Snotlout and Fishlegs the ground. The twins started to bicker, Astrid not paying much mind as she leaped from her saddle onto the Zippleback’s spine, snatching the sheep as she jumped into the air, free falling. Orange and teal zipped passed her, flipping midair as she landed on Stormfly’s back, the dragon squawking with glee as she dunked her glorious prize into her basket, the crowd roaring with excitement as Stoick shouted the winner. Doing a quick turnaround, Astrid took to the skies disappearing above the clouds as she left sight of village, heading north like always.

The trill of mighty wings soared over the surface of the sea, as a Night Fury grazed of the calm waters, small waves spraying the dragon and it’s rider in a light mist of salt, as large tidal dragons leaped from their home above the ocean as Toothless wove between them, his rider hanging tight to the handles as he sat upright in the saddle, shifting cold iron gears as they dived under wings and tails, the rider yelling with glee as they reached further up into the sky, breaching the clouds as the continued to sail. Narrow green slitted eyes scanned the sky as they swooped and dived, the feel of the bitter wind battering against scales and leather as Hiccup and Toothless dove, spinning up above clouds. Letting out a mighty roar, Toothless fell from the sky's grasp, bright green eyes going wide as they descended, evening out steadily, setting to a peaceful speed through the clouds. Spreading his arms, Hiccup sat up, enjoying the feel of the wind rushing past them. Flying higher above, a formation of Timberjacks howled, their large wings wiping the sun out of focus, casting large shadows on the earth down below. Sitting up straight, Hiccup relaxed, patting his friend’s neck, “How about we try it one more time, bud?” Giving a disgruntled shake of his head, Hiccup chuckled, already setting Toothless in gear, “Toothless, it’ll be fine, I promise.”

Unhooking his harness, Hiccup shifted his shoulders, letting the tension drain from his muscles as he fell, sliding off the saddle, plummeting to the ground with ease, an amazed yell escaping his lips as he slipped beneath the clouds. The heavy thumping of wings followed him, the nearing body of his friend leaning close to him, green eyes clashing as Hiccup smiled under his mask, Toothless returning the favor, his forked pink tongue peeking out of his mouth as the dragon attempted to smile. Thrusting his arms down, the pair pulled up, leather and scaled wings catching wind, human limbs struggling to keep in position despite the powerful wind he flew. Releasing the ridge on his
back, the freckled young man slowed his descent, his trusted friend on his heels, firing plasma
bolts into the sky at random, the shock waves keeping him flying.

Spotting an unfamiliar pillar before them through the clouds, Hiccup drifted slightly into the turn,
dodging the stonework as he dropped down to the ground of another pillar beyond, shifting his legs
forwards to catch his fall as Toothless settled behind him, watching as his rider stumbled, his peg
catching on a root, and the wind picking up, not long before slamming face first into a thin trunk of
a tall tree. Mocking in laughter at his rider’s demise, Toothless stepped forward, biting a hold of
Hiccup, pulling him onto his feet as the freckled dragon rider brushed himself off, red and orange
leaves sticking out of leather crevices and dirt clinging to his mask.

“See not so bad, now was it?” Hiccup grinned, taking off his mask and ruffling his hair as the wind
shifted. “It took a bit of work there bud, to finally get landing down.” Hiccup’s voice softened,
tucking his hand made wings into their pockets, “I guess all that time watching Jack fly wasn’t all
as stupid as Snotlout thought.” At the mention of the spirit’s name, Toothless stepped forward,
nudging Hiccup’s waist, freckled hands were brought to Toothless’s neck, scratching lightly “Yeah
bud, I miss him too.”

Emerald eyes glanced to the new found land in front of them, autumn forests loomed far below,
painted with oranges and golds, a soft dusting of clouds laid low to the ground, as the evening
sun’s rays danced over the scene, the land almost glowing with life as a swarm of birds swelled
below. “Looks like found another one, Toothless.”

Pulling out a worn notebook, Hiccup bent down, splaying a map out before him, the ruffling of
parchment below his fingertips as Hiccup opened the map before him, unfolding every addition
and every note which decorated the dirtied paper. Furrowing his dark eyebrows and pursing his
thin lips, Hiccup sharpened his charcoal, starting to draw his new addition on a freshly glue piece
of paper.

“So, what should we name it?” Looking at his companion, Hiccup cracked a smile, “Itchy armpit it
is then. Good choice.”

The rhythmic beat of wings came into earshot, gleeful squawks joining in the mix as Astrid landed
gracefully on the grass behind the freckled boy, “Why weren’t you at the race?” Astrid asked,
cutting straight to the point, taking a seat next to Hiccup, ruffling his hair as he continued his work,
sketching in the land before them as grey eyes wandered to sunken shoulders, only to move slightly
at each stroke of his pencil.

Looking up from his work, Hiccup gave a broad smile, “Hello, my lady. How are you doing
today?” Hiccup mocked in a princely tone.

“Winning races, what else? But, where have you been? Haven’t seen you all day.”

“Avoiding my dad.” Hiccup answered, nodding and moving his shoulders for emphasis.

“Oh boy, what happened this time?” Astrid laughed, playing with her braid.

“Don’t worry; it’ll be worth your while.” Hiccup said, starting his story, “So this morning,
everything is great, the sun is shining, nothing is on fire, and everything is peaceful with the world.
So, I saunter down for breakfast thinking that everything is right with the world. When my father
comes up to me saying ‘Son, we need to talk.’” Hiccup stood, causing Astrid to giggle as he friend
started to impersonate Stoick the Vast, about to continue before Astrid cuts in with a squeaky
voice, not far from Hiccup’s own.
“Not now dad, I have a day of goofing off to get to.”

“Wait! First off, I don’t sound anything like that. Who is this character you are impersonating? Secondly, what the hell are you doing with your shoulders?”

“You always do that!”

“Do not!”

“You just did!”

“Whatever,” Hiccup brushed off, “Anyway,” Hiccup starts stalking about, taking extreme steps with his chin lifted high, “he goes, ‘You’re the pride of Berk son, and I couldn’t be prouder.’”

Astrid started up again, “Aw, thanks dad, I pretty proud of myself as well.”

“‘You’re all grown up, and no other chief could ask for a better successor, I’ve decided—’”

“...To name you chief!” Astrid stood, eyes wide in excitement as Hiccup ran a freckled hand through his hair, his pinkie finger catching momentarily in one of the small braids in his hair. “Oh, Hiccup, this is wonderful! It’s such an honor to be chief! I know I certainly would love to bear the title!”

Hiccup sighed, taking his seat once again, Astrid following suit soon after as she calmed down, her blonde hair swaying in the wind as Hiccup took a minute to respond. “It’s just...it’s not for me, Astrid. But - you - Astrid, you’re more suited for it than I ever will be.” Hiccup sucked in a breath, a shuddery breath escaping his lips before he continued, “Astrid...I-I don’t even know who I am yet. How am I supposed to become chief if I don’t even know who I am?”

Astrid paused, biting her lip before letting the few true words escape her throat, “So you think it’s out here? That the answer is somewhere, but not in Berk?”

A steady breeze ran through his hair as he paused, a sharp tug pulling at his chest as he parted his rosy lips, “I just think that I’ll find the answer out there. I don’t know why Astrid, I just do.”

“Hiccup...” Astrid spoke, “The answer you’re looking for... it isn’t in the north.” Raising a slim arm, she placed her hand on his chest, smooth callused skin rubbing against harsh leather, “The answer you’re looking for is in here - your heart.”

Ruffling his hair, Hiccup scowled; not exactly pleased in the answer his friend had given him. He knew what he was looking for - whatever that may be - wasn’t in the north, or anywhere, but it still describe the harsh tug at his heart every time he went flying, urging him north without fail. Moving slim fingers down, taking the charcoal from it’s restful spot on the grass, Astrid continued to draw in the formation before them, graceful strokes passing over the parchment as Hiccup looked back at Toothless and Stormfly, who continued to play in the underbrush, happy squawks and growls coming from mere yards away. Dark blue eyes traveled over the map, so many pieces glued on and added, always growing every time she saw her best friend disappear beyond the horizon. Steady eyes glanced upwards, setting her gaze on the familiar portrait. It was a sketch, yet unlike most Hiccup’s drawings, it held more meaning than Astrid could ever grasp. The drawing itself was dull and worn, redrawn and outlined over and over again throughout the years, somehow always staying in place no matter how many times the booklet had been lost or accidentally dropped into the sea. It was a simple drawing, not color nor shading added, only showing a grand smile stretched over the person’s features, beautiful eyes crinkling in laughter as a slender yet sharp jaw finished the artwork, messy short hair adorning their head.

“Do you still miss him?” Astrid broke the silence, not looking up from the sketch of Jack Frost, the
Following Astrid’s gaze, Hiccup’s eyes darkened, “...Of course.” He paused, tense silence hanging around the pair as they looked upon the horizon, the starting of the sunset painting the beginnings of the sky magical colors, as a soft breeze caressed the autumn leaves decorating the trees far below, small glimpses of birds traveling to their nests for the night as the distant roars of dragons quelled by the force of the small taint of night. Not thinking much upon his words, Hiccup broke the silence, his voice low but true, “I still dream about him - that whenever I think I’m awake, I go down stairs, and...there he is. Just waiting by the door, perfectly fine, staff in hand and smiling, telling me to hurry up - that we’re going to be late for something.” Astrid placed a hand on his shoulder, eyebrows weaving together in sympathy, “He seems so real Astrid - his voice, his smile, his eyes, even his presence. It feels so real, and every time I get close to him... I wake up.” Hiccup looked down at Jack, a mere piece of paper compared to his dreams, “I still wonder if he’s okay...up in Valhalla.”

“Aiccup…” Astrid laid a hand on top of the freckled dragon rider’s, grey eyes locked on emerald green one’s, as they traveled to the horizon, widening as the atmosphere was lost in an instant.

“Astrid-”

“Nothing is out the-”

Grabbing the blonde’s jaw, Hiccup forced her gaze to the sky, clouds of smoke rising heavily into view, the source far beyond sight of the forest below, past the mountains of their view, dark fingers reaching for the pure clouds floating peacefully. Running to their dragons, they dashed forward, flying towards the smoke as the north wind started to pick up, a cold bitter draft of snow biting through thick leather and blackened scales.

Chapter End Notes

Oh look. Motivation and inspiration came back to me at last.
Not much of Jack in this chapter, but damn are we getting close.

Ash and soot was all that was left of the forest, the fire itself long dead in the earth, only skeletons of charred trunks and branches remained of the forest past the mountains, smoke and fog weaving together in a delicate dance, ripped apart by sharp teal and black wings. The destruction seemed to go onward forever, the greed of the flames devouring everything in sight, only stopping at the shore of the small low set island, where burned foliage turned to rock and cold stone of pillars piercing the sky. Narrowing wings and warm bodies pressed to harsh leather saddles, the dragons and their rider’s dived around pillars of stone, some still warm from the once raging fire, the wind being knocked out of them at the sight which met their eyes. Spears of ice skewered from the sea itself, as the wood of a wrecked upon the glacier like toothpicks, it’s long icy tendrils reaching for the Gods themselves as the fog started to lift. Feeling small compared to the giant sculpture before them, Hiccup and Astrid neared closer, eyes wide with worry and curiosity, weaving around long sharp fingers of ice, circling around the mysterious ice as more of the wooden ruins came into view. A short watchtower stood in the sea, not far from the ice, barely escaping the north’s wrath, probably the only unharmed part of the once well built structure which once stood proudly. Muttering to himself in wonder and worry, Hiccup neared around the bend, swords of ice running through wood like soft fabric. Remains of watchtowers and buildings were no longer, while heavy prints of dragons laid deeply in saturated mud, the sight itself sending Toothless on edge, Hiccup trying to calm his friend as they continued forward. Pointing down below, Astrid caught Hiccup’s attention, just in time to hear to shoot of a canon and the sharp abrasive command of orders. Shouting a warning to the blonde viking as Toothless dodged, the terrified squawk of Stormfly cut through the air, twisting and spiraling to the ground below, Astrid being flung off in their descent. Thinking quickly, Hiccup and Toothless lunged forward, dull dark claws gripped Astrid’s thick arm guards, flying away into safety, swiftly circling about, the hard thump of Stormfly hitting the ground below followed by yells and screams and a series of angry squawks. Landing before the unknown opponents, Astrid snatched up anything insight, her usual axe forgotten at home instead of on her hip, a flimsy piece of wood gripping in her twitching palm, while Hiccup leaped off of Toothless, the Night Fury himself sinking low to the ground, usual round and wide eyes narrow and slitted, lavender fumes building in his throat as Hiccup ran forward, lighting his weapon aflame, brandishing his weapon for all to see, making the men about recoil, the form of Stormfly tied to the ground meeting Astrid’s dark blue eyes at once.

“Let her go!” She shouted, edging closer to her dragon, a mysterious man answering her call.

“Berk again, isn’t it?” The man stepped up on Stormfly, getting a better look at the trio, “It really is a Night Fury.”

“Give. Stormfly. Back.” Astrid growled, sinking lower on her haunches, boots shifting on the stone ground, a few loose pebbles caught underfoot

“No can do. Not after your little dragon rider friends decided to steal all of our dragons and destroy our fort to bits!” The man grabbed the Deadly Nadder’s horn on her snout, his body tense as his
eyes filled with hatred towards the Berkian pair.

“What? You think we did this?” Hiccup asked, confusion riddling his mind as questioned.

The man laughed, “Dragon trapping is hard enough work without you dragon riders messin’ up our work!”

“Dra-Wait. There are other dragon riders out there?” Hiccup recoiled his blade of fire, looking about in awe around them, amazed that a dragon could do such a thing.

Astrid spoke up, “How many riders were there?”

The man scoffed, leaning back down on Stormfly, causing Astrid’s lip to curl, “There were two of them. And thanks to that, we don’t have any dragons to bring to Drago for his army.”

Hiccup backed away cautiously, overlooking the man in front of them, brushed back brown hair tied in a loose ponytail, blue tribal tattoos covering his chin. A fur wrap lay on his shoulders, while a thick red and white shirt could be seen underneath, heavy leather arm guards adorned his forearms while an owl or dragon-like pendent was pinned onto his fur wrap. Dark and thick pants covered his legs along with fur boots, a belt hung on his waist, one hand resting on the hilt of a sword.

“Army?” Hiccup questioned, eying as the men around them as they started forward, Toothless growling in distaste.

“Yes. I am Eret, son of Eret, the best dragon trapper in the land, who I work for Drago Bludvist to extend his dragon army. And Drago doesn’t like us showing up empty handed.” Eret said, starting a slow circle around them, dark eyes narrowing.

A nervous laugh at the tip of his tongue, Hiccup neared Toothless, catching the look Eret had started to give his men, “Look, Eret, we don’t know anything about thieving riders or ice-spitting dragons or Drago Bloody-fist. So, if we can get our dragon back we can leave…”

The creaking and shifting of gears were heard as Eret bowed, unsheathing a knife from the small of his back, holding the knife loosely in his hand, keeping his eyes on Hiccup and Astrid, and especially Toothless, as he made a quick glance above him, a small smile playing on his lips, “Leave? Oh no, I think not. Not when we have two pretty dragons in our sights. Especially one that is a Night Fury.”

Toothless stepped forward, a shrieking roar ripping from his jaw, teeth bared and sharp, “Yes, and this is Toothless, and I think he wants to leave now, so we’ll be going.” Hiccup laughed off, his tone turning serious, “Now.”

Eret laughed, “They all say that, don’t they men? Now, Fire!”

Jumping away from Toothless, Astrid and Hiccup dived for Stormfly, a plasma bolt soaring to a spear of ice above them, as they forgot about their cannons and weapons, the dragon trappers taking cover from the falling debris. The loud cracking glacier ice vibrated through the ruins, as Hiccup cut Stormfly loose, Astrid clambering up on top of her rightful dragon, taking to the skies immediately, the colorful dragon more than willing to get away from the dragon trapper’s fort. Rushing onto Toothless’s back, Hiccup shifted gears in a hurry, as dragon trappers ran forward, their grip only inches away from the Night Fury’s tail fin as Toothless took towards the evening sun, turning south, the sound of Eret’s vulgarities fading into the distance as they headed back to Berk.
On Berk, life was hectic like usual, vikings of all shapes and sizes racing from place to place, eager to shut up shop for the day and to take care of their dragon after a hard day’s work. Dinner was starting to cook in the Great Hall as the smell of lamb and yak meat mixed together in the evening air, the sun already in process of setting over the horizon. As the sky was being painted by reds and purples and hues of blue, Toothless and Stormfly flew in, soaring peacefully over Gothi’s small hut, the old woman taking down her laundry, her eyes catching with Hiccup’s, tilting her head in a small bow, as Hiccup returned the favor as they dropped down into the village’s main courtyard, immediately dismounting. Running past the dragon feed and the dragon washing station, Stormfly and Toothless departed them, leaving Hiccup and Astrid to battle the late evening crowds. Above the moving heads of the walking crowd, Hiccup spotted his father, bending down to speak with Gobber, who worked on a golden tooth for a blue Zippleback.

“Ah! There he is, the pride of Berk!” Stoick shouted at the sight of his son, the crowd parting a little as Hiccup pushed through, becoming chief being the last thing on Hiccup’s mind as he approached.

“Look who decided to show up. About time too.” Gobber chided, swinging his hammer hand-peg at Hiccup, who playfully recoiled, sprouting the first excuse which came to mind.

Following his father deeper into Gobber’s shop, Hiccup pushed his way through, “Hey, dad, we need to talk.” Hiccup started, only to meet Stoick’s proud and gleeful face.

“Anything you need to tell me, son? I’m all ears. What do you need to say?” Stoick handed Hiccup his apron.

“Well, probably not the thing you want to hear, but it’s pretty important.” Hiccup replied, hanging his apron back where it belonged.

“Yes! Good man! Now, first lesson, a chief’s duty is to his people. A chief always protects his own. Forty-one!” Stoick shouted, a man coming up to the front, describing what he wanted for his saddle, the chief reassuring the man of his order, not long before disappearing back into the shop with Hiccup.

“Dad, this is a bit bigger than making saddles…” Hiccup tried.

“Ah! Lesson number two, no task is too small if it’s for your people.” Stoick answered in a singsong voice, sidestepping Grunt, Gobber noticing the low burning fire and criticizing his Gronckle.

An explosion of molten rock burst from the Gronckle, a shriek ripping from Hiccup’s throat, running forward to his father, wiping off the embers of the fire off his armor as he continued to push forward with urgency. Stoick was at Hiccup’s workbench, placing random things into a box for Hiccup to use, “Look, dad, I really need to tell you about this new land we found.”

“Another one?” Gobber asked, mocking surprise.

“Any new dragons?” Fishlegs wondered, popping out of nowhere behind Gobber.

Hiccup replied, “We didn’t stay long enough to check, the people we met weren’t exactly happy to see us.”

“Oh, you mean the Deadly Nadder and the Night Fury scared them off? Who knew?” Gobber muttered, going back to work as another dragon was brought in.

Stoick draped a base of thick layer on a wood cut out of a basic draconian figure, “No, these guys,
dad - they were trappers. Dragon trappers at that.”

“You should have seen their fort, blown to pieces by ice, apparently from a dragon!” Astrid cut in, making grand hand motions to lengthen her tale.

“Well, its best then that we stay away from those parts, and stick to our own. Besides, I can’t wait for the big announcement!”

“Dad! They are building a dragon army.” Heads started to turn, glad that Hiccup had finally started to be noticed by his father, “Or at least the person they work for Dargo Bloody-fist or something.”

“Drago Bludvist?” Stoick asked, all of the previous happiness had quickly been washed away, his face showing his age as his skin went pale, emerald eyes widening at the true sight which laid before him. Stoick’s beard was no longer it’s bright red color, and was now a dull light orange, highlights of white hair coming from his face as it covered wrinkles. His father was aging, and there was nothing Hiccup could do about it.

Letting go of Hiccup’s shoulders, Stoick ran past him, his weathered brown fur cape flowing behind him as he ran, Hiccup trying to keep up despite his missing leg, uneven footsteps trailing after broad footfalls as Stoick thundered down the dark spiral staircase which led to the underground stables, a large opening part of the cliff face for the dragon entrance. Over four stories tall and big enough to fit over a hundred dragons, torches lining the walls as the sun settled completely over the horizon, barrels of tools and equipment for the dragons upkeep stood at the doorway, art on the walls of the types of dragons and folklore the residents on Berk had heard, some telling tales that the riders of the former dragon academy had one part taken in.

“Close the storm doors and keep the dragons inside! No viking nor dragon leaves Berk!” Stoick shouted, a rain of human and beast entering the stables, some dragons already in their nests for the upcoming night.

“What is going on?” Hiccup asked, following right on his father’s heels.

“Hiccup, Drago is a mad man, and is he has truly built an army, may the Gods have mercy on our souls and send us quickly to Valhalla.” Stoick answered, turning away, shouting orders to quickly shut in the dragons.

“Okay, but how about we ride out there, follow the trappers, and talk Drago out of this!” Hiccup persuaded.

“No, Hiccup,” Stoick answered sternly, pointing towards the north, “Drago Bludvist is a man of no reason. It is our duty to protect our people.”

“Yes, and it is also our job to keep the peace.” Hiccup replied, trying once more.

Stoick darkened, his gaze narrowing as he loomed above his son, his words speaking nothing but the truth, “No, Hiccup. Peace is over. It is time to prepare you for war.”

“War?” Hiccup breathed, eyes going wide, “Dad, if he is coming for our dragons, then we can’t just sit around waiting for him to come here and take them from us. Let’s go find him and change his mind.”

“Hiccup,” Stoick repeated, eyes softening to something akin to pity, “Some minds won’t be changed.” Leaving his side, Stoick turned, shouting more orders to his men, hurrying to protect his people, the storm doors starting to close.
Clambering onto Toothless, Hiccup shifted into gear, tearing out of the storm doors, Astrid hot on his heels as they ducked and dived, barely making the cut as they flew out to open sea. Making sure they were far enough from Berk itself, they slowed, Hiccup lifting his helmet to share a look with Astrid, the same questions rolling through her mind as his. Hiccup didn’t have any clue on what he was going to say to Drago, but he did know what he was going to ask Eret. As much as he should have been dying to know the answers to Drago and his army, his true interest lied in the dragon thieves. Who were they, and what did they want? And most of all, why did the mere mention of the thieves bring the familiar tug in Hiccup’s chest, urging him onward even more so.
Emerging from the Clouds

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Early morning light streamed through the clouds, early morning fog starting to lift as a lone ship came into view. The crisp smell of ice and freshly fallen snow cut through the wind, mixed with the scent of salt wafting from the sea far below. The waters were calm and still, no trace of any storms in the air as a slight breeze blew the boat to the west, Toothless and Stormfly quickly found their rider’s desire. Only stopping briefly for a few small hours to drink and to stretch their stiff legs, the Berkian pair hadn’t paused their quick pace, not delaying their quest to eat nor sleep. Flying in relative close silence as they approached, their dragons grunting in displeasure at the sight of the harpoons and arrows, a sense of dread crawling up Hiccup’s spine as he chose to ignore it, trying to focus on landing safely on deck. As they neared, shouts and quick movement erupted on board; the harsh smell of sweat and blood hitting them head on dodging the nets as they flew. Twisting and turning, they landed, the sound of swords being drawn while axes were brandished, Eret stepping forward to greet the dragon riders, as the scraping of claws were silenced as the dragons had finished landing.

“And here I thought we would turn up empty handed.” Eret said, pointing his sword at Toothless’s snout, a harsh growl rumbling in his throat as Hiccup raised his hands, “We won’t allow you to escape again.”

“Then today is your lucky day,” Hiccup grinned, motioning for Astrid to lower her weapon, her jaw slack as she watched in bewilderment, “We give up!”

“What?”

“You heard us, we surrender.” Hiccup smiled, clambering off of Toothless and pulling down his friend. “You now have, one Night Fury, one Deadly Nadder, and two of Berk’s finest dragon riders if I do say so myself.” Hiccup draped a net over Astrid, taking her favored axe from her small fingers, shoving it into Eret’s arms as they made their way to the holding cell.

Ignoring Astrid’s shocked look, Hiccup continued, his uneven footsteps vibrating every time his metal leg hit the hard wood, leaving Toothless and Stormfly up above as he closed the cell door with a clang. Muttering to his dragon in hushed tones through the grate, Hiccup closed the small door on top, obviously made for human entrance. As the Night Fury settled, lying on top of the door, bright green eyes opened, large and wide, curiously watching as his rider fumbled about in the depths. Astrid curled up in the corner, whispering to Hiccup in hopes of gaining an inch of the plan he had seemingly made up on the spot, truly wondering if her friend had actually thought his way through the seemingly stupid plan of his. Pulling himself up after a few dreadful minutes in the stuffy cell passing by, Hiccup opened the small door on the iron gate, emerald eyes and tan freckled cheeks peeking out, soon following by a small round nose and thin rosy lips, eyes wandering the deck as the trappers nervously walked about the dragons, eying them as Stormfly laid curled in a tight ball near the helm, golden eyes shut as the Deadly Nadder slept, not receiving much rest on their journey to the north. Eret was busy manning the helm as well, not paying much mind to the sleeping dragon only a few short feet away from him, eyes wide as he searched the horizon, and for some odd reason, the sea as well, almost as if he expected something to emerge from the icy waters.

“Excuse me?” Hiccup called, effectively catching Eret’s attention.
“What in the Gods’ names do you want now?” He stepped forward, sword still in hand.

Hiccup replied, a bright smile still playing on his lips for all to see, showing his slightly crooked teeth for the world to see, “What do you know about the other dragon riders? Did you see what they looked like?”

“Is that why you’re here?” Eret scoffed, but continued to answer the freckled man’s question, “I couldn’t get a good glimpse of one of the riders, if that’s what you’re asking for.” Hiccup was silent, Eret sighing as he realized that his prisoner was waiting for a bit more information. “The other rider was covered in armor; we couldn’t even tell if they were male or female. It was in the middle of the night, so we couldn’t see much now could we?” Eret asked, his tone growing quick and frustrated more by the minute, practically spitting his last words, “Happy?”

“What about the dragons?” Astrid asked, popping up from behind Hiccup.

Eret froze, a visible shudder running through his body as his went pale, obviously shaken at the mention of the mysterious dragons. Jolting from his stupor, his tone coming back twice as fierce, “No way are getting any more information. Get back in your cell, dragon riders.” Eret took a few steps back, coming in fault with his men, who had started to gather around once more. “What are you two doing here anyways?”

“I am here to go to Drago and I plan on changing his mind about dragons.” Hiccup replied, confidence filling his chest.

The men around him laughed, “And how do you plan to do that?” Eret giggled.

“He can be really convincing.” Astrid added, leaning on Hiccup’s shoulder, moving slightly as Hiccup stepped up on deck, Eret tightening his grip on the hilt of his sword.

“Dragons will do anything for you once you gain their trust, and if you will let me, I can even change your mind right no-aAHHH!”

Sharp claws scooped Hiccup up by the arms, the swaying deck which once was held firmly under his feet disappeared from view, the ripping of sharp wings slicing the sails of the tiny barge, as the endless sea came into view, the ship itself becoming smaller and smaller in the distance, the thin form of Toothless becoming a mere speck on the mast of one the curled sails. The smell of ash and burning wood wafted down to Hiccup who lifted his head to view the underbelly of Hookfang; his enormous scaled wings beating through the air with ease.

“Snotlout! Put me down!” Hiccup shouted, exhaustion at the tip of his tongue.

Ignoring his kidnapped friend, Snotlout looked up at the Zippleback above them, a grin on his face as he spoke, “Hey, Ruffnut, see how well I protect and provide?”

A loud groan was heard from the twins, the Zippleback dodging as more nests flew overhead, “What’s with all the nests?” Tuffnut muttered.

Kicking off of the Monstrous Nightmare’s stomach, ripping himself from the dragon’s clutches, falling through the air with no dragon to help him. Shoving his arms into the straps, Hiccup pulled out his leather wings, slowing his descent as he glided, tackling the sail of the dragon trapper’s ship. Settling on the deck of the boat, Toothless nudged his side, happy to see his rider back by his side. Astrid struggled to have the trappers to stop firing as the Berkian dragon riders landed heavily on the firm wooden deck, the hull tipping haphazardly as Hiccup leaned on his scaled companion. Two more dragons landed heavily on the deck, Hiccup instantly noticing his father’s dragon,
Skullcrusher, and Grunt and Gobber, the viking dentist laughing nervously as he eyed his friend, Stoick the Vast stepping out from the shroud of a sail, Eret talking about how great he was, Stoick passing by him as if he was nothing more than the dirt he walked upon, hard glare steady as he approached his son, Hiccup pursing his lips and taking a grand gulp as he readied himself for what was about to come.

The Berkian chief paused in front of his son, looming over the smaller viking man, not long before his eyes softened as he sighed deeply, “Let’s go home, Hiccup.”

Shaking his head furiously, Hiccup stayed his ground, unbeknownst to the skilled dragon rider, that his entire fate had changed on the simple answer, “No, dad,” Hiccup backed away slightly, edging closer to Toothless’s harness and saddle, “I refuse to let Berk go to war despite being able to do something about it.”

“Hiccup, for the last time - there is no reasoning with Drago. He is a mad man bent on the destruction of others and their dragons. If he is building a dragon army, then it is best that we stick to our own and protect the people in the village.”

“Yes, but we could also protect them but stopping the disaster before it even come to past.” The freckled viking clambered onto Toothless, chest swelling in courage and determination, “I am going to stop Drago, dad. Watch me. You say that I am the pride of Berk, then let me do this, please.”

Without waiting for his father’s response, Hiccup took to the skies, the sun almost to the midday point. Continuing north, Toothless flew in silence, not daring to make a sound as his rider fumed, his thoughts a jumbled mess as the gears in his mind spun together, gritting his teeth as frustration built in his chest. Too many things tumbled around him: the responsibility of chief hood, dragon trappers, a dragon army, a mysterious man hell bent on the destruction of Berk, a duo of dragon vigilantes, and threat of the lives on Berk. Possible scenarios run rampant through his brain, as Hiccup struggled to find a way to stop ill events from falling into place. Did Hiccup take up the job of chief, and either become a legend of a chief, or failure to the history of Berk? Did Hiccup truly follow his father’s plan to not go after Drago? What if Hiccup only managed to make the situation worse, and death itself would rain from the sky, down on Berk, his childhood swept off the face of the earth? If they managed to stop Drago, would the dragon trappers only find another buyer to sell to, and continue to trap the intelligent creatures? But, if Hiccup managed to stop Drago, the dragon army, and the trappers, what about the dragon thieves? Would they stop harming those who sought harm to those who hurt dragons, or would they continue to take dragons without cause? What if they then came to Berk?

Breaking through the clouds, Hiccup was ever quiet, hands unclenching from the wooden handles of the saddle, sitting upright in his seat. Gliding peacefully, Hiccup did the last thing he was possibly capable of, the act coming so naturally and happily, like a volcano ready to burst, but never letting a spout of ash drift into the air in fear of what would happen. But Hiccup didn’t care, that fear which he once had didn’t matter, it was replaced by nothingness, letting his soul erupt on the spot.

Hiccup screamed.

He didn’t care anymore. He let his guard drop as he flopped backwards, lying against his friend, and his mind finally going silent as his eyes clouded over. The pressure on his chest lifting as Hiccup drank in a large gulp of fresh and crisp northern air, releasing in a shuddering huff. The amount of freedom he had returned to him, pushing his previous thoughts back to the furthest corners of his mind, simply focusing on what was around him. Staring up at the baby blue sky, the
beat of foreign wings pounded against the wind, the freckled boy’s temporary relief shattered as he sat up.

“Dad, for the last ti-” Hiccup started, fairly sure the face which looked at him in the clouds was not his father at all.

The clouds grasped at the figure’s shoulders, like tiny hands as the form stayed ever still, no sign of the dragon which flew within the clouds underneath, so close to being silent as Toothless growled. The person’s mask was displayed, looking almost insect-like as splatters and brushstrokes of bright blue tainted the leather bound mask, small slits for eyes encircled by blue stared back at Hiccup, emerald eyes wide as he gazed back, trying to figure out the puzzle before him. Blue tendrils spun from the mask, a dragon-like property to the mask as it disappeared under the white sea around them.

Leaning close to Toothless, the freckled dragon rider hyper-aware of his surroundings as he patted his friend’s neck, trying to reassure the both of them in the present situation, “Easy buddy, easy. Everything is going to be fine.” Hiccup muttered, mainly talking to himself as the known fear of what laid underneath the clouds sent chills up his spine, “I promise, bud.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the boring chapters lately, but thankfully we freaking done with that. Jack in the next chapter!
Looking around cautiously, Hiccup’s head swiveled, searching the clouds for any dip or rise of the sea, waves of white lapping at his ankles as Toothless skimmed the surface, not daring to dive underneath. The harsh wind which swirled around them drowned out the sounds about, only the sound of invisible claws ripped against his mask as Toothless slowed, bright green eyes wide as he tried to see through the depths below. Leaning forward, Hiccup glanced about, backpedaling when the clouds erupted, a large dragon bursting up from below, circling Hiccup as he stared, slack jawed and wide eyes, setting his eyes on the dragon and it’s rider before him. Leather armor was strapped to their body as they stood on the back of giant red dragon, both pairs of its crimson wings beating the air before them, upturning the clouds as Toothless growled.

Harsh talons wrapped around Hiccup’s arms in a firm hold, ripping the freckled man off the saddle, his helmet flying off in the struggle. Craning his neck behind him, Hiccup turned in time to see Toothless howl as he plunged to the ground, his cry echoing into the abyss, out of sight. The dragon which held Hiccup followed the dragon rider and the red dragon, silently flying through the clouds, not needing any map or compass to know where they were going. The winds had shifted, slowing to a dull roar, moving the clouds along like a blanket, creating cover for their journey. Kicking his legs and tugging at his arms didn’t seem to earn Hiccup even a look in his direction, but a mere grunt from the green dragon above him. The descent off the flight was brought by a sharp drop, falling beneath the clouds, joining together with a swarm of other dragons Fishlegs could’ve only dreamed about. Large and small, thin and bulky, every class of dragons ever to be seen, dragons from near and far were there, all continuously flying north. Heavy fog was starting to clear, and a gasp was ripped from his throat, emerald eyes going wide at the newfound sight before him.

In the only word Hiccup could describe the structure was ‘enormous’. It sat kindly on a large barren island, the only thing in sight was the fortress of ice, familiar spears of frozen water piercing the sky, mirroring the wreckage of the trapper’s destruction, but instead of destruction, construction and a sense of serenity flooded over his cold body, his Berkian armor not suited for weather as cold as the north. Nearing closer and closer, Hiccup started to struggle once more, the swarm starting to file into a crack in the ice, darkness quickly surrounding Hiccup as they plunged forward, not a sign of light about as he was dropped. Rolling into the fall, Hiccup hit the ground hard, his mind reeling as he tried to gain his bearings. The steady drip of water echoed around him, also covered by the sounds of dragon’s breath. Moving to his feet, fingers twitching to his sin, eager to grip his weapon. The pitch was lifted as powerful dragons opened their mighty jaws, fires starting to dwell in their throats, ready to fire at any moment. A calm wave washed over the dragon rider, Hiccup moving forward to the dragons, nowhere to escape, nowhere to run, his heart pounding in his chest as fierce eye bored into his soul. Reaching for his weapon, Hiccup pulled the canister free from its holster. Spinning around, he released the Zippleback gas, covering his eyes as his thumb found its way to the trigger, lighting the gas aflame. The actions themselves seemed so natural and fluid, but an inking of fear gripped his heart, his confidence wavering as the dragons didn’t move, their flame unyielding.

A lone dragon crept forward, eyes growing wide in admiration. Standing to his full height, Hiccup turned his body slightly, edging forward as his gaze met with the glowing yellow eyes, raising his hand in trust. Mere inches away from his palm, a sharp clack rang throughout the room. The dragon back away and Hiccup turned, bending his knees in ready for a fight. Footsteps hit the stone floor, the familiar padding of Berkian shoes hit the ground as the figure neared closer, the foreign dragon rider crouching forward, double hooked bone staff in hand, riddled with holes and bound in leather. Their crimson cape dragged across the ground as the rider neared, still low on their
hunches as they pressed to Hiccup’s chest. The masked rider cocked their head to side, as if puzzled at the sight of the freckled man. Jolting back slightly, an intake of breath was heard, the staff hitting the ground as trembling fingers inched forward to Hiccup’s chin.

“Um, can I help you?” Hiccup asked nervously, unable to step away as dragon blocked his path.

A muffled, broken voice whispered under the blue mask, “Hi-Hiccup?”

A shudder ran up the foreign dragon rider’s form, a sense of strange dread creeping through Hiccup’s ribcage at the mention of his name, “Should I know you?”

Thin hands reached for the mask, their calloused palms touching the tough yet weather-worn leather, pulling the cover away, the mask hitting the ground with a thud as bright green eyes met Hiccup’s. Taking in the rider before him, Hiccup gazed at her. She was beautiful, even at the age of his father, with sharp cheekbones and a slender jaw, thin nose and big green eyes filled with wonder and curiosity. Her thin eyebrows arched and her thin mouth slightly agape at the sight of him. Repeating his question, the stranger’s eyes narrowed in sorrow as their gaze hit the stone floor, “No, I suppose not. You were only a babe last time I saw you.” Starting to question her words, she continued, “But a mother never forgets her own.”

Hiccup gasped, his mind swimming as a million and one questions started to form. His father had never spoken of his mother, and none of villagers had dared to defy the chief. He didn’t even know what his mother had looked like, and suddenly, without a word, he was supposed to believe the woman before him was his long deceased mother? The dead were supposed to stay dead, were they not? Valhalla had never graced earth with the return of its souls. And yet, she seemed so familiar. Hiccup could understand why he had looked so different from his father. If what she - his mother - was saying was really true, then…

Hiccup looked at his hands, tan and freckled, scarred and calloused with years of leather and dragon work. He had gotten his father’s jaw, and his mother’s eyes, as well of his brown hair. Hiccup looked at his mother once more, no freckles showing on her pale skin, mindlessly wondering if his trademark skin had been received from his father, only shown underneath his bushy greying red beard.

Hiccup brought his gaze to the woman’s before him, opening his mouth to calm his racing mind, questions forming on the tip of his tongue, when the heavy flapping of wings resonated in the tunnels, the sudden thought of Toothless wiping the thought of his long lost mother out of sight, as a she stepped out of the way as the dragon neared, dropping a inky blob on the floor, Hiccup instantly jumping forward, the sight of his friend dripping onto the floor, a seen layer of water spread on dark scales as his companion rose to consciousness. As Toothless stood, Valka rushed passed them, an eager smile painting her face as her eyes glowed with glee.

“Come.” She spoke, rushing past the ring of dragons and into the tunnels, stopping once in a while for Toothless and Hiccup to catch up.

“Wait!” Hiccup ran forward, his uneven steps as fast as he could with his prosthetic. They twisted and turned in the maze, only hearing the sound of Valka’s words as she egged him on to follow her, as he squeezed past a small cranky in the rock, Toothless turning so he could fit as the sight of Valka disappeared around another bend. “If you’re my mother—” Hiccup started, following the best he could as he crashed into a wall of rock as the tunnel jutted in an entirely different direction, “—then where have you been all of these years?” Valka jumped over a stone slab, using her staff to vault her body into the air, onto the other side. Trying to keep close, Hiccup practically tackled the rock head on, his dull fingernails scratching at the wall as his metal leg grinded against the sleek surface. The soft push from Toothless lifted him over the bend. Hiccup shuffled to his feet, and
raced for the opening, stopping dead in his tracks at the scene which lay upon him. Hundreds of
dragons flew in the distance, as pillars of sleek stone and ice formed the inside of the nest, small
waterfalls crashing into the lake below as vegetation grew strong.

Looking up, Hiccup gazed at the red dragon from before, Valka resting in Cloudjumper’s wingspan
as she gazed down at her son in a worried gaze, “Do you like it?” She asked; hope tinting her
words as she shot a quick glance at the nest.

Hiccup nodded, Valka settling a steady conversation starting to flow, as questions were asked and
answered. Topics flew by in a blink of an eye, topics of dragons and Berk, and even Drago were
brought up and then dropped, catching up on lost time and important memories. It wasn’t long until
the dragon nest itself was brought up and soon, the Bewilderbeast himself.

“Would you like to get a closer look?” Valka asked, excitement running through her veins as she
headed down the cliff face, keeping to a narrow passage to the lower part of the nest, not bothering
to ask for a response from Hiccup on the question beforehand.

Hiccup followed, carefully stumbling down the path, Valka’s steps easy and practiced as she
walked down the steep slope, wandering closer to the Bewilderbeast, emerald eyes watching the
majestic dragon rest on in the icy depths, bright blue eyes not paying much mind to Hiccup nor
Toothless, the King’s eyes wandering over the nest, watching contently as the nest carried on.
Ferns and grass licked at Hiccup’s ankles, a few blades grass wrapping around the cold metal as
Toothless looked about. Swaying vines loomed over head while dragons watched with newfound
curiosity, eyes flicking from the newcomers to the King. Upon the presence of the Bewilderbeast,
Valka took a knee; the King took in the sight of Hiccup, who froze in place, unable to move as a
feeling of awe spread through his chest.

“This is…” Hiccup breathed, thankful for Valka to pick up his words, his throat closing at the sight
of the dragon.

He had never seen such a mighty dragon, such sheer power lying underneath thick scales as warm
eyes wandered his body. Rough lips opened and a stream of frost brushed through his hair, lips
tugging in a sad smile, a sharp pang shooting through his chest at the thought of Jack, who had
done the same thing during their late night talks, as they would cuddle under the stars, sharing
words for only them to hear.

“This is the King of the nest, protector of all dragons who roam this fortress, the Bewilderbeast.
He’s the one who even made this safe haven for all dragons.” Valka followed, standing before him
as she walked along the cliff face. “Would you like to see the King’s rider?”

Awestruck, Hiccup smiled, “Someone rides him? How? It’s the King of the Nest, right?”

“Yes, but in all twenty years of my time with dragons, he is truly the only one who has been able to
tame any Alpha.” Valka headed further into the nest, as the sound of cawing dragons and human
speech reaching Hiccup’s ears. Dodging the main pillar, they turned, the sound of voices growing
closer as Valka stepped out of the way.

Hiccup froze, eyes wide and unblinking, not daring to tear his eyes away from the clearing. The
sound of dragons turned silent as Hiccup watched as steady frost crept over the grass and ferns,
only disturbed by frostbitten bare feet, treading lightly on soft vegetation, green blades dancing
underfoot as graceful steps walked along the dragons. Heavily worn brown pants hung tight on
long pale legs, shins tied with thin rope around the frayed edges of cloth. Blue fabric was wrapped
around his thin yet muscled torso, the bottom of the shirt lined with a trim of white, a triangular cut
made at each hip, the expanse of cloth coming over his shoulders as a fur hood gathered at the base
of his neck, far thinner than any hood Astrid had ever worn, a gleaming metal pendant at the gathering of the hood on his chest. A lone thick stitched leather shoulder pad adorned his left shoulder, his sleeveless shirt coming to an end. Hide wrapped around his forearms, bound in leather, artificial spikes protruded the armguards in replica of a dragon’s, slender fingers bare as one held a crooked, twisted wooden staff, the other resting on a leather pouch strapped to his hip. Ever present shackles hung to his wrists and ankles, the iron chains clashing in the wind as frozen blood hung close to porcelain skin, irritated skin contrasting with its usual color. Two long strands of dragon’s teeth hung around his neck, resting peacefully on his chest as Hiccup watched in disbelief as it rose and fell. Pale lips and bright blue eyes stayed trained on the ground at his feet, who rolled in the frost and ice, his white hair not changing a day since he had last laid eyes on the teen in front of him, whom not noticing the freckled dragon rider’s presence.

Taking in the sight before him, Hiccup stayed still, as if he feared to move at all, as if it was all simple a hallucination of his mind, finally breaking after winters upon winters of his lover’s death. He didn’t dare to disrupt the spell, the sight of the spirit before him causing his heart to pound against his chest, willing to take the chance. The chance to make sure that the person before him was truly his boyfriend. Mindless steps were taken, Hiccup nearing slowly, crossing the large clearing to the teenage sprite. At the halfway point, the white haired spirit, stilled, straightening his shoulders as he turned, shock rippling through his features as he gazed at Hiccup.

“Jack?” Hiccup breathed, eyes wide with hope as he received no reply.

Taking a step forward, Hiccup slows even further, watching the other male closely as Jack backed away, unsure. Confusion and fear, the two things which didn’t belong to the Jack Hiccup once knew, contorted on Jack features. Turning on his bare heel, Jack ran, disappearing down one of the many tunnels, the darkness consuming his figure once more to Hiccup’s eyes.

Taking a leap forward, Hiccup started to follow, only to be caught by a strong grasp on his forearm, turning to see Valka, her eyes soft yet sorrowful. Confusion riddled his mind as he tried to understand his mother’s reaction. When she spoke, her voice was kind and honest, yet only a mere whisper, “Hiccup, what Jack is feeling now is how you feel about me. He doesn’t know how to feel yet, and only time may mend a broken bond.” Valka smiled, releasing her grasp, “Come. I think it’s about time for feeding, don’t you?”
The flight to the outside was unsettling, to say the least. Hiccup followed Valka to the open sea, no solid land to be seen for miles and while the sun had started to hang low in the sky, the darkness seemed to give no ill to the dragons around them, their beady yellow eyes scanning the waters with excitement. Hovering in the air, Hiccup waited, watching his mother smile at him with glee, every few seconds glancing down at the icy depths, far too cold for any dragon or human to stay under for long. Icebergs dotted the horizon, like clouds in the night, emerald eyes being lost in the tangle of waves below. Jack. Jack was alive. He was well, he was smiling. And yet, why did he run? Had Hiccup done something wrong, something he had so sorrowfully forgotten over the years.

Jolting in his seat, a movement beneath the surface caught his eye. Leaning further down, moving hips slightly down on the leather saddle, as Hiccup struggled to see the form far below. A chorus of roars filled the air behind him, his eyes not daring to be drawn from the ocean as a pale being rose from the depths, an explosion of surf spraying into the air as great jaws exploded into the sky. Rows upon rows of teeth glinted in the evening sun, a rain of fish taking to the clouds. In a swirl of color, dragons dove and climbed the wind, hungry mouths open as fish of all shapes and sizes started to fall back to their watery home. The form of the mighty Bewilderbeast rested on the lapping waves, bright eyes wide as the King watched its kin. Toothless dived, catching a mouthful of sea life in his jaws as he chewed gleefully, circling slowly around the Alpha, emerald eyes catching on a moving figure on the enormous dragon’s forehead. Hovering at the side of the King’s tusk, far above the crashing waves, Hiccup looked down. Squinting his eyes and furrowing his brow, a small smile made its way to tan lips, a tinting of pink hidden behind freckles as Hiccup watched as graceful steps walked along ivory tusks, watching the skies with bright blue eyes full with contentment and joy. Familiar staff swinging around thin yet broad shoulders, Jack swung his legs over the sea as he walked, enjoying the breeze as snowflake eyes struggled to keep to the horizon, the dark form of the Night Fury and dragon rider staying in the corner of his eye.

Dangling chains hit the tusk in rhythmic blows, the Wind pushing against burning iron as Jack walked, the fur around his neck tickling the skin on his nape. The rattling of dragon’s teeth around his neck hung heavily on his chest, while only to be drowned by the sound of wings sing through the air. A sight above him caught his eye, a slender pale hand running through his white hair as Jack glanced up, Valka casting her staff in the air, not long before a slim hand pointed towards him. Hiccup glanced at Jack and Valka questioningly, Jack nodding in understanding, taking to the skies as the Wind took him higher and higher. Valka nodded for Hiccup to follow, not before casting a glance at Jack’s retreating form, a cloud of dragons following ever slowly, each savoring the feel of freedom outside the sanctuary.

Following out of sight, Toothless and a few others followed Cloudjumper patiently, soaring over icebergs and over lands Hiccup had never dreamed of. Tidal class dragons followed deep below, a shimmer of green or blue scales catching in the sun’s eye to shine through the darkening waves. Blue skies were painted in hues of oranges and reds and lavenders, as night started to fall, the beginning of stars breaking through in the east. Taking to the skies, further than the clouds themselves, Hiccup and Valka soared, feeling the wind for what it was - simple and strong.

“This is what it feels like to be a dragon, Hiccup!” Valka roared, glee wrinkling her features as her eyes crinkled in delight.
A laugh bubbled up from Hiccup’s throat, casting his mother a sly look, “Yes, it is. But can you fly like one?” Hiccup unhooked from his saddle and threw himself off the back of Toothless, hearing the beating of wings behind him, only assuming his friend was close on his tail, as Hiccup pulled, leather wings furling in the wind.

The rushing of wind ran past his ears, blinding the sound of his heartbeat as Hiccup looked up, watching Valka stare wide eyed at his makeshift wings, soaring around him as they flew further west, landscapes filled with snow evermore as they traveled. It wasn’t long until Toothless ran out of plasma bolts to keep Hiccup floating, landing softly in a snowdrift. Brushing the snow from his hair, Toothless flowed into Hiccup, the both of them rolling in the snow as they tackled each other, viking versus dragon, enemies since the beginning of time. Valka landed not too far from the duo, leaning close to Cloudjumper as she watched her son fight a losing battle. The sight before her eyes made her think about how she had spent the last twenty years of her life, ending up so close herself, rather than Stoick. She had stayed from him in fear, and yet, everything had turned out fine. She could even see where her son had picked up his dramatic flair - from a certain spirit she had spent the last five years with.

“Hiccup,” She called, catching the freckled dragon rider’s attention fairly easily, as she bent down on the ground next to him, “I was wondering, if you - I mean you don’t have to if you don’t want to - but, erm, I was wonder if you would allow me to you mother again?” She could sense a hesitation in his son’s eyes, “Start completely fresh. I know I don’t exactly deserve it, but...could we?”

Hiccup stayed quiet, pinned underneath Toothless as the Night Fury laid his head heavily on his stomach. He didn’t know what to say. While he wanted to agree, the reminder of his abandonment strung a cord in his heart. His whole life he had been raised by a father whom neither understood him nor wanted to hear his ideas. He and Stoick had only worked out a part of their problems in the past five years of dragons being on Berk. It had been hard work too, but could Hiccup handle so many things at once? So much was happening at once, and while the nest had given him a chance to push his responsibilities to the back of his mind for a little while - the truth of it all was bound to catch up to Hiccup sooner or later; his pressuring role of becoming chief weighed on his shoulders while his father still eagerly waited for a reply, and Drago was building a dragon army to attack Berk. Dragon trappers were catching dragons from every possible place, and his mother was a vigilante dragon rider wishing to be back in Hiccup’s life once more. Jack had never been killed at Alvin’s hand, and was safe, yet getting close to the spirit was a struggle of its own. A nest of foreign dragons lived on the outskirts of the trapping zone, and if Hiccup didn’t do anything, lives of his people and innocent dragon were depending on his choices and actions, and yet, while so many things pushed and pulled at his heart, there was only so much Hiccup could truly do. Yet, if he failed, made a singular wrong step, lives would perish. And yet, what could it hurt, to have a mother back in his life? It wouldn’t be the end of his world, right?

“Yeah, sure, I mean-” Hiccup started, before amazingly strong arm pulled him up, Toothless grunting as Valka pulled him in for a hug.

It had been a very quick sign of affection, before Hiccup could even think about what was happening, it was gone before he could even blink. Valka walked away, stepping back up onto Cloudjumper’s back as she grinned, “Come on, Hiccup. I think it’s time to return. The dragons may have been fed, but it’s about time we eat for ourselves.”

The trip back was long and boring, not much to speak of as the winds started to rage, a light storm coming in from the south. Continuing their journey east, they flew above the clouds, landing peacefully inside the fortress of ice, dull black claws scraping against the sleek stone as Toothless landed, quickly scampering off into the tunnels with Cloudjumper. Following their lead, Valka and Hiccup wove their way through the maze. While Valka seemed to have memorized every pebble
and every crevice, Hiccup was one step behind her, managing to find every fault in each line of passages and paths. Fingers traced over sharp rock as they fumbled in the darkness, scrambling over slabs of stone and sliding through tight spaces.

“Ah!” Hiccup hissed, holding his right hand gingerly as warm liquid trailed over his fingers, splattering on the floor.

Pausing at the sound, Valka listened, telling Hiccup the directions to the healer’s room. Leaving down a lighter passage, Hiccup wound his way deeper into the nest, the air becoming fresh and crisp, rather than stale in the other part of the fort. A steady breeze flew freely from an unknown source, the usual thin layer of frost covering the stonework becoming somewhat thicker than usual, light bouncing off the icicles bond to the ceiling high above. Passing another passageway, Hiccup peeked around the corner, not seeing much within the short path, only a small hole in the wall, covered in the same ice and frost. Continuing forward, the light seemed brighter and clearer, shielding his eyes as he found himself in the central part of the nest, much further from the Alpha than before. Looking to his left, another winding tunnel twisted out of sight. Following Valka’s instructions, Hiccup meandered inside, his stomach doing a flip at the grand room around him. It was a large dome, to say the least, shelves upon shelves filled with woven baskets and jars fill mysterious substances. Wooden bowls and hide sacks were on the dirt floor, while a few of these containers had managed to reach the upper shelves, not many were left without holes or worn chips. Baskets hung from the ceilings from the vines which had managed to grow from the cracks.

A thin pile of hides sat in the middle of the room, candles melted to the corners of the room and hanging from the ceiling and fissures in the walls, spreading light within the large room. On the bundle of hides, sat Jack Frost, hands covers in light orange paste of ground roots and water, spreading on the wing of a dragon - which looked suspiciously like a Skrill. The large dark blue wingspan spread over the ground like a fallen tapestry, the Skrill’s long tail flowing into the tunnel. Staying at the edge of the entrance, Hiccup leaned against the wall, paying little mind to the throbbing in his palm. Heart starting to pound in his chest, Hiccup shifted uncomfortably. There was no familiar pain in his chest of longing, only butterflies remained.

Chapter End Notes

There will not be any updates until after the 17th of August, because I am taking part in a week long challenge for another fandom. Depending on how fast I am able to write, I may be able to post chapter 10 during the challenge, but I'm not sure. Thanks for reading!
Chains of the Past

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack had never wanted to run. Hell, he had never run from anything in his life - mortal or immortal - it never made a difference. But, as much he hated himself for doing so, it was for the best. The worst had come into play; Hiccup had found the nest.

Hiccup looked...different. Older. He was aging, much unlike Jack. Hiccup was growing older, and over time, he had changed. He wore more armor and was stronger than Jack had ever seen him. His hair was longer and he had gotten tanner over the years. If it was possible, more freckles adorned his features as he had grown taller - taller than Jack by quite a few inches.

Beforehand, Jack had planned everything out: he wouldn’t see Hiccup again if he kept to the north, figuring he would spend his time in the ice and snow where no man dared to dwell until it was his time to go forth to destroy Pitch. But, Jack’s plans never did seem to go right, as only a mere five years had passed, when the boy - no, man - he had been dreading had showed up in the place he had carved himself a home in. He had dreaded Hiccup for many reasons; reasons for which scared the frost spirit. He knew he could not have a well natured relationship with a mortal, yet, Jack knew something he had never dared to speak to Valka about. It was the simple fact, that despite over the years which had not changed in the slightest, Jack still loved Hiccup.

Glancing at the corner of his eye, a figure loomed at the side of the room, wavering back and forth.

Brown leather armor flickered in the candle light as Jack dropped his gaze, as steady emerald eyes burned a hole into his skull as Jack worked his fingers over the rough scales of the Skrill’s wings, the dark dragon sensing the spirit’s uncertainty as it cast its beady eyes at the foreign dragon rider.

Finishing the treatment, Jack’s hands slowed, trying to prolong the fated meeting, only to have the Skrill to stand and tuck in it’s wings, trudging out of the room with the flick of it’s slim tail.

Hiccup moved forward tentatively, thick drops of blood pattering onto the cold stone, Jack moving his eyes to Hiccup’s, willing the pounding in his chest to stop while the familiar ache of his heart mixed with something much softer as Jack glanced at the worried expression on Hiccup’s face, green eyes wide and cautious.

It was amazing, really, how little Hiccup had truly changed. The dragon rider still had the constant look of wonder and hope which gleamed in his eyes, dark eyebrows which furrowed at the slightest problem or complication of what was on his mind. He still had the same cast on his face whenever he was unsure or guilty, when he drew his lips into a thin frown towards his nose, pushing his freckled chin forward for the world to see. Hiccup still had the adorable scar on his jaw and the small mole next to his left ear, only known to Jack as the brunet had always made a point on hiding, only visible when the wind swayed in the perfect direction.

“Um…” Hiccup stepped forward, his brows furrowed as he spoke, his words rushed yet clear, edging closer to Jack’s spot on the floor while effectively blocking the only path out of the domed room. “I kind of cut my hand on the rocks, and Valka told me to come here and-”

Words seemed to sit in Jack’s throat, unmoving as he pointed to the spot in front of him, Hiccup’s words trailing off as he sat on the rugged hide before him, blood splattering onto the brown coarse fur as Jack leaned forward. Jumping at the contact, Hiccup flinched, the sudden cold skin on his own shocking him as Jack took his hand.

Leaving Hiccup’s side, Jack stood, a surge of wind lifting him into the air as he scoured the
shelves, grabbing handfuls of roots and herbs seemingly at random. Taking his time as emerald eyes watched ever so closely, Jack flew about, eager to get away from the tense atmosphere they had created. Questions lingered on the tip of his tongue as Jack settled once more, bright blue eyes flickering upward once every few moments to glance at Hiccup’s face, his pursed thin lips set in a straight line as nimble fingers pressed on the wound, blood pooling under frostbitten nails as Hiccup spoke.

“So…” Hiccup asked awkwardly, eager to release the tension flitting about the room, “How long have you been here, Jack?”

The spirit stopped his actions, only his chest moved as he breathed, eyes widening before something akin to anger flashed across his features. Jack replied, his voice striking and cold, “Five years.”

Silence rung throughout the room as Hiccup stilled, eyes widening as he desperately tried to comprehend Jack’s frozen words. Iron chains rattled against his knee as Jack worked, Hiccup’s gaze once more settling on the frozen shackles, covered in ice while deep scars were dug into the tough metal, the dreaded symbol of the Outcast still etched into the cuffs. Gaze wandering, Hiccup’s free hand stopped Jack’s, his calloused fingers running over Jack’s icy skin as he raised Jack hand to his face, ignoring Jack’s bitter glare as he examined the worn shackles delicately, as fresh blood trickled down the spirit’s arm, only to stop in its path as frost crept over the lukewarm liquid.

“How did you get these?” Hiccup asked, his voice broken and soft.

“Alvin.” Jack answered harshly, something akin to anger rising in his chest as he tugged away his arm, memories of the hateful cell flooding once more into Jack’s vision.

Muttering an apology, Hiccup went quiet once more, watching as Jack bound his hand, his pale lips unmoving as he worked, having no need to say anymore. Hiccup ground his teeth, Jack watching from the corner of his eye, as Hiccup continued, too deep in thought to realize the spirit’s piercing gaze. Jack stood walking to the shelves, eyes clouded over in thought as rose to his feet, finally receiving the courage to part his lips.

“Jack, I-”

“Why the hell didn’t you rescue me?” Jack asked, his voice clear yet resigned, sorrow staining his tongue.

“Wha-” Hiccup croaked, taken aback by Jack’s words. Mind racing, Hiccup spoke up, “I-I did! I swear-”

“Bullshit!” Jack spat, spinning on his heel to face Hiccup, ferocity burning as he nearer closer, “I waited for you! I waited for two weeks in that god awful place! I believed in you every day and you never came!”

“You think I never came for you?” Hiccup argued, cheeks paling as realization struck him, “Jack, I… I came for you! My father ordered a flying ban, and we stole a boat to get to the island! We tried to find you, I swear. B-but…they found us. My father arrived and grabbed us before we could get to you! Jack, you have to believe me!” Hiccup paused, his voice lowering to a serene tone, smooth and clear, “I wanted to go back, really, but…it seems like you never needed my help. Because here you are, perfectly fine, not once ever thinking about coming back to me.”

Jack looked away, not daring to meet Hiccup’s fierce gaze, not long before the freckled dragon
rider continued onward, “Jack...Why didn’t you come back to Berk?”

Closing his eyes, Jack surrendered his answer, “Maybe because to you, I was better off dead rather than being there to hold you back.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Hiccup breathed, confusion riddling his features as Hiccup swayed.

Jack watched as Hiccup struggled, crushing the urge to edge closer. Tan fingers laced through soft chestnut hair as chocolate eyes scrunched together. Jack pursed his lips, dreading the words which were about to be forced through clenched teeth. Pity dwelled in his eyes, as frostbitten feet padded backwards into the shadows. Leaning against the cold stone wall, Jack waited. He waited for the image before him to sink into his memory. Five years ago, the last sight he had seen of his lover had solidified his resolution to stay away from the viking’s path. Back then, on the docks of Berk, Hiccup had seemed so small, as if the whole world had come raining down on his shoulders all at once. Now, Hiccup was stronger, braver, and smarter. But, despite these attributes, Jack knew what had to be done. Straightening his shoulders, Jack took in a shaky breath.

“Hic…” Jack savored the nickname, pain blooming in his chest as he squeezed his eyes closed, forcing the words through his lips, “It’s over, Hiccup. You know how it is, right?” Jack gave a false laugh, Hiccup jerking his head up in astonishment, taking a step forward in bitter hopes which lingered in his chest, “It’s impossible for an immortal spirit and mortal to be together.”

Stuttering of the brunet’s voice reached Jack’s ears, only waiting until the echo of uneven footsteps left the room for him to open his eyes. Taking a deep breath, Jack fell to the floor, chest rising and falling as he dry heaved, sobbing without any tears nor sound. Jack lay on the ground, the soft touch of the Wind blowing out the candles on by one, darkness settling around him as Jack leaned against the domed wall, taking in all that had happened. Everything he had known about the incident so long ago had been wrong. Hiccup had tried to save him. And after he had failed, Alvin had forced the village of Berk to believe Jack’s false demise, all because of Hiccup’s actions. Hiccup had never left Jack to die in the cell, only to left to rot or to wage war. Hiccup had tried his best, while Alvin had forced both of them to give up all hope.

It had been Jack’s fault, Jack realized. Back in the cell, he remembered, that night when the fire had broken loose in the cell, his final thoughts which had lurked in the depths of his mind. To Jack, Hiccup had abandoned him then. He had thought he was alone. He had thought Hiccup didn’t care.

“Wind, take me home.”

Jack had never wanted to return to Berk. He...he had only wanted to go home - to a place where he felt he could belong. For years upon years Jack had blamed the Wind for what had happened after one of his many nightmares, wishing for someone to blame. Yet, it had been his fault for his own grief. Jack laid on the floor, curling onto his side as his breathing calmed, regret and guilt seeping into his ribs as his eyes glazed over. The tranquility of the darkness seeping through his bones as the void in his chest grew; the realization of Hiccup’s departure sinking into his heart. For the final time, Jack had lost him. Hiccup was gone, and for the first time in a long while, there was no way for Jack to fix his mistakes.

“Yet, maybe it’s for the best,” Jack muttered under his breath, trying to raise his own spirits, “Besides,” Jack dragged himself to his feet, his legs numb as he stumbled into the sanctuary’s light, “It’s impossible for an immortal spirit and mortal to be together...”
*Human by Christina Perri plays lowly in the distance*

I swear the angst in these next few chapters is the only reason I wrote this entire series.
The Dancing and the Dreaming

Chapter Notes

HTTYD2 doesn't belong to me despite me quoting a few things.

Vegetation swayed back and forth, blades of grass winding about Hiccup’s metal leg in song and dance as the wind hummed in the nest. The soft breeze ruffled Hiccup’s thick brown hair, his cheeks flushed as he rung his fingers, deep in thought as Toothless slumbered close to him, enjoying the serenity of the sanctuary. Emerald eyes gazed out on view before him, the sound of happily roaring dragons mumbling in his hearing as night was soon to fall. The throb in his hand brought his look to the tattered bandage on his palm, tight and secure. Fingers brushed the cloth, remembering the nights he had spent wishing he had had anything to grasp which once belonged to the frost spirit, when nightmares soon plagued his mind.

Hiccup tried to think back to the day his nightmares had started to become a regular appearance; where the frost spirit’s screams echoed throughout Berk as the dark ship with the Outcast flag sailed passed, the sharp crack of wood snapping hammering against Hiccup ribs as the entire island stood quiet, listening to his lover’s cries as Jack had been taken from him. It had been days past until Hiccup had finally reached Outcast Island, unknown to him the thoughts which had plagued Jack’s mind. Yet, it was also there on the dead island, where Hiccup had been saved by his father’s hand, only to have his heart filled with guilt. It had been Hiccup’s fault for leaving Jack behind.

To Jack...Hiccup hadn’t even tried to save him, not a word or noise from the outside of the mountain had reached his ears. He had waited for the one he loved, only to be let down by the only few people had had ever trusted. He had been thrown into Hiccup’s era without a guide nor friend, and when Jack had needed him most, Hiccup had failed.

Cradling his head in his hands, Hiccup shook his head. The growls of baby dragons brought his attention to Toothless, the small dragons pawing and nudging at the Night Fury, green reptilian eyes narrowing as a large rough hand clasped over his mouth from behind. Toothless roared, the younglings taking to the air in a flurry of scales. Hiccup lashed out, his elbow pushing deeply into a firm leather belt with woven metal, his free hand tearing the rouge hand from his face, stumbling away from his attacker. His mind reeled as he turned on his heel, all thoughts stopping at the sight of his father, standing proud before Toothless, one palm raised to surrender at the Night Fury, the other holding his gut, though Hiccup doubted he had actually hurt his father.

“Dad?” Hiccup stepped to Toothless’s side, placing a hand on the rough black scales, calming the dragon as he spoke with a bewildered expression, “How did you get in here?”

“No time to explain. We’re getting you out of here.” Stoick peered over his shoulder, glancing about the nest before slinking back into the tunnels once more from which he came.

“We?” Hiccup asked incredulously, following his father into the darkness with shallow light. The form of Gobber popped into view, telling Stoick that the path was clear, leading the way through the winding tunnels and passageways, large hands pushing and pulling Hiccup along, as Hiccup desperately tried to tell his father the important news. “Dad!” Hiccup huffed, “I need to tell you something!”
“You can explain on the way.” Stoick answered shortly, following his friend.

“Well, Dad, this isn’t exactly the explain-on-the-way type of thing.” Hiccup rushed after his father. “You know, this is more of the sit-down-and-explain sort of thing. Or the earth shattering variety, perhaps the term the-word-is-going-to-end-and-all-life-as-we-know-it-is-going-to-die update would suit you better.”

“Add it to the pile, Hiccup.” Stoick squeezed through a stone gap, Hiccup following easily with Toothless on his heels.

“Really?” Hiccup tried, trying to reason with the stubborn mule named his father, “Because this will be one of the surprises you’ll like. I promise.” Gobber was stopped at the edge of the tunnel, frozen in place as they neared to a stop, “You’ll just have to handle the subject, er, delicately.”

Gobber took a few steps back, eyes wide and slack jawed as he patted Stoick on the shoulder, taking a seat on the ground, “You might want to take this one, Stoick.”

“Oh Thor,” Stoick muttered, drawing his sword, granting an unheard rant from Hiccup as Stoick entered the clearing, Hiccup close behind.

Standing at Stoick’s side, Hiccup watched as Stoick’s green eyes widened at the figure before them. On top of many layers of ice, Valka stood tall; she puffed out her chest while her features wavered. Hiccup watched as Stoick dropped his sword, the metal clashing against cold stone as his father moved forward, entranced at the sight of his long lost wife. Dragons crept towards the couple, Cloudjumper staying close to his companion.

“I know what you are going to say, Stoick.” Valka began, “How could I have done this? Stayed away all of these years, all the while I didn’t come back to you.” Valka spoke, as if practiced by memory, “What kind of sign did I have that you would ever change, Stoick.” His father marched forward, eyes still ever so wide as he neared, Valka pressing up against the wall of sheer ice. “I pleaded so many times for the war against dragons to stop. And did anyone listen? No.” Stoick ascended the steps, “I know I left you and Hiccup alone, but I thought he grow up better without me. I know that I was wrong.” Valka’s tone changed, panic entering her voice.

“Valka…” Stoick muttered, under his breath, unheard to the woman before him.

“Oh, say something! Stop being so stoic, Stoick!”

“You’re as beautiful as the day I lost you.” Stick spoke up, bending down a quick yet chaste kiss.

Parting from Stoick, Valka rushed past, racing to the edge of another tunnel, staff in hand as she waved her hand, motioning them to come with her, a small smile glazed upon her lips as she disappeared into another foreign cavern to Hiccup’s dismay.

Following closely behind Valka, they continued up a steep slope. The walls seemed wider yet shallow, the passageway curved and twisted deeper into the nest, Valka using her staff with ease as she jumped and swerved around bolts of imposing rock and over obstacles, not long before entering the large room, Hiccup’s jaw dropping at the sight of the kitchenette.

Jutting stone and shelves of ice were carved into the room as Valka began her work, Stoick standing by her side as he helped with dinner, stomachs growling as the older dragon rider reached into stone and wooden bowls alike, woven baskets and clay pots and gourds. Cloudjumper and Toothless hovered at the side of the room, close to the fire and the large baskets of fish. Gobber lay with Grunt, the lazy dragon slumbering peacefully close to a pillar, backs turned to the view of the
nest, the crag in which they walked stable and warm, the ceiling tall and vast. A crackling fire shone brightly in its center, a small stream of water cascading down a wall of ice from the side.

Hiccup walked briskly about, a hopeful step in his stride as he helped in preparing the meal. Soon enough, Hiccup was babbling about the new Berk which his mother had missed over the years, good memories and sorrowful moments tumbled from his lips as he ran about, Gobber soon eating his fill on Valka’s raw screwed fish, Hiccup not having the heart to tell either of his parents as he had caught a glimpse of Gobber feeding most of the food to Grunt.

Stoick laid a hand on Valka’s shoulder, a sudden shock running up her spine at the foreign contact as the plate in her hands went clashing to the floor, the meal which was once in her palms scooped up by Cloudjumper, disappearing into his blue lips.

“Sorry,” Valka apologized, Stoick placing another plate in her hands which she passed onto Hiccup, “I’m a tad out of practice.”

“It’s fine, Val. I didn’t marry you for your cooking.” Stoick tried to laugh, love glowing in his eyes as he looked upon Valka.

Hiccup continued his way to Gobber, the blond haired man appearing to have a slight grim look on his face, “I hope not,” Gobber whispered to the freckled dragon rider, “Her cooking could kill more men and beasts than a battle axe.”

Hiccup didn’t have time to reply, as a shock of white passed through the corner of his eye. Snapping his neck to the side, emerald eyes set sight on Jack, who leaned on the edge of the room, one leg set over the edge of the crag, no fear in his posture at the mighty drop below him, blue eyes trained on the scene below them, ready to dive at any given moment.

Not wanting to get too close, Hiccup backed away, keeping his distance for the time being as he walked closer to his rejoined family. Keeping an eye on the frost spirit, Valka stalked passed him, his father laying a hand on his shoulder, silent words spoken as Hiccup took a seat next to Gobber. The sound of water dribbling into a gourd rang in his ears as a sharp whistle shot the through the air, Hiccup watching as Valka’s movements froze to stopping point, shoulders tense as Stoick hummed a strangely familiar tune. Hiccup was positive he had once heard the tune before, not in person, but sung in the late evenings during sunset during the spring, where the days began to grow longer and the snow would start to melt, where Hiccup could hear it from his workbench. Hiccup watched in wonder as Stoick crossed the room slowly, sauntering towards the fire, only inches from Valka, when for the first time in Hiccup’s life, he heard Stoick sing. His voice was low and rough, like two broadswords scraping together in the midst of battle.

*I’ll swim and sail on savage seas  
with ne’er a fear of drowning.*

*And gladly ride the waves of life  
if you will marry me.*

*No scorching sun, nor freezing cold  
will stop me on my journey*  

Taking Valka’s hand in his own, Stoick grasped her hand as if she was made of glass, the choice being hers to back away from the scene playing before Hiccup, the urge of turning to Jack’s form burning in his mind as he stayed still, not wanting to break the moment for his father.
If you will promise me your heart.

And love...

The hope in his father's eyes soon died, letting go of Valka’s hand as he turned his back to her, shoulders slumped and the age returned to his face, wrinkles etching into his hard face as he started to stumble away, Valka’s words stopping him in his tracks, as she raised her head once more, moving forward towards the center of the room once more, passing Stoick easily as his chest filled with hope once more.

...And love me for eternity.

My dearest one, my darling dear,

your mighty words astound me.

She raised her arm elegantly, her hand in a tight fist. Valka looked up at Stoick, his father mimicking her actions as their forearms touched, the contrast of Valka’s small wrist and his father’s beefy arm sending a small chortle through Hiccup’s chest which he didn’t dare pierce his lips as his mother continued her part of the song.

But I've no need of mighty deeds

when I feel your arms around me.

The pace started to pick up, Hiccup standing from his seat to watch, his eyes flickering the form of Jack Frost in the corner, his heart pounding against his ribs as the sight of the spirit, a thousand and one words at the tip of his tongue while there wasn’t a single way to voice his thoughts. The change of the dance brought his mind back to his parents, Stoick’s voice beating louder and louder as his part took turn.

But I would bring you rings of gold,

I'd even sing you poetry!

And I would keep you from all harm

if you would stay beside me!

Valka laughed, “Would you really?” beating under her voice before she continued. Hiccup stole a glance back towards the edge of the room, Jack’s spot empty and barren, the only sign being the small wisps of frost still swirled over the flat surface of rock where he once idled. The thought what could have possibly caused Jack to leave starting to plague Hiccup’s mind.

I have no use for rings of gold,

I care not for your poetry.

I only want your hand to hold...

Questions started to fly about in Hiccup’s mind as Stoick bellowed out the next few notes, the urge to find the spirit growing more and more urgent as the time ticked by. Was this the feeling Jack always felt when they had brought up the importance of his future?

I only want you near me!
The tune continued to build in speed, the atmosphere becoming more joyful and filled with glee, Gobber starting to dance next to Hiccup while he clapped to the beat of the song, his eyes glazed as he wondered why Jack could have left, the eerie knowing burning into his skull, as the two of them in front of him started to sing together, the dance becoming more elaborate by the second.

To love and kiss, to sweetly hold!

For the dancing and the dreaming!

Through all life’s sorrows and delights,

I’ll keep your love inside me!

I’ll swim and sail on savage seas

with ne'er a fear of drowning!

And gladly ride the waves of life

If you will marry me!

The song ended in laughter and horrid singing on Gobber’s part, while Valka and Stoick embraced one another, long and tender, before parting with a smile still on their faces.

“I thought I would have to die before we could dance that one again.” Stoick spoke, merely a whisper as he held Valka in his arms.

“Oh, don’t be silly. There is no need for drastic measures.” Valka laughed.

Stoick got down on one knee, “For you, my dear, anything.” Stoick paused, “Will you come home, Val.” Toothless nudged Valka and Stoick together, their giggles wrapping together in the room as Stoick stood, pulling Hiccup into their hug. “We could be a family again, Val. What do you say?”

Valka looked between Stoick and Hiccup, the hope in Hiccup’s chest rising as Valka’s green eyes started to twinkle and shine, not long before she nodded her head, a few strands of hair coming loose from her braids, “...Yes!”

Stoick and Valka parted from the group, hands on each other’s waist, leaving Hiccup alone while Gobber watched the view of the nest, looking in awe at the Bewilderbeast. Hiccup peered over at the empty spot on the edge of the room where Jack once sat, no longer any frost for Hiccup to remember of the spirit’s presence. For all Hiccup knew, the Jack he had seen could have been a trick of the light, conjured in his mind in desperate hopes to see the one he loved once more before his father managed to whisk him away once more from the spirit’s side. Approaching the spot where Jack once sat upon, Hiccup crouched on the edge, overlooking the same view Jack had probably seen over a million times. Leaning against the stone, Hiccup flinched from the cold, placing a tan hand on the contrasting stone, Hiccup smiled. Maybe it had never been a trick of the light nor a hallucination, but real. The freezing temperature embed in the stone made Hiccup’s muscles relax, as the very faint scent of pine reached his nose. Toothless padded to his side, big green reptilian eyes wide.

“Yeah, bud. I miss him too…” Hiccup starting to hum under his breath, his tone soft and sweet, “...I only want you near me...”
Silence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The fire crackled and snapped, its greedy flames dying down to the embers as dinner started to reach its conclusion. The last helping of raw screwed fish was passed around the smoldering flames as words were exchanged in hushed tones, the beginnings of the sounds of snoring dragons seeping into the room. The meal was soon dismissed with a flick of Valka’s wrist, once Cloudjumper let out a mighty sigh, his yellowed eyes drooping. After thanking Valka for the meal, Stoick and Gobber exited the room, meandering down the darkened halls to find a suitable place to rest, returning to Skullcrusher in the central part of the nest. Toothless still by his side, Hiccup stepped forward, grasping an empty wooden plate to add to the wash. The clattering of bowls and plates resonated throughout the room as they stood in silence, a knowing smile perched on Valka’s lips as she cleaned.

Hiccup washed and dried the dishes, his fingers clumsy and tired from the long day of flight. Eyeing his mother as she padded about the room, setting away the rest of the food and tidying up for the morning meal, wiping down the stone counters and sweeping the cool flooring. Parting his lips, Hiccup spoke, his freckled cheeks flushed as he stared at the soapy water, “…Mom?” Hiccup tried, unsure how to speak his words in order to convey his thoughts.

“Yes, Hiccup?” His name still sounded foreign from her lips as she rearranged the jars and bowls lined upon the counters and shelves.

“About Jack…” Hiccup struggled, the memories of the fight flashing in his mind, his shoulders recoiling from the tone Jack had displayed.

“What about him?” Valka grew curious, her bright green eyes widening.

Hiccup gulped, his mouth feeling far too dry to speak. “I saw him. He was in the healing room, and…when I asked him- he’s…he’s not the same, Mom. I remember, when we first met, he was always smiling, laughing, joking around. But, now, things are different. It’s like he’s…changed.”

No words broke through the silence. Valka stilled, yet no wisdom nor advice pierced her lips as she stood, back turned as Hiccup waited. Disappointment loomed in his chest as Hiccup sighed, his shoulders sinking in defeat as he dried the last dish, turning on his heel to leave. He had once hoped that he might have received a piece of uncanny advice or hint to help him in sealing the broken bond with the frost spirit. Yet, only silence reached his ears. It was the same quiet when Hiccup had begged his father to let him explore further north of the archipelago, crushing the small bit of hope in his heart that Jack was still alive, Stoick only giving him a pitiful look and the bone crushing silence. It was the same when Hiccup had once tried to bring Astrid along with him to Outcast Island after the flying ban had been lifted, when the same look and sound had been given to him; pity and silence had been the only thing which had followed Jack’s name on Berk.

And now, when he had the chance to change the sorrowful tone of the spirit’s name, he was faced with the same sadness. Was the possibility of mending the bond between them so lost that even Valka knew better? Was it impossible for Hiccup to see Jack’s smile once more?

A soft touch rested on his shoulder, Hiccup turning to see the face of his mother, eyes crinkling in mysterious glee and hope glimmering in her eyes, a smile of serenity placed on her features as she spoke, “Do you still love him?”
Shock painted his pale cheeks as Hiccup stumbled backwards, his dark freckles contrasting sharply with his emerald eyes as he looked at his feet. He had...never told anyone. Not once had Hiccup’s true feelings for Jack had been said to anyone except Toothless, whenever they had sailed on the wind’s currents for hours on end, or when on their many of their night flights, when the memories of Jack plagued Hiccup’s mind keeping him up without a wink of sleep. It was on those calm flights when unspoken words spilled from Hiccup’s mouth, similar to those he had spoken when he had been left alone on the freezing beach of Jack’s funeral. Yet, he had never told his father of the relationship between him and the sprite, and never voicing his feelings about Jack towards Astrid.

Looking Valka in the eye, Hiccup cleared his throat, the sensation of his heart quickening as a warm buzz flooded through his chest as a strange smile broke through his defenses, the relief of years upon years of not telling a soul. He spilled his words across the floor, “Yes,” Hiccup muttered, his voice growing stronger by the second, “Yes, I love Jack Frost.”

The peaceful smile on her lips grew, the look in her eyes changing to a look of bittersweet, “He’s still waiting, you know.”

“What?” Hiccup asked, unsure if he had truly heard his mother correctly the first time.

“Jack.” Valka spoke clearly, Hiccup’s mind reeling at the words, “He’s still waiting for you. Has been for the last five years.”

Hiccup shook his head in refusal, unable to believe this after the spirit’s words, “Wha-…How? Jack, he...he-”

“I have known Jack for over five years,” Valka responded coolly, “Perhaps, if you try once more, you may find the answers you need.”

Hope prospered in Hiccup, twisting around as he dashed through the tunnels, the cool wind rushing past him as he wove in and out of the nest, emerald eyes glowing as he searched for the spirit, his heart stopping every second a flash of white emerged in his line of sight. The caverns soon turned cold and icy, the tunnels made of pure ice while snowy dragons slumbered on the edges, a few jolting awake as Hiccup stumbled over thick tails and strong wings. Hiccup was reaching the very edges of the nest when the sight of the outside world peered into the tunnels, Hiccup paying the sight no mind as he continued onward on his search.

Screeching to a stop as his metal leg slid out from under him, Hiccup hobbled behind a pillar of ice, his courage faltering at the sight of Jack Frost. His head spun as Jack meandered about his business, tending to the dragons and reinforcing the icy caverns from the harsh winds which battled against the nest. His twisted wooden staff tapping against the walls and flooring in a rhythmic pattern, the dragons paying little mind as the spirit as he worked. The rattle of the necklaces of teeth clacked together, the fur on his hood shivering as the wind swirled about him calmly.

It was so familiar yet so foreign how Jack walked, his feet still having a slight hop in his step as he strode the tunnels, the still ever so sharp wind wrapped around his body while the tips of his toes graced the floor, frost blooming from his every touch. His lanky pale limbs stepped around sleeping reptiles as he trotted gracefully, his pure white hair a beacon in the darkening tunnel, his beautiful blue eyes brightening the world through Hiccup’s eyes. Standing from his hiding place, their eyes meeting as Jack stilled. Freezing in mid step, Jack kept quiet, unsure of his choice, of either moving forward or away from his love. Sensing Jack’s unease, Hiccup stepped forward, parting his lips to finally speak.

“Jack, I-” Hiccup started, Jack turning on his heel, ready to retreat only to find a calloused warm
hand on his porcelain wrist. “Jack, please...”

Tensing in Hiccup’s grip, Jack tugged from his grasp, leaving slowly with hesitance in his step. Jack wandered deeper into the nest, not getting far until Hiccup voiced Jack’s name once more, warm flooding into the spirit’s veins as heat seeped into his skin, Hiccup clasping his hand in a tight yet gentle hold. Guilt fluttered over Jack’s features, his eyes mixed with sorrow, as he tried to pull his hand out of Hiccup’s grip. Hiccup tightening his hold, he tugged Jack towards him, momentarily forgetting of Jack’s feather-light body, pushing him up against the icy wall.

Moving in before Jack could take off, Hiccup stepped forward, emerald eyes going wide as a long lost yet familiar thread poked out of the neckline of Jack’s fur lined shirt. Trying to meet the spirit’s eyes, Jack stared at the ground, a faint blush tainting his cheeks as Hiccup’s tan and warm hands tugged at the thread. The weighted string was frayed and battered, well-loved and taken care of, a cold iron pendant slipping into Hiccup’s hands as he stared at the design in astonishment. The iron felt numb in his palm, the design of a soaring Night Fury causing his heart to beat fast in his chest.

“...You kept it?” Hiccup breathed, his stunned expression bringing Jack’s eyes to Hiccup’s.

Staying quiet, Jack didn’t move, his gaze flickering from forest green eyes to rough tan lips and back again. A sharp tug at Hiccup’s heart prompted his tongue, his mind suddenly reeling as the need in his chest piled skyward.

“Jack,” Hiccup started, his mouth feeling parched as worry rung in his ribs, “Jack, I...I need to tell you something...” Their eyes met, Hiccup swallowing his fear as he gazed into snowflake eyes. His cheeks started to warm as the sight before him shone. Hiccup scanned Jack’s face, remembering every dip and curve of his features, from Jack’s slim nose to his chiseled jaw. The fear and uncertainty crept back into his mind once more, as the possibilities of losing Jack again lingered in his thoughts. Now or never, Hiccup broke the silence, his words casting a stunned expression on Jack’s porcelain skin. “Jack, I-I love you!”

Freezing where he stood, Jack stayed, unmoving and yet every gust of wind which brushed his arms sent a shiver running up his spine in awe. Blue eyes trailing to Hiccup’s leather armor, Jack’s mood dipped at the sight of Berk’s symbol. Hiccup was human, and yet, despite this fact, Jack’s heart sped at the mere thought of the freckled man. After everything Jack had said, why would Hiccup do so much to mend the bond between them? Jack had screwed up, and nothing could change what he had done. He had wasted five entire years out of Hiccup’s life, and now, in a last ditch effort, they had a chance. An actual chance to make things right. Fingers twitching, Jack closed his eyes, his tensed muscles bracing himself for the impact which would soon be unavoidable.

“Hic,” The nickname rolled off Jack’s tongue in a delightful way, his blue eyes at the memory of when they had first met. “I...I love you too.”

Tentative hands reached forward, gently grasping Jack’s jaw as Hiccup stepped closer. Relishing the feel of Jack’s clear and smooth skin under his own, Hiccup froze, only moving forward when Jack gave a subtle nod. Pressing their lips together in a chaste kiss, their lips brushed. The kiss was simple and sweet, filled with longing and desire, with love and serenity, and with remembrance. Cool toned lips fit perfectly with Hiccup’s, as Jack’s hands fluttered to Hiccup’s hips, pulling the taller male closer. Parting shortly for a breath, they followed with sweet short pecks.

They savored the feel of each other; their presence, the scent of crisp wind, pine, fresh spring water, and freshly bound leather whispering around them. Noses brushing lightly, freckles contrasted in snow white skin, heat rising to their cheeks as small laughs and giggles of joy filled
their space. Hands started to wander, nothing intimate nor arousing was spread between their fingers. Palms walked their familiar path, traveling now foreign lands as slim fingers floated over the soft leather, Jack sensing the tight muscle underneath as he smiled. Hiccup ignored the clinking of iron chains as he dove for another kiss, his hands running over rough fabric so different from Jack’s previous outfit. Calloused fingers ran through silver hair as kisses dragged toward, enjoying the feel of their bodies pressed together once more in harmony.

“Jack.” Hiccup stated, lips parting from Jack’s, “I don’t care if you hurt me. I...I just want you by my side. Please?”

A feathery grin broke through Jack’s lips, his eyes twinkling in delight as he gave a short nod, gazing into Hiccup’s eyes as he spoke. His words were light and happy, a smile of true glee spreading on his features since his departure from Berk, eyes bright as Jack muttered, his tone soft and clear.

“I promise, Hic.” Jack smiled, “I promise I will forever stay by your side.”

Chapter End Notes

School is starting once more and I wanted to get this chapter out before I had to go back, but, school work and an anime convention stopped me from doing so. Happy feelings before I take a quick pause, since I will be posting whenever possible in my now busy schedule. Also, I have now taken a chance to add names to the chapters posted on this story, but I won't do this to One Step At A Time. Sorry. I hope you enjoyed!
It was peaceful and quiet, the sounds of slumbering dragons sounding in their ears as they stood in the calm. Pale and tan fingers wove together while the steady sound of dripping water cascaded down the icy caverns about them. Chest to chest and forehead pressed gently together, Hiccup and Jack stood in the silence, paying little mind to the world outside of them. Nothing else mattered, only the feeling of their beloved so close to them after the five long years of waiting. Steady beating hearts hammered against Hiccup’s chest, his ribs starting to ache while he couldn’t find a reason why he should care. The subtle warmth radiating off of Jack’s chest sent his mind reeling and the slow deep breathing of the frost spirit shocked the dragon rider each time it hit his lips, the thought of the moment being part of a dream being crushed every time Jack pulsed in his grip. Jack shifted once more, pulling his head away from Hiccup’s, snow white hair untangling from the brunet’s as he leaned forward, his chapped lips brushing softly against Hiccup’s lips, a darkening blush creeping up on his freckled cheeks as Jack pulled away once more, slowly tearing his slim fingers away from Hiccup’s grip, opening his mouth to speak, only to have another voice billow from the corridors.

“Jack? Jack!” Valka’s voice echoed off the walls, catching Hiccup’s and Jack’s attention. A great grin broke across Jack’s face, “Looks like I’m being summoned,” He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “I guess I’ll see you tomorrow, right?” Hope lingered in his voice, almost visibly recoiling back into his chest, as if afraid to get burned.

Emerald eyes widened slightly as Hiccup quickly answered, “Yeah, yeah. Of course.” Hiccup stumbled.

The clanking of chains were once more sounding in the tunnels as Jack stepped forward, hands lightly gripping slim hips as Jack pecked Hiccup on the lips, the kiss soft and chaste. Eyes fluttering closed, Hiccup leaned forward, only for Jack to disappear from his side. Opening his eyes once more, Hiccup’s gaze settled on Jack a few feet away, staff in hand and hovering few feet in the air, a mischievous grin plastered on his face.

Jack spoke, his beautiful smile never leaving, “See you later, Dragon Rider.”

“Good night Snowflake,” Hiccup breathed, watching in awe as Jack tore through the tunnels, the Wind swirling through the passageways, nipping at Jack’s heels.

Glee bubbled in his chest as a happy smile broke across his features, as a flustered expression came alongside it. Carrying his feet away from the cold, Hiccup made his way through the tunnels to the nest, hopping over reptilian tails and bending around unknown corners and jumping over jutting stone.

Soft grass soon grew the edges of the dark halls, Hiccup stumbling out to an unknown ledge overlooking the nest once more, the sleeping form of Toothless huddled on a slab of stone, bright green eyes opening at the sound of his companion. The Night Fury started move, as cold bitter wind swept through the nest, Toothless letting Hiccup to curl up besides him. As Hiccup sat, he listened as if the nest itself was breathing, a constant heartbeat as dragons made a variety of noises in the night. With his back on the damp moss and grass, a heavy scaled wing covered him as Hiccup stared up at the towering ceiling of icicles. Vines and dragons clung to the walls, emerald
eyes slowly becoming used to the pitch.

“I met him, Toothless,” Hiccup whispered, Toothless barely noticing his friend’s voice. “He hasn’t changed, Bud. Not a day. Still just as beautiful when we had first met,” Hiccup breathed, eyes glazed over in memory while his smile widened. “I was so worried that Jack had changed too much over the years, and yet, he’s still the same spirit I fell for.” Toothless sighed, getting comfortable once more on the stone. “He’s doing well, Toothless. He seems strong - stronger than I had been back then. Still the same joyful glint in his eyes and the same crooked grin. The way he carries himself in such a playful manner and how his white hair still glimmers in the light. It’s all so different, yet the same.” Hiccup smiled, “I guess that’s what happens when time passes.”

Hiccup turned onto his side, overlooking the edge into the abyss of the nest, uneven stone pillars shooting through the darkness as fiery sighs of sleeping dragons lit up the night once in awhile. Tan calloused fingers traced rough chapped lips, the lingering feel of Jack against his lips bringing heat to his freckled cheeks.

“He’s shorter than I remember though, Bud.” Hiccup paused, his smile falling just a tad. Jack had always been quite a bit taller than Hiccup, at least three inches, maybe even five. Now, things were different. Hiccup had grown, and while having no control over this, Jack had stayed the same. Now, Hiccup was only two inches taller than Jack Frost, and somehow, this thought made a twinge of sorrow curl in his stomach.

Pushing those thoughts away, Hiccup continued on, ignoring the tired grumble in Toothless’s chest as Hiccup kept him from his sleep. “It was amazing, Bud. His presence, watching the way he walked, the familiar swing of his staff. I felt so at… home.” Hiccup paused, biting down on his lower lip, “Do you think Dad would let Jack return home with us, just like Mom?”

Toothless gave a tired grunt, his scaled tail prodding at Hiccup’s leg impatiently. Catching his friend’s drift, Hiccup stilled, staying quiet the best he could. Without realizing, sleep tugged at his eyelids, his eyes drifting closed to the familiar recurring dream.

'The hammering of nails and wood crashed into earshot while the pounding of wings sounded overhead. Opening his eyes carefully, Hiccup stepped out of bed, rubbing his leg where prosthetic met skin. Hobbling to his desk, he looked around carefully, tugging off his nightshirt and discarding it on the bed, pulling on a crimson tank top over his bare chest. Toothless yawned from his bed yet did not stir, as Hiccup strapped on his leather armor, charcoal, booklet, and map in hand as he stumbled down the stairs. Over the years the wooden steps had worn away into deeply set grooves, and the fireplace had been redone in stone to fit the hot coals smoldering in the ashes. Half way down the stairs, a shock of white caught Hiccup’s eye, turning on his heel to see Jack Frost, staff in hand.

He was the same as he had last seen him, blue sweater hanging on his chest while swirls of frost decorated his chest like a proud mane he wore every day. Shifting snow white hair out from his eyes, Jack looked up, grinning, not a mark nor worry on his features as he stepped forward, motioning Hiccup down.

"Hurry up, Dragon Rider. We’re going to be late.” Jack smiled, stepping closer, merely inches away.

Small hands moved forward, covered in blisters, not yet hardened into callouses, as Hiccup’s sixteen year old body moved closer, eager to reach his deceased lover, only to disappear before his eyes. Bitter defeat clung to his chest, only alone in the cold house of his, his father’s sword missing and gone, no one there to welcome him. He was alon-"
A jolt ran through his chest while eyes were peeled wide, cold sweat racing down his back. Early morning light trickled through the icy ceiling while the morning roars of dragons sounded as they took flight at dawn, stretching their tired and somber wings, shaking them from slumbering claws. His cover was torn from his body as Hiccup shivered, Toothless standing as a swarm of baby dragons ripped him from his comfort. Getting to his feet, Hiccup stretched, his aching muscles contracting as did so, trying to ignore the dream once again as it plagued his mind. Toothless prodded at his side, not long before disappearing into the caverns, chirping as his companion left, hunger driving them forward towards the smell of fish.

Thundering up the stairs with Toothless on his heels, Hiccup bounded into the kitchen. The crackling the large fire in the center of the room roared as Gobber fed more timber to the flame’s greedy claws, the fire spitting embers to and fro. Cloudjumper soar off the ledge into the nest as Valka walked from the counter to the fire, offering Stoick and Gobber their second meal of raw fish. Looking about, Jack was nowhere in sight, while he caught both of the older men trying to cook their meals before Valka had the chance to catch them. Sitting down next to Gobber, Hiccup tensed while Valka sat down next to his father, his dad eyeing the flames in an almost thoughtful way. With words ready at the tip of his tongue, Hiccup spoke clearly, drawing his father’s eyes from the fire.

“Dad,” Hiccup tried, knowing fully well how stubborn his family could be. “I was wondering, perhaps, if Jack could come back to Berk with us?”

Stoick paused, running a hand through his greying beard, his tired green eyes reflecting his age as he spoke, “I’m not sure, Hiccup. What do you think, Val?”

“I don’t see why not,” Valka spoke between bites of fish, “He knows enough about nature and healing to put anyone to shame.” Valka swallowed, “Plus, Jack is an immortal spirit which controls winter and can fly without from a dragon.”

“And that is why Jack cannot return,” Stoick answered firmly, “Last time he came Berk was attacked because we harbored him. If Jack returns once more, who knows what kind of trouble he will bring! It’s almost as if Loki himself follows in that boy’s footsteps.”

“I don’t know Stoick; it would be nice to have Jack around again. No one else would ever listen to my stories if Jack hadn’t been around.” Gobber said proudly, digging into his thoroughly cook fish. “That’s because all of your stories are fake, Gob-” Stoick tried to explain, trying to win the losing battle around him.

“Besides, Stoick, during winter the water freezes in the pipes in the shops. Blocks of ice can’t exactly douse a fire, now can it?” Gobber reasoned, pretending he hadn’t heard what his friend had said about his grand tales of adventure. “Plus, Jack was the best in the village for stopping fire, especially with that magic stick he’s always waving around.”

Silence reigned as Gobber had finished his rant, biting into his fish with glee, food one the last things Hiccup was thinking of as worry coiled in his chest. Nothing filled the quiet while Valka shifted awkward in her seat. Hiccup could admit that his father made a valid point, the notion of only helping your village and kin set in stone in Stoick’s heart, no will to help others in need. It was almost frustrating, to see the chance of Jack coming back to his side forever shattered in front of his eyes.

“Dad,” Hiccup breathed, his eyes pleading, “I can help protect Berk now, and I’ll take all responsibility if something goes wrong because of Jack.”
“You could have protected Berk five years ago as well, Hiccup. I refuse to risk my people’s lives for a single boy.” Stoick hardened, standing to his feet, towering over Hiccup.

“A boy who sacrificed himself for Berk!” Hiccup shouted, jumping to his feet, a greedy fire separating the two.

Stoick growled, “Why do you care about him so much?”

Hiccup’s eyes flickered to Valka quickly, her gaze wary as she stood, once more going to the counter to go receive more food. Her steps were quiet and subtle, calm and tensed. Hiccup’s gaze fell onto the fire, the truth of his feeling towards Jack pressing against the back of his teeth. Refusing to part his lips for the truth, as Hiccup pressed onward with his father.

“He’s my friend.” Hiccup replied stubbornly.

Stoick held his gaze and Hiccup brought his father into view, his brow furrowed as he held his father’s glare. Several moments passed until Stoick finally sighed, running a think hand through his bushy beard. In the corner of Hiccup’s eye, he could see Gobber smile. “Very well then, Hiccup. He can return, but only if he continues his work with Gothi, understand?”

Giving a rushed nod, Hiccup turned on his heel, Toothless close by his side, Valka shouting after him, “Where are you going?”

Without giving an answer, Hiccup chased down the halls, eyes wide in search of Jack. Hiccup slowing as Toothless chirped, climbing onto the Night Fury’s back as the nest came into view, Toothless taking flight as they soared through the air. The duo searched with curious green eyes looking for the winter sprite, eyes casting for anything, eager to share the bright news with Jack himself.

Chapter End Notes

I will now be posting every weekend, because my week days are so hectic. Sorry.
Also, while I was continuing the search of medicine and doctors in the viking era, I found something fairly cool. Apparently, Vikings thought of Jack Frost as a very handsome man due to his fair light colored hair. Also, that most doctors (mostly men, sometimes women) practiced not only medicine and herbs, but also naturalistic magic. Hope you enjoyed!
Waves crashed and swirled against the reef while the tide ran out, leaving barnacle covered rocks in its wake as damp stone started to dry in the hazy light, heavy mist hiding the nest from sight like one of North’s many festive blankets. It was almost comforting, as the Wind battered against the nest, its careful hands merely rustling the spirit’s hair as Jack sat among the ice, azure eyes scanning the waters as shadows swam beneath the waves. The beginnings of snow whipped through the air like bullets, Jack smiling at the familiar flakes scattering across his cheeks as he readied a blizzard. Ice had begun to build up across the sea of dragons bobbed under the water, taking their time in feeding as the Bewilderbeast slumbered. A heavy sigh and the shifting of snow caught Jack’s attention as the dragon besides him slept onwards, it’s darkening mane of spikes dusted in soft snow. The distant roars of dragons rumbled under Jack’s thighs as he sat upon the icy roof of the nest, his bare frostbitten feet dangling from the ledge of the roof. The Wind tugged and bit at scarred shackles while frozen blood crunched under hard iron. A dark shadow flew from the icy mouth far below, the sight of Toothless flying free in the battling Wind’s grasp sending a small smile to Jack lips, the sight of Hiccup hanging onto the dragon’s back sending a shiver down his spine.

Unmoving from his position, Jack watched as Hiccup landed, leather helmet beginning to weigh as ice started to grow in the blistering cold. Shaggy chestnut brown hair was tugged and pulled as Hiccup neared, the Wind bashing it’s mighty fists against the nest. Taking shelter next to Jack as a domed shelter of soft wind floated sweetly over Jack. Hiccup sat, the Wind no longer raising a hand to human as Hiccup scooted closer to the frost spirit. A tan hand ran through coarse hair as Hiccup stared off into the horizon, Jack’s eyes never leaving freckled cheeks and emerald eyes, watching with a grin as a dark blush started to dust Hiccup’s ears.

“‘Morning, Hic,” Jack smirked, leaning forward evermore so, watching with glee as Hiccup sat still, flustered.

“Good morning,” Hiccup parroted, a chuckle in his tone as Hiccup leaned, pecking Jack on the lips as snow settled like pedals in their hair.

Toothless curled around the two in a sleepy manner as the dragon at Jack’s hip growled loosely, drawing Hiccup’s attention. Shaking slightly, powdery snow slipped from black and deep purple scales as the Skrill stood on its stout legs, sleep still clinging to its eyes.

“Who’s that?” Hiccup asked, gesturing towards the Skrill, the dark hued dragon snarling at Hiccup’s hand as if it was feral itself.

Jack laughed, a porcelain hand running over charcoal scales and sharp spikes, “You can’t expect me to ride the Bewilderbeast all the time, do you?” Jack asked rhetorically, “Besides, she sometimes has trouble flying on her own time to time.”

“Why?” Hiccup neared, watching carefully as the Skrill’s nostrils flared, teeth baring as he slowed his approach, practically crawling over Jack’s lap.

Giving a nervous laugh, Jack fumbled with the edge of his staff, “Hic, she’s blind.”

“Oh.”
Hiccup pulled his arm away, giving an awkward smile as he stood, not looking Jack in the eyes. Standing while ringing his fingers, Hiccup paced, face contorted as if words were perched on the tip of his tongue. Jack smiled, silently loving the familiar looks of his boyfriend; loving the way Hiccup would always express most of his thoughts through his shoulders and the angle of his spine. Jack loved how his chapped lips would purse in thoughtfulness whenever the freckled dragon rider had something heavy weighing on his shoulders. Hiccup’s steps soon became exaggerated as Jack soon followed, standing from his place in the snow to stop Hiccup in his tracks, pressing a firm hand on a leather bound arm.

“Want to go inside?” Jack asked, his smile starting to fade at the sight of Hiccup’s worried face.

Giving a silent nod, Hiccup shuffled onto Toothless’s back, clutching the rungs of the saddle with worry, eyes hanging onto the sight of harsh metal which bound his lover’s joints from true freedom. Mirroring his actions with unease growing his chest, Jack clambered onto the Skrill’s bareback, clinging to the sharp thorns protruding from its back, following Hiccup’s tail as they dived, Jack giving verbal directions as his mind wandered. The thundering Wind did not relent against the spirit as they left the domed shelter, the dragons dipping and diving in the bitter wind. Landing harshly in one of the many mouths of tunnels, they settled on the ground, the Skrill pattering off into the nest with a huff, as Toothless stayed close. Scraping thick ice off his leather helmet, Hiccup stalled, his mind running over and over the same things, worry coiling in his gut as he watched Jack from the corner of his eye. He wanted to get this right. Odin, Hiccup didn’t even know if Jack wanted to go back to Berk in the first place. He had carved himself a home in the nest, and, perhaps, Hiccup was taking that home away from the spirit.

Placing his staff on the ground, Jack climbed, crouched on the tip of the crook with practiced ease, hands resting gently on his knees as he waited, watching as Hiccup finally clambered off of his companion’s back, and to finally begin to stride towards the spirit with a tint of awkwardness in his step.

“Jack,” Hiccup started while curiosity started to grow in Jack’s chest, “I spoke to my father this morning, and I managed to convince him to let you come back to Berk….” Hiccup paused, Jack’s face going blank as confidence withered in the dragon rider’s chest. “I mean, it’s not like you have to come back, uh, it’s just an idea really…”

Jack couldn’t grasp the rest of Hiccup’s words as his mind halted, gears trying to turn as his body and soul swayed slightly on his perch. Unsure of what to choose, Jack started to weigh the possibilities, his heart pounding his ribs. Finally able to speak, Jack’s lips parted, his mouth feeling dry and hoarse, “Are you… are you sure it would be fine for me to return?”

A smile broke out upon Hiccup’s face, hope shining in his eyes once more, “Y-Yeah, I don’t see why not!”

Hopping down from his perch, Jack picked up his staff, holding the wood tightly in his fist as he continued down the tunnels, his features starting to darken. Hiccup picked up his pace to walk alongside Jack, wondering absently why his frost spirit of a boyfriend was acting so odd. “Is this not good news?” Hiccup asked tentatively.

Jack paused, stopping in his stride causing Hiccup to walk past him, only to backtrack at Jack’s fearful words, “Do you think…Berk will still be able to see me?”

Silence cascaded down around them, Hiccup giving no answer to the spirit’s question, watching as Jack eyed the floor, his chains rattling around his ankles as his frostbitten heel dug into the dirt packed ground.
“Jack, stand back.” Hiccup gripped Jack’s hands, the immortal spirit taking a step back, tan fingers weaving between Jack’s, a pleasant shiver racing up Hiccup’s spine as he watched, the idea in his mind slowly becoming more and more real before his eyes. Heart pounding, Hiccup leaned in, pecking Jack on the lips, rough weather-beaten lips pressing against sharp thin ones with a sense of chaste and desire. “Close your eyes,” Hiccup muttered between short blissful kisses.

Emerald eyes focused once more on the man before him, watching as pink tinted Jack’s cheeks as his eyes stayed screwed closed, features flustered and anxious, shifting uncomfortably, as if sensing the growing static in the air itself. Jack stood quietly, not daring to question Hiccup’s small experiment as he stretched out his arms in tense waiting. Taking a few quiet steps back, Hiccup kneeled, fingers running over Toothless’s scales gently, a purple hum forming in his best friend’s throat, aimed steadily at Jack.

“Four easy shots, Bud.” Hiccup breathed, terror crawling through his skin as electricity hummed in the air excitedly, reptilian green eyes narrowing.

Watching anxiously, Hiccup tried to focus on breathing, his breath soon becoming short and panicked. Doubts and worries drowned out his mind as he watched Jack tense, realization draining what little color was left on the boy’s face. A lavender hue flooded in the room, bursts of energy striking throughout the tunnels while smoke hazed the air as horror plagued the stone like tarnished paint. Stepping through the smoke, Hiccup left Toothless’s side, fingers outstretched in desperate searching. Cold liquid brushed his palms, Hiccup fell to his knees, moisture soaking through his armor as he crouched, shoulders trembling as his heart shook his rib cage like prison bars.

As the smoke and debris cleared and the dust had settled, everything was quiet, still even. Soot and cooling metal melted into stone while frost became liquid once more, pouring down onto the rocks like small babbling brooks. Small pieces of rubble laced about bare porcelain ankles and wrists, supporting his lover as Jack leaned against the wall, a steady wind falling around him in an almost protective manner. Slim fingers wrapped around bony wrists, as blood was soon chipped away as Jack rubbed his sore joints.

Relief flooding over Hiccup, the dragon rider lunged forward, long arm wrapping around Jack as he gasped, unsure of the sudden contact until melting into the warm embrace. Placing a calloused hand on Hiccup’s cheek and the other loosely on a leather bound hip, Jack smiled as they pulled apart, Hiccup glowing as bright emerald eyes crinkled and small dimples could be found under freckles as Hiccup grinned.

Warm tan fingers slowly grasped Jack’s tinted wrist, gentle and full of care as weather-beaten lips brushing against smooth pale skin and pulsing veins. With teeth ever so slight grazing his palms, Jack relaxed, pain quickly fading as heat soon rose to his cheeks, snowflake blue eyes shining peacefully at Hiccup as the rider straightened. With heart pounding within his chest, Jack leapt forward, strong calloused fingers wrapping around Hiccup’s toned waist as Jack lunged forward, taking quick control as their lips connected.

Quickly accepting the kiss, Hiccup pressed back, Jack advancing as lips danced in perfect harmony, moving together and pulling apart of short needy breaths and silent moans. Leaving a hand on an armored hip, Jack’s cold palm laced through thick chestnut hair as eyes fluttered closed, Hiccup drawing his lover closer by the second. Clambering into Hiccup’s lap, Jack straddled Hiccup’s thighs, teeth starting to nip at Hiccup’s lips in a plea for entrance. Biting back a moan in his throat, Hiccup’s hands dropped to Jack’s ass, gripping firmly as the other tangled in pure white locks, parting his lips as Jack deepened the kiss.
Chest brushing against heavy chest, tongues slicked together in a heated battle, rough pants and needy grasps pulling at clothes and skin as hands wandered, tracing each other’s forms, memorizing every dip and curve of their bodies. Head swimming, Hiccup fought back, pushing Jack back as he explored the hot caverns of Jack’s mouth, brushing against straight pearly teeth and tangling with the spirit’s warm muscle in a constant battle of dominance.

Panting moans and saliva was exchanged, teeth scraping together as Hiccup’s tongue brushed against the roof of Jack’s mouth, a shudder running down the blue eyed boy’s spine, “Ngh~”

Pulling apart to breath, foreheads rested against one another, Hiccup starting to speak between panting breaths, “Jack, I lov-”

A loud growl sounding from Hiccup’s stomach enveloped the room, embarrassment flooding Hiccup’s face as freckled ear started to turn to the shade of Toothless’s prosthetic tail fin. Loud laughter broke the tense silence Jack fell back, sliding of Hiccup’s lap as the spirit rolled, holding his side as belting laughs and giggles floated through the air.

“It’s not that funny, Jack.” Hiccup blushed, watching as dirt mixed with snow white hair and pale skin, Jack’s heated cheeks soon cooling.

After several moments, Jack managed to slow to a few giggles, pupils watering with joy, “Holy shit, yes it is!” Jack smiled, eyes crinkling.

Starting to stand, Hiccup climbed to his feet, dusting off dirt and melted snow from his knees, Jack lifted by the Wind, still lying on his back while his hair dangled freely, staff in hand as he floated inches above Hiccup’s head. Snowflakes started to fall to the ground and dust the stonework in hues of white, not long before, Jack righted himself, toes never touching the ground as he walked on the Wind like solid ground. Stepping into stride next to Hiccup, they walked the halls in sweet silence, washing in the afterglow of their session, lips bitten and swollen as mussed hair curled in the Wind as they walked. With a playful look in his eye, Jack ran into Hiccup, knocking their hips together, stopping their pace as they reached a fork in the passages.

“What?” Hiccup questioned, a smirk playing on bruised lips.

“Unlike me, you, Hic, need food.” With Hiccup starting to object, Jack cut in, “I’ll meet you up there, okay?”

Ruffling Hiccup’s hair, Hiccup left, leaving with a peck on Jack’s cheek before he disappeared into the tunnels with Toothless at his heels, red tail fin dragging on the ground lightly. Waiting until uneven steps subsided, Jack branched off, the Wind setting him down as he walked the corridors with a grin on his features.

The tunnels were vacant and dim, bare feet wandering the memorized path with ease, toes remembering every pebble and crack in the stone. Frost bloomed in magnificent patterns underfoot as Jack walked to the center of his home, thoughts of Berk clouding his mind as he stepped onto the soft grass of the nest. Agile limbs dashed over stone bridges and pillars, leaping over gaps and flying dragons, the Wind playfully spinning around Jack as light snow flickered about the sprite. Dragons roared with delight as Jack flew about, running empty palms over the smooth spines of rock and vines. Splashes of color filled his vision as dragons took the skies while Jack landed gently, toes sinking into warm damp moss of the cliff side, settling in front of the King himself, calm icy eyes scanning the sanctuary with comfort.

Beneath the waters, the small shadows of dragons swam freely in the fish filled caverns which rested under the nest, the freezing temperatures causing no bother to the dragons below Jack. His
grin faltered at the roar of the Bewilderbeast, spines raising and quivering while his tail flailed in
the waters, drenching many land dragons. Throwing its mighty head to and fro, the King growled,
it’s teeth bared for the kill, Jack covering his ears in efforts to muffle to his dragon’s plea.
Managing to calm his companion, Jack swayed in his position, a prickle starting at the back of his
neck as cautious Wind curled around his feet.

Tearing through the color, Jack blasted through the air, leaving disgruntled dragons in his wake as
he shot into the niche of smoke, the rumbling sounds of their morning meal as his friends ate.
Worried tones fluttered about the room while Valka caught his eye at long last. Ignoring the
befuddled look on his lover’s face, Jack stepped forward, quiet reigning as Jack made his
appearance.

“Something wrong?” Valka asked, her tone curt and stern, her green eyes serious as she made her
way around the billowing flames.

Jack cut the chase, quick and urgent, “Something is coming.”

“But what?” Hiccup stood, drawing Jack’s notice, “Could it be Drago?”

“Perhaps, but whatever it is, the Bewilderbeast doesn’t seem to tolerate it much.” Valka concluded,
“I’ll go. I’ll be back before long.”

“Val, no, I refuse to lose you again.” Stoick stood, looming over the other parties with great
difference.

“Mom, Dad’s right. There’s a blizzard outside, you can’t make it.” Hiccup stepped in, desperation
clinging to his features, unable to see his family torn apart once more.

Valka stood her ground, “No, I must do this.”

Bantering continued as arguments grew and rose to ceiling, food being discarded with ease while
Gobber joined the fray as well, Jack staying on the outskirts with disgruntled endurance, his eyes
wandering about the cave as the noise grew with the darkness of the storm, the bellowing of the
King once more filling air as the vikings started to yell, the Wind tugging at his frame while the
crooked wood in his grasp hummed with power. With skin crawling, Jack took a step forth, a sharp
elbow blocking his path, his throat dry as he cleared his throat. Speaking up, Jack spoke over the
troubled voices, drawing the silence to his attention;

“Let me go.”

Chapter End Notes

So, to clarify things, I will be doing smut in later chapters, and this story will be rated
Explicit when I release those few chapters. Currently, it is rated Mature.
The steady drip of fresh water cascading down onto the ground from the far corner of the room was heard amongst the sounds of the crackling fire, slack jaws and wide eyes bored into Jack as he stood, completely still, waiting for the response from his peers. Growls of the Bewilderbeast prompted those around him, Hiccup being the first to snap out of their dazed looks and dreadful stares as Jack had started to squirm under their gaze, repeating his words once more, Jack spoke loudly. Awkward silence followed afterwards as Gobber sighed, muttering something under his breath as he sat down, an exasperated look hanging grimly on his cheeks. Valka took a step forward, only to be cut off as Hiccup whipped forward.

“Jack, no!” Hiccup retorted, “I refuse to lose you again!”

Heavy silence filled the room, as fear crept into the mists of Hiccup’s eyes, shoulders tense as he gripped Jack’s broad shoulders in a desperate plea of protection. The quiet pursing of lips on frozen skin sealed Hiccup’s soul, as the unspoken answer rang throughout the room. Jack was going, and there was nothing Hiccup could do to stop the inevitable.

“I am going, Hic.” Jack insisted, “And you are staying here.”

Turning to Valka, Jack challenged her, raising his eyebrows and bowing his chin, almost as if asking for her opinion on the matter; the room knowing all too well that Jack was still going to leave in the end. Hesitating slightly, Valka sighed, her shoulders slouching and her head tilting in defeat as she ran long fingers over her hair, careful to not pull at the base of her braids.

Valka lamented, a wise shine in her eyes boring into Jack as he took a pace back, ready to leave, “I hate to say it, but Jack is right, Hiccup.”

Taking this as reaching an agreement, Jack spun off, dashing off the ledge the Wind rushed past his ears as he freefell, heart pounding in his chest as the adrenaline grew tight. Tight invisible fingers gripped his form with a familiarity as he took to the air, clutching the staff close as he tore through the tunnels, the sound of his lover’s shouts chasing after him. Gritting his teeth, Jack sped on, the Wind curling around him as he rocketed forward, paying no heed to the sharp stone which grazed his bare arms and the low hanging ceiling ruffling his pure white hair as Jack searched for the light of the storm. Reaching the edge of the nest, Jack was set to rest on a slab of damp stone, its dark texture bringing life to frost which bloomed underfoot. It was quickly cold and bitter in the room, the roars of the King filling the sanctuary in an anxious glow.

Feet padding softly across the stone in quick strides as the thump of wings vibrated the walls in small hums, Jack feeling little need to turn the familiar beats. Settling his staff against the wall Jack pulled up to a small wicker chest, about to lift the small lid open when the heavy pants of Hiccup entered the room, metal leg unhooking from Toothless as Hiccup ran across the room. Steel prosthetic clicked across the vastness of the room, the small sound disappearing in the echoes as a firm grasp reached Jack’s shoulder, a freckled hand brushed against the fur of Jack’s hood. Tugging sharply, Hiccup pulled Jack into his chest, burying his head into Jack’s nape, chestnut hair entangling into the pure white hair, as if soil had mixed with the purest of days in the freezing winter months. The beautiful smell of pine and crisp snow wafted into Hiccup’s nose as he clung to the spirit, his spirit, in attempts of keeping his boyfriend from harm.
Jack did not stir, standing unmoving in Hiccup’s grip as his face was met with hash leather and small braids which tickled his cheeks with each inhale Hiccup took, the smooth smell of the eastern wind winding around the freckled boy’s body, reminding Jack of Burgess, of the autumn days and the falling leaves which fell with each wind’s passing. Icy blue eyes soon fluttered closed, palms rising to rest against hardened armor pushing slowly away with a look of resignation clinging to his features. Jack’s name breathed past Hiccup’s weather beaten lips as Jack turned, opening the chest at the base of his feet, pulling the basket ajar to show a huddled heap of winter armor.

“...I’m going Hic.” Jack muttered, as if his voice could split the air itself.

“I know,” Hiccup took a step forward calloused hands reaching into the chest and pulling out a pair of sturdy shoulder guards, setting them on the ground as Hiccup stood, watching Jack fumble with the single simple stitched leather shoulder guard on his left shoulder, keeping his back to the wall as he worked. Taking a step closer, tan fingers brushed away Jack’s as Hiccup undid the buckle and straps, letting the armor fall limp in his grasp, eyes lingering on the angry red marks on Jack’s shoulder where the guard had once rubbed.

Looking away, Jack did not move, letting Hiccup’s palms travel over smooth creamy skin, the frost spirit flinching as tough fingers laced over ragged skin. “What happened?”

Jack pursed his lips, sinking closer to the wall, peering up through his bangs as he gazed into Hiccup’s worrying eyes. Closing his eyes in defeat, Jack sighed, “Alvin,” he started, pulling from Hiccup as he slipped past him, picking up the winter guards from the floor in hesitation. “When I was escaping, an arrow pierced my shoulder. Nothing to worry about, Hic. I promise.”

Emerald eyes stayed trained on Jack’s back, watching the way slim shoulder blades and muscles moved under tight skin, moving with such wonder and complexity which amazed his eyes, Hiccup watching the small burn scar perhaps the size of his thumb moved with ease, making the spirit seem all the more human. Helping Jack with his armor with kind touches and soft working palms, Jack’s hands fell limp at his sides.

Tightening white fur guards onto Jack’s shoulders took little time, as Hiccup pulled out a long white fur cloak, Jack pulling the thin hood over his eyes as the dragon rider tied it tight. Picking a spyglass from the chest, Hiccup handed it to Jack, their finger lingering in silence as Jack pulled away eventually, stuffing the glass into the pouch at his hip. The necklaces of fangs rattled with every movement, Jack tying a leather band around his right thigh, holding a compass and a small sack loosely.

Pulling off Jack’s hood, Hiccup cupped Jack’s jaw, “I don’t want to see you go…”

“I’ll be right back, I promise.” Jack answered, pulling a scarf over his head, forcing Hiccup to drop his hands. A worried look still adorning his features, Hiccup shifted, remembering vividly the screams in the harbor of Berk, and sickening snaps of Jack’s staff.

“Here,” Jack added, pressing his staff into Hiccup’s palms, pressing their lips together in a chaste kiss, “I trust you.”

Taking a deep breath, Jack let out a shrill whistle, cutting through the air as thundering wings began to beat through the air, Toothless growling at the unfamiliar sound, Jack laughing as a flash of white blurred past, huddling at Jack’s side. Nimble fingers traced over the dragon’s snout as thin scales brushed Jack’s cheek. Calming his best friend, Hiccup took a step forward to the foreign dragon, emerald eyes wide as Hiccup neared cautiously. Jack cut Hiccup off, another growl vibrating the walls as the Bewilderbeast thrashed inside the heart of the sanctuary.
“I’ll explain later, dragon boy.” Jack laughed, hopping onto the Woolly Howl’s back as the tan dragon readied at the edge of the nest.

Pulling the scarf over his nose, and tugging up his hoods, Jack dived, disappearing into the snow and pounding wind, relying on the dragon beneath him as Jack commanded the blizzard to rage onward, soaring through the sky’s icy jaws easily as the Woolly Howl soared onward, the Wind tugging at Jack’s skin as they raced onward, the bellowing howls of the King drowning in the storm. An hour later of stinging snow and powerful wind, darkening figures contrasted in the blizzard, Jack flying higher and higher, circling around the mysterious shapes.

Nearing closer, Jack opened his spyglass, beautiful snowflake eyes gazing over scaled reptiles and leather bound vikings, identifying the group as dragon risers, weapons on their hips and shields on their backs as they battled the storm in a futile attempt of reaching their destination.

Closing his spyglass once more, Jack leaned against the cold back of the Howl, raising an arm towards one of the large dragons, waiting for a closer shot at his target. Conjuring a ball of light in his palm, sparking with raw power, Jack waited, not long before releasing it into the terrifying wind. A painful howl screeched through the air as his mark was hit, fire setting the storm ablaze in wave of heat, revealing a Monstrous Nightmare, fangs bared and snarling. Jack’s ice soon melted off the wing of the dragon, it’s golden eyes locking onto Jack, as he and his dragon tumbled through the air, hissing at the heat.

Embers flew through the air as shouts were heard, Jack’s ears ringing as he dived above the clouds, his head spinning as the thundering of wings followed close behind. Breaking the clouds in silence, Jack waited, hovering over the mist as his storm performed beneath his feet.

Pulsing fire burst through the cold, steam shrouding the air as the flaming dragon reared it’s head, it’s large horns almost clipping Jack in the eye as the Woolly Howl lashed away, more dragons coming to the surface, encircling Jack on all sides as Jack’s mind wanders, silence but for the howling Wind and the biting cold.

“Who are you?” A feminine voice shouted over the tumbling waves of snow beneath her dragon’s feet, as a heavy axe rested at her side.

Power surged deep below in the misting depths, Jack keeping silent under his hood and scarf, sharp blue eyes darting around him until another dragon pair of dragon riders spoke, “Who cares? Let’s get him!”

The blur of a dragon leapt forward, Jack tightening his grip on the scaled mane of the Woolly Howl, purple slitted eyes narrowing as it opened its fangs, hues of blue gathering in its throat as a deafening shot rang out, hitting its target of a small plump dragon staying on the outskirts of the circling, keeping their distance as the dragon riders faltered, focus wavering as Jack leapt forward, making a desperate grab at one of the many saddle straps of the Zippleback rider’s, dragging them with him back under the fierce clouds. The Wind whistled past frostbitten ears as fur lined hoods fell onto slim shoulders. White fur cloak billowed in the Wind’s grasp as Jack hurdled downwards, gritting his teeth as sharp nails of the viking’s hand dug into his arm, pulling and tugging.

Tumbling through the air, Jack tossed the rider’s off into the sky, trusting his temporary companion to catch the screeching dragon riders in mid-flight. Disgruntled yells and the beating of storm hardened wing’s slashed through the Wind’s grasp in mighty strokes, a mane of spikes coming into view as Jack slowed and evened out, letting his foes circle him once more. Taking a stand on the Woolly Howl’s back, Jack clung to the small scales with the desperate plea of his wobbling knees. Raising his arm through the battling Wind’s eyes, Jack spoke in a soft voice, his ripped from his throat as the Wind ate at ruffling white hair.
Commanding the Wind to do his bidding, the Wind screamed, sharp claws rising from the ocean mist as the Wind threw their foes from their dragon’s backs, the Woolly Howl catching them with ease in it’s dull talons. Ignoring the beating hands and insults pouring down from wicked mouths to silky white hair, Jack continued North, roars of furious dragons nipping at his heels. With the sanctuary in sight, Jack swerved and dived, evading the pillars of ice and rocks, skimming the pebbled beach as he and his catch lost his foe’s dragons at the sound of clashing dragons as the flicker of Cloudjumper’s wings out of view.

Tunneling down into one of the many entrances, Jack sailed peacefully through the darkness, dropping his prey on the cold stone floor, cracked and uneven, as his dragon flew off. Jumping off his dragon’s back, Jack flew towards the ceiling, clinging to the icicles which clung to the light of the moon, full and bright streaming through the entrance. It was one of Jack’s favorite places in the nest, full of still life which bloomed with each drip of fresh water. It reminded him of Burgess, his past and future, of his lake only a few miles from Jamie’s warm home, where he was spend countless days by the young man’s desk as Jamie studied, Jack merely gazing the posters on the wall and the light which flickered through the glass of water at Jamie’s bedside table. Back then, it had been a boring ceremony the two had performed, sitting in silence except for the dribble of pen on paper. Yet, now that those days had long passed, Jack remembered them fondly, smiling at the memory of Jamie’s face lighting up at the sight of a small rabbit made of frost hopped across his page, or taking long walks in the middle of the cool nights of November, when procrastination at struck Jamie’s heart.

Pulling Jack from his memories was the scrape of metal against stone, nimble fingers swinging the hood over his hair and eyes, watching carefully as steady dragons crept forward, claws clicking against the bitter cold ground. The heavy pound of a bone staff resonated throughout the room in echoing waves, Valka creeping out from behind the wall of enclosing dragons, mask and armor on with her shield at her hip. Opening their powerful jaws, fire lighting up the room as the dragons held their breath, Valka taking a step closer to the only viking on their feet. Stretching out a curious arm, Valka moved ever closer, the dragon rider letting out a battle cry as the figure reached for their weapon, Valka scuttling back as the flash of an axe flew through the air, Hiccup’s voice being heard over the roars of dragons as fire engulfed the cavern.

“Astrid! No!”

Chapter End Notes

If you guys don’t remember, Jack was shot with a flaming arrow at the end of the first part in the shoulder, which at the beginning of the second part, Jack knew it was going to scar.

Second off, the Woolly Howl is a real dragon in httyd (game), go to the wiki if you are confused.

Also, I will not be posting in November since I am participating in Nanowrimo, but will be active in December and onward. I will try to post as many chapters before November, but if I can't, I'm sorry.
Chapter Notes

I'm back! Sorry for the wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Smoke clouded the air as Jack dropped from his perch, soot staining his feet as he landed on the ashen floor, remaining embers and dirt floating in the air in a cloud of grey as Jack crept forward, heart pounding wildly as the dragons began to ebb away from the smoke and cinder. The smell of burnt hair stinging the air as Jack crinkled his pale nose, sweat and ash darkening his cheeks. Pushing through parting wings and slithering tails, Jack stepped forward, the Wind pushing the smoke aback as the curled form of Toothless clung to the ground, mighty wings splayed as Hiccup himself stepped from the gloom of his companion’s hold, smudges of soot on his forehead and neck, his contrasting beautiful emerald eyes traveling about the room, his gaze settling on Jack, the spirit’s crouched form staring at his boyfriend, dread painting his features and loss staining his form. The grumbling form of the Night Fury stirred, the dragons around them returning to their places, as Valka stepped forward, a head of blonde hair poking out from Toothless’s wing.

Harsh spitting growls filled the room once more at the sight of Astrid standing on shaking knees, the twins following closely behind. Jack wavered at the sight, his eyes growing wide. She looked...strange. Astrid wasn’t the small girl he had first met, with straight choppy bangs and constant braid, her skirt of skulls and striped shirt and metal shoulder guards. She wasn’t fifteen anymore. She looked...no, she was an adult. Her face was more feminine and her braid was cast to the side, her bangs framing her face nicely as her shoulders were shrouded in a large fur hood. She was simply beautiful.

Her features quickly contorted into an expression of ferocity as the dragons once more started to gather, smoke escaping their smoldering jaws as they readied once more. Hiccup leapt forward, pushing Toothless back as reptilian green eyes narrowed, the smell of plasma escaping into the air. The uncovered dragon riders stood, brushing melting snow from their chests and resting a palm on their weapons, shifting uneasily.

“Okay, okay. Let’s all calm down, alright?” Hiccup spoke clearly yet with a tone of nervousness, his tan fingers wrapping around the neck of Astrid’s axe, pulling from her grasp.

After sliding the bladed weapon from them and towards Valka, Valka wandered closer, rising a slim hand and at once the dragons calmed, her bone staff shaking as she crept forward swiftly. Jack backed out of eye line, Hiccup’s gaze straying as Jack padded silently behind the group, fingers running over the ridges of rough scales, dragon’s snarls silencing as he walked past, quietly listening to Hiccup’s words as they sang throughout the room, bringing a tired smile to the spirit’s dirtied face.

“Where the hell are we?” Tuffnut spoke, gazing at icicle covered ceiling in awe.

Hiccup cleared his throat awkwardly, shifting from foot to foot, “Well…”

“This is my home.” Valka interrupted, her voice full of pride and wit, eyes gleaming as she removed her mask, still crouched in defense, “Why are you here?”
Astrid was the first to answer, “We came looking for Hiccup, but, who are you?”

“Guys, this is my mother. Mom, meet my friends. They helped convince the village that dragons weren’t our foes.” Hiccup answered, pride growing in his chest.

“Your...Your mother?!” Snotlout gaped, eyes wide, “I thought she was-”

“Hiccup, good for you. I know you were missing her...” Astrid enveloped Hiccup a quick friendly hug, eyes shining before turning to Valka, not long before introducing herself and the rest of the dragon riders.

Eyes traveling, Hiccup glanced about, emerald orbs falling upon the figure of Jack Frost, watching lanky limbs grace the ground as a landscape of ice escaped his every touch. Still wearing his winter fur armor, Hiccup grinned to himself, obvious in his eyes how awkwardly Jack stepped as he edged about the circle trying to escape new coming eyes. Serene icy blue orbs danced along the ground before meeting Hiccup’s, a darkening blush contrasting upon dark freckles and tan skin. Shifting anxiously from foot to foot, Hiccup stayed put, dragging his eyes away as Jack gave a smirk, the spirit twisting about as he disappeared from Hiccup’s line of sight. Watching Astrid and Valka talk about dragons and life in the nest while Fishlegs floundered and rambled on and on about the new dragons to the twins, Hiccup stood alone.

Soon the room was humming with noise, Hiccup’s jaw stiff and tense as his gaze wandered, feeling like it had been a thousand years since he had truly looked at his dear friends. Boring his view into the frame of each of his loved ones, an unfamiliar figure stood out of the gloom, in which Hiccup noticed bright blue eyes were watching closely as well. It was a man who was standing by himself as well, not far off from the twins whom ignored blatantly the ramblings of Fishlegs, poking the growling dragons curiously. The man as large, not in fat but in muscle, a strange tattoo on his chin and dressed in a garb with no sleeves: Eret. Before Hiccup could have the chance to storm over and to ask why a dragon trapper of all people was doing in the nest of all places, a shout screeched across the room, all attention flashing towards Snotlout as the viking man fumed, pointing a horrid finger out into the shadows.

“You!” Snotlout growled, the small figure of Jack stopping at the hateful words, yet, for an odd reason, a sense of relief echoed from the short viking’s frame.

A singing laugh rang forth, making heads turn and eyes widen as Jack stepped forward, a gleeful glimmer in his eyes as he raised his hands in a mocking way of surrender, a smirk on his face which looked far too sinful in Hiccup’s eyes as Jack spoke, “Me?”

There was a deafening silence which Valka could only shift, wide eyes and gaping mouths boring into Jack’s mind as his smile flickered like a flame in a harsh wind, returning quickly and just as brightly. He had missed this, the mocking fights he had once had all those years ago with Snotlout, or the tumbles they had as Jack had once frozen Snotlout to the ground after he had tripped over a dirtied wash basin. He had missed the relationship he had help with Hookfang over the mutual demise of Snotlout. But, what he hadn’t missed, was the silence. Flickering his eyes over to Hiccup, Jack stood, frozen in place, the Wind rushing into the room in a swift current, ruffling his white hair, snowflakes painting the air in slowly falling patterns. Taking a step forward, Hiccup walked to Jack’s side.

“You guys remember Jack, right?” Hiccup asked timidly.

“You’re alive?” Ruffnut drawled, awe stricken as she walked up and leaned against Jack, the spirit becoming rigid as Tuffnut looked him up and down, “And hotter than ever...”
Laughing nervously, Jack stepped away, placing Hiccup between himself and the female viking as he shivered, hands twitching at the absence of his staff.

“But, how did you escape from Outcast Island?” Astrid shook her head, taking a few steps forward; as if afraid the image of the spirit would disappear before her eyes.

Jack paused, “It’s a long story.”

An awkward clearing of the throat made the group look back at Valka, whom was balancing her mask and staff in her hands, joy in her eyes as her calm frame waved the group deep into the tunnels, the dark path winding and wandering through the nest, many of the dragon riders grumbling harshly under their breaths as shins met sharp stone or foreheads meeting low hanging rock, Jack failing to stifle a chuckle at each complaint. Starting the climb, Jack and Hiccup started to stray behind, fingers laced together as they meandered after the group, soon or later making a full on stop in the darkness, the group disappearing from their sight as Jack pulled Hiccup closer.

“Hey,” Hiccup laughed, leaning his forehead down on Jack’s, silky white hair weaving in with long dark stands, a small braid brushing across a porcelain cheek, blue eyes almost glowing in the dark as Jack floated before the dragon rider.

“Hey,” he spoke, his voice deep as wound his fingers around Hiccup’s waist, leather armor meeting his touch as a pale palm rested at the back of his freckled neck.

Calloused hands reached down to touch thin small hips, fragile as ice as Jack relaxed in Hiccup’s hold, staring up into beautiful emerald eyes, lavishing in the feel of the man’s warm skin against his own, lovingly heat which felt just right, warming Jack to the core as he felt human once more. Hiccup pushing Jack away slowly, Hiccup gripped at Jack’s wrist, pulling him along as Hiccup strayed down another path, leading to the cove which the blind Skrill slept, labored breathing huffing throughout the room as Hiccup ran on ahead, searching for where he hid Jack’s staff.

With Toothless at his side, Jack crouched, running his nimble fingers over black scales as narrow green reptilian eyes smiled, Jack forming a small snow storm over their heads, the Night Fury practically bouncing with glee as a soft hand rested on Jack’s shoulder, pale fingers snatching up at Hiccup as they tumbled to the ground, the dull knife which once slept on Hiccup’s forearm skidding across the stone and the rigid of a leather fin popped up and the stone carved dragon head of Hiccup’s Zippleback sword clattered to the ground.

Ending in a tangle of limbs and ruffled hair and flushed cheeks, they laid in peace, warm puffs of air escaping chapped lips, blush stained cheeks flushing against one another as they listened; to the dripping of water, to the sound of the wind, to the sound of their beating hearts. Hiccup was the first to sit up, trying to straighten his clothes in bitter attempts. Poking at Hiccup’s sides, Jack played, poking and joking around with the viking. Hiccup batted Jack’s fingers away, starting to coil the leather fin back into place. Jack settled to rest his hands on Hiccup’s hips on a compromise, not having the heart to remind or notify his boyfriend of their intimate position as the brunette straddled the spirit’s hips, wiggling slightly at each move to fix his armor. Scrambling out from under the dragon rider at the slight feel of the tightening of his trousers, Jack stood, sending Hiccup toppling to the floor in a heap as Jack scooped up his fallen staff and set about trying to occupy himself.

As Hiccup watched as Jack sped to and fro, his white fur cape flying behind him in a flurry of snow, Hiccup rested a hand on Toothless’s head, watching how the armor shifted on Jack’s figure. It still looked so awkward on Jack’s form, so bulky and rough, so harsh and rigid, so controlled and intimidating, so much unlike Jack. Like it was merely a prop used in a play, nothing more, nothing less. It was only a costume on Jack’s shoulders, twirling his staff around his shoulders in jolting
movements.

Pulling himself to a standing position, Hiccup made a desperate clutch at Jack’s wrist, missing the spirit before making a sloppy grab for the cloak. Jack paused, floating about a foot in the air as he turned, cheeks ablaze and pink, blue snowflake eyes meeting the ground’s glare as Hiccup pulled the spirit in close. White hair swirling about in the calm breeze, Hiccup paused, admiring his lover for a short moment. He admired the strong yet slender jaw and beautiful pale lips, of the icy eyes he could stare at for all eternity if the spirit would have let him. Tan fingers graced thin skin, the pulse under his fingertips rushing through his mind as Hiccup’s hands wandered, tracing over sharp dips and curves of Jack’s form, of clothed skin and rhyme of ribs under his palms and frosted skin becoming warmer by the second, Jack squirming but never complaining. With his free hand, Jack finally moved, winding his fingers through choppy brown hair and small braids, over beautiful ears dusted in freckles and warm cheeks and sharp jaw.

Leaning in, Jack ghosted his lips over Hiccup’s, breath dancing across chapped lips and small stubble, Hiccup closing the touch for a small, sweet kiss, short and breath taking, beautiful and serene. Parting for breath, they separated, taking a few steps back, Jack taking to the ground as he wandered forward, pulling Hiccup along. Hurrying his steps, Hiccup rushed forward, pecking Jack on the cheek as he took the lead, heading back to the dining area.

Stepping up the slope and into the dining area, Astrid and the others sat gathered about the fire, Gobber the only one in the room noticing their entrance as he grinned, assuming the worst by the slight blush on Jack’s face as he let Hiccup’s calloused fingers escape Jack’s grasp, moving into his place around the fire as Jack moved along, finding a place on the ledge which looked over the nest, his feet swinging below him as he smiled contently, his grasp firmly resting on his staff as he hummed.

“Welcome, Hiccup,” Stoick boomed, his grand voice practically rumbling through the walls as the others turned, “Where have you been?”

“Er - nowhere.” Hiccup responded lamely, avoiding eye contact, looking over at Jack as the spirit gave a short wave, jumping off the ledge and into the nest. Taking a step out of the circle, trying to follow, his father’s hand clasped his shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

Raising a bushy eyebrow, Stoick gave a questioning look, forcing Hiccup to take a seat as he fumbled with a cheap excuse, making his father sigh. “Son, a chief must look after the majority first, then the individuals.” Staying where he was, Hiccup strained to focus on the conversation, listening intently in order to keep his mind from wandering. His father continued, “I’m surprised to see you, small one.”

Hiccup followed Stoick’s gaze, eyes landing on Eret as Eret nodded, Astrid taking up the conversation, “He helped us escape from Drago.”

“You were with Drago?” Valka gasped, Cloudjumper growling as Astrid continued.

Glance flickering to Stoick’s darkening features, Astrid continued, her usual confidence fading ever so slightly, “We...we went to go follow Hiccup after no one had returned, and tried to follow Hiccup’s path, but instead forced the trappers to take us to him. After so, we were caught, but Eret helped us and escaped.”

“I thought I had told you to go back to Berk.” Stoick bellowed, frowning under his greying beard. Fishlegs followed up meagerly, “Well, we were, but...”
“But what? A giant troll stopped your path?” Gobber chided, slowly roasting a fish on his pegged arm.

“No, not exactly... Drago is coming this way now.” Astrid spoke, her darkened words reigning upon the room as Hiccup’s mind wound up blank, throat becoming barren as he tried to swallow.

It was silence which followed for long horrid moments as the room stilled, every becoming forced as Hiccup muttered, “What do we do now?”

This was nothing like the Red Death, where he had gone out and met the fight head on, but rather, this was a fight he could not run from: a fight that was coming to him - for him. There were no tricks he could use like within the dragon fighting training arena. It was nothing like a thing he could simply run from, much like his responsibilities. This was a demon which was going to stop at nothing to reach for Hiccup’s throat.

“Nothing much we can do,” Stoick gave with a defeated sigh, “If Drago knows our location, then it be only a matter of time until he arrives. Until then, our only choice is to fortify the sanctuary and prepare for battle.”

“Is there no other choice?” Tuffnut asked, flailing his arms in attempt to explain, “What if we fly out and attack them head on?”

“And give up the advantage of home ground? No way.” Astrid shot down quickly.

“Astrid is right,” Valka spoke up, “We have the protection of the Bewilderbeast here. It’s best we use it to our advantage. Until then, no dragon or viking will leave the nest unless necessary.”

“What about meals? Toothless can’t exactly eat vines all day.” Hiccup tried, standing to his feet.

Valka pondered this, “We could always bring the food inside the nest bit by bit. It’ll take longer, but if Drago is coming, then it’s for the best.”

“But if I could just talk to him then-” Hiccup tried, only to be cut off by his father.

“-Then you would end up dead, Hiccup! I am not going to lose you, son.” His glare wavered, showing something akin to fear, “And that’s final.”

Storming off, Stoick left quickly, his fur cloak billowing on after him as he chased shadows deep into the belly of the nest, leaving from sight as the fire flickered out, the last rays of the day shining through the ice in a misty haze. Toothless nudged Hiccup’s leg, giving his best friend a scaled smile as Hiccup brightened, Valka clapping her hands together, giving out room assignments, or, more like small pockets in the sanctuary’s walls rather than the rooms like back on Berk.

With the twins resting farthest from the nest itself and Astrid, Eret, Snotlout, and Fishlegs on the other side from the twins with separate rooms, and Valka sharing a room with Stoick under the dining area, closest to the nest, while Hiccup’s room lay further down the same tunnel. It was confusing in Hiccup’s jumbled mind, but he nodded nonetheless.

Asking a final question before Valka left, Hiccup spoke up, “Where’s Jack’s room?”

Pausing in slight confusion before giving a kind smile, wisdom gleaming in her eyes as she nodded, “He sleeps in the room next to the healing room, closest to the King.”

Staying behind as Valka and Gobber left to find the fuming chief, Snotlout soon quickly picked up a light hearted conversation, the group soon laughing and joking about, some making quirky dance
imitations or impressions of some of the less favorable ideas on Berk, such as drenching the winter snow in oil and lighting it with a torch with a pile of hay nearby.

But, it was when dinner had been eaten and old stories of their academy days had been told when Hiccup had deemed it alright for everyone to head to bed, following Astrid back to her room with a strange knowing look on her face as she bed him good night, as he wandered off to his own room, sitting in the dark with a small fire as he waited patiently for his peers to find sleep after the storm’s strong blows and the tussle of the howling Wind.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the chapter sucked, I'm now trying to get back into the flow of the story after my hiatus.
It was quiet and numb, as the fire crackled and sparked, eating at the wood upon its grasp in greedy claws. Sleeping peacefully, Toothless did not stir as Hiccup clambered to his feet, clinging to the wall as his eyes dragged across his room. It was large, shaped like an octagon with a hole at the top of the ceiling, letting the smoke slither freely from the room. There were no blankets or bed to sleep on, only the cold ground of stone waited patiently at his feet. Creeping out of the small hatch that his room offered, Hiccup stepped out into the tunnel, prosthetic limb tapping loudly within the echoing depths. Looking back into the room, Hiccup smiled as Toothless slept on, only waking for a moment to give Hiccup a knowing look before curling closer into himself and slipping back into slumber. Heading down the hall, Hiccup slowed at the entrance of his parent’s room, soft mumblings heard from within, unheard and unreached by Hiccup’s ears as he slowed his pace, edging the walls as he continued. Soon enough, moss and patches of grass started to bloom between the cracks of stone, the hum of dragon's breath ruffling his thick auburn hair as he wound his way through the nest, stopping briefly at the sight of the King, large tusks swaying ever so slightly in the water’s path as the mighty dragon opened it’s diligent eyes.

An icy stare of reptilian eyes met Hiccup’s wide gaze, the Bewilderbeast blinking slowly as Hiccup jolted, mimicking the bow Valka had once done, waiting for the dragon to close its eyes once more before continuing onto his path, eyes laying onto the small tunnel of the healing room, a soft glow of light flickering within its depths as he neared. Minding his way around the bend, Hiccup paused, taking in the sight before him as his boyfriend worked ever so quietly, shifting once every second or so, his foot twitching. Reflecting on his lover’s actions, Hiccup stood in the shadows, realizing Jack’s jolting movements and furrowed brow.

“You never wanted to become a healer, did you?” Hiccup spoke up, Jack jumping at the sudden sound, whipping his head in the direction of the foreign voice, relief softening his features at the sight of Hiccup.

Going back to his work as Hookfang lay before him, rubbing a strange beige paste onto the scratched wing of the dragon, “What makes you say that?” Jack answered at last, giving a nervous laugh, his voice drawing Hiccup to sit beside him.

Hiccup didn’t push the subject furthermore, knowing what Jack had meant by his words, flashes of horrific stories Jack had once spoken deep into the night as they laid together under the stars, of a man named Pitch and the plans he had after getting rid of the winter spirit; of how Jack had simply gotten in the spirit’s way as he had been sent to Berk. Hiccup knew why Jack was beside him, waiting patiently for another thousand years or so to find his foe. Of course his boyfriend wouldn’t have liked the path chosen by his father. But, worry still tugged at Hiccup’s mind. Worry of things he could never change. Hiccup fretted over the fight which may lead to Jack’s demise. Pushing his thoughts from his mind, Hiccup changed the subject, trying to lighten the mood.

Nodding at the Monstrous Nightmare, Hiccup tried to smile, “What happened to Hookfang?”

A laugh broke from Jack’s lips, bringing a true smile to Hiccup’s freckled face as he watched his lover, admiring the strong jaw and the pale skin, of the way Jack’s eyes crinkled ever so slightly as he laughed, making the viking’s heart beat in his chest.

“In all honesty,” Jack started, rubbing the back of his head nervously, smearing paste on his neck,
“I thought they were Drago’s scouts. I shot them down.”

Casting a glance at the Gronkle in the corner, half asleep in a haze of bruised scales. Sometimes Hiccup forgot the raw power his lover held at the tip of his fingertips, never once using his power on purpose for evil. At every glance of the spirit, Jack had grown in a way Hiccup could not yet explain. Dragging his thoughts back to the dragon Jack had once rode into the storm, Hiccup leaned forward, dabbing a rough rag in a bowl of water nearby, wiping the paste from Jack’s silky white hair, fingers wandering as he worked. Surprised the liquid didn’t freeze upon contact, Hiccup weaved the grainy paste from white locks and pale skin as Jack worked, a light blush on his cheeks as Hiccup spoke.

“Wooly Howl, you called it?” Hiccup asked, referring to the beige and white dragon which looked so much like Toothless.

Jack laughed at his boyfriend’s interest for the dragon, “Yeah, Wooly Howl. A strike class dragon that lives in these regions, probably the only dragon who can withstand the blizzards I make. Plus, it does help that it is an ice breathing dragon, but—…”

Listening attentively, Hiccup watched in fascination, imprinting the words into his mind as Jack spoke, a tint of wonder in his voice as he waved his hands for emphasis. Jack had grown so much in Hiccup’s eyes. Jack was more mature, his eyes darker in sadness and loneliness which still hadn’t completely faded out since Hiccup’s arrival. Yet, though it was impossible, the spirit had grown older in time. The way he held himself as more slouched than with the cocky confidence which once attracted Hiccup like a moth to a flame. But, he also missed the old Jack he had fallen in love with. He missed the Jack who held himself with confidence and an airy smile, fearless of the world around him. Oh how he loved Jack, and how Hiccup would stop at nothing until the spirit once more laughed easily at the simplest of things.

A blush flared onto Hiccup’s freckled cheeks as he noticed Jack’s gaze, a light mischievous smirk on his lips with a knowing look in his eyes. Looking away, Hiccup shifted, eyes widening at Jack’s words, “You’ve grown up.”

Patting Hookfang’s back lightly, the dragon left with a huff, smoke billowing into the room as the Monstrous Nightmare took flight out and into the nest’s cool air, out of sight. Pausing for a moment, the room tensed, Meatlug slowly making her way to her feet, her short stubby legs waddling her across the room. The large dragon stepped forward, Meatlug’s face scraped and bloody, her muzzle scratched as flecks of ice had dug its way into her snout. Practically flopping into Jack’s lap, the boulder class dragon snuggled into the spirit’s hold. Hiccup smiled at the action, somewhat envying the dragon. Grabbing leaves and roots as if on autopilot, Jack started to grind together a paste, spreading the mixture on her nose as he started to speak.

“How’s Berk?” Jack said as he gave a small smile, bringing an airy feel to the atmosphere.

A burst of pride surged through Hiccup as he straightened, huffing out his chest in a way which forced a laugh to Jack’s lips, “You would love, Jack! The entire village is now fit for dragons! There’s feeding stations and dragon washes and we finally got my father to agree to a fire proofing system, only that it doesn’t really work during the winter, but that’s where you can come in! Oh, and dragon racing! Oh Jack you would love it!” Joy painted Hiccup’s face as he pulled out a folded piece of paper from his armor, splaying his map across his lap as he spun fantastical stories from his lips, “I even traveled west, thanks to Toothless, and found awesome new lands Berk could only dream about before! Islands hosting all kinds of dragons. We even found a beautiful artifact about other dragons and their classes. Oh! And there’s a valley in the mountains towards the east, Jack. You would love it, thick snow covering the entire area, tall willow trees and crystal clear streams,
cold wind blowing in from the north and long, lanky dragons which pretend to be vines hanging from the branches as they wait over the streams for their food!

“It sounds amazing,” Jack muttered, awe in his voice as he traced the map with his fingers. A few minutes passed until he spoke again, looking into Hiccup’s eyes, his voice more tentative than before, “would you mind if you took me there?”

For only a moment, Hiccup was shocked, noticing Jack’s words held a promise. A promise which made Hiccup smile, relief coming to his face as grinned. “Of course,” Hiccup’s words softened, chest growing tight as he took Jack’s hand in his own, “I swear you’ll love it. It’s beautiful.”

Nimble fingers slipping from his palm, Jack pecked Hiccup on the lips before getting back to work, silence following as Jack concentrated, Hiccup watching as fingers danced gracefully over thick scales and as dark brows furrowed, the spirit chewing absentlly on his lower lip as he leaned his thin frame forward. Moving ever so slightly closer to his boyfriend, Hiccup slowly worked his fingers over Jack’s fur armor, taking each piece off as delicately as he could, rough buckles and straps leaving bruises for all to see. Taking off his shoulder guards and cloak and other foreign garbs, Hiccup humanized the young white haired boy before him, watching with new found interest as Jack worked, feasting his eyes on the beauty his boyfriend held.

Smiling to himself, Hiccup situated himself behind Jack, shifting so the teenaged spirit rested in his lap as he worked, the tips of Jack’s ears turning red as Hiccup kissed a porcelain shoulder, “Yeah, it really is beautiful.”

Chapter End Notes

If any of you guys are interested in learning more about the Wooly Howl, it is on the HTTYD wiki and can be seen in Rise of Berk and the HTTYD game. Thank you for reading!
It was quiet after the pause, Jack never picking up his boyfriend’s words as he had worked, hands seeming monotone and robotic as he sat peacefully in the silence, enjoying Hiccup’s presence nonetheless. Smiling to himself, Jack leaned slightly closer to Hiccup, loving the flustered shift in the dragon rider’s perch. Heart jumping a beat, Jack grinned, dragging his eyes across Hiccup’s freckled face, watching as a blush dusted his cheeks. Leaning in for a kiss, Jack smeared the paste on tan cheeks, Hiccup recoiling in playful disgust. Throwing his head back in a joyous laugh, Jack chortled, icy blue eyes almost melting in the heat of the room. The heat of his boyfriend’s presence, of the feel of the butterflies exploding in his stomach and the tingling of his skin. Of the beautiful flush of his true love’s skin. Jack loved everything about it, and despite the heat, he would gladly swim in it for the rest of his immortal life.

Calming from his high, Jack looked back to Hiccup, the viking desperately trying to wipe away the smeared paste, eyebrows furrowed in concentration. Laughter bubbling up in his chest, Jack tried to change the subject, his horribly concealed smile earning him an emerald glare in the candle light. Clearing his throat in an attempt to hide a small giggle, Jack spoke, “So, Hic,” another glare, “how’s chief hood going? I know how excited you were about it,” Jack gave a sarcastic grin.

The following pause made Jack curse his words, scolding himself to bring up such a depressing subject when they had been having such fun. Hiccup ran his fingers through his chestnut hair, the atmosphere turning somber and anxious. It caused a ripple in the room, at each shuffle of Jack’s form, as if inky waters were slowly filling the space around them. It was a while until Hiccup spoke, Jack biting his tongue as he was about to speak, not wanting to cut off his boyfriend from this serious matter. “Yeah...My father is waiting for my answer any day now, Thor, he already has the speech ready for the village and everything.” Hiccup paused, ringing his fingers together, “So far all I’ve been able to do is run from it…”

Jack nodded, remembering his time when North had announced his acceptance into the Guardians that one fateful day. It had come so suddenly, all Jack could think of the job as some kind of nightmare. “…I understand,” he muttered.

“You do?” Hiccup raised his eyebrows in surprise, astonishment painting his features.

Jack smiled to himself, a nostalgic expression glazing over his bright eyes, “Yeah,” He paused, “I...once also had a figure in my life, much like your father. Back then, we had never spoken before our meeting, though we had heard of one another in passing. He had wanted me to become a Guardian, a job which sounded more like a death trap than something fun. Back then, I hated the entire concept. It held rules and responsibility.” Jack gave a shudder before Hiccup spoke up.

“But...then why did you take the offer if you hated it so much?” Hiccup stared off into the distance, a gloom in his emerald eyes as he sat, deep in the maze of his mind. A sharp gleeful laugh snapped Hiccup out of his daze, “What?”
Jack calmed, a beautiful smile still decorating his features, love shining in his eyes as he admired the complex expression Hiccup wore oh so well, “Sometimes, Hic, it is also fun to rise to a challenge.”

Hiccup cocked his head to the side in obvious confusion, “How can one who fears the unknown see fun in that?” Hiccup asked incredulously, “That makes no sense.”

“You will understand in time,” Jack answered, Hiccup rolling his eyes as his boyfriend smiled, cursing his lover’s cryptic words.

Leaning in closer, Jack pecked Hiccup on the lips, moving away for a second before Hiccup closed the area between them once more, deepening the kiss as lips moved together in a heated dance. Hearts pounding in their chests, Jack tangled his fingers in Hiccup’s hair, his other hand sliding down his boyfriend’s lean back. Lips seared together as Jack nipped at Hiccup’s lower lip, sucking for a moment as Hiccup groaned, pushing Jack onto his back as tan palms began to wander aimlessly, fingers finding every loose stitch and fold, nails catching on the tight seams of Jack’s thin brown pants.

“Ah!...Fuck, Hic.” Jack gasped, as calloused fingers grazed over Jack’s clothed cock, Hiccup taking the opportunity to plunder the spirit’s mouth, hot tongue sliding over white teeth and running over the roof of Jack’s mouth, forcing another moan from Jack’s lips. Exploring every nook and cranny of warm heat of Jack’s mouth, Hiccup moved on, pressing chaste kisses to porcelain jaw and smooth vulnerable skin, biting at the thin skin to admire beautiful contrasting bruises as Jack groaned, flipping them over in a fluid movement, flicking his tongue over the shell of a freckled ear, as hands gripped tightly on sharp hips.

Fingers trailing southwards, Jack licked his lips at the sight of his boyfriend, eyes closed and cheeks flushed, tan palms gripping his thighs like a lifeline. Moving down into a passionate kiss, they sighed contently, nimble fingers stroking gently over the hardening cock in Hiccup’s pants. Calloused hands gently moved to Jack’s ass as the two men kissed, tongues locked in a hot dance of dominance-

A harsh disgruntled sigh interrupted their works as they looked up, frozen in place while lips ghosting over one another’s as blue and emerald eyes cast upon an exasperated Meatlug, her scraped face only partially mended and Barf & Belch still waiting in the corner, peacefully sleeping as they waited for their one of their front legs to be bandaged.

Looking back into each other’s eyes, they both gave a nervous laugh, cheeks flaming in embarrassment as they clambered off of one another, straightening clothes in bitter attempts to cover their blissful past actions. Clearing his throat, Jack shifted as he tried to fix his ruffled hair and rumbled clothes as he shifted in place, looking at the ground as he did so, only looking up as he spoke, “Well, as fun as that was...I need to, um,” Jack jerked his head over to Meatlug, who looked oddly happy to have broken up their moment.

Unable to finish his sentence as Hiccup leaned down for one more kiss, Jack whispered in between mind numbing kisses, “You need rest, Hic. Unlike me, you need sleep.” Pushing Hiccup away slightly. Hiccup parted from the kiss, smiling to himself to watch the flustered expression on Jack’s usually cocky and mischievous face. Turning to leave, Jack caught his wrist, “You can sleep in my bed, if you want.”

A deep blush rose to Hiccup’s freckled cheeks and ears, giving a bashful nod as he walked out of the room, exiting out of the tunnel, out into the cold air of the nest, sucking in large lungfuls of crisp winter air, taking a moment to cool himself down before continuing on throughout the nest, stepping over slithering tails and rumbling snores. Reaching a tunnel which led to the inner
workings of the sanctuary. Walking slowly into the darkness, eyes peeled for the fabled spirit’s room. Despite having walked the same corridor dozens of times, wide emerald eyes caught on a small hole in the wall down a small hallway of stone.

Fingers tracing the rim of the opening, Hiccup crawled forward, swinging his legs through the small gap in the wall to drop down into a medium sized room, shaped much like an octagon as the tall ceiling towered above him, tapering off a small opening in the top for smoke to release out into the air outside, much too small for any human or general dragon to pass through.

It was a dark room, with a single candle on a small boulder, obvious mounds of melted wax molded to the rock of past candles which had given light to Jack for several darkened nights. Next to the stone was a large bundle of furs, only the top blanket of warmth rumpled and used. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, Hiccup could make out the form of a desk of sorts, much smaller than the one of his own back home, but even through the dim light, Hiccup could see the things piled up upon its surface. Turning from the wooden structure within the shadows, Hiccup pulled at his armor, weather beaten and straps slightly tangled from his time with his boyfriend, the mere thought bringing his heart to beat a mile per minute.

Undoing the buckles of the first layer of the bulky viking armor, Hiccup shed it with practiced ease, unraveling the binds of his arm guards, before unbuttoning his top, and shedding tight green tank top as well, scattering the garments across the floor of smooth stone, worn down by the late night pacings of Jack. Leaving only his pants as he sat down on the soft bed, sinking into the furs as he sat on the edge, Hiccup took off his prosthetic leg and laid it down carefully among his clothes gathered at the foot of the bed.

Laying down on his back, Hiccup stared up into the darkness looming over him, watching as crags of rock and jutting stone decorated the ceiling in an interesting maze, as the Wind traveled calmly throughout the room in a slow tone, it’s cold hands never touching Hiccup’s body as he laid in the dip of the mattress, formed after years of Jack’s slumbering form. Raising the fur blanket to his chest, Hiccup waited in the calm, mind still as he tried to wait for Jack. A yawn parting his lips as his chest seized, eyes closing as a mighty yawn escaped his chest, a fresh wave of sleep raining down upon him, like the powerful beating wings of a beautiful dragon. Sinking down into sleep without much of a fight, Hiccup closed his eyes, dreaming of the same dream of always; the dream of his home back at Berk, morning light flittering through the open window, clashing down upon his bedspread, just like every other morning before. Rushing down the stairs in a hurried heap of stumbling legs, stopping at the sight of Jack at the doorstep of his house, leaning against the door frame, looking so safe in his blue sweater of frost, smiling at Hiccup’s arrival. The same words Hiccup had memorized by heart, the same words in every dream just like this one.

Smiling gently, eyes so real, the smell, the presence, the shining white hair in the morning sunlight, all perfection in Hiccup’s eyes, as if it was all real. The memorized words came next: “Hurry up, Hic. We’re going to be late.”

Eyes opening into the dark room, eyes dull and dim as Hiccup scanned the room, accustomed to the sight of an empty room, his boyfriend nowhere in sight. Eyes widening as he realized his change of view, a warmth next to his body and the harmony of another’s breath against his bare chest. Looking down, curled up within his arms was Jack Frost, sleeping peacefully as the spirit used Hiccup’s arm as a pillow, their legs tangled together. Unlike the nights long before this, there was no chaos screaming all around on Berk, nor the spot next to him in his bed far too cold. But, rather, unlike the usual followings of his dreams, Hiccup was happy, with Jack so close and tangible, with no case of the two them losing each other once again. Closing his eyes once more, Hiccup dragged Jack closer, resting his chin on the top of snow white hair as he fell asleep.
Homesick

When Hiccup opened his eyes once more from his slumber, a cloud of white obscured his vision as he jolted slightly in his stupor, settling back into the mattress as familiar arms wrapped tighter around his waist, a strong thin nose nuzzling closer into the crook of his neck as Hiccup relaxed. In his absence, Hiccup’s mind wandered in his sleep dazed mind, running his fingers up and down Jack’s bare back, reveling in the feel of strong muscles and taut pale skin under his touch. As thoughts clarified and the night’s dreams soon emerged, Hiccup opened his emerald eyes once more, eyelashes fluttering as he gazed upon his surroundings, now that an early morning haze of light breathed through the ceiling. The desk in the far corner of the room was no longer a tarrying shadow, but now showing a crisp edge of smooth wood standing out from the rough grind of stone.

Feeling antsy, Hiccup carefully untangled himself from Jack’s tight grip, peeling the nimble pale fingers from his skin, kissing Jack on his forehead before leaving the wonderful warmth of Jack’s presence, a small grunt passing the spirit’s thin lips. Strapping on his prosthetic, Hiccup stepped onto the burning cold floor, his right foot curling on the ground from the seeping morning frost, not much of a help with Jack’s presence. Stepping from the room to relieve himself, Hiccup wandered back in once more, pausing in his path back to the warmth of the bed and the comfort of Jack’s presence. Eyes being drawn to the desk, Hiccup turned, taking a moment to check if Jack was still asleep, and padded over to the surface. Fingertips tracing through the dust and grime settled in the corners of the table, Hiccup’s eyes wandered, emerald orbs dancing over cluttered parchment and stacks of books, the melted wax of past candles gluing some paper together, while ink and charcoal sat in a small tray.

Eyes guiltily scanning over the spines of novels in foreign tongue, Hiccup checked Jack’s slumbering form once more, before picking up a thick leather bound book, expertly crafted, rough paper and slanted writing which he knew well, only seen in the forgotten corners of his father’s room, where Stoick the Vast had kept most of the remaining memories of Valka. While he had only seen it a few times in his childhood, Hiccup had grown to know it well, spending hours into the night memorizing the characters, for the slightest hope to get to know his mother. flippin through the pages, Hiccup smiled, pictures of dragons and information of the species of the nest and beyond.

Placing the book back down upon another stack of literature, Hiccup moved away, stopping suddenly as a small fraying book met his eyes, the front cover blank and tan, the binding sloppy and jagged, the pages not quite sitting well together, the parchment jagged and patchy, almost like a child had made the book itself. Opening to the first page, Hiccup sighed, a tauntingly blank yet dirtied page frowning back at him, a blush of embarrassment lighting his cheeks as he turned to the next page, a strange scrawl of ink dancing across the page, small and sloppy, almost of if the utensil was awkward in the author’s hand. Hesitating as he fought against himself, Hiccup turned the page, a charcoal figure stilling on a stone near a pond, a small girl, maybe at the age of eight. Shoulder length hair hung sharply from her scalp, framing her face nicely as sharp bangs sliced over her eyes, wide eyes smiling back at him. Her dress was long and loose, patched and fraying at the edges, some of the seams more sloppy than others.

In the corner of the page was bit of writing, the foreign tongue strange to Hiccup’s eyes as he continued to flip, eyes sometimes pausing at a strange bird-like woman or a giant bearded man with a jolly smile, or even a man not much older than Hiccup. Sometimes, even though his eyes must have been deceiving him, Hiccup saw a large rabbit, or even a tiny man with spiky hair on a cloud. Or, it was pictures of himself or Astrid, or many of the villagers back at Berk.
“What do you think?” A sudden voice asked, the speech slurred and sleepy, a smile in the tone.

With the book stumbling from his grasp, Hiccup jumped with a unmanly shriek, clasping the table edge in his fright. Turning around with a suddering breath, Hiccup met the playful smirk painting Jack’s beautiful porcelain features. Nodding in greeting, Hiccup smiled, heart still racing as Jack stood from the blankets, a thin sheen of sweat covering his bare chest. Flipping through the pages, Hiccup pausing as Jack placed his chin on Hiccup’s shoulder, arms wrapped around his waist from behind. Silence in their arrival as Jack leaned, the dragon rider half expecting the spirit to have been asleep, gathering the courage to finally speak when Jack shifted.

“Jack?” Hiccup asked, voice unsure.

“Yeah, Hic?”

Hiccup pondered for a moment, “Jack, who are - well, were - they?”

Jack tensed, unmoving and silent, but finally pulled away, releasing a sigh as he stepped backwards, the usual smell of pine wafting through the air as his snow white hair shone in the shadows. Sliding back onto the furs of the bed, Jack patted the spot besides him, shoulders tense as Hiccup sat besides him book still in hand as Hiccup gave the book back to its owner. Tracing the spine with his nimble fingers, Jack opened the book with a fond smile, nostalgia shining in his clear blue eyes, dark brows furrowing slightly.

Flipping through the pages slowly, Hiccup watched as Jack stared down at the book, ice blue eyes examining every stroke and line of each face, of every fold of the fabric they wore, sometimes even reading and rereading a passage. The expression on the winter sprite’s features drew Hicups brows up and into a furrow, as emerald eyes darkened in the shadows as he watched patiently, Jack not saying a word as he sat, mesmerized by the small book. With each page, it was a hurricane of emotion, of tin lips and unmoving mask, but the eyes which Hiccup had spent hours of learning, spoke more than the book of dragons itself. Sadness, anger, joy, fear, despair, and even a look of tiredness crossed his eyes, Hiccup about to gather Jack up and into a hug before he stopped himself as Jack finally spoke, stopping at the page of the young girl by the lake.

“She was my sister…” Hiccup bit his tongue, eyes widening slightly at Jack’s past tense, watching as slowly, step by step, Jack explained each picture, telling stories of how his sister had loved to find frogs in the creek by their home and how Jack and Jamie had met. Jack spun fantastical stories as Hiccup watched with a smile, as he told how North had been the one who had convinced him to join the Guardians and how Tooth had made her first impression on Jack by shoving her hands in her mouth. He told had Jack and Sandy had known of each other long before the Guardians and the fight with Pitch, and how the small golden Guardian had been the only one who had had the politeness to wave back at Jack’s greeting, Jack also spoke of Bunnymund, who despite the picture and name, tried to convince Hiccup he was indeed a kangaroo with a smirk on his cheeky face.

“What do these say?” Hiccup asked, fingers running over the inked words, tattooed onto the pages.

Shifting closer, Jack answered eyes flickering over the passage lid before him, “...They’re my memories. From my past - er, future.” Jack paused, “I guess I’m just afraid to forget…”

“What do you- oh...right.” Hiccup ended in a mutter, casting his gaze to the floor briefly as he looked back up once more, a steady unfeeling mask on his boyfriend’s face, eyes distant.

Pausing for a moment, Hiccup waited, pondering his choice of words as he looked onward, remembering the first night Jack had stayed at his home, still in his frosted sweater on the ledge of his rafters, staff clenched tightly in his grip, smile carefree yet guarded, hesitant even, but none the
less amused by Hiccup’s questions and ramblings on the subject of spirits. But, Hiccup could remember how every time he had brought up the place Jack had once called home, it had brought a creased frown on the spirit’s face, as his eyes would become somber and cheeks to pale even more, almost matching the color of his hair.

“Jack, where do you come from?” Hiccup finally asked, Jack tensing for a second before answering easily.

“The future,” Jack laughed, but Hiccup had the feeling Jack had known what he had meant.

“Yes, I know, but where in the future? I’m sure you had a home, a family even.”

Jack froze, pursing his lips at Hiccup’s last comment, before he switched to a much lighter air about him, the shift in demeanor so quick Hiccup had barely caught it in time. Jack smiled fondly at the wall, the blue in his eyes paling as his nose crinkled slightly in the most adorable way. Jack started, “It’s a lot like Berk, I guess. Snow everywhere, especially in the wintertime - well, that’s probably because of me, North keeps telling me to tone it down but I think he’s had a bit too much eggnog when telling me that. The spring is cloudy and frosted in the mornings with freezing nights - courtesy of the wonderful Jack Frost - and the summer is positively boring.” Jack had Hiccup laughing uncontrollably, their chortles racing throughout the room as Jack told his story, about the summers in Burgess, though Hiccup had the suspicion that is was because Jack tended to be in the North Pole at that time, rather than playing in the sun. “-Ah! You should see it, Hic! Halloween night, when kids dress up and go knocking on doors for candy from people at night, icy roads and frosted glass. The kids love it!”

Hiccup giggled, “Wait, so kids go around to strangers and ask for desert?”

“Yes!” Jack laughed, a broad practically glowing smile radiating off his form.

Hiccup smiled, raising an eyebrow, “I don’t believe you.”

Jack threw himself onto the covers of the bed, splaying out like a starfish with a hand on his forehead like a damsel in distress, “Oh Hic, you wound me so!”

Snorting, Hiccup prodded Jack with the tip of his toe, the spirit continuing on with his dramatics as he recited his tangent. Leaning forward, Hiccup tackled Jack, the spirit giving a fight as Hiccup won to Jack’s disappointment, straddling Jack’s hips in dominance as Hiccup’s hands went to work, Jack laughing as the brunette trickled bare skin, white teeth grinning back at Hiccup as the dragon rider ceased his attack on the flushed boy beneath him. Running a hand through his sweaty bangs, Hiccup smiled down at Jack, the spirit turning red as his cock twitched, hoping to every possible god, spirit, and deity that his boyfriend hadn’t noticed.

“What about your family? You said you had a sister, right?” Hiccup tried, a smile tugging at his lips as Hiccup relished in the feeling of Jack finally opening up about himself. A strangled noise beneath him brought Hiccup to gaze down at Jack’s pursed lip, blush quickly fading. Wondering if he had treaded too heavy on the subject, reeling back in his words quickly, “Or, you know,” Hiccup rubbed at the back of his neck, “we could always talk about the way Berk totally needs more bread-making vikings. We don’t have to talk about anything you don’t want to…”

Jack laughed at that, the atmosphere becoming light once more, nodding his head as he laughed, taking his book out from under his butt where he had been lying, closing it shut and placing it on the stone floor. Before endless blue eyes became crisp, flipping Hiccup over, fingers wandering in a fury as Hiccup laughed, continuing their tickle war. Bedding was soon rumpled and splayed across the floor as the two men tackled one another, hair going in every which direction as they
fought, Hiccup blowing raspberries onto Jack’s pale stomach, feet kicking empty air as he struggled to change to tides, his cheeks and sides hurting from their smiles.

Unbeknownst to their pride, footsteps sounded through the tunnel shortly outside, Valka with her head in the clouds as she tried to find a way out of her situation with Drago, poking her head inside of Jack’s entryway to the room, making both males freeze on the spot, their smiles long gone as their jaws hung slack, eyes wide as Jack lay, paling at the sight of Valka as one hand sat intertwined in Hiccup’s hair, tugging back his bangs as his other palm held lightly at Hiccup’s shoulder, lying on his back, while Hiccup sat between his legs. Hiccup had a bright blush on his tan freckled cheeks, both calloused palms resting on Jack’s bare hips and with Jack’s butt resting against his upper thighs.

To say the least, it was quiet. Valka’s wide eyes stayed unmoving from her friend’s and son’s compromising positions, mouth in a small ‘o’ as she nodded, muttering something about breakfast being ready for sometime now, and awkwardly left, leaving the two men in silence. Breaking away quickly, Jack and Hiccup separated, fixing their clothes and dressing fully as they didn’t make eye contact, Hiccup practically glowing as he stumbled about, partially guilt stricken, and yet, partly glad, to have his ‘home’ so close.

Picking up his staff, Jack met Hiccup’s eyes, sitting on the gap of his room which connected to the outside hall, a bashful smirk on his lips, “Hurry up, Hic. We’re going to be late.”

With that said, Jack disappeared out into the stone tunnels, Hiccup following albeit with a tad less grace, grasping at Jack’s hand, fingers intertwining, bring a smile to Hiccup’s face, reassuring him that this was in fact reality.
Caught

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the hiatus! Yes, I was gone for quite a while, so in return I will be posting the next chapter soon! I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Days soon passed in a blur; riders flying out in groups, checking on Drago’s ships on the horizon, dragons staying high above the clouds, bringing more and more food inside the nest for feeding, while the dragons grew restless. Meals were more and more rowdy, the twins telling extraordinary stories of how they had once fought a Screaming Death from under their beds and when they had killed an insane Scauldron from the docks of Berk when they had been just infants. No one had believed them one bit, but while all sitting by the glow of the dinner fire, laughing and listening, Hiccup’s gaze wandered across the room, watching as his mother and father spoke quietly in the corner, smiles on their faces as they chuckled now and again, faces warm in a loving blush. Gobber was sitting close to the twin’s performance, sometimes interjecting about what stories he had gathered as a child himself. Eret sat close to Astrid, eyes never leaving his food or the ground, while Astrid and Snotlout spoke battle formations and strategies and whether Stormfly or Hookfang was better suited to their current battleground terrain. Fishlegs was busy though, scribbling down things in a journal he had brought with him, his pudgy arms shifting each time he started a new page, numbers and figures and graphs adorning the paper along with long winded paragraphs, eyes gleaming as he undoubtedly wrote about one of the many new dragons he had found in the sanctuary. The flames crackled in its hearth as Hiccup drew his eyes to Jack, he and himself sitting a bit further back from the heat of the fire, pale skin taking an orange glow as blue eyes watched the twins’ lollygags, Hiccup taking a notice to the look of recognition in his eyes. His posture was hunched and relaxed, staff still in hand as he nursed an empty cup of water, absently tapping his loose free fingers against the rim of the cup which he held with one hand.

Nudging the bare shoulder of his viking gear, Hiccup nodded at the identical twins, “Do you believe them?” He asked innocently and honestly, his question neutral.

Jack laughed, looking down at his glass before answering, “Nah, just reminded me of a story I grew up hearing. Or, well, a story which Jamie grew up hearing about. About a man with the strength of the gods, a man who slayed the...monsters of evil to protect others.” Jack hesitated, trying to explain the movie Hercules, a movie Jamie had shown him when he was nine, a year after the battle with Pitch.

“Did you ever believe that story or did you call it dragon crap?” Hiccup grinned, Jack laughing along.

“No, nope. Not at all. But then again, I wasn’t alive when the story originated. So, I guess it could be real.” Jack smiled, finally looking Hiccup in the eye.

“Could be?” Hiccup questioned.

“Well, a few years ago I didn’t believe in time travel, yet here I am, sitting with dragons and vikings. Hell, I’m even dating a dragon rider.” Jack leaned closer, making sure Stoick wasn’t looking and weaved his fingers into Hiccup’s waiting palm.
Wincing slightly, Jack recoiled, watching the old bandage on Hiccup’s palm draw to crimson. It was only a few drops, but it was enough, the patch smaller than a penny. Peeling back the cloth with tender fingers, Jack gazed at the closing wound, scabbing over and red, dried blood and scarring skin cracking in the middle, pebbles of blood peaking out from the wound.

“C’mon,” Jack pulled himself to his feet, Hiccup in tow as they pulled away from the light of the fire, fingers laced lightly together, staff glowing an electric blue as the Wind pushed a cold air through the chambers of the tunnels, Jack leading Hiccup through the familiar paths through the nest, streaks of the setting sun’s rays casting light through the ice of the ceiling, brought a warmth to the room as dragons fluttered about, settling for the night as Jack ran on ahead, footsteps light and fluid, like a snowflake swimming through the wind, dancing atop a frozen lake.

Following on slightly numb limbs, Hiccup stumbled through the dark, following the blue glow of Jack’s staff through the crisp air, the sound of thrashing waves of small falls of water cascading from the depths of the nest, while Jack stepped on ahead, threading himself past the Alpha and to the healer’s den, turning back every so often as Hiccup strode at his leisure, a dopey grin on his face.

“What are you so happy about, dragon boy?” Jack turned, pausing in his step, reclining in the air a few meters high, arms folded behind his snow white hair.

Hiccup bowed his head, bashful, “Just...nothing. Never mind.”

Jack watched with serious eyes as Hiccup rubbed his neck, holding his gaze for only a moment before a great grin broke out across his face, “Aw, c’mon Hic, tell me.” Jack swooped down, leaning under Hiccup so their eyes met, Jack’s smile growing at the sight of his boyfriend’s blush.

“I—I’ll tell you later. Geez, you’re such a child.” Hiccup pushed on ahead, not meeting the spirit’s stare.

“Fine, but I’ll hold you to your word, okay dragon boy?” Jack chuckled, the Wind flying him into the cave with a certain grace as he set to work, finding a tug of nostalgia in his gut, remembering Jamie’s fierce battle with the tree near Jack’s lake. Kneeling down next to Hiccup’s spot on the floor, Jack scooted forward, throwing away the bloody bandages quickly, the smell of iron floating in the air as Jack rewrapped Hiccup’s palm, the crackling scar bubbling with blood as Hiccup moved his fingers, the stretching of the skin pulling at the ebb and flow of the crimson liquid. Tying the frayed bandages with a sharp knot, Jack rubbed his slightly red hands on Hiccup’s pants, laughing as Hiccup protested.

Leaving forward ever so slightly, Hiccup weaved his calloused fingers into Jack’s frosted nimble palm, smooth yet thick skin spread so beautifully of pale hands. Leaning his head on the spirit’s shoulder, Jack froze in Hiccup’s lap.

“Hiccup?”

The brunette borrowed deeper into the nook of Jack’s neck, inhaling the scent of pine and winter frost, of crisp wind and ice - of home. The feel of the spirit’s pulse throbbing softly and swiftly like a winter breeze against his cheek and white short hair tickling his temple, the fur of Jack’s viking hood frozen stiff with layers upon layers of frost. “...I’m glad you’re alive, Jack.” Hiccup mumbled.

Breaking out of his trance, Jack moved slightly, relaxing into Hiccup’s hold and he gently guided Hiccup out of hiding and into the candle light, kissing his ever so softly, lips brushing for a moment before parting. Running a tanned hand through Jack’s soft hair, pulling him down into a
kiss as Hiccup pressed them firmly together, hands starting to wander as Hiccup pulled at the hem of Jack’s shirt, itching to feel the cool skin of his lover. Pressing down heavily, Jack straddled leather bound hips of shedded dragon scales, nimble finger running over thick armor and over sturdy belt buckles and latches. Pulling randomly at belts and flaps of the breast plate, Jack grew feverish, Hiccup suckling on his bottom lip as Jack lunged forward, welcoming Hiccup’s pressing tongue, groaning at the feel of their hot wet mouths clashed, teeth clacking together.

Running a hand under Jack’s shirt, Jack shuddered at the warm touch, the feeling amazing compared to the usual rough touch of the clothes he wore. Trying harder to peel off the armor, Jack moaned, Hiccup running his nails lightly across his shoulder blades, weather beaten lips parting from Jack’s now glossy lips, the spirit sitting up proudly as he ground down on Hiccup’s tightening trousers, ever so slowly pulling at the hem of his shirt, tugging it inch by inch as Hiccup groaned in frustration, hands gripping at Jack’s thighs as Jack shotled under his breath. Taking in the sight before him, Hiccup struggled to keep his hands to Jack’s legs, knowing fully well what Jack was intending to do to him. Refusing to give in so eagerly, Hiccup screwed his eyes closed, away from the sight of beautiful pale skin practically glowing in the candle light, moving oh so gracefully with each twitch of Jack’s muscles, the lanky teen finally tugging the shirt over his head, dropping the cloth and fur garb on the ground besides him, smiling down upon Hiccup like Loki, a joyous smirk that of the trickster god as ground down on Hiccup once again.

Throwing his head back in pleasure, Hiccup withered on the floor, his back arcing off the ground, opening his chocolate brown eyes slightly to watch as Jack carded a hand through his own hair, brushing his bangs out of his eyes as pale and creamy skin turned flushed as Jack’s eyes fluttered closed. Hiccup brought Jack back down, the spirit giving a startled gasp as Hiccup flipped them over, running his hot tongue along Jack’s jaw, nipping slightly at the earlobe as he trailed down to beautifully pale neck, biting and sucking his way, Jack gasping for breath as he fumbled evermore with the armor straps and buckles.

“Hi-Hiccup…” Jack breathed. After no such luck of gaining Hiccup’s attention, Jack shifted under the young man’s weight as he tapped on the dragon rider’s armored shoulder. “Hic.”

“Mmm?”

“Hic…” Jack spoke, trying to regain his voice as his mind spun, Hiccup still leaving a trail of hickies on his neck and shoulders, “Hic, my hand’s stuck.”

Hiccup froze, pulling away slightly as Jack winced in pain, his hand being tugged awkwardly as the armor had practically eaten his hand until the wrist. Sitting up fully as Jack reclined on his elbow, they worked silently and awkwardly to remove Jack’s appendage, Jack yelping every so often as iron or leather stitching would catch on his hand. Once freed from the clutches of the armor, Jack stood, pulling on his shirt quickly, ignoring Hiccup’s protests as he left the cave.

“Here I thought Toothless was going to be the cockblock, but oh no, it’s the fucking clothes.” Jack grumbled, Hiccup chasing after him.

Pulling up his hood, Jack grumbled under his breath, trying to hide the evidence of their failed escapade, no doubt in Jack’s mind that Hiccup had left more than a few marks which Astrid would more than likely point out. Heading back to the eating area, Hiccup and Jack looked about; dinner seemingly already finished and done with, as Eret washed the dishes in the sink, the twins’ stories having been subdued as now Astrid and Snotlout finished their meal in peace as Gobber and Fishlegs bickered quietly about the difference of certain dragons. Walking past Hiccup in a flourish, Jack walked to the ledge which out looked the sanctuary, the fur of his hood swaying peacefully in the light breeze.
Astrid, noticing the new arrivals first, grinned, eyes narrowing knowingly, “Welcome back, where have you two been?”

Heat flowing steadily to his cheeks, Hiccup spoke, “Jack was rewrapping my hand.”

“Yeah, and I bet that wasn’t the only your guys’ hands were doing, if you know what I mean.” Ruffnut smirked, elbowing her brother in the side as he snickered.

Hiccup sat down quickly, snickers going about the circle as Valka and Stoick minded their own business, keeping quiet and to themselves as they whispered things to one another. Hiccup was just happy that they hadn’t heard Astrid’s or Ruffnut’s comments.

Staring into the fire for a moment, Valka approached, clasping her hands together as she grinned. “So, today is a very special day.” Valka smiled, Stoick the Vast behind her, his chiefly aura all around him as his presence alone brought the rider’s attention to the dragon empress.

“That we’re finally going to rip Drago’s head off with my bare teeth?” Tuffnut tried.

“We agreed to sacrifice Tuffnut?” Ruffnut grinned hopefully.

“You’re going to finally allow us to go to the underwater den of dragons under the sanctuary?” Fishlegs asked.

“We are finally ditching Astrid at the next deserted island-OW!” Snotlout yelped, Astrid punching him in the arm.

Valka giggled under her breath, her heavy accent showing as she spoke, “No, of course not. It’s bath day.”

Gobber screamed, running for the hills as Stoick chased after him, the one armed and one legged man extremely fast compared to the bulking figure of the Berkian chief whom could barely fit through the tunnels.

“Well, now that over, who’s ready for a bath?” Valka asked, a broad grin shining across her face.

Chapter End Notes

Smut will be in the next chapter and the rating is now going to be jacked up to E instead of M
Leaving the girls alone in Valka’s charge left the recently returned Jack Frost to lead the group into a steaming waterfall, towering boulders towering above the pool like a foreboding wall, as the water thundered down into the black water of the pool. The hot spring was shallow and thriving with strange moss and bathing small dragons, splashing about in the warm water with glee as the vikings stripped behind one of the many rocks, before diving into the waves, yelping at the contrasting water. Sitting peacefully at the tops of the towering rocks, Jack sat, enjoying the overflying dragons, flurries of colors which reminded him of Tooth’s stained glass wings, mind stirring as his hood stayed snuggled to his cheeks.

Hiccup looked up at Jack, who was paying no mind to him, hood still hiding their earlier failed...session, back tense and rigid, Hiccup wondering mindfully whether or not the old spirit was still in fact mad or simply daydreaming, head off in the clouds, thinking like he used to in Berk, looking up into the sky when he had though Hiccup wasn’t watching, beautiful blue eyes casting a strange gleam, memories dulling his gaze as the clouds had passed overhead.

A call from below echoed on the rocks, knocking Hiccup out of his memories. Snotlout’s face staring up at the winter spirit, a jaunty grin on his face, “Why don’t you join us Jack?” Snotlout snickered, “Afraid of the water? Afraid that you’ll drown?”

From below Tuffnut laughed, loud and wild, rinsing the dirt from his arms as Hiccup shifted slightly, taking no humor as he looked about to protest.

“No,” Jack unexpectedly answered, a slight clip to his tone lead Hiccup to believe in his previous theory, “I’m not going in because I don’t want to make what is left of your puny dick to shrivel up and die of frostbite.”

The water erupted in waves, chaos screaming as Fishlegs bellowed in laughter and Hiccup laughed, Tuffnut screaming at the top of his lungs, “Oh shit, Snotty, get ranked!”

Chuckling under his breath, Jack hid his grin the best he could, the roars of his friends echoing across the entire sanctuary, the small dragons who had once been bathing on the other side of the waterfall leaving in a flurry of disturbed and annoyed roars, high pitched and tiny in the face of the elders of their kind. Grinning down at the group, Jack caught Hiccup’s eyes, a wide blush creeping upon his cheeks as the dragon rider smiled, a cautious look on his face as he waved, Jack shifting awkwardly and waved back a tad, then hurried off, face beet red as he ducked behind the Alpha, taking shelter on it’s mighty tusks.

Watching Jack go, Hiccup’s face fell, wondering if Jack was truly mad from their earlier endeavors, or rather embarrassed from the glow of his boyfriend’s cheeks, the white fur of his hood bringing out the blue of his eyes in the way Hiccup loved to ends of time, and how Jack had still waved back. Surely he couldn’t be that mad, right? Brushing the thoughts from his head, Hiccup exited the bath, drying off with his undershirt and shaking his hair dry, pulling on his underpants which clung to his legs and pants, holding the leather armor in his arms as he walked
further into the nest, passing by Toothless whom had given him a thoughtful lick before scampering off with Cloudjumper, bright reptilian eyes lit up with joy.

Huffing with a grin plastered on his freckled face, Hiccup gave a breathy laugh, heading off in the direction of his room with a yawn pulling at his mouth, water gathering in his eyes as he strode down the halls of natural stonework. Piling his arm load into the corner of his room, Hiccup laid down on his mat, tugging off his trousers and curling up under the covers, using an arm as a pillow as the dim light around him soon died, as the calm sounds of the sanctuary drifted him off to sleep.

When Hiccup awoke later that evening, the room was dark and a heavy breath curled around him, familiar trustful scales hugged his form as Toothless slumbered on, steady pulse and casual twitching as the offspring of lightning and death slept on, licking his lips every once in a moment.

‘Must be about fish..’ Hiccup thought with a grin as he escaped his bed sheets, stretching gratefully as his back popped into place, hips and shoulders aching slightly. Taking one last glance at his best friend, Hiccup escaped out of the room, creeping softly into the main tunnel.

Feet tapping lightly on the cold stone floor, the hem of Hiccup’s underpants clinging to his thighs, bare chest riddled with goosebumps as he wandered the ever flowing tunnels, the sweet smell of moss thriving at the edge of the path, his toes sifting through soft sand of eroded rocks as he sauntered into the clearing of the nest, weaving his way over slick tails and scaled heads, his metal leg clicking with every step, a low amount of heat radiating from the sleeping forms at his feet.

Wind breathed through the sanctuary, calm and at peace, fluid and free, the breeze winding over rocks and brushing against small vines, while powerful waterfalls rumbled in the darkness of the shadows - a symphony just for him. The full moon above the iced roof shimmered down upon him, painting his body in soft hues of blue and grey, the nest glowing in the midnight light. A soft tune carried through the dragon’s abode, soft and winded, floating through the air on smooth silk, the song which sometimes jumped and paused, like the owner taking a long winded breath, taking their time in creating the life which lulled the area to a slumber, quiet and calm.

Hesitant steps with the curling of toes led Hiccup to the edge of the nest which none had ever traveled, or to a place none of Berk had tried to find. The path soon became jutted and smooth, worn with time, as if powerful currents had thrust themselves towards the rocks in a tight embrace, as the path soon became narrower and narrower with each passing year. The moss and grass which once grew on the road like in the tunnels ended, as it became slick with the nature of the tides. Sloping upwards with a certain grace, Hiccup slowly crept along the bridge, a shallow yet wide creek passing slowly beneath him as the walls grew together, following the low hum of the tune with growing curiosity.

Closing more and more the walls almost collided, a small entrance way, an archway hanging overhead, as the hum grew louder, overcoming the sound of running water, as the water below Hiccup’s feet slowed to a slight current, sweet steam radiating from what lay before him, the shine of the full moon above casting columns of moonlight through the iced roof of crystals.

Looking behind him for a moment, Hiccup looked back into the nest, seeing no one around, no dragon stirring or even many in sight. Passing through the archway with a sure step, Hiccup coughed lightly, passing through a thick wall of steam, sticking to his skin as a clear pool lay before him. The bridge he was on encircled around the walls, bordering the circular pool, the smooth stone giving a path of maybe two feet before sharply dropping off into the deep pool of warm water. A steady stream of water poured softly from the waterfall, jutting edges from the wall smoothed by the ever constant flow, but still jutting out like natural seats and hand holds.

Laxing ripples curled and twisted against the currents as the hum intensified to the point of low
song, no destined lyrics or instruments, but rather a calming foreign tune which graced the air as Hiccup neared, eyes widening at the sight that lay before him. Moonlight trickled through the cavern and against the flowing waves, illuminating the room in soft blue sparkling hues, a shade of blue crossing over pale lean muscles and rhythmic shoulder blades, beautiful dips and curves and sharp angles, all mastered into one beautiful body, white hair soft and curling with moisture as thin and nimble fingers intertwined into white shining locks, head tipped into the stream as Jack stood, steam radiating off of his form, glowing like an ethereal being, looking to be one of the gods themselves. Beneath the water’s hem was distorted and twisted in the ripple’s effect, but beautiful nonetheless as the swell of Jack’s ass and long legs drew a tug to Hiccup’s chest.

With his back facing Hiccup, Jack had not noticed as Hiccup slipped into the warm water, under garments and all as he waded forward, jumping slightly as familiar arms wrapped around his middle, his tune catching in his throat. Thin streams of water poured over their bodies in their embrace, Hiccup’s warm body pushing up against him, the feel of lean but defined muscles and the dip of the dragon rider’s sharp hips fitting against his ass, a cheeky bulge pressed firmly between his cheeks. Jack tensed at the remembrance of their last meeting as it came to mind, but was quelled as Hiccup pressed a soft kiss to the nape of his neck, weather beaten lips brushing against him in longing and admiration, soft and unhurried, a sharp tug pulling at Jack’s stomach at the action, a sense of heat rising to his cheeks as he struggled to will it away.

“Still mad?” Hiccup barely muttered, taking joy in the simple hold of his boyfriend’s gleaming body, white hair tickling his cheek as water flowed over the both of them, tugging at the braids in his hair, and while Jack shifted in his hold, a hesitant shuffle of the pool’s smooth pebbles under their feet.

Hiccup nuzzled deeper into the crook of Jack’s neck, taking a sort of pride in the bruises that lingered on the spirit’s neck, his heart settling as frostbitten fingers came to lay upon his own as Jack leaned into his touch, a shiver racing down his spine, his chest rumbling in appreciation.

Jack scoffed, squirming slightly as a dizzying rumble vibrated through his chest, heat slowly pooling in his groin, biting him lip for a bitter moment as he swallowed a moan, begging silently that Hiccup hadn’t felt the shudder that had crawled up his spine, “I-I wasn’t mad…”

“Oh, really?” Hiccup spoke, voice low as a shudder had shaken his lover in his hold, a small grin breaking out on his face as he remembered their unfinished business from earlier that morning, fingers starting to wander, turning Jack around to bring him in with a kiss.

Holding them tight, Hiccup dived forward, capturing Jack’s lips in a chaste kiss, holding tightly to the small of his back as he cupped the back of the spirit’s neck, gentle fingers holding them steady as Jack stood rigid for a moment, before immediately letting Hiccup entrance, their hot muscles colliding together, tangling nimble finger into coarse brown hair, fingers catching on tiny braids and on freckled ears, urging Hiccup down more into the kiss, teeth clacking together as Jack stood on his tip toes, the pert of his ass coming above the pool’s waves, calloused fingers dipping greedily.

Moaning into the kiss, Jack clung even more so, out of the water’s stream as they stumbled back, pebbles shifting underfoot as they collided once more, gasping for breath as they ignored the world around them. Slim legs caught on sharp hips as Jack rutted against Hiccup, a devilish grin spreading as Hiccup threw his head back, tumbling to the edge of the pool as he gripped the ledge, his other hand still on the spirit’s butt. Licking and biting his way down tanned skin, grinding down on Hiccup clothed cock, palming and nudging the member, grinning as the dragon rider moaned and twitched at every ministration, pulling Jack even closer as they connected once more in a sloppy kiss.
Flipping their positions, Hiccup boxed Jack in, leaning in heavily as he peppered the sprite in butterfly kisses, over his forehead, temple, cheeks, neck and collarbone - before dragging teeth slowly over flushed nipples, tongue swirl as Jack moaned, exposing his long pale neck, heart pounding as Hiccup drank in the sounds, wishing for the moment to never end, to keep his lover like this forever.

Tugging off his undergarment in a rush, Hiccup shuddered as cold air rushed forth, a sharp gasp taking his breath away, mind whirling as Jack ran his finger through his own hair, smiling up seductively, “You know, Hic, as much as I love making a one man show,” Jack practically moaned, pulling Hiccup closer as their attentive cocks rubbed against each other, “it would be so much better if you took part in the fun as well…”

Lurching forward, Hiccup grabbed both dicks in his palm squeezing tightly as Jack ran his dull nails down Hiccup’s back, leaving trails of unfading red, “Ah! Fuck- Hiccup! Ngh!”

Squeezing and pumping to the rhythm of the beating waterfall behind them, Hiccup groaned, biting his lip as he stifled his needing moans, chocolate eyes squeezed tight and brow furrowed as Jack clung to him, trembling uncontrollably. Soft pale hand reached down to join Hiccup’s rough fingers, steam ever so radiating from his lover below him as Hiccup finally released a loud moan of Jack’s name, his gut coiling and tugging and pooling south as the touch Jack gave nearly drove him over the edge, making his head spin as he bit down on the spirit’s exposed neck, sucking and biting, leaving a claiming trail for the world to see.

“Fuck! Hic…! I- I…” Jack stuttered, his hand movement becoming uncontrolled as Jack tensed beneath him, scrabbling for any sort of hold Hiccup would give him.

“Jack…ah!”

Flicking his thumb over the heads of their cock, mixing sweet beads of weeping precum together in a jolting movement, tugging and twisting their flustered members with a flick of the wrist as Jack brought him in for a quick searing kiss, tongues sliding together sloppily as Hiccup pumped and pulled, watching with greedy eyes as Jack shuddered, freezing in the motion as he became quiet, tilting his head back as a loud moan echoed through the room, singing off the walls, all for Hiccup to hear as Jack came, cum splattering on their chests and stomachs, mixing beautifully with sweat and warm water.

The sight of Jack, his Jack, covered in sweat and riddled with hickies, nipples flushed and lips swollen, panting his name and covered in gleaming cum as he gripped the edge of the pool, beautiful swirls of frost painting the cavern. Groaning at the beautiful sight, Hiccup flicked his wrist once, twice and bit into Jack’s shoulder, muffling his yell of the spirit’s name as he came, shivers racing up his spine as he collapse, settling his full weight on his boyfriend who didn't seem to mind, slowing his jerking movements as they rode out their orgasms.

“I love you, Jack,” Hiccup panted breathing into the spirit’s ear as they came from their highs.

“I love you too,” Jack whispered, a laugh to his tone, happy and tired.
Hold Your Breath

The next morning was chill, sending shivers up and down Hiccup’s spine as he lay in his bed, furs of various pelts tickling his skin as lukewarm arms wrapped around his neck. Looking down at his boyfriend, warm eyes settled on Jack, the sprite slowly stirring, beautiful blue eyes opening as Hiccup sighed, relaxing further into the spirit’s hold as he was tempted back into slumber’s clutches. It was lazy morning, the type where clouds darkened the sky, but never enough to rain, but was enough to lull the world to sleep. The type of morning when fresh morning dew penetrated the air and brought a sleepy smile to everyone’s faces.

Groaning low in his throat, Hiccup slowly sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he stood from the blankets, admiring the look of Jack sprawled out on top of the furs, bare legs thin and lithe and pale and beautiful, long and smooth, the spirit’s bare chest moving with each breath, love bites and hickeys stretching across valleys of delicate skin, as a small blush dusted the winter spirit’s cheeks, as dark brows were relaxed in a dreamless sleep.

Moving about the room to find some sort of pants and if he was lucky, a shirt. Pulling on his pants and undershirts, Hiccup nudged Jack awake, watching the spirit curl and groan, burying the mess of white hair deeper in the furs, his mesmerizing blue peeking up at him, a smile stretching across his face at the sight of his boyfriend.

Deciding food was the better option to go, Hiccup waited for Jack to get ready, throwing on his usual viking attire before heading up the winding tunnels to the kitchen, where the rest of the dragon riders already sat, telling tales of the dreams they had and the twins telling of how they had defeated a horde of enemy ships when they were toddlers. Sitting down a bit farther from the fire, Hiccup sat on the ground, soon joined by Jack who passed him a bowl of soup, Astrid moving to sit next to them to describe the idea she had for better saddles.

The sound of bowls and wooden spoon clanked and clattered throughout the room, Stoick shifting in his seat with a heavy grunt as the Berkian chief cleared his throat, "Hiccup.-"

“Here we go again,” Gobber grumbled, earning a glare from the chief.

Clearing his throat once more, Stoick’s usually booming voice softened. “Hiccup, being a chief.”

“Dad, I don’t want-”

A sudden crash resounded down the tunnels, echoing up and around into the room, heads swiveling to find the source of the commotion. Heavy footsteps rushed through the darkness, Valka leaping from the shadows in a billowing fury of crazed hair and ruffled clothes, sweat beading down her temple and a small cut on her cheek, the blood already pebbling and drying. Wide brown eyes scanned the room, settling nowhere yet everywhere, her thin face seeming so much more frail and weathered than Hiccup had ever seen during his stay. To the dragon rider’s left, Jack stood, knees bent and staff tight in his grip, the Wind growing as the spirit started to float, ready to pounce.

“What’s wrong, Val?” Stoick was the first to speak up, as he too stood from his place around the fire, what was left of his breakfast quickly forgotten.

Surging forward, Stoick quickly caught his wife just in time, as Valka fell to the ground, her legs collapsing on her as she clung to the Berkian Chief’s armor, her normally strong and nimble fingers seeming fragile and tired, nails broken and cracked. Valka breathed deeply, seemingly only
catching her breath to spit out the words, no other reason and no other way.

“Patrol...I was on patrol” Valka heaved out, Hiccup rising slowly, as if to not scare off a wounded animal.

“Mom, what happened.” Urgency threaded through Hiccup’s veins as dread set in, curling and conniving like a serpent.

Valka heaved in another breath, her strength coming back to her, her wide brown eyes looking up from their place on the ground to look her son dead in the eye, “They’re all coming. By the thousands. Drago is almost here.”

Silence overtook the room like a siege, no one moved or even breathed, it was like they themselves were waiting to hear the sound of Drago’s ships slipping up against the rocky shores as his men would climb from the boats, weapons in hand. As if they were waiting for their demise. No one spoke, only letting the information sink in.

“Prepare for war.” Stoick whispered, his words hushed, as if the rocks would soon spill their secrets.

Hiccup stepped forward, his voice a mere breath in the room, “Dad…”

“Now, Hiccup.” Stoick hissed, the chief’s green eyes never leaving his wife, his voice leaving no room for argument.

A light grip appeared on his arm, pushing him slowly away from his parents, snapping him out of his father’s words, turning back to face Astrid, a solemn look cast upon her features, as his eyes drew up to where Jack had once been, the air a hollow corpse, no sign of life or joy the spirit usually brought with him. The world seemed grey, so black and white, of varying shades and tones. It was nauseating.

Slowly, like melting ice in the sun on a winter day, the dragon riders soon trickled out of the room, off to prepare for war and to set their dragons for battle, all heads held high with mock joy. They had never been taught to kill a human. Sure, the idea itself was simple, they were vikings, it was in their blood. But, the act of actively stealing a life, was horrifying. So many times, they had joked about death, about how easy it would be, but they were all wrong. They had grown up slaying dragons, only a few years ago learning to tame them. There had never been an enemy slaying academy. They had fought the Red Death, had skirmishes with the Outcasts, but all out war? No, never. This wasn’t Berk either, both sides were on foreign territory, only Valka and Jack truly knowing the nest inside and out.

Jack lingered in the room for a little while longer, waiting patiently behind a stone column, lurking in the shadows as he watched Hiccup slowly exit the room, Gobber and Stoick soon following after, leaving Valka on a stone near the fire, Cloudjumper flying through the opening overlooking the sanctuary, going his rider by the flames. Stepping out from his place in the darkness, dusting off the soft layer of frost straying on the rocks he had leaned up against. Standing behind the woman whom had saved him all of those years ago, Jack rested a hand on her shoulder, Valka shuddering at the touch, a silent tear rolling down her paper cheek.

“Val?” Jack spoke, voice soft like freshly fallen snow.

Valka straightened, clearing her throat. “It’s amazing really, that if this was any different, I wouldn’t mind going out there, giving them Odin’s reign. But, oh gods, the idea…” She took a shaky breath, voice cracking, “...The idea of losing my family, the family that I just found...I don’t
know what to do. Oh Thor, what am I doing? Leading my husband, my son into war?!”

Jack sat down next to the dragon empress, the heat of the fire scratching at his skin, eager to tear him apart. Clutching his staff tightly, trying not to gag on the stench of smoke filling his frozen lungs, Jack spoke, “Val...You’re not leading them into anything. Hiccup believed that he could meet Drago on better terms. All we need to do is believe in Hiccup, we’ll all be fine.” Jack met Valka’s eyes, brown clashing with bright vivid blue, “Believe in me.” Jack spoke, hushed and sacred.

Stuck in tense silence, Valka soon nodded, bowing her head to look into the fire, and Jack took his leave, but stalled for a minute. “Val...Do you know when they will be here?”

“No reason, good luck Val.” With that, Jack took off from the room, leaving Valka in the care of her dragon.

Frostbitten toes left the security of the stone floor, the Wind taking hold in its firm yet gentle grip, lifting Jack in the air, Jack spiraling in and out of the chaotic currents of dragons wreaking havoc, their screams and howls echoing in Jack’s bones as he dropped to the ground, his head pounding, needing to get to his destination with a sense of urgency. Hitting the ground with a lack of grace, legs tangling themselves and dragging Jack to the stone floor, Jack quickly pushed himself up, pale hands scratched and brittle blood gushing slowly from his knees, as Jack forced himself to his feet, rushing over rocks and roaring dragons, disappearing into the tunnels, bare feet slapping against the ground as he plowed forward.

Slowing to a desperate walk, Jack strode into the cutout room, breath heavy on his tongue as he stopped, watching as Hiccup stumbled about his room, tripping over his own feet and fallen leather armor, anxiety filling the air like a pungent smell, coiling tighter and tighter around the dragon rider. Stepping forward, Jack rested a hand on Hiccup’s trembling hands, shaking fingers trying to clasp the shoulder guard tight without much luck.

Jumping, Hiccup spun on his heel, jolting in surprise of the spirit, face pale and eyes outlandish, stunning freckles a stark contrast. “Let me.” Jack muttered, Hiccup leaving his shaking limbs to standing in the middle of the room, as Jack fixed his mistakes, nimble and quiet fingers working with practiced ease that one only experienced before an event such as this. Hiccup stood lamely in the middle, trying to figure out how to calm his jack rabbiting heart and trembling limbs. He eventually gives up, allowing his heart to hammer on as his entire body starts to shake, palms beginning to sweat.

“I-I don’t know what to do…” Hiccup stutters, his body feeling far too numb for his liking.

“What?” Jack asked, voice louder than he had intended.

“I don’t know what the hell I’m doing. I’ve never been to war before, I’m not ready for this Jack. What in Odin’s name do I do?” Hiccup asked incredulously.

“Hiccup-”

“What if I screw up, Jack?”

“Hiccup-”

“-Astrid, Mom, Dad! They’re all depending-”
“Hiccup!”

“Wha-”

Jack dropped what he was doing, letting the arm guard flop to the floor uselessly, grabbing a hold of Hiccup’s face, bringing the brunet closer, staring him right in the eye, Hiccup going silent as blue eyes held fast, never flickering, never moving, a statue, a rock, an anchor holding Hiccup in place.

“Hiccup, everything is going to be fine. Astrid will be fine, Valka will be fine, and your father will be fine.” Jack said with conviction, “Trust me.”

Hiccup released a shaky breath, body slouching as he leaned into the touch, a final shudder racking his fame as he moved to cling to Jack’s shoulders, needing to touch something, anything solid, physical, alive, real.

“I’ve told you before, right?” Jack said, a far off look to his eyes, pushing Hiccup away as he started to continue his work, buckling leather straps and tightening laces. "The battle of the Guardians, it wasn’t good. A lot of children stopped believing, and that lack of belief almost killed my friends. But, looking back on it all, it could have been worse.” Jack spoke calmly, eyes glazed, “And this situation will be the same as that battle. All Drago is is an evil man who has the ability to spark fear, and fear can and will always fail. Your friends and your family will be safe and we can all go home after this is over.” Jack lifted his head, meeting Hiccup’s eyes with determination. "Listen to your instincts, Hiccup, everything will come naturally. Follow your heart, and you will always end up doing what is right.”

Hiccup asks, “And if that gets me killed?”

“It won’t” Jack stated, a fact, “because I believe in you.”

Finishing up his work, Jack took a step back admiring his job well done, an unsettling tug pulled at his gut as Jack shuddered, a feeling of unease threading through his heart like a growing flame, hot and uncomfortable - dangerous. Looking up into Hiccup’s eyes, the dragon rider was stronger, a solid being, head held high and spine straight, beautiful bright green eyes turning emerald in the light of the candles, so beautiful yet so easily taken.

Stepping forward, Jack rose to grasp Hiccup’s cheeks, liquid blue eyes wide and solemn. Brown stubble prickling at his palms as Jack traced the outlines of the viking’s face, imprinting it upon his mind. What he had said was so spur of the moment, even the spirit doubted his words. Jack didn’t know if everyone was going to be alright, but it had to be said. He had lied, he had lied to the man he loved. The winter spirit was from the future, yes, but in the end, Jack didn’t know the outcome of this, he didn’t know if Astrid or Valka or Stoick was going to be okay. He had lied.

Surging forward, Jack pressed his lips to Hiccup’s, trying his best to apologize, to pour his silent words into one single act - I love you, I need you, I’m sorry. Taking a moment of confusion, Hiccup soon kissed back, his weathered lips pressing fiercely to the spirit’s, Hiccup as well trying to convey his words as his breath was stolen from his chest by his love in his arms - I love you, I need you, stay safe, I would die without you by my side.

Pulling away in the favor of air, they stayed in each other’s arms, staying in the haven of safety. Hiccup took in a shuddering breath, eyes lidded with love, as he spoke, his voice a mere whisper, “I don’t want you to die.”

Jack gave a small laugh, eyes crinkling in joy, brushing the question aside like it was nothing,
“Hiccup…”

“Just,” Hiccup shivered, “please, promise me.”

Feeling the urgency and need in Hiccup’s words, Jack sobered and nodded. About to go in for another chaste kiss, lips barely brushing, a sudden shock rippled through the sanctuary, dust and pebbles falling from the ceiling as Hiccup clung to Jack, keeping him safe as the human shielded the Guardian from debris. Roars and screams filled the sanctuary as dragons cried out, their once peaceful home slowly torn apart.

“They’re here.”
Shudders racked the nest as Jack and Hiccup plowed through the tunnels, rocks and grime raining down on their armor as Valka rushed passed, her long braids trailing behind her. Slipping briefly on the slick ice, Valka paid no heed from the boulders raining down upon her as she stepped outside, skidding to a harsh stop on a long overhang, the wind whipping at her clothes, pulling stray hairs out of her messy and matted plait. Fury welled in her eyes as she paced atop her perch, glowering down at the raging flames and stunning shock of blasted catapults and flaming arrows, hundreds upon hundreds of foreign ships anchored on her shores. Valka’s breath steamed in the air, in short bursts, like a dragon ready to strike fear upon her enemies.

Jack pushed through the growing crowd of Berkians starting to gather at the mouth of the cave, only Stoick and Hiccup following the winter spirit’s lead as Jack went to stand at Valka’s side in the air, a few inches lower than the platform.

Hiccup stepped up behind his mother, peering over edge into the abyss of chaos, a force of wind crushed from his lungs at the sight of the battle below, as Drago’s troops continued to set traps and load their soldiers onto the pebbled shores. “Oh no…”

Valka only had a second to wait after hearing those words before looking towards Jack before setting off, turning from the destruction, shoulders back and chest proud, a stern glare garnishing her features as she stalked back into the dragon’s keep, silently daring anyone to oppose her. Jack flew passed overhead, a mere blur of blue and white, a trail of frost among the ceiling laying in his wake as he disappeared into the darkness.

“Val…” Stoick tried, grasping his wife’s shoulder, Valka’s face immediately softening, unable to look at her husband with such an awful gaze. “Val, it’s alright, we’re a team now. Now, what do we need to do?”

Hiccup nodded, as Valka answered, “We have to save the dragons,” her voice trembled, lowering her head as she reached down into the tunnels. Stoick muttered assurance in agreeance, pushing Hiccup inside as another powerful shock rippled through the sanctuary.

Dragons poured from the pores of the nest, streaming from the hidden crags of the mountain, their mighty wings twisting and turning in the air, dodging in and out of the path of hurling arrows and siege weaponry, scales crashing with talons bared down upon freshly set traps, the fire on the battlefield growing ever more. The crushing of rocks underfoot made way for Drago himself, spear in hand as he shouted orders to him men.

“Keep hitting the mountain, we want the alpha out.” He grinned, looking up at the fortress as it crumbled, its once menacing spikes slowly decaying under the fist of his wrath.

The ground trembled with fright as dragons still poured from the nest, wide eyed and nostrils flared, the stench of smoke and acidic iron filled the air, as the once crisp winter air was tainted with foul clouds of burning charred wreckage. Blackened armored dragons took to the skies,
blazing yellow eyes fierce yet dull, a sickness to them as the wind paused in its breath, as scales crashed and blood dripped from the sky, splattering the ugly grey of Drago’s men, cruel and rich as dragons fell on both sides, nets and enormous arrows speared through the hearts of the innocent.

A scream pierced the wailing roars, high and strong, unfaaturing and unbreaking, filling with rage and fury - the howl of a lioness. Valka soared down upon Cloudjumper’s back, pressed against his back as she screamed, staff in hand and poised to strike, brows furrowed in the moment of battle, aim straight for Drago. The opponent readied, only for the four winged dragon to bank left sharply towards the line of traps, blasting the wretched tools to smithereens of war, as freed dragons rose from the ashes, bringing along their reign in the tide of battle.

The Berkian Dragon riders came next, standing on their way to greatness as they fell upon the battle, raising Thor’s hammer upon those beneath them, dirt and blood soon dusting their weapons as Astrid let Eret take the reigns as Astrid set to work on the ground in the middle of chaos itself. Barf and Belch snapped their jaws tight around the victim's manning the large iron cast arrows, sparkling in the sun and was soon drenched in fire. Snotlout flew high up in the sky, shooting down balls of fire upon the boats, laughing at the terrified screams and the smell of crackling wood as embers flew up into the air, Fishlegs and Meatlug tearing down masts and pillars of wood, making sure nothing could be salvaged as a weapon in heat of battle.

A shrill noise filled the air as a passing shadow shot through the air, a burst of light blasting down from the clouds as Hiccup and Toothless took their turn in the fight, each plasma bolt hitting its mark as they turned their way gracefully in the Wind’s thrashing grasp. Lowering down on the ground, Hiccup helped Astrid onto Toothless’s back, rising back into the air as he returned her to her dragon.

“And where have you been, oh great dragon master?” Astrid snickered, the adrenalin pumping through her veins making her giggly as she smudged blood and soot off of her soft cheeks, resting her axe back at her side as blood dripped onto her skirt.

“Oh you know,” Hiccup lifted his chin up towards the nest, where the ice met the clouds, “catching up with Jack.” Hiccup grinned proudly.

Staggering shards of ice tore from its abode as the nest crashed upon the shore, pearly tusks breaking free from the confines of the sanctuary, a bellowing howl shaking their flight path as they circled below as the Alpha emerged, its spikes glistening in the upcoming sun light as the beast tore forth, waves of frozen mist pour from the rocks and resting above the ground like fallen smoke, thick and unwavering.

A small figure stood boldly on the King’s forehead, sturdy and yet seemingly so small, like an icicle about to drop. Staff in hand and the other holding on lightly to one of the smaller protruding spikes, Jack Frost crouched as he surveyed the battle below, the King letting out a howl of icy breath, ravaging the opponent's lines as the sounds of chains started to clatter, the winter spirit looking up from the retreating Night Fury as iron barred tusks and barnacle crusted scales pierced through the throng of docked ships and the steady waves of the sea, the salty spray pushing lightly at Jack’s skin, skin feeling tight as the salt water dried and cracked. Furrowing his brows slightly, Jack stood once more, shifting onto a higher perch, feeling the dragon beneath him tense and still, as they watched the other Alpha tread forth, heavy and deliberate steps shaking the mountain as Jack stayed silent.

The Alpha’s surged forward, long tusks clashing as Jack clung on impact, the Wind holding him tight as the breeze turned more frightful, blowing through pure white hair, power building as Jack stood his ground, fighting his way back to his feet as the grinding of bone scratched and peeled
against one another, Jack ready to fire a surge of ice upon the Sea King, when tusks unlatched, throwing Jack and his Alpha to the side, throwing Jack off his feet, staff glowing bright blue in his arms as he clung to curled tusk, palms scratching against the grooves of chipping bone and bleeding mallow. The Ice King held his ground as the mighty dragon swung back again, catching the Sea King off guard, the sound of the earth shifting under heavy feet bringing Jack back into focus, pulling himself from the air as he stood to stand on the cartilage, surging forward as tusks once again interlocked, pale feet landing unsteadily onto slick foreign horns.

Toes curled into algae ridden bone, as Jack took forward, following the harsh curve of bone to the root as screams and smoke burned his eyes alike, the ever constant screech of the Night Fury’s path making his steps lighter on their way, frostbitten feet digging into sharp scales, barnacles and urchins decorating the dragon like armor, tough and ready for battle. The water dragon pushed back, the King backing up on his hind legs, Jack taking the moment to dash across the forehead, trying desperately to find the eyes, any point of weakness to help ensure victory. Scratches and scrapes made frowns upon his legs as he slid, foot catching on a breathing oyster, the long cut making him turn to a bellowing growl vibrating in his chest, as his King brought his head smashing down, the Wind pushing the spirit ahead, narrowly dodging the impact as Jack hit the beach. Pebbles and rocks indented upon his icy skin as the sounds of battle started to fade, pain flared and muscles ached as warm liquid trickling down his cheek. Azure eyes flicked up as tremors rattled the ground as the King fell, blunt cracked and abused nails scrambled forward, picking up as staff as he flung himself onwards as the Sea King advanced upon the dragon and his rider.

Jack rushed to the Alpha’s side, pulling at thawing scales as blood dirtied the pristine color, the small spirit trying desperately to haul the fallen dragon to his feet. “Please, please, get up!” Jack tried, clinging to the dragon as it lay, “You can’t do this. We’ve been together for five years and don’t you dare leave me, get up!” Jack muttered, panic jack rabbiting his heart footsteps stopped behind him. “Please….!”

Curved tusks rolled forwards, carving viciously into the gut of the Alpha, a kill of no mercy or pride - an execution. Iron barred horns withdrew from the chest of Jack’s friend, as blood poured from the wound, bathing Jack in the blood of his equal, the one creature who could ever relate to him in his current era, the one who had helped him forget about Berk and the struggles he had left, and the one who had encouraged him to reconnect with Hiccup in their private time together. He had shared his home with Jack, and now that hospitality had gone to waste, as crimson metal swallowed his body, dripping from his lashes and dying his clothes as Jack turned, stark blue eyes contrasting against the cascade of blood, as Jack fired his staff, a heavy blast of ice hitting the Alpha upon the cheek, bloody tusks boring him down as mad eyes looked down upon him.

A lash of the dragon’s horn sent Jack wheeling, his favored staff slipping from his grasp, the Alpha following as Jack splashed into the water, broad teeth sinking into his flesh as he was pulled under before he could even resurface. Bubbles of precious breath were tugged from his struggling lungs, the cold water swimming through his hair, the blood rushing in his ears as sister’s cries echoed in his mind, her head peeking out beyond the waves as darkness clouded his vision. Jack tried to shake the void away, as numb fingers pulled at the tight jaw as he pushed and pulled, the feeling of vulnerability so new in his chest, as the familiar cold hand of Death gripped his shoulder tight.

Hiccup landed gracefully on the ground next to Drago, opening his mouth to speak as a booming roar echoed the skies, brown eyes flashing over to the source as Hiccup stills, watching with horror as the Alpha laid dead on the ground, Drago’s King bellowing as a mark of sick victory, water dripping from its belly as it stalked up on shore, like an executioner taking glee from his orders to murder. The roar soon ended in a low growl, making Hiccup’s heart vibrate in dread as the clashing and screams and shrieks ended, everything ending in a sudden hush, even the wind not daring to stir as everything paused, like any other noise could start the bloodbath once more. Dragons from the
nest started to take flight, circling around the new Alpha in the hordes, the buzz of wings cutting through the air like a plague.

“What the hell is going on?” Hiccup asked, watching as Toothless twitched under the roar, Drago redirecting his eyes back at the dragon rider.

Drago grinned, showing his rotten teeth as he started to yell once again, swinging his staff as the Alpha reared its head towards its master, and followed suit, swinging its weight proudly as it took its stance behind the dragon warrior, “No dragon can resist the call of the Alpha. And those that control the Alpha, controls them all.” Drago pointed, Toothless cowering beneath his gaze.

Green reptilian eyes looked up at the Alpha, ear fins pressed back as a growl rolled forth, causing the Night Fury to cow and struggle, whipping his head in an effort that Hiccup couldn’t grasp, “Toothless? What’s going on?”

“Witness the true strength! The true strength over the will of others!” Green eyes narrowed, mere slits to their usual, no longer filled with life, but obedience. “And how nothing can stop it…”

Hiccup stepped away from his friend, as the sleek black dragon turned its head towards the viking, fear worrying his voice, “Toothless? It’s me. What are you doing, Bud?” Hiccup backed away, palms out, eyes wide as his legs shook, begging to run. Toothless snarled, the smell of plasma burning the air as Toothless opened his mouth wider, “Bud? Toothless, stop this…!”

“Hiccup!”

Turning, Hiccup held out a palm, “Dad! No!”, but before he knew it, light enveloped him before darkness overcame him briefly.

Opening his eyes, his head swam, the smell of burning flesh and hair turning the air rancid and foul, muscles ached as Hiccup picked himself up, breath coming out in short puffs, nails scratching against the ice as he gathered himself to his feet, freezing in his moment of awareness as his father, the man who raised him through the thick and thin, laid where once stood.

“...Dad!” Hiccup lurched forward, brushing off the shards of fallen ice upon his father, blood starting to drip onto the ice as Hiccup pulled his father onto his back, hands shaking as he advanced to take his pulse, only stop in his movements. Hiccup knew well what Night Fury’s were capable of, taking down entire buildings in a single shot, but…

This was different

This was his father, all tangled in blood and bones. A mess of limbs and internal organs, fresh and charred. His entire torso had been blown, his armor in shreds and his metal plate that had sat on his belt crumpled like a failed drawing on paper, ripped and in pieces. Ribs dyed crimson protruded from the carcass as warm blood melted the earth beneath his father’s weight. Pink organs in shreds were burned and oozed various acids and liquids, but in the end still falling to red in a mixture of blood and death. Coils upon coils of intestines lay scattered and limp, as if someone had started to pull them out, but stopped midway, losing interest in the life the man had once held in his veins.

“Stoick!” Valka cried, throwing herself onto the corpse of her husband, gentle hand clutching the jaw of the great chief, face ashen and pale, gone the blush when he rarely smiled or the furrow of his brow when the man was worried for his village or his son. Only a face of death, blood and dirt smeared upon his once expressive face, now blank in the face of Valhalla.

Gone was the man who had raised Hiccup through his many attempts to get him to fight dragons
since the age of four and when he had placed Hiccup in the apprenticeship of Gobber, his dearest friend, he had only hoped for the best, so that the village would see him as an asset, not a liability that was the chief son. Gone was the man who had only fought for his village and his family, and gone was the man who had died for them as well.

Toothless shook himself free, and stepped forward, careful and unknowing, nudging the man’s hand with his nose, a silent apology that Hiccup could not stand.

“No!” Hiccup cried, pushing Toothless away harshly, the dragon cowering, “You don’t get to touch him after what you did! Go on, get out of here! Get away!”

Valka watched as Toothless stepped away, mewing in sadness, wrapping her son in her arms “It’s not his fault, you know that. Good dragons under the influence of bad people do bad things, Hiccup.”

Another roar ripped them from their embrace as the dragons took flight, heading back from which they came as the remaining ships left, Drago taking it upon himself to mount Toothless and take to the skies, “Gather the men and meet me at Berk.”

“Toothless! No!” Hiccup screamed, Valka holding him back, as the remaining men climbed aboard the final ship, and took sail, leaving nothing but destroyed masts and pieces of wood and metal from fallen traps littering the soil, the wind still the other dragon riders approached, silent as aching muscles and bruised hands took the brunt of the work as a ship was assembled, the best one they could build with scrapes and rope.

Loading the remains of Stoick the Vast was hard and tiring, especially as Berk called for only the immediately family to do so. The former dragon riders had trouble; Hiccup barely able to see anything through the clouds of tears obscuring his visions as he held the stiff body of his father, a chief people sang stories about. His father’s form was heavy, not from the weight of the vast man, but of the things that Hiccup had said. He was the reason his father was dead. If he hadn’t been so stubborn on finding Drago, then his father would still be sending Astrid after him to ask about becoming chief or he would be listening to another story how being chief had changed his life for the better. He had never even told him about Jack’s relationship. He had never told him that he was the best dad he could have asked for. He never even tried to talk about becoming chief with his father.

It was such a blur, as Hiccup pushed his father’s boat out to sea, as Gobber spoke the proper words to send his father to the halls of Valhalla, “May the Valkyries welcome you, and lead you through Odin’s great battlefield. May they sing your name with love and fury, so we might hear rise from the depths of Valhalla.” A bow was pressed into Hiccup’s numb hand, Gobber squeezing it tight as Hiccup nocked the arrow into place, “I know that you have taken your rightful place at the Table of Kings, for a great man has fallen – a warrior, chieftain, a father, a friend.”

Hiccup pressed the tip of his arrow into the dying embers, as night settled upon them, drawing back his bow, and with a final cleansing breath, let the arrow fly into the night, his aim true and strong, as the rest of his peers then followed suit. Hiccup watched from the shore as the ship took sail, muttering into the night, hoping his words would reach his father’s ears in the afterlife.

“I’m sorry, Dad...I’m not the chief you wanted me to be. A-and I’m not the peacekeeper I thought I was. I don’t know...” Hiccup stumbled, heart aching in his chest, guilt shrouding his mind as he scrambled at nothing to say something.

A hand brushed through his hair, nimble fingers weaving through. A winter spirit’s name on his tongue, Hiccup turned, but only saw his mother, words withering in his throat like a poison. “You
know,” Valka started, looking out to the sea which carried her husband away, “you were born early into this world, you were such a wee thing, you were so frail, so fragile, I feared you wouldn’t make it. But your father, he never doubted. He always said you’d become the strongest of them all. And he was right. You have a heart of a chief, and the soul of a dragon. Only you can bring our worlds together. That is who you are, son.”

Untangling himself from his mother’s grasp, he stepped forward, towards the floating pyre, brown eyes glowing in the flame light, “I, uh, I was so afraid of becoming my dad. Mostly because I thought I never could. Ho-how could you become someone that great, th-that brave - that selfless! I...I guess you can only try,” Hiccup turned on his heel, turning his family, to his friends, “a chief protects his own. We’re going back.”

“That’s great and all but, how do we get back?” Snotlout pointed out.

Astrid nodded, “I don’t often say this, but he’s right. We don’t even have ships or our dragons”

“Drago didn’t take all of the dragons though,” Hiccup concluded, “Remember? What was the one dragon even the King couldn’t control?”

Astrid gave Hiccup a strange look, Ruffnut stepping forward from the back of the group, “Hiccup.”

“The baby dragons!” Exclaimed Fishlegs, a smile dawning his features, eyes still red from tears and funeral smoke.

Hiccup nodded, starting to draw a diagram in the sand, “Exactly! If we can somehow get them-”

“Hiccup…” Ruffnut tried again, her voice small and saddened.

“-then we can ride them back to Berk, take ba-”

“Hiccup.” Ruffnut spoke, voice firm and serious.

Hiccup finally looked up at her from his plan, dropping the sodden stick from his palm as he stood, features paling as Ruffnut broke from the crowd, her steps light and careful, as if her package could scare her new chief off. In her hands she held the staff daintily, as if the breeze itself could snap the branch in half, the piercing cries that once echoed throughout Berk would then rain down upon the sparse battlefield. Trembling fingers graced upon the damp wood, flaking blood and sand defiling the old staff that which had brought so many memories to it’s owner, and how, after so many times, it was odd to see the artifact alone.

Taking the wood into his own hands, he met Ruffnut’s eyes, her eyes immediately dropping to her shoes, ash and soot and dirt covering her like a second skin, her helmet long lost and her braids now a mess of tangles and burned locks. She stepped back, as Astrid took her place, gently holding his shoulders as he shook, his face bewildered as he looked to his side, the place where the spirit had often accompanied him empty and lonesome. It was so much colder without him.

“W-...where...where is he?” Hiccup muttered, a mere whisper as eyes looked back into his friend’s grey eyes.

“Hiccup…” Astrid tried, but no words seemed to form.

Hiccup trembled, prying himself from Astrid’s hold, “No...no,” Hiccup’s eyes became glazed, mouth ajar, freckles stark against his paling cheeks, tears threatened to spill as he broke. “no...NO!”
The former dragon rider took off down the beach, as fast as his metal leg could take him, as Astrid stumbled after him, only to be stopped by a firm hand on her shoulder. Spinning around like a hurricane, daring anyone in her path to deny her friend counsel. Her rigid features softened as Valka stood her ground, eyes sorrowful and empty, lonesome as she had lost so much - her friend, her dragon, her family, her home, her husband, and perhaps her son as well.

“Valka...I have to-” Astrid started, but her words petered off.

The former dragon empress stood her ground, and nodded, but her hand held fast, “Leave him be for a moment, Astrid. You are a good friend, but losing his father has broken him, losing Toothless, his best friend, had shattered him. But losing Jack? That had destroyed him.”

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