15th May

*I run, taking deep breath each step. The grass is soft under my paws, and the air is clear and fresh. My younger brother is right behind me, a broad smile on his face. I jump forward, leaving him behind. I hear his laughter, as he’s trying to keep up with me.*

*The edge is approaching. We left behind the forest, the soft, green grass changes into rough ground and rocks. Before us there is only a sky and clouds. I feel warm rising inside my chest, as we’re getting closer.*

*I close my eyes as the ground vanish from below me. There is loud whistle. My smile is widening. Oh, how I love to feel cold wind on my skin, when I’m falling down. I could spend my whole life like this: falling, not caring about anything.*

*But the ground always gets closer and the time to pick up comes. I spread my black wings, and the air swirls under their surface. Now I rush straight ahead. I look behind me and see the silver specter. I wave my wings with strength that sends me to the white clouds.*

*“Have you ever thought what it would be like, not being able to fly?” my brother asks and I look at him, his gaze faraway.*

*“No. Flying is all a dragon can dream about. Why?”*

*“Just wondered.” Comes the answer.*

*Silence. I close my eyes once again and enjoy the flight. Sun warms my skin and I sigh slightly, content.*

*Suddenly, I hear a voice.*

*“Akiriin, open your eyes.” Says the voice, that doesn’t belong to Silion.*

I lift my eyelids abruptly knowing, that there is no possibility to hear human’s voice in the skies. I look around to find myself lying on bed in my room. There is no clouds nor trees. They’re replaced by black furniture and grey walls.

I feel a slight pang in my heart, because, for a moment, I was hoping to see my younger brother’s silver eyes instead of the green ones. Their owner is a eighteen-year-old. She’s standing above me, an expectant look on her face shadowed by short brown hair.

“What the hell are you doing in my room, Jena?” I growl, turning my back on her.

“I came to wake you, you Sleeping Beauty. It’s past six on this beautiful Saturday morning if I need to remind you.” She says, ignoring the warning in my tone.

“And what would be the reason to wake me on Saturday?”

“You promised to take me on hunt.” Oh, that…

“Forgot.” I say, sitting on the bed. “Now please, get outta my room, will you?.” I use the kindest words I can muster right now.

“I’m already gone!” She sings, slamming the door behind herself.

16th May

The following day we run through the forest in our dragons’ forms, chasing the pray. We choose the hardest way to hunt. We’re faster than any other animal and stronger and.. larger. We could strike from sky like a falcon. Instead we struggle to catch the deer while avoiding densely growing trees.

“I’ll get it first!” Jena hiss and jump forward. She’s now only few meters behind the stag.

“No way!” I shout back and dematerialize myself, so I can pass through trunks.

Just as I’m about to clench my claws on the pray, purple streak flits before my eyes and I hear Jena’s laughter and loud crackling. She’s standing there with the deer under her paw, fallen trees all around the crossbreed half-dragon. I shake my head slightly, walking toward my young friend.

We share the prize. Meat is fresh and warm and I like it’s taste. It’s been long time since I’ve eaten a “wild lunch” for the last time.

“So.. What will happen when I turn twenty?” Jenakei breaks the silence.

I know, that she was wondering about her twentieth birthday for some time recently, but she made an effort of hiding those thoughts from me. In our world, a half-dragon is considered an adult after one reaches twenty years.

“Finally I won’t have to do the baby-sitting.” I send her a side-smile.

“Ha-ha. Akirin, but seriously.”

“I don’t know.” I shrug, looking at nothing in particular. “You’ll choose your own team of hunters.” I sense disappointment coming from her thoughts and I tense. “You were expecting something specific?” I ask, narrowing my eyes at her.

“I thought you’d know that.” Jena challenges me.

“Your thoughts do not occupy the first place on my reading list.” I answer dryly, standing up. “We should head back.” I spread my wings, getting ready to zoom. She follows hesitantly.

We wing in silence. I felt Jena trying to break through my barriers to read my mind, so I keep them stronger than usual.

When we arrive it is already sunset. Tomorrow Jena’s going to school and when she gets back we’re having training with some other Hunters. Or, that would be this way if I haven’t had a very important meeting with a sort of friend.

Knowing that, I stop Jena from disappearing from my sight.

“Tomorrow is your big day. You’ll be leading the hunting alone. I have some business in another part of continent.” I try to make it sound as she’s getting a chance to prove herself worthy the said team, but she knows better.

“Oh great. Mr. Important has some business, so he leaves his friend alone with idiots. Can’t wait.” She snaps and strides down the hall, to her room.

17th May

Breakfast with mother, discussing attack plans for May 20th and the long, chaotic flight through the storm. Why chaotic? Lots of turnings, direction changes and all of this in order to confuse a potential follower. You can never be too cautious while committing a treason of some sort.

I wait on an alone island in the middle of North Atlantic in a cave made by some stone carvers – long, legless, boulder-eaters dragons. I glance at the watch on my wrist. It’s ten minutes past the time my friend, the Alpha of European dragons, should’ve arrived. We’ve been meeting in various places on the Earth on neutral territory for six months now. First it was an exchange. I was giving her information about my mother’s movements, and she had to give me some locations of fugitive dragons. But that changed rather quickly.

And here she is. The blue gleam enlightens the cave and blue specter appears. She’s lucky that she can teleport.

“Sorry I’m late. I thought they would never fall asleep.” She sighs and changes herself into human form.

“No problem. I just worried that damned journey was for nothing.” I joke and hug her.

“You’re wet!” She springs back.

“Well, it was raining, you know.”

We sit down in front of a little bonfire.

“Any news?” Vokunizi asks.

“Naomi’s planned a strike on Iceland. Gas bombs, no danger for humans, killing dragons. You have three days for evacuation.” I say, looking at the blue fire that is also her work.

“Two.” She corrects me. “I won’t be back until tomorrow.”

“Right. How was your day?” It’s not that we only talk about upcoming war.

“Unfortunately it was my turn to look for three little brats. I like them but they can be handful, especially, when Argo downgraded them into size of grasshoppers. And try to keep them in one place!” She gives me exasperated look. I fail to suppress laughter, earning myself a smack in the shoulder.

“Easy, I know your pain. I have to do the same with Jena. Although she sometimes bites. Literally.” At the mention of my pupil smile disappears from my companion’s face. “What is it?” I ask, concern clear in my voice.

I hear from Voki’s thoughts, that she doesn’t approve of Jena’s lifestyle, but she says it anyway:

“She’d be better with us. There must be a chance to resocialize her.”

“I’m afraid that I can’t do anything about it.” I wince slightly, knowing whom to blame. Me. “It’s not about hatred toward dragons. She just… Likes it. She enjoys being a dragon hunter.”

“You don’t?” I wince again, averting my eyes from her.

“I did. But not anymore.” I say fiercely.

“I know.” She puts her hand on mine and I calm down. “I just wish she could live with us as a member of our pack. We’re Dragons. We shouldn’t fight against each other.” Oh yes, she calls our species ‘Dragons’ and corrects me any time I use the name ‘half-dragon’.

We talk for some time, until she must go back to prepare for attack from my side, or rather, my mother’s side.

18th May

“How was your business?” Comes Jena’s question along with a fake smile and a blow.

“Good.” I answer calmly, blocking her blade with mine. “How was your school?” I swing and kick, but she ducks in time.

“Boring as always.”

The afternoon after my meeting I take the crossbreed to the sparring room to make up for her my absence on yesterday’s hunt.

“And the hunt?”

“Successful.” Another hit that I deflect.

“I wouldn’t expect anything less.” This time her smile is genuine and I can’t help but think about my conversation with Vokunizi. Fight with dragons is what Jena lives for and it’s me who showed her this life.