

Chimera's are Red and Hydra's are Blue

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Chimera's are Red and Hydra's are Blue

by [himitsutsubasa](#)

Summary

Nai has big dreams.

Sevadonn is hauled along for the ride.

Kyntak goes off to (hopefully) meet his dragon.

The dragons are not so sure what to make of it all.

Let the Game Begin!

He's nervous. He's got every right to be nervous. All he saw was a semicircle four layers deep and ten riders per layer. They all stood a few feet apart shifting in position so everyone got a clear shot at the barn.

The sun's hot on that day. It burned down relentlessly without the cloud cover. Kyntak was rather surprised by that. There was usually some sort of cover. What little moisture remained on the trampled grass evaporated in a haze.

The young man to his left asked, "Do you think it's time?"

"No, not yet," the kid beyond him replied. They had been standing there, ready for the past five minutes. Kyntak glanced to his left. He could feel a pair of beady eyes on his back. That must be Crexe. That slippery, slime ball had flunked out of care for Dragons after the dummy appeared to have suffered from experimentation and other physical damage. He wondered who the man bribed to get into the selection. Kyntak could hear Nai mutter something to Sevadonn.

"You're kidding." Sevadonn's lip curled in distaste.

"No, I want her." Nai, easily recognizable for the pink streaks in her hair and being one of three female riders present, smirked. "I'm the best."

"Who?" he asked. His sister glared at him, long suffering.

"Queen of Spades."

Kyntak laughed. "You're kidding. I know Ma and Pa named you 'dreamer' but that is..."

Nai cut him off, brandishing a booklet. She glared like her heart was set on ripping his face off. "The stats say she has potential as an agent. I think we would work well together."

"You would terrorize us all," Sevadonn predicted. Kyntak nodded. His twin sister was insane. A queen level dragon? That was just plain crazy. Those were often picked off by the upper levels already.

So, a little bit on dragons. Dragons grew in clutches of thirteen. There were three top level dragons. These were the King, Queen, and Jack. They were kept as breeding stock for the clutch a few years in the future. After the clutch was hatched they went up for matching just like any other of their hatchlings. Then, there were agent dragons in rank one through ten, by the order they hatched.

Today, specifically, Deck Draconia had four clutches ready for matching. Many academy riders would meet their dragons for the first time. A handful would have to wait for the next batch. The dragons chose the riders, not the other way around as the conversation with Nai would lead people to believe. Riders could feel a light connection with them, but dragons

chose who they liked. They bonded with who they liked. Try saying “no” to full ton of muscle and fire.

A horn blew.

Kyntak wasn't sure what to do with his hands because all the dragons came spilling out of the barn and into people's arms.

He stood flabbergasted as riders sprinted forward trying to get into a position where their hoped for dragon would see them. Nai appeared to be chasing after the Queen of Spades along with several other riders. Sevadonn did the opposite, standing tall and moving just enough to avoid getting hit by vaulting dragons.

Kyntak glanced around at the many colored beasts on display. Red, green, bronze, gold, silver, blue, and white made up the general color palette of dragons. Different patterns and shaped appeared. A few Chinese dragons looped without wings and a few Norwegian Basilisks trod heavily along the ground, blind-folded to prevent accidents. One charged past him into the kid behind him. A Cantonese Shui Long slithered by, curling around its intended.

Kyntak realized not a single one glanced at him. That was insulting.

“Over here! Herd him over here!” He knew that tinny voice anywhere.

Kyntak turned in horror. A dark violet, almost black dragon with sharp blue eyes puffed a cloud at a few boys. He recognized them as Crexe and his cronies, Ludden and Lerke. They closed in on the dragon, pinning it against a wall. It hissed.

Kyntak clenched his jaw. Dragons were bound to not harm any human until they had a master. This creature was being bullied, coerced, into having a master he neither loved nor trusted.

It looked at him, pure, deep cobalt eyes and burning fire.

‘Help,’ it commanded. Steel infused its voice, but there was a longing that went straight to Kyntak's chest and diffused there, a subtle chill.

Kyntak jumped on his feet ignoring his mind's screaming, ‘Yes, anything. Ask of me anything and it is yours.’ He had a bond to make.

He pulled out his mobile.

His feet carried him the short ways until he was a handful of steps away.

“Crexe!” The boy turned on him. Kyntak was short (anyone next to Sevadonn was short) but Crexe was shorter. He had a rather round paunch and a pasty face. It looked like cracked plaster wet again. His cronies appeared behind him. Lerke was an oily fellow and gangly.

Ludden was similar, but had a more rigid bend to his back. Three to one, Kyntak was rather glad he stopped skipping training.

Reasons why and how he got away with it, is something for a different time.

“Kyntak, go mind your own business,” Crexe sneered. His sidekicks chuckled.

“It is my business when a dragon in danger.” He tried to sound heroic as possible, though it appeared as if there was breathy snort from ground level.

Crexe’s face wrinkled like a prune, a very pasty prune, and glared. “You just want him to yourself.”

He let an easy smirk slide over his features, sincere and a little sharp. “Yeah, there’s some connection there. How can anyone with a brain not want to take care of a beautiful beast like that?” Kyntak made a show of eyeing the dragon’s sleek figure.

It was a lovely figure, all smooth and clean lines. He likened it to a Bugatti or Mercedes-Benz; he might even say Jaguar convertible. Kyntak recognized the male patterns, despite the female shape. His scales were smooth and opaque. It resembled onyx in some ways. However, the edges faded into a crystalline amethyst. The blue eyes following his facial movements contained sapphire at its core and aquamarine all around it. Little flecks of opal and diamond lit the iris in iridescent adularescence.

The dragon gave Kyntak a raised brow, if that was even possible. He went on, “Though, from the looks of it, it doesn’t feel the same way. Looks like you got rejected.”

Anything could happen with this particular one. The dragon’s eyes flitted left and right, sharp little movements. Kyntak noted that with unease. They were ganging up on him now.

“Oh, Crabbe and Goyle, I didn’t realize you were standing there.” He layered on the oil and snark. Lerke and Ludden blinked in bewilderment. Mentally, Kyntak face-palmed. He should have chosen reference they would at least understand. That, or those two could have bothered to watch the first Potter movie. Either would be really nice right now.

Kyntak sighed and waved his phone. “Crexe, warning to you: get away from that dragon. I have all the footage right here.”

“Blackmail?” The man’s eyes narrowed as he smiled. Kyntak wrinkled his nose in distaste. He stood corrected; there were ways to make Crexe more ugly.

Kyntak tossed his phone in the air and caught it.

“Well that would require that I didn’t send this to the Academy.”

He smiled as he manged to snatch it out of the air with his non-dominant hand.

“Don’t worry; this will get to them eventually. It’s just a matter of how long it will take.”

Crexe smiled benevolently.

“Lerke, Ludden, get him.”

The dragon pounced. The full mass of lean muscle and discipline appeared between the two boys and vanished somewhere between knocking them over and sliding to a halt at Kyntak’s feet. It growled this time, a rich rumble that could have been thunder.

“Whoa, there. Not so fast.”

The dragon didn’t take its eyes off Crexe. Kyntak put his hand up in mock surrender, when the man glared.

“I’ve already sent this to the server. If I don’t call off the upload, it’s going to blow in five minutes.” Kyntak added a little saccharine sweet to his smirk just to savor the effect.

“I recommend you scram and hide first. I’ll give you a week to get out of the Academy. If not, it’s expulsion.” Ludden and Lerke got up, still shaken. Lerke wiped the mud off his cheeks and Ludden pulled hay from his hair. Crexe grimaced and stepped forward.

“I’ve got half the class listening in on this conversation,” Kyntak added conversationally. “If you think you can get away with it, it’s not happening.”

He watched waxy confidence drip off Crexe’s face.

“I’ve already cleared it with the ranch instructors. This is your way of getting out before your shame catches up with you, capice?” Kyntak winked.

Crexe took step forward. Then, another step forward and a cracked grin smearing across his face.

Rescue

Chapter Summary

Meet the rest.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Kyntak could read the rage in his red face and bloodshot eyes. The figure leaned forward to punch, but thought better of it. Crexe exhaled deeply; the air hissed from his nose. He took one look at the dragon and the blond boy behind him and sniffed.

“Ludden, Lerke.” He turned on his heel with his cronies at his side.

Kyntak breathed a sigh of relief. He looked to the dragon, which stretched its wings. It had a line of relaxed tension running through it, a silky, suave relaxed posture, but readiness to destroy in every atom of its being.

“Hey, you alright?”

The dragon turned to him, poker faced. ‘Yes, Kyntak.’

Kyntak started. It spoke in his head. No dragon spoke in a rider’s head without good reason. He wondered briefly if Crexe and company could have heard the voice he did, the clean echo in his head.

‘No. Stop thinking; I can hear you.’ It gave the eyebrow raise of doom, all perfect sarcasm and bite. Gosh, was this dragon British? British dragons, Alfred’s especially, were known for eyebrow raises so terrifyingly British one could distill it. They would find equal parts tea, propriety, sarcasm and general “holier than thou” attitude.

‘Huh.’ Kyntak said intelligently. The dragon rolled its eyes and sighed.

The blonde shook himself. Composed, be composed. ‘You know my name. What’s yours?’

‘Six Red A.’ Dragon number six of red clutch A.

He plastered on a silly grin. ‘Six, eh? Any rider in mind?’

‘No.’ It glanced over the other riders with a contemptuous eye. His upper lip curled in disdain, revealing a sharp set of incisors. They stood there for a few moments watching the crowd heave and flow as dragons tore their way through and found perfect matches.

‘You jumped to my defense.’

‘I merely returned the favor.’

‘Thank you.’

‘You’re welcome. What was that you said about a connection?’

‘I felt one for you.’ The dragon’s head cocked to one side.

‘What does it feel like?’

Kyntak closed his eyes trying to send the feeling across, if there was a weak bond to send it with. He hoped his words, though he was no word smith like his father, would convey that straining burn that tore his heart into pieces and glued them back together every time breathed. ‘It feels like earth decided that gravity was a bitch and kicked her to the curb. Then, the sun figured the sky was too blue and dropped out of the sky for good measure.’

‘That’s very descriptive,’ Six mused.

“Yeah.” Kyntak and Six’s eyes met; deep water and blue steel. Heat marched up his toes and legs to into his body. It reached his heart, solidifying into crystalline ice that shattered into blades. He inhaled deeply, feeling Six sync up his heart rate naturally.

“Hey, stop eye sexing each other!” The moments ended. Rather abruptly.

Pink hair fluttered in the wind. Nai grimaced and pouted tapping her foot to a beat that no one heard. Sevadonn stood by her side, head cradled in one hand.

“Nai, you’re accusing your brother of bestiality.”

Kyntak sighed. A light ached appeared in his chest, where the hot-cold sensation was before. Nai flipped her hair over her shoulder with a loud ‘mph’. “Whatever, didn’t you see that look?”

“I didn’t say I didn’t agree.” Sevadonn rolled his eyes.

Nai smirked, her face turning into mimicry of Kyntak’s. “So you do agree?”

“Nai,” Sevadonn sighed. Nai made some sort of snort and retort, and Sevadonn replied with something. Kyntak tried to hone in on the sound but a finger tapped his arm.

“Hey, Kyntak.”

Kyntak smiled at the small girl. He blinked at the dragon at her side. “Shuji, is that?”

Shuji smiled and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “Yeah, Queen Black A.”

“Nai’s pissed isn’t she?” Kyntak laughed. Oh, Nai, that explained everything.

Shuji smiled. “A little. The thing is Queen and I already know what we want.”

“Really?” He raised an eyebrow. Very few academy students knew where and how far they were willing to go. It made him do a double take. Not even Sevadonn, the most ambitious of them all, knew. Well, not that he let on.

“Yeah, we’re going to try for Spades.”

Kyntak clapped her on the shoulder. “Homeland security. I’m kind of happy you’re not going to be out in the field.”

“Oh?” She raised her brows. The dragon behind her raised her wings and postured for and offense. Behind him, Six swelled up, wings expanding and ear flaps rising to form a frill around his head.

Kyntak laughed. “You’d skin my hide.” Shuji’s straight face crumbled and the dragon behind her deflated.

Six muttered on in the back of his mind. ‘You have to be kidding me.’

Nai’s voice raised. Kyntak turned and saw his sister say something to Sevadonn, hands making gliding arcs to match her words. Her hands on her hips and head held high, she stood like a queen in the dust.

“I just want to know why they are so afraid of...” She barreled into the ground.

Dust collected in the air and arms went up to protect eyes and noses. The brown haze settled with a good lot of coughing from both dragon and human. Kyntak opened his watering eyes to see a case of violet around him. Leathery wings pulled back and the cool bodied dragon settled by his side. Six shook the dust off his scales and turned toward the crater. A green, long dragon danced around the top of the rift in the earth and very sharp, loud voice echoed in Kyntak’s head.

‘I found you!’ Nai cradeled her head wiping dust off her face with a look of distaste. ‘I found you. I found you. I found you.’

Six sighed only as dragons could. ‘Calm down, Two.’

The green dragon, Two, looked distraught. ‘How are you so calm? I just found...?’

‘What?’ Six sounded exasperated at the mere existence of more to talk about.

Kyntak on the other hand patted the dragon on the head, one after his own heart. “I think I like you.”

The dragon blew steam out of his nose and purred. He rubbed into Kyntak’s hand and pulled backwards. He tilted his head to one side, big green eyes widening.

‘What’s that blue thing?’

Six’s voice echoed in his head. ‘Blue thing?’

Nai, finally regaining consciousness screamed. She flailed her arms sending up dirt and dust. Her hair stood in disarray and her clothes were covered in grass stains. She glared at Kyntak with laser vision meant to pierce Plexiglas. Off record, it had several times and no one would ever speak of it again.

“Get this thing off me!”

The dragon either didn’t know she beat on it with all her strength or chose to ignore her racket. Either way, Two sat sedately on her midriff and cocked his head to one side like a cocker spaniel. Kyntak felt a bump beside him as Six settled into part of the crater next to him. ‘Between you two?’

The dragon raised a scaly eyebrow as dragons are to do when they don’t have furry ones. Kyntak would never like that odd furry dragon from the Polynesian islands. Their furry crests and constant shedding meant that he could never walk near one without sneezing. They weren’t even little sneezes, the cute ones that sounded like a kitten’s; they were the kind that made you wonder if a tree was felled nearby. So to say, he hated spring, when all the furry little beasts shed their winter coats and the local news put up a “fur count” instead of “pollen count”.

Six sighed, ‘You’re seeing things.’

The dragon stared, eyes wide as flying saucers, like a giant pizza had just fallen from the sky and proclaimed itself king. He blinked.

‘Okay.’

Nai, had, all the while, not stopped her ruckus. By this time, Queen had her tucked carefully in their jaw as Shuji and Sevadonn attempted to extricate her from under the weighty lug. Her face set itself in a scowl and she gave inattentive dragon another scream. “What the hell are you?”

Two bounced, knocking the air out of her lungs. “I’m your dragon!” His tongue fell out of his mouth and he sat, grinning like Labrador retriever. Queen stopped unsure whether to continue and let the issue resolve itself, or help her out. She settled for one that meant a lesser chance of accidentally removing an arm.

Nai’s head rolled back and she closed her eyes. What was this? A silly, bouncy dragon? After a few seconds, and a pinch, though no one would ever admit to seeing that, she opened her eyes and looked at the area above her stomach. Two blinked curiously at her, confused by the odd reaction of a human.

“You’re kidding me.”

The dragon grinned, all sharp teeth polished ultra-white by hot flames and sharpened on stone. “Nope!”

Nai rubbed her temples as the dragon got off of her. She sat up, looked at the dragon, looked at her hands, and at the dragon again. She pinched her eyes shut and shut out all the noise of

the people buzzing and dragons crooning in the distance. “Damn it.”

Two’s green eyes narrowed to softness and his lower jaw relaxed; the dragon equivalent of a frown. He shuffled a little bit sending up enough dust to send Nai into a coughing fit. He watched to empty her lungs of foreign particles muttering, “You don’t look happy.”

Nai cleared her throat and sighed. Kyntak hadn’t seen her face like that since that boy in secondary asked her to the dance and she’d had to give him the whole “It is better if we’re friends, but not really, because I don’t want to be friends with you” talk. Suffice to say, he’d never found Mike Ross remotely good enough for his sister, but the sheer resigned frustration with which she dismissed him hurt him to see.

“Well, I was hoping for...” She waved her hands in the air, like what she wanted was going to appear there. Her words vanished as she saw his face drop and ear frills droop. His big green eyes flattened until they resembled rectangles and his third eyelid made a few passes.

Two got to his claws and shook the dust off his scales. A small smile crossed his face as he looked into her eyes. He blinked slowly, savoring every image. “Oh, I understand. I wish you well.”

The dragon padded off, tail drooping and claws heavy. Nai bit her lip and looked after him. His claws churned up dust as sharp nails over turned the earth. She blinked rapidly.

“Wait.”

Two turned around, a swirl of yellow and brown in his eyes. The dark green turned almost to pine needles. His dusty scales shone a little in the light, a dull gleam. Nai took a deep breath and held open her arms.

“Fine.”

Kyntak beamed at his sister and the green lump of funny scales. The future he saw of the pair involved a marathon of eye-rolling and SM dialogue, but whatever. Anything involving his sister always sounded like a soft-core BDSM scene. He turned to Sevadonn, who observed the two with his hand on his chin.

“Sevadonn where is yours?”

“Oh, hello, Ace.” Six tightened his tail’s coil around Kyntak’s leg. He hadn’t even noticed when that happened, but the dragon pressed against his leg, draining the heat and cooling his skin. The blood loss and location of the end of the tail (very close to what may be called sexual harassment territory) were a different matter entirely.

“Six.” The sleek bronze let her spikes fall and Kyntak realized that some of her scales were almost glassy, a sign of the breeders of India, where dragons looked similar to gemstones in every way. Ace noticed his stare and smiled, well-oiled and seductive.

Kyntak panicked a little. Seductive, who said dragons were seductive? Nope. He hadn’t heard anyone think that. No one at all. Around his leg, Six placed his claws and the tail rearranged

itself to reach closer into lawsuit territory, except in the front this time around.

Ace noted that also and sent an amused, almost knowing (why knowing? There was nothing to know) smirk his way. She lowered her head to Kyntak's knee and glanced up at him. Her eyelids fell halfway and she glanced up at his from underneath them. "Ace Red Clutch B, it's a pleasure."

Kyntak placed a hand on her head feeling the smoothness of the fine scales. That was diamond hardness right there. A round of shotguns couldn't even scratch her. He admired the perfect scalloping and imagined the meeting. He could see all the dragons streaming out at the barn and into the flood of people. He could see Sevadonn a good head taller than everyone else gazing about, keeping track of every one he knew and looking for a specific dragon. That was when She padded into the field. Her scales shone as she proprietarily eyed the crowd until she saw him. Their eyes met and suddenly they both knew that their match was there. Kyntak removed his hand.

"Sevadonn, wow."

The man lifted her head and kissed her nose. "She's lovely isn't she?"

Kyntak almost dropped dead (because real men don't faint) at the sight of affection coming from the, metaphorically, coldest blooded creature known to man and dragon kind. Six stiffened at his side, scales jabbing through his woven pants and into this leg. "What is she going in for?"

Sevadonn smiled sweetly and Kyntak made mental note that Sevadonn should never smile sweetly to save children and small animals from being scarred for life, because sweet correlated with psychotic apparently.

"Diamonds, Recon. I'll see you in the field."

Kyntak held his hand up for a high-five. The smile dropped off Sevadonn's face and he swore he could hear the lump of purple at his side huff in distaste. "Yeah, I hope so."

"You will." Six exhaled through his nose in a long suffering sigh. He rolled his eyes at the pair of stupid humans and went on in his most civil tone, which is to say not civil at all, "Kyntak is Heart material. He'll make a field agent. His bleeding heart will be a problem though."

Ace raised her scaly brow and Kyntak was immediately reminded of Jessica Pearson, the dean of students. That woman was scary; everything about her was scary from her fancy salon shampoo to her stiletto heels. Even the ground she walked on reeked of disapproval.

"How do you know that Six?"

The violet dragon shrugged. "I guess you could call it a dragon's intuition."

'Six!' A low rumble tumbled out of the crowd on low, squat legs. Kyntak recognized the drake's patterning immediately. It was an African dragon and definitely a strong and fast one, though now a little older.

‘King,’ Six nodded his greeting.

The elder navy dragon tapped the top of his head twice. ‘Formal as always.’

The dragon turned to see who his little dragonling appeared to be wrapped around. ‘Who are you?’

‘Kyntak, dragon rider nil dragon, sir.’ Kyntak replied, saluting. He felt Six separate from his personal space with a sort of low, boiling unease. His leg felt extremely warm now, though he figured that it might be closer to frost bitten.

‘Polite,’ King remarked narrowing his eyes approvingly. ‘I like that. I guess the blue is good.’

Six put his paw down with a thump. ‘He’s a loose-cannon, sir.’

The elder dragon rolled his eyes and shared a smirk with Kytnak. ‘Everyone is a loose cannon to you, Six.’ He glanced over at Kyntak with a shrug. ‘He has my approval. He makes you a little less cold blooded.’

Kyntak grinned and projected his voice toward Six. ‘I don’t’ suppose that’s a compliment.’

‘It isn’t.,’ came the swift reply.

King went on oblivious to the little interaction between the two. ‘Six, you see the blue too. Don’t deny it. I trust you will be responsible for that.’

“Responsible?” Kyntak thought. It sounded like he was a girl dragon Six brought home to tell his parents he’d knocked her up. Well, that would mean having sex with Six.

Dragon sex.

He tried really hard not to think about that because there were places that the mind should just not go.

‘Sir.’ Six’s tone hardened but his features grew soft. He leveled his gaze with King, careful not to drop it.

King sighed and placed a claw on Six’s head in the mimicry of a human hair ruffle. ‘That’s an order.’

‘Yes, sir.’ Six shook the dust off his head with a huff. Small clouds settled in the air around him and floated gently toward the earth from which they came.

Kyntak rubbed the back of his neck. A twisting mass of wonder and terror rumbled through his chest. ‘What was that about?’

Six sniffed. ‘I don’t want a rider.’

‘Oh, really?’ Kyntak thought. He rolled his eyes. ‘Gosh, I never would have guessed.’

He sighed loudly. 'I think we clarified that.'

Six clawed at the ground eyes trained to the floor. His didn't deign to respond, or as Kyntak thought, didn't even realize anyone had spoken. 'King seems to think that we would work well together.'

'I think we clarified that too.' Kyntak sighed, dropping to the dusty ground. The laundry would give him hell for the dust and dirt on his clothes, but that meant little to nothing to his weary mind and body. Six was off thinking and Nai was busy with Two. Sevadonn and Ace were staring into each other's eyes. Shuji'd vanished somewhere in the process. Probably back home massaging her dragon's beautiful muscles. And here he was with a dragon that kept restating the obvious and muttering about how good they would be together.

Kyntak flailed his way to a standing position. "Wait. Is this your way of asking me to..."

Six hissed, the entirety of his body puffing up. 'Don't say it.'

"Bond?" Kyntak finished. Six dropped to the ground beside him and clawed at the pants leg. Laundry would give him hell for that too.

He sat, feeling the violet dragon press into his side. 'I wonder why he thinks you're good for me.'

Kyntak kissed the top of his dust head, tasting dirt. 'I'll treat you right, Six. You can count on that.'

'I certainly hope not.' Six didn't move as Kyntak tossed an arm over him and slid onto his back.

Kytnak licked his lips. Under that dirt was a taste so original and sweet, he couldn't name it.

Chapter End Notes

This is the end of the one shot. The rest comes as it comes.

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