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First 1,000 words of novella

Untitled So Far

Hyu gazed up, his eyes following the swirling figure in the sky. It was graceful, in its own way, its green scales shimmering in the sunlight.

He was supposed to be headed for Earth with one mission in mind: to find his wings and become a real dragon. No, the best dragon. Perhaps he would even have a shrine! The thought made him squirm. *Hyu, the superior dragon...*

“Are you okay?”

Kai was the dragon he was gawking at a few moments ago, as well as his older brother.

Hyu froze, turning to shoot him a stupid smile. “Yes! Of course! Why not?”

Kai slumped in relief. “Good.”

In his human form, Kai was half a head taller than Hyu, and though he looked especially different from his brother, one could easily see the resemblance between the two in this form: the same dark eyes, dark hair and bright smile. Today, however, he seemed a bit more relaxed than he should have been. He glanced down to meet Hyu’s giddy expression.

“Alright,” he began, “what will you do when you get to Earth?”

Hyu rocked on his heels. “I’m going to befriend all the creatures...”

Hit. “No. Remember, you’re finding your wings, and coming back as soon as possible.”

“But how am I supposed to be a good dragon if everyone’s afraid of me?”

“I never said anything about...” Kai paused, his expression softening. His mind flitted back to the war between the Green and Red Dragon kingdoms, when the Red won by a great amount. Several Green Dragons were killed, including the general. Their father.

One thing that made Hyu different from the other dragons is he didn’t have a dragon’s usual thirst for blood. Kai wanted this part of Hyu to stay so, but the knowledge that his little brother would one day gain this thirst haunted him.

He needed to protect Hyu.

He couldn’t, however. Not today.

“They won’t be,” Kai said, his voice nearly a whisper. “Just remember your morals, okay?”

Hyu nodded, wordlessly and understandingly.

“And don’t you ever, ever forget me or Grandmother or our uncle or anyone in this family, you got that?”

Hyu formed a small smile. “How could I?”

Kai smiled back, enveloping his brother in a tight embrace. “I love you,” he said, his voice muffled by Hyu’s shoulder. He couldn’t relax, however, knowing that this could be their last hug.

Sen shot his targets a long, iron stare. His eyes narrowed, focus sharpening on the soldiers' gleaming armor. In one swift motion, his body morphed into that of a red serpent and bared his many rows of large, knife-like teeth.

He exhaled a threatening burst of fire. The soldiers cautiously leaped back, their loose armor clanking against each other. They tried striking him with a sword, but Sen's serpentine figure curved around and evaded each and every fast-moving blow.

As more flames bloomed and hissed the soldiers, more of them decided to give up fighting this beast. Sen released a last blow of fire, complete with a tail whip to endure the flames. At that, all the soldiers quit and stood on the sidelines, their expressions both astonished and frazzled. Sen's body shrank into his human form.

Usually, one wouldn't think that human Sen and dragon Sen were one in the same. He had a rather small stature, and people often commented on his resemblance to his mother.

But, one moment of seeing his temper...

"Good job, son," his father stated coldly, his voice a low rumble. Sen's forehead dripped with sweat and his chest rose and fell rhythmically. He dared to meet his father's eyes.

"Today will be a day for us all to celebrate. I know my son will retrieve his wings faster than any other dragon written in the scrolls, eliminating all his enemies."

A cruel smile flickered past Sen's face.

Sen always knew that he would become the best. A prince trained as a soldier since the age of five, he had always been at the top of his classes. The time had come to put his abilities to the test.

What was his secret? Destruction. His immense thirst for blood was gained at a young age and was so great, it made him into a monster. Instead of being killed, like he should have been, Sen was placed in the army. He fought in the war between the Green and Red Kingdoms, leading the Red to victory by murdering the Green Kingdom's general. It was bloody and Sen enjoyed every moment of it.

The foyer of the castle erupted into wild cheers and shouts, for the festivities had begun. For a brief moment, Sen felt happy. Everyone was counting on him, and he would fulfill his honor to make them happy. Not a dark happiness, but a true, light-hearted feeling.

And it only lasted a fleeting moment.

"Father," Sen began in a hopeful tone, his ceremonial red robe trailing behind him, "will I be allowed a weapon on this journey?"

His father threw his head back and guffawed, a sound that startled Sen. "A weapon! You want a weapon! Everyone, my son wants a weapon!"

The castle cracked into nervous, overly-exaggerated laughter, as expected of them. Sen clenched his jaw. The citizens were too obedient to their king, even if he was a fumbling, idiotic warmonger.

The brightness in his eyes waned. "I'm serious. I want a weapon."

“Why in Red would you want a weapon? Those playthings are made only for morons that lack your special power, son. You have passion. That’s your ‘weapon’, if you will.”

In one swift movement, Sen turned his head away. “Fine, I will. And I demand that I make the fall to Earth alone as well.”

The king’s smile slipped. “Very well, you may go alone. But at least allow me to bless you...”

Sen scowled. “No,” he snapped, before pivoting on his heels and walking away.