

Flame & Spyro and their friends versus The Fear Ripper

Chapter 1: The Birth of Evil

Part 1: The Dragon of Fear

In a distant prison, far from the plains, forests and volcanoes, two elders felt sorry for themselves. Astor banged his head against the bars of his cage, holding the two bars adjacent to the one he was banging his head on.

"Dishonored, and arrested by a single dragon... What a humiliation..." Astor complained.

The reasoning of the light blows of his skull on the bar made Tomas react, placed in a cell opposite his.

"How did we get here...?" Tomas grumbled.

Two large dragons in armor regularly passed through their corridor to watch over the prisoners. An escort of four guards stood guard, with a smaller dragon in the center, and handed out water and food to feed the prisoners their fill and in a very respectable fashion. The mediocre food must not make the prisoners want to escape.

The old and wise managers of this prison considered that two hearty and varied meals a day was a good way for no one to want to escape, with a minimum of comfort. Each cell even had a wooden shelf to place personal belongings or recreational tools such as books or other distractions. A prison different from what people thought.

"On our seventh day of imprisonment Tomas" Astor said holding up a bottle, pointing to Tomas' cell. The latter was more frightened than Astor to be locked up despite the comfort he had.

Night fell on the prison of the exiles, while the empty plates and bottles were recovered.

Calm returned to the corridors of the prison, with still a few guards doing their rounds in their heavy armor who emitted a shrill noise with each movement of the guard.

But between two passages of guard, a more strident noise was heard. It was a kind of very sharp blade that rubbed against stone. This challenged Astor, who looked down the hall through its bars, and saw the shapeless form of a black dragon. He was wrapped in a long, worn black cloak, complete with a hood. What was left of his wings was folded down on his side and he seemed to have only one wing, the other was only a small bump at the level of his shoulder blades. What you could see of his paws sticking out of his long torn black tunic was covered with a black leather fiber, which seemed to be missing a few fingers, and on his right paws he had a metal glove that covered half of his paw, with very long, slightly curved claws, soiled by the friction of the stone. It was this long claw that caused this shrill sound, leaving a gash on the ground.

This dragon advanced and stopped in front of the cells of Astor and Tomas. He slowly turned his head towards Astor's cell, revealing a dragon mask of a dark gray with slightly red reflections, of which we could not see the eyes, leaving only two black holes to appear. He turned to Astor, who backed into the back of his cell, and walked forward until he reached the bars. He turned his head, to look at the frame of his cell, then stared at Astor again before stepping through the bars. The parts of his body and tunic that passed through the bars emitted a reddish mist.

"Who....Who are you...?? What do you want?" spluttered Astor

The black dragon approached the ancient who began to cower as a long claw landed on the wall, right next to his face, and made a movement to produce this shrill sound right next to the ear. of Astor. The fully cloaked dragon made a sniffing sound as if to smell the ancient, then he answered in a reasoning, hollow voice, as if the voice did not come from the world... from the living.

"I am....fear...And I have come to take yours."

Astor looked at the black dragon, not understanding where he was coming from, and eyes began to appear through the sockets of the mask, and the ancient cried out in terror.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHhhhhhhhh....."

His scream echoed throughout the prison, which alerted the guard, and the prison went into a state of emergency. The black dragon turned slowly towards the cell opposite, staring at Tomas who was petrified, with his shining eyes that appeared in the darkness of the prison, through the holes in his mask. One of his eyes was a mixture of a blood red and black liquid that darkened to form an iris without a pupil, the other eye was glassy white without an iris with a bright red pupil.

"Do you feel it... That sensation in your chest that prevents you from speaking?"

The Fear Dragon let out a growl of satisfaction as it gazed at its next victim. In the blink of an eye, he found himself in front of Tomas, inside his cell, leaving a trail of reddish dust between where he was and where he is now, as if he had ghostly teleported away. Tomas cringed as the ghostly dragon resumed.

"It's fear..."

Barely thirty seconds had passed between Astor's shout and the arrival of the guards. They found nothing but the two dragons in their locked cages, and a reddish mist rising above the ground. The guards evacuated the two dragons who were physically alive although their scales were all pale, as if their colors had been taken from them. Their hearts were beating and they were breathing, but their eyes were livid, withdrawn from all life.

It had been barely a day since our heroes, Flame, Spyro, Cynder, Ashes, Ember and of course the easily overlooked Sparx, had arrived in the Forgotten Lands, where Spyro and Cynder had saved the world from destruction that the dark master Malefor had tried to provoke.

They were on their way to the dragons' site, Warfang, to find safe accommodation there in order to spend a good and well-deserved vacation. The flexibility of time meant that in reality, in this world, Spyro and Cynder had left barely a few days, while two weeks had

passed on the island between the arrival of Spyro and Cynder, the reconciliation of the two dragons lovers, the impediment of the plans of the two elders and the preparation of their journeys.

That very morning, the group had passed through the magic portal, and Spyro and Cynder had taken it upon themselves to guide them in order to arrive soon at the site of the dragons, crossing ancient ruins and immense forests to reach the plains of men. -cats when night began to fall.

"We should ask the catmen hospitality for the night, Cynder" Spyro asked his friend.

"As long as they don't knock us out to tie us to a pillar!" She growled, because she remembered their last visit to her land.

"What does she want to talk about?" Asked Flame slightly worried, getting closer to her lover Spyro during their flights.

"They don't have any interest, otherwise we'll call them charred catmen!" Ashes retorted, blowing some black smoke through his nostrils.

Ember was the only one to remain silent because even though it was a very exciting trip, she was thinking of their mother. His little brother Flame noticed him, and nudged him lightly.

"I'm sure mother will be happy to see us again when we have plenty to tell her."

"I know bro, I'm just starting to miss her," she said to Flame as the latter nuzzled her cheek.

Their misadventure with the elders and their journey had brought the two dragons closer, as well as strengthening their brother-sister bond, which was a real battle at a very young age.

Ember smiled at her little brother, and got a little burst of energy.

The 5 friends and the dragonfly arrived at the village that Spyro and Cynder had protected.

They landed outside the small village at one of the entrances.

"Stay there my love. Cynder and I are going to report to the village to explain that we have nothing to fear from you, Ashes and Ember"

"I don't really like leaving you...Hurry up and be careful please" A slight knot formed in Flame's stomach.

"Hey big boy, I'm Spyro! Nothing can happen to me, and Cynder is here if there's any worries" he grabbed the red and yellow dragon and kissed him passionately.

Flame uttered a small moan of surprise and well-being, suddenly taken by a strong inner heat and instinctively opened her mouth to share a delicious and soft hot and humid kiss which was cut off after a few seconds.

Spyro and Cynder nodded and walked to the gates where Cheetah guards spotted them, brandishing their spears, causing the three dragons to take a few steps forward as they waited for the signal. But the spears quickly lowered and after a few exchanges the guards entered the village and Spyro beckoned his friends to come. Flame was the first to arrive and slam her head into the crook of Spyro's neck.

"Are you OK ?" Asked Flame, panicked.

"Yes everything is fine Flamy!" Spyro replied lovingly, giving him a lick on the cheek to calm him down.

The thrill that Spyro's touch gave him quickly calmed him down, as well as giving him rashes due to the affective nickname that Spyro used. The troop was escorted by the guard to the village chief and his second, whom Spyro and Cynder recognized.

The leader of the Cheetahs was none other than Meadow, the one Spyro and Cynder had rescued, as well as his second...

"Hunter!!!" Spyro yelled and Cynder delighted to see him.

"My friends! It's good to see you again!" Answered very friendly Hunter. Then the chief spoke.

"Spyro, Cynder, and your friends! Welcome!" he said loud and clear so that the whole village could hear his voice.

"Thank you very much...Chief Meadow! But what happened to your previous Chief Prowlus?...He is..." Spyro hesitated to continue, but Meadow resumed.

"Fear not young hero. He is fine. Following the war we waged for the freedom of Warfang, he realized his mistakes, and wanted to spread the news to all our tribes that the purple dragon Spyro and that her friend Cynder defeated Malefor."

"It would be a shame for him if he got knocked out and tied up." Cynder thought to herself as she spoke and looked at Ashes, who giggled a bit imagining it. Then the chief spoke again, putting a hand on Hunter's shoulder.

"Hunter could have been our leader, but he refused, and we arranged for him to keep his autonomy, while sharing his wisdom with us. So I appointed him as second."

"Congratulations Hunter!" Said Cynder aloud, having a lot of respect for him, because even knowing the dragon's past, he had never held it against her.

"Thank you, but tell us, what do we owe the honor of your coming?" Hunter asked.

"We are looking for shelter for the night so that we can reach the dragon site tomorrow at daybreak." Spyro replied to his friend Cheetah.

Meadow and Hunter spoke to each other in low voices, then the leader turned to the 5 dragons, and the dragonfly.

"So welcome! You are at home here! And allow us to invite you to a feast to celebrate your coming. You will tell us of your deeds and introduce your friends."

"Ha, that's a great idea!" Dropped Ember who had remained silent, whose stomach began to gurgle, and she was not the only one.

The Cheetahs set about setting up a large, long table to welcome everyone, and quickly finished, spurred on by the excitement of having heroes as guests. Barely thirty minutes later, they were all at the table sniffing hearty meals. The leader was at the end of the table, followed by Hunter, Cynder and Ashes on one side, and Spyro, Flame and Ember on the other. Sparx sat in front of Spyro with a tiny plate of butterflies.

"So my friend, what are you worth to us?" Began Chief Meadow looking at Spyro

"After defeating Malefor, Cynder and I decided to return to my island of birth, in order to find a loved one..."

Flame looks at Spyro blushing, both because he was referring to him when he said "a loved one", but also in shame as he remembers how he had asked her to distance herself. He closed his eyes, almost on the verge of tears, but a wing enveloped him, which stopped him in his thoughts and Flame suddenly opened her slightly wet eyes, and looked at the yellow wing that was resting on him, and Spyro's soft gaze fixed on him smiling*

"Well Flamy, what's wrong?" Spyro asked worriedly.

"N...Nothing..... It's fine..." Flame answered in a roundabout way and seeing Spyro's unconvinced look, he remembered his promise he had made to her: to always tell her when it's not okay. So Flame resumed.

"It's just that....I remember how I thought I didn't matter to you even though you still

believed in both of us...."

Spyro smiled tenderly at him and pulled him close, and an inner well-being came over the young red dragon.

"It was difficult for me to manage to approach you after all the evil that you had to bury in yourself. But I could count on someone for that." Spyro replied directing his gaze and that of his love towards Ember who was worried about his little brother, but let Spyro comfort him.

Flame clung to her big sister's side and thanked her again for all she had done for him and Spyro.

"I'll always be there for you little brother... I didn't know how to do much apart from putting a stick in your claws... I had to catch up..." She replied to her little brother Flame .

"And I can't thank you enough for that... Big sister..." He said warmly, as she realized that it was rare for him to call her that.

"I understand where you're going with being dear my friend" replied Meadow when faced with this exchange.

"Yeah, and then we also had to deal with two elders who were conspiring against Cynder who they saw as a threat, and against me, because they noticed I wasn't obeying them."

"You defeated them?" Asked the chief

"Better than that! My Flamy planned an incredible plan to get a live confession and imprison them. One of them tried to resist, but it was without counting on the strength and tenacity of my little heart! " Spyro replied proudly, grabbing Flame to him once he was done cuddling Ember. He was covered with redness, don't get ant to his new status as a hero.

"Awesome! I'm honored to meet you, Flame."

"Thank you, Chief Meadow" replied Flame who lovingly licked Spyro's cheek.

"Pardon my inappropriate question my friends, so you are in a relationship, in the sense of a lover?" Asked the chef a little embarrassed to ask.

"Yes, we are together, it's the love of my life." Spyro answered vigorously, while Flame blushed more before adding more.

"And you are mine Spyro, you always have been." He thought that if they weren't surrounded, one of them would have already thrown himself on the other, a thought that filled Flame's body with warmth, under the tender gaze of Cynder and Ember, while Ashes hid behind its wings, and looked out of the corner of Cynder's eye. Maybe she was wondering if this love would be possible with two females.

They continued the meal, while the 'uit invaded the sky and the torches and a few small campfires blazed. Two separate shelters have been offered to guests so that their night is as comfortable as possible. The two soul mates were in the same shelter, while the other 3 dragons had their own. They discussed female things, like which dragons had tried to charm them, how, and how they had snubbed them if they hadn't been interested. Obviously, Ember was the one with the most gossip to tell, between Cynder who had been very feared even by her own clan, and Ashes who was the youngest and hadn't really had any male association, other than with Flame. . It brought Cynder and Ashes together with that commonality, and they often stared at each other in between Ember stories. Cynder spent her time bouncing back from how she would have reacted, and Ashes laughed and loved the character of the big dragon. Did she see Cynder as a mother, a big sister, a friend, or something else?

On the side of the two lovers, it was calmer. They had settled down as usual, Flame lying on her sides, and Spyro glued to him behind his back who was moving in time with the great dragon's breathing, putting his front legs around him, their tails intertwined. Spyro's hot breath blowing on the back of Flame's neck which made him shiver and fill with warmth as he was prisoner of his big purple love due to his big yellow wings which enveloped him.

They couldn't sleep, savoring their contact which was still very rare in intimacy. A tongue

landed on Flame's cheek, coming almost to the corner of her lips, making the red dragon's cheeks warm and he turned a little.

"Honey? Do you want something?" Flame asked nervously to the dragon glued to her back.

"No my Flamy, I just like being able to do what I want with you" He answered with a little groan, which increased the body heat of Flame who turned to face her love, their muzzles stuck together.

"How's that Spyro??" The red dragon wondered.

Unanswered, Spyro rolled over him, resting his belly on Flame's, pressing his front paws against his red love's warm chest, and nibbling on one of his horns. Seething from inside, Flame could do nothing, block under her beloved.

"S...Spyro!? What are you..."

He was interrupted by a kiss from the purple dragon on his lips, which made Flame moan and she opened her eyes wide, and parted her lips so that they could join their tongues in a long kiss warm, soft and wet like honey. The blocked red dragon allowed himself to be closed by closing his eyes and caressing the face and the back of the head of his love lying on him, breathing hard and moaning with pleasure. Spyro broke the kiss and looked at him lovingly.

"I've been holding myself back all day darling, now you're mine!"

He resumed the kiss only more ardently, leaving no respite for the smaller dragon. The ardor of her companion pleasantly intimidated Flame who let herself be taken in the whirlwind of pleasure, having never seen her lover so enterprising, and took full advantage of it. They remained in this position for several tens of minutes, with moments of pause to breathe, and Spyro lay back on his side watching Flame still in pleasant shock at his companion's initiatives, breathing irregularly, mouth open and tongue slightly hanging down, looking up as if he was coming back from seventh heaven. The purple dragon

caressed his face and chest.

"So you liked it Flamy darling?" Spyro asked, licking his lips, the taste of Flame's lips and tongue still in his mouth.

Flame, unable to speak, could only shake her head up and down, blinking several times, as if waking up from an incredible dream. His chest was jerking with slight convulsions, breathing harder. Spyro began to worry.

"Flamy? Are you okay?"

"Yes... It was.... Incredible... My love... I have always fantasized about such.... Moment with you, and you realize it..." Flame replied recovering .

"Can we start over then?" Spyro looked at him mischievously and enviously as he licked his babies, a slight grunt under Flame's worried but excited gaze, as if he had to submit to his mate's least envy.

Spyro gently stroked his chest and hugged him again, licking his face several times and moving back into their favorite sleeping position. His last ten minutes having been so intense due to the fact that they had both struggled under the excitement of their naughty little game, Flame to try to take over and Spyro to remain the dominant one, had exhausted them.

"It's a good way to get us to sleep, don't you think Flamy?" Pointed out Spyro giving a museum tap on Flame's cheek which had turned redder than usual.

"It's true my beautiful... But next time, I should have had the upper hand!" Flame replied playfully, growling defiantly.

"That's what we are going to see !" Spyro retorted who gave him a small bite on the neck of

the smaller dragon who let out a yelp of surprise and excitement.

"You're lucky you knocked me out... I would have given you back your bites" Flame yawned during her sentence

Their intimate game of fighting during a kiss and biting reminded him of this story he had read, where a couple had fun biting each other to provoke each other because they loved each other intensely. Thanks to Spyro's impulses, Flame understands why this desire and pleasure to bite her companion. He blushed at the thought as the two lovers fell into a deep sleep hugging each other, their queues intertwined, so neither could get up without the other knowing.