“One in the Same”

*Zahara x Red MD*

*“We are two of the same kind.”*

“What do you mean?” Cypher questions, gazing over at the purple dragon that sat beside him proudly. That was something he had come to admire about Zahara. No matter what, she always remained calm and stoic, an unmovable force – much like her rider. Her eyes were trained on the horizon that rests farther out, an unnamed emotion swimming in her eyes.

“You were like any oder dragon, or so you thought. And den suddenly, you are told det you are from a long line of proud and daring dragons, legendary dragons. You realize det all dose times you felt different, well now dere was a name for it. And now you realize exactly how much rests on your back.” Cypher nods his head, sighing as his eyes drift to the ground, he supposed there was one figure who understood.

“I feel like I can’t even speak to Tatum about this. It’s not that she wouldn’t understand, just that what she’s going through isn’t exactly what I am.”

“I know. I have de same problem with Nyx at times. Same as how I will never understand how des affects her as a person. You and I, our fates were written before birth. And unlike some, we cannot run far from it.”

“Even when we try?”

“Especially den,” she snickers, finally gazing over at Cypher. Most times, the red dragon was a portrait of strength, unafraid and unyielding. But now, she saw what others never saw. She saw that resolve crumble before her very eyes, leaving a fearing dragon in its wake. And she could not fault him, she knew the feeling. The thought that entire groups were now looking at you and expecting you to do specific things. The pressure of it all. The feeling of wanting and needing to be there for your rider yet knowing that you can no longer just care for them.

“Does it get better? This feeling I mean?” Cypher questions in a low voice.

“No,” Zahara answers truthfully, her eyes again drifting away from him, “but you do learn how to live with it. It is a burden you and your rider must carry, and in de end, it will bring you closer.”

“Not all of us are like you and Nyx,” he points out.

“You would be foolish to believe me and Nyx have never argued, especially when we were younger. Though it was always a pointless argument, de pressure on our backs has caused us to turn on one anoder. It is scary, yes, but you do get over it.”

“I feel horrible for what I said to Tatum . . .” Before Cypher could react, Zahara was in front of him, her head cocked to the side as she looks him over. She gently raises her nail and taps his chest.

“Do you feel det aching? An aching det pushes you to return to see Tatum again and apologize?” He nods slowly. “Your bond is strong, and no argument will come between det. A dragon’s pride can be our undoing, but never de undoing of a bond like ours. We are our rider, and our rider is us, though we are two different entities. Tatum knows det your words carried little weight. Instead, dey was held wid frustration. Her absence is simply allowing you to catch your breath.”

“Thank you, Zahara. I feel silly for not coming to you before.”

“Do not. The feeling you feel is shared, but is still your own.”