

Her Reason to Stay

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An ArthaXKitt one-shot.

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“Come on, Beau. Please get up.” Artha found that he was trembling as his head came to rest on his dragon's head. He wasn't quite surprised, considering the trouble he was in. His dragon, Beau, had been completely drained of his energy and was now lying motionless on the ground. Artha was almost out of energy as well. His armor had already threatened to disappear and with more and more wraith dragons appearing by the second, his heart felt like it had finally reached the cold depths of rock bottom. “I'm sorry, boy. I've failed everyone.” He leaned against his dragon and waited for the inevitable.

Suddenly, he heard a feminine yell, followed by a series of snarls and crashes. He managed to pull his head up far enough to let his eyes see what was happening. He was shocked. Kitt was fighting off the wraith dragons. Her dragon, Wyldfyr, was currently mugging them away by the handful. After they had defeated half of the wraiths, the others roared before fleeing. Kitt and Wyldfyr watched them disappear into the darkness of the alleyway before racing over to the fallen Artha and Beau, who had not said a word since they had arrived.

Kitt reached down and rested her hand on Artha's shoulder. “A-Artha?” No answer. She asked again, her voice slowly becoming filled with worry.

“Kitt...” She smiled and bent down enough that she could look into his visor.

“Artha, we need to get back to Penn Stables.” Artha groaned in pain.

“I-I can't. Neither can Beau. We're too injured.” Kitt's eyes widened as they came to rest on Beau's lifeless body.

“Oh no.” She ran her hand along the side of Beau's face. She leaned down and listened. A small smile crept onto her face. “He's breathing.” Artha was relieved.

“Kitt, can you go get the others?”

“I won't leave you. I know that those wraiths are somewhere around here just waiting for me to leave.”

“But, Kitt-”

“I'm not leaving!”

“And why are you so afraid of what will happen if those wraiths get me?” Kitt's eyes widened. She looked down as she searched her mind for an answer. It found only one that rang true. She knelt in front of Artha so they were eye-level.

“This is why.” She leaned in and kissed him on the lips. His eyes widened but slowly closed as he returned the kiss just as strong. After a few moments, they broke the kiss to get air.

"I understand. And I feel the same." He grabbed her arm and pulled her in for another kiss.

"Hey! They're over here!" They quickly broke the kiss as Lance's voice rang out. After a few moments of hearing footsteps, Lance and Parmon rode up on their dragons, Fracshun and Cyrano.

"Artha, what happened to you?"

"And why is Kitt sitting so close to you?"

"Because Artha was too weak to talk very loud so I had to get close to hear him." Lance didn't think that was true but he decided to accept it. Parmon, however, was able to put together what had happened. He made a mental note to discuss it with Artha later. Right now, however, he needed to focus on getting the injured Artha and the fallen Beau back to Mortis, the dragon priest that was currently guiding Artha.

"Artha, you should ride with Kitt so Cyrano and I can carry Beau." Kitt got back on Wyldfyr, who promptly magged Artha on right behind Kitt. Cyrano magged Beau on and managed to balance him behind Parmon's saddle. "Let's go." The others nodded and began the slow trip back to Penn Stables. Artha sighed and let his head rest against Kitt's back. Her steady breathing and Wyldfyr's smooth movements slowly rocked him into a blissful sleep full of the times he and Kitt spent together and ideas of what they would do after he was healed.