

Early Mornings

Crickets chirp in the deep hours of the night, and the sky is still mostly dark. Technically, given that the blackness of night is more of a dark blue, the time can be said to be the early hours of the morning. It's a special moment when the sun isn't up yet, but its light is already starting to color the sky.

While most creatures sleep at this hour, two are at varying levels of awareness as they traverse a high mountain terrain.

“As much as I may regret asking such a thing, but *why* are we climbing a mountain at such an early hour?” Exhaustion and blariness add more weight to the gruff voice. Vayshal pulls himself up onto a large ledge, and some loose rocks fall the long distance down the mountain. Large golden claws sink into hard stone as he climbs up further.

The large dragon cranes his neck to see how much more they have left to climb. At least they're not too far off from the top. The dragon has golden scales from head to toe, but if one looks closer, there's a swirling pattern of royal purple scales underneath that match the inner folds of his wings. Even in the darkness, his scales shimmer with each movement.

“It's a surprise, Vay! You'll see when we get up there, but we gotta hurry!” A lighter, more energetic voice replies. Sylus is ahead of Vayshal by quite a bit, but stays perching on the rocky mountainside until the sleepyhead can catch up. Sylus is also an imposing figure on his own; he's a massive bird-like creature with two sets of large wings, white-furry back legs and paws instead of talons. An extra pair of talon-like arms on the front legs, a long tail with a tuft of light blue feathers, and three bird heads with long necks. The head on the left is pure black with white irisless eyes, the head on the right is white with black irisless eyes, and the center head is light blue with white sclera and black irises that have silver swirls inside. The coloring of each head's feathers blends seamlessly together on his body. Truly, a fittingly bizarre form for the god of chaos. He cranes his center head down to meet Vayshal's eyes as the other climbs. “Besides, isn't it supposed to be good for you to exercise in the mornings?”

Vayshal grumbles as he climbs higher.

Whoever said justice never sleeps has never met its god before. Justice does, in fact, sleep and doesn't quite function in the mornings, hence why he's climbing with his legs instead of flying. They both know that in this state, he's more likely to fall asleep mid-flight and crash. Soon, though, they both make it up the mountain.

Sylus settles next to the other as Vayshal finally lies down and stares into the distance. At this time, the sky is getting even brighter, but there's still no sign of the sun. Even without light to illuminate the mountain range, the view of the dark peaks makes quite a sight.

"Is this what you wanted to show me so badly?" The dragon questions.

Sylus's head on the right giggles, and the one on the left scoffs, but the center speaks.

"Course not, silly! We just have to wait a bit, I promise it'll be worth it."

"Hmn, if you say so."

As they wait, Sylus fills the silence with his chatter, and sometimes one of the other heads chimes in. Vayshal is less enthusiastic about this, but occasionally hums in acknowledgement. He knows his companion is mainly doing this to keep him awake.

Soon, the moment comes.

The chattering dies down, and the pair watch the horizon as the sun finally begins peeking up from the distance. Bright golden light brings with it a red, pink, and orange color that bleeds into the dark blue and inky blackness. Sylus's feathers ruffle in excitement. Light illuminates the landscape, and for a singular moment, everything shines yellow like a sparkly blanket. The land is nothing but gold and black with distant rivers shimmering a bright white.

It's beautiful.

The god of chaos turns his heads and happily tries to add an 'I told you so', but the sight of his friend makes him pause. Vayshal's scales also reflect the early morning light, making him seem like he's glowing, too. It makes him even more radiant and regal than he usually is. Just from the look on the other's face, it's easy to tell the sight before him entrances him.

Sylus decides to let this peaceful moment be as he turns back to the view. After all, he can tell the dragon's enjoying himself despite knowing the stubborn god will try to deny it later.