

The Thread of Dawn

By Bartan Tirix and Tissthalliss

It howled loudly. A roar of warning that carried from the blackest of clouds, only obtaining light in swift crackles of jagged purple strikes. Lashing out at the thick moisture within, or even the lushful green of the far coast. One casting a wave under the wyrm as he quickly sores over it, as if motioning him to retreat. To ask the red one why would he be here when such a terror was approaching.

That was a *damn* good question, to be perfectly honest. One that still irked Zarj to this moment, causing those thicker spines along his neck to raise even with the powerful gales nearly carrying him off course. Really, it had to do with wyrmlings, of course. Admitting to a secret little getaway along the edge of their lands, and *worried* about them accidentally leaving a roof tarp up that could be blown away. Where they got such a thing, likely stealing it from the children spread within this land.

The red wyrm snorted at the very thought as he braced for a harsh wind. Not only at the thievery, but at the sheer fact that he seen nothing out of place or that could be damaged by the storms. In other words: they begged the young adult out here for absolutely nothing. Risking his scaly hide for a makeshift roof of an unfinished treehouse, yet Zarj just couldn't say no to them.

Powerful gales nearly carried the dragon as he fought to turn around and abandon his task. But it was almost too risky, his instincts told him such. That those red branches of his wings, as strong as they could be, would be no match for such a storm. The best thing he could do was to either ride it out, perhaps circle around such a system.

Yet, it didn't seem like it had no end. Blackening the horizon as it carried Zarj passed the borderline river, actually making him more concerned over that than the storm. Scouting his surroundings, as if there were possibly guards hiding in the very mountains nearby as the winds grew harsher. The rain pelting his flight membranes over those dark orange eyes, causing them to blink and resist the stings of each bullet.

It was too much, and the red one knew that he was going to end up in the ground in one form or another. Especially when the hale was starting. So he took the risk of being in forbidden territory over being in forbidden territory with a broken pair of wings. If he survived such a fall that is, let alone the violence of the storm.

The landing in the green grass was harder than he liked, causing those red paws to feel almost numb with pain, half sprained and only getting more warnings when Zarj started to search for cover. Following the mountainside for any fragment of shelter, though the thoughts of cave-ins did also add to that cautious brain of his. Still, it was a risk better than freezing to death in such a squall.

Another powerful wind nearly derooted a tree nearby, knocking him against the rock walls as the

wyrm scampered along its side. Barely catching a small entrance that he could possibly squeeze through. Likely one that housed an animal inside, but for the moment, Zarj just needed something.

He detested enclosed spaces. The uneven roofing scraping against his tucked wings, his chest pressing against the soft ground, almost having to dig a little bit in order to squeeze through. That tail behind him thrashing for some leverage as his hind claws raked the dirt a bit before the cave ceiling started to heighten. Pushing himself through that tight fit before quickly getting inside and taking shelter from the winds.

Those red scales clicked loudly at the thoughts of attempting such a thing again to escape, but he was safe from it now... Unless there was flooding. Getting those orange discs to stare at the exit for a few moments before shunning away such a thought. Him and his cautious mind sometimes.

Yet, those spines along his neck raised up when those frilled ears detected movement, seeing something somewhat large in the shadows. A shimmer of golden scales as a faint flash barely peeked into the cave. Just another dragon, one laying on the floor and slowly being unveiled as Zarj's eyes adjusted. "You okay?" He half grumbled at it.

"Yes. Just cold from the rain." A noise in response from the red one as the heavy waters started to fall outside, grabbing the attention of both dragons inside. "This cave is on a hill, so there shouldn't be any risk of it flooding."

"That's a relief." He mumbled, but noticed something was slightly off about this other one's voice. Feeling those light blue eyes study him back as they gazed at each other, trying to pick it out. Just as another flash brightened up the cave for a faint moment, the two almost jumped backwards. Zarj finally seeing the longer eastern dragon he was currently accompanied with. "Y-you're-!?"

"-A western!?" The golden one nearly lost his voice, releasing his fear in the form of a whimper. "I-I apologize-"

"I didn't mean to-"

"-This is your..." The two said at once, getting them to double take and study each other again.

"Your...?" Zarj started.

"Territory?" The serpent finished, leaving both dragons very puzzled. "But I... Crossed a river to escape from the storm."

"So did I." Their heads tilted for a moment as another flash filled the room, a crash of violent thunder, and stinging wind nearly attacked them. Causing their manes to raise and the red wyrm to sigh in defeat. "You... You were here first."

"What?"

"And it's your kind's territory. I must leave-"

"You will certainly perish out there." The golden one came a little closer.

"It is the rule of tradition." Zarj mumbled, lowering his head and looking out of the exit for a moment. The unwelcoming storm like a thorned poisonous barricade as it drew closer over them. Yet, he didn't even notice how close the eastern was got until a strange paw was felt on his shoulder, nearly making the red one jump out of his scales.

"Tradition is not with dying for." A sad look from those orange eyes. "Under such circumstances, I'm sure we can agree on a truce of sorts, yes?" Zarj's look didn't let up, reflecting the stories he's heard from such dragons in the past. Mischievous, untrustworthy. Such words came to mind and nearly threatened his very heart.

"...Why?" He asked rather sincerely. "What could you possibly gain from keeping me here?" A bit of a shy look from the eastern one only puzzled the wyrm a bit further.

"I... Was hit by the storm a little harder than I'd care to admit."

"Meaning?" Those blue eyes glanced back to where he was laying down before. Eyes fully adjusted to such darkness to the point where he could see the wet grounds.

"It surprised me, soaking me completely with quite the chill." Those orange discs didn't let up. "I was trying to keep warm, but..."

"Then?"

"Your... Forgive me if this is possibly out of line, but your kind creates fire, correct?" A slow neck curl from the wyrm.

"We... Can breathe it, yes." Curiosity suddenly filled the golden one's expression. "But without some sort of fuel source, it won't last long."

"And by fuel, you mean...?"

"Wood, mostly."

"Wood?" Those blue eyes lit up as the golden one smiled a bit, making Zarj's neck curl as they took a step backwards. Watching that yellow paw trace along the wet ground as plants started to quickly grow before them. Wooden spears reaching for the ceiling before the eastern one stopped and took a step back. Pressing into the grounds again and feel them vibrate until the roots came out.

"Astonishing..." The red wyrm whispered, carefully reaching out to them and catching as the small trees tipped over. "I heard the dragons of the east could do such things, but it always seemed so farfetched."

"Will you accept my truce then?" The golden one smiled shyly, getting the attention of the larger one. "I would..."

"Would what?"

"Actually like to hear such tales, if that is alright with you." The two stared at each other's gem-like discs, feeling a strange connection between them. One creating an energy of excitement and adventure that even made Zarj smile. Though slightly still frightening due to the strict rules their kinds have placed, the thrill of the red one nodding never made their chests flutter so. "Alkardoc."

It made the western one slightly stunned, not recognizing the word. "Pardon?"

"My name." The serpent chuckled, making those frilled ears of the red dragon blush a deep purple.

"O-oh. How silly of me." He shyly chuckled along. "I-... Am Zarj. Zarj'annan."

"It is a pleasure to meet with you then, Zarj." The two shared another soft smile for a few moments before a heavy bolt of lightning ended up actually hitting the cave. Striking a very small hole in the rocks above them, but far enough away to not keep them wet. Regardless, such a blast did cause the two to move away, ending up close to each other without even realizing and causing both dragons to blush a bit. "Perhaps... We can look at this storm as a new light."

"Maybe. We did need a way to keep the smoke out." The wyrm stated, breaking the trees into smaller pieces.

"Oh?" The longer one attempted to help, but it was clear that Alkar did not possess the strength of a wyrm.

"You haven't made too many fires indoors, have you?" The red one teased, getting those furred eastern ears to slightly glow red. "I've heard your kind was capable of such things."

"Y-yes. We, in a way, are..." They set the sticks in a pile and he waited to see the red one inhale through that muzzle. Nearly seeing the glow of embers in those nostrils before a hiss and a torrent of flame was exhaled, along with a wave of heat the eastern one wasn't expecting. Almost singeing his whiskers as he stepped back and adjusted to the small light. Such a powerful ability to him nearly left the eastern one in a slight state of fright, letting the wyrm give him a puzzled look.

"But?" Zarj asked, unsure of what the pause was about, but he could smell a bit of fear from the serpent-like one. Only giving a friendly smile in return that calmed Alkar.

"But..." A breath to collect himself, finding comfort in that heat a bit as he started to lay down around it. Folding his longer body to gain the most warmth, while the larger red one did the same adjacent. The wyrm's back to the exit of the cave and almost shielding the eastern one from any winds that might pass through. "Are you sure you're okay there? I don't want you catching ill."

Zarj just smiled. "I appreciate the concern, Alkardoc, but I am quite fine. Please continue." A faint nod from the golden one, letting that wet azure mane almost flutter with the movement.

"We are... Capable of creating fires, yes, but it's almost frowned upon."

"Oh?" The curious wyrm tilted his head.

"Yes. Most of our teachings tend to label it as form of destruction. Don't get us wrong, destruction is indeed a part of life and is required to fulfill balance. However, flames do so little to help others that it is disliked alongside our kind. Only those truly respected and trusted will use such things."

"So instead, you learn how to grow... Trees?" A chuckle from the longer one as the two smiled. Letting the small fire crackle and spark between them.

"We do. The forestry is important in our lands, and rarely becomes in overabundance. Providing we respect such a thing, of course."

"What do you mean?"

"Does the west not have the tale about the tree and the rocks?" A strange combination of a neck curl and tilt made Alkarvoc chuckle loudly. "I'll take that as a no, then."

"Are you saying your trees and rocks talk in your land?" Another series of small laughs.

"It's just a fable. One in rhyme as well."

"Let's hear it then." The red wyrm smiled, leaning his head in closer as the rain became quite heavy.

"What says the Tree to his friends the Rocks? When he lives and breathes as they sit and mock? He grows strong for centuries long, but once he dies, he begins to rot." A puzzled look from the wyrm. "We will last intact this way, they say. And you my friend, my friend you will soon decay."

"They don't sound like one's friends to me." Zarj mumbled.

"Indeed. But I can breathe, am commensal, says the tree. The shade, the fruits, the nests I bough. And if with this, my time finite, I'm glad to have spend it doing right. The rocks prefer to simply sit. To win none, lose none. Just exist." The red dragon couldn't help but gaze at those blue eyes, puzzled. Making the eastern one smile shyly at such a thing.

"I... I like it, but I'm afraid I do not understand your story. What does it mean?" A friendly chuckle from the golden serpent.

"As morbid as some have put it, we will not outlive our generation, Zarj'annan. But our impact..."

"Our actions surely will." A bright smile from Alkardoc when he seen the understanding in the larger dragon's eyes.

"This, the Rocks' humiliation, when they witness we are still alive and what we've left for others. Like Nature gives, so selflessly. Pay respects to our true Mother and take your rank amongst the Trees."

The golden one finished, getting a look of concern from him once he spotted the slightly shaken look on the Wyrms' muzzle. "Is everything alright?"

"...Yes. Yes it is, Alkardoc. Those rocks just..." A noise in question. "They remind me of my own nestmates. Mocking, lacking respect and dignity and the like." A breath from the red one. "The only reason why I'm out here is because of them." He half grumbled, getting a few moments of silence before the eastern one got up.

"Please stand." An odd look, but Zarj did so. Feeling the ground underneath his paws start to shift as soft grass was soon grown. Getting a look in question at the longer dragon. "I suppose I'm just used to such luxuries."

"Just don't grow it too close to the fire. We wouldn't want to burn in our sleep."

"You're planning to sleep in here with me, are you?" The statement caught the wyrm off guard, making him blush deeply and release a whimper as Alkar laughed. "I jest, I jest. But, tell me about them." A puzzled look. "Your... Nestmates, was it? Your home."

"There's not too much to say, really." The red one mumbled. "I'm not sure where to start."

"Location, dear." Another blush in those frilled ears.

"O-oh. Of course..." Zarj cleared his throat. "We... Live quite high in the mountain area. Not quite up to the clouds, but within the caves up there. Surprisingly, there's a lot of flatlands within the plateau for us to find homes in."

"And being up so high explains your resistance to the winds." A shrug from those red wings.

"Our scales are just thick enough that they usually don't bother us. Unless it's at our backs."

"Oh?" A nod from the wyrm as the wind got his attention for a moment. "May I...?" A double take to the serpent, catching him stand back up again and almost reach over to Zarj's paw. "Take a closer look?"

"S-sure. I don't mind." The larger one mumbled, slightly cautious when the blue bearded dragon studied the crimson paw a bit, both in sight and touch. Getting the scales to click loudly in nervousness, but Alkardoc didn't seem to pay any attention. Just carefully looking over that armored pattern closely as the red dragon watched him, breathing in that foreign scent that even made Zarj curious.

He studied the golden scales with his eyes. Much to the same pattern, just very thin. Reminding the wyrm of almost a new hatchling, just a lot longer. Lengthy golden whiskers coming out from the sides of that muzzle, as what almost looked like the children's mane flowed out. What did they call it... Hair? Whatever it was, it definitely didn't give off the same look as scales did-

A sudden closer approach made the red one slightly tense up, as Alkar started to study up the arm. Almost purring in curiosity at such an action while Zarj just endured the odd invasion of personal

space. "Is this uncomfortable to you?"

"W-well..."

"I've just always wanted to see your kind up close."

"I-it's... Okay. It's fine, just not something I'm used to." The larger one admitted.

"What do you mean?" Alkardoc asked, still moving up that shoulder and neck with those golden paws. Relaxing the wyrm a bit more with the added conversation. "You're not normally this close with your mate?"

"I... Don't have a mate." A slight pause from the longer dragon, but he continued. Spreading along that heavy scaled shoulder and collar, pressing in lightly to get a feel for just how thick it actually was and nearly making the red one purr. Doing his best to hide the vocal affection of another dragon, let alone another species of dragon, exploring his body.

"Any specific reason why you do not?" A slight whimper escaped that time, nearly making the wyrm freeze to a still. "Perhaps that is a bit too personal? You don't have to answer that-"

"It's... Alright." Zarj took a soft exhale as the eastern dragon continued. "I've just... Never been that interested. There isn't many females within our lands. Not a drought of them by any means, but most are quickly taken." Another exhale, one of almost defeat. "I suppose I just accepted the loss of such things."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you could say that I don't enjoy the conflict that comes with having one. Trying to impress her with the harsh competition of the dozen others, sometimes even attempting to fight for the attention. And then the struggle to keep such a thing, it sounds so tiring."

"Forgive me if this is harsh, but that does sound barbaric."

"You are not wrong, Alkardoc. It's just how everyone is taught, grown up to accept such an odd tradition." Another deflating sigh. "And I feel like the only one within that territory to question it. Getting the same poor answers time and time again: 'It's all we know.' Which doesn't make any sense to me."

"I believe I understand." The serpent said softly, studying the rows of spines along that neck and the frilled ears. Ones that were still blushing purple. "What about males though?" A sharp whimper from Zarj that he attempted to hold back, making the golden one chuckle. "What an interesting reaction."

"M... Males?"

"Yes. Are you not allowed to mate with other males?" Another whimper only made that blue bearded muzzle smile softly, not releasing his eyes from his work.

"I-it's not that we... Aren't allowed. Nor is it really frowned upon. However, it is..."

"It is...?" Alkar coaxed him.

"A bit.. Strange."

"Oh?"

"I know the children tend to discourage such a thing."

"Hatchlings will be hatchlings. Often disregarding anything-" A sharp double take from the red wyrm interrupted the eastern one, meeting the puzzling orange eyes with his own curious expression.

"Hatchlings?"

"Yes. Your children, correct?"

"O-oh! No-no. This misunderstanding is my fault." Those furred ears perked widely. "We tend to refer to the lesser beings in our lands as children."

"Lesser beings?"

"As in humans, elves, and the like." That puzzled stare remained, but the serpent slowly started to chuckle at the thought. "It's just an old habit."

"But a rather amusing one. I do admit that they can be a bit stubborn, but why call them children?"

"Because they take so long to learn and understand things. To drive away from tradition and terrible habits, by the time they do... They're already of old age. They spend their entire lives as children, until they have so little time left." Zarj trailed off in a series of faint mumbles, getting a gentle paw on his chin to pull him towards those azure eyes. One that reflected the sorrow of a long loss.

"You were friends with one of them." Those frilled ears fell as his heartbeat increased, wondering how he could piece such a thing together so quickly.

"I... Was."

"But they have so short lifespans..." A heavy exhale and the serpent nodded, stroking that broader neck in comfort.

"He... Introduced me to sciences. Ended up building me a form of telescope after studying my eyes for what felt like a decade." The two chuckled lightly. "And an endless series of tests. He believed that if he could understand how our eyes functioned, that he could build such a device that would allow them to see longer distances."

"So, like a spyglass?"

"Yes, but in a much greater scale." A deep breath from the red one, one of almost astonishment. "What he wished to gaze upon were the stars at night. Theorized that they were far greater, far more

important than 'Fireflies in the sky'." A chuckle from the golden one, making Zarj smile. "Our wyrmlings..."

"Indeed. But that's a rather interesting concept." A slow nod as that orange gaze fell, making the serpent's expression grow sad. "He never finished it." Another look of almost concern from the wyrm.

"...No. His visits started to grow infrequent, and everytime I went to see him..." A nudge for him to continue, letting the larger dragon take a deep breath. "His servant kept telling me that he was resting. After being turned away for so long, I started to become angry at him. Until..."

"He didn't get back up." That ached Zarj's heart, letting him take a deep breath and look away. Attempting to hide his sorrow.

"It was some kind of illness, a pattern that I convinced myself was nothing more than an excuse. I never told him that, but..." A shaky breath that time as Alkardoc listened. "He told me that he just felt tired, that he was sleeping later and later within the days. Eventually, one night within the warm comfort of his own bed..." A stroke in empathy from the golden paw.

"It's alright."

"I didn't find out until much later, when that servant ended up traveling up to our nest. Nearly being turned away by the larger wyrms. It was just dumb luck that I happen to be around and recognize that strange scent of coffee beans." A sad smile from the two. "He told me the bad news, but delivered me a final gift: Conway's large spyglass. Something he called a Telescope."

"So it worked?" A red paw lifted for a moment, as if to put that question on pause. "I'm sorry, continue."

"Along with that came a long letter, explaining what happened the past year. That he just thought it was some sort of illness that would pass, but he discovered it's longterm effects too late. By that time, my visits were non-existent, and he couldn't possibly make the trip up the mountains in his condition. He wrote about the memories that he had with us together... Then he wrote his goodbyes, knowing that he wouldn't last much longer." A moment of silence as the serpent comforted him, eventually giving the large wyrm a curling embrace as Zarj released a shaky breath. Attempting to hide his tears.

"It's alright. There is no shame in such things." Alkar whispered, feeling one of those whisker take the salty drop away from his orange eye. Letting him nod afterward and just a few breaths.

"...The device was larger than anything he's ever showed me. They had to bring it up in pieces, but there was instructions in how to put it together... Conway wanted me to have it. To continue his studies after he..." Another shaky breath. "...I never thought it would hit me this hard. Especially after being so angry at him."

"But you continued his research?"

"Yes. Though it was difficult to work with at night, I found it worked very well during daylight. I was able to see the clouds, skies from across the horizon. And the-" A loud crash of lightning got the two to almost jump, the longer one constricting tighter around that western body. Letting the two share a shy but friendly look as they chuckled. "The storms, yes."

"Including this one, I imagine."

"Very much so, I ended up seeing it from far off-land. Though I think I prefer to study them from the outside, to be honest."

"This isn't so bad though, is it?" Alkardoc teased a bit, letting that forked tongue almost tickle that neck with his speech.

"N-no, but I..." A noise in question. "I do... Worry. Please don't think ill of me, Alkardoc, but..."

"Yes?"

"Our tales of your kind portray you as very..." A puzzled look from the eastern one. "Deceitful."

"Oh?" The golden one chuckled, taking it rather light-heartedly and making the wyrm a little more comfortable on the subject. "How so?"

"W-well..." The larger one started rubbing the back of his own neck, again getting another chuckle from the eastern dragon. "I just don't want to offend you."

"You're too kind. I'm just genuinely curious is all. To be fair, we do have such things about your kind as well." Those ears perked a bit, giving the bearded one a look that caused him to chuckle. "Yes, that's how I feel as well. No hurt, no hard feelings. Just curiosity."

"You can tell that?"

"Only through sheer empathy, dear." A bit of a blush as the golden serpent resumed his studies, moving along the shoulders and wings carefully. "Shall I start then? You've already revealed enough about yourself and your land."

"Please. I am..."

"Interested?" A shy nod and a smile from the red one could be seen as he let the long dragon climb down his back. Studying that slender body himself, and actually catching a glimpse of under those hind legs. Finding a rather plump set of orbs underneath a slightly swelling slit, stunning Zarj for a moment as he attempted not to have seen such a thing. "Your kind's ferocity has definitely echoed through the pages of time. Many stories of how quickly the Westerns are to anger is something commonly known through the... Children, as you call them."

"What... Do you call them?"

"People." The serpent bluntly stated, but in a rather cheerful tone. Smiling at the lightly

embarrassed whimper that was released.

"O-oh. W-well... They're not terribly wrong to think such a thing. For some odd reason, many of the wyrms find it entertaining to either harass or frighten them." A bit of a sigh to compose himself from the pleasure of excitement, still making out those curious metallic paws tickling his wings and upper back while hiding his vocal tells. "I remember being tormented endlessly for having one as a friend. By the younger ones, mind you."

"Of course." Alkardoc came back around to the wyrm's head a bit. "Is that why you're hiding your affection?" A slight whimper as that red body tensed up again, making the longer one chuckle.

"Y-you can hear that, can you?"

"We can sense certain things about others. One useful one is when others lie to us." Another whimper as the golden one gave him a friendly nudge. "Don't worry, you've been telling the truth a lot more than I've expected. It's why I've felt comfortable around you, Zarj'annan." That made the larger one's heart flutter a bit. "There is no need to hold back around me, dear. I think I quite like such noises."

"You say that now, but..." A noise in question from the serpent. "If you thought the rain was loud..."

"Your purrs are quite vocal, are they?" Another shy look that only got a friendly stroke of comfort. "You've been holding yourself back a lot, haven't you?"

"J-just the purring thing." A slightly devious smirk from Alkar concerned the red one.

"You were doing so well." Those frilled ears fell, getting caught fibbing. "You have a lot of unattended energy within. However, I could be mistaken, whereas we do not carry such armor on our bodies."

"Armor?" A few taps on the thicker scaled area. "O-oh."

"It must be so tiring to don such protection." An awkward shrug from the red one. "Regardless, it feels very... Tense. Even underneath... There's this build-up of tense stress within you." A concerned look from Zarj as their eyes met. "You mentioned before that you didn't have a mate, specifically. Do you...?"

"Do I...? What?"

"Have any way of releasing such tension?" A puzzled look from those orange eyes as the wyrm looked behind him to see the serpent adjust himself, resting on that back and nearly mounting the red one.

"I-I..." The purple blush started to invade Zarj's muzzle, nearly cursing the light of the flames that gave it a spotlight. Yet, the golden one only smiled at him patiently. No mocking, no teasing. "I'm not sure..." The larger one swallowed loudly. "Definitely n-not like your..."

"Oh? Another story?"

"R-rumor, really." A playful tap against the back of his shoulder, signaling him to relax. Taking a deep breath before letting it out. "They say that the east tend to... 'Enjoy' the company of..."

"People?" A whimper confirmed. "They are not incorrect." A double take from the red dragon followed by a high pitched whine in question. "Usually we enjoy watching them perform."

"P-perform?"

"As in dance, dear." A breath in relief from Zarj. "As well as sing. Many have absolutely wonderful voices."

"So they... Do not tend to...?" A light shrug was seen, making the larger one whimper again.

"Some will offer such services, in privacy of course. I know my first one was quite shy about it, as I was." A nearly petrified stare in question from Zarj'annan, making the longer one chuckle a bit. "But she did wonders for my growing body during those years."

"W-wonders...?" A few paw presses into the back of his armored shoulders got him to tense up.

"This... Energy that I'm detecting, Zarj. I believe it is sexual tension." Another whimper. "Just to be clear, I will ask you again. And please answer me truthfully; have you been tended to at all recently?" A bit of an embarrassed and saddened stare from those orange eyes before a sigh of defeat.

"I... Have not, Alkardoc."

"For how long?" Only a whine in response as that golden paw stroked him. "Zarj, I assure you, you are in a safe space. I know it can be difficult to, but do you trust me?" The eastern one asked slowly, seeing the slight fear in those orange eyes. Closing for a moment and seeing the wyrm nod. "Please say it for me."

"I... Trust you, Alkar." A slow nod from the golden one, letting that azure beard nearly dance with the movements as those whiskers flowed gently.

"Enough for me to try something?" A worried look. "I'm going to attempt to release this stress within your body through a series of pressured paw movements. Are you okay with such actions?"

"W-where...?"

"Just along your shoulders and back." The serpent said softly, resting his head along those broad shoulders. Yet still remaining eye contact with the larger wyrm. "However, this will not work unless you let go."

"Let go of what?"

"Of yourself." Those orange discs remained slightly worried. "I need you to release your barriers, the restraints you hold on yourself." It was almost frightening, spending the next few moments just staring at the blue eyes in thought. At long last taking a deep breath and giving the hardest nod Zarj has

ever given. Receiving a bright smile from that bearded muzzle afterwards.

"What... Do you want me to do?"

"Just lay your head down and rest." Another slow nod that was getting easier to do, as the wyrm slightly positioned himself and laid on the soft grass. Feeling himself almost become excited about such a thing as the longer dragon moved around a bit. "How are you with smoke? Does it bother you?"

"No... I'm fine with it, why?"

"I'm not sure if you have them in your lands, but we like to burn incense to keep us calm." The longer one half climbed off to gain access to the dirt, growing a few small long plants before picking them. Morphing the grounds a bit before lighting a few of the tips on fire before lightly blowing them out. Causing the embers to glow and release the smoke. "The 'children', as you call them," A nudge to tease the red one. "tend to make them much better using oils, but this should do fine."

"Oils?"

"Yes, as well as many different techniques." He stuck them into the carved lines within the ground, keeping them at an angle as the thin smoke could be caught. Giving off a rather strange scent that actually did remind the red one of his current companion. His new friend.

Such a thought fluttered his frightened heart, but at the same time, it was nearly exciting. Experiencing first hand a method they used across the borders, making the wyrm almost giddy when he felt the serpent climb back up to his shoulders. "Are you content with me continuing?" Alkardoc softly asked.

"I..." A deep breath from the larger one, really starting to catch that scent and relax those tense muscles. "I am."

"Alright. But if there is any reason you wish for me to stop, dear Zarj'annan, please tell me." A slow nod from the wyrm. "Okay, try to take deep breaths." He did so. "Deeper. Like you're trying to puff out your chest." Another try, taking in as much of that scent as possible and nearly causing the serpent on his back to raise up a bit. "Good. Keep going." The golden one instructed, starting to paw into those thick crimson scales along the back of Zarj's neck.

"Can...?" Alkar stopped for a moment, listening. "Can I ask what you meant? About... Sexual energy?" He almost felt that smile above that blue beard.

"Of course." The golden serpent resumed, caressing within that forest of spines. "We believe that there are many different types of energies stored within our bodies- don't hold back for me, dear. Let your purrs out." A bit of a whimper, but the wyrm did so. Letting them come out naturally, as if he were alone. Regardless of the chuckling snake on his back. "It is quite loud, and powerful too. I can feel the vibration through your entire body."

"I-it's..."

"It's fine, Zarj. But back to what I was saying, there are many different energies within one's body. The one you're likely familiar with is your physical energy, or in other words-"

"S-stamina..." A long whimpering purr as those golden paws pressed in a little harder. "H... Harder please?"

"Are you sure?"

"Y-yes." A soft nudge in almost affection from that golden muzzle as the pressure increased from Alkardoc, nearly controlling the volume of the dragon he rested on.

"But yes, Stamina. Along with that, you do have mental endurance, as well as sexual energy. The first two seem to drain as you normally would expect it should, very rarely do they become overfilled. However," Another deep press around the red collar got the wyrm to gasp deeply, already feeling his own sheath swell into the soft grass below. "Your sexual energy, if not released from time to time can become pent up. Causing you to become more aggressive, easily frustrated, and bring a lot of negativity into your life." A whine in pleasure from Zarj.

"M-... More..." A noise in question from the golden one. "Harder... Please..."

"Harder?" Alkardoc repeated, somewhat a little worried. "I'm not sure if I can press any harder, Zarj-"

"I'll be fine-!" A pleasurable whimper, as the larger one raked into the ground.

"What I mean is, I'm already pressing as hard as I can." The serpent chuckled.

"T-then... Can you try... You have claws, right?" He could almost feel the concerned stare from those blue eyes.

"I do, but I do not wish to hurt you."

"It just feels... Like an itch waiting..." A whimper from the red one. "Please? Just try it?" A moment of thought as the eastern one sighed.

"Alright. But if you get the slightest pinch of pain, you tell me. Deal?"

"Y-yes." A pause before the golden hands started up once again. Carefully bringing out the claws around the back of that neck while stroking it. Only to feel the wyrm start to press up against them himself, as if they were not deep enough. Unsheathing their entire black length as they started to scratch the scales deep within, instantly getting a heavy purr that reminded the golden one of a near roar. Almost getting Alkar to stop, until he spotted the red paws below.

They were kneading the grass. Digging their own black daggers into the dirt while almost massaging it to the rhythm of the constant purrs. The wyrm shifted with every caress, doing his best to get those sharp edges underneath his heavy scales and nearly taking the serpent for a ride in the process. Rocking him back and forth with his shoulders as the golden one went lower, quite amazed at

how thick the natural armor was along his back.

Zarj couldn't help but shiver lightly at the pleasing sensation of the other dragon working at his back, feeling himself easily relaxing as their claws dug in against his hide, the feeling of it making sure that his resonating purrs wouldn't stop any time soon. It almost seemed like the sound was echoing around the small cave that the two shared, a nice distraction from the loud noise of the storm outside. The red drake pressed his back up against his lithe companion, gladly taking their slight weight on his back just to feel the massage though were giving him, even if it left him feeling a bit flushed at the actions.

His red tail tip flicked happily behind him, definitely not used to such things, though it was something he would be happy to get used to. The eastern dragon continued working his paws against the back of the bulky wyrm beneath him, feeling a smile spread across his face at the pleased purring coming from the larger red beneath him, slowly working his paws even further down the large dragon's body, even working around to tease at those flanks with his claws. The wings caused a bit of issues for him, though he still did his best to knead at the base of them, and tried working up against the branching scales between the membranes.

Zarj let out a few quiet huffs, and for a moment the eastern was confused as to what was happening, before realizing that the red dragon seemed to be trying to stifle laughter, letting out a quiet chuckle of his own as he realized how sensitive the wing membranes must be compared to the rest of his body. The red dragon closed his eyes as the massage continued, feeling embarrassed at just how much he was enjoying things, but definitely not wanting the other male to stop. His enjoyment would be obvious to anyone that could see it, his length jutting out between his hind legs, and he was glad for the soft grass beneath him.

The wyrm's body trembled beneath the eastern touch, trying to suppress himself as those claws worked wonders on him, his breath catching in his throat from time to time as he tried to avoid letting out more vocal signs that he was enjoying himself, thinking that the loud, continuous purr was more than enough. Zarj had never imagined that he would end up in a situation like this, especially after the stories he had heard about eastern dragons, but now that he had their claws against his body it was a much more pleasurable experience than he would have expected.

Alkardoc was also enjoying himself, pleased at how much he seemed to be able to do to make the western dragon happy, his claws pressing between those tough scales covering the body beneath him, scratching at the hide beneath. He was slowly beginning to work his way lower against the other dragon, his paws trailing down along their spine, pressing harder or softer whenever he noticed a reaction from the western, like his breath hitching or his tail twitching behind him. He could tell that the red wyrm was happy with the massage he was giving, though it was more than obvious with the loud purr they were letting out.

As the eastern worked his paws down against the red dragon's haunches he noticed them moving around even more, the red tail practically shivering behind them, and if he didn't know that they hadn't found release in some time already he would definitely know for sure now. Zarj was starting to

have trouble containing himself as the pleasurable sensations flooded through his body, his member twitching and aching beneath him, and felt slightly worried about just how far the eastern dragon intended to go. The feeling of those claws against his the base of his tail sent a jolt of delight racing through his body, his claws digging into the ground beneath him, his length throbbing hard and releasing a large spurt of pre, his breath huffing loudly out of his mouth.

It was impossible for Alkardoc not to notice such a reaction, and he stopped for a moment, lifting his paws off of the red dragon to see if he had managed to hurt them or done something wrong, though it didn't take long for the scent of their excitement to reach him now. He grinned in response to it, gently pressing his paws down against the western's red back, glad to see that he was really enjoying himself, but hoping that he hadn't caused any discomfort to the bulky wyrm. Zarj wasn't sure just what to think about the situation he was in, but the fact that he hadn't had to leave the cave or even end up fighting with the eastern dragon was good to him, even when it was coupled with the confusing pleasure and surprising conversation that he had been through already.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" The golden serpent asked, unable to remove the smile off his muzzle as the red one shyly looked behind. Half attempting to play dumb at what just happened, but knew there was no hiding it. Giving a faint nod as well as a whimpering purr as those eastern paws lightly caressed the upper haunches. "Would you like me to continue?"

To Alkardoc's surprise, those large wings started to droop. Not getting the response he was expecting, which concerned the longer one for a moment. Waiting patiently for his friend to speak. "I'm... Not sure..." Those furred ears caught the mumble through the heavy rain, feeling the golden paws soon release as the eastern one headed towards the exit. "I-I-" That red head quickly turned to the other side, but realized that the serpent was only getting a drink. A small drip of constant rainwater leaking down from where the lightning struck before, lapping away at it with a forked tongue before returning to the wyrm's side. Snuggling up under that lowered wing closer than Zarj expected, and placing both paws on his larger forearm.

"Is there any specific reason why?" The frilled ears fell in response. Letting that orange gaze slightly lower, until a soft foreign paw lifted his red chin. Leaving the larger dragon to study those bright blue eyes for a few moments. "You are... Insecure." It was like a heavy weight in his chest was felt, causing his large lungs to release its contents in a shy exhale. "The decision is yours, dear."

"Please don't say that." The wyrm requested sadly, attempting to avoid the look of disappointment. Yet, all that remained on the eastern bearded muzzle was pure composure, nearly empowering as Alkar lean forward a little.

"Why do you let them influence your decisions so?" It was an honest question that left the large wyrm paralyzed. "Dear Zarj, this is your life. It's too short to be afraid of the opinions of others." A slight whimper in response. "Their thoughts cannot harm you, let alone something they do not know about." The dark orange gemstones took a moment in thought as the eastern one just leaned against his heavy shoulder. "You've never been with another male, correct?"

"N-..." Zarj started, swallowing the weak whimper in his throat. "No..."

"Neither have I." A double take from that red wyrm, once again in shock for several moments and barely catching that light smile along the serpent's maw. Slightly shy about admitting such a thing, but yet it was... Excited?

"R-really...?" A slow nod that was half a nuzzle against that plated neck. "...Can I ask why?" That smile returned.

"I never found one that I was attracted to. Interested in. Curious about." The look of surprise didn't lift as Alkardoc rested on the large crimson body for a moment. "Until now." It was a string of harps deep within his chest, lightly tickled over and over again. Making his heart flutter wildly with a new energy that replaced Fear with Excitement. If his serpentine friend was able to admit such a difficult thing to him, then...

"I..." Zarj started, almost wishing he could kick himself for this near speech impediment. Instead, took a deep breath. Curling his tail around that eastern one. Sheltering him from the gales of the storm with those strong wings. And leaning his head against that golden body the best he could. Taking another breath to catch the scent of liquid excitement, one that was not his own. "I'm... Curious too."

He could almost feel the bright smile illuminate within the makeshift tent, as that serpentine muzzle bunted his armored neck. Getting a couple of friendly licks that passed on the same facial motions. Echoes of older feelings within the wyrm returned from the past... Or were they? Something was different from this one, holding something more than just friendship. It raced the crimson heart within that thick chest, yet something still worried him. "I... Just don't know..." Zarj mumbled shyly.

"How? That's okay." The golden dragon said softly, stroking under that red jaw to get that steady purr to return. Though a bit nervous this time. "I can teach you." A puzzling whimper in question. "I've had such... Company, as we put it earlier," Another whine made Alkar chuckle a bit. "become curious as well. Though I haven't been with another actual male, I have..."

"H-had... Experience?" A slow nod as that deep purple blush flooded the wyrm's ears and muzzle. "I... I want that, Alkardoc. I would... Like to try..." The two finally shared a warm gaze with each other, bunting noses within an odd embrace. Though soon following the shifting orange eyes towards the serpent's lower half. "I-I also want to..."

"I would like to see yours as well. I'm sure they are quite different." A noise in question from the larger one. "No, I did not look yet. Out of respect, I wanted your consent first." A sudden flare of both respect and courage filled Zarj'annan's heart, as he released the shelter he made for his companion. Adjusting himself to better meet that bearded muzzle and touch it with his own.

"You have it." The two smiled brightly before their tongues finally connected, sharing a small kiss before a far deeper one. Letting the two explore each other's maws for several minutes as the storm raged outside. Demanding their attention with the thunderous screams, their fright from the harsh winds and hail.

But it never got it. The dragons within paid no heed towards the crying child. They kept within their makeshift shelter with a leaky roof, their small fire and soft grassy grounds. The two had each other for the night, masked within the thick rainfall from both territories. In a land without tradition,

exaggerated rumors, and xenophobia, they could be together.

The dragons didn't stop until they memorized each other's maws. Every ripple in the roofing, every sharp fang. Every texture of the tongue, they knew it by heart before Alkardoc stroked that arm a bit. Slowly parting enough to give out an instruction as they exchanged breaths. "Lay on your back." The serpent whispered in his ear, almost tickling it with the tips of that long tongue and getting a lick in response.

Zarj nuzzled him for an extra moment before getting up, a bit shy that such a large member was on display, and unable to hide his blush. But he stayed strong, stayed confident. For he was sharing a room with an easterner that would not judge him. Carefully curling a wing around to get into position, a playful idea came to mind. Just before the official roll over, he quickly grabbed the long golden body before doing so, leaving Alkardoc to yelp in surprise before resting on top of the red armored chest.

The two chuckled a bit as the serpent adjusted himself, resting his metallic underside on the wyrm's own. Yet, by doing that, he also rested that plump golden pouch on the larger one's. Even lining up their weapons to touch, separating the double set of wands Alkar was equipped with as Zarj whimpered a bit. Now realizing what that warm touch around his tool was.

It was nearly the very first time he seen the golden dragon blush, giving off the exact shy look that Zarj'annan was all this time. The deep red flushing through those furred ears, the scaled muzzle. Yet, all they could do was smile brightly at one another as they shared excited pants. The serpent leading with a slow kiss that turned very deep as they nearly created sparks by rubbing sticks together.

Zarj wriggled his body back against the ground beneath him rolling his shoulders in an attempt to get more comfortable beneath the eastern dragon. His breath was huffing out of him in excitement, feeling his own length pressing up against the two that the noodle was grinding back down against him. He hadn't expected to feel something like that, though he wasn't sure what he had expected to feel really.

Now that his warmth was pressing against Alkardoc's own he found it hard to sit still though, his maw opened happily to accept the kiss that the other dragon was offering. The eastern dragon was pushing his forked tongue against the western's own slippery muscle, letting his thin body rest on top of the bulkier body beneath him, slowly starting to grind his hips back and forth, making them both squirm from the pleasure that it caused.

He didn't have much experience with a western dragon like this but that definitely didn't stop him from doing his best to just enjoy things. From the muffled sounds Zarj was letting out it seemed like he was having fun as well. It didn't take long for Zarj to become a bit more confident, his paws gently resting on top of Alkardoc's back, and his own hips starting to grind back and forth, pre rolling from the tip of his length as he pushed it between the eastern's again and again.

It was hard to think that he had been nervous about something like this now that he could appreciate just how nice it felt. Zarj could feel the knot at the base of his member already starting to swell a bit, showing just how worked up he was getting with the other dragon on top of him like this. It didn't take the two of them long to start getting more used to grinding against each other, gradually becoming more eager to feel the soft warmth of the other dragon pressing against themselves.

Zarj was working on holding himself back, not wanting to go overboard with the smaller dragon above him, and found his face feeling almost constantly flushed with the kiss and rubbing between them. He did want to find more of that pleasure though, and had to eventually pull his head away from Alkardoc's, taking in a deep breath of air and showing a half nervous smile now, looking up at them. It was impossible to deny his delight at what a simple massage had led to, especially since his now slick length thrust between the two of the eastern dragon's.

Alkardoc was more than happy to let the red wyrm do whatever they wanted at this point, wanting them to be comfortable with things so that they could actually enjoy themselves. His own body ached for more of the delightful sensations but he didn't want to rush the larger dragon into anything that they weren't sure about. He didn't have to wait long to see what they wanted though, as he felt those red paws moving down against his back, and let out a loud huff when he felt them pull in closer against his hips.

The drake was obviously trying to keep himself restrained, and Alkardoc couldn't keep a smile from his face when he thought that the larger dragon was worried about him. He pressed his body back against them more, arching his back a bit and thrusting his hips forwards, letting out a groan of pleasure, his dual lengths twitching for a moment as pre rolled down from the tips of them.

Zarj wanted to ask if they were okay with this, or if he was doing okay, but it seemed like the time for words was passed now, with him slowly working on moving the eastern dragon's body further up against his own body. It wasn't long until he felt his achingly hard member press against the balls of the eastern, and then shortly after resting snugly beneath their tail, resting for a moment and letting his excited breath pant out of him.

He would have stopped to let Alkardoc become more comfortable, but found himself quickly losing that thought when he felt those hips wriggle on top of him, almost teasing him to do more. His thick red tail thumped against the ground beneath him, and he slowly shifted his hips, lifting them a bit, and let out a loud huff when he felt the tip of his length pressing against the tight entrance of the golden dragon. Just that feeling was enough to make him spurt a generous amount of pre against them, making him look away in embarrassment at the act.

The warmth from the eastern was more than encouraging not to stop though, and he felt his heart beat a bit faster when he heard them voicing their own delight as he slowly, and carefully worked his tip inside of them, the soft insides squeezing down around him making him shiver, his paws clutching at them just a bit harder now. The response of the lithe body on top of him pushing down even more made him clench his teeth, the feeling of himself sinking deeper into those tight, velvety depths really showing just what he had been missing out on.

There weren't any words between them now, just lusty groans and pleasure filled moans, their breath huffing out throughout the small cave almost loud enough to drown out the storm, and more than loud enough to completely capture both of their attention. The cold air was almost a thing of the past with the heat both of them were putting off, their bodies easily warm enough to keep the other comfortable now.

Zarj could feel tingles running throughout his body, like lightning bolts teasing at his nerves, his

mind awash in the intense pleasure that something so simple was offering him. The way that he felt the eastern squeeze down around him, offering even more of that tight warmth, somewhere more comfortable than his own sheath for his shaft to rest. The walls that were gripping at him were rapidly becoming slick now, with the red drake unable to keep himself from pumping more and more of his pre into his new eastern friend, making sure that there wouldn't be any issues with trying to take even more of his thick member.

Alkardoc wasn't quiet with the pleasure that he was receiving either, and he felt glad to have the strong feeling body of the wyrm beneath him, otherwise he may have collapsed. Just the feeling of being spread open around something so nice and warm, and not to mention thick, was enough to make his paws shake. After what felt like hours of pleasure he finally got to feel the knot at the base of the draconic spire that was lodged inside of him, and he was sure that he wouldn't be able to fit it into his tight tailhole.

That wouldn't do anything to stop his fun though, even if he couldn't let Zarj rest completely inside of him that didn't mean he wouldn't do his best to show the western as much pleasure as he could. Once he was sitting down against that knot he rested for a moment, before lifting his hips and slowly letting them fall back down with a satisfying, wet smack, making both of the dragons clutch at the other with their paws.

It didn't take Zarj long to figure out what to do at this point, holding his paws against the thin dragon's hips, and starting to thrust his hips up and down, having trouble keeping his tongue inside of his maw already. He moved his body a bit so that he could feel the twin spires of the golden dragon grind against him when he moved his hips, and earned an appreciative moan in reply. With how slick things had become it didn't take him long to start building up more of a regular pace, his hips pulling and pushing against the slippery confines that engulfed his length.

Zarj would have liked to think that he could have lasted longer, but he found that it didn't take long for him to start tensing up, his body preparing for the peak that he was rapidly approaching. His climax hit him like a stone wall, and he felt like he blacked out for a moment, trying to clench his jaw shut and let out a loud roar of pleasure at the same time, his member throbbing and twitching inside of Alkardoc, starting to pump him full of the thick, hot dragon seed that was spurting out of his shaft.

Alkardoc moaned loudly when he felt his insides being painted by the red drake under him, his dual shafts twitching excitedly, though not coating the dragon beneath him with his own excitement just yet. He had to fight for it, but he managed to hold himself back from his climax, just reveling in the feeling of being filled so much right now. He really got to see just how pent up Zarj was now, and almost found it unbelievable how much of their essence they were pumping into him, his belly starting to feel full from it already.

When Zarj finally found his senses returning he could feel his own warmth oozing down around his member and painting his lap with the juices that he had flooded the eastern dragon with. He looked dazed beneath them, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, but he quickly tried to pull himself back together, lifting his head and making sure that Alkardoc was okay. The smile that he was met with let him know that he hadn't done anything wrong, and the lusty groan showed that he had done something of

the opposite nature really.

He opened his mouth to ask whether his new friend had enjoyed themselves, but gasped instead when he felt them lifting off of him, his length feeling sensitive but still surprisingly hard. He didn't complain at all at feeling the eastern lay down against his belly, though lifted his head a bit at feeling their twin members still hard against him, noticing that they hadn't found the release that he had so graciously accepted.

He wanted to return the favor, and so quickly rolled over, making sure not to be too rough with the noodle dragon, and lifting his body off of theirs, standing above them before turning around and lying down on his side. He was met with a confused look at the actions but he didn't waste much time with pushing his snout between Alkardoc's legs, letting his nose rest against one of the shafts that they had, taking in the scent of it before letting his tongue flick out and trail upwards from the base of it.

Zarj's tongue was a pleasant surprise, and the golden dragon let out a happy groan at feeling it, making sure to spread his hind legs to give as much access to the other dragon as he needed. He was happy enough with having been able to bring Zarj to his release, but he wouldn't complain about getting such a favor in return for it. The serpent found his body wriggling back against the ground now, looking down across his chest at the red head between his legs, huffing out deep breaths as that slick tongue worked at covering him even more.

The persistent licking along his length made Alkardoc lift his legs a bit, one hind paw even resting atop the red drake's head, though he made sure not to push or bump them, especially since they were working with something so delicate right now. It was easy for Zarj to taste the pre that was practically covering the shaft that he was licking at, a sweet, almost fruity flavor to it, which just made him all the more eager to cover as much of the warm flesh as he could with his tongue.

It made him want to taste what else the eastern dragon had to offer, curious and hungry for more of the tasty fluid they were offering. He opened his maw wide and let his head sink down, one of the shafts pushing into his maw now, his tongue curling around it and letting the tip of it press against the ridged roof of his mouth, slowly pulling his head backwards and squeezing with his tongue as he did.

Alkardoc was already close to his peak, his used tailhole clenching a bit as he watched the red dragon suck at his twitching spire of dragon flesh, his tail flicking across the ground beneath him, fighting to keep himself from lifting off of the ground to hug against the head of the wyrm. The feeling, and sounds of what was happening was quickly pushing him further and further into a pleasure filled daze, wanting to let go, and deciding that there wasn't really any point in holding back.

Another scent soon caught the attention of the gold one, leading that bearded muzzle to at still jerking tower that was coated in its own glaze. Though still a little overwhelmed by the western's performance, that forked tongue longed to try such a thing itself. Leaning forward towards it just as Zarj took a strong lick and causing the serpent to lean too far and dive that snout inbetween those red hinds.

The aroma was very strong, nearly hypnotizing the eastern to coil that tongue up the large knotted member. Washing it clean of that sweet cherry and watermelon taste that he could only imagine his own rear would likely have for quite some time. Trying to match the larger dragon's speed and strength against Alkardoc's twins, but the constant motions drove the golden one over the edge.

He wanted to warn Zarj of what was about to come, but it just seemed like there was no time for such things all of a sudden. It was like a tidal wave was washing through his body, sweeping away his control and modesty, his paws moving to press against the back of the red head that was above his crotch, feeling his own seed beginning to pump into, and against, the mouth that was still sucking at him. He was overly pleased to feel the red dragon swallow around him, the tip of his length resting in their gullet now, even though his second length was busy covering his chin in a hefty dose of his cum.

Zarj found his mouth filled with the sweet taste of the other dragon now, almost like a berry, some sort of blueberry or black berry, and he was delighted with the unique taste of it, working on drawing out even more of it now, not having expected to get such a treat from something like this. His tongue remained coiled around the shaft in his maw, squeezing and tugging gently, while his head bobbed slowly up and down, making sure to keep the eastern dragon pumping out as much as they could manage.

Alkardoc recovered faster than Zarj had, a big grin spread across his face as he looked down at the large drake, glad to see that he was enjoying himself even now, and that he wasn't showing any of the earlier shyness or nervousness that he had seen from him. The way that the red dragon was milking him made it seem like they were eager for more of his thick seed as well, though there was only so much that his body could give before he let his head slump down against the ground, feeling weak after something like that.

Zarj pulled his head back with a pleased growl, his chest rumbling deeply as the heavy sound of his purring filled the cave again, moving around so that he was lying next to the eastern dragon now, letting his tail move and coil around the other dragon's, showing a big smile of his own and licking at his lips, glad that he had had the chance to try something so... Incredible.

From all the stories that Alkardoc had heard, he would never have expected to find himself in a situation like this, but it was one that he was definitely happy about, and a situation that he would be more than happy to find himself in again. From the sound of the storm it seemed like there could be even more chances for something like that as well, and with the hard look of Zarj's length he doubted that the red wyrm would complain.

But in any case, a rest was definitely needed for the eastern one. Feeling the red snout bunt that azure mane until it squeezed between it and the soft grass, Zarj offering his neck and head as a pillow to the serpent. Making the two smile brightly as they bathed in the emberglow of the small fire. Though, in such a position, that red weapon could easily be felt. "It appears... The stories of the western's endurance is true." Alkar softly said though his purrs, feeling that red paw stroke up and down his neck and belly. Making out a slight bulge in the lower end, barely out of reach. "You are not tired, dear?"

"I... Am not. No." The red one replied, still a bit shy about what just happened but couldn't feel better about the experience. "By all means, Alkardoc, please rest if you need it. I will keep you warm and sheltered."

"Thank you, Zarj'annan. I think I'll take a small nap. Perhaps tend to you again once I

slumber." As much as that would normally make the wyrm whimper, he couldn't help but grin constantly at the excited flutter within that armored chest. Though, the blush still invading his ears and muzzle. Feeling a slight shift as the eastern got comfortable.

"Just... One thing before you drift to sleep, if you don't mind." A noise in question. "Your name... Most of them that I hear about are in some sort of ancient draconic. Yours however..."

"It eludes you?" A nod was felt. "It is alright, it tends to get everyone. Because my parents had their own secret language when they were young and in love."

"Own secret language...?" Zarj thought out loud. "They used Alkardoc to name you...?"

"The Thread Of Dawn."