

Oh No (Pretty Life Act 3)

By Bartan Tirix

The three dragons attempted to slumber within the spare room. Cuddled together on a large bed, which wasn't quite large enough for all of them. At some point during the night the lower legs snapped off, placing the bed on a bit of an angle. The cool autumn air attempting to pass through the closed windows, and lightly fogging them up with the warm purrs of the behemoths inside.

I stated attempted earlier because of someone knocking on the front door once in a while. Getting them to eventually groan awake within that pile of scales and tails. The golden furred wyrm stretching his limbs and wings a bit before squeezing out of the tangled bodies, still half dazed and unable to remember the night before.

Regardless, the knocking persisted, even starting to wake up the other two. The female wyvern releasing an annoyed growl at it while Li stumbled to the front door. Opening it and blinking slowly at Mr. Phillips looking a bit cross, one of his floor neighbors. One that specifically told the dragon to keep it down last night, because his children were staying with him.

A slight whimper left the golden furred one's throat as those ears fell, lowering his head in guilt and letting those pupils get larger across his blue eyes as the human rolled his own. "Sorry, Mr. Phillips."

"Leslie... How many times am I going to have to do this? This isn't the first noise complaint that you've gotten. The landlord even said so the last time I told him about this." A disappointed whimper from the wyrm. "I thought you got this done yesterday."

"I-I did, but..."

"But?" He started, almost scoldingly as Li's gaze fell to the floor. Granted, double taking when he sensed a bit of fear from the man. Seeing him stare behind the wyrm at the larger wyvern. "O-oh... You had company..."

"Y-yeah. Unexpectedly so at that." The golden one gazed back at Ross, who was only staring the man down with a rather powerful look. "Again, sorry-"

"N-no no. It's... Okay. Just... Try to keep it down next time." A bit of a puzzled look from Li before Mr. Phillips walked away. Not getting any relief from those curious blue eyes until he was out of sight, then turning it towards the red female.

"I never liked that guy." Ross snorted, almost loudly as she squeezed into the kitchen and turned out the tap for some water. Leaving the furred one to close the door and just study her, attempting to not stare at the small drips of white leaking out of her tail a bit. As well as the mess the two left over,

already making his sheath swell just thinking about it. "What?" The female dragon half grumbled, getting a slight whimper from Li as he stood up straight.

"N-nothing..."

"Don't tell me you want to do that again." Those furred ears lowered, sinking his head a bit at her disappointed glare. Soon hearing the wyvern sigh a bit before squeezing out of the kitchen and sitting down. "Li... What even happened last night? How did...?"

"I'm still not really sure. But it's got something to do with..." The wyrm had to dig through his chest fur to find that he still had the leash on. Half grumbling at it before attempting to take the thing off, but leaving it when he found the necklace of the winged serpent. Letting those brown eyes gaze over it closely. Giving Leslie time to once again look over the larger dragon, nearly intimidated by how she towered over the furred one. Armored red scales, mostly around her backside and chest, only adding to how much of a threat such a thing could be. Though it was without actual arms, her wings were designed in such a way that they had small hands at the peak of the branches.

They were unlikely able to do very much, but enough to lightly grasp the amulet around Li's neck. "What is this?" Ross asked, releasing a deep purr of curiosity. "Where did you find it?"

"I... Remember that shop with the cursed items on display?" A nod from the red one. "You've never been inside it, but-"

"Yes I have." Li curled his neck at the response. "It's where you took those photos, yes?"

"Y-yeah, but I remember him barely accepting me in. You were too big to fit into the entry way." The wyvern curled her neck that time, releasing a faint breath as if to lose herself for a few moments, shaking her head.

"But I... Remember the public bathroom there. People were using it to transfer drugs, so now you had to ask for the key." She snorted at the thought of it. "Always smelled like skunk spray, honestly."

"Y-yeah, but... You've...?" The two shook their heads side to side, trying to clear them. "It's her doing, it has to be."

"Who?"

"Helga, this... Snake thing. I can't remember what he called it, but it started with C. She's... Changing our thoughts. Changing everyone's thoughts everytime we're seen. Making up stories that never happened, to the point where we can't tell what's real or not..." Another, near painful breath from the golden one as he desperately tried to cling onto old memories. "I was... Human. I was a girl...! I..."

"And I was a guy, and unable to be... Well..." That red snout looked under her own wing, towards her tail end. "I remember... You being a..."

"A dragon, right?" A slow nod filled with worry. "And I... Remember you being a dragon too." A whimper in defeat from Ross. "No one remembers us being human, likely not even Kyle."

"What about Erin?"

"Erin remembers me being a dragon-"

"But she was human too, right?" A double take at the large female, getting those furred ears to perk up with those red frilled ones. Hearing the slumbering noises of the black wyrm in the bedroom, adjusting position and flicking that fluffy tail. Oblivious to the two others just staring at her through a wall. "Do you remember...?"

"Yeah..." Li nodded, though still a little stunned. "Completely. Even when we were young."

"What was the difference then? Why can we remember her?" The golden one pondered for a few moments, then started to blush. Whimpering when he recalled how the young woman transformed into black dragon.

"S-she... Didn't touch the photos." Ross curled her neck, making a loud noise in question when she discovered the blush. That guilty look returning as the red one nearly growled.

"...You didn't."

"I... Might have-"

"-You-"

"-Gotten carried-"

"-Didn't!" A whimper from the near hiss of the female. "Seriously!? You-!?" Those black wings drooped.

"S-something came in the mail- Delivered to the door-"

"What do you mean *something*!?" Ross hissed quietly. Following that blue gaze across the room and on the table. A box with a few instructions could be seen, as well as packaging scattered. Her draconic eyes spotting a diagram from afar then catching her own whimper. "...Is that-?"

"I don't know where it came from! Some... Person, who I still swear was tall, white, and furry-!"

"Tall, white and furry-?"

"Left it at my door, and Erin... Cornered me with it." A whimper in defeat from the wyrm, nearly turning completely red when that puzzled gaze wouldn't lift. "Erin wanted to use it."

"Wanted you to use it?"

"W-wanted me to..." A pause as the wyvern put it together.

"...Oh."

"And..."

"You... Got shafted by a strap-on." A whimper from Li. "And then...?"

"S-she... Accidently presented herself to me, while I was..."

"Enthralled." Another whine. "That still doesn't explain..."

"During our... That 'Event', Erin started to..." Another pause as Ross just stared at the golden one, eventually causing those wings to turtletail the wyrm up. Though, in return displaying the leash to the larger one. Making Li almost yelp in question when those winged paws took a hold on it.

"She was into this sort of stuff, huh?" A whimper from the wyrm, but the female took it off him. "So, you mounted her. Is that what you're saying?" A sigh in defeat from Li. "Christ, Les..."

"I-I didn't think it would..." The two looked at the bedroom again.

"Can we change back?" A sad look from those blue eyes pretty much told her the answer. *I don't know.* "Maybe if we burn the photos?"

"They could be the only key we have to turning back."

"Well, what should we do then? Google 'Help, I've turned into a dragon by some flying snake'?" She snorted, getting a slight whine from the golden one. Sighing after. "Sorry. I'm just... Frustrated right now." That blue gaze hit the floor, once in a while glancing at the occasional drip and hearing the wyvern growl a bit. "It's the only thing you can think about, isn't it?" Another whimper, but a nod from Li. Hearing another sigh. "Damage has already been done, hasn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's... Already in there." She grumbled, taking a winged hand along her belly. "More isn't going to make any difference." Ross turned around and started squeezing through towards the bathroom, only getting a questionable stare from the male. "In here. Now." A yelp from Li as he followed, getting rather close and nearly sticking that black nose under her tail while the wyvern nearly got stuck in the doorway. Barely squeezing through as Li followed in closely, shutting the door behind him.

The shower did wonders, as well as releasing the wyvern's frustration through the rather angry session. At least Li seemed to be alright, but nearly back into a deep slumber as the two squeezed through the kitchen once again. "I hope this whole scent thing passes soon." Ross grumbled a bit, taking another drink and browsing the cabinets for something to eat.

"There should be some leftovers in the fridge." A look from those brown eyes, slowly turning to a deep maroon. "I'll have to get some more food soon though, but right now..." A heavy breath from the furred one as he shook his head a bit. "I need a rest."

"After that," A snout toss towards the shower room. "I don't blame you." A bit of an awkward silence before the larger one sighed. "...Thank you." The wyrm double taked.

"For?"

"Helping me... Wash." The wyvern glanced at her winged arms. "With these things, I just can't..."

"No need to thank me, Ross. We've always done..." The two's head almost hurt, attempting to think of which memories were real or not. Eventually just leaving it alone. "What are you going to do?" A sigh from the wyvern.

"...You're not the only one who needed to get stocked up on some things. And my roomie can't do it because of a sprained ankle."

"Calvin sprained his ankle?" A grumbling nod from the red one. "I'm not even going to ask how. He should've given up skateboarding the *last* sixteen times it happened." Li snorted, looking back at the bedroom after. "I'm... Going to rest, and see if I can help Erin."

"With what, exactly?" Half a shrug from those black furred wings.

"She seemed to... Not know how to be a... Dragon, if that makes any sense."

"Not in the slightest." The wyvern snorted, getting a look from those blue eyes.

"Touch your ear." A noise in question. "Just do it." The larger dragon did so, lowering her head and getting one of her hind legs to touch her frilled ear as if to scratch it a bit. "Now how were you able to do that?"

"What do you mean-?"

"Without thinking." A curl of that red neck, and Leslie sat down. Looking over his paw. "With our... Change, we somehow got the instincts to match. Our bodies, our muscle memory, our brains changed with it. We already know how to speak, walk, even fly without even thinking about it..." Those maroon eyes gazed up passed the golden wyrm and towards the bedroom, now recalling her lack of speech from last night.

"And she doesn't have that... Instinct?" Half a shrug from those black wings as Li shook his head.

"I don't... Think so. But regardless, I also should look into this more." A look at the wyvern's 'hands' for a moment. "I doubt it would be very easy for you to do it now."

"Yeah..." The larger one grumbled, sighing afterwards. "Okay. Go rest, I'll just... Try not to step on someone?" That made the wyrm chuckle a bit.

"You're big, but not that big."

"I feel like I'm fifteen feet tall."

"You probably are if you straightened your neck." A snort from the large one as she started to strap on her backpack around that broad collar and move out the apartment. "Wait-"

"I'll be fine, Li. Just-"

"N-no. Just remember..." A noise in question from the red one, getting a sad smile from the wyrm. "Use the roof." That red neck curled.

"The roof?"

"Yeah, you- ...'We' don't do well going downstairs." A moment of study from those maroon discs, as if to say that they never thought of such a thing. As the golden one moved into Ross for a strange hug, her heart at least fluttered a bit. Soothing her somewhat bad mood. "Have fun."

"Being a dragon, you mean?" A slight chuckle was all the response she got, getting her to release a breath and squeeze out the front door. The hallway giving the wyvern a little more height, but it was still not comfortable being indoors unless she was sitting. Looking at the stairway and just thinking about the idea of going down steps brought back strange memories. Recalls of tumbles and slips when going down, or even up them, giving them a bad reputation in the dragon's mind.

But what could be so special about the roof? The way was familiar to her, but the reason was elusive. Yet, it tugged on her mind, calling her towards the door that was thankfully push-to-open. Though having to climb up a set of stairs that the red one was almost too big for, somehow have a lower ceiling than the hallway, and even very small steps for her hind paws put her in a bit of a worse mood.

However, it was all banished as soon as Ross opened that door. The cool breeze of the late morning greeting her muzzle with a sight that fluttered her heart. The view over the small mountain town, the twin hills slightly in the distance. It caused those red scales to click loudly in a shiver, a cross between excitement and stunned in awe from the morning light. Slight clouds painted in dark navys and bright pink that covered most of the sky in streaks.

The opened air never looked so welcoming, instantly uplifting her mood even greater to near excitement. Always dreaming of flying since he was a small boy, even being jealous of Li's ability to do such. Yet, couldn't afford the ridiculous price to go to pilot schools. But could something so heavy actually be capable of flight?

The wyvern took a look at herself, the branches of her wings felt strong, the membranes felt thick. Though the rest of her body was heavily armored, the instincts of it were confident. If anything, confident enough to survive the fall down.

Yet, the young man inside the body was still cautious about it. Approaching the edge of the building and looking down about two stories before letting out a very faint whimper. However, the

creature's instinct barely indicated such a thing as a threat to the red body. Being very hopeful for such an ability, Ross trusted both the beast and Leslie's word.

A faint breeze gently blew as those red wings spread widely, catching it but the heavy body stayed balanced with ease. Giving him an idea first to at least test such an ability before literally jumping off the rooftop. Taking a few steps back and adjusting those webbed arms to flap downwards, giving a few powerful strokes towards the floor and actually starting to feel such membranes capture the air. Forcing it downwards like she was swimming, elevating her body slightly with just a few simple movements.

The thrill raced his heart, giving it a great energy as the powerful muscle divided it. Near electricity surging through that massive body like pure adrenaline. Instincts and senses improved as it prepared for actual flight, but she wanted to be careful. Taking a few more practice flaps before really trying to force the air down.

Dust and debris from storms and brick decay scattered away, as if fleeing from such a great beast. Not sticking around to witness such a thing defy gravity as that large body started to actually lift, getting those paws to lightly scrape the rooftop before being ascended off completely. Leaving only the thick red armored tail to anchor the wyvern down, but even it was being lifted.

To be on the safe side, Ross started to slow down. Landing on the building a little more heavily than she meant to, likely disturbing those who lived in the rooms below the dragon. Hoping she didn't damage anything, but the beast couldn't stop almost giggling. Ross really flew! Well, actually just hovered, but she was in the air! Actually keeping herself up, something that seemed impossible from an outside perspective.

A small study against the large wings, not feeling the least bit of fatigue. More just like after a very light stretch and nearly demanding more from the wyvern. Both the limbs, body, and instinct. Looking over the horizon once again. The Sky. The Air. All beckoning her to embrace such an experience, who was she to keep it waiting?

Without even a moment of consideration, the red one charged towards the edge. Throwing herself into the air with one powerful leap that shook the building under her as that beast took over. Adjusting the wyvern's body for flight, spreading those wings widely and flapping down with significant strength. Enough to push her body further up into the air, against the gravity of the massive planet, against the heavy weight of her own body and its armor.

It was then that Roscoe truly felt it. The one thing he's been searching for his whole life; feeling crippled ever since his birth into this world. This was more than just suddenly becoming a dragon or any other fearsome creature. More than just possessing some incredible power. As she took a deep breath and roared into the sky overhead of the mountain village, the wind in her face. The breeze over and under her wings, cooling her entire body... Ross was no longer Earthbound.

The cool breeze crept through the bedroom, as well as the sound of a distant roar. Nevermind the building shaking a couple of times, it was the call of a female wyvern that started making the black furred one shift a bit and grumble. Now feeling the soft embrace of another in the large broken bed, someone really soft. Feeling their coat mix in with her own...

Her own...? Those brown eyes opened up slowly, adjusting to the strange form of sight that nearly made Erin Beth's head hurt a bit. Recognizing the bedding and living body pillow with a golden coat, one that felt so soft against her face. Rubbing that black snout against it and seeing the movement in a full mirror along the wall.

Then it came to her, recognizing the exact pattern of movements that matched everything she attempted to do. Getting those brown discs to look over the black paw that was in place of her hand, proving that last night was no dream. No fantasy that she had. What the golden wyrm in her embrace was stated, nearly complaining about the past two days was perhaps true... That something strange was going on. That Les was perhaps really human before, like he said...?

The dragon in her arms murmured something and adjusted a bit while fluttering that tail. Now realizing that Li was using his own neck as a pillow for Erin, getting her to awaken to his heartbeat. Slightly increasing when some movement from the black one was detected, making Leslie release a deep breath and hold the other wyrm tightly. "...I'm... Sorry." He whimpered, getting a slow nod from Erin.

"Ih... Naw... Lalu..." She attempted to speak, getting a few moments in silence.

"...It's not my fault?" A stronger nod that time. "I hope that means yes... But 'Yes, it's not my Fault' or 'Yes, it is your fault, Les. And I'm going to have your pouch as a trophy once I learn how to move'?" A deep chuckle from the black one, making Li smile.

"Nawww...T... Uooo... Rrrt... Mawult." She attempted again, this time getting a comforting stroke with it. Hearing the golden one release the heavy breath of guilt as his tail curled around Erin's. Letting the world outside that room wake up as they remained still for quite a while longer before the black one started to whimper.

"What's wrong?" The slightly larger wyrm started awkwardly get up and out of the embrace, not getting a struggle from the golden one itself, but one in learning how to stand up properly as a four legged creature. Stumbling off the bed and attempting to rush across the kitchen to the restroom, almost sliding on the tiles and not even bothering with closing the door.

But she made it, making Li chuckle a bit awkwardly and attempting not to really listen to the sound of running waters. Stretching himself awake before walking up to the window and taking a deep breath of that cool morning air. It felt like it was going to be a bit of a rough day, but the forgiveness did make it a little lighter. Funny how he finds a way to make everything up to Erin, only to screw her life up somehow with the exact same action. *It's Not Your Fault*. The statement echoed through his mind, though in her own currently messed up speech.

Yet, it was his fault. Though it was not intentional, of course, the golden wyrm was the one to blame for such an action. He should've known that would be too far, Erin was even going to tell him to stop... Or at least he thought. Details of last night were still kind of fuzzy, but regardless... Leslie was once again in a position where he needed to make things up to her.

The silence in the apartment concerned him, shutting the window and starting to head towards the bathroom, only to see the black one from a reflection around the corner. Studying herself in the large mirror, pawing at it, then tracing her new black face. Still getting used to some of the limitations of such a hand structure, let alone the more sensitive senses. Seeing such a thing made Li's heart ache a bit, until he saw it...

A faint smile, growing across that black muzzle. Almost hopeful as the wyrm kept exploring herself. Well, himself, really. It was hard to think of Li's best friend as a male, but she was in a male's body now. Overlooking the claws coming out of those digits, as if learning how to control and retract them. Looking at her eyes closely, inside that maw and tongue. Flicking ears back and forth and almost giggling when they were perked.

It was strange to see her so happy about such a thing, starting to really get the golden one to look at himself too. Never thinking about actually commanding the body to do tasks like Draw Claws. Giving Les a bit of an uneasy feeling when he thought about it, basically having pocket daggers in his fingers. Wondering how they never really hurt coming out, but his body did know what it was doing. Unlike...

Another gaze at the black one, studying and learning how to control those wings. Scratching the ceiling and walls a bit in the process as the two winced at the slight damage possibilities. Regardless, Li didn't stop her from continuing. Looking further and further down as that smile started to fade a bit, causing those ears to blush. Now finally seeing that pouch and slightly swelled sheath, carefully touching it as those blue eyes shyly kept watching.

It was something he could just not look away from, as that black paw carefully ventured down to touch the furred pouch. A slight whimper omitted from Erin's muzzle at how sensitive such a thing was, especially when this taut. Then there was the furred protection, a red tip slowly peeking through it the more the dragons stared at it.

After a bit, those predatory instincts got those black ears to flick and stare out the door, immediately making Li nearly yelp and look away. Unable to resist blushing, watching his friend start to touch themselves. Almost completely freeze when those clawed footsteps were heard exiting the room, making the golden one whimper when Erin came around the corner and stared the other wyrm.

What almost felt like an awkward silence until that faint purr started to grow in Beth's throat, making Li whimper in question before the black one moved towards him semi-quickly. Taking a deep inhale of that golden fur before latching onto his muzzle with a deep kiss, one that made the other yelp a bit in surprise. However, Les didn't resist it. Letting the black wyrm lead to where this was going, giving the woman trapped inside that black body what she wanted.

The muzzle locking lasted for several long minutes, leaving the two male dragons to constantly lap at each other's tongues. Not breaking it, even after they nearly memorized each other's maws. Every ripple in the roof of that draconic mouth, every threatening fang that could possibly cut the sensitive muscle that studied them closely. It wasn't until the black one started to push Leslie back that they started to break such an enthralling motion.

Even then, they were right back at it once Erin pinned the wyrm on the floor. Rubbing the two red tools together as their pouches pressed and their throats purred loudly. Tails lightly flailing and knocking a few things off the counter tops, but the two were just too tranced. Letting their coats brush against one another as those tips lightly leaked.

Heated breaths were exchanged as the air around those maws rippled once they left such chambers. Erin taking a step back and finally starting to get used to such a quadruped body, letting his tip draw a thin line of pre over that very warm red flesh. The fluids being divided by every spine, small or large, as it eventually brushed over the sheath. Dividing the furs that coated it and separating the two stones within that pouch as the weapon journeyed over the fluffy hills.

Feeling it move around and lower, Li knew what his friend wanted. Whimpering at the constant tickles of both those droplets and the tip searching further down. But he was somehow glad to gift such a thing, attempting to lift his tail against the floor to make it easier to find that rear. A light press and a cooling tip against that slit made Li whimper, but encourage the black wyrm with a tight embrace, trying to hold still as that tool pressed harder and harder against that golden tail's base.

But his fur was just too smooth over the hardwood floors, sliding a bit with every thrust and making Beth release a faint growl with every failure. Granted, I say failure, but really each attempt added more and more euphoria to the bottom dragon. Being pushed across the small livingroom floor a bit more before the black one had enough. Gripping those metallic shoulders and holding Leslie in place before a thick press.

It took a bit of wiggling and thrashing around for any progress to be made, finally getting a good position for that flare. A few more thrusts was enough to widen that slit up a bit and slide in, causing both dragons to almost growl in bliss as they were so close to a release. Pulling the weapon out and forcing it back in that tailhole a few more times to finally get that thick white seed to jolt outwards of both rods.

The feeling was so warm. Though Li did have his own forced into his own body before, (on multiple occasions) having another dragon's fluids just felt that much better. That much more... Arousing. Causing the two to latch muzzles a little harder as Erin continued to thrust into that living fluffy pillow. Sliding that red weapon in and out, progressively getting a feel of the golden one's durability, thrusting into his rear harder and harder. Using that tail to whip the floor and aid each movement and drive that spear deeper.

Each breath was another note added to a song, a duet with the occasional small pyre spectacle. Faint sparks and jets of flame was shot out with every torrent of seed, marking the floors and close

furniture with black streaks. The motions got faster, the thrusts inside that golden furred rear got deeper and deeper as they both came closer and closer to the edge. Their bodies knowing nothing but primal instinct and bliss, demanding more of it. More of it, with every cycle.

Regardless of how greased up that slit was, the heated rod started to become dense within Li's body. A growing bulge was felt, until it's girth became so large that Erin couldn't pull it out. Instead, almost scrubbing the floor with that golden mat until those hind legs locked up. That golden mane and black fur coat puffed out, that tail flicked wildly. The top wyrm roared loudly, unleashing a torrent of flame that caught a nearby stuffed chair on fire as that bloated pouch started to tighten up.

The thick rod in Li's slit grew in girth, sending his own body over the edge and doing the same. Spraying his own white streaks as his lower belly started filling up with very warm fluids, double taking and whimpering at the furniture that was set ablaze and finally getting Erin's attention towards it as well. Not panicking in the slightest and just stroking the golden one's weapon a bit before aiming the constant white streams towards it and putting the fire out with that.

A few more growls from the top one as he finished off rounding that belly before laying on top of the living furred mattress, letting the two exchange heavy breaths. Resting for several minutes on the floor before the black one gave Les a few licks, getting the two to smile at each other and share a tender kiss. "So, I take it we're even?" Li joked, getting an eye roll and raising four digits on a black paw. "Four more times?" A solid nod as the gold one whimpered in response. "...As in now?" A shrug from those shoulders, which kinda moved towards the wings a bit. Then another few licks before resting. After all, they had to wait for the swelling to go down anyway.

She was flying for what felt like most of the morning, gazing over the landscapes that surrounded the small town. Birds eye views of all the back roads and main ones, along with a bunch of other trails for walking and ATVs. All nearly memorized by the time the wyvern was done.

Eventually it had to end though. Ross did have other tasks to do, and her wings were getting slightly sore. Still, it would be something to do later, and just thinking about it made her grin constantly. Born to nearly live in the air... Well, she guessed 'Hatched' would be the correct term in this case. Landing in the parking lot of a supermarket and overlooking her red form once again through a large window. One that displayed some poster on the other side, but providing a reflection of the wyvern looking back at it.

She never knew how intimidating she really looked until that very moment. Slightly tarnished armored scales that showed adult-like age, incredible size that was nearly about fifteen feet tall counting the horns. Rather wide looking, not to mention the thick tail. Likely weighing over a ton, threatening horns and claws on every possible point it seemed. Then to top it all off, Ross was pretty

sure she could breathe fire.

Yet, everyone who passed by the wyvern barely looked at it. A few people stared in awe, like seeing a celebrity out in public, but none were instantly frightened. Is this how Leslie felt all day yesterday and the day before? Every other day he was his overconfident self, teasing the red one about how much he wanted to put an egg in her... Wait... That's not right.

Regardless, she had other things to do today than to make sense of false memories. Shaking her muzzle a bit and snorting before approaching the door, waiting for someone to get done bringing in a long train of shopping carts back into the store. Almost grumbling at the comically long time and constant noise, then a bit more waiting as other people started entering and exiting.

Finally, it was the dragon's time. Attempting to scrunch up in order to squeeze into the automatic doorway, tucking in those wings and lowering her head before-! "Whoa, whoa, whoa." The guy on cart duty stopped in front of Ross. "You can't fit in here well, you know that." A faint growl left her throat, forcing her to retreat back outside a couple of steps and flutter those wings.

"Well, what do you expect me to do then!?" A strange look from the rather young man.

"Is... Everything okay, Roscoe?" Her heart almost skipped a beat, not knowing who this person was or how they knew her name. "You always gave us your list and tote bags for your shopping, you know that." That made the wyvern's neck curl in confusion, now faintly remembering such a fact. Getting those ears to blush in embarrassment. "Do you have them?"

"I... Yes." She answered, taking off the bag around her neck and starting to open it, but the man took it instead. "Front pocket-"

"As usual, yes." Those maroon eyes studied the human for a few moments, then thickened a bit when he started searching through the rest of the pack. "I don't see your tote bags anywhere." A blank stare at the dragon before Ross cursed silently off to the side. "Forgot them?"

"Yeah..." She grumbled, covering her eyes in frustration. "Sorry, rough morning."

"I can imagine." He said, taking out Roscoe's wallet and getting that thick stare again. "Debit, right?"

"...Yeah."

"I'll pass it onto a clerk. Go get your bags, we'll have everything ready for you soon." A moment of study from those draconic discs, but the man didn't even bother to stay around for an answer. The wyvern never even thought about getting the humans to do her shopping, but... It honestly felt kinda good. Leaving a smirk across that red muzzle, knowing she was returning to the air soon.

The two wyrms remained on the floor, still purring in their slumber as the black one used the other as a large pillow. Not quite a mattress, whereas they were about the same size, but I digress. Yet, they were getting half awake and shifting a bit from time to time, especially now that the knot swelling went down.

But Erin kept nuzzling against that golden neck, making Li smile as they attempted to rest off the constant daze that came after such a release. Leaving both wyrms drowsy and just not wanting to move, but they would have to eventually. Though attempting to get up only got the black one to growl, getting the other to chuckle. "Alright, a little bit longer. But I should really check the damage on that chair."

Another grumble was the only response as the bunting continued. Nearly falling asleep to the sound and vibration of the purrs coming beneath that golden forest. Not noticing the strange humming on his black snout until Leslie held his breath, stretching a bit. Tickling that muzzle a bit like licking a battery and actually shocking the wyrm a little when Erin pulled away. Shaking that snout a bit while the blue eyes looked at him in question. "Ow..."

"You okay?"

"Yeah... Just static electricity." The black one snorted, finally getting up, but that questionable stare didn't release. Getting Beth to double take. "What?"

"You're... Talking." It actually stunned her for a moment, getting the black wyrm to play with her tongue a little bit. "Quick, say Rabbits and Cabbage."

"Rabbits and Cabbage." Erin repeated, flawlessly. Flicking that forked appendage a little bit before repeating it slowly. "Rabbits. And. Cabbage." Though not as good as before, having to think about it, that tongue thrashed around before the muzzle snapped a few times.

"I think you've got it, but..."

"How...?" A nod from Li as he started to get up, those brown eyes now seeing the amulet of the winged snake. "What is that?" The golden dragon attempted to look down, but then it clicked what his friend was talking about.

The Wyvern landed in the small parking area to his apartment building, still working on that part of flying specifically. Getting a slight sting in her hind legs and tail, while the heavy weight caused the nearby cars to rumble. Setting off one of their alarms as she stared it down until it stopped. Snorting at it while turning about to face the large home.

It was definitely not designed like Leslie's was, the thing was basically a mansion that was split down the middle. Rented rooms were leased out in large sections, nearly like hotel suites but without the service and very strict rules. Ones not made for a dragon, especially of her size.

But this *is* where she lived, right? It was where Ross the human lived, but looking at the front door... The wyvern couldn't even fit through it. Or at least didn't want to attempt, likely getting stuck if she tried, and there was no bigger back door. There was only one other thing to do...

The dragon walked up to the side of the building, now very thankful that she lived on the ground level of such a place. Finding Calvin's window and peering through it to find the human sitting on a futon playing videogames. Giving it a few taps and the man gave her a signal to wait a moment, something curled the dragon's neck.

A grumble left Ross' throat as the dragon was held-up for a few minutes. Tapping the window again, only to get the same signal and releasing a growl before seeing him pause the game and slowly get up on crutches. Making his way to the glass and sliding it opened. "You could've paused it?" She growled, spines raised. Then a bit higher when she seen him roll his eyes a bit.

"I was in the middle of something intense, and didn't want to ruin my speedrun. You could wait a little bit." Those frilled ears moved flat against her head. "The bags are in the front entryway, if you're looking for them-"

"So you put them in a place I can't fit in?" Ross snorted.

"They're just inside the door. You've always been able to reach there. What's the big deal?" A winged paw attempted to cover her eyes in frustration. "You're the one that offered to make this food run."

"For us, because you're currently disabled and-" A strange look made the wyvern trail off. "What?"

"Us...?"

"Yeah. Me and you." The look intensified.

"You... Don't live here." The red one curled her neck.

"What? Yes I do! I'm just across the hall!"

"No you don't. You live with the other dragon going to collage-"

"University." She corrected him. "Explain my name on the door-"

"Isn't your name Leslie?" That stunned the large one for a moment.

"No, it's Ross. You sure you're not suffering from a concussion too, Calvin?"

"I'm sure, dragon-lady." Another growl omitted. "Look, there's a Ross here, yes, but it's not-"

"Then where is he?"

"I donno, he went back home for something." A stare from those maroon eyes and the man sighed. "Look, I need this done because I can't do it myself, and you volunteered. If you can't do it, just say so, so I can find someone else." It actually stalled the wyvern's mind for a few moments, double taking at the stare the younger, strangely hairy man was giving her. Soon tossing that red muzzle and snorting.

"I'll get the damn bags."

"So..." Erin started, attempting to get a glass of water a second time, accidentally breaking the first one not knowing her strength. "This... Helga?" A nod from the golden wyrm. "She caused the change?"

"I'm... Not completely sure, Beth. But she does seem to be a common factor in all of this, or at least her..." Li attempted to look at the amulet again. "Idol, so to speak, does. It's like a symbol that seems to alter the reality of those around, messing with our minds. But..." His trailing off got the attention of the black one. "I'm sorry, Erin. I really am. I should've controlled myself better. I-" The other dragon just looked away, letting that brown gaze fall and ache Leslie's heart.

"...You know Steven, right?" A noise in question left the golden wyrm.

"Your father?"

"He's..." A breath as Erin's wings drooped a bit. "He's not my real father." It actually made Les hold his breath. "I mean, he raised me, but he's not my biological father."

"He... Isn't?"

"Like me... My mother was an early bloomer. Getting most of her cupsize really early, and a lot of attention when she was younger. So much so that someone..." A heavy sigh from the black furred dragon, resting her golden wings against the floor and counter. "My entire life... I've always be afraid of being raped like she was. Never sure what tool was going to someday stalk me because I was pretty and..."

"Had body pillows?" A faint chuckle from Erin. Seeing her turn around, a little shy about the tears in her eyes and come towards the other wyrm. Giving Leslie another tight hug that still didn't quite know restraint and making him yelp a bit.

"You wonder why I always did so much for you, Les? I always felt safe around you. Growing up in that shitty highschool with some of the worst people attending... Both teachers and students. Even the damn hillbillies and wifebeaters around in the back woods... No one would fuck with a dragon. Nor the person who the dragon considered them friend."

"Erin..." The golden one started, placing a paw on her back to aid the embrace.

"But that was only when I was with you. The days when I was alone, the nights I had to walk home after dark... I never felt safe until I got home. To the point where I wanted to invest in a gun, but Steven found out about it. Talked me out of it, saying that no one else was going to hurt me." A whimper from Leslie, feeling one black paw lift but not completely release the embrace. "I... I might not be a girl anymore, not even human. But I'm sure as hell not vulnerable like I always feared. Don't look at me with guilt, Les, okay? I don't see this as an affliction. It's a gift."

Her words honestly put tears in those blue eyes, getting the golden wyrm to give out a full embrace and hold his dragon friend tightly. Hearing her say "Thank you." before she almost squeaked from the tight strength of those arms.

"You're welcome. But..." A noise in question. "I-if you don't mind me asking... I'm not really sure what to call you anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"A-as in... Boy, girl-"

"Male or female, Les. Geez. Act like a dragon again, will you?" The two chuckled a bit. "I... I'm honestly not sure. I mean... Having the dragon dick is fun and all, but..."

"And the balls to match."

"There you go." Another chuckle. "But... I kinda still see myself as a woman, y'know?"

"So, female pronouns?"

"If you don't mind."

"N-not at all. I think it'll be easier, to be honest." The two released the embrace, but bunted muzzled for a small eskimo kiss. "You're lucky to have such a gender neutral first name." Those brown eyes rolled at him.

"Please, it's your fault."

"What do you mean, *it's my fault*?" The golden one snorted.

"You and Ross switched names when you were younger." A strange look from Li. "What?"

"We...? What?"

"You switched names. You don't remember that? You kept saying 'Roscoe sounds like some greasemonkey that works at a gas station in the middle of a desert.' And Ross didn't really care for her name, so you ended up switching." A blank stare from the golden one, and Erin tossed her snout. "Let me guess, something you don't remember but somehow I do. Vividly."

"Y-yeah..." Those golden furred ears lowered a bit, but he got a playful nudge soon after. "So... You're okay-?"

"I'm fine with this, Les. Don't worry so much."

"I-I mean... You're able to move everything?" A black eyebrow raised. "Wings, tail, all that?"

"I can feel them, but... They seem to move on their own for the most part."

"Though I do wonder how much you're able to do."

"What do you mean?" Erin curled her neck, getting the other to rub the back of his mane a bit.

"Well, now you can speak, but you've broken five of my glasses." A snout toss from the black one.

"I broke *one*, you dork." She snorted. "So I gotta get used to my strength a little, big deal."

"As well as your wings." A stare from those brown eyes. "Y'know, for flight." A slight whimper from Erin that time. "...You can fly, you know-"

"I-I know! But..." Another whine as she looked over those black wings with the gold furred membranes. "Can... They...?"

"They can lift me." Li bluntly stated, shrugging his own wings. "They can probably lift you as well."

"But... What if they can't?"

"Then you'll fall."

"Li..." The black one grumbled, getting a nudge after she sighed. "...Do you have to use the bathroom before I shower-?"

"Hell yes." They shared a chuckle as the gold one trotted in.

The door to the roof was forced a little hard as Leslie was still getting used to his strength. But after a quick study, nothing was really harmed besides a mark on the wall. Sighing in relief as he took a few steps to the center of the rooftop and gaze along the sky. Eventually spotting the red wyvern in the

distance, making him smile.

Yes, property damage should be the last of Li's worries, but he couldn't quite help but attempt to be distracted by the real issue. That being, was it really an issue overall? Though unintentionally, Leslie did turn himself and his friends into dragons, in a world where such a creature was only a myth.

That's why he was out here, attempting to clear his mind and thinking this spot was a bit more on the tranquil side for such a thing, but that proved to be untrue. Especially when those sensitive ears and nose could pick up every damn thing in a four mile radius. Every exhaust pipe, every song playing on the radio, every bad singer, every cooking on every floor across all buildings.

A quick flight was honestly what was demanded, not only to clear his head but to stop the human world from badgering his senses. Taking off to the skies was still such a thrill, even if Li's mind could flood with memories of him doing it a thousand times before... Ones that still felt false, yet more true than the memories of her being a human.

He landed in a clearing, nearing an edge of one of the larger hills in the distance. Walking through the silent forest was a near haven to the dragon's senses. No wonder Li felt so stressed lately, looking through the trees to see the town down below. Such a thing wasn't created for dragons in mind. Be it the furred fluffy ones, or the larger wyvern still flying in the sky and roaring proudly.

But seeing that made Leslie smile, the peaceful atmosphere of the wilderness made him smile. Being able to climb up the rather steep hill without being winded, fully utilizing those larger paws, able to grip the smooth rocks and dig into the healthy plant life with those natural daggers. Such strength felt good to use in an area where his kind belonged.

Belonged... Was that the reason why he was attracted to such a place? He recalled the beckoning of such a thing long ago, when Li wandered off for nearly a week, along with Ross for some solitary company. Spending nights in the forests and fields, just using their instincts to co-survive with each other. Make some jokes about how dirty the golden one's pelt became... That's not right... Ross wasn't there, was he?

He reached another clearing at the very top of the mountain, a long cliff hanging off to an edge. Able to see nearly everything from the town to the endless forestry and fields of the farmlands at the distance. Painted with both shades and golden rays from the warm autumn sun as it attempted to pierce through such clouds. The cool winds of near frosty winter were in the air high up, foreshadowing the upcoming season in their future.

But it was something the wyrm was actually looking forward to, loving the days of playing in the snow. Providing his winter coat would come in earlier, unlike one of his early years-... He was doing it again. Recalling false memories that never happened in their lives. Unable to tell which were actually true, considering the physical evidence of such a strong body he was currently in.

With a heavy breath, he attempted to just silence those memories and just clear his mind. Taking deep breath after deep breath, yet the dragon couldn't quite silence that damn song. Something

that almost reminded him of a typical rhythm that would hypnotize a serpent, just rock themed.

It was like a little alarm went off in the wyrm's head, detecting a sudden presence directly behind the golden one. Feeling something wrap around Li's hind leg just as soon as he looked behind, then under his body towards the opposite foreleg. Around the other arm just before slipping behind his golden neck to nearly pin the dragon down. Getting him to growl as a thin tongue tickled his furred ear. "I'm About To Change Your Pretty Mind..." The female voice sang to him. "I'm About To Change Your Pretty Life..."

"What?" Leslie grumbled, only to get a near devious chuckle as he struggled against what almost... Felt like a large Snake. Even feeling a pair of feathered wings rest on his. "...You're Helga...!"

"Oh, someone that remembers me? That's a first." She once again teased, rubbing that tail tip against the dragon's sheath and making him lightly whimper at it. "But really, it is a first. What could you possibly know about me?"

"I know that you did this to me!"

"And?" A growl in response from the wyrm. "Are you telling me that you wouldn't want to be something greater than human? Do you know how many people would commit atrocities just to have such a thing?"

"But I didn't ask for..." He could feel the near unimpressed stare from her, finally coming into view as his blue discs studied the long serpent. Dark purple with yellow eyes, ones that seemed to rotate with the light of the sun. "And they didn't ask for this either-!" Another stroke against his sheath, as if that tailtip was attempted to slip inside.

"Is that so? You somehow feel like you're entitled to a normal life, is that it? Because it isn't **Fair?**" She mockingly cooed him. "You poor thing. In that case, let me undo all these changes I worked so *hard* to make, just to make you and your little friends happy. How does that sound?" Another growl at her tone. "I've heard it all before, trust me. But why on earth would I change you back?"

"Because..." Les grunted, still feeling the tickles around his tip that were making it difficult to think. "I want my old life back." Again with that unimpressed look.

"Your old life?" Helga quoted, barely a question as she looked back over the town. "You want to go back to a life as a weak, inferior being where you're nearly powerless to even defend yourself?"

"Defend myself from what?" Les growled in response, attempting to get out of the tight hold that the snake had him in.

"Please. Don't tell me that the Flag is going all Guardian-Mode on you again." She tossed her snout, but only got a questionable look from the wyrm. Making the serpent slightly curl her neck and narrow her eyes before growing a devious smirk. "...You have no idea who I'm talking about, do you?"

"Considering you're not supposed to be real, I can only imagine that whatever you're talking

about isn't-" A sudden deep kiss from Helga caused the dragon to yelp a bit, but almost fall in love with that forked tongue. Smaller, yes, but rather powerful as it lapped against his own muscle and wrapped around those fangs. Textures Li could not possibly be imagining, and breaking the kiss too early while still teasing that sensitive red tip. Leaving the wyrm to exhale a few huffs.

"Am I real to you now, boy?" A slight grumble almost came off as a purr, as much as the golden one tried not to release such a thing. "The younger ones are so easy." That time a growl left him. "Fine, amuse me before I start amusing myself: what is so *special* about your old life?" That tailtip finally stopped, giving Leslie a few breaths to relax and try to think things through.

"My friends and family, for one-"

"Which are still around and still see you as someone special. Try again, furball." A grunt in response to her.

"I can live in a world created for-"

"Seven billion other humans, like that gives you some sort of purpose in life." The serpent snorted. "Let me speed things up for that little brain of yours then, Leslie. If you woke up tomorrow, back in that little girl form of yours and nothing else happened, what exactly would you have to look forward to? What exactly would you be doing different in your life that eight thousand others wouldn't be attempting to do?" An almost shaken look from those blue eyes. "You'd go back to work on your little photography project, work your ass off attempting to graduate school, then proceed to work said ass off for the next forty years to pay off your student debt. That is if you decide not to ever have a family of your own, because guess what: you can't afford it."

"That's..." A breath from the golden one. "There's more to life than-"

"What? Social Media? Amusing yourself in order to pass your life, say that you survived one day at a time as if your overall life will accomplish something?" Those blue discs fell as the serpent herself looked away. "You want to know why I was cast out? Thrown at the Flag's feet to be damn well **Executed** by those who I thought were my peers? Because I had the stones to actually **Think** and not **Blindly Follow Orders** on how I should live my own life!" The snake hissed, taking a few moments of silence to compose herself. Yet, couldn't help but glance down over that town in the distance with disgust.

"I loathe society." Helga nearly growled, loosening her grip on the wyrm. "I detest such a thing's existence, its purpose. To reduce freedom for the sake of what?"

"We are free-"

"Like hell you are! **Define** that, Li!" Another growl from the snake, finally letting the dragon stand up and adjust his body a bit.

"We're able to make our own choices, our own decisions in a safe environment-"

"Your choices are nothing more than illusions. And 'safe'? Some would beg to differ. You've locked yourselves in a cage, a prison that you need to work your entire life to be freed from-"

"And this freedom you're implying disregards all the benefits that comes with living in a society. We have food, water, ways to keep ourselves clean. We don't need to live in fear of-"

"Please." Helga tossed her snout. "What the hell do you have to be afraid of? There is one dominant *Species* living on your planet."

"And what you're doing with me? Ross and Erin? Are you planning to make that two?" For once, Li spotted a slightly wounded look in those yellow eyes. Like a sense of longing, getting the serpent to sigh.

"...Maybe I just wanted to bring some of his magic into a world that's dead with it."

"His...?" The dragon mumbled. "...That monster you manipulated...?" A slight chuckle that grew into a laughter.

"That *I* manipulated? Is that what stories they passed down to the New world?" Such a question actually worried the wyrm. "Of course those living fleshlights would think that every bad thing in existence was my doing. You want to know what happened after they threw me in the jaws of death?" No response from the golden one, as the Couatl took a deep breath and looked off into the distance just ahead of Leslie. "He took me away."

"Away?"

"Away from such a hateful place, even though I only seem to notice just a small portion of what it actually was. Even he was fed up with society, and our angst brought us together." Another breath from her. "He was tired of being asked to execute or remove those who 'didn't belong', that were causing trouble or somehow disrupting the delicate balance of such a damn thing."

"And so you re-create it by changing us." A glare from the serpent.

"Last I checked, I went out of my way to make everyone accept you at first glance. To not see you as some kind of monster and treat you as no big deal. Only become threatened if you *indeed* threaten them first." An uncomfortable groan from the dragon as his head slightly lowered. "Fine. If that's how you damn well see it, I'll give you the choice: remain something powerful and magical, a creature that the entire world will not see as a malefactor and actually forge your own path. Or you can go back to being weak, unable to break the walls of your societal constructs that claim to keep you safe. Become nothing of significance, instead of being a possible symbol of change in how your species views others."

The furred one fell silent, nearly stunned by the sheer fact that he might be able to change back. "I didn't choose you, Li." Helga continued, still in a half angry tone. "You're not special, especially as a human. There is nothing significant about you or your friends, and if you really want to change back, you

are easily replaced." A slightly wounded look from those blue eyes as the defiance of the yellow ones continued to intimidate. "But this...? Where you are now, what you're capable of..." A black and orange feathered wing displayed their surroundings, above and below. "You're going to miss. A lot." His heart sank with the harsh words, letting that gaze look across the view nature. Including the red wyvern in the distance still flying about. "You have until sunrise tomorrow to make your decision. Not a second later. If you don't beg that amulet to change you back by then, then you'll stay powerful until the day you die."

And like that, the serpent vanished. Leaving the golden one to question if she was even there or not, but a certain neglected member was slightly aching for attention after being teased. Getting Li to look down at it for a moment, but notice some grass bent over along the hind paw that was constricted by the snake.

This wasn't his imagination. The choice Leslie was given was a real one that could change the fate of him and his friends, yet, did he really want to go back to that old life? It wasn't something Li hated, in any degree of the word. Sure, the stress of student debt did cross the woman's mind in the past, but it was part of an everyday life. It was truism-

Truism...? A statement that is obviously true and says nothing new or interesting, the definition of such a thing spun in circles around his mind. Is that what Li's life had become before such a thing happened? Who even was she before a dragon? What significance did she have in her life outside her friends and family?

Grow up, go to a good school. The goals of her past life started to faintly resurface in a foggy memory. Find a guy, get engaged. Work off her bills while raising a family. Stress about raising them in a safe place where she... She, truthfully, could not protect them. Not without getting over-protective.

But here, as a dragon...? Li had literal wings of freedom. Ross had literal wings of freedom, -Erin had... They could go anywhere, be anything. Do anything they wished, protect themselves. Raise a family and protect those hatchlings, introduce them to a world that wouldn't view them as monsters that needed to be hunted... Though she didn't have the ability to use tools very well... Did they really need them? Convince, yes, but was it really worth...?

He sat there, at the edge of the cliff. Long after watching the wyvern return home. He sat there until the sky darkened, until the cold night started to come. Until the streetlights could be easily seen at a distance, without having those blue eyes zoom in at them. The wyrm sat there, until it was time to go home. Taking a heavy breath before jumping and taking off.

The streets were completely void of sunlight by the time the golden wyrm landed. Opening the door to his apartment and climbing up the dark stairway, the sounds of those claws clacking loudly with every step. Opening the door to his floor and walking down the barely lit up hallway, mostly hearing silence besides a couple of dragons arguing. Placing a light smile over that golden muzzle as Li entered.

"You're making that up." The wyvern snorted.

"That's kinda what Li thought, he didn't believe me either. But that's what happened-" The two double taked at the wyrm entering the room. "Isn't that right Les?"

"Hmm?" Leslie mumbled, as if coming out of thought. "Yeah... We apparently switched names when we were younger."

"Why the hell would we do that?"

"I just told you, you dork!" Erin snorted playfully, getting a glare from the largest one. "Where have you been anyway?" A bit of silence before Li took a breath.

"...Is it really worth changing back?" Questionable looks from both of them, perked ears and slight tilting. "I... I've been questioning that lately, guys."

"What are you talking about? Of course it's..." Ross started, looking over Erin's reaction and picking out something along the lines of disagreement.

"Guys... I found a way to return... To our old selves. To reset everything, but..." Again, it grabbed both of their attentions. "But I..." Li's gaze fell in disappointment.

"You don't want to..." Ross mumbled, watching both pair of furred ears fall on the wyrms. "And I'm guessing it's an all-or-nothing deal?"

"I... Think so." Li nearly whispered, feeling the maroon gaze over him. "Is it... Wrong to not want to go back to our old lives? Before all this dragon stuff happened?" Getting no response but silence, making the furred male sigh heavily. "I'm... Sorry-" A strong nudge from the red one, making the two lock eyes for a few moments.

"...Let's get out of here." The wyvern eventually said, more like a light-hearted demand. Surprising the two for a moment. "I'm so damn sick of this place... Aren't you?" The furred ones glanced at each other. "The low ceilings, the cramped spaces, stress of school... **Stairs**." Both Li and Ross groaned at that last one as the black wyrm chuckled. "When was the last time we ever did something crazy? Just... Leave somewhere, get away from all this?"

"I'd say back when you and I... In the woods..." Leslie started, getting a faint nod from the larger one.

"Well... This time we all have wings."

"Except for Kyle." Erin stated, almost smirking at her golden counterpart.

"Maybe it's about time we paid him a visit then." The other two smiled at him, nodding faintly as adventure fluttered in their hearts. "Maybe we can get another female?"

"Good. I refuse to be the only one getting egged around here." Ross snorted, nearly pushing the

golden one out to the hallway. "You're both helping me raise these little wyrmlings, by the way. Don't think you can sneak out of that duty after last night." The other two awkwardly chuckled, making their way to the rooftop and not even bothering to close the door to the apartment.

"What about our parents though?" The golden furred one asked, as they all squeezed through the doorway.

"We'll visit them." Beth stated, getting a little nervous looking at the view. "*Miiiight* have to explain a few things though." A loud swallow from her. "So, uh... How do we fly, exactly?" The other two looked at each other, smirking as Li took a deep breath.

"It's something you learn by doing."

The apartment door was left opened in the dimmed hallway, as a rather slim looking teen walked passed the door. Looking inside carefully with the lights off and closing the door silently. Turning the light from his phone on and gazed across the damages that was left over, spotting quite a few things of value that could likely sell at the pawn shop in the next town over. Making a mental note before texting someone.

Still, first he had to make sure that no one was still living in the dragon's den. Good thing that the young man was leaving this mountain town in the morning, that way the beasts couldn't track him down. Walking into the bedroom and seeing quite the mess, only guessing what happened here, but really not wanting to think about it too much. Regardless, a laptop was spotted, as well as a bag for a large digital camera.

Jackpot. Though only if the thing was still intact. Carefully making his way around the broken bed and attempting to dig the bag out of the bedding, only to get a thick shock after touching what felt like... Photos? Regardless it made him stagger backwards and curse loudly in a whisper. Taking the bag and leaving the room, getting a reply from that text earlier. Only to start feeling rather warm... Hot even...