

Gotta Be Somebody

By Bartan Tirix

Humidity is the worst. And he swore that's all this damn jungle consisted of: green, brown, and humidity, as the kobold hacked his way through another barrier of vines. The damn sales-people made it sound so easy, like a knife cutting through hot butter, but he nearly had to saw the green ropes in order to get through them.

Heaving and panting, taking that brown hat and fanning himself for a bit, his equally brown body demanded a rest. Leaning up against a mossy tree and pulling out a waterskin. One nearly empty, which concerned him. Especially when the freshly cut vines were leaking out quite the stream of such appealing liquids, but the kobold was warned not to drink out of them.

Yes, Sre'kcarc was nearly beaten verbally not to do several different things while going through this damn jungle. Especially one that was horribly basic; "If you see a wyvern, don't go near it! Hide, for sake of your existence, H-I-D-E!" they hammered at him. Like the kobold didn't even know basic Common, they had to spell it out for him.

The small creature snorted at the memory, taking a few more moments to rest and continue. Sre wasn't a complete moron like most of his species, spending plenty of time working with a rather intelligent couple made sure of such a thing. Proving that his kind was truly *capable* of smarts, they just needed to be taught it. No one is hatched completely intelligent.

But oi...! Did such a thing ever open his eyes; returning home after six years and notice such a difference! Such an intellectual gap between himself and his village. Unwelcoming Sre and his refined outlook and just being a bunch of jerk-holes. As if they were insecure or ashamed of what they were compared, instead of actually listening to his ideas and concepts that could aid their everyday lives!

A faint growl left his throat as he took out his anger against the planted barriers once again. Never being so furious at his own kind before, so attached to tradition and refusing to even consider anything that 'Silly Sre'kcarc' came up with! It's why he left that damn village to begin with and find a place away from their mocking! Especially when all he did was bring up the concept of a basic Well in the middle of the village. That way they didn't have to carry heavy buckets of water four miles from the nearest stream!

Exaggeration, of course, but it was a long ways! Work that Sre wasn't used to, and of course those who ended up taking the journey with him left the kobold 'outsider' behind. However, that's the action that saved his life; being at least an hour later than anyone else before that wyvern attacked!

He never seen such a beautiful creature, this elegant pattern of red with black and violet streaks acrossed it's back. Watching it from afar as it gobbled up bastard kobold after bastard kobold, to the point where Sre wondered if he was just delirious from hunger. But eventually the beast took off to the

sky, not leaving a single soul to accompany Sre'kcarc.

Happiest. Day. In His Life. Never having to listen to them or their mockery ever again! Able to claim and loot whatever goods he wanted out of that village and set it ablaze for all the awful things they did to him! For once, mad with power over their... Well, belongings. But it was a great start for 'Smart Sre!'

Well, if he was so damn smart, why the hell was he searching for this beast in the middle of this tangled mess? The question surfaced time after time. He had to see her again, because Sre was dreaming about such an elegant creature over and over. Seeing her- at least, he thinks it was a female one, in the center of that village.

The rays of light dancing off her shiny scales and causing them to glisten towards him. Snatching one of those jerk-holes in slow motion with those powerful jaws, tossing it up in the air and wrapping that flexible tongue around the kobold's body. Pulling it down into the threatening abyss of ivory fangs, twinkling from the polish of her saliva. Watching the bottom of her jaws bulge out slightly as the creature was tossed around inside.

Then swallowed whole, even slower. Keeping her head held high as that frosted underside grew thick at the very top. Sliding down as the victim fought and struggled, putting a satisfying smile on that red muzzle as it squirmed until finally resting in that belly. Adding a few more pounds as she raised those large wings proudly, looking at Sre with those glistening sky blue discs-

Until he tripped over a root, knocking him out of the daydream. Grumbling loudly while getting up and scoffing at the soft dirt, brushing it off and carrying on. Feeling the need for another rest coming, especially for his wrist. Shaking it after handing the machete to his off-hand and seeing a clearing through the large web of green. Perhaps a place to rest or a source of clean water? He could only hope.

The kobold stumbled out of the trees and into the large patch of grass, getting his heart to stop when he heard a large rumble nearby. Causing him to crouch and whimper out of instinct, trying to feel or hear for any movement against the ground. But nothing... Besides more rumbles in a long rhythm.

It sounded like slumbering, honestly. Something very large, as Sre slowly looked up over the grass, his heart fluttering when he saw it. The crimson patterns, large black spots outlined in a light purple. Large red wings with the same markings like a shelter for such a large beast, shielding from the sun's glare and facing completely away from the small brown creature.

He could stare at this dragon for days upon days, as he slipped the vine-cutter into the sheath and grabbed something out of his backpack. A large silvery-fogged stone that did horrible things for his back, let alone cover his entire pack in dust. But if that couple was correct...

The small one grunted as he took a step, immediately stopping when the wyvern's slumber was interrupted. Watching her head shoot up and start scanning the area for the sound, those frilled ears flicking as those blue eyes searched between every blade of grass. Almost passing over the kobold's grey ones, but his heartbeat became louder when he caught himself staring into the sky-shaded discs.

She growled a bit, getting up and rising her wings in the clearing. Nearly touching trees from side to side as a roar started to build up in that white throat, making Sre yelp and pop up out of the grass. "W-wait! I-I-!" It actually turned that roar into an unexpected purr, expecting it was some sort of hunter trying to get the best of the slumbering behemoth. "I just...!"

It was just a mere kobold? Those red frilled ears perked as the wyvern curled her neck. Watching him for a few moments as he stumbled for words. She didn't even know they could speak draconic, though then again, this one was barely doing a decent job in speaking regardless. "I-I just...!" A deep breath from his racing heart, trying to clear his mind from the constant fear that invaded it. But he held onto an even stronger feeling, giving him courage to look the beast about 8x his size and finally speak clearly. "I... Wanted to find you. And thank you. And... And ask..."

The more the small critter spoke, the more bored the dragon became of it. Grumbling as he started to fumble words as she took a heavy step forwards. Turning his speech in loud yelps as he shielded himself with the stone while the dragon licked her lips and parted her jaws. "W-what I'm trying to say is-! Is-!" A quick snap against the stationary snack as he cried out before that muzzle closed. "I Love Y-!"

A muffled yelp from inside that maw as she cocked her head back, loving how the creature panicked over that tongue. Pressing it up against the ridged roof of her maw and feeling a grip over that powerful purple appendage. A small hard object falling to the back of her throat, nearly causing the dragon to swallow early before the kobold was in place. A couple of wiggles and presses against her fangs was enough for the small one to let go... Of her tongue.

A quick latch on her uvula was felt, as the critter held on for dear life and making the wyvern growl at it. Though she would be lying if dragon said that she didn't love a struggle, moving her head and neck around while that tongue pressed against the small bit of flesh just above her throat. Hearing the kobold inside yelp and whimper before slipping off the large dangling bit and onto the tongue. Reuniting with that strange... Powdery rock as they eventually fell mercy to the muscled tunnel.

The dragon growled in satisfaction as the critter pressed and clawed at her insides, slowing the decent as it bulged out of her neck. Getting her scaled to click loudly in a shiver as she smiled brightly at the feeling before laying back down to slumber once again. The struggling feeling fading away once it hit her stomach, which was slightly disappointing. Though it did feel a little... Strange. As eating most rocks did, mostly limestone.

Though this was slightly different, it didn't concern her in the slightest. The red one just curling up and shielding herself from the bright sun. Almost growling at such a thing, and the heat it produced. At one point this area was shaded, but it seemed to shift so quickly to the point of it being a nascence.

Another grumble as she shifted around to face away from the sun, something tugging at the back of her mind about such an event. Not that she was complaining over a free snack, but why would it come all this way? What the hell did it even want? The more she thought about it, the more it irritated her.

The way the small, insignificant creature looked at her with praise and wonder. The fact that it was afraid, but didn't run away. Offering her some damn rock that clearly did not taste like limestone. And what was it talking about? What did it want to say to her? Usually people just scream or want revenge or some other damn speech. This one... Said he...?

A thick growl left the wyvern as she stood back up, sticking out her neck and shifting her belly forwards. Feeling the strange creature and grabbing hold of it from the inside, sliding it up her throat and spitting it out into the grass. Covered in a thick clear slime as it gasped for air, yet not a single sign of burns. Coughing and spitting while half cursing in wheezes as the dragon growled at him. "What did you say!?"

A double take as the kobold nearly cower under her shadow. Yet, still didn't attempt to escape. Instead whimpered. "W-what-?"

"What did you say! Before I...!" A sharp whimper from the brown one as he laid in the grass. Wiping the extra saliva and jazz off his face to meet her thick glare.

"I-I... I said that I... Love you." He slowly flinched as she curled her neck, those frilled red ears flat against her head. However, no words or motions besides just staring at him. Half angry, half... Puzzled? "I-I've been... Contemplating for the longest time, something I have a hard time putting into words."

"You're doing a wonderful job of that thus far." She snorted sarcastically.

"But I...!" He took a breath. "Could you... Possibly love something that tries to kill you? Or in this case, eat you?" One of her eyebrows raised, along with an ear. Causing her to tilt it. "I know, it's..."

"Strange-?"

"-Yes. But I... A while ago, I seen you land in my home village of... Taathing-jerks, and cleaning out the entire thing. I... First laid eyes on you doing the one thing I **Wish** I had the power to do!" A stare in half question.

"...Eat people?"

"Overpower those bastards for all the torment they've given me my whole life! To silence their laughter once and for all!" A heavy breath left him, as those blue discs just stared. "I... Spent my entire savings, the last two days searching for you. Just so I could thank you and..." A long silence as the wyvern eventually sat down quite a ways in front of him, unable to read the kobold's motives.

"I don't think I've ever been thanked for eating someone's family before." She half grumbled. "Threatened, vowed vengeance, one idiot claimed he was going to mount my haunches over his tavern bar." A questionable look from the kobold and she tilted her head in a shrug. "I just sat on it, never heard from him again."

A few blinks as the brown one just stared at her for a few moments, then looking down at her haunches. "T... They don't look that big."

"The tavern wasn't that big." She bluntly stated, hearing her stomach grumble a bit, getting the two to look at it for a moment. "What was that rock?" The wyvern almost growled, seeing him lower that brown head in shyness.

"I... Was warned that you might end up eating me, so..." That unimpressed look from her. "A-all it's supposed to do is..." He gave a couple of hand motions around his own belly. "Stop your... Acids or something. I'm not really sure, but it's not fatal or anything-"

"Stop my acids...?" The red one grumbled, then gave a little bit of a sour look off to the side. "...That could've been poison."

"What? N-no, no! I wouldn't-"

"It doesn't matter. I just assumed you were a free meal with some limestone, and it could've..." Half a grumble, but Sre could tell the anger wasn't directed towards him. Watching the dragon shake her muzzle a bit and exhale through those nostrils. "I'm parched."

"M... Me too, but I didn't see any water-"

"There's not really anything safe around here except for the river." A sigh from him. "Your name." A double take as he stuttered, taking a few moments to even remember. "What is it."

"Sre'kcarc." A nod from her. "And... Yours?" Those blue eyes studied him for a few moments, faint signs of hesitation were almost seen shaded with the glare of the sun.

"You may call me... Ravatrath'ika."

"Rava...?" He started to repeat, nearly getting her to lightly toss her snout. Of course a kobold isn't going to be able to pronounce old draconica- "Old Draconic for... Bloodwood?" That actually got her to nearly whimper in surprise, just barely keeping it in her throat. However, her expression was something she couldn't hide from the brown one.

"You... Actually know old draconic?" Sre nodded. "How? I thought all kobolds were basically brainless." A groaning chuckle left the small one.

"Believe me, most of them are. I just happen to learn a lot from the right people."

"I see." The wyvern trailed off, watching him get up and search for his hat. Not finding it anywhere in plain sight.

"I don't suppose I could get a ride?" That made those red frilled ears of hers go flat against her head, releasing a grumble at the very idea of such a thing. Making him lower his own stature. "N-nevermind. I'll... I'll just walk. Can you at least point me in the right direction?"

She looked up at the slightly clouded sky, remembering quite well which direction it was. Really, Rava was just stalling for thought. Eventually taking a breath, but suddenly getting an idea. "I've got something better." A noise in question left him as he stared up at the dragon parting her jaws once again.

Whimpering loudly but standing completely still as she once again abducted the kobold with her tongue, carrying him into her maw carefully while pressing his body against the ridged roof of her muzzle and keeping him there.

Taking a few steps to align herself before taking off, making out a few yelps and a heavy grasp against her tongue as the smaller critter panicked. Attempting to brace himself in the wet maw and make sure every part of his brown scaled body refrained from going near anything white. But once the dragon started traveling mostly in glides, the ride was... Much more pleasant. Leaving Sre to finally take his time and look around a bit.

The maw was sealed, but once in a while a fresh breeze would slide in. Allowing the kobold to peek faintly between the rows of sharp teeth and between the slit in her lips. One brief moment he could see the landscape from the air, the dense jungle that went on until hitting the mountains in the distance. Making his small heart flutter with both astonishment and fear whenever the wyvern flapped those large wings.

Soon after, that soft damp tongue pressed him against her ridged roof, bracing the small one as she descended and splashed into the waters. Feeling the large living vessel suddenly shift in weight before releasing a deep rumble in her throat, concerning him for a moment until he realized it was a purr of satisfaction. The movements flowing a little differently as next to no sound from the outside until the water returned.

A few heavy steps forwards and the muzzle shifted vertically, opening up and setting the kobold down into the shallow cooled liquids. Something that's never felt so good against such humidity, granted he couldn't quite enjoy it as much as he liked. Still cautiously staring at the red dragon as she turned aside and took a long drink for herself, now covered in the shine of crystal waters. Glistening in the sunlight as that large purple tongue lapped the precious clear liquids.

It took nearly a minute before those blue discs looked over at the small male staring, releasing a deep noise in question that nearly came off as a growl while she stopped. "S-sorry..." Her eyes narrowed at him before resuming her intake. "I-it's just..." Sre gave up trying to make words, his brain feeling as dry as a raisin and just quickly bathing the feeling of saliva off his brown scales before taking his own drinks. Refilling his waterskin soon after as he felt those large eyes looking over him again.

"It's just what." The wyvern barely asked, making the kobold release a faint whimper while his ears fell.

"I-it's just... You look..." Another grumble from her.

"Stop." Rava almost commanded. "Take a deep breath and think before you let your tongue slip." A slightly frightened look at the large one, but he nodded. Following her instructions, though taking a little bit longer to speak than she liked. Starting to resume drinking before Sre spoke up.

"You're Beautiful." He admitted, getting her to stop and look at the small creature. Half puzzled but half irritated, like she couldn't read or understand his motive. "The way the light reflects off your

shiny scales, it twinkles like stars in the night sky-" A whimper as he interrupted himself, finally catching her gaze and wondering if the kobold went too far.

"...What are you after." The wyvern nearly demanded, only making his head sink in response. Watching her scan the area got him to do the same.

"Is there something out...?"

"No. But if you're leading me to a trap..." She growled.

"B-but you brought me here..." Another stare of study and he sighed again. Collecting thoughts before explaining. "I've been living in a city for... Quite a while now. I've witnessed people do outrageous things in order to win a mate-" Her sudden neck curl made him double take, causing the kobold to wave those brown paws. "I know- I know- I know! I-it's odd, probably a lot stranger from your side, b-but... Please believe me that I'm not trying to harm you or..." A glance around, not having a clue where he was anymore.

"Lead me into a trap." She grumbled, not really trusting him.

"Yes. I..." He started to get up and brush the wet sand off his clothing. "I'm not sure why I needed to do this, or what to expect out of it. But I needed to find you, and thank you for what you did for me. I wish I could give you something fancy as a gift, b-besides my life."

"Even then, it's not-"

"Really that fancy, I know." Sre sighed heavily. "I even lost my backpack in that field, but there was hardly anything in it besides some of that powered rock." She glanced in the direction it came from. "It'll wear off and pass through your system in a day or so. All it did was make your acids non-lethal." A winged paw pressed against her belly a bit, not really feeling any different besides somewhat confused about the situation. "I-I'll leave you alone, if you'll be so kind as to not eat me. But do know that you did make somebody happy... In a weird, vengeful sort of way."

Another long stare from those sky blue discs before their gaze shifted to the opposite side and she sat down in the shallow waters. Hearing him start to walk away before finally looking the kobold's direction again, pulling out that small blade from its belted sheath and heading back into the jungle. Unable to shake this... Strange feeling in her chest, and blaming it on that rock for the time being.

Asking for directions would've been wise, now that he thought about it. Not like Sre could tell which direction was what while in this damn dense jungle that seemed to go on for miles and miles. Cutting down another green fence every two steps forwards, knowing very well he wouldn't make it to anywhere safe for the evening. Maybe he was just better off climbing a tree and hoping for the best.

The kobold's mind kept drifting back at the wyvern he left behind, wondering if he could find some reason, some excuse to return to her and ask for safety. Something that large, no one in their right mind would go after. But before he could think of anything while mindlessly swinging at a large vine, the sight of red along the cut got his attention, just before something large hissed at him.

A loud yelp left the small brown one, as the large lizard of sorts performed the tedious task of turning around in such a dense area. Giving Sre time to scamper away... Until a long sticky tongue shot out and attached to the kobold's back. Nearly tearing the thin clothing off from its sheer strength, quickly causing the small framed creature to be pulled backwards and directly into the green beast's bucket of a maw.

The slight cut on its tail at least wasn't much, as the critter inside was attempting to put up a struggle. Granted, it was hardly even a nuisance, as the larger creature climbed through the dense forest. Swearing it heard a dragon nearby, but it was nowhere to be seen. Not like it could really see much besides plantlife.

That sticky tongue massaged and folded around the free meal, quickly causing the critter inside to tire out and succumb to the inevitable. A good day for the large lizard, for tonight he would not go hungry. All he needed now was a cool drink and bask in the sun while the meal digested, already feeling his stomach start to welcome such a thing.

The lizard slipped through the trees and into the soft grass, getting a little cocky as it scouted with its eyes in the wrong direction first. Double taking in fright when a large red and white wyvern growled, attempting to scamper away from her violent grapple with those sharp talons and barely escaping the dragon's grasp against his green middle. However, that large paw then stomped on its longer, already wounded tail, getting the lizard to hiss before feeling it pop right off as a defense.

It was a worthy trade; a tail for his life. Something he could very easily regrow as he retreated into the forest while the predator was dumbfounded by such a strange thing... Or so the lizard hoped. Soon feeling a large bite against his green haunches as he didn't quite get over the dense vine barricade, attempting to escape the grip of the jaws but they were too much.

With such strength, the wyvern yanked the green creature out and threw it into the shallow waters. Breaking whatever claws that were snagged into the plantlife and sending stings of pain through his system as he scampered up and tried escaping again. The sand making it too difficult to move quickly as the dragon nearly landed on him, a heavy paw keeping the lizard in place. "Spit him out!" She growled, knowing very well the creature couldn't understand a word she was roaring, pressing on its middle over and over again until the Kobold was coughed out.

The dragon tossed the lizard behind, standing between him and Sre while spreading her wings and growling. Watching the green one scamper back up onto shore and retreat once again into the woods, this time without pursuit. Getting the wyvern to take a breath in angry relief as the small brown critter washed himself of that sticky feeling. Overlooking the red, black, and violet streaks across her back and making his heart flutter-

Until a large bird scooped him up and he yelped loudly, slowly getting Rava to stare at the black feathered roc in irritation before tossing her snout and take to the skies after it. Taking a while to gain enough speed to catch up and shooting a torrent of flame near the giant bird, getting it to panic and drop the kobold from its talons. Once again getting him to crying out in fright before Sre was once again back inside a large muzzle, greeted by a soft tongue that pressed him up against the ridged roof.

The flight lasted a few more minutes until he felt the descent once again. Landing in what sounded like shallow waters once more before that muzzle leaned down and parted, but he kept a hold on that purple appendage. Even after it attempted to wiggle the kobold off. "We've landed." She grumbled loudly.

"I don't care." A growl in response. "I hate the jungle and I swear I'm safer in your mouth!"

"Well, you taste terrible right now and I need to wash it off! You should take a bath, considering I'm certain you soiled yourself."

"Surprisingly no. What you're tasting-"

"Off!"

"-Is likely that lizard's-"

"**OFF!!**" Rava roared, scraping him off with her teeth and hearing the brown one splash into the waters below. Soon turning to the deeper waters and proceeded to rinse that terrible taste out, as the kobold caved in and did the same. Unable to glance at the dragon once in a while as she once again faced away from him, sitting back into the waters. Ears flat against her head, and knowing that if he could see those sky blue eyes...

"Why...?" Sre'kcarc asked, hearing a grumble in response from the much larger one. "I-I mean, I'm not complaining that you just saved my life."

"Twice." She growled, in irritation that he could feel from likely ten feet away from the wyvern.

"Y-yes... Thank you, but...?" A long silence, but he didn't want to leave. Halfy due to the hostile nature of this freaking jungle, the other... He could sense it somehow. Much like Rava could before with the kobold; she was at a loss of words. But Sre didn't stare, as easy as it was to be memorized by such a pattern, he looked around the new location within the waters. Funny how there was so much river in this damn place, but he couldn't find a single drop of water earlier.

"...Most people just want something." The kobold stopped, gazing back at her and once again nearly becoming breathless from her scales reflecting in the light. "It's usually sex or... My death." She snorted before continuing. "Sometimes it's some blood, a fang or a horn. But it's usually the same taath over and over. 'You killed my family.' 'You took something precious from me.' 'You set fire to my business.' And so on, and so on." Rava grumbled, starting to turn to face him, but stopped just enough so the brown one could see her eyes. "But I can't read you: some dumbass kobold that can somehow speak

near perfect draconic..." The dragon growled, making him half chuckle. "I can't figure out what you want."

"I don't want..." He started, unable to find the words again. "I don't know what I want. But it's none of those things." That time the large female glanced at the brown one, meeting those grey discs and seeing nothing but truth and sincerity. Though, looking back away in near frustration, those frilled red ears still flat against her head.

"Well, I know what I want." A whimper in question from him. "I don't want you to leave until you've figured it out." A blank stare from the kobold.

"...That's an odd way of asking me to stay-"

"I'm not *asking* you to do anything!" She hissed. "I'm *demanding* it. There's a difference." The wyvern snorted, once again looking away for a few moments as she remained somewhat silent.

"...Where did you learn Draconic?" A rather surprised look from the smaller one, making the dragon's ears start to blush a deep purple.

"What?"

"I'm taking an interest in your existence, take it or leave it!" Rava growled, nearly making the kobold struggle to hold in his laughter.

"Okay, okay. I... Left home several years ago and wandered into a city, completely coinless. It was cold, rainy, and next to no shelter that wasn't already occupied." A single eye stared at him as he took a deep breath and carried on. "So I ended up breaking into some large tower, and actually living there for a few days before the owners found me."

"And they-?"

"Were dragonkin, and not happy about their new roommate. I honestly thought I was done for when they spotted me, but my size really helped me avoid them for a while. Until they cornered me."

"So, these two were the ones who taught you? Why not just state that?"

"You don't want a story with it?" The wyvern snorted at Sre, letting him continue. "It was one of them... Their curiosity saved me, wondering how I broke into what they claimed to be thief-proof. I never stole anything from them, just used the tower's warmth and shelter to stay alive and... Admittedly I did steal food, but from outside their home." The brown one sighed, looking down the river. "I honestly thought it was going to end there, but because I didn't take anything they deemed as valuable, they let me live. After sealing up the way I got in though."

"I would've torched anyone attempting to live in my nest without permission." Rava grumbled.

"Yeah... The next few days were harsh, attempting to live on the streets when it was getting closer to winter. Not even a blanket to help keep me warm, I ended up taking shelter near a blacksmith's

furnace after it was shut off for the evening. I nearly went back home, but the cold was getting too much. I could feel myself growing ill, and just my luck..." A breath from the small one, now noticing that the wyvern was studying him. Quite enthralled by his tale and making Sre smile.

"What happened?"

"One of those dragonkin needed something made from the blacksmith and spotted me sleeping within his quarters. Once again hidden and just looking for shelter, realizing that kicking me out of their tower was only going to cause problems for the rest of the city..." Sre took another breath. "Farr'ah was... Kind like that. In her own strange, passive aggressive way. Kind of like you are-"

"It's called Proud, you dolt." Rava grumbled, sending him into chuckles. "And why wouldn't she be? Descendent from dragons."

"Yeah... But she distracted the blacksmith and motioned me to follow her. I was hesitant at first, however..."

"You followed her home."

"I was cleaned, well fed after about a week of malnourishment. And they gave me a job as their alchemy assistant. It didn't pay very well, but it was one less homeless thief off the streets."

"And they taught you." The kobold chuckled at her. "What?"

"I... Was curious about the draconic language when I first discovered it yes. Often enough, I was free to browse their literature after being taught how to read it. I found the draconic language and asked if I could learn it. The two declined such a thing at first, saying it was too difficult for a Kobold to learn."

"They were right-"

"They were *sooo* right..." Sre whimpered, hearing a very very faint chuckle from the dragon. "But Farr'ah could sweet talk Garr'Aatha into doing anything. It usually took a night or two, but they eventually came to me and asked if I was really willing to put myself through this." Another deep breath as the brown one took a small drink. "I really wanted to learn. And thus began one of the hardest months I've ever had, because they refused to speak in anything but draconica. Demanding that I only speak it after I learned the basics."

"How long did it take you?" The large one asked.

"I've been speaking it for about four years now. Nearly straight. It was hard enough to attempt to live and work in a tower with two magic-based professioned females, the language barrier was just the icing on the cake." He whimpered. "Even then, I know I'm not the greatest at speaking it."

"I'm... Just surprised you're doing this well." Those small grey discs looked at Rava, smiling. Once again getting her neck to slightly curl and those ears to blush. "You're not perfect, obviously, but... Not half bad."

"I just don't have the vocal cords like you or those dragonkin do. We're so used to relying on our tongues and lips to make sounds, to do it rawly with our vocals is... Difficult, to say the least." The red one nodded slowly, not admitting to never thinking of it before. "From there on out... You half know: Me going back to my village in hopes of making their lives better, them being a bunch of bastards to my return. You eating them, me saving up every coin I could muster to find you. Finally running into you, and foolishly confessing my love..." A heavy sigh from Sre. "Only to be eaten."

"Three times."

"Nearly, yes." He half chuckled, not noticing the wyvern's gaze dropping and looking at herself in the running waters. The two staying quiet for some time before a warm glow was felt. Double taking at the smaller one's smile and curling her neck at him.

"What?"

"Nothing." The kobold chuckled. "I just... Had a good day." The dragon's head tilted slightly.

"...You were almost killed three times." The brown critter shrugged.

"Yeah, but... You were in it. That makes it a good day." A sudden snout toss from Rava.

"You have got to be the dumbest creature I've ever met." Another snort, but it didn't alter his mood in the slightest.

"I'd say more one with dumb luck. Both good and bad." Sre stated, resuming washing himself a bit more and really missing that hat of his. Swearing he just seen it a moment ago, then double taking at the dragon taking a drink again. "Can I see your maw again?" The large one stopped as one of those sky shaded discs stared at him for a few moments. "I think..."

"I swear you're starting to enjoy it. Maybe a little too much." She grumbled.

"I just... Thought I seen something." Another grumble in response as she finished drinking, then moved off of the sandy area and into a patch of grass. Laying down in the shade for a bit while the kobold followed her, muttering something about sand sticking to everything in existence. "Please?"

"Why." Rava demanded, noticing the smaller critter was getting braver around her.

"Trust me? Please?" A moment of staring before the dragon snorted at him. Opening her large maw in front of Sre, allowing him to finally study the shape and the elegance of her teeth. "Thank you." A half growl from her in response, but she didn't close her jaws. Feeling his hand gesture to lift that purple tongue as he searched under it. "Ahah!" A slight tug as the smaller one groaned, feeling something loose slip out from between her fangs.

The kobold took a step away, shaking his hat that looked like it had better days. Though still intact. "It's... Salvageable, I hope. Just got to let it dry off." He half mumbled. "...After being washed a few times." Dropping it on the ground, he returned to the dragon's maw. One that was now closed while the

owner of such a pair of jaws was giving him an odd look. "Open up again." A low growl left her. "I seen more junk inbetween your teeth. That can't be healthy for you."

"And you're suddenly an expert in dragon oral care?" Rava snorted sarcastically.

"How many times have you been inside a dragon's maw?" A grumble left her throat. "Just trust me again, I'll make it feel better." Sre took a hold of something rather long hard, yet smooth. Knowing exactly what it was and making a face while pulling it free... Well, attempting to. Needing to use his entire body weight before feeling it give and the wyvern almost growl. Soon slipping out from between those fangs and causing the kobold to fall backwards into the grass.

A faint whimper turned into a much deeper one when he took a closer look at the remains of an arm, one of likely kobold kin. Tossing it aside and getting the faces of disgust out of his reflex before looking at the dragon's calm expression. One that was trying not to look at him, yet those red ears were slightly back again. "...That..." Rava started, trying to keep herself composed while studying the area with her tongue. "...Does feel better." It made the small one smile.

"Good, because there is more to do in there." A grumble left her throat. "Don't act like you don't enjoy being waited on, most dragons do." He stated, getting up and searching for something along the ground.

"It's not that." The wyvern snorted. "I don't like how you seem to know so much about my kind. I feel like I'm being manipulated."

"Well..." Sre started, scanning the grounds for a good piece of wood. "I studied you. Or should I say, wyverns." A growl from her this time. "Don't see it as an attack, more as my own defense. I'm not certain about you, but I'd rather keep living the life I have. I have no chance in winning any struggle against someone as strong as you." That made her feel a little proud, yet knowing that the brown critter likely knew that much slightly amplified those insecurities. "I have to instead find ways to tend to your appeals."

"It sounds like you're trying to control me."

"Not in the sense that you're thinking of, though. More: trying to convince you that I'm worth more than just a meal-"

"Snack." That made him chuckle a bit, even getting the dragon to smirk. Starting to adore that sound. "So that Love thing was just you attempting to save your hide?" Another snort, but she noticed he slowed to a stop.

"...No. That was... That one was real." A breath and he resumed looking through the debris around them. "I know you don't feel the same way, it's likely you never will with me."

"That's because..." Rava exhaled in a ponder. "Because out here, you can't waste energy on such a thing. Not without being killed."

"It's a luxury, I suppose." He mumbled in response. "One I am lucky enough to have." The brown kobold then held up a branch to observe it more closely. "This one should do."

"You're planning to...?"

"Clean your teeth." She looked at him, unamused.

"With a dirty stick."

"I could wash it first, if you like." A snout toss from her as she motioned to do such a task. Getting him to chuckle and watch the small critter head towards the river once more.

"I will admit, I do like it when you do as commanded." The red dragon teased, attempting to hide her smirk. Then wondering why she was so embarrassed that such a dumb creature was making her happy.

"Well, I can do anything you like, Mistress." A purr left her throat, loving such a word. Even if he was just being childish and playing pretend. "I am here to serve. What shall be your first task?"

"Stand closer..." Rava commanded proudly, watching him take a few steps and stop in the grass. Holding the stick like a soldier's weapon on standby. "Closer..." Another step forwards, causing that red tail to start flicking and wag. "Closer, my Follower..." He took a few steps as she purred. "Good. Now stand still." Sre chuckled again, knowing what was to come.

Those large jaws parted and that purple tongue folded out, once again covered in a clear shine of wet as such a threat surrounded the kobold. Lapping at his front body a bit before gently taking hold of the critter, that soft appendage flowing in waves and pressing his small frame against the roof of her maw. Bracing him there as she carried him over to her laying down position once again, taking a few moments to just purr and enjoy the slight struggles he could muster.

It was like resting on a living mattress, one with such strength that he was learning to love. Even if it was always wet. But he did have work to do, letting the wyvern have her fun before giving that purple muscle a few taps. "Okay, okay. Easy. I can't clean your teeth if you keep moving me like this." A grumble from her, but the kobold was correct. Letting him do his work with a few of the upper fangs before toying around with him again.

Such a thing did feel good, both the cleaning and the affection. Companionship of someone actually doing something good for her asides from keeping the dragon from being hungry. Though that was a thing that was growing on her instincts, hence why there was so much saliva dripping from her muzzle, but... Maybe this small brown one was right; maybe he was worth more than just a snack.

"Okay, I got the top row done. Let me just-" A loud yelp when the wyvern started to brace him once again, then rolled over onto her back. Keeping that maw closed while she moved Sre onto the bottom of her tongue before opening those jaws once more. Purring deeply without any shyness as the kobold went to work. Hearing such vocals as bassy songs, the vibrations growing and growing as he

scraped the junk out of a few teeth. Only to have that muzzle gently close and squeeze him again for a few minutes. "I like to think this is you hugging me."

A sharp whimper left her slightly stunned before turning into a grumble. Especially after making out his laughter. "Don't ruin this for me, Snacks."

"Sre." He corrected, getting pressed harder into her lower jaw and loving the steady purr she was omitting. Proceeding to work with such distractions until he was finally done. "There, finished. Though you might want to rinse out your mouth-" Another yelp as the weight shifted, feeling her roll back up and start walking towards the waters. "Wait-wait-!" He laughed before feeling that maw become flooded with water. Grasping onto that moving tongue and losing his cleaning stick.

A few moments as Rava studied her servant's work, releasing thick rumbles of pleasure from how good it felt. "So?" He asked from still within her muzzle. "What do you think?"

"It's..." She couldn't help but grin, still playing along like a foolish hatchling. "Acceptable, servant." A chuckle from under her tongue. "I have no more need of you."

"W-what!?" That purple appendage pressed against his body before flipping the kobold back on the top of it. A few more massages against that rippled roof before slipping the small critter towards the beginning of her neck. Reaching for the uvula, but missing it and being sent into the muscle filled tunnel below. Getting squeezed slightly as he slipped down, but the purrs faded.

A few moments passed and the kobold was felt being pulled up once again. That neck moving from mostly vertical to horizontal and back up to her maw. Being dropped into the cool waters after, allowing Sre to catch his breath for a few moments before seeing her disappointed expression. "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing." She stated, soon feeling his paw against her hind leg. Causing Rava to grumble. "I could barely feel you, it's just not enjoyable when you can't..." She trailed off, avoiding his slightly sad stare as he looked over himself.

Only to come up with an idea soon after. "What if...?" He started. "I made myself bigger?" A double take from the wyvern as she curled her neck.

"What?"

"I worked as an alchemist assistant. Often enough I had to stock shelves with ingredients and such, and to do so was difficult being this small. Garr ended up teaching me how to make enlarging potions to make the task easier while they were busy doing this. Usually in the bedroom, which I found odd-"

"On with it." The dragon grumbled. "Just how big?"

"It's not as large as you might think, because to become bigger does have a drastic toll. It does... *Double* my size, roughly? But it doesn't last long."

"And you can make this is if you have the ingredients?"

"Well, yes. But I did have one." Her head tilted. "It was just in my pack. I was saving it just in case I needed to do some climbing-" Those draconic jaws suddenly surrounded him again as the kobold yelped loudly. Finding himself on that comfortable living mattress once more as the wyvern took off. Making Sre chuckle at the large one's sudden motivation.

Though flight itself still took some getting used to, at least he was in a safe area. Safe enough from the fall, that is, still feeling that purple muscle press him against the roof of Rava's maw, as if to keep him safe for the ride. Especially thankful for such a thing when the dragon suddenly dove down and landed quite harshly, her impact almost shaking the very woods and startling many of the creatures that hid within.

Then there was the vertical movement before dropping the brown kobold onto the soft grass where they met earlier, causing him to observe it anyways. "You... Remembered this place that quickly?"

"It was only about an hour ago." She snorted, looking around for that strange beige bag and moving her head towards the direction. Getting him to travel through the tall grass (to him at least) and find the pack easily. Thankful that he dropped it before encountering the dragon at the time, feeling the bottle in one of the pouches and looking up at the eager wyvern. Curling her neck at his smile and nod.

"It's still here." Sre pulled it open and looked at the olive colored bottle to make sure, still nodding in response. "And this will make you happy?" Those red ears started to blush, tinting a deep purple as Rava nearly fought with herself. Did she really want to admit to such a thing? Especially to a small, insignificant creature such as...?

And there it was again; by nature she slandered the brown kobold who only wanted to make her happy. Or at least, so she knew. His motives were still rather unclear, and if the snack decided to turn on her, he would be eaten so taathing fast- ...Something he knew, likely before even coming here. "Why do this?" The dragon nearly hissed, seeing his head lower slightly in reflex and question. "Why even consider doing this?"

"Because you enjoy it...? At least, I think you do." A grumble left her, one of slight anger but not exactly towards him. Just unable to understand the smaller one's reasons. "I seen it..." It got the attention of those large blue discs. "The disappointment in your face that I wasn't... What you wanted." Sre looked over the bottle. "I know this won't last long, but if it will make you even just a fraction of a bit happy, the way you made me, then..." A breath from him. "I'm willing to risk my life for it."

"Because you love what tries to kill you. Your natural Predator." The red one grumbled, her chest almost fluttering everytime she seen that dumb smile.

"I..." The kobold shrugged. "I always believed that there was somebody out there for us. Maybe just one, maybe more. But for anybody who makes me feel like this... The way I feel about you, Rava..." That name slightly ached her heart. "Then it's worth trying anything." Some silence as the dragon struggled with her thoughts. "T-though... I mean, I would like to live, if that was a choice..." A heavy

breath left her, swinging that muzzle side to side.

"I don't understand what you're talking about." Rava growled, nearly hating herself to admit such a thing. "It's pointless to do something for another."

"But it isn't-"

"Not when they want or need **nothing** in return!" She stepped forwards, spreading her wings slightly to make herself seem more threatening. "What do you want, Sre!?"

"I..." The small one slightly whimpered. "I want to make you happy-"

"That Doesn't Make Any Sense!!" The wyvern roared, causing most of the wildlife to flee in terror. All but one small, brown, insignificant kobold. "What do you **gain** from doing that!? What are you after, really!?" A few heavy breaths as Sre remained in place, still slightly cowering as she waited for an answer.

"You." He spoke, getting the dragon's neck to curl. "A-and I don't mean your life. I don't want to claim it like any of those vengeful warriors. I..." He took a breath. "I want you. I want what we did today, minus the jungle and that other thing that tried to eat me." The kobold half grumbled, shuttering and getting those brown scales to lightly click. "I want to be with you, because you make me feel safe." She actually took a step back, unable to curl her neck further. "Safe from insults and idiocy, safe from the jungle. Safe from its inhabitants." Another grumble from him as Sre looked over the bottle.

"I can't do much for you." He continued. "I wish I could, but... I have limitations... Too many limitations compared to everyone else. Something as powerful as you might not be able to understand." The dragon remained silent and stunned. "But if I can make you happy, even with a temporary enhancement..." Those blue discs studied him, memorizing every detail in his own grey eyes.

"And there's no other motive." She barely asked, not being able to read anything else. No remorsement, no vengeance that the wyvern's seen a hundred times. Not a single drop of angst or hatred within this small creature as he shook that brown head, always watching her. "Nothing at all-"

"I don't want to hurt you. Why do you think I found a stick earlier rather than used my blade?" A slight neck curl, she didn't even think about that.

"...Because you lost it-"

"Aside from that." He half grumbled, nearly getting the large one to smirk like she was rubbing off on the kobold.

"...Strip." Rava demanded after a long silence, getting a questionable yelp from the brown one. "It will save your clothing. You likely need it, yes?"

"Y-yes, the jungle does get pretty cold at night-"

"Then take them off." An embarrassed whimper as those brown ears blushed, but he did so. No

weapons, belts, or items. Just a simple potion for himself to take. Was this critter really telling the truth? That he really did not want to harm the dragon. "Take it." She gestured the bottle, making him slightly smile with delight. Still no sign of ill intentions, as he downed the entire thing in one swig, dropping it with the rest of his clothes. "Now, I need you to do something for me."

"W-what?"

"Struggle." She nearly growled in a purr, snapping those large jaws before quickly snatching the brown one. Still hearing him yelp as his form pressed against that purple tongue, squishing him up to that ridged roof as he started to squirm a bit. "Struggle harder!" Rava growled, hearing him whimper and almost giggle a bit.

"I-I'm just worried about my tail, a-and your teeth-!" Another yelp as he was forced deeper into her wet maw, making it safe for those jaws to close and just toy around with the kobold. Thrashing him around with that strong appendage, pressing him against those walls as she started to feel him increase in size.

It was working... It was really working? Sre wasn't lying to her after all... Something she'd consider admitting to him later. Right now, the dragon just wanted to enjoy this moment. The small creature being slipped around her mouth, getting bathed in her clear juices as that stomach growled. Eager to have such an occupant within it.

A sudden toss towards the back of her throat and she felt a grasp on her uvula. Only causing Rava to purr loudly, no longer having a gag reflex. The slight fight the small one was putting up tickled all her instincts, as that large red tail swept the grass behind her. Pressing the whimpering snack against her throat a few times with the back of her tongue, and Sre eventually slipped off, back into the now 'smaller' muscled tunnel below.

It was rather tight compared to last time he ventured down, actually causing a slight bulge in the wyvern's neck as he slowly descended. Still in the process of growing and feeling the full force of those purrs, giving the kobold a tight squeeze every few seconds that never made the dragon happier. That tail still thrashing behind as her hind legs started kneading the grass below, sending chills of pleasure through her body.

The taut feeling in her neck only increased with time, as she pushed the brown one down slowly towards her belly. Reaching it, only to bring him back up after a few breaths. A much harder task considering his size now but nothing Rava couldn't handle from leaning her head forwards. That bulge growing thicker and thicker as he crawled up her neck, finally seeing light as her maw opened and gasping for breath. "You're not struggling!" She growled playfully.

"I just... Need..." He panted, only for that muzzle to close and send the larger kobold down the hatch once again. This time putting up quite the squirm and increasing the vibrations of those purrs. Even when she squeezed him with her throat muscles, the dragon could nearly feel his paws press out against the bulge as it slipped deeper and deeper. Once again reaching the bottom and pushing him into

her stomach.

The struggles continued within her inner walls as she gave him a tight squeeze, resting her body directly on it. Still purring as the flails within started to fade, as the wyvern curled up in the grass for a while. Taking a very deep breath in order to get some air into that belly for her servant, but not out just yet.

"Y... You are going to let me out, right? ...Rava?"